

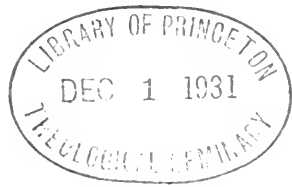
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Chesley



✓
THE LIFE

OF ✓

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

SOMETIME STUDENT OF CHRIST-CHURCH, OXFORD :

COMPRISING

A REVIEW OF HIS POETRY ;

SKETCHES OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF METHODISM ;

WITH

NOTICES OF CONTEMPORARY EVENTS
AND CHARACTERS.

BY THOMAS JACKSON. [copy]

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

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

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

Miss Wesley died in the year 1828; and the most valuable of those papers then became the property of the Wesleyan Conference, by purchase from her brother Charles, to whom they belonged, as his father's heir. They were exceedingly numerous, and of very superior importance; comprehending several volumes of original poetry, in the handwriting of the venerable Charles Wesley, with a large mass of other documents, which not only illustrate the history of the Wesley family, but also of the religious Connexion to which the family name is applied. Of these documents the writer of this narrative has availed himself; and hence its copiousness, as compared with the limited accounts of Mr. Charles Wesley that have been previously published.

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

His cordial thanks are also due to Thomas Marriott, Esq., of London, who for many years has taken a lively concern in everything relating to the Welseys, and whose collection of books and papers connected with their history is very extensive. To his liberality

several previous publications of a similar description have been indebted; and he has shown equal kindness in reference to the work now before the reader. His books, papers, and memoranda were lent with a cheerful promptitude which greatly enhanced the favour, and proved that his stores have been amassed not merely for personal gratification, but the public benefit.

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

With these materials the author has used his best endeavour to place before the public a comprehensive and faithful record of one of the most remarkable men the world has ever seen: one of the three devoted and self-denying Ministers, by whose instrumentality it pleased God one hundred years ago to begin that revival of decayed piety, the benefits of which are at this day felt in every quarter of the globe. It was intended to comprise the Life of this singularly gifted and useful man in one volume; but this was found to be impossible, without omitting many facts which were deemed profoundly interesting, and adapted greatly to promote the spiritual good of the reader.

The publication of this work at the present time is contemplated with the greater satisfaction, because it supplies a fit medium through which to correct several mis-statements which have recently been put

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

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

There is a propriety in vindicating the character of this great and good man in the Life of his brother Charles, with whom he was always one in heart. Charles differed from him on some questions affecting

the established Church, and freely remonstrated with him; but he had a perfect conviction of John's uprightness, and would allow no other person to cast a censure upon him.

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

It has been deemed requisite to state at large Mr. Charles Wesley's strong and persevering opposition to the general administration of the sacraments in the Methodist chapels, and the irrepressible desire for that privilege which prevailed in many of the societies soon after their formation. For more than thirty years Mr. John Wesley resisted this claim, though often, as he confesses, with a doubting conscience; but at length he clearly saw that the desired boon could not be finally withheld. He therefore conceded the point in

some instances to his societies in England; and he fully yielded to their spiritual necessities and wishes, on this subject, both in America and Scotland. In doing this he deeply grieved his brother; but so strong was his sense of duty, that he sacrificed his tenderest feelings, and chose rather to wound his most endeared friend than absolutely deny his spiritual children the means of edification. His ordinations, viewed in this light, demonstrate the strength of his conviction that he was bound thus far to violate the order of the established Church.

The design of the writer in compiling these volumes, and in committing them to the press, is not merely the correction of mistakes in matters of opinion and history, much less the gratification of a vain curiosity by the relation of a series of singular and striking facts, but the advancement of Christian piety. Personal histories more instructive than those of John and Charles Wesley have seldom been offered to the consideration of mankind. They were both religiously educated, strictly moral in their lives, and for many years rigorously exact in the performance of their various duties; yet they felt that they were neither holy nor happy: and never did they attain lasting peace of mind, and power over inward sin, till they sought these blessings in the exercise of a lively faith in the sacrifice of Christ. From that time, till the end of their lives, it was their great business and concern to recommend this salvation as universally attainable by the same means. The nation was deeply sunk in ignorance, profligacy, and irreligion, when they, with their estimable friend Mr. Whitefield, entered upon their wonderful career of apostolic labour. Their strenuous and persevering exertions, accompanied by a large amount of personal sacrifice,

were ceaselessly directed, not to party purposes, but to the one object of turning men from sin to holiness. The weapons of their warfare, like those of the Apostles, were exclusively spiritual. They conquered the world by the power of truth and love. The doctrine which they constantly preached, and upon which the seal of the divine blessing was visibly impressed, was that of present deliverance from sin, its guilt, and misery, and power, by faith in the Lord Jesus ; and ten thousand happy converts, reclaimed from every evil, attested the truth of their report. The singleness of purpose with which these men laboured, the spirit of prayer and of absolute trust in God which marked their entire course, their burning love to Christ, their solemn conviction of the truth of the Gospel, their yearning affection for the souls of men, must be apparent to every reader. All these peculiarities of character were a direct effect of that rich anointing of the Holy One which rested upon them, and which produced in them so striking a resemblance to Him who “ had compassion upon the multitudes when they fainted, and were as sheep having no shepherd.” It is by a ministry exercised in the same spirit of pious zeal and enterprise that the world will be turned to righteousness.

There never was a time at which it was more needful to inculcate the leading doctrines of the Protestant Reformation, than in the present day, when so many agencies are at work to revive and extend the unscriptural dogmas of Popery. In what manner John and Charles Wesley exerted themselves to counteract this system of spiritual wickedness, both in its theological tenets and its assumption of secular domination, the subjoined narrative declares. They believed the Church of Rome to be the greatest corrupter of evan-

gelical truth, the most formidable enemy to the liberties of mankind, and the most bloody and persecuting power that ever exercised the divine patience and tormented mankind; and therefore the declared object of God's righteous malediction. Faithfully did they labour to counteract the sorceries of Rome, by exciting a spirit of universal inquiry on the subject of religion, and by calling attention from merely outward forms and ceremonies, to the spiritual worship of God. In life and death they declared, with all the confidence that inspiration itself can give, "Circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing, but faith that worketh by love."

London, May 21st, 1841.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY'S birth—Discipline of the Wesley family at Epworth—Charles's removal to Westminster School—His brother Samuel—Bishop Atterbury—Offer to Charles of Mr. Garret Wesley's property in Ireland—Charles's removal to Oxford—Becomes deeply serious—Is called Methodist—Origin of the name—Infidelity at Oxford—The Oxford Methodists—Mr. Whitefield's early life—Mr. Morgan—Miss Martha Wesley married to Mr. Hall—Samuel Wesley's removal to Tiverton—Letter of Charles to him—Death of the Rector of Epworth—Letter from Charles to Samuel on the subject. Pages 1—38

II.

The colony of Georgia—General Oglethorpe—Samuel Wesley's poem of "Georgia"—John and Charles Wesley consent to go to that colony as Missionaries—Charles Delanotte—Voyage to Georgia—The Moravian Brethren—Arrival at the place of their destination—Charles Wesley's application to his clerical duties—Want of success—Defectiveness of his theological views—Conspiracy formed to effect his ruin—Unkindness of Oglethorpe—Dangerous illness of Charles Wesley—Mr. Oglethorpe expresses regret for his conduct, and gives Charles a diamond ring—Alarms of the colonists—Charles Wesley's removal from Frederica to Savannah—The Methodists at Oxford—Mr. Whitefield's ordination—Charles Wesley arrives at Charlestown—Cruelties inflicted there upon the Negroes Pages 39—73

III.

Mr. Charles Wesley embarks for England—Perilous voyage to Boston—Brutal character of the Captain—Serious illness at Boston—Embarks again for England—Profligate character of Appee, a young Dutchman—Charles Wesley lands at Deal—Arrival in London—Letter to him from his brother Samuel—Failure of his health—Engagements in London—Visits Oxford—Persecution against Mr. John Wesley at Savannah—Character of Mr. Causton—Mr. Whitefield embarks for Georgia—Letter of Charles Wesley to his brother John—John's arrival in England—Mr. Matthew Wesley's death—Charles Wesley's introduction to royalty—Escape from a highwayman—Letter from Mr. Ingham, in Yorkshire Pages 74—105

CHAPTER IV.

Spiritual state of John and Charles Wesley on their return from America—The Delamotte family at Blendon—The Rev. Henry Piers—The Rev. John Gambold—Miss Kezzy Wesley—Charles visits Mr. Law at Putney—Count Zinzendorf arrives in England—Archbishop Potter and Bishop Secker declare that the Moravian Church has the true succession—The Count's usefulness in England—Arrival of Peter Böhler in England—Publication of the first Methodist Hymn-book—Charles Wesley dangerously ill of the pleurisy—He is visited by Peter Böhler, and receives the doctrine of present salvation by faith—The Hutton family—Return of Charles Wesley's illness—He finds peace with God by believing in Jesus Christ—His brother John obtains the same blessing—Charles's hymn of congratulation addressed to him—Remarks on the conversion of the brothersPages 106—142

V.

Charles Wesley's labours for the spiritual good of others—Mr. Ainsworth, John Byrom, Mr. and Mrs. Piers, Mr. Stonehouse, the Vicar of Islington, and various members of the Delamotte family, receive the truth—Mr. Broughton zealously opposes it—Letter from Mr. John Wesley during his visit to Hernbuth—Charles's successful labours among the felons at Newgate—He visits Oxford, and is admonished by the Dean of Christ-Church—John Wesley's return from Germany—Charles begins to preach extempore—Question of re-baptizing the Dissenters—Interviews with the Bishop of London, who condemns the practice—Charles Delamotte and Mr. Whitefield return from America—Letter of censure from Samuel WesleyPages 143—174

VI.

Mr. Charles Wesley's expulsion from the curacy of Islington—Mr. Whitefield preaches in the open air at Bristol and other places—Mr. John Wesley follows his example—Charles does the same at Thaxted, in Essex—He is summoned to appear before the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth—He is admonished, and threatened with excommunication—He preaches in Moorfields, and on Kemington-common—At Oxford—Prosecuted for walking across an open field to Kemington-common—Remarks on field-preaching—Visit to Mr. Law—Mr. Charles Wesley at Bengeworth—Mr. Benjamin Seward—Charles at Gloucester—At Bristol—Description of his preaching by Mr. Williams, of Kidderminster—The brothers publish two additional Hymn-books—Remarks on MysticismPages 175—203

VII.

Death of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, of Tiverton—Letter from his mother on that subject—Opening of the Foundery, as a place of worship—Formation of the first of the United Societies—Charles Wesley at Bengeworth

—Violence of Mr. Henry Seward—The doctrine of “stillness” inculcated by Molther in the Fetter-lane society—Opposed by the two Wesleys—“Conferences” with the awakened—Letter from Thomas Keen—Hymn on the means of grace—The Delamotte family discard the Wesleys, and join the Moravians—Separation of the Wesleys from the society in Fetter-lane—Charles Wesley at Bristol and Kingswood—The Bristol Clergy refuse the Lord’s supper to the Methodists—Charles Wesley and the Kingswood colliers turned out of the Temple church—Dishonourable conduct of the Bristol Magistrates—Failure of Mr. Charles Wesley’s health—Dr. Middleton—Charles Wesley quells a riot among the colliers at Kingswood—He visits Wales—Howell Harris—Riot at Cardiff—The Wesleys publish a fourth Hymn-book—Charles’s religious history embodied in a hymn Pages 204—246

CHAPTER VIII.

School for the colliers’ children at Kingswood—John Cennick embraces the tenets of Calvinism, and divides the Kingswood society—Letter of Charles Wesley to him—Mr. John Wesley’s sermon on Free Grace—Mr. Whitefield’s answer to it—Letter from him to Charles Wesley—He separates from the Wesleys—Mis-statement of Lady Huntingdon’s biographer—Charles Wesley’s decided anti-Calvinism—His “Hymns on God’s Everlasting Love”—Reconciliation between Mr. Whitefield and the Wesleys—Hymn for all three—Letter from Mrs. Wesley to Charles—He leans towards the Moravians, but soon recovers himself—His “Account of Hannah Richardson”—Gambold, Hall, and Stonehouse join the Moravians, and renounce the Church of England—Charles Wesley’s regrets on the occasion, and censures upon the men who had drawn them aside—Subsequent respect for the Moravian Church Pages 247—283

IX.

Happy deaths of many members of the society in Bristol and Kingswood—Doctrine of reprobation—Charles Wesley visits Wales, and forms a friendship with Robert Jones, Esq., of Fommon-castle—The Rev. Mr. Hodges, Wells, Thomas, and Richards—Preaches to the felons at Cardiff, and attends them to the place of execution—Mr. Jones accompanies him to Bristol and Kingswood—Interview with a Magistrate, who threatens to seize the school at Kingswood—Mr. Charles Wesley carries the Gospel into Staffordshire and Yorkshire—He joins his brother in the publication of a fifth Hymn-book—“Wrestling Jacob”—Dr. Watts’s remark upon it—Charles preaches before the University of Oxford, and publishes his sermon—Public affront offered to Mr. Piers, by the Dean of Arches, when preaching at the Visitation of the Clergy at Sevenoaks—Death of Mr. Jones, of Fommon-castle—Elegy on him—Death of Mrs. Susanna Wesley—Her character. Pages 284—323

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Charles Wesley's labours among the prisoners in Newgate—Pastoral letter to the society at Grimsby—Preaches in Staffordshire—Riots at Sheffield—Visits Birstal, Arnley, and Leeds—Arrives at Newcastle—Discourages physical excitement among the people—Successful ministry in the north—Returns to London, preaching at Selby, Epworth, Nottingham, and Birmingham in his way—Visits Cornwall, and preaches in the midst of riotous opposition—Hymn composed at the Land's End—Returns to London, to attend a meeting of Methodists, Calvinists, and Moravians—Mr. Whitefield and the Moravians refuse to meet—Unjust censure of Lady Huntingdon's biographer upon Mr. John Wesley—Illness of Mr. Piers—Riots at Wednesbury—Charles Wesley visits Bristol and Wales—Returns to London—Death of Mr. WithamPages 324—358

XI.

Unsettled state of the nation in 1743—"Hymns for Times of Trouble"—Mr. Charles Wesley preaches at Birmingham, Dudley, Wednesbury, Nottingham, Sheffield, Epworth, and Leeds—Arrives at Newcastle—Remarkable providence—Address to the King—Persecution at Nottingham—John Healy and Thomas Westall examined by the Magistrates—Charles Wesley accused of high treason—Meets the society at Leeds, and the floor of the room gives way—Several persons injured—Goes to Wakefield, to meet the Magistrates—He is honourably acquitted—Hymns on the occasion—Returns to London, taking Nottingham on his way, where the Magistrates had been rebuked by Judge Abdy—Raises a subscription in London for the sufferers in Staffordshire—Impressment of John Nelson, who is sent into the army—John Downes impressed for a soldier—Case of Thomas Beard—The first Methodist Conference—Mr. Hodges, Piers, Samuel Taylor, Meriton—Principles agreed upon in this assembly.....Pages 359—390

XII.

Charles Wesley visits Cornwall, accompanied by Mr. Meriton—John Slocome pressed for a soldier—Charles's ministry in various parts of Cornwall—Fervent love of the young converts—Preaches his farewell sermon at Gwennap—Affecting scene at his departure—Hymn addressed to his spiritual children—Three Clergymen confirm his testimony in a church—Visits Wales and Bristol—Accompanied by Mr. Meriton, he meets his brother and Mr. Piers at Oxford—Mr. John Wesley preaches his last sermon before the University—Wicked slanders propagated by Thomas Williams—Labours at Newcastle and its vicinity—Terrible persecution in Cornwall—Dr. Borlase—Williams, stricken in his conscience, retracts his slanders, and asks forgiveness—Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq.—Mr. Meriton pressed for a soldier at Shrewsbury—John Bennet, and other Methodists, in Derbyshire, treated in the same manner—The second Methodist Conference—Charles Wesley receives

an injury at Shepton-Mallet—Confined some time in Wales by his lameness—Repelled from the Lord's table by a Welsh Clergyman—He and his brother publish their hymns on the sacrament, and on the Christian festivalsPages 391—426

CHAPTER XIII.

The Rebellion of 1745—The committal of Jonathan Reeves to York-castle for preaching the Gospel—Loyalty and patriotism of the Wesleys—Mrs. Rich—Mr. Lampe, the musician—Charles Wesley's itinerancy in the west of England—Labours and success in Cornwall—Mr. Eustick and Dr. Borlase—Hymn of thanksgiving for the success of the Gospel in Cornwall—The Rev. Vincent Perronet, of Shoreham—Riot in the church when Charles Wesley preached there—The battle of Culloden—Hymns of thanksgiving for the defeat of the rebels, and the restoration of peace—Mr. Grimshaw—Edward Perronet dangerously ill of the small-pox, at Newcastle—Charles Wesley preaches at Hexham—Hymn of thanksgiving for the success of the Gospel at Newcastle. Pages 427—453

XIV.

Mr. Charles Wesley preaches at various places in Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Staffordshire—Terrible riot at Devizes—Charles Perronet ill of the small-pox in Bristol—Charles Wesley visits Ireland—State of religion in that country—Origin of the name "Swaddlers"—Success of the Gospel in Dublin, and Tyrrell's-pass—Riot at Athlone—Returns to Dublin, and embarks for EnglandPages 459—487

XV.

Mr. Gwynne and his daughter Sarah visit the Methodist society in London—Charles Wesley embarks again for Ireland—Mr. Lunell—Singular opening at Cork, where Mr. Charles Wesley preaches to thousands daily—Hymn for the Roman Catholics of Ireland—He preaches at Bandon, Kinsale, Youghall, Middleton, Cashel, Athlone, &c.—Meets Mr. and Mrs. Lampe in Dublin—Disastrous voyage to England—Hymn of thanksgiving for deliverance from shipwreck—Visit to Garth—The family and establishment of Mr. GwynnePages 488—515

XVI.

Charles Wesley makes a proposal of marriage to Miss Sarah Gwynne—Letter from Mr. Perronet respecting the literary property of the Wesleys—John secures one hundred pounds a year to his brother—Charles's marriage—Hymn on the occasion—Letter from his sister Martha—Charles's arrival in Bristol—Illness—Letter to his brother—The Gwynne family remove from Garth to Ludlow—Destructive riots in Cork—Charles Wesley presented by the Grand Jury as "a person of ill-fame, and a vagabond"—Rents a small house in Bristol—Con-

secrates it to the Lord by a hymn—Mrs. Grace Murray—Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield prevent Mr. John Wesley's marriage—John Bennet—Mr. Charles Wesley publishes his "Hymns and Sacred Poems," in two volumes—Sublime hymn for a "Person called to bear his Testimony"Pages 516—546

CHAPTER XVII.

Earthquakes in London in the year 1750—Excitement created by them—Charles Wesley publishes a Sermon on the occasion—His "Hymns on the Earthquakes"—Death of Mrs. Wright—Letter illustrative of her character—Mrs. Vazeille—Infamous slander of Salmon in his "Foreigner's Companion"—Marriage of Mr. Waller and Miss Elizabeth Gwynne—Mr. John Wesley's marriage—Unhappy temper of his wife—Case of James Wheatley—Charles Wesley's journey to the north of England—Singular trial of a Methodist Constable at Leeds—The chapel there in danger of being pulled down—William Darney—Charles Wesley holds a Conference at Leeds—Mr. Grimshaw, William Darney, and William Shent—Charles Wesley goes to Manchester—Mrs. Charles Wesley travels extensively with her husband—Anecdotes connected with her itinerancy—Two hymns illustrative of her husband's characterPages 547—592

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

CHAPTER I.

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

The income of the Rector of Epworth was comparatively small, and his children were very numerous. Twice the parsonage house was unfortunately burned down, and rebuilt at his own expense. His circumstances, therefore, were painfully embarrassed; and the children were far from having any superfluity of either diet or clothing. The hardy manner in which they were necessarily trained prepared them to contend with the trials of life; and, in the arrangements of a wise providence, fitted John and Charles for the privations and labours which they were destined to endure as itinerant teachers of religion. Their venerable mother, in a letter, dated January 20th, 1722, and addressed to her brother, Mr. Samuel Annesley, says, "Mr. Wesley rebuilt his

* Dr. Whitehead's *Life of the Rev. John Wesley*, vol. i., p. 97.

house in less than one year; but nearly thirteen years are elapsed since it was burned; yet it is not half furnished, nor are his wife and children half clothed, to this day.”*

Perhaps no family in the kingdom was placed under better regulations than the Wesley family at Epworth. The father was a man of great learning, and of studious habits. He also spent much of his time from home, attending the sittings of the Convocation in London: so that the care of the children devolved principally upon their excellent mother; a woman of sincere piety, and of a strong and well-cultivated understanding. They were all placed under her tuition; and the laws by which she governed them reflect the highest honour upon her character. They are thus stated by herself:—

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

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

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

* Moore's Life of Mr. Wesley, vol. i., p. 565.

always made to eat such things as were provided for the family.

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

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

“They were so constantly used to eat and drink what was given them, that when any of them was ill, there was no difficulty in making them take the most unpleasant medicine: for they durst not refuse it, though some of them would presently throw it up. This I mention, to show that a person may be taught to take anything, though it be never so much against his stomach.

“In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees, as they are able to bear it; but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once; and the sooner the better. For by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy, which is hardly ever after conquered; and never, without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world, they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel parents, who permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing. Whenever a child is corrected, it must be conquered; and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown head-

strong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertencies may be passed by. Some should be overlooked, and taken no notice of, and others mildly reprov'd; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence require.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“What was yet stranger, any word he had learned in his lesson, he knew, wherever he saw it, either in his Bible, or any other book; by which means he very soon learned to read an English author well.

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

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

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

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

“ When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered upon a strict reform ; and then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon ; when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New

Testament; as, in the morning, they were directed to read the psalms and a chapter in the Old. After which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family.

“ There were several bye-laws observed among us :

“ 1. It had been observed that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying, till they get a custom of it, which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made, that whoever was charged with a fault, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The intrinsic value of this document justifies its insertion in this place, notwithstanding its length. Any biographical account of either John or Charles Wesley would be defective,

* Wesley’s Works, vol. i., pp. 337—393. Edit. 1829.

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

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

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley, aware of their inability to lay up fortunes for their children, resolved that they should enjoy the advantages of a superior education. The daughters were well instructed by their mother; and their three sons were all graduates of the University of Oxford.† Having received

* Wesley's Works, vol. i., p. 386.

† Samuel Wesley, jun., was educated at Westminster School; and during his stay there an incident occurred which strikingly displays the providence of God. The forty King's scholars lodged in one room, which was called the dormitory. One morning the head boy cried out vehemently, "Lads! lads! you oversleep yourselves! You lie too late. It is time to be at school." They all started up, dressed themselves as quickly as they could, and ran down with him. When they came into the cloisters, one who was a little before the rest saw something white, and cried out, "What have we got here?" They went up to it, and found a man stark naked, and so benumbed that he could not speak. Just

the rudiments of learning under his mother's tuition, Charles was sent to Westminster School, in the year 1716, being then about eight years of age. John had then been about two years at the Charterhouse School in London, where his proficiency was most encouraging. At Westminster, Charles was placed under the care of his brother Samuel, who was then one of the Ushers in that establishment, and, for a time, bore the expense of Charles's maintenance and education. Samuel was an excellent classical scholar, a poet, a wit, and a man of unimpeachable honour and integrity. He was the personal friend of Bishop Atterbury, a Prelate of great abilities, of elegant scholarship, and one of the finest writers of the age. The Bishop was withal restless, aspiring, and disaffected to the House of Brunswick, one of whose Princes had been recently placed on the British throne. A Bill of Pains and Penalties was brought into Parliament, charging Atterbury with attempts to subvert the reigning dynasty, and to restore to the Stuart family the crown of Great Britain. He solemnly avowed his innocence, and defended himself with extraordinary ability and spirit before the House of Lords. The Bill, however, passed, and Atterbury was sent into banishment. Samuel Wesley's love to his friend suffered no abatement in consequence of this act of the legislature. He was therefore naturally suspected of entertaining the Bishop's political views; especially as he freely lampooned Sir Robert Walpole, the Whig Minister of the day, in several poetic satires. Yet no proof exists that he was opposed to the

then the clock struck two. They took him up, carried him into the dormitory, and put him into a warm bed. After some rest he recovered his senses and speech; and being asked how he came into that condition, he told them that as he was coming over Chelsea-fields, he was robbed by two footpads, who then stripped him stark naked, tied him neck and heels, and threw him into a ditch. There he must have perished, but that some young women, coming to market very early in the morning, heard him groan, and, going to the ditch, untied him, and then ran away. He made toward the town as well as he could, till, being unable to walk any farther, he crept into the cloisters upon his hands and feet, where he lay till the King's scholars came. Probably in an hour or two he would have expired. After he had slept some hours, they gave him something warm to drink; then one gave him a shirt; another, a coat or waistcoat; others, what they could spare; till they had clothed him from head to foot. Then they collected for him among themselves about forty shillings, and wished him well home. "See the wisdom of God," says Mr. John Wesley, who relates the fact, "in making the sport of a boy the means of saving a poor man's life."—*Arminian Magazine*.

reigning family; and positive testimony is given, by competent witnesses, especially by his brother John, that his loyalty was unshaken. His father, the Rector of Epworth, wrote the first defence of the government of William and Mary that appeared in print after their accession to the throne; and that his son Samuel entertained the father's views concerning the Revolution, is manifest from the following lines, which refer directly to that event:—

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

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

At Westminster Charles was exceedingly sprightly and active; very apt to learn, but arch and unlucky, though not ill-natured. His courage and skill in fighting procured for him the admiration of the boys, and the title of Captain of the school. Among his fellow-students was a Scottish youth, whose ancestors had taken an active part in favour of the Pretender; and who, on his entrance into Westminster School, suffered much ill-treatment from the boys on this account. For nothing was Charles Wesley more remarkable than for generosity; and he appeared as the champion of the persecuted stranger, on whose hapless head the sins of his Jacobite fathers were unmercifully visited. That youth was James Murray, who afterwards became the great Lord Mansfield; and who, in the decline of life, renewed his intimacy with the friend who had assisted him in his juvenile battles.

When Charles Wesley had been about five years at West-

minster he was admitted as one of the King's scholars, and his expenses were borne by the foundation. Being both lively and clever, he was put forward to act dramas; and his progress in learning procured him the favour of his master.

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

* Mr. Maxwell, in his "Life of the Duke of Wellington," attempts to throw discredit upon this relation. He says, "That Garret Wellesley contributed to the expenses of Charles Wesley's education, and probably intended to have provided for him more permanently, may be very true; but we doubt much that any proposition of adoption was made; and doubt still more, that, if made, it would have met with rejection." (Vol. i., p. 6.) There are only two grounds upon which this statement can be impugned: either that Mr. John Wesley was an incompetent witness in the case; or that he was a man of doubtful veracity: neither of which, it is presumed, will be seriously maintained. He was likely to know his brother's history; and it would be difficult to assign an adequate reason why he should, in a case of this nature, depart from the truth. When his brother died, he immediately began to collect materials for his biography, which he intended forthwith to publish. He wrote the particulars of this case with a reference to publication, but died before he had completed his design. With all deference to Mr. Maxwell, his own theory is less credible than the plain statement which he calls in question. Why should Garret Wesley, or Wellesley, as he is called, defray the expenses of Charles Wesley at Westminster School, and then propose to take him to Ireland, but for the purpose of adopting him? For anything that appears to the contrary, the family of the Rector of Epworth were entire strangers to him, and were only recommended to him by an identity of name: for Wellesley, as the family designation, does not appear to have been generally

The matter was more momentous than even his sagacious mind perceived. Disappointed in this quarter, Garret Wesley offered to bequeath his property to one of his kinsmen, on condition that he should receive the name of Wesley, to which he consented. That kinsman was Richard Colley, who was subsequently known as Richard Colley Wesley. He held the offices of Auditor and Registrar of the Royal Hospital of Kilmainham, and second Chamberlain of the Irish Court of Exchequer. In the year 1734 he was Sheriff of Meath; and he sat for many years in Parliament, as Representative of the borough of Carysford. He was raised to the peerage, in the year 1747, by George II., under the title of Baron Mornington. This eminent man, who inherited the property in the county of Meath, which had been offered to Charles Wesley, was the grandfather of the Marquis Wellesley, and of the Duke of Wellington. Of the second Lord Mornington, the father of the Duke, we shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent part of this narrative.

Had Mr. Charles Wesley accepted the proposal that was made to him, he would have been far removed from the religious friends who were the instruments of his conversion and subsequent piety; and Richard Colley would never have possessed the property of Garret Wesley. According to all human calculation, therefore, the world would never have enjoyed the benefit of Charles Wesley's ministry; his incomparable hymns would never have been written; the extension of the British empire in India, under the administration of

assumed till many years afterwards. The present noble members of the Wellesley family were in early life known by the name of Wesley. In the "Army List" of the year 1800, the Duke of Wellington, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the thirty-third Regiment, bears the name of the Hon. Arthur Wesley. It was not till the following year that it was exchanged for Wellesley in that publication. It is clearly ascertained that Garret Wesley wanted to adopt some one to inherit his property; and he was resolved that his estates should only be possessed by a man who bore the name of Wesley. Had his only design been to "provide more permanently" for Charles, he might have done this in England, without requiring the youth to leave his native country and his relations. And why, if he were only actuated by humane motives, did he confine his regards to Charles Wesley, to the neglect of every other member of the family, many of whom were greatly in need of pecuniary assistance? Besides, what is there incredible in the account? or on whom does it reflect the slightest dishonour? Mr. Maxwell may believe it or not, as he pleases; but if he expect other people to share in his doubts, he should advance some reason which shall be sufficiently powerful to set aside Mr. John Wesley's express testimony.

the Marquis Wellesley, might not have taken place; and the General who conquered Napoleon Buonaparte, and thus overthrew one of the greatest tyrannies that ever existed, might never have been born. What a thought, that events so immensely important, and involving the temporal and spiritual interests of millions, should have been contingent upon the volition of an impetuous boy, who was left to decide whether he would remain in England, with the prospect of poverty and labour before him, or go to Ireland to enjoy the luxuries and honour of wealth! That the hand of God was in the determination, none but an infidel can doubt. The youth decided under the secret guidance of divine mercy, exercised not only towards him, but towards the world.

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

At this time Charles was differently minded. For some months after his arrival in Oxford, though moral in his conduct, and very agreeable in his spirit and manners, he was far from being severe and earnest in his application to study; the strict authority over him which his brother Samuel exercised, as his tutor and guardian, being now withdrawn. To a con-

siderable extent, he was at his own disposal. After a while, however, he became studious; but his spirit was undevout. "He pursued his studies diligently," says John, "and led a regular, harmless life: but if I spoke to him about religion, he would warmly answer, 'What, would you have me to be a saint all at once?' and would hear no more."

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

"God has thought fit (it may be to increase my wariness) to deny me at present your company and assistance. It is through Him strengthening me, I trust to maintain my ground till we meet. And I hope that, neither before nor after that time, I shall relapse into my former state of insensibility. It is through your means, I firmly believe, that God will establish what he hath begun in me; and there is no one person I would so willingly have to be the instrument of good to me as you. It is owing, in great measure, to some-

body's prayers, (my mother's, most likely,) that I am come to think as I do; for I cannot tell myself how or when I awoke out of my lethargy: only, that it was not long after you went away." Such was the manner in which he spoke of himself in the beginning of the year 1729.

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

It was about this period, and while John was absent from Oxford, that the name of "Methodist" was first given to Charles Wesley and his thoughtful companions. They were diligent and methodical in the prosecution of their studies, and in the improvement of their time; unusually sober in their spirit and general deportment; and very regular in their attention to religious duties, particularly the Lord's supper, which they received every week. The consequence was, that their conduct excited general observation; and a young gentleman, a student of Christ-Church, remarked, "Here is a new set of Methodists sprung up." The name was new and quaint; so it took immediately; and the Methodists, though

not more than three or four in number, were known all over the University. Mr. John Wesley generally spoke as if he thought that the name was borrowed from a sect of ancient Physicians, who were opposed to the Empirics, and who bore this designation on account of the peculiar *method* in which they treated their patients. Yet in his "Character of a Methodist" he speaks doubtingly on the subject. "This is not a name," says he, "which they take to themselves, but one fixed upon them by way of reproach, without their approbation or consent. It was first given to three or four young men at Oxford, by a student of Christ-Church; either in allusion to the ancient sect of Physicians so called, from their teaching, that almost all diseases might be cured by a specific *method* of diet and exercise; * or from their observing a more regular *method* of study and behaviour than was usual with those of their age and station." † Dr. Bentley uses the word in the first of these senses in his very spirited and energetic "Remarks upon a late Discourse of Free-Thinking." The infidel Collins having said, "Till all agree, I will stand neuter;" the Doctor says, "Very well; and till all the world speaks one language, pray be you mute, and say nothing. It would be much the wiser way, than to talk as you have done.

* "Some Physicians, who would fain be considered as having Themison for their authority, contend that the doctrine of cause is foreign to treatment, and that it is sufficient to regard certain general characters of diseases; since of these may be enumerated three kinds: one of constriction, another of relaxation, and a third partaking of the nature of both. For that in some cases, excretion is deficient; in others, excessive: in some, scanty from one organ; and from another, superabundant: that diseases are sometimes acute, sometimes chronic; that they sometimes advance, are sometimes stationary, and at others decreescent. Ascertaining, therefore, to which kind it belongs, if the body be constipated, it ought to be relaxed; if relaxed, it must be braced; if the disease be of a mixed character, we must, from time to time, relieve the more urgent symptom. One plan is to be adopted with acute, another with chronic, affections; we must diversify our treatment according as diseases are increasing, stationary, or verging to a cure. They think the observation of such matters as these constitutes medicine, and define it a manner of proceeding which the Greeks called 'METHOD;' as if contending that it is its province to contemplate certain things common to disease. And they neither wish to be ranked among the Theorists, nor the Empirics; because they dissent from the one party, in not admitting that a knowledge of occult causes constitutes medicine, and from the latter, inasmuch as they believe the observation of experiments to constitute but an inconsiderable part of the art."—A Translation of the eight Books of Aul. Corn. Celsus on Medicine. By G. F. Collier, M. D. Page 10. Edit. 1831.

† Wesley's Works, vol. viii., p. 339.

By this rule, the Roman gentry were to learn no philosophy at all, till the Greeks could unite into one sect; nor make use of any Physician, till the Empirics and METHODISTS concurred in their way of practice." *

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

"The word," says an anonymous writer of the last cen-

* Page 74. Edit. 1743.

† Life of Mr. Wesley, p. 12.

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

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

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

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

Mr. Charles Wesley, to whom the name was first applied in its modern acceptation, says, in one of his letters, that it had reference to the strict conformity to the method of study and of practice laid down in the statutes of the University, at which he and his religious friends professed to aim.

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

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

"Whereas there is too much reason to believe, that some members of the University have of late been in danger of being corrupted by ill-designing persons, who have not only entertained wicked and blasphemous notions, contrary to the truth of the Christian religion, but have endeavoured to instil the same ill principles into others; and, the more effectually to propagate their infidelity, have applied their poison to the unguarded inexperience of less-informed minds, where they thought it might operate with better success; carefully concealing their impious tenets from those whose riper judgments and more wary conduct might discover their false reasoning, and disappoint the intended progress of their infidelity: and whereas therefore it is more especially necessary at this time to guard the youth of this place against these wicked advocates for pretended reason against divine revela-

tion, and to enable them the better to defend their religion, and to expose the pride and impiety of those who endeavour to undermine it: Mr. Vice-Chancellor, with the consent of the Heads of Houses and Proctors, has thought fit to recommend it, as a matter of the utmost consequence, to the Tutors of each College and Hall in the University, that they discharge their duty by a double diligence, in informing their respective pupils in their Christian duty, as also in explaining to them the articles of religion which they profess, and are often called upon to subscribe, and in recommending to them the frequent and careful reading of the Scriptures, and such other books as may serve more effectually to promote Christianity, sound principles, and orthodox faith. And further, Mr. Vice-Chancellor, with the same consent, does hereby forbid the said youth the reading of such books as may tend to the weakening of their faith, the subverting of the authority of Scripture, and the introducing of Deism, profaneness, and irreligion in their stead."

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

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

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

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

*Carolum vehis, et Caroli fortunam.**

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

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

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

"I now began to pray and sing psalms twice every day, besides morning and evening, and to fast every Friday, and to receive the sacrament at a parish church near our College, and at the castle, where the despised Methodists used to receive once a month.

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

"For above a twelvemonth my soul longed to be acquainted with some of them; and I was strongly pressed to follow their good example, when I saw them go through a ridiculing crowd to receive the holy eucharist at St. Mary's,

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

At length God was pleased to open a door. It happened that a poor woman in one of the workhouses had attempted to cut her throat, but was happily prevented. Upon hearing of this, and knowing that both the Mr. Wesleys were ready to every good work, I sent a poor aged apple-woman, of our College, to inform Mr. Charles Wesley of it; charging her not to discover who sent her. She went; but, contrary to my orders, told my name. He, having heard of my coming to the castle, and a parish-church sacrament, and having met me frequently walking by myself, followed the woman when she was gone away, and sent an invitation to me by her, to come to breakfast with him the next morning.

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

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

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

“ Upon this I had no rest in my soul till I wrote letters to my relations, telling them there was such a thing as the new

birth. I imagined they would have gladly received it; but, alas! my words seemed to them as idle tales. They thought that I was going besides myself.

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

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

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

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

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

“ Several short fits of illness was God pleased to visit and

to try me with after my first acquaintance with Mr. Wesley. My new convert was a help meet for me in those and all other circumstances ; and, in company with him, and several other Christian friends, did I spend many sweet and delightful hours. Never did persons, I believe, strive more earnestly to enter in at the strait gate. They kept their bodies under, even to an extreme. They were dead to the world, and willing to be accounted as the dung and offscouring of all things, so that they might win Christ. Their hearts glowed with the love of God ; and they never prospered so much in the inward man, as when they had all manner of evil spoken against them falsely without.

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

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

“ Mr. Charles Wesley, whom I must always mention with the greatest deference and respect, walked with me, in order to confirm me, from the church even to the College. I confess, to my shame, I would gladly have excused him ; and the next day, going to his room, one of our Fellows passing by, I

was ashamed to be seen to knock at his door. But, blessed be God, the fear of man gradually wore off. As I had imitated Nicodemus in his cowardice, so, by the divine assistance, I followed him in his courage. I confessed the Methodists more and more publicly every day. I walked openly with them, and chose rather to bear contempt with those people of God than to enjoy the applause of almost-Christians for a season."

After some time Mr. Whitefield was strongly tempted to entertain the delusion of Quietism; discontinuing his efforts to do good, and his attendance upon the religious meetings of his friends. "Instead of meeting with my brethren, as usual," says he, "I went out into the fields, and prayed silently by myself. Our evening meeting I neglected also, and went not to breakfast, according to appointment, with Mr. Charles Wesley the day following. This, with many other concurring circumstances, made my honoured friend, Mr. Charles Wesley, suspect something more than ordinary was the matter. He came to my room; soon found out my case; apprized me of my danger, if I would not take advice; and recommended me to his brother John, as more experienced in the spiritual life. God gave me, blessed be his holy name! a teachable temper. I waited upon his brother; with whom, from that time, I had the honour of growing intimate. He advised me to resume all my externals, though not to depend on them in the least. From time to time he gave me directions, as my various and pitiable state required. At length, by his excellent advice, and management of me, under God, I was delivered from those wiles of Satan. Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise his holy name!"

The conduct of the devout men with whom Mr. Whitefield was connected, considering their age, their circumstances, and the times in which they lived, was very peculiar, and formed a perfect contrast to the laxity of practice and speculation which generally prevailed. They carefully avoided all superfluity of personal expense, that they might have the more to give to the poor: they supported a number of destitute and neglected children at school; they instructed the ignorant, and reproved the wicked, at all opportunities; and for this end, went into the cottages and garrets of the poor, urging them

to attend the public worship of God, and supplying them with Bibles, Prayer-books, the Whole Duty of Man, and other religious publications: they regularly visited the prisoners in the common jail, for the purpose of prayer, and religious instruction; Mr. John Wesley preaching to them every Sabbath: they assisted each other in their studies, and watched over each other's spiritual interests with affection and fidelity. At the same time they aimed at an elevated standard of holiness, feeling that they ought to be entirely devoted to God. That they might attain to this state, they used frequent fasting, and availed themselves of all the means of grace, particularly the Lord's supper, which they attended every week, regardless of public opinion and example, and unmoved either by the laughter of the profane, or the scorn of infidelity. In going to the weekly sacrament at Christ-Church, and in returning from that sacred service, they often had to make their way through a crowd of people who assembled for the purpose of treating them with insult and ridicule. "I daily underwent some contempt at College," says Mr. Whitefield. "Some have thrown dirt at me."

In visiting prisoners, and poor people in their cottages, Mr. John Wesley acquired that plainness and simplicity of style in which he afterwards so greatly excelled. As the learned Collegian, he used words of Greek and Latin origin, which the uneducated cottagers did not understand. He observed that they stared at him, and wondered what he meant. As he spoke to be understood, he soon perceived the necessity of using words to which the common people were accustomed; and he readily perceived that he could do this without offending persons of the most refined taste. Thus was he in a course of preparation for the great work that lay before him.*

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

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

"1. Have I been simple and recollected in everything I said or did? Have I (1.) been simple in everything, that is, looked upon God, my Good, my Pattern, my one Desire, my Disposer, Parent of Good; acted wholly for him; bounded my views with the present action or hour? (2.) Recollected? that is,

Young men who are thus strict and universally conscientious must of necessity, even in ordinary times, excite great

has this simple view been distinct and uninterrupted? Have I, in order to keep it so, used the signs agreed upon with my friends, wherever I was? Have I done anything without a previous perception of its being the will of God? or without a perception of its being an exercise or a means of the virtue of the day? Have I said anything without it?

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

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

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

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

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

“MONDAY.—*Love of Man.*

“1. Have I been zealous to do, and active in doing, good? that is, (1.) Have I embraced every probable opportunity of doing good, and preventing, removing, or lessening evil? (2.) Have I pursued it with my might? (3.) Have I thought anything too dear to part with, to serve my neighbour? (4.) Have I spent an hour at least every day in speaking to some one or other? (5.) Have I given any one up till he expressly renounced me? (6.) Have I, before I spoke to any, learned, as far as I could, his temper, way of thinking, past life, and peculiar hinderances, internal and external? fixed the point to be aimed at? then the means to it? (7.) Have I in speaking proposed the motives, then the difficulties, then balanced them, then exhorted him to consider both calmly and deeply, and to pray earnestly for help? (8.) Have I in speaking to a stranger

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

The censures which were passed upon these young disciples, on account of their efforts to do good, gave them great uneasiness. It was felt that their pious exertions reflected discredit upon the Clergy, to whose pastoral care the prisoners and the several parishes of Oxford and its neighbourhood were con-

explained what religion is not ? (not negative, not external ;) and what it is ? (a recovery of the image of God :) searched at what step in it he stops, and what makes him stop there ? exhorted and directed him ? (9.) Have I persuaded all I could to attend public prayers, sermons, and sacraments, and in general to obey the laws of the church catholic, the Church of England, the State, the University, and their respective Colleges ? (10.) Have I, when taxed with any act of obedience, avowed it, and turned the attack with sweetness and firmness ? (11.) Have I disputed upon any practical point, unless it was to be practised just then ? (12.) Have I in disputing, (i.) Desired him to define the terms of the question ; to limit it ; what he grants, what he denies ? (ii.) Delayed speaking my opinion ? let him explain and prove his ? then insinuated and pressed objections ? (13.) Have I after every visit asked him who went with me, ' Did I say anything wrong ? ' (14.) Have I when any one asked advice, directed and exhorted him with all my power ?

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

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

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

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

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

fided; and the Methodists, most of whom were as yet but undergraduates, and therefore not in holy orders, were condemned as presumptuous and irregular. Wishful to give no just offence, and at the same time to preserve a pure conscience, they consulted the Bishop's Chaplain, the venerable Rector of Epworth, and one or two other Clergymen of age and experience. The result was, that they were encouraged to proceed in their labours of zeal and charity. The father of the Wesleys especially, with his characteristic energy and frankness, urged them to perseverance. The inquiries of his sons brought to his remembrance the occurrences connected with his own college life; for he too, when at Oxford, had cared for the souls of felons and convicts. "I visited those in the castle there," says he, "and reflect on it with great satisfaction to this day." He adds, "And now as to your own designs and employments, what can I say less of them than, *Valldè probo?** and that I have the greatest reason to bless God, that he has given me two sons together at Oxford, to whom he has given grace and courage to turn the war against the world and the devil, which is the best way to conquer them?"

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

* "I greatly approve."

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

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

The Wesleys, father and sons, were all poets; but Charles was by far the most distinguished of the four. The first specimen of his versification with which we are acquainted is an epistle to his sister Martha, on the subject of her intended marriage with Mr. Hall. She lived with her uncle Matthew Wesley in London, and there, without consulting the family,

engaged herself to Mr. Hall, a man of agreeable manners, and good property, who had been religiously educated, and a pupil of her brother John at Oxford. In the mean while he visited the family at Epworth, where he gained the affections of her sister, Miss Kezzy Wesley, and promised forthwith to make her his wife. He left Epworth, returned to London, and renewed his acquaintance with Martha, to the grief and astonishment of the family, who knew nothing of the prior engagement between the parties. Kezzy's friends were indignant at the baseness of Mr. Hall; and they were scarcely less offended with Martha, for receiving the addresses of a man to whom they thought her sister had the first and exclusive claim. Under the influence of these views and feelings Charles sent a letter of expostulation to Martha, which must have for ever prevented her union with Mr. Hall, had he not previously gained her affections; and had she not been solemnly betrothed to him before he had made any proposals to her sister. This composition, which was never intended for the public eye, has been inserted by Dr. Adam Clarke, in his "Memoirs of the Wesley Family." It is a striking specimen of Charles's power as a poet; and, viewed in connexion with the general tenor of his life, is no less striking as a display of his integrity and uprightness. He had an instinctive abhorrence of everything mean and dishonest. His invectives against Hall are equally just and appalling. Those against his sister are misapplied. When the case was explained, the lawfulness of her marriage with Hall was acknowledged; though its expediency was more than doubtful, considering the scandalous and unmanly part which he had acted in courting both the sisters at the same time. No alliance should have been formed with a man who was capable of such villany. Her mother and uncle, however, gave their full consent, and Kezzy herself was reconciled to the match. Bitterly, however, had Martha occasion to repent of this step. Her husband, though sustaining the clerical office, became one of the most profligate and immoral men that ever disgraced the human form. He assumed the character of an infidel and a libertine.

To some of these occurrences reference is made in the following letter, which was addressed by Charles to his brother Samuel, now removed from Westminster to Tiverton,

being preferred to the head-mastership of the Grammar-School there. The letter, it will be observed, was written before Mr. Hall had abandoned Miss Kezzy.

“Christ-Church, July 31st, 1734. Dear Brother,—I cannot excuse my brother’s mentioning nothing of Epworth, when he was just come from it. Taciturnity, as to family affairs, is his infirmity, but not his fault; for I dare say there is no malice prepense in it. It was much he told me they were all well there; for he does not use to be so communicative. It was by mere accident I heard of John White-lamb’s having written; for though my brother had been there, I had known nothing of it till this day, but for my journey to London. My father, they say, is a little dissatisfied at my aunt Nancy’s leaving the thousand pounds (where it can be got) to my mother during life. Sister Kezzy made a considerable conquest when my brother was at Epworth: of Mr. Hall, I mean, who accompanied him. All parties are pleased with the match, but Mr. Hall’s mother; and for want of her consent there it rests.

“My brother has been much mauled, and threatened more, for his Jacobite sermon on the 11th of June. But he was wise enough to get the Vice-Chancellor to read and approve it before he preached it, and may therefore bid Wadham, Merton, Exeter, and Christ-Church, do their worst. The last week he passed at London, chiefly in consulting Mr. Law about one of his pupils; but he found time, notwithstanding, to dispatch three sheets of Job while there, and still goes on with much more expedition than my father did while upon the spot. Mr. Morgan is in a fairer way of becoming a Christian than we ever yet knew him. Pray give our love to sister and Phill.

“I am your affectionate brother.”

It would appear from this letter, that Mr. John Wesley assisted in conducting through the press his father’s very learned and elaborate work on the Book of Job, the printing of which was not quite finished in the spring of the following year, when the estimable author was called from the labours of mortality.

The year 1735, which witnessed the disastrous marriage of Mr. Hall and Martha, deprived the Wesley family of its head. The venerable Rector of Epworth died, on the 25th

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

The fact is, that, at the close of life, the father was far in advance of his sons, both in evangelical knowledge and spiritual attainments. He enjoyed the Christian salvation, the nature and method of which neither John nor Charles at that time understood. When their views of divine truth were corrected and matured, and the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost which was given unto them,—when their preaching produced such mighty effects in every part of the land,—they simply taught what their venerable parent experienced and testified upon the bed of death. Mr. John Wesley, therefore, some years afterwards, writing to an anonymous opponent, who assumed the name of Smith, says, “My father did not die unacquainted with the faith of the Gospel, of the primitive Christians, or of our first Reformers ; the same which, by the grace of God, I preach, and which is just as new as Christianity. What he experienced before, I know not ; but I know that, during his last illness, which continued eight months, he enjoyed a clear sense of his acceptance with God. I heard him express it more than once, although at that time I understood him not. ‘The inward witness, son, the inward witness,’ said he to me ; ‘this is the proof, the strongest proof, of Christianity.’ And when I asked him, (the time of his change drawing nigh,) ‘Sir, are you in much pain?’ he answered aloud, with a smile, ‘God does chasten me with pain, yea, all my bones with strong pain ; but I thank him for all, I bless him for all, I love him for all !’ I think the last words he spoke, when

I had just commended his soul to God, were, ‘Now you have done all.’ And, with the same serene, cheerful countenance, he fell asleep, without one struggle, or sigh, or groan. I cannot therefore doubt but the Spirit of God bore an inward witness with his spirit, that he was a child of God.”

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

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

“The morning he was to communicate, he was so exceeding weak and full of pain, that he could not, without the utmost difficulty, receive the elements; often repeating, ‘Thou shakest me; thou shakest me:’ but immediately after receiving, there followed the most visible alteration. He appeared full of faith and peace, which extended even to his body; for he was so much better, that we almost hoped he would have recovered. The fear of death he had entirely conquered, and at last gave up his latest human desires, of finishing Job, paying his debts, and seeing you. He often laid his hand upon my head, and said, ‘Be steady.’ ‘The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom. You shall see it, though I shall not.’ To my sister Emily he said, ‘Do not be concerned at my death. God will then begin to manifest himself to my family.’ When we were met about him, his usual expression was, ‘Now let me hear you talk upon heaven.’ On my asking him, whether he did not find himself worse, he replied, ‘O my Charles, I feel a great deal! God chastens me with strong pain; but I praise him for it; I thank him for it; I love him for it.’

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

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

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

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

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

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

“I am your most affectionate brother.”

The Life of Mr. Wesley, sen., has been written by the late Dr. Adam Clarke, who, with an assiduity peculiar to himself, has explored almost every accessible source of information, and has done justice to the piety, learning, ministerial fidelity, and uprightness of this venerable man. There is, however, one publication that throws great light upon his character, which appears never to have come under the Doctor’s notice. It is a long letter addressed to his Curate, and containing directions relative to the various branches of clerical study and duty. The writer makes several statements respecting his own proceedings as a parish Priest, and especially his manner of maintaining discipline among his people. In giving his opinion of the principal theological writers, whose works should have a place in the clerical library, he introduces several curious and valuable notices concerning the leading men of his times, both Episcopalians and Non-conformists, with whom he was personally acquainted, and whose preaching he had attended. This very rare and interesting tract was published soon after the writer’s death, and with a short preface, which was doubtless written by his son John. The publication is thus referred to in a letter from Samuel Wesley, jun., to Charles, under the date of August 7th, 1737:—“John sent me down one of my father’s ‘Instructions to a Curate;’ but it was so torn in the passage, that good

part was not legible. It is odd I should not have that." This is a sufficient authentication of the book.

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

CHAPTER II.

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

The scheme excited great attention at the time, and obtained very encouraging patronage. The Parliament voted a sum of money, to enable the Trustees to carry their designs into effect. The Trustees, who were themselves to receive no pecuniary benefit from the undertaking, called also upon the public for voluntary help. Dr. John Burton, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who was one of the Trustees, published a discourse in behalf of the project, entitled, "The Duty and Reward of Propagating Principles of Religion and Virtue exemplified in the History of Abraham. A Sermon preached before the Trustees for establishing the Colony of

Georgia, at their Anniversary Meeting, at the parish church of St. Mary-le-Bow, on Thursday, March 15th, 1732."

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

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

Soon after the publication of this sermon there appeared a handsome quarto pamphlet, entitled, "Reasons for establishing the Colony of Georgia, with regard to the Trade of Great Britain, the Increase of our People, the Employment and Support it will afford to great numbers of our Poor, as well as

foreign persecuted Protestants. With some Account of the Country, and the Design of the Trustees. 1733." In this official tract great stress is laid upon the ease of foreign Protestants. The writer says,

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

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

"In the Palatinate a concealed persecution is on foot. Deux-Ponts, Bergues, Juliers, and all the Palatinate, were formerly under Protestant Princes, and are now subject to a zealous Roman Catholic. The head of the house of Saxony, that was formerly the great support of the Protestant interest in Germany, is firmly attached to the Romish religion. The Church of Rome hath also gained the chiefs of many other families in Germany. The preferments in the Teutonick and Maltese orders, the rich benefices, and great ecclesiastical

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

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

These appeals, so honourable to the parties who put them forth, were cordially responded to by the more pious among

the people of England. Pecuniary subscriptions, to a considerable amount, with books, and goods of various kinds, were placed, by the charitable and humane, at the disposal of the Trustees, for the purpose of enabling them to execute their benevolent plans. Mr. Samuel Wesley, the younger, took a lively interest in this project. In the list of subscribers and benefactors appended to Dr. Burton's Sermon, he appears, not only as a receiver of subscriptions, but as a contributor of £5. 5s. He also presented "a pewter chalice and patine for present use in Georgia, until silver ones were had." His example produced the desired effect. Soon after his pewter communion service had been sent to the place of its destination, he had the gratification of presenting, from "an unknown benefactor, a silver chalice and patine, for the use of the first church in the town of Savannah." From June, 1732, to June, 1733, the Trustees received from the public the sum of £3,723. 13s. 7d.; besides large quantities of Bibles, Testaments, books of piety, horn-books, household furniture, &c.

The Trustees, having made their arrangements, invited all classes of people to whom emigration was desirable, Roman Catholics only excepted, to avail themselves of the advantages which this new colony offered. The unemployed poor, bankrupts, and such other persons as were in circumstances of hopeless embarrassment, were offered a free passage; and Mr. Oglethorpe, who was to conduct the first embarkation, superintend the formation of the settlement, and be its future Governor, was spoken of as a man of almost unexampled kindness and generosity. The climate was said to be mild and healthy, and the soil rich and productive. Under these circumstances, many poor people, having tasted the bitterness of adversity, and possessing nothing that they could lose, embraced the opportunity of acquiring all the enjoyments of life. On the first day of February, 1732-3, Mr. Oglethorpe arrived at Georgia with the first company of settlers, consisting of forty families, making upwards of one hundred persons; all of whom were brought over and supported at the public charge. The Governor applied himself with diligence in apportioning the land among the settlers, and in arranging the plans for building the requisite towns and fortifications for their accommodation, and defence against the Indians

and the Spaniards. In the mean while, a vessel with about twenty families of Jews arrived, to all of whom lots of land were assigned. Another vessel came, bringing forty Irish convicts, who had been refused at Jamaica. These also were received; although, like some others of their brethren, they were not remarkable for the peaceableness of their habits. They afterwards occasioned considerable disturbance in the colony. The Governor strictly forbade the use of rum among all classes of settlers; and the Trustees would on no account tolerate the employment of Negro slaves. They wished the people to acquire and preserve habits of industry; and they knew that this would never be the case, if Negroes were imported, and labour were extorted from them under the driver's lash.

After remaining in Georgia about fifteen months, Mr. Oglethorpe returned to England; and the report of success which he gave on his arrival served greatly to increase the popularity of the undertaking. The fame of the colony spread far and wide, and still greater numbers of people, from Germany as well as England, left their homes, and hastened to this desired spot. Among these were persons of some property, who hoped to turn their capital to good account. While the Governor was making his arrangements for conducting a second company of emigrants to Georgia, application was made to some of the Oxford Methodists, to settle in the colony as Clergymen. Dr. Burton pressed Mr. John Wesley especially to undertake a mission among the Indians in the neighbourhood of the colony. Mr. Oglethorpe well knew the sterling worth of the Wesleys, having long been a personal friend of the family. He was a regular correspondent of the Rector of Epworth; and two complimentary poems addressed to him are found in the volume which was published by the younger Samuel Wesley. After considerable hesitation, and taking the advice of friends, Mr. John Wesley consented to go as a Missionary to the Indians; and it was finally arranged that Charles should accompany him, as Secretary to the Governor. Up to this time, Charles had declined entering into holy orders; but he was now ordained, that he might be able to officiate as a Clergyman in the colony, where the spiritual interests of the people had been unavoidably neglected.

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

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

- “ See where beyond the spacious ocean lies
 A wide waste land beneath the southern skies ;
 Where kindly suns for ages roll'd in vain,
 Nor e'er the vintage saw, or rip'ning grain ;
 Where all things into wild luxuriance ran,
 And burden'd Nature ask'd the aid of man.
 In this sweet climate and prolific soil
 He bids the eager swain indulge his toil ;
 In thee possession to the planter's hand
 Consigns the rich uncultivated land.
 ‘ Go you,’ the Monarch cries, ‘ go settle there,
 Whom Britain from her plenitude can spare :
 Go, your old wonted industry pursue,
 Nor envy Spain the treasures of Peru.’ ”
- “ Be not content in council here to join ;
 A farther labour, Oglethorpe, is thine.
 In each great deed thou claim'st the foremost part,
 And toil and danger charm thy generous heart.
 But chief for this thy warm affections rise,
 For O thou view'st it with a parent's eyes !
 For this thou tempt'st the vast, tremendous main,
 And floods and storms oppose their threats in vain.”
- “ He comes, whose life, when absent from your view,
 Was one continued ministry for you ;
 For you were laid out all his plans and art,
 Won every will, and soften'd every heart.
 With what paternal joy shall he relate
 How views its mother-isle your little state !
 Think, while he strove your distant coast to gain,
 How oft he sigh'd, and chid the tedious main !
 Impatient to survey, by culture graced,
 Your dreary woodland, and your rugged waste.
 Fair were the scenes he feign'd, the prospect fair ;
 And sure, ye Georgians, all he feign'd was there.
 A thousand pleasures crowd into his breast ;
 But one, one mighty thought absorbs the rest,—
 ‘ And give me, Heaven, to see,’ the patriot cries,
 ‘ Another Britain in the desert rise.’ ”
- “ With nobler products see thy Georgia teems,
 Cheer'd with the genial sun's directer beams ;
 There the wild vine to culture learns to yield,
 And purple clusters ripen through the field.
 Now bid thy merchants bring thy wine no more,
 Or from the Iberian or the Tuscan shore :
 No more they need the Hungarian vineyards drain,
 And France herself may drink her best champagne.
 Behold at last, and in a subject-land,
 Nectar sufficient for thy large demand !

Delicious nectar, powerful to improve
 Our hospitable mirth, and social love.
 This for thy jovial sons. Nor less the care
 Of thy young province to oblige the fair.
 Here tend the silk-worm, in the verdant shade,
 The frugal matron and the blooming maid."

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

The ship in which the Wesleys embarked contained one

* Whitefield's Journal.

hundred and twenty-four persons, men, women, and children, including Mr. Oglethorpe, and twenty-six Germans, members of the Moravian Church, with David Nitschman, their Bishop. These pious strangers were going to Georgia, in compliance with the invitation given to persecuted Protestants; that they might there enjoy, in undisturbed tranquillity, their own peculiar religious rites, and extend the blessings of Christian knowledge to the Creek, Chickasaw, and Cherokee Indians. Sixteen of their brethren were already engaged in this enterprise of Christian mercy, having emigrated to Georgia for that purpose during the preceding year, under the guidance of their Ministers, Mr. Spangenberg, John Toelschig, and Anthony Seyffart; and a portion of land had been assigned to them for their occupation. This was the third mission which the Brethren had instituted. They had one in the Danish island of St. Thomas, and another in Greenland, in successful operation. David Nitschman had been personally concerned in the establishment of that in the West Indies; and for some time had supported himself and his fellow-labourer, Leonard Döber, by working as a carpenter.

The meeting of the Wesleys with this primitive Evangelist, and the pious refugees that accompanied him, appeared to be casual; but it was, in fact, one of those providential arrangements from which the most momentous consequences arise. It was from a learned member of the Moravian Church that the two brothers were subsequently taught the all-important doctrine of present salvation from sin by faith in the Lord Jesus: a doctrine to which all their public usefulness is to be distinctly traced; but of which, as yet, they had no just conception. Their intercourse with David Nitschman and his flock, who accompanied them to Georgia, prepared them for the enlightened instructions of Peter Böhler, which they gratefully received on their return to England. Bishop Nitschman, and a few of his German brethren, during the voyage, applied themselves to the study of English. For nothing were the Wesleys more remarkable than for diligence in their sacred calling. They were always employed either in doing or receiving good, according to the degree of religious light which they possessed. No sooner did they commence their voyage, than they entered upon their Missionary labours, occupying every hour with some useful work, con-

nected with the great object to which their lives were now devoted. Mr. Ingham and Delamotte were both like-minded. From four to five in the morning each member of this exemplary brotherhood used private prayer. From five to seven they read the Bible together, carefully comparing it with the writings of the earliest ages. At seven they breakfasted; and at eight were the public prayers. From nine to twelve Mr. John Wesley learned German, that he might be able to converse with the Moravians; and Mr. Delamotte learned Greek. Mr. Charles Wesley wrote sermons, having been newly-appointed to the sacred office; and Mr. Ingham instructed the children of the emigrants. At twelve they met to give an account to one another of what they had done since their last meeting, and of what they designed to do before the next. About one they dined. The time from dinner till four they spent in reading to those persons on board whom each of them had taken in charge; or in speaking to them severally, as need required. At four were the evening prayers; when either the second lesson was explained, or the children were catechised, and instructed before the congregation. From five to six, they again used private prayer. From six to seven, they read, in their several cabins, to two or three of the English passengers. At seven, Mr. John Wesley joined with the Germans in public worship; and Mr. Ingham read between the decks to as many as were willing to hear. At eight, the little company again met, to exhort and instruct one another; and between nine and ten, retired to rest.

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

The deportment of the Moravian Brethren, when on their voyage to Georgia, was truly Christian, and appears to have made a deep impression upon the susceptible and observant

minds of the two Wesleys, especially upon that of John. The philosophic Mysticism which the brothers had mistaken for scriptural Christianity left them unacquainted with the peace, the inward purity, the joyous hope, which spring from a lively faith in the sacrifice of Christ. The Moravians exhibited a different spirit. In them were seen meekness, humility, and love, blended with resignation, and a heavenly hope which was unmoved by immediate danger. The contrast was strikingly seen during a storm which came upon them when within about ten days' sail of the American continent. The waves of the sea were mighty, and raged horribly. The winds roared; and the ship not only rocked to and fro with the utmost violence, but shook and jarred with so unequal and grating a motion, that the passengers could with difficulty keep their hold of anything, nor stand a moment without it. Every ten minutes came a shock against the stern or side of the ship, which seemed as if it would dash the planks in pieces. In this state of things, Mr. John Wesley says, "I went to the Germans. I had long before observed the great seriousness of their behaviour. Of their humility they had given a continual proof, by performing those servile offices for the other passengers, which none of the English would undertake; for which they desired and would receive no pay; saying, it was good for their proud hearts; and, their loving Saviour had done more for them. And every day had given them occasion of showing a meekness, which no injury could move. If they were pushed, struck, or thrown down, they rose again and went away; but no complaint was found in their mouth. There was now an opportunity of trying whether they were delivered from the spirit of fear, as well as from that of pride, anger, and revenge. In the midst of the psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the main-sail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sang on. I asked one of them afterwards, 'Was you not afraid?' 'I thank God, no.' I asked, 'But were not your women and children afraid?' He replied, mildly, 'No; our women and children are not afraid to die.'"

On Thursday, Feb. 5th, 1736, the "Simmonds" arrived

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

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

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

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

“I spent the afternoon in conference with my parishioners. With what trembling ought I to call them mine! At seven

we had evening prayers in the open air, at which Mr. Oglethorpe was present. The lesson gave me the fullest direction, and greatest encouragement. At nine I returned, and lay in the boat."

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

The principal cause of his want of success is doubtless to be found in the defectiveness of his theological views, and consequently of his own piety. Several of the sermons which he preached at Frederica are still extant in his own neat and elegant handwriting. The doctrines which they contain are precisely those of Mr. Law. The pleasures of this world are all vain and sinful, and therefore to be renounced; the evils of our nature render us unfit for the service and enjoyment of God, and are to be mortified by fasting, prayer, and a constant course of universal self-denial; we are the creatures of God, and are therefore to devote ourselves to him, in body,

soul, and spirit, with the utmost fervour, simplicity, and purity of intention. In these discourses, as in the eloquent volumes of Law, we look in vain for correct and impressive views of the atonement and intercession of Christ, and of the offices of the Holy Spirit. It cannot here be said, "Christ is all, and in all." No satisfactory answer is given to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" Men are required to run the race of Christian holiness with a load of uncancelled guilt upon their consciences, and while the corruptions of their nature are unsubdued by renewing grace. The Preacher has no adequate conception of a sinner's justification before God. He sometimes confounds this blessing with sanctification; and at other times he speaks of it as a something which is to take place in the day of judgment. Never does he represent it as consisting in the full and unmerited forgiveness of all past sins, obtained not by works of righteousness, but by the simple exercise of faith in a penitent state of the heart; and immediately followed by the gift of the Holy Ghost, producing peace of conscience, the filial spirit, power over all sin, and the joyous hope of eternal life. On the contrary, he satisfies himself with reproving the vices and sins of the people with unsparing severity, and with holding up the standard of practical holiness; denouncing the divine vengeance against all who fall short of it; but without directing them to the only means by which they can obtain forgiveness and a new heart. The consequence was, that the more serious part of the people were discouraged; for they were called to the hopeless task of presenting to God a spiritual service, while they were themselves the servants of sin; and of loving him with all their heart, while they were strangers to his forgiving mercy, and laboured under a just apprehension of his wrath. Charles's ministry, like that of his brother, at this time did not embody those great doctrines of the evangelical dispensation which constitute "the truth as it is in Jesus," and upon which the Holy Ghost is wont to set his seal, by making them instrumental in the conversion and salvation of men. The quickening energy of the Spirit, therefore, without which all human efforts are unavailing, was in a great measure withheld. The brothers, with the best possible intentions, laboured to repair the "old garment," by "sewing" upon it

“new” and unfulled “cloth,” which was stiff and unwrought; but as it neither agreed with the old in colour, nor in quality, it “took from the old, and the rent was made worse.” To use another illustration deduced from our Lord, they spent their time and strength in “putting new wine into old” leathern “bottles;” where it no sooner began to ferment, than “the bottles were marred, and the wine was spilled.”

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

While his mind was uneasy on account of his want of ministerial success, his outward condition became increasingly painful. The Governor was an able man, and generous and persevering; but infallibility of judgment, and absolute command of temper, entered not into the composition of his character. He was passionate and revengeful, and liable to be imposed upon by designing men. When any of the people offended him, his answer generally was, “I will hang you!” very unseemly language for a Governor, deriving his authority from the British crown. Among the emigrants at Frederica were some women of lax morality, who were particularly hostile to their Clergyman, because of the strictness of his doctrine and discipline, and the faithfulness with which he administered reproof. These mischievous persons, whose revenge knew no bounds, induced their husbands and friends to use their influence with the Governor for the purpose of effecting Mr. Charles Wesley’s ruin. To get rid of him, after he had been fired at among the trees, the Governor was told, that his clerical Secretary was secretly stirring up the people to mutiny, and persuading them to leave the colony. Oglethorpe had the indiscretion to believe these idle tales, and, without either inquiring into their truth,

or mentioning them to the man who was falsely accused, he adopted such a course of harsh and cruel treatment of Mr. Charles Wesley as was nearly fatal to his life. The innocent and unsuspecting sufferer was saved from impending death by the seasonable interference of his brother, who was fetched from Savannah by their mutual friend Mr. Ingham. The following extracts from Charles's private journal place these transactions in a striking light:—

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

‘ unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion :’

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

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

“ March 18th. I went to my myrtle-walk, where, as I was repeating, ‘ I will thank thee, for thou hast heard me, and art become my salvation,’ a gun was fired from the other side of the bushes. Providence had that moment turned me from that end of the walk which the shot flew through; but I heard them pass close by me.

“ March 25th. Mr. Oglethorpe called me out of my hut. I looked up to God, and went. He charged me with mutiny and sedition; with stirring up the people to desert the colony. Accordingly, he said, they had had a meeting last night, and sent a message to him this morning, desiring leave to go; that their speaker had informed against them, and me the spring of all; that the men were such as constantly came to prayers, therefore I must have instigated

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

"Before Mr. Oglethorpe returned, I called in upon Mr. Ingham, and desired him to pray for me. Then I walked, musing on the event. Mr. Ingham coming, I related all that

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

had passed. On sight of Mr. Oglethorpe and Lawley he retired.

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

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

“I went to my hut, where I found Mr. Ingham. He told me this was but the beginning of sorrows. ‘Not as I will, but as thou wilt.’ About noon, in the midst of a violent storm of thunder and lightning, I read the eighteenth psalm, and found it gloriously suited to my circumstances. I never felt the Scriptures as now. Now I need them, I find them all written for my instruction and comfort. At the same time I felt great joy in my expectation of our Saviour thus coming to judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be

revealed, and God shall make my innocency as clear as the light, and my just dealing as the noon-day. I walked with Mr. Ingham, and read him the history of this amazing day. We rejoiced together in the protection of God, and through comfort of the Scriptures.

“Meeting with Mr. Hird, I persuaded him to use all his interest with the people to lay aside all thoughts of leaving the colony. He told me he had assured Mr. Oglethorpe that this was always my language towards him and the rest, and that I had no hand in the late disturbance; but was answered short with, ‘You must not tell me that: I know better.’

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

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

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

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

benefit of having undergone a much lower degree of obloquy at Oxford.

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

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

‘down
At last have worn my boasted courage.’

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

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

“Sunday, April 4th. Many of the people had been ill of the bloody flux. I escaped hitherto by my vegetable diet; but now the fever brought it. Notwithstanding this, I was obliged to go abroad, and preach, and administer the sacrament. My sermon, on ‘Keep innocency, and take heed to

the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last,' was deciphered into a satire against Mrs. H. At night I got an old bedstead to lie on, being that on which the scoutboat-man had died.

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

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

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

"April 10th. At six Mr. Delamotte and my brother landed; when my strength was so exhausted, I could not have read the prayers once more. He helped me into the woods; for there was no talking among a people of spies and ruffians: nor even in the woods, except in an unknown tongue. He told me that Mr. Oglethorpe received him with abundant kindness. I began my account of all that has passed, and continued it till prayers. It were endless to mention all the scriptures which have been for so many days adapted to my circumstances; but I cannot pass by this evening's lesson, Hebrews xi. I was ashamed of having well-nigh sunk under mine, when I beheld the conflicts of those triumphant sufferers 'of whom the world was not worthy.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ When I had finished this relation he seemed entirely changed, full of his old love and confidence in me. After some expressions of kindness, I asked him, ‘ Are you satisfied ? ’ He replied, ‘ Yes, entirely.’ ‘ Why, then, Sir, I desire nothing more upon earth, and care not how soon I follow you.’ He added, he much desired the conversion of

the Heathen, and believed my brother intended it. 'But I believe,' said I, 'it will never be under your patronage; for then men would account for it without taking in God.' He replied, 'I believe so too:' then embraced and kissed me with the most cordial affection. I attended him to the scout-boat, where he waited some minutes for his sword. They brought him first, and a second time, a mourning-sword. At last they gave him his own, which had been his father's. 'With this sword,' says he, 'I was never yet unsuccessful.' 'I hope, Sir,' said I, 'you carry with you a better; even the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.' 'I hope so too,' he added.

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

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

"April 29th. About half-hour past eight, I went down to the bluff, to see a boat coming up. At nine it arrived,

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

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

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

"11th. I had now so far recovered my strength, that I again expounded the lesson. In the lesson next morning was Elisha encompassed with the host at Dothan. It is our privilege, as Christians, to apply those words to ourselves: 'There be more that be for us, than those that be against us.'

God spoke to us yet plainer in the second lesson: ‘Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves,’ &c. ‘Fear ye not, therefore; for there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed, and hid, that shall not be known.’ In explaining this, I dwelt on that blessed topic of consolation to the innocent, that however he suffers under a false accusation here, he will shortly be cleared at God’s righteous bar, when the accuser and the accused shall meet face to face, and the guilty person acquit him whom he unjustly charged, and take back the wickedness to himself. Poor Mrs. W., who was just over against me, could not stand it; but first turned her back, and then retired behind the congregation.”

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

On the 15th of May, some duties connected with his secretaryship called him to Savannah; and from thence he was sent with dispatches to England, so that he never again visited Frederica, where he had met with such unworthy treatment. “At four,” says he, “I set out for Savannah, whither the Indian traders were coming down to meet me, and take out licences. I was overjoyed at my deliverance out

of this furnace, and not a little ashamed of myself for being so."

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

On the following Wednesday Mr. John Wesley embarked for Frederica, to supply his brother's place, and Charles took charge of Savannah. "The hardest duty imposed upon me," says he, "was the expounding the lesson, morning and evening, to one hundred hearers. I was surprised at my own confidence, and acknowledged it not my own. The day was usually divided between visiting my parishioners, considering the lesson, and conversing with Mr. Ingham, Delamotte, and Appee." The last of these persons was a young Dutchman, of whom we shall hear more in the progress of this narrative.

While the Wesleys and their faithful friend Mr. Ingham were thus labouring with exemplary zeal, their brethren, the Oxford Methodists, continued their religious meetings, and still pursued their plans of spiritual improvement, and of usefulness to others; though some who had belonged to their brotherhood were removed from the University to other fields of pious labour. Mr. Whitefield, who appears to have taken the lead among them, was ordained by Dr. Benson, the Bishop of Gloucester, who treated him with great kindness. When he was retiring from the cathedral of that city, where he had been attending divine worship, he says, "One of the vergers called after me, and said the Bishop desired to speak with me. I immediately turned back, considering within myself what I had done to deserve his Lordship's displeasure. When I came to the top of the palace stairs, the Bishop took me by the hand, and told me he was glad to see

me; and bid me to wait a little, till he had put off his habit, and he would return to me again. This gave me an opportunity of praying to God for his assistance, and adoring him for his providence over me.

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

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

Having returned again to Gloucester, two days before the time fixed for the ordination, Mr. Whitefield says, “ I waited on the Bishop. He received me with much love; telling me he was glad I had come; that he was satisfied with the preparation I had made, and with the allowance given me by Sir John Phillips. ‘ I had myself,’ said he, ‘ made provision

for you of two little parishes; but since you choose to be at Oxford, I am very well pleased. I doubt not but you will do much good.'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Very dear and Rev. Sir,—Being informed by Mr. Hutton, that a ship would soon sail towards your coasts, I thought it would be unpardonable in me not to write to my spiritual father in Christ. But what shall I begin with first? How shall I have room or time to relate to you a thousandth part of those mercies which God, of his infinite goodness in Christ Jesus, hath conferred upon me since I wrote last? If I mistake not, my last was dated from Gloucester, whence, after the Lord Jesus had made me an instrument of forming a society of some sincere souls, (O free, free grace in Christ Jesus!) God called me to Oxford again. From thence, after a stay of three months, I returned to Gloucester. Directed by divine Providence, accompanied with the earnest solicitations of my friends, I entered into holy orders. O pray, Rev. Sir, that I may be a faithful Minister of Christ! You

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

will naturally ask, 'Where hath it pleased God to settle you?' Hear, Rev. Sir, and admire the divine goodness towards the worst of sinners. My friends had laid a plan, and I find since that the Bishop had united with them, to have me settled in Gloucester. But I had made it my earnest prayer to Almighty God, through Christ, that I might either not go into orders, or continue at Oxford some time longer, to fit me for the work of the ministry. God was pleased to answer this prayer wonderfully: for upon my return to Oxford, most of our friends being called away to other parts of the country, the Lord put it into the heart of our dear friend Mr. Morgan, to inform Sir John Phillips of our affairs; who immediately sent me word, that he would allow me £30 a year, if I would continue at Oxford, and superintend the affairs of the Methodists. Providence directed me to accept of his kind offer: accordingly I preach every Sunday to the prisoners; and follow your steps as close as possible.

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

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

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

"Farewell, Rev. and dear Sir. God be with you and prosper you in all your undertakings. May you be made an happy instrument of converting the Gentiles; and after you have served your blessed Master the appointed time

on earth, sit down with him in eternal rest and glory in heaven." *

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

“ In a strange land I stood,
And beckon'd thee to cross the' Atlantic flood.
With true affection wing'd, thy ready mind
Left country, fame, and ease, and friends behind;
And eager all Heaven's counsels to explore,
Flew through the watery world, and grasp'd the shore.”

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

The time now drew near when Mr. Charles Wesley was called to return to England, as the bearer of despatches, from the Governor, to the Trustees of the colony. The following are the circumstances connected with his departure from Georgia, detailed by himself:—“July 10th. I was waked

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

by the news my brother brought us, of Miss Bovy's sudden death. It called up all my sorrow and envy. 'Ah, poor Ophelia!' was continually in my mind; 'I thought thou shouldest have been my Hamlet's wife.' Mr. Appee was just set out for Charlestown, [on his way to] Holland; intending to return, when he had settled his affairs, and marry her:

'But death had quicker wings than love.'

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

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

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

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

Magis apta tuis tua dona relinquo.

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

I answered, I desired not to lose his esteem, but could not preserve it with the loss of my soul. He answered, he was satisfied of my regard for him; owned my argument drawn from the heart unanswerable; 'and yet,' said he, 'I would desire you not to let the Trustees know of your resolution of resigning. There are many hungry fellows ready to catch at the office; and in my absence I cannot put in one of my own choosing. The best I can hope for is an honest Presbyterian, as many of the Trustees are such. Perhaps they may send me a bad man; and how far such an one may influence the traders, and obstruct the reception of the Gospel among the Heathen, you know. I shall be in England before you leave it. Then you may either put in a deputy, or resign. You need not be detained in London above three days; and only speak to some of my particular friends, (Vernon, Hutchinson, and Towers,) to the Board of Trustees, when called upon, and to the Board of Trade. On many accounts I should recom-

mend to you marriage, rather than celibacy. You are of a social temper, and would find in a married state the difficulties of working out your salvation exceedingly lessened, and your helps as much increased.'

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

Mr. Charles Wesley was accompanied by his brother in a boat from Savannah to Charlestown, a port belonging to the neighbouring colony of Carolina. Thence he intended to embark for England. At Charlestown he was pleased to find his friend Appee, in whose company he expected to have an improving and pleasant voyage to Europe; though he was surprised to find that the sudden death of Miss Bovy, from whom Appee had just parted, and to whom he had made a promise of marriage, had apparently made little impression upon the mind of that young Dutchman. Mr. Charles Wesley remained eleven days in Charlestown; and during this period his feelings were lacerated by the barbarous cruelties which he found to be there inflicted upon the Negro slaves. "I had observed much," says he, "and heard more, of the cruelty of masters towards their Negroes; but now I received an authentic account of some horrid instances thereof. The giving a child a slave of its own age to tyrannize over, to beat and abuse out of sport, was, I myself saw, a common practice. Nor is it strange, that being thus trained up in cruelty, they should afterwards arrive at so great perfection in it: that Mr. Star, a gentleman I often met at Mr. Laserris's, should, as he himself informed me, first nail up a Negro by the ears, then order him to be whipped in the severest manner; and then to have scalding water thrown all over him; so that the poor creature could not stir for four months after. Another much-applauded punishment is, drawing their slaves' teeth. One Colonel Lynch is universally known to have cut off a poor Negro's legs; and to kill several of them every year by his barbarities.

"It were endless to recount all the shocking instances of diabolical cruelty which these men (as they call themselves) daily practise upon their fellow-creatures, and that on the

most trivial occasions. I shall only mention one more, related to me by a Swiss gentleman, Mr. Zouberbuhler, an eye-witness, of Mr. Hill, a dancing-master in Charlestown. He whipped a she-slave so long, that she fell at his feet for dead. When, by the help of a Physician, she was so far recovered as to show signs of life, he repeated the whipping with equal rigour; and concluded with dropping hot sealing-wax upon her flesh. Her crime was, over filling a tea-cup.

“These horrid cruelties are the less to be wondered at, because the Government itself, in effect, countenances and allows them to kill their slaves, by the ridiculous penalty appointed for it, of about £7 sterling; half of which is usually saved by the criminal informing against himself. This I can look upon as no other than a public Act to indemnify murder.”

These expressions of sympathy with the oppressed Negro, and of honest indignation at the cruelties so wantonly inflicted upon the race, are honourable to Mr. Charles Wesley, and fully accord with that noble testimony against slavery which was afterwards borne by his brother. The settlers in Georgia clamoured for permission to import Negro slaves into that colony, till they obtained their request; and now for ages those southern states of America have been a land of oppression, wrong, and murder, for which the day of righteous retribution will ere long arrive. The voice of innocent blood is heard in heaven; and vengeance awaits every man that oppresses his fellow.

CHAPTER III.

ON the 5th of August, 1736, Mr. John Wesley took leave of his brother at Charlestown, whence he returned to Savannah; and on the 11th Charles went on board to commence his voyage to England. On his entrance upon the ship, he had a specimen of the treatment which awaited him; but he little suspected the dangers that he would have to encounter. Had it not been for the skill and fidelity of the Mate, according to all human probability, the ship and all its hapless inmates must have perished. "I found," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "the honest Captain had let my cabin to another. My flux and fever that have hung upon me forced me, for some nights past, to go into a bed; but now my only bed was a chest, on which I threw myself in my boots, and was not overmuch troubled with sleep till the morning. What was still worse, I had no asylum to fly to from the Captain; the most beastly man I ever saw: a lewd, drunken, quarrelsome fool; praying, and yet swearing continually. The first sight I had of him was upon the cabin-floor, stark naked, and dead drunk."

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

"August 30th. At noon we were alarmed by an outcry of the sailors, at their having continued pumping several hours, without being able to keep the water under. They desired the Captain to put into some port, before they were got out to sea too far for returning; but he was too drunk to regard them. At five the sailors came down in a body to the great cabin, waked and told him, it was as much as their lives were worth, to proceed on the voyage, unless their leaks were stopped: that he remembered it was as much as ever they could do to keep the ship above water in their passage from

Boston, being forced to pump without ceasing: that the turpentine fell down upon and choked up the pumps continually; nor was it possible for them to get at it, or to hold out in such continual labour, which made them so thirsty, they could not live on their allowance of water: that they must come to shorter still, through his neglect to take in five more hogsheads of water, as his Mate advised him: that he owned they had no candles for half the voyage. On all which accounts they begged him to consider whether their common safety did not require them to put in at some land for more water and candles; and, above all, to stop their leaks. The Captain, having now slept out his rum, replied, 'To be sure, the men talk reason;' and, without consulting any of his officers, immediately gave orders to stand away for Boston.

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

"In the afternoon the Mate came down, having sounded, and found forty, and soon after twenty, fathoms; told the Captain he apprehended coming into shoaler water still; and therefore it would be necessary to reef the foresail and mainsail in readiness, that in case we fell foul of the shoals, (being upon George's Bank, and in a storm,) the ship might have head-way to get clear again. This the Captain absolutely refused; and though told it could do no possible harm, and might be the saving of the ship and us, persisted in his obstinacy; so that the Mate left him to sleep, and the ship to take care of itself. But it pleased God to abate the storm, and on Thursday, about twelve, entirely to remove it.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"C.—I do'nt know. Go on.

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

"C.—Why then, have a good look out.

"M.—But you ca'nt see twice the ship's length. What would you order me to do?

"C.—These rebels and emissaries have excited you to come to ask for orders. I do'nt know what you mean.

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

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

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

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

"M.—Am I your Captain, or you mine?

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

"M.—Why, Sir, you order me nothing.

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

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

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

"M.—But you have taken no account of anything, or given yourself the least trouble about the ship, for many days past.

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

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

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

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

"C.—No matter for that. I know we are safe.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Oct. 5th. I waked," says he, "surprisingly better, though not yet able to walk. This morning Dr. Greaves came over from Charlestown, to see me; gave me physic and advice,

which he likewise left in writing. The same civility I have received from Dr. Gibbons, Dr. Gardener, and others. A little after Mr. Chicheley came, and brought me a summons to go aboard. Mr. Price drove me to the wharf, having called by the way on some of my new friends, from whom I have received all the instances of kindness in their power to show.

“When we came to the wharf, the boat was not ready; so we were forced to wait half an hour in the open cold air. Mr. Chicheley helped me into the boat, and covered me up. In about two hours we reached the ship, and, with Mr. Zouberbuhler, Mr. Appee, Mr. Cutler, and Mr. Brig, went on board. I laid down in the state-room, less fatigued with the passage than I expected.”

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

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

“Oct. 28th. The Captain warned me of a storm approaching. In the evening at eight it came, and rose higher and

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

“ It was now about three in the afternoon, and the storm at the height. I endeavoured to encourage poor Mr. Brig and Cutler, who were in the utmost agony of fear. I prayed with them and for them till four ; at which time the ship made so much water, that the Captain, finding it otherwise impossible to save her from sinking, cut down the mizen-mast. In this dreadful moment, I bless God, I found the comfort of hope, and such joy in finding I could hope, as the world can neither give nor take away. I had that conviction of the power of God present with me, overruling my strongest passion, fear, and raising me above what I am by nature, as surpassed all rational evidence, and gave me a taste of the divine goodness.

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

“ My poor friend was convinced, but stupid ; owned the happiness of the most imperfect Christian, a happiness he himself was a stranger to ; and therefore, he said, all his refuge was, in the time of danger, to persuade himself there

was none. Mr. Cutler frequently calling upon God, to have mercy upon his soul, Appee confessed he greatly envied him, as he had no manner of concern for his own. I advised him to pray. He answered, it was mocking God to begin praying in danger, when he had never done it in safety. I only added, I then hoped, if God spared him now, he would immediately set himself about working out his salvation; which depended on the one condition of exchanging this world for the next.

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

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

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

“Nov. 1st. In the afternoon the wind rose, and promised a storm. I endeavoured to prepare myself and companions for it. It did not fail our expectation; but was not so violent as the last. The sea broke over us every ten minutes; and the ceaseless noise of the pumps either kept off sleep, or continually interrupted it.

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

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

for its abatement, but it continued all the following day in full majesty.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ungodly conversation was a source of daily grief and annoyance.

Charles's notices concerning this evil genius are worthy of being placed upon public record, as an exhibition of fallen human nature; as a specimen of the kind of people whom the new colony of Georgia convened together, and with whom it was the misfortune of the Wesleys to be associated. They also illustrate, in no small degree, the character of the two brothers. Appee, it will be observed, makes various statements concerning Mr. Oglethorpe; but his testimony is unworthy of credit. It was found that he had propagated the most abominable falsehoods, both at Charlestown and Boston, to the disadvantage of Mr. Charles Wesley, from whom he had received nothing but kindness, and towards whom he was at the time making the strongest professions of personal friendship.

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

"I asked Appee whether his judgment was the same. He answered, 'Yes: ' that my brother, he believed, was labouring to establish a character for sanctity, was exceeding subtle, keeping me in the dark, as well as all others; yet credulous, and easy to be imposed upon himself: that he pitied his

ignorance, in taking him (Appee) to be sincere, particularly in regard to his breaking off with Miss Boyy; which he intended, not in pursuance of *his* ghostly counsel, but of Mr. Oglethorpe's, who told him she was below one of his aspiring genius: that after his fine talk with my brother, he never made the least alteration in his own behaviour, or thought any farther about it.

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

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

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

This conversation took place on the 26th of August. The following occurred about a month afterwards:—“The fineness of the weather invited even Mr. Appee upon deck, who usually disposes of twenty-three of the twenty-four hours in bed. His vanity betrayed him into farther discoveries of himself. He laboured to show that the only difference between us lay in externals, through the difference of our education. I had the same vices that he had, but was forced, by the restraints of a narrow education, to dissemble those

inclinations which he had given a loose to. The case was the same with my brother; a much better hypocrite, he said, than me, and who would have made an excellent Jesuit. But Mr. Oglethorpe understood him; though for his own convenience he would not seem to do so.

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

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

The discovery of Appee’s character, of course, induced Mr. Charles Wesley to resolve upon breaking off all future intercourse with him. Accordingly, Nov. 23d, says he, “ I imparted to Mr. Zouberbuhler my intention of discarding Appee as soon as we landed. He told me, he wondered I had not done it before; for he was such a man, so unprofitable, so pernicious, that he himself would not be bound to go

another voyage with him for all the world : that he was so excessively vain, he thought himself admired wherever he came ; and I was so fond of him, that, for all my talk of parting, I could not live without him. He added, he was so notorious a liar, that he had long since ceased to believe one word he said ; and so utterly irreligious, that it was impossible to make a friend of him. He told me Appee had proffered, if his Spanish embassy failed, to attend him to Switzerland ; but he would never more trust such a man near him, or his people : such an abominable liar, scoundrel, and thief ; one who had been forced to fly his country, and the pursuit of justice, for robbing his father of three hundred guineas.

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

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

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

As the vessel drew near the English shore, this wretched

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

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

"For neither man nor angel can discern
Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through heaven and earth:
And oft, though Wisdom wake, Suspicion sleeps
At Wisdom's gate, and to Simplicity
Resigns her charge, while Goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems."

It is no dishonour to any man, that he is so far actuated by a generous charity, as to believe that other people are upright and sincere, until they are proved to be base and dishonest.

Further discoveries of Appee's consummate wickedness and ingenuity were made after the parties arrived in London. Young as this faithless man was, he had already been in

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

On the 3d of December, 1736, Mr. Charles Wesley landed at Deal. As soon as he had left the shattered vessel which conveyed him from America, and set his foot upon British ground, he kneeled down, under the strong impulse of grateful feeling, and offered thanks to God for his preservation by land and by water, in pain and sickness. He then repaired to an inn, where the rest of the passengers united with him in adoring thankfulness and praise to their almighty Deliverer. From Deal he went by coach to Canterbury; and thence to Sittingbourne, where he spent the night. On the next day he reached London, where he was received with surprise and cordiality; a report having been some time prevalent that the ship in which he was known to have sailed was lost at sea. The first house to which he repaired was that of Mr. Charles Rivington, the bookseller, in St. Paul's Churchyard; between whom and the two Wesleys a very affectionate friendship had for some time subsisted. This gentleman was the publisher of their father's Latin folio on the Book of Job; of his Letter of Advice to his Curate; of John's edition of Thomas à Kempis; and of the Sermon on the Trouble and Rest of Good Men, which John had committed to the press before he went to Georgia. Mr. Rivington took a lively interest in the affairs of the Methodists. "My namesake," says Charles, "was much rejoiced to see me, and gave me great cause of rejoicing by his account of our Oxford friends."

Before he landed, Mr. Charles Wesley addressed a letter to his brother Samuel at Tiverton, who immediately sent him the following welcome to his native country. It was addressed to him "at the Rev. Mr. Hutton's, College-street, Westminster." "Dec. 7th, 1736. Dear Charles,—This moment almost I received yours. I believe, by the date of it, you may be at London by that time this can get thither. I heartily blessed God for your safe arrival, having heard many flyings reports of your being lost; though I never read newspapers, being otherwise, at least, if not better, employed; yet ill tidings would find me out. I fancy you like business no better than I; yet I do not much regret your being employed in it, provided always no part of it relate to your going back to the place from whence you came, since I do not care for two partings. I would not have mentioned this, in the present joy, only I thought it best to declare myself soon enough. I am mightily obliged to Mr. Hutton, who is apprentice to Mr. Innys; for the minute he heard of your arrival at Boston, he sent me word of it, for fear I should give too much credit to the story of your being cast away. I desire you would give my service and thanks to him; and tell him that I take it particularly kindly of him, and was just going to write a letter to assure him of it; but now I have a better way of conveyance. I have had a deliverance from danger lately: God only knows whether as imminent as yours, but I have been very low. My strength is now returning, almost sensibly; and when I see your face I shall in a more especial manner rejoice for seeing the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. My mother is here with me. You may easily guess whether she is partaker of the general joy that your little scrip brought along with it. She sends her blessing, and longs to see you. I would certainly have sent you what you mentioned over sea, if I had not heard of your coming over. Nor should I the first time in my life have grudged expense to benefit a friend. I hope you will now be able to fit yourself in London; but if not, come to Tiverton, and see what that affords. You will find me pretty much the same man, though not the same usher, still. I could wish for all our sakes the Archi-didascalus had as large an income as the Hypo- had. Phill is extraordinary well in her bodily health. My wife has been

almost gone during my illness, but begins to pick up again as I recover. I wish she would hold it on, and mend as long and as much as I believe I shall do. We join heartily in love. Little Phill sends her duty. Service to all friends that ask after me. I hope you will keep your holidays here. Where is Mr. Oglethorpe? We are, dear Charles,

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

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

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

“While we were talking young Hutton called, having traced me thither, in order to carry me home with him. We took coach for my good old friend and host, his father. I entered with fear and trembling. My reception was such as I expected from a family that entirely loved me, but had given me over for dead, and bewailed me as their own child. A Captain had told them that fifty per cent. assurance had been refused for Indivine’s ship; and a report was spread abroad that she had been seen sink to the bottom.”

This day his health again failed. The motion of the coach which conveyed him from Sittingbourne to London, and of the coaches in which he was carried first to the house of Mr. Rivington, and then to Mr. Hutton’s, occasioned a return of

his complaint ; so that he was neither able to preach, nor to engage largely in conversation with his admirers. " Many such," he says, " I have gained by Mr. Ingham's magnificent journal. My brother's journal too (the last I hope will ever be sent hither) is in every one's hands."

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

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

As his health improved, and his engagements in London became less pressing, Mr. Charles Wesley went to Oxford, where he visited the prisoners, and held various meetings with the junior members of the University, instructing, encouraging, and admonishing them, as their several states

required. Soon after he went to Wootton, near Salisbury, on a visit to Mr. Hall, and his sisters, Martha and Kezzy. From Wootton he hastened to Tiverton, to see his brother Samuel and his family, where he also expected to meet his mother. On his arrival he says, "I ran up stairs to my sister, who received me with tears of joy. I saw Phill next, and last my brother; who seemed at least as well as when he left me at London three years before. I went to comfort my mother, indisposed in her chamber."

While Mr. Charles Wesley was employed in correspondence with his friends, and religious visits, he was not aware that his brother John was on his way to England, having come to the determination of leaving the colony for a time, in consequence of a persecution which was raised against him at Savannah. Of this persecution Charles was aware, having received intelligence of it immediately after his arrival in London. It is not necessary here to enter into the particulars of this case. Some account of it was given by Mr. John Wesley, in his printed Journal, thus inviting the public scrutiny; but his forbearance towards certain parties concerned, who were then living, induced him to suppress some circumstances, the knowledge of which is necessary to a full understanding of the affair. The best account is that which Mr. Moore has given in his Life of Mr. Wesley, which shows that the whole proceeding arose out of a design which was formed, and in which Mr. Oglethorpe himself was concerned, to lower the spirituality of Mr. Wesley's character, and place it more on a level with their own. Not that the Governor intended to inflict upon Mr. Wesley the injuries that he endured; but he furnished the occasion, of which other persons, less honourable than himself, gladly availed themselves. The principal adversary of Mr. Wesley was Mr. Causton, one of the highest authorities in the colony, next to the Governor, but utterly unworthy of that distinction. He had left England in disgrace, having been detected in practising a fraud upon the public revenue. Mr. Oglethorpe made him Bailiff, and in his own absence invested him with the supreme authority. The very pompous, harsh, and overbearing manner in which he exercised his powers raised an outcry in the colony, after Mr. Wesley had left; and being also detected in the misapplication of some of the public

funds, the Governor was compelled to depose him. Such is the testimony of independent witnesses, living on the spot, who themselves were unfriendly to Mr. Wesley; not because they saw in him anything morally wrong, but because they thought him righteous overmuch.* His views of ecclesias-

* "Instead of a free government, as we had reason to expect, and of being judged by the laws of our mother-country, a Dictator, (Mr. Thomas Causton,) under the title of Bailiff and Storekeeper, was appointed and left by Mr. Oglethorpe, at his departure, (which was in April, 1734,) whose will and pleasure were the only laws in Georgia. In regard to this Magistrate, the others were merely nominal, and in a manner but ciphers. Sometimes he would ask in public their opinion, in order to have the pleasure of showing his power by contradicting them. He would often threaten juries, and especially when their verdicts did not agree with his inclination or humour. And in order the more fully to establish his absolute authority, the store, and the disposal of the provisions, money, and public places of trust, were committed to him; by which alteration in his circumstances he became in a manner infatuated, being before that a person of no substance or character, having come over with Mr. Oglethorpe amongst the first forty, and left England upon account of something committed by him concerning His Majesty's duties. However, he was fit enough for a great many purposes, being a person naturally proud, covetous, cunning, and deceitful, and would bring his designs about by all possible ways and means. As his power increased, so did his pride, haughtiness, and cruelty: insomuch that he caused eight freeholders, with an officer, to attend at the door of the court, every day it sat, with their guns and bayonets; and they were commanded by his orders to rest their firelocks as soon as he appeared; which made people in some manner afraid to speak their minds, or juries to act as their consciences directed them. He seldom or never uncovered on the bench, not even when an oath was administered; and being perfectly intoxicated with power and pride, he threatened every person, without distinction, rich and poor, strangers and inhabitants, who in the least opposed his arbitrary proceedings, or claimed their just rights and privileges, with the stocks, whipping-post, and log-house; and many times put those threatenings in execution."—A True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia, in America, from the first Settlement thereof until this present Period; containing the most authentic Facts, Matters, and Transactions therein. Together with His Majesty's Charter, Representations of the People, &c.; and a Dedication to His Excellency General Oglethorpe. By Pat. Tailfer, M. D., Hugh Anderson, M. A., Da. Douglas, and others, Landowners in Georgia, and at present in Charlestown, in South Carolina. Charlestown, South Carolina, 1741.

"Tuesday, Oct. 17th, 1738. The great mismanagement of the trust-funds, sent for the support of the colony, now more and more appearing, upon inquiring into, the General called all the inhabitants together at the town-house, and there made a pathetic speech to them, setting forth how deeply the trust was become indebted, by Mr. Causton's having run into so great exceedings beyond what they had ordered,—which debts the trust had nothing left at present to discharge, besides what goods and effects they had in store, which must be in a great measure applied to those purposes, especially first to all such as the stores were owing anything to; by which means there would be a necessity of retrenching the ordinary issues, that something might remain for the necessary support of

tical order led him to trench upon the just rights and privileges of the Dissenters, many of whom were among the settlers: a fault which he afterwards very distinctly acknowledged.

The intelligence of the persecution by which he was harassed at Savannah, Mr. John Wesley conveyed in a journal, which he sent to his brother Charles through the medium of their friend Mr. Rivington. "I read it through," says he, "without either surprise or impatience. His dropping my fatal letter I hope will convince him of what I never could,—his own great carelessness; and the sufferings that brought upon him, of his inimitable blindness. His simplicity in telling what and who were meant by the two Greek words was *outdoing his own outdoings*. Surely all this will be sufficient to teach him a little of the wisdom of the serpent, of which he seems to be utterly void."

When Charles wrote these animadversions upon his brother John, and took credit to himself for superior discernment, he seems to have forgotten the £24 of which he had just been cheated by the pious professions of one of the most impudent knaves that ever lived.

Mr. Whitefield, to whom Charles Wesley addressed a letter from Georgia, requesting his assistance there, wrote to Charles in the month of December, declaring his readiness to embark for that colony. This zealous and enterprising man was as prompt in action as he was fluent and impressive in

life among the industrious people, who were not to be blamed. This had such an effect, that the people appeared thunderstruck, knowing not where it would end; neither could the most knowing determine it.

"Wednesday, Oct. 18th. By order from the General, I wrote a letter to Mr. Causton, and delivered it myself; dismissing him entirely from the stores, and requiring him to deliver over all books, papers, and accounts, belonging to the stores, into the hands of Mr. Thomas Jones: and in the evening he sent for Mr. Causton, and required him to find security for his appearance to answer, &c.; but it appearing not possible to find sureties in this place adequate to the charge which might be made against him, the General was content, for example-sake, to all other prosecutors, not to insist upon more than his own bond, and assignments of all his improvements at Ockstead or elsewhere.

"I delivered to Mr. Parker, by the General's order, the constitution, appointing him first Bailiff; whereby Mr. Causton was now discharged from that office, as well as from the stores."—*A Journal of Proceedings in Georgia, beginning October 20, 1737. By William Stephens, Esq. To which is added, A State of that Province, as attested upon Oath in the Court of Savannah, November 10, 1740. Vol. i., pp. 305—307. London, 1742.*

speech. On the 28th of September he says, in one of his letters, "I know not why we go not to Georgia; but there is no likelihood of it yet, as I see. Friends universally dissuade me from going myself; but I hope it will not be long now, before we shall launch into the deep." A month afterwards he says, writing from London, "God still works here. The collections for all the charity schools, in all the churches where I preach, are very large. All London is alarmed. Many youths here sincerely love the Lord Jesus Christ; and thousands, I hope, are quickened, strengthened, and confirmed, by the word preached." November 14th, he says, "I now begin to preach charity sermons twice or thrice a week, besides two or three on Sundays; and £60 or £70 are collected weekly for the poor children. Thousands would come in to hear, but cannot." On the 23d of December he says, "We sail, God willing, next week. Great things have been done for us here. Perhaps upwards of £1,000 have been collected for the poor, and the charity schools; and I have preached above a hundred times since I have been here. A visible alteration is made also in hundreds [of people]. Last Sunday, at six in the morning, when I gave my farewell, the whole church was drowned in tears. They wept, and cried aloud, as a mother weepeth for her firstborn. Since that, there is no end of persons coming and weeping, telling me what God has done for their souls. Others, again, beg little books, and desire me to write their names in them. The time would fail me, was I to relate how many have been awakened, and how many pray for me. The great day will discover all."

A few days afterwards he addressed the following letter to his friend Mr. Charles Wesley:—"Oxon, Dec. 30th, 1736. Dearest Sir,—Last night I returned from a weeping flock at Dummer, and met with a grateful, sweet reception from my Oxon friends. But, alas! how transient are our visits in this life! for to-morrow I purpose, God willing, to set out for Gloucester; or otherwise I shall hardly see the Bishop, who, I hope, will contribute something towards assisting the Americans. Add to this, that friends promise not to dissuade me from my enterprize; and I have a brother I believe now there, that comes on purpose to see me; so that all here bid me hasten away. O may such speedy removes teach me

to be every moment ready at my blessed Master's call ; and remind me that I have here no continuing city, but seek one to come. I have great reason to bless God (and do you also) for sending me to Dummer. It has, I think, been an excellent preparative for Georgia. It has brought me to live alone, and much improved both my outward and inward man. O may these instances of divine love strengthen my weak faith, and make me ready to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. I have wrote to Salmon, and will, God willing, shortly send to H—ll. No one but myself is ready to go from Oxford. Dear Mr. Hutchings will go hereafter, I believe ; but his time as yet is not fully come. If you should be taken off, (and O happy then, dear Mr. Charles !) I trust, notwithstanding, God will give me strength to throw myself blindfold in his hands, and permit him to do with me whatsoever seemeth good in his sight. All friends like the German hymn admirably. Happy shall I be if my lot is cast amongst such pious souls ; but I think God calls me in a particular manner to assist your brother.

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

“ Your affectionate brother in Christ.

“ P.S. Is it expedient to go into Priest's orders ? Tell me, that I may acquaint the Bishop.”

Such was the state of holy excitement in which this able but youthful Minister of the Lord Jesus left his native land. He went on board the ship “ Whitaker,” at Gravesend, where

he was met by Mr. Charles Wesley, Westley Hall, and many other friends, who affectionately commended him to the divine mercy and protection.

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

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

outward conformity, this badge of discipleship, these marks of Christ. You marvel not, as if some new thing had happened unto you; but rejoice in tribulation, as knowing that hereunto you are called, and can only be made perfect through these sufferings.

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

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

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

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

“Gravesend, Jan. 3. I am here with G. Whitefield, my brothers Hall and Hutton, and a long &c. of zealous friends.

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

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

With these views Mr. Whitefield pursued his course to Georgia, where he found Mr. Delamotte engaged as a teacher of youth, and greatly endeared to many of the people by his fine spirit, and active benevolence. Mr. Whitefield arrived at Savannah on the 7th of May; and on the 2d of June Mr. Delamotte took his leave of the colony, on his return to his

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

The mission to Georgia, undertaken by the Wesleys and their friends, excited much attention at the time; and men's minds were affected towards it according to their peculiar religious views and feelings. Among those who regarded it with indifference, if not with dislike, was Mr. Matthew Wesley, the brother of the late Rector of Epworth, and uncle of the brothers who led the way in this enterprise of mercy. Under the date of Dec. 21st, Charles says in his journal, "I dined at my uncle's, who bestowed abundance of wit on my brother, and his apostolical project. He told me, the French, if they had any remarkably dull fellows among them, sent them to convert the Indians. I checked his eloquence by those lines of my brother:—

‘To distant realms the’ Apostle need not roam;
Darkness, alas! and Heathens are at home.’

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

By several other persons, and some of the highest distinction, this "apostolical project" (for such indeed was its character) was contemplated with lively and joyous interest; so

that for several weeks after Charles Wesley's arrival in London he was almost daily employed in answering inquiries concerning it. Among various other persons with whom he had interviews on the subject, besides the gentlemen and the nobility who were officially connected with the colony, were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Egmont, and Lady Betty Hastings, of pious memory. "At her desire," says he, "I waited upon Lady Betty Hastings. Her inquiries about Georgia were interrupted by the Bishop of Gloucester's coming."

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

Three occurrences, of considerable importance to Mr. Charles Wesley, took place near the middle of the year 1737: the death of his uncle, Mr. Matthew Wesley; his introduction to royalty; and his providential escape from the hands of a highwayman. They are thus related by himself:—

"June 8th. I called upon my uncle, and found him exceeding ill. June 10th. I found my uncle dying. He pressed my hand; showed much natural affection; and bade me give

his love to his sister. June 11th. I heard that my uncle died a little after I left him. June 16th. On Thursday night I attended my uncle to his grave."

"August 26th. I waited upon His Majesty at Hampton-Court, with the Oxford Address, by the advice of Mr. Potter. The Archbishop told me, he was glad to see me there. We kissed their Majesties' hands, and were invited to dinner. I left that and the company, and hasted back to town. The next day I waited upon His Royal Highness, and dined all together at St. James's."

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

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

"Osset, near Wakefield, Oct. 22, 1737. My dear Brother, —Your letter is just come to my hands. I rejoiced over it, because it came from you. I was afraid you had been almost lost; but since I see you are desirous to make full proof of your ministry, I greatly rejoice. Blessed be the Lord, who by his grace preserves me from falling, amidst the deceitful and alluring, bewitching temptations of worldly preferment. May He still continue his loving-kindness towards you! May He throughly settle and establish you! May you have

power to overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil, and, like a brave soldier, manfully to fight under Christ's banners! May your one desire of living be for Christ's sake, and the Gospel's!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Yours sincerely and affectionately.”

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the Wesleys returned from America their spiritual state was peculiar, and far from being satisfactory to themselves. Their moral conduct was irreproachable; they had an intense desire to please God, by the practice of universal holiness; and, in order to this, they diligently used every means of grace, and submitted to a course of strict self-denial. Yet they felt that they had not attained to the state of holiness which they had long sought, and their consciences were not at rest. Theirs was not the happy religion which is described in the New Testament as having been realized by the whole body of believers, after the Lord Jesus had entered into his glory, and had sent down the Holy Ghost the Comforter to supply his place. Both of them speak of obtaining mental relief in prayer, in reading the Scriptures, and in the celebration of the Lord's supper; but their spiritual enjoyments were not lasting; a cloud rested upon their minds; they were often harassed by unbelief and doubt; and, to a great extent, they were held in bondage by the sin that dwelt in them. At this period of their lives they never speak of the joy which arises from an application of the blood of Christ to the conscience, and from the distinct and abiding witness of the Spirit of God, that they were his adopted children; nor do they ever declare, with the primitive disciples, "The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." With these essential elements of the Christian character they were as yet unacquainted; but they earnestly desired to know the will of God, that they might obey it; and He who, by the power of his grace, had "wrought them for this selfsame thing," mercifully provided for them the necessary light and guidance. Yet God, in his compassionate sovereignty, sent them help from a quarter where their prejudices and habits would not otherwise have suffered them to look for it. The two brothers, high and unbending Churchmen as they were, having received from their teacher, Mr. Law, "the instruction

which causeth to err," were providentially brought into intercourse with devout members of the Moravian Church. As Aquila and Priscilla, meeting with Apollos, who at that time "knew only the baptism of John," "taught him the way of the Lord more perfectly," and thus gave a right direction to his eloquence and fervour of spirit; so did these pious strangers communicate to John and Charles Wesley principles of truth, which exerted the most salutary influence upon their hearts, and which in future life formed the principal subjects of their effective ministry. The sons of the Anglican Church were undesignedly led to the Moravian Brethren with the plea, "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ruption, and is looking for a present deliverance from them through faith in the blood of atonement.

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

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

would pray for her: often repeating, 'I am weak; I am exceeding weak.' I prayed over her, and blessed God from my heart; then used Pascal's prayer for conversion, with which she was much affected, and begged me to write it out for her.

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

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

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

At this period Mr. Charles Wesley addressed a letter of spiritual instruction to his sister Kezzy, which she answered in the following manner:—"My dear Brother,—Though I am very ill, yet nothing can prevent my returning my sincere thanks for your kind letter. My dear brother, you have not a friend in the world that will be gladder to be directed or reproved (in the spirit of meekness) than I shall be. I own it is a great fault; but my mind, and body too, are so much weakened, with ill-usage, that I cannot bear any roughness, without either being angry, or quite dejected. I have not heard from my mother this two months; nor have had any letter or receipt for you. I cannot write to her, because I do not know how to direct. If you can still have patience, and retain any love and tenderness for

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

“Your sincere friend, and affectionate sister.

“Nov. 15, 1737.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Your affectionate and faithful friend and brother.

“Nov. 16, 1737. Tiverton, Devon.”

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

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

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

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

There was more truth in this concluding remark than Mr. Law was aware of. While he avoided all reference to the atonement of Christ, which he appears never to have understood, his advices concerning spiritual religion only tended yet more to lacerate the conscience, and discourage the anxious inquirer. He set his pupils upon the hopeless task of attaining to holiness while they remained in a state of guilt, and while the regenerating Spirit was therefore uncommunicated.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Jan. 23d. I met Bishop Nitschman at the Count’s, and

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

was introduced to the Countess: a woman of great seriousness and sweetness. I was present at their public services, and thought myself in a quire of angels.

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

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

“Feb. 6th. I had much conversation with the Count. Some of his words were, ‘The Christian cannot yield to sin; cannot long fight against it; but must conquer it if he will.’ Speaking of his own case, he said, he and a lady were in love with each other; till finding something of nature, he resolved to renounce her; which he did, and persuaded her to accept of his friend. ‘From that moment,’ said he, ‘I was freed from all self-seeking; so that for ten years past, I have not done my own will in anything, great or small. My own will is hell to me. I can just now renounce my dearest friend, without the least reluctance, if God require it.’ He kissed and blessed me at parting.

“Feb. 7th. Before I set out for Oxford, I called upon the Count, and desired his prayers. He commended himself to our friends there, and promised, if any of them would write to him, or the Brethren, they would answer them.

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

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

“Feb. 20th. Being to set out the next day for Tiverton, I went to take my leave of the Count; who invited me again to Germany; bade me not despair; and dismissed me with

his blessing. My last words were, *Sit pax vobiscum*: to which he replied, *Et cum spiritu tuo*."

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

Count Zinzendorf left England on the 6th of March, having made arrangements with the Trustees of Georgia, Mr. Oglethorpe, and the Associates of Dr. Bray, for sending Moravian Missionaries to Carolina, and the neighbouring settlement of Georgia. On the 20th of May he was ordained to the episcopal office at Berlin, by the two Bishops of the Moravian Church, Daniel Ernest Jablonsky and David Nitschman. He subsequently received congratulations from the King of Prussia, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Most sincerely and cordially," says the Primate, "I congratulate you upon your having been lately raised to the sacred and justly-celebrated episcopal chair of the Moravian Church, (by whatever clouds it may be now obscured,) by the grace of divine Providence, with the applause of the heavenly host: for the opinion we have conceived of you does not suffer us to doubt it. It is the subject of my ardent prayer, that this honour, so conferred, and which your merit so justly

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

One of the first episcopal acts of the Count was the ordination of Peter Böhler, whom he sent forth with his blessing, as a Missionary to Georgia, and to the Negroes in Carolina, on the 16th of December following. Böhler was a young man of deep and enlightened piety, and of sound learning, having been educated at the University of Jena, from which he was called to undertake this mission to Negro slaves. It was under his instruction, more than that of any other man, that the two Wesleys were made acquainted with the evangelical method of a sinner's justification before God, and deliverance from the power of his evil nature. This very excellent man arrived in England, on the way to his allotted field of labour, early in February, 1738, accompanied by two of his brethren. From the very first his fine spirit, and superior intelligence, appear to have deeply impressed the mind of Mr. John Wesley ; who thus speaks of his introduction to him :—" Feb. 7th. A day much to be remembered. At the house of Mr. Weinantz, a Dutch merchant, I met Peter Böhler, 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

* Cranz's History of the Brethren, translated by La Trobe. Editor's Preface, 1780.

I did not willingly lose any opportunity of conversing with them while I stayed in London."

Peter Böhler did not finally leave London till the beginning of May; and during this interval he was very active and zealous in his efforts to do good. As he did not understand English, (for he put himself under the care of Mr. Charles Wesley, to learn that language,) and appears to have mostly spoken Latin, his sphere of labour was limited; but he made the best use of his opportunities, and his success was great. Count Zinzendorf had prepared his way; and he had the pleasure of seeing a goodly number of people so far brought under the influence of divine truth and grace, that he formed them into a religious society, who agreed to meet once a week for spiritual improvement. They used afterwards to assemble in Fetter-lane. He accompanied Mr. John Wesley to Oxford; and wherever he went he was a blessing to the people; labouring with all fidelity and meekness to convince them, that peace of conscience, and holiness of heart, are only attainable by faith in the sacrificial blood of Christ. During Böhler's stay in England, Mr. John Wesley introduced him to William Law. The pious German gives a characteristic account of their interview. He says, "I began speaking to him of faith in Christ. He was silent. Then he began to speak of mystical matters. I spake to him of faith in Christ again. He was silent. Then he began to speak of mystic matters again. I saw his state at once." This state, Böhler declared to be "a very dangerous one."

It appears to have been about this period that the Wesleys published their first Hymn-Book, probably for the use of this society, at its weekly meetings, as well as for private, domestic, and social use; for they were accustomed to devotional singing in their general intercourse with their friends. It is a small duodecimo volume of eighty-four pages, and bears the title of "A Collection of Psalms and Hymns. London: printed in the year MDCXXXVIII." It has no printer's name, and no preface, to determine its authorship; but its general cast of sentiment is exactly that of the two Wesleys, just before they obtained the Christian salvation. The hymns are selected from various authors, chiefly Dr. Watts; but some are original, and these they afterwards published in their joint names. Five are from the German, and one is

from the Spanish. Most of these Mr. John Wesley subsequently inserted in the Collection which he formed for the use of the Methodist congregations. With the German and Spanish languages he is well known to have been familiar. When enumerating the advantages which had arisen from his mission to Georgia, he says, "Hereby my passage is opened to the writings of holy men in the German, Spanish, and Italian tongues. I hope too some good may come to others thereby."

Mr. John Wesley has inserted in his published Journal several interesting notices of his interviews with Peter Böhler, and of the manner in which he was led, under the guidance of this intelligent German, to receive the doctrine of present salvation by faith. The following are selected from the private journal of Charles, who was now at Oxford, where he was joined by his brother John, and their new friend:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ Feb. 28th. My dear James Hutton came post from London, and brought me Dr. Cockburn’s letter and directions. As soon as I was able, I sent my brother, at Tiverton, the following account :—‘ Dear Brother,—I borrow another’s hand, as I cannot use my own. You remember Dr. South’s saying, *I have been within the jaws of death ; but he was not suffered to shut his mouth upon me.* I ought never to forget it. Dr. Manaton told me, he expected to have found me dead at his second visit. This several remarkable incidents concurred to hinder. I had kept in a week before the pleurisy came, and taken physic twice. At midnight it seized me so violently, that I never expected to see the morning. In the preceding afternoon I had taken Dr. Cockburn’s electuary ; and an hour after was visited with so outrageous a tooth-ache, that it forced me to the abominable remedy of a pipe. This quickly made me discharge my astringent, and in all probability saved my life ; binding medicines being poison in a pleuritic fever. I took my illness for the flux, and so never thought of sending for a Physician. T. Bentham fetched him against my will ; and was probably the instrument of saving my life a second time. Dr. Manaton called in Dr. Fruin. They bled me three times, and poured down draughts, oils, apozums, without end. For four days the balance was even. Then, as Spenser says,

‘ I overwrestled my strong enemy. ’

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

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

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

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

During the whole of this very distressing and dangerous illness, Mr. Charles Wesley was favoured with the kind attendance of his sister Kezzy, who, like himself, was supremely anxious to be a Christian indeed. When he began to recover, she became dangerously ill, so that she was placed under the care of a Physician. She and her now-partially-recovered brother received the holy communion together almost every day. The two following hymns, which were composed upon this occasion, are not only a fine specimen of his poetic genius, unimpaired by disease, but also a striking description of the state of his heart. They were published in the course of the following year. A part of the second of these hymns is well known ; but even that part will be read with superior interest when viewed in connexion with the impressive circumstances which called it forth.

WRITTEN IN THE BEGINNING OF A RECOVERY FROM
SICKNESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AFTER A RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

O give me, Saviour, give me more !
 Thy mercies to my soul reveal :
 Alas ! I *see* their endless store,
 Yet O, I cannot, cannot *feel* !

The blessing of thy love bestow :
 For this my cries shall never fail ;
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 I will not, till my suit prevail.

I'll weary thee with my complaint,
 Here at thy feet for ever lie,
 With longing sick, with groaning faint,
 O give me love, or else I die !

Without this best, divinest grace,
 'Tis death, 'tis worse than death, to live ;
 'Tis hell to want thy blissful face,
 And saints in thee their heaven receive.

Come then, my Hope, my Life, my Lord,
 And fix in me thy lasting home !
 Be mindful of thy gracious word,
 Thou, with thy promised Father, come.

Prepare and then possess my heart ;
 O take me, seize me from above !
 Thee do I love, for God thou art ;
 Thee do I feel, for God is love !

On the recovery of his health, Mr. Charles Wesley read the Life of Mr. Haliburton, which his brother had just abridged, and published in a cheap form. With the perusal of this tract, he states that he "was greatly moved ;" although he was scarcely less tenacious of Law's Mysticism than he had ever been. But the time now drew near when more correct views of divine truth were about to be disclosed to his anxious and inquiring mind. Up to this time the resignation of his secretaryship, though often tendered, had not been accepted ; and he still entertained the purpose of returning to Georgia, as a Missionary, the Trustees having voted him fifty pounds as an acknowledgment of his past services. But he was now compelled, by the effects of his

late illness, to abandon his design ; though Mr. Oglethorpe urged him to retain the office of Secretary, and provide a deputy to discharge its duties. The subjoined extracts from his journal show the temper of his mind, and the manner in which he was employed. He had hitherto withstood all the attempts which had been made to convince him that salvation from sin is attainable only by faith. At length, however, he yielded to the power of truth.

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

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

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

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

* This statement fully accords with what Mr. John Wesley has said in his Journal. Under the date of April 22d, he says, “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 the 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

scandalized as myself. After dinner, he and my brother returned to town. I stayed behind, and read them the Life of Mr. Haliburton; one instance, but only one, of instantaneous conversion.

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

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

the Holy Ghost. I searched the Scriptures again, touching this very thing, particularly the Acts of the Apostles. But, to my utter astonishment, I 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, 23d, 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 Peter 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, 25th, 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.”

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

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

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

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

“May 6th. God still kept up the little spark of desire, which he himself had enkindled in me; and I seemed determined to speak of, and wish for, nothing but faith in Christ. Yet could not this preserve me from sin, which I this day

ran into with my eyes open : so that after ten years' vain struggling, I own and feel it absolutely unconquerable.

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

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

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

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

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

The change of Mr. Charles Wesley's lodgings, as here stated, seemed necessary, both with regard to his personal comfort, and his spiritual interests. From the time at which Samuel left Westminster, whenever John and Charles visited London, the house of Mr. Hutton, a Clergyman residing in

College-street, Westminster, was their home ; and here they were treated with kindness and hospitality. But the case was now altered. Their host and hostess were exceedingly averse to those evangelical views of conversion, justification, and the new birth, which the brothers entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Hutton had two children, now advanced to years of maturity, both of whom were strongly attached to the Wesleys, and, with them, received the truth as it was expounded by Peter Böhler. This the parents regarded as a great calamity, and were offended beyond endurance. One of their children, James, was a printer and bookseller, whose shop stood a little to the westward of Temple-bar. When Mr. John Wesley abridged the *Life of Haliburton*, he wished James to print and publish it ; but this his father and mother absolutely forbade him to do, because Haliburton was a Presbyterian, and talked of religious “experiences.” At the same time, they charged him not to publish any books of a similar kind. Charles was now so far weakened by sickness, as to be unable to walk, and was therefore carried from place to place in a chair. While in Georgia, and since his return to England, he had suffered greatly from an exhausting disease ; and the terrible attacks of pleurisy, to which he was still subject, kept him in constant suspense between life and death. While it was thus uncertain whether he could survive many days, his heart was tender ; his spirit contrite, and bowed down under a sense of guilt, corruption, and demerit. He was desirous, above all things, to recover the favour, the peace, and the image of God, before he went hence to be no more seen. It was natural, therefore, for him to retire from a house where he was likely to be harassed by controversy and opposition, and choose a quiet residence where his religious friends could have free access to him, and where he was likely to have every help and encouragement in obtaining the Christian salvation, which he felt that he did not as yet possess. He speaks of Mr. Bray, to whose house he was carried, as an illiterate mechanic. He was a brazier, who lived in Little-Britain, near Smithfield ; but he was a happy believer in the Lord Jesus, living in the spirit of faith, and prayer, and holy love ; and was able, from his own personal experience, as well as from the sacred volume, to teach even the accomplished Collegian “the

way of the Lord more perfectly" than he had hitherto known it.

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

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

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

"I was much moved at the sight of Mr. Ainsworth, a man of great learning, above seventy, who, like old Simeon, was waiting to see the Lord's salvation, that he might depart in peace. His tears, and vehemence, and childlike simplicity, showed him upon the entrance of the kingdom of heaven.

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

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

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

“ May 17th. To-day I first saw Luther on the Galatians, which Mr. Holland had accidentally light upon. We began, and found him nobly full of faith. My friend, in hearing him, was so affected, as to breathe out sighs and groans unutterable. I marvelled that we were so soon and so entirely removed from him that called us into the grace of Christ, unto another Gospel. Who would believe our Church had been founded upon this important article of justification by faith alone ! I am astonished I should ever think this a

new doctrine; especially while our Articles and Homilies stand unrepealed, and the key of knowledge is not yet taken away.

“From this time I endeavoured to ground as many of our friends as came, in this fundamental truth,—salvation by faith alone: not an idle, dead faith; but a faith which works by love, and is necessarily productive of all good works, and all holiness.

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

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

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

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

blood ; He has hid me in his wounds. I have peace in Him, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.’

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

Such was the manner in which Mr. Charles Wesley waited upon God for that great change in his state and character, upon which he felt that his peace and safety both in time and eternity depended. He was humble, penitent, teachable, and persevering. He read the holy Scriptures ; studied the promises of God ; was diligent in prayer, both social and private ; and almost daily received the Lord’s supper. In obedience to the divine direction, he continued asking, that he might receive ; seeking, that he might find ; knocking at the door of mercy, that it might be opened ; labouring to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, in the earnest hope that the Holy Spirit would impart the full power of faith, and then witness his adoption, and purify his heart.

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

“ THE DAY OF PENTECOST.

“ Sunday, May 21st, 1738. I waked in hope and expectation of His coming. At nine my brother and some friends came and sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost. My comfort and hope were hereby increased. In about half an hour they went. I betook myself to prayer : the substance as follows :—
‘ O Jesus, thou hast said, *I will come unto you.* Thou hast

said, *I will send the Comforter unto you.* Thou hast said, *My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you.* Thou art God, who canst not lie. I wholly rely upon thy most true promise. Accomplish it in thy time and manner.' Having said this, I was composing myself to sleep, in quietness and peace, when I heard one come in, (Mrs. Musgrave, I thought, by the voice,) and say, 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise, and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thy infirmities!' I wondered how it should enter into her head to speak in that manner. The words struck me to the heart. I sighed, and said within myself, 'O that Christ would but speak thus to me!' I lay musing and trembling; then I rang; and Mrs. Turner coming, desired her to send up Mrs. Musgrave. She went down, and returning said, Mrs. Musgrave had not been here. My heart sunk within me at the word; and I hoped it might be Christ indeed. However, I sent her down again to inquire, and felt in the mean time a strange palpitation of heart; and said, yet feared to say, 'I believe! I believe!'

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

"I sent for Mr. Bray, and asked him whether I believed. He answered, I ought not to doubt of it: it was Christ that spoke to me. He knew it, and willed us to pray together. 'But first,' said he, 'I will read what I have casually opened upon: *Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered. Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.*' Still I felt a violent opposition, and reluctance to believe; yet still the Spirit of God strove with my own, and the evil spirit, till by degrees he chased away the darkness of my unbelief. I found myself convinced, I knew not how nor when; and immediately fell to intercession."

The fact is, this plain, illiterate woman had a deep and solemn conviction that she ought thus to address the afflicted penitent, who was weeping and praying for pardon, peace, and holiness; but recollecting that he was a scholar and a Clergyman, she was afraid to do it. She durst not speak to

him in this manner face to face, and with difficulty prevailed upon herself to utter these words as she stood upon the stairs. By this humble instrumentality it pleased God to produce in the heart of his servant the vital faith which he so earnestly desired.

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

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

“I now found myself at peace with God, and rejoiced in hope of loving Christ. My temper, for the rest of the day, was mistrust of my own great, but before unknown, weakness. I saw that by faith I stood; and the continual support of faith, which kept me from falling, though of myself I am ever sinking into sin. I went to bed still sensible of my own weakness, (I humbly hope to be more and more so,) yet confident of Christ’s protection.”

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

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

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

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

"In the evening" of the following Wednesday, says John, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's 'Preface to the Epistle to the Romans.' About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I

did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me, that he had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death.

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

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

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

Where shall my wondering soul begin?
 How shall I all to heaven aspire?
 A slave redeem’d from death and sin,
 A brand pluck’d from eternal fire,
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 Or sing my great Deliverer’s praise?

O how shall I the goodness tell,
 Father, which thou to me hast show'd ?
 That I, a child of wrath and hell,
 I should be call'd a child of God,
 Should know, should feel, my sins forgiven,
 Bless'd with this antepast of heaven !

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

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

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

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

CONGRATULATION TO A FRIEND UPON BELIEVING IN CHRIST.

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

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

Long did all hell its powers engage,
 And fill'd thy darken'd soul with fears :
 Baffled at length the dragon's rage,
 At length the' atoning blood appears ;

Thy light is come, thy mourning's o'er ;
Look up ; for thou shalt weep no more !

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

And will he now forsake his own,
Or lose the purchase of his blood ?
No ; for he looks with pity down,
He watches over thee for good :
Gracious he eyes thee from above,
And guards and feeds thee with his love.

Since thou wast precious in his sight,
How highly favour'd hast thou been !
Upborne by faith to glory's height,
The Saviour-God thine eyes have seen ;
Thy heart has felt its sins forgiven,
And tastes anticipated heaven.

Still may his love thy fortress be,
And make thee still his darling care,
Settle, confirm, and stablish thee,
On eagles' wings thy spirit bear ;
Fill thee with heaven, and ever shed
His choicest blessings on thy head.

Thus may he comfort thee below ;
Thus may he all his graces give :
Him but in part thou here canst know :
Yet here by faith submit to live ;
Help me to fight my passage through,
Nor seize thy heaven till I may too.

Or if the sovereign wise decree
First number thee among the blest,
(The only good I'd envy thee,)
Translating to an earlier rest,
Near, in thy latest hour may I
Instruct, and learn of thee, to die.

Mix'd with the quires that hover round,
And all the adverse powers control,
Angel of peace, may I be found,
To animate thy parting soul,
Point out the crown, and smooth the way
To regions of eternal day.

Fired with the thought, I see thee now
 Triumphant meet the king of fears !
 Steadfast thy heart, serene thy brow ;
 Divinely confident appears
 Thy mounting soul, and spreads abroad,
 And swells to be dissolved in God.

Is this the soul so late weigh'd down
 By care and sins, by griefs and pains ?
 Whither are all thy terrors gone ?
 Jesus for thee the victory gains ;
 And death, and sin, and Satan yield
 To faith's unconquerable shield.

Bless'd be the God that calls thee home ;
 Faithful to thee his mercies prove ;
 Through death's dark vale he bids thee come,
 And more than conquer in his love ;
 Robes thee in righteousness divine,
 And makes the crown of glory thine !

To the principles which John and Charles Wesley recognised in the act of their conversion, they steadily adhered to the end of their lives. The careful study of the holy Scriptures, their acquaintance with Protestant theology, and their observation of the work of God in his church, all served to strengthen their conviction that they had not been misled in submitting to the test of experience the doctrine of salvation by faith, which they had first learned from Peter Böhler. They saw with increasing clearness, that the Christian faith which is described in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the apostolical Epistles, is not a mere assent to the general truth of the Gospel, nor a mere belief of its essential doctrines, but a personal trust in the sacrificial blood of the Son of God, exercised in a penitent state of heart, and productive both of peace of conscience, and of inward and outward holiness. This became the principal topic of their ministry ; and while its truth was to them matter of personal consciousness, they saw it exemplified in the character of thousands of their spiritual children. It was, in fact, under God, the great secret of their power, both as Preachers and writers. Under the divine sanction and blessing, they illustrated, enforced, and defended this doctrine with unexampled energy and effect. It was a happy day, not only to themselves, but for the world, when, after a protracted course of painful prepara-

tion, they received this truth, and were qualified to preach it to all men, out of the fulness of a heart purified by faith from its guilt and natural corruption.

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

Next to the study of the holy Scriptures, the Wesleys were established in the truth by reading the Homilies of the Church of England. They wondered, as well they might, that they had so long overlooked the obvious meaning of their own formularies. While the doctrine of present salva-

tion from the guilt and power of sin, by faith in the Lord Jesus, meets the wants of fallen man, and is thus of universal application, it is the most effectual antidote to Popery; and in this light it was regarded by all the Protestant Reformers. Against the advocates of this vital truth, therefore, the Papal Council of Trent levelled its bitterest anathemas; and the same important tenet is now assailed by misrepresentation and unmeaning verbiage by the men who are attempting to revive the dogmas of Romanism in the Church of England, and to supersede the scriptural theology of the Reformation.*

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

“ Leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind.”

CHAPTER V.

THE day on which Mr. Charles Wesley came to Christ, weary and heavy laden, and found rest to his soul, was unquestionably the most important period of his existence. He then felt that he passed from death unto life. His spiritual enjoyments now began, in all their richness and depth; and he entered upon a course of ministerial usefulness, of which, up to this period, he had no conception. It is easy to trace, in his subsequent spirit and practice, all the scriptural marks of a renewed nature. His conscience was exceedingly tender. He watched the workings of his heart with unremitting care, fearful lest he should sin against God, by pride, or any other evil temper. The means of grace were his delight; for in the use of them he enjoyed communion with God. Before the end of the month his health was so far improved, that he was able to go abroad; and he was then every day an attendant at church, where he received the Lord's supper at every opportunity. He appears indeed to have still communicated with his friends almost daily. The Bible was his constant companion. He read it, and meditated upon it, day and night. In consequence of his long and severe afflictions, he was, as yet, unable to address large congregations in public; but, like the Apostles at Jerusalem, "daily, and in every house," where he could gain access, "he ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." In private companies, where many resorted to him, he read the Scriptures, sang hymns, related his religious experience, and urged upon all the duty and privilege of an immediate application to Christ, in faith, for pardon, and peace, and holiness. Never did he forget the bright and joyous days, and months, and years, which followed his espousal to Christ; and every remembrance of them was refreshing to his heart. The most perfect picture of his feelings and character at this period is that which was drawn many years afterwards by his own inimitable hand. It was not under the mere influence of a

lively and poetic imagination, but of deep and holy feeling, that he thus sang :—

How happy are they Who the Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasure above!
 Tongue cannot express The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love.

That comfort was mine, When the favour divine
 I first found in the blood of the Lamb ;
 When my heart it believed, What a joy I received,
 What a heaven, in Jesus's name !

'Twas a heaven below My Saviour to know ;
 The angels could do nothing more
 Than fall at his feet, And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.

Jesus all the day long Was my joy and my song ;
 O that all his salvation might see !
 " He hath loved me," I cried, " He hath suffer'd and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me ! "

On the wings of his love I was carried above
 All sin, and temptation, and pain ;
 I could not believe, That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.

I rode on the sky, Freely justified I !
 Nor envied Elijah his seat ;
 My soul mounted higher, In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.

O the rapturous height Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood !
 Of my Saviour possess'd, I was perfectly bless'd,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

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

University of Cambridge; and different members of the Delamotte family at Blendon.

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

‘ Now descend and shake the earth,’

he fell down, as in an agony.

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

“ I dined with great liberty of spirit, being amazed to find my old enemy, Intemperance, so suddenly subdued, that I have almost forgot I was ever in bondage to him.

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

“ June 3d. In the evening Mr. Brown, Holland, and others, called. I was very averse to coming among them; but forced myself to it, and spent two or three hours in singing, reading, and prayer. This exercise a little revived me, and I found myself much assisted to pray. We asked particularly, that, if it was the will of God, some one might now receive the atonement. While I was yet speaking the words, Mr. Brown found power to believe. He rose, and told me, my prayer was heard, and answered in him. We were all full of joy and thanksgiving. Before we parted, I prayed with Mr. Brown, and praised God, to the great confirmation of my faith. The weight was quite taken off. I found power to pray with great earnestness.

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

prayer and singing; and left the rest of the company much stirred up to wait for the same unspeakable gift.

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

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

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

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

“ Yesterday Miss Betsy plainly informed me, that after

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beloved. Hetty then declared that she could not but believe, Christ died for her, even for her. We gave thanks for both with much exultation and triumph.

“After family prayer I expounded the lesson, and going up to my chamber, asked the maid, (Mary,) how she found herself. She answered, ‘O Sir, what you said was very comfortable, how that Christ was made sin for me, that I might be made the righteousness of God in Him; that is, He was put in my place, and I in his.’ ‘Do you then believe this, that Christ died for you?’ ‘Yes; I do believe it; and I found myself as I never did before, when you spoke the word.’ ‘But do you find within yourself that your sins are forgiven?’ ‘Yes; I do.’ These and the like answers, which she made with great simplicity, convinced me that faith had come to her by hearing. We joined in giving glory to God; for we perceived and confessed, it was His doing. It pleased Him likewise to bless me with a deep and hitherto unknown dread of ascribing anything to myself.

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

“June 13th. Mr. Piers was sent for to a dying woman. She was in despair, ‘having done so much evil, and so little good.’ He declared to her the glad tidings of salvation; that as all her good, were it ten thousand times more, could never save her: so all her evil could never hurt her; if she could repent and believe; if she could lay hold on Christ by a living faith, and look for salvation by grace only. This was comfort indeed. She gladly quitted her own merits for Christ’s. The Holy Ghost wrought faith in her heart, which she expressed in a calm, cheerful, triumphant expectation of

death. Her fears and agonies were at an end. Being justified by faith, she had peace with God, and only entered farther into her rest by dying a few hours after. The spectators were melted into tears. She calmly passed into the heavenly Canaan, and has there brought up a good report of her faithful Pastor, who, under Christ, hath saved her soul from death. These were the first-fruits of his ministry; and I find him strengthened hereby, and more assured that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

“ June 14th. After morning prayer in the little chapel, I kept Hannah from going, that we might first pray for her; but we quickly found there was great cause of thanksgiving. She told me she was reading a collect last night, which gave her vast pleasure: ‘Almighty God, whom truly to know is eternal life, grant us perfectly to know thy Son Jesus Christ to be the way, the truth, and the life.’ ‘To be sure, Sir,’ said she, ‘I found myself so easy immediately, that I cannot tell you.’ A few questions fully satisfied us, that she was a true believer.

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

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

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

‘ Who for me, for me hath died,’

he found the words sink into his soul; could have sung them for ever, being full of delight and joy. Since then he has

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ June 26th. I waited upon Mrs. Delamotte, expecting what happened. She fell abruptly upon my sermon, for the false doctrine therein. I answered, I staked my all upon the truth of it. She went on: ‘ It is hard, people must have their children seduced in their absence. If every one must have your faith, what will become of all the world? Have you this assurance, Mr. Piers?’ ‘ Yes, Madam, in some degree; I thank God for it.’ ‘ I am sorry to hear it.’ One of the company cried, ‘ I am glad to hear of it; and bless God for him; and wish all mankind had it too.’

“ She moved for reading a sermon of Archbishop Sharpe.

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

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

and in hearty prayer for Mrs. Delamotte.

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

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

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

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

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

“June 30th. Thanks be to God, the first thing I felt to-day was a fear of pride, and a desire of love. Betsy Delamotte called, and gave me the following letter from her brother William:—‘Dear Sir,—God hath heard your prayers. Yesterday, about twelve, He put his fiat to the desires of his distressed servant; and, glory be to Him, I have enjoyed the fruits of his Holy Spirit ever since. The only uneasiness I feel is want of thankfulness and love for so unspeakable a gift. But I am confident of this also, that the same gracious hand which hath communicated will communicate, even unto the end.

‘I am your sincere friend in Christ.

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

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

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

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

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

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

“July 11th. At Bray’s I found a letter from William Delamotte, and read with joy and thankfulness as follows:— ‘I cannot keep pace. The mercies of God come in so abundantly upon our unworthy family, that I am not able to declare them. Yet as they are his blessings through your ministry, I must inform you of them; as they will strengthen your hands, and prove helpers of your joy.

“ ‘Great, then, I believe was the struggle between nature and grace in the soul of my mother; but God, who knoweth the heart and reins, hath searched her out. Her spirit, like Naaman’s flesh, is returned as that of a little child. She is converted, and Christ hath spoken peace to her soul. This work was begun in her the morning you left us, though she concealed it from you. When she waked, the following scripture was strongly suggested to her: *Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?* She rose immediately, took up Bishop Taylor, and opened upon a place which so strongly assisted this living faith, that she was fully convinced. But the enemy preached humility to her, that she could not deserve so great a gift. However, God still pursued, and she could not long forbear communicating the emotion of her soul to me. We prayed, read, and conversed for an hour. The Lord made use of a mean instrument to convince her of her ignorance in the word. Throughout that day her mind was more and more enlightened; till at length she broke out, *Where have I been? I know nothing. I see nothing. My mind is all darkness. How have I opposed the Scripture!* The tempter, thus enraged, excited all his powers to persuade her, she was labouring after something that was not to be attained: but Christ suffered her not to fall. She flew to Him in prayer and singing; and though Satan damped her much, yet could he not conquer her. She

continued agonizing all the evening. But how can I utter the sequel? The first object of her thoughts the next morning was Christ. She saw Him approaching; and seeing, loved, believed, adored. Her prayers drew Him still nearer; and everything she saw concurred to hasten the embrace of her Beloved. Thus she continued in the Spirit till four; when, reading in her closet, she received the kiss of reconciliation. Her own soul could not contain the joys attending it. She could not forbear imparting to her friends and neighbours, that she had found the piece which she had lost. Satan in vain attempted to shake her; for she felt in herself

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

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

While the different members of the family thus received the truth, and were saved by it, Mr. Delamotte himself remained unmoved. In one of his visits Mr. Charles Wesley says, “I told Mr. Delamotte he was not converted, nor had the Spirit, or faith; and begged him to pray to God to show him wherein he was wanting. He could not receive my saying; yet was not angry.” Mr. Charles Wesley continues,

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

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

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

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

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

In the midst of all this religious excitement and success, Mr. Charles Wesley was still mindful of the settlers in Georgia ; and, on the 3d of August, states, that he met Lord Egmont, and declared his intention of returning to that

colony, if his health should permit ; with which his Lordship was much pleased. On the same day he corrected for the press the Journal of Mr. Whitefield, which had been transmitted to England ; his advice for its suppression being overruled by others, whom he could not control.

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

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

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

In a second letter, dated Hernhuth, August 4th, 1738, he says, “Dear Brother,—Thus far God hath greatly helped us in all things. An account of the people here you must not expect, till we come face to face ; when I hope we shall part no more. O that, after I have proved all things, I may be enabled throughly *δοκιμάζειν τα διαφέροντα*, and, calling no man Master, in faith, practice, and discipline, to hold fast that which is good !

“Salute our brethren in London and Oxford by name ;

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

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

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

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

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

“July 12th. I preached at Newgate, to the condemned felons; and visited one of them in his cell, sick of a fever: a poor Black, that had robbed his master. I told him of One who came down from heaven, to save lost sinners, and him in particular: described the sufferings of the Son of God, his sorrows, agony, and death. He listened with all the signs of eager astonishment. The tears trickled down his cheeks, while he cried, ‘What! was it for me? Did God suffer all this for so poor a creature as me?’ I left him waiting for the salvation of God.

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

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

“July 17th. At Newgate I preached on death, which they must suffer the day after to-morrow. Mr. Sparks assisted in giving the sacrament. Another Clergyman was there. Newington asked me to go in the coach with him. At one I

was with the Black in his cell, James Hutton assisting. Two more of the malefactors came. I had great help and power in prayer. One rose, and said, he felt his heart all on fire, so as he never found himself before; he was all in a sweat; believed that Christ died for him. I found myself overwhelmed with the love of Christ to sinners. The Black was quite happy. The other criminal was in an excellent temper; believing, or on the point of it. I talked with another concerning faith in Christ. He was greatly moved. The Lord, I trust, will help *his* unbelief also.

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

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

“At night I was locked in with Bray, in one of the cells. We wrestled in mighty prayer. All the criminals were present, and all delightfully cheerful. The soldier, in particular, found his comfort and joy increase every moment. Another from the time he communicated has been in perfect peace. Joy was visible in all their faces. We sang,—

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

It was one of the most triumphant hours I have ever known.
Yet on

“July 19th, I rose heavy, and backward to visit them for the last time. At six I prayed and sang with them all together. The Ordinary would read prayers, and preach most miserably. Mr. Sparks and Mr. Broughton were present. I felt my heart full of tender love to the latter. He administered. All the ten received. Then he prayed, and I after him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was thus diligently engaged in his work, when his brother returned from Germany. Their meeting was one of deep and solemn interest. After they had obtained the Christian salvation, they had little intercourse with each other till this time. The object of John's visit to Germany

was, that he might see and converse with the members of the Moravian Church at Hernhuth : “the place where the Christians lived.” With their godly discipline and order he was much affected ; but still more so, with their sound and scriptural experience. He inquired of the leading members of the Church the manner in which they had been led, by the providence and grace of God ; and they all declared, as with one voice, that, after long and in vain seeking rest to their souls, they had obtained permanent peace of conscience, deliverance from the dominion of sin, and power to walk in the ways of God, by believing in the Lord Jesus. His own experience accorded with their united testimony ; and hence he was strengthened and encouraged in his pious course, and instructed how to preach, so as to convert and save the people. He returned to England, pondering these things in his heart, and deeply impressed with a conviction that all men are in bondage to sin and misery, except those whom “the Son” has made free by the gift of a living faith.

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

glad. Thus were both of them trained, by means the most unexpected, for a course of extensive and long-continued usefulness.

From this time the brothers began to co-operate with each other for the advancement of true religion; John adopting Charles's mode of procedure, preaching in such churches as were open to him, and holding meetings for conversation, prayer, singing, mutual exhortation, and scriptural exposition. The "religious societies," then existing in different parts of London and its vicinity, afforded them considerable facilities for the furtherance of their designs. These "societies" consisted of strict Church-people, and the objects of their union were purely religious. Some of them were of long standing, having been patronized and encouraged by Dr. Horneck, and other Clergymen of similar character. They met together weekly, for reading and prayer; suitable forms of address to God having been prepared for their use. The members bound themselves to a strictly moral conduct; to practise secret devotion several times every day; and to receive the Lord's supper at least once a month. At their meetings they presented pecuniary donations, for pious and charitable purposes, which were mostly expended in the support of schools for the children of the poor, in neglected districts. It was at a meeting of one of these societies in Aldersgate-street, that John had obtained "the faith of God's elect," with its accompanying peace and power. At the meetings of some of these "societies" the Wesleys were received with a hearty welcome. Here Charles practised himself in extemporary speaking, especially in the exposition of Scripture; for up to this period he had always read his sermons from the pulpit. Having acquired a becoming boldness and facility of speech in these more private exercises, he began to introduce extempore passages into his public discourses, as the subjects presented themselves, and his heart was impressed and enlarged; till at length he became one of the most fluent and impressive Preachers of his age. It was at St. Antholin's church, on Friday, the 20th of October, that he first delivered an entire sermon without notes. "Seeing so few present," says he, "I thought of preaching extempore: afraid: yet I ventured on the promise, 'Lo, I am with you always;' and spake on justification, from Romans iii., for three quarters of an hour, without hesitation.

Glory be to God, who keepeth his promise for ever!" As he acquired greater self-command, he appears to have been surprised at himself. Hence he remarks, under the date of February 10th following, "I preached without notes, on blind Bartimeus," in the church at Islington; "the Lord being greatly my helper. Let Him have all the glory."

But it was not among moral and devout people only, that the brothers laboured with success, in raising up a spiritual people by inculcating the doctrine of salvation by faith. Persons of profligate habits were also brought to repentance, and became examples of uprightness and purity, including not a few lewd women. The following hymn, "on the conversion of a common harlot," composed by Mr. Charles Wesley at this period, was applicable to many reclaimed offenders of the same class:—

Sing ye heavens, and earth rejoice ;
 Make to God a cheerful noise ;
 He the work alone hath done ;
 He hath glorified his Son !

Sons of God, exulting rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 See the prodigal is come ;
 Shout to hear the wanderer home !

Strive in joy, with angels strive,
 Dead she was, but now's alive ;
 Loud repeat the joyful sound,
 Lost she was, but now is found !

This through ages all along,
 This be still the joyous song,
 Wide diffused o'er earth abroad,
 Music in the ears of God.

Rescued from the fowler's snare,
 Jesus spreads his arms for her ;
 Jesu's arms her sacred fence :—
 Come, ye fiends, and pluck her thence !

Thence she never shall remove,
 Safe in his redeeming love :
 This the purchase of his groans,
 This the soul He died for once !

Now the gracious Father smiles,
 Now the Saviour boasts his spoils ;
 Now the Spirit grieves no more :
 Sing ye heavens, and earth adore !

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

“ Oct. 20th. I waited with my brother upon the Bishop of London, to answer the complaints he had heard against us, that we preached an absolute assurance of salvation. Some of his words were, ‘ If by assurance you mean, an inward persuasion whereby a man is conscious in himself, after examining his life by the law of God, and weighing his own sincerity, that he is in a state of salvation, and acceptable to God, I do not see how any good Christian can be without such an assurance.’ ‘ This,’ we answered, ‘ is what we contend for; but we have been charged as Antinomians for preaching justification by faith only.’ ‘ Can any one preach otherwise, who agrees to our Church, and the Scriptures? Indeed by preaching it strongly, and not inculcating good works, many have been made Antinomians in theory, though not in practice; especially in King Charles’s time. But there is a heavy charge against us Bishops, by the bringing of the Archbishop’s authority for re-baptizing an adult.’ My brother answered, that he had expressly declared the contrary; ‘ yet,’ added he, ‘ if a person, dissatisfied with lay-baptism, should desire episcopal, I should think it my duty to administer it, after having acquainted the Bishop, according to the canon.’ ‘ Well, I am against it myself, where any one has had the Dissenters’ baptism.’

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

free access to me at all times.' We thanked him, and took our leave.

"Nov. 14th. I had another conference with his Lordship of London. 'I have used your Lordship's permission to wait upon you. A woman desires me to baptize her; not being satisfied with her baptism by a Dissenter. She says, Sure and unsure is not the same.' He immediately took fire, and interrupted me: 'I wholly disapprove of it. It is irregular.' 'My Lord, I did not expect your approbation. I only came, in obedience, to give you notice of my intention.' 'It is irregular. I never receive such information, but from the Minister.' 'My Lord, the rubrick does not so much as require the Minister to give you notice, but any discreet person. I have the Minister's leave.' 'Who gave you authority to baptize?' 'Your Lordship; and I shall exercise it in any part of the known world.' 'Are you a licenced Curate?' 'I have the leave of the proper Minister.' 'But do not you know that no man can exercise parochial duty in London without my leave? It is only *sub silentio*.' 'But you know many do take that permission for authority; and you yourself allow it.' 'It is one thing to connive, and another to approve. I have power to inhibit you.' 'Does your Lordship exert that power? Do you now inhibit me?' 'O why will you push things to an extreme? I do not inhibit you.' 'Why then, my Lord, according to your own concession, you permit or authorize me.' 'I have a power to punish, and to forbear punishing.' 'That seems to imply, that I have done something worthy of punishment. I shall be glad to know, that I may answer. Does your Lordship charge me with any crime?' 'No, no; I charge you with no crime.' 'Do you then dispense with my giving you notice of any baptisms for the future?' 'I neither dispense, nor not dispense.'

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

"Feb. 21st, 1739. With my brother I waited upon the Archbishop. He showed us great affection; spoke mildly of Mr. Whitefield; cautioned us to give no more umbrage than

was necessary for our own defence ; to forbear exceptionable phrases ; to keep to the doctrines of the Church. We told him we expected persecution ; would abide by the Church till her Articles and Homilies were repealed. He assured us, he knew of no design in the governors of the Church to innovate ; neither should there be any innovation while he lived ; avowed justification by faith only ; and his joy to see us as often as we pleased.

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

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

At the same time, his ardent spirit, and his doctrine of faith, gave great offence in different places, and provoked opposition. Some of the parishioners at Bexley complained of his preaching, and of the excitement which it produced : the good Vicar was frightened ; gave up his week-night service ; and told Mr. Charles Wesley, that he could not in future admit him into the pulpit. Charles uttered strong words ; telling Mr. Piers that if his testimony to the truth were rejected, he should discontinue his visits altogether. This remonstrance produced the designed effect. He was soon after invited to preach twice there in one day. A part of the congregation in the morning retired in the course of the sermon. They came, however, in the afternoon, and remained during the entire service.

It had been arranged by Charles, before his brother’s return from Georgia, that his sister Kezzy should board with

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

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

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

Stories to the disadvantage of John and Charles Wesley were still industriously circulated; and their brother Samuel, who knew not their absolute deference to the holy Scriptures, and regarded them with equal pity and displeasure, as the dupes of a vain enthusiasm, addressed to Charles at this period the following letter, containing a singular mixture of

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

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

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

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

"My wife joins in love to you. We are all pretty well, and have lived to see one more December's day, on which we designed to be heartily merry, and I hope not unwise. I think I have little less than direct command for it: 'In the

day of prosperity rejoice ;' and I am sure it is to me a day of prosperity ! I am, dear Charles,

“ Your sincere friend, and affectionate brother.

“ December 1, 1738.”

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

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

CHAPTER VI.

It has been already remarked, that when Mr. Whitefield returned from Georgia, after a very short residence there, his design was, by an appeal to British charity, to raise a sum of money for the purpose of erecting an Orphan-House in that colony. God, however, had another and a higher object in view in bringing him to England at this time, as the event proved, though his servant knew it not. For a while the Wesleys were freely admitted into many of the churches in London, and its vicinity; but the case was at length altered. Seldom did Mr. John Wesley preach in a church, but at the conclusion of the service he was told that he must occupy the pulpit there no more. Two reasons were generally assigned for the prohibition. First, he preached the intolerable doctrine of salvation by faith; and, secondly, such multitudes attended his ministry as to subject the regular seat-holders to serious inconvenience. They could not bear so much heat and crowding!

Charles met with opposition still more determined in the discharge of his clerical duties at Islington. He only held his curacy there by virtue of a private arrangement with the Vicar; the Bishop never having given his sanction: and as Charles's ministrations were offensive to the Churchwardens, they resolved to get rid of him and his Methodism altogether. In order to this, they first adopted a system of petty and insulting annoyance, and afterwards proceeded to acts of direct violence. They began their course by meeting him in the vestry, before the commencement of divine service, and in a sarcastic tone and manner requested a sight of the Bishop's licence, which they knew he did not possess. He bore their unseemly conduct with meekness, making little or no reply. A few days afterwards they met him again in the same place, and proceeded to reviling. They told him that he was full of the devil; and that this was the case also with the other Clergymen who thought and acted as he did; specifying several of them, and their own Vicar among the

rest. Having failed by these means to drive him away, they engaged two men to guard the pulpit-stairs, when the prayers were read, and push him back when he attempted to ascend. On subsequent occasions the Churchwardens took this office upon themselves, and forcibly prevented his entrance into the pulpit, regardless of the presence of the congregation. They did this once when Sir John Gunson, who was at the head of the London Magistrates, and Mr. Justice Elliott, were present. Both these eminent men went into the vestry, and expostulated with the Churchwardens, but without effect. The Vicar, who possessed little firmness, yielded to the storm, and consented to dismiss his Curate. The matter was laid before the Bishop of London, who justified the Churchwardens in the measures which they had adopted. Charles was therefore compelled to withdraw, and seek other fields for the exercise of that ministry which he had received of the Lord, and which he felt that he could not neglect but with the certain prospect of perdition. Thus ended all the preferment that the brothers ever possessed in the established Church. John was his father's Curate about three years; and for a few months Charles held the curacy of Islington, from which he was expelled by force of arms, under the sanction of the Diocesan.

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

hear him; while others placed themselves upon walls, or upon the roofs of houses, listening, with the most eager and fixed attention, to the word of life. Many were deeply impressed, and inquired with tears, and every sign of genuine contrition, what they must do to be saved.

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

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

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

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

From Bristol Mr. Wesley extended his labours to Kingswood, Bath, and other towns and villages in the neighbourhood, with a success resembling that of his honoured predecessor, till about the middle of June following, when he was sent for to London, to assist in the adjustment of some differences which had arisen in the society at Fetter-lane. Mr.

Whitefield was then in London, preparing for his immediate departure for Georgia. He had preached in Moorfields, on Kennington-common, Blackheath, and in various other places, sometimes to upwards of twenty thousand people at once. On the 14th of June Mr. Wesley says, "I went with Mr. Whitefield to Blackheath, where were, I believe, twelve or fourteen thousand people. He a little surprised me, by desiring me to preach in his stead; which I did (though nature recoiled) on my favourite subject, 'Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.' I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a Preacher."

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

In the mean while Charles was neither silent, nor inattentive to the example of his brother, and of their mutual friend Whitefield. On the 21st of May, at the house of one of his friends in London, he met with a person, who appears to have been a Clergyman. He was very kind, and, without being duly aware of the consequence, gave Charles a pressing invitation to go with him to Broadoaks; a village in Essex, about forty miles from London, where some members of the Delamotte family resided. Two days after he says, "Mr. Clagget pressed me now, with the utmost importunity, to go with him to-morrow." The next day he says, "At noon I set out on horseback; our sisters in the chaise. By two the next day we surprised Miss Betty at Broadoaks. I was full of prayer, that God would gather a church in this place. Sunday, May 27th, still Mr. Clagget opposed my preaching. We went to church, where I preached the new-birth. Mr. Clagget was still more violent. I told him, he was doing the devil's work. Between jest and

earnest, he struck me; raged exceedingly to see the people come flocking to the word. God gave me utterance to make known the mystery of the Gospel to four or five hundred listening souls. May 29th, Franklyn, a farmer, invited me to preach in his field. I did so, to about five hundred, on, 'Repent; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.' I returned to the house rejoicing.

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

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

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

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

"I was at Lambeth with Mr. Piers. His Grace expressly

forbade him to let any of us preach in his church : charged us with breach of the canon. I mentioned the Bishop of London's authorizing my forcible exclusion. He would not hear me ; said he did not dispute. He asked me what call I had. I answered, ' A dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me.' ' That is, to St. Paul ; but I do not dispute ; *and will not proceed to excommunication YET.*' ' Your Grace has taught me, in your book on Church-Government, that a man unjustly excommunicated is not thereby cut off from communion with Christ.' ' Of that I am the judge.' I asked him if Mr. Whitefield's success was not a spiritual sign, and sufficient proof of his call ; and recommended Gamaliel's advice. He dismissed us ; Piers, with kind professions ; me, with all the marks of his displeasure. I felt nothing in my heart but peace. I prayed and sang at Bray's : but, some hours after, at West's, sunk down in great heaviness and discouragement."

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

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

" SUNDAY, JUNE 24TH, ST. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.—The first scripture I cast my eye upon was, ' Then came the servant to him, and said, Master, what shall we do ? ' I prayed with West, and went forth IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST. I found near ten thousand helpless sinners waiting for the word in Moorfields. I invited them in my Master's words, as well as name, ' Come unto me, all ye that travail, and are heavy laden ; and I will give you rest.' The Lord was with me, even me, his meanest messenger, according to his promise. At St. Paul's the psalms, lessons, &c., for the day, put fresh life into me. So did the sacrament. My load was gone, and all my doubts and scruples. God shone upon my

path, and I knew THIS was his will concerning me. At Newington the Rector, Mr. Mott, desired me to preach. My text was, 'All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; being justified freely,' &c. I walked on to the Common, and cried, to multitudes upon multitudes, 'Repent, and believe the Gospel.' The Lord was my strength, and my mouth, and my wisdom. O that all would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness!"

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

The scenes through which Mr. Charles Wesley was called to pass at this period were diversified and peculiar. On Thursday he was at the palace of Lambeth, where the threat of excommunication was held out to him by the Archbishop; he was forbidden the use of his friend Piers's pulpit, and was dismissed with anger by the Primate of all England. On Sunday he preached in the morning to ten thousand sinners in the open air at Moorfields; in the forenoon he attended divine service, and received the Lord's supper, at St. Paul's cathedral; in the afternoon he preached at Newington-butts, and went directly from the pulpit to Kennington-common, where he addressed "multitudes upon multitudes" in his Lord's name; and in the evening he attended a Moravian love-feast in Fetter-lane, where he felt as if he were in one of the primitive churches. On the following Sunday he preached with "great boldness," in his turn, at St. Mary's, before the University of Oxford, choosing for his subject the leading doctrine of all Protestant Churches, justification by faith; which was then revived in all its freshness and power under the name of Methodism. Concerning his learned auditory he states, that "all were very attentive;" and "one could not help weeping." In the evening he expounded a passage of holy Scripture in a private meeting, at which many gowns-men were present, some of whom "mocked" the expositor of God's word, and the service in which he was engaged.

During Mr. Charles Wesley's stay in Oxford he had interviews with the Vice-Chancellor of the University, and the Dean of Christ-Church, of which he gives the following account:—"I waited upon the Dean, who spoke with unusual severity against field-preaching, and Mr. Whitefield. He explained away all inward religion, and union with God.

That the world, and their god, abhor our manner of acting, I have too sensible proof. This whole week has the messenger of Satan been buffeting me with uninterrupted temptation.

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

Having finished the service which had brought him to Oxford, Mr. Charles Wesley returned to London, where he resumed his extraordinary labours, especially on the Sabbath, when he preached to vast assemblies of people at Moorfields and Kennington-common, to the great joy and spiritual benefit of many. Yet his pious zeal was not admired by every one. There were men who were ready to gnash upon him with their teeth, and who wanted nothing but the power to inflict upon him the deepest injury. It may convey some idea of the feeling which then existed, to state, that on the morning of the Sunday after his return from Oxford, he preached at Moorfields to about ten thousand people; and to twice that number in the afternoon upon Kennington-common. When he was walking across an open field to his afternoon appointment, he was met by a man who threatened to prosecute him for a trespass. Accordingly, a few days afterwards, he says, “I was served with a writ by Mr. Goter, for walking over his field to Kennington. I sent Oakley to the Lawyer, who confessed he did not so much as know what his client sued me for.” The suit, however, was no trifle. A Methodist Preacher was to be punished, in spite of justice and mercy. The bill of this most disgraceful affair has been preserved, with the receipt, in the hand-writing of the Lawyer.

The following is a copy :—“ *Goter versus Westley*. Damages, £10; Costs taxed, £9. 16s. 8d. July 29, 1739, Received of Mr. Westley, by the hands of Mr. Joseph Verding, nineteen pounds sixteen shillings and sixpence, for damages and costs in their cause.

“ William Gason, Attorney for the plaintiff.”

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

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

Notwithstanding the benefits resulting from field-preaching, when these three devoted men became thus “irregular,” Archbishop Potter talked of “excommunication;” but he re-considered the subject, and wisely forbore to execute his threat. Perhaps he recollected that the Son of God preached upon a mountain, and on a plain, and addressed multitudes on the sea-shore as he sat in a fishing-boat; and that the

Apostle of the Gentiles preached Jesus and the resurrection to the inquisitive Athenians as he stood upon Mars' hill. It would indeed have been an unseemly thing for a man invested with ecclesiastical authority, and professing to derive that authority from the Lord Jesus, in a direct line from the Apostles, to impose silence upon Christian Ministers, and even expel them from the congregation of the faithful, for doing that which the Lord himself, and the holy Apostles under his direct sanction, had recommended by their daily practice. The Protestant Church of England was preserved from the deep dishonour of an act so thoroughly anti-Christian. It is indeed a grave question, whether field-preaching is not the duty of every Christian Minister; and whether any man to whom a dispensation of the Gospel is committed can be blameless, either before God or man, who refuses to administer the warnings and invitations of the Gospel to the multitudes of people around him, who demonstrate, by the profanation of the Sabbath, and neglect of the house of prayer, that they are walking in the broad way that leadeth to destruction. The charge is, "Preach the Gospel to every creature," as the instrument of salvation; and to suffer men to perish, without ever applying the remedy, is to incur guilt of the most fearful magnitude. The field-Preacher is not the party that needs an apology. He that sacrifices the souls of men, redeemed by the blood of God's incarnate Son, for the maintenance of an "order," of which the Bible knows nothing, is the man whose conduct is more than questionable, and who ought to "consider his ways."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

God could give. I replied, 'But cannot God guard his own gifts?' He often disclaimed advising, seeing we had the Spirit of God; but mended upon our hands, and at last came almost quite over."

It was now agreed that the Wesleys should exchange places. John was to come to London, and Charles was to succeed him at Bristol. On his way to that city, Charles visited Oxford, Evesham, Bengeworth, and Gloucester. His design in going to the second and third of these places was to see Mr. Benjamin Seward, with whom he had recently become acquainted, and who lived at Bengeworth, near Evesham. He was a man of large property, and of liberal education, having been bred at Cambridge. He had been correct in his morals, and charitable and humane; but strenuously opposed to spiritual religion; having intended to write against what he conceived to be the enthusiastic notions of Mr. Law, contained in his treatise on Christian Perfection. Early in the spring of this year he had been severely afflicted, and, in connexion with much bodily suffering, endured great mental perplexity and anguish. A poor travelling woman, who obtained a livelihood by selling toys for children, found him thus distressed both in mind and body, and taught him the nature and necessity of the new birth. Having recovered his health, and obtained some knowledge of the truth, he resolved to enter into holy orders, that he might teach others what he himself had learned respecting the things of God. In this state he heard Mr. Whitefield preach, when his heart clave to him; and he was ultimately induced to accompany that man of God to America. Soon after he had heard Mr. Whitefield he came to London, where he was introduced to Mr. Charles Wesley, who admired his spirit, but speaks of him at this time as "knowing only the baptism of John." He proposed to bear the expense of Mr. Charles Wesley's coach-hire, in his preaching excursions in London and its vicinity, which Charles respectfully declined. The wife of this young convert was a zealous predestinarian, and far more remarkable for her attachment to her creed, than her regard either for good manners or hospitality.

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

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

To this account he adds, in his journal, “August 30th. I spoke from Acts ii. 37, to two or three hundred market-people and soldiers, all as orderly and decent as could be desired. I now heard that the Mayor had come down on Sunday to take a view of us; and soon after an officer struck a countryman in the face, without any provocation. A serious woman besought the poor man not to resist evil; ‘as the other only wanted to make a riot.’ He took patiently several repeated blows, telling the man he might beat him as long as he pleased.

“I took a walk with Mr. Seward, whose eyes it has pleased God to open, to see He would have all men to be saved. His wife, who refuses to see me, is miserably bigoted to the *particular scheme*. We had the satisfaction of meeting with Mr. Seward’s cousin Molly, whom I had endeavoured to convince of sin at Islington. The Spirit had now convinced her of righteousness also. To-day she told us, a young lady here upon a visit had been deeply struck on Sunday night, under the word, seeing and feeling her need of a Physician, and earnestly desired me to pray for her. We immediately joined in thanksgiving and intercession. After

dinner I spoke with her. She burst into tears; told us, she had come here thoughtless, and dead in pleasures and sin, but fully resolved against ever being a Methodist; that she was first alarmed at seeing us so happy, and full of love; had gone to the society, but never found herself out till the word came with power to her soul; that all the following night she had been as in an agony; could not pray; could not bear our singing, nor have any rest in herself. We betook ourselves to prayer, and God hearkened. She received forgiveness in that instant, and triumphed in the name of the Lord *her* God. We were all of us upon the mount the rest of the day.

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

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

“I was prevailed to stay over this day. God soon showed me *his* design in it. Our singing in the garden drew two sincere women to us, who sought Christ sorrowing. After reading the promises in Isaiah, we prayed, and they received them accomplished in themselves. We were upon a mount, which reminded us of Tabor, through the joy wherewith our Master filled us. How shall I be thankful enough for his bringing me hither! While we were singing, a poor drunken servant of Mr. Seward was struck. His master had last night given him warning; but now he seems effectually called. We spent the afternoon most delightfully in Isaiah. At seven the society met. I could hardly speak through my cold; but it was suspended while I showed the natural man his picture in blind Bartimeus. Many were ready to cry after Jesus for mercy. The three that had lately received

their sight were much strengthened. Miss P. declared her cure before two hundred witnesses, many of them gay young gentlewomen. They received her testimony; flocked round about her; and pressed her on all sides to come to see them. By this open confession she purchased to herself great boldness in the faith.

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

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

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

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

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

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

setting on the dogs ; but in vain. The *dumb* dogs rebuked the rioters.

“ August 25th. Before I went forth into the streets and highways, I sent, after my custom, to borrow the church. The Minister (one of the better disposed) sent back a civil message : would be glad to drink a glass of wine with me, but durst not lend me his pulpit for fifty guineas. Mr. Whitefield durst lend me his field, which did just as well. For near an hour and a half God gave me voice and strength to exhort about two thousand sinners to repent, and believe the Gospel. My voice and strength failed together ; neither do I want them when my work is done. Being invited to Painswick, I waited upon the Lord, and renewed my strength. We found near one thousand gathered in the street. I have but one subject, on which I discoursed from 2 Cor. v. 19, ‘ God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.’ I besought them earnestly to be reconciled ; and the rebels seemed inclinable to lay down their arms. A young Presbyterian teacher came to us. I received fresh strength to expound the good Samaritan, at a public-house, which was full above stairs and below.

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

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

for him to Christ, as poor lost sinners. I continued my discourse till night."

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

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

"August 27th. I set out at seven. The sky was overcast, and the 'prince of the power of the air' wetted us to the skin. This, I thought, portended good. We could not stay to dry ourselves, there being, contrary to our expectation, a

company of near a thousand waiting. I preached from a table, (having been first denied the pulpit,) upon, 'Repent, and believe the Gospel.' The hearers seemed so much affected, that I appointed them to meet me again in the evening. The Minister was of my audience.

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

In the evening of the next day Mr. Charles Wesley met his brother in Bristol, where they rejoiced together on account of the glorious things which they had witnessed, and of which they had been the instruments, since they parted with each other in London. They spent the next day chiefly in visiting the people, of whom Charles was for a time to take the charge; and on the following morning, when John took his leave of them, Charles says, "His short absence cost them many tears."

This appears to have been the first time that Mr. Charles Wesley had ever been in Bristol. He had not come to inspect its antiquities, nor to gratify his taste by surveying the beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded. Upon the salvation of souls his undivided attention was fixed; and this he desired with a passion the full depth and intensity of which it would be difficult to describe. His burning zeal was a direct effect of his union with Christ. It was an emanation from Him who is emphatically the Lover of souls. On entering upon his ministry at Bristol, he found that "other men had laboured," and he had "entered into their labours."

His brother and Mr. Whitefield had here “gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed;” and by God’s blessing upon their combined exertions, “the fields were” now everywhere “white unto the harvest.” With a diligence and fidelity worthy of such a state of things, and of which there have been few examples, Charles “thrust in his sickle;” and then “came again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.”

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

Mr. Whitefield was succeeded by Mr. John Wesley; and Charles now followed both with equal steps. His zeal, his faith, his courage, his love to souls, his perseverance, were most exemplary; and he was signally owned of God, in awakening among the people a concern for divine things, and in turning them to Christ. He remained in Bristol somewhat more than two months, preaching in the most neglected parts of the city and its neighbourhood during the day, and in the evenings expounding the holy Scriptures in private houses, and large rooms, where the people could be accommodated to hear him. He also extended his labours to Kingswood, Pensford, Bearfield, Bradford, and other places, proclaiming the word of life in the open air, and often in the midst of heavy rain. While he was thus employed, some of the Clergy in Bristol inveighed against him from their pulpits

with great vehemence; and others complained bitterly of the intolerable increase of their labour, when he brought large companies of reclaimed profligates to the churches, to receive the Lord's supper: an ordinance which they had generally neglected, till they were enlightened and impressed under his ministry.

At this period Mr. Joseph Williams, of Kidderminster, a pious and upright man, whose published Journal is well known, visited Bristol, and attended Mr. Charles Wesley's ministry, of which he has given a valuable and striking account. Being a Dissenter and a Calvinist, he found it difficult to credit the accounts which he heard of the godly labours and usefulness of the Methodists, because they belonged to the Church of England, and did not entertain his views on the controverted questions relating to God's predestination. He had now an opportunity of judging for himself; and the result he declared in a letter which he wrote for insertion in the Gentleman's Magazine. He submitted it to the inspection of Mr. Charles Wesley, who appears to have prevented its publication. It was found among his papers after his decease, in Mr. Williams's handwriting. The following is an extract:—

“Hearing that Mr. Charles Wesley would preach in the afternoon, just out of the city, I got a guide, and went to hear him. I found him standing upon a table, in an erect posture, with his hands and eyes lifted up to heaven in prayer, surrounded with, I guess, more than a thousand people; some few of them persons of fashion, both men and women, but most of them of the lower rank of mankind. I know not how long he had been engaged in the duty before I came, but he continued therein, after my coming, scarcely a quarter of an hour; during which time he prayed with uncommon fervency, fluency, and variety of proper expression. He then preached about an hour, from 2 Cor. v. 17—21, in such a manner as I have seldom, if ever, heard any Minister preach; that is, though I have heard many a finer sermon, according to the common taste, yet I have scarcely ever heard any Minister discover such evident signs of a most vehement desire, or labour so earnestly, to convince his hearers that they were all by nature in a state of enmity against God, consequently in a damnable state, and needed

reconciliation to God ; that God is willing to be reconciled to all, even the worst of sinners, and for that end hath laid all our sin on Christ, and Christ hath borne the punishment due to our sins in our nature and stead ; that, on the other hand, the righteousness and merits of Christ are imputed to as many as believe on Him ; that it is faith alone, exclusive entirely of any works of ours, which applies to us the righteousness of Christ, and justifies us in the sight of God ; that none are excluded but those who refuse to come to Him, as lost, undone, yea, as damned sinners, and trust in Him alone—that is, in his meritorious righteousness and atoning sacrifice—for pardon and salvation. These points he supported all along, as he went on, with many texts of Scripture, which he explained and illustrated ; and then freely invited all, even the chief of sinners, and used a great variety of the most moving arguments and expostulations, in order to persuade, allure, instigate, and, if possible, compel all to come to Christ, and believe in Him for pardon and salvation. Nor did he fail to inform them thoroughly, how ineffectual their faith would be to justify them in the sight of God, unless it wrought by love, purified their hearts, and reformed their lives : for though he cautioned them with the utmost care, not to attribute any merit to their own performances, nor in the least degree rest upon any works of their own ; yet, at the same time, he apprized them, that their faith is but a dead faith, if it be not operative, and productive of good works, even all the good in their power.

“ Afterwards I waited on Mr. Wesley, asked him many questions, and received much satisfaction from his answers. I then went with him to a religious society, which met about seven in the evening ; and found the place so thronged, that it was with very great difficulty we got to the centre of it ; where was a convenient place provided for him, either to stand or sit. When we came to them, they were singing a hymn ; but ceased on Mr. Wesley’s mounting the rostrum. He first prayed ; then expounded part of the twelfth chapter of St. John’s Gospel ; then sung a hymn ; then proceeded awhile in the exposition ; then sung another hymn ; then prayed over more than twenty bills, which were given up by the society, respecting their spiritual concerns ; and concluded with the usual benediction. Never did I hear such praying,

or such singing,—never did I see and hear such evident marks of fervency of spirit in the service of God,—as in that society. At the close of every single petition, a serious Amen, like a rushing sound of waters, ran through the whole society; and their singing was not only the most harmonious and delightful I ever heard, but, as Mr. Whitefield writes in his Journals, they ‘sang lustily, and with a good courage.’ I never so well understood the meaning of that expression before. Indeed they seemed to sing with melody in their hearts. It is impossible for any man to try another’s heart; neither would I dare to invade the divine prerogative; but this I will venture to say, such evident marks of a lively, genuine devotion, in any part of religious worship, I never was witness to in any place, or on any occasion. If there be such a thing as heavenly music upon earth, I heard it there. If there be such an enjoyment, such an attainment, as that of a heaven upon earth, numbers in that society seemed to possess it. As for my own part, I do not remember my heart to have been so elevated in prayer and praise, either in collegiate, parochial, or private worship, as it was there and then.

“I found, upon inquiry, that great numbers in Bristol, by attending the religious ministrations of Mr. Whitefield and the Wesleys, have been reformed from a vicious course, who now, without neglecting their necessary employments, (as has been invidiously suggested,) make religion their principal concern; and particularly, that the case is remarkably thus with many of the colliers in Kingswood, whose wickedness, a few years since, was notorious. If, therefore, any inquire, as Nathanael, ‘Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?’ ‘Can any good come out of Methodism?’ I only answer, as Philip, ‘Come and see.’”

Mr. Charles Wesley thus speaks of the religious services which made so deep and favourable an impression upon the mind of Mr. Williams:—“Oct. 8th. I called on the dying man with whom I prayed last night, and found him a new creature. He told me, he now tasted the peace I spoke of, the joy and comfort of a living faith. I asked whether he was still afraid to die. ‘No, no,’ he replied; ‘I desire to die. I want to get away.’ ‘Why, do you love Jesus Christ?’ ‘Yes, dearly,’ said he, with his voice and looks. I

left him ready for the Bridegroom, and published the word of reconciliation at the Bear-yard. God in Christ was with us of a truth. I never spoke more clearly. The same power was in the society. Mr. Williams, of Kidderminster, was much edified among us. He followed a letter he wrote inviting me thither. Of what denomination he is I know not; nor is it material; for he has the mind which was in Jesus. I met my brother, just returned from London."

About three weeks before this time Mr. Williams had written to Mr. Charles Wesley, requesting him to visit Kidderminster; and he was so impressed in favour of the Wesleys, in consequence of what he now saw, and heard, and felt in Bristol, that he renewed his application, and that with greater importunity. In a letter to Mr. Charles Wesley, under the date of Oct. 17th, he says, "I forgot, at parting, to renew my humble request to you, for a line at your convenience, which I now humbly desire, to let me know when we may expect you or Mr. John Wesley here. I have provided you a field, larger than any bowling-green, and enclosed with a high wall, to preach in; and cannot but greatly hope, if you could continue a while with us, your and our Lord might reap a plentiful harvest here and hereabout; and that a wide and effectual door would be opened to you. But you may be sure of many adversaries, and none more violent than our Vicar.

"The more I have thought of your definition of justifying faith, which is what I humbly trust God hath given me, the more I am inclined to believe it right; though different from what I have been all along taught; and I want to be furnished with further proofs and arguments for it, as it is what meets with a general opposition from those good people I have mentioned it to: yet two or three seem to give in to it. I therefore beg of you, as soon as you have leisure, to be a little particular on that head, which will, I hope, turn to good account, and more and more endear you to your obliged servant, and unworthy brother in Christ.

"I dearly love your religious society. My heart is knit to them: and my prayers are daily for you and them, that they may abound more and more in every grace, in every good word and work; and that the God of hope would fill them

with all joy and peace in believing, that they may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."

The devout and joyous spirit of Mr. Charles Wesley's children in the Lord, who had but recently been reclaimed from ignorance and sin by the divine blessing upon his ministry, did not universally command the admiration with which it was contemplated by Mr. Williams. Among them were various persons who had been brought up among the Quakers and Baptists, who now felt it their duty to offer themselves as candidates for Christian baptism. Accordingly Charles says, under the date of Oct. 13th, "I waited, with my brother, upon a Minister, about baptizing some of his parish. He complained heavily of the multitude of our communicants, and produced the canon against strangers. He could not admit *that* as a reason for their coming to his church, that they had no sacrament at their own. I offered my assistance to lessen his *trouble*; but he declined it. There were a hundred of new communicants, he told us, last Sunday; and he added, 'I am credibly informed, some of them came out of spite to me.' We bless God for *this cause* of offence, and pray it may never be removed."

When Mr. Williams attended the religious meetings of the Methodists in Bristol, he states that he was greatly impressed with the sweetness and power of the singing. This was a part of divine worship in which the brothers took a lively interest from the beginning of their public labours; and as they both possessed the gift and spirit of sacred poetry, they applied themselves to the composition of hymns adapted to the use and edification of those who united with them in the worship of God. Soon after their return from Georgia, as we have already seen, they published a volume of hymns, for this purpose; and this year they added two others, of a similar kind, but more varied in their subjects, and more evangelical in their character. To both these volumes they gave the same title: "Hymns and Sacred Poems. Published by John Wesley, M. A., Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford; and Charles Wesley, M. A., Student of Christ-Church, Oxford." They were "printed by W. Strahan;" and sold by their friend "James Hutton, bookseller, at the Bible and Sun, without Temple-Bar; and at Mr. Bray's, a brazier, in Little-Britain." Such was the demand for these volumes, that one

of them passed to a second edition the same year; and the other to a third. That which appears to have been first published begins with "Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator," written by the Rector of Epworth; and also contains some poems by Mr. Gambold, with several hymns and other compositions altered from Herbert, Dr. Hickee, and Dr. Henry More.

The preface to this volume is a document of very superior value, and distinctly points out the change which had taken place in the theological views of the writers. They say, "Some verses, it may be observed, in the following collection, were written upon the scheme of the Mystic Divines. And these, it is owned, we had once in great veneration, as the best explainers of the Gospel of Christ. But we are now convinced that we therein 'greatly erred, not knowing the Scriptures, neither the power of God.' And because this is an error which many serious minds are sooner or later exposed to, and which indeed most easily besets those who seek the Lord Jesus in sincerity, we believe ourselves indispensably obliged, in the presence of God, and angels, and men, to declare wherein we apprehend those writers not to teach 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'

"And first, we apprehend them to lay another foundation. They are careful indeed to pull down our own works, and to prove that, 'by the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified.' But why is this? Only to establish our own righteousness in the place of our own works. They speak largely and well against expecting to be accepted of God for our virtuous actions; and then teach that we are to be accepted for our virtuous habits or tempers. Still the ground of our acceptance is placed in ourselves. The difference is only this: Common writers suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our outward righteousness. These suppose we are to be justified for the sake of our inward righteousness. Whereas, in truth, we are no more justified for the sake of one than of the other. For neither our own inward nor outward righteousness is the ground of our justification. Holiness of heart, as well as holiness of life, is not the cause, but the effect, of it. The sole cause of our acceptance with God (or that for the sake of which, on the account of which, we are accepted) is the righteousness and the death of Christ,

who fulfilled God's law, and died in our stead. And even the condition of it is not, as they suppose, our holiness either of heart or life ; but our faith alone ; faith contradistinguished from holiness, as well as from good works. Other foundation, therefore, can no man lay, without being an adversary to Christ and his Gospel, than faith alone ; faith, though necessarily producing both, yet not including either good works, or holiness.

“ But supposing them to have laid the foundation right ; the manner of building thereon which they advise is quite opposite to that prescribed by Christ. He commands to build up one another. They advise, ‘ To the desert ! to the desert ! and God will build you up.’ Numberless are the commendations that occur in all their writings, not of retirement intermixed with conversation, but of an entire seclusion from men, perhaps for months or years, in order to purify the soul. Whereas, according to the judgment of our Lord, and the writings of his Apostles, it is only when we are ‘ knit together,’ that we have ‘ nourishment’ from Him, and ‘ increase with the increase of God.’ Neither is there any time when the weakest member can say to the strongest, or the strongest to the weakest, ‘ I have no need of thee.’ Accordingly our blessed Lord, when his disciples were in their weakest state, sent them forth, not alone, but two by two. When they were strengthened a little, not by solitude, but by abiding with Him and one another, he commanded them to wait, not separate, but being assembled together, for the promise of the Father. And they were all with one accord, in one place, when they received the gift of the Holy Ghost. Express mention is made in the same chapter, that when there were added unto them three thousand souls, all that believed were together, and continued steadfastly, not only in the Apostles’ doctrine, but also in fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in praying with one accord. Agreeable to which is the account the great Apostle gives of the manner which he had been taught of God, for the perfecting of the saints, for the edifying of the body of Christ, even to the end of the world. And according to St. Paul, all who will ever come, in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ, must together grow up into Him. From whom the whole body fitly joined

together and compacted (or strengthened) by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body, unto the edifying of itself in love. (Eph. iv. 15, 16.)

“So widely distant is the manner of building up souls in Christ taught by St. Paul, and that taught by the Mystics! Nor do they differ as to the foundation, or the manner of building thereon, more than they do with regard to the superstructure. For the religion these authors would edify us in, is solitary religion. ‘If thou wilt be perfect,’ say they, ‘trouble not thyself about outward works. It is better to work virtues in the will. He hath attained the true resignation who hath estranged himself from all outward works, that God may work inwardly in him, without any turning to outward things. These are the true worshippers, who worship God in spirit and in truth.’ For contemplation is with them the fulfilling of the law, even a contemplation that ‘consists in a cessation of all works.’

“Directly opposite to this is the Gospel of Christ. Solitary religion is not to be found there. ‘Holy solitaries’ is a phrase no more consistent with the Gospel than holy adulterers. The Gospel of Christ knows of no religion but social; no holiness, but social holiness. Faith working by love is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of Christian perfection. This commandment we have from Christ, that he who loves God love his brother also; and that we manifest our love, by doing good unto all men, especially to them that are of the household of faith. And in truth, whosoever loveth his brethren, not in word only, but as Christ loved him, cannot but be zealous of good works. He feels in his soul a burning, restless desire of spending and being spent for them. ‘My Father,’ will he say, ‘worketh hitherto, and I work;’ and at all possible opportunities, he is, like his Master, going about doing good.”

In full accordance with these scriptural principles are the following remarks upon the very defective theology of William Law, which Mr. Charles Wesley entered in his private journal during his stay at Bristol:—“I read part of Mr. Law on Regeneration to our society. How promising the beginning! how lame the conclusion! Christianity, he rightly tells us, is a recovery of the divine image; and a Christian is a fallen

spirit restored, and re-instated in paradise ; a living mirror of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. After this he supposes it *possible* for him to be *insensible* of such a change ; to be happy, and holy, and translated into Eden, renewed in the likeness of God, one with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and *yet not know it*. Nay, we are not to expect, or bid others expect, any such consciousness, if we listen to one who too plainly demonstrates, by his wretched inconsistency, his knowledge of the new birth is mostly in theory.”

In this manner did these faithful men bear testimony to the truth, and retract the errors which had long held them in spiritual bondage. Their teaching was now derived from the holy Scriptures, to which they subordinated every principle and opinion ; feeling the full force of the inquiry, “What is the chaff to the wheat ? saith the Lord.”

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is a chasm in Mr. Charles Wesley's private journal from the 6th of November, 1739, to the 14th of March following; and hence it is difficult to ascertain the whole of his movements during this period. He appears to have left Bristol early in November, and to have gone to Oxford, being summoned thither by the authorities of the University, to respond in the divinity disputations. Here, it is probable, the following letter was addressed to him, containing the intelligence of his brother Samuel's death. It was written by an intimate friend of the deceased, Mr. Amos Matthews:—

“Tiverton, Nov. 14, 1739. Rev. and dear Sir,—Your brother, and my dear friend, (for so you are sensible he was to me,) on Monday, the 5th of November, went to bed, as he thought as well as he had been for some time before. He was seized about three o'clock in the morning very ill; when your sister immediately sent for Mr. Norman, and ordered the servant to call me. Mr. Norman came as quick as he possibly could; but said, as soon as he saw him, that he could not get over it, but would die in a few hours. He was not able to take anything, nor to speak to us; only ‘yes,’ or ‘no,’ to a question asked him; and that did not last half an hour. I never went from his bed-side till he expired, which was about seven the same morning. With a great deal of difficulty we persuaded your dear sister to leave the room before he died. I trembled to think how she would bear it, knowing the sincere affection and love she had for him. But, blessed be God, He hath heard and answered prayer on her behalf; and, in a great measure, calmed her spirit, though she has not yet been out of her chamber. Your brother was buried on Monday last, in the afternoon; and is gone to reap the fruit of his labours. I pray God we may imitate him in all his virtues, and be prepared to follow. I should enlarge much more, but have not time; for which reason I hope you

will excuse him who is under the greatest obligations to be, and really is, with the greatest sincerity,

“Yours in all things.”

On receiving this intelligence of their brother's death, Mr. John and Charles Wesley hastened to Tiverton, to sympathize with their widowed sister. They arrived on the 21st; and John says in his Journal, “My poor sister was sorrowing almost as one without hope. Yet we could not but rejoice at hearing from one who had attended my brother in all his weakness, that several days before he went hence God had given him a calm and full assurance of his interest in Christ. O may every one who opposes it be thus convinced, that this doctrine is of God!”

This concluding sentence refers to a correspondence between Samuel and John concerning justification by faith, and the witness of the Holy Spirit to the personal adoption of believers. Samuel had received some very erroneous impressions, respecting the tenets and proceedings of his brothers, from letters addressed to him by Mrs. Hutton, containing exaggerated statements, and written under the influence of irritated feelings. John had attempted to convince him of the truth; and rejoiced to find, that, before his brother's spirit returned to God, he received that assurance of the divine favour which is the fruit of a vital faith in the atonement of Christ. In cases of this nature, the conviction which arises from personal experience is immensely more important than that which arises from mere argument. “If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.”

Mr. Samuel Wesley was tenderly beloved by his aged mother, who was now hastening to the close of her earthly pilgrimage. Nor is this surprising; for he was an example of filial reverence and affection. Under the painful bereavement this venerable woman thus poured forth the feelings of her heart to the younger of her now-surviving sons: “Nov. 29th, 1739. Dear Charles,—Upon the first hearing of your brother's death, I did immediately acquiesce in the will of God, without the least reluctance. Only I somewhat marvelled that Jacky did not inform me of it before he left, since he knew thereof; but he was unacquainted with the manner of God's dealing with me in extraordinary cases, which

indeed is no wonder ; for though I have so often experienced His infinite power and mercy in my support, and inward calmness of spirit when the trial would otherwise have been too strong for me, yet His ways of working are to myself incomprehensible and ineffable !

“ Your brother was exceeding dear to me in his life ; and perhaps I have erred in loving him too well. I once thought it impossible for me to bear his loss ; but none know what they can bear, till they are tried. As your good old grandfather often used to say, ‘ That is an affliction, that God makes an affliction.’ For surely the manifestation of His presence and favour is more than an adequate support under any suffering whatever. But if He withhold his consolations, and hide his face from us, the least suffering is intolerable. But blessed and adored be his holy name, it hath not been so with me, though I am infinitely unworthy of the least of all his mercies ! I rejoice in having a comfortable hope of my dear son’s salvation. He is now at rest, and would not return to earth, to gain the world. Why then should I mourn ? He hath reached the haven before me ; but I shall soon follow him. He must not return to me ; but I shall go to him, never to part more.

“ I thank you for your care of my temporal affairs. It was natural to think that I should be troubled for my dear son’s death on that account, because so considerable a part of my support was cut off. But, to say the truth, I have never had one anxious thought of such matters : for it came immediately into my mind, that God, by my child’s loss, had called me to a firmer dependence on Himself ; that though my son was good, he was not my God ; and that now our heavenly Father seemed to have taken my cause more immediately into his own hand ; and therefore, even against hope, I believed in hope that I should never suffer more.

“ I cannot write much, being but weak. I have not been down stairs above ten weeks, though better than I was lately. Pray give my kind love and blessing to my daughter and Philly. I pray God to support and provide for her.”

Within a few weeks of the death of Samuel Wesley, two events of great importance, connected with the public labours of the brothers, took place in London. One of these was the opening of their first separate place of worship ; and the

other, the formation of the first society that was exclusively under their pastoral care. The preaching-house here referred to was the Foundry in Moorfields, the history of which is curious and interesting. It was a large and shapeless brick building, which stood near the present site of Finsbury-square. Formerly it was in the occupation of the Government, and used for the casting of cannon for the army. Hence the name by which it was known. It was inconveniently near to London, crowds being sometimes drawn to witness the process of casting; and an accident having occurred, by means of an explosion, in which some lives were lost, and many persons greatly injured, the establishment was removed to the neighbourhood of Woolwich, and the Foundry in Moorfields was left unoccupied.

In the autumn of the year 1739 two gentlemen, of the name of Watkins and Ball, neither of whom was then known to Mr. John Wesley, came to him, and urged him to rent this building for religious purposes. Their reason doubtless was, to provide a shelter for him, and the thousands who attended his ministry in Moorfields, especially during the winter months, which were then fast approaching. He was unwilling to engage in such an undertaking, his income being limited, and the expense of fitting up such a ruinous building considerable. At the same time he had to provide the requisite pecuniary supplies for the erection of the "Room" in Bristol, and the school for the children of the colliers in Kingswood, both of which were in progress. The gentlemen proposed immediately to advance the money, he giving them security for the re-payment. To this offer he at length consented; and, after extensive repairs and alterations, the Foundry was opened as a house of God in the month of November. "The United Society," says Mr. Wesley, "began soon after." Several persons, impressed by his preaching, came to him for spiritual advice. He appointed Thursday evening, as the time at which he would meet them all together, for the purpose of counsel and prayer. Twelve came the first night; forty, the next; soon after, a hundred. This was the rise of the United Societies, which now constitute what is usually called the Wesleyan Connexion.

The formation of this society, especially at this period, was

very opportune and providential; that which met at Fetter-lane being greatly agitated and injured by the introduction of novel and dangerous opinions. It was mostly under the care of the Moravians; two of whose Ministers, Molther and Spangenberg, were then in London, intent, as it would seem, upon forming in England a Church in immediate connexion with their own community, and as an integral part of it. Molther was the most active and strenuous in propagating the errors by which many were misled to their ruin. He contended, that there are no degrees in faith; so that those who have not the full and unclouded assurance of the divine favour, whatever they may possess beside, have no faith at all. Another principle which he distinctly avowed and defended was, that till men have faith, they are not to use any of the means of grace, such as the reading of the Scriptures, attendance upon the ministry of the Gospel, and receiving the holy communion; these ordinances being rather injurious than beneficial, till men have a true and vital faith. It does not appear that these are the authorized tenets of the Moravian body; but they were not only avowed, but publicly enforced, by Molther, with the concurrence of his brethren. With these principles, and some others of a similar kind, the Wesleys and Mr. Ingham were justly offended; and in the enforcement of Christian duty, as well as in the encouragement of weak believers, they withstood Molther and his associates to the face. Many were carried away with the delusion, and great heartburnings and strife ensued. It was not likely that the Wesleys, with their strong and declared attachment to the Church of England, and their correct views of practical religion, could remain permanently connected with the Moravians in Fetter-lane. They were deeply grieved, especially when they found that some of their best and most pious friends were drawn aside from the simplicity of the Gospel, to their great spiritual loss. With their friend Mr. Ingham, they did what they could to arrest the progress of these errors; but they had numerous engagements in other places; and they found that, during their absence, their efforts were neutralized, and practical Christianity was supplanted, by a soothing and self-indulgent quietism.

During the month of March, 1740, Mr. Charles Wesley went to Bengeworth, to visit his friend Mr. Seward, and

preach in the neighbourhood, where he had formerly been favoured with great success. The brutal treatment which he there met with he thus describes :—

“March 15th. Between two and three we came to Bengeworth. I sent for Mr. Seward: answer was returned, that he had taken physic, but would send his brother Henry to me. Mr. Henry followed me to Mr. Canning’s, and fell upon me without preface or ceremony. I was the downfall of his brother; had picked his pocket; ruined his family; come now to get more money; was a scoundrel, rascal, and so forth; and deserved to have my gown stripped over my ears. He concluded with threatening how he would beat me, if he could but catch me on Bengeworth-common. I spoke little, and with temper.

“All letters, I find, have been intercepted since Mr. Seward’s illness; his fever is called madness; his servants set over him as spies, &c. Be sure, he is to know nothing of my being here; but I mean to give him a hint of it to-morrow, by shouting from the top of his wall.

“Sunday, March 16th. I preached the law and Gospel last night, with much freedom and power; and appointed the usual place for preaching. Mr. Henry came to dissuade me; said, ‘Four Constables are ordered to apprehend you, if you come near my brother’s wall; so come at your peril.’ I walked toward the place. An officer from the Mayor met me, and desired me to come to him. I said, I would first wait upon my Lord, and then upon him, whom I revered for his office sake. I went on. Mr. Henry met me with threats and revilings. I began singing,—

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

He ran about, raving like a madman, and quickly got some men for his purpose, who laid hold on me. I asked by what authority. Where was their warrant? Let them show that. I would save them the trouble of using violence. They said, they had none; but I should not preach there; and hurried me away amid the cries of the people. Truly their tongues were set on fire of hell. Henry cried, ‘Take him away, and duck him.’ I broke out into singing, with Thomas Maxfield, and let them carry me whither they would. At the bridge-

end of the lane they left me. There I stood, out of the liberty of the corporation, and gave out,—

‘ Angel of God, whate’er betide,
Thy summons I obey.’

Some hundreds they could not frighten from hearing me on, ‘ If God be for us, who can be against us ? ’ Never did I feel so much what I spoke. The word did not return empty ; as the tears on all sides testified.

“ Then I waited on Mr. Mayor. The poor sincere ones followed me trembling. He was a little warm at my not coming before. I gave him the reason ; and added, that I knew no law of God or man, which I had transgressed. If there was any such, I desired no favour. He said, he should not have denied me leave to preach, even in his own yard, but Mr. Henry Seward and the ‘ Pothecary ’ had assured him it would quite cast his brother down again. I said, it would rather restore him ; for our Gospel was life from the dead.

“ A Lawyer began declaiming against my making the poor gentleman mad. I granted, you fools must count his life madness. Here a Clergyman spoke much and nothing. As near as I could pick out his meaning, he grumbled at Mr. Whitefield’s speaking against the Clergy in his Journal. I told him, if he himself was a carnal, worldly-minded Clergyman, *I* might do what he called railing,—warn God’s people to beware of false prophets. I did not *say*, (because I did not know him,) that he was one of those shepherds that fed themselves, not the flock ; of those dumb dogs, that could not bark ; of those greedy dogs, that could never have enough. If he was, I was sorry for him, and must leave that sentence of Chrysostom with him : ‘ Hell is paved with the skulls of Christian Priests.’

“ He charged me with making a division in Mr. Seward’s family. I asked, ‘ Are you a Preacher of the Gospel ; and do not know the effect it has among men ? There shall be five in a house ; two against three ; and three against two.’ He laughed, and cried to his companion, ‘ Did not I tell you, he would bring that ? ’ I urged the necessity of persecution, if one of the family was first awakened. ‘ Awakened ! ’ said he ; ‘ I do not know what you mean by that.’ ‘ I mean, your speaking truth, when you tell God that the remembrance of

your sins is grievous to you, the burden intolerable.' I turned from him, and asked the Mayor whether he approved the treatment I had met with. He said, 'By no means;' and if I complained, he would bind the men over, to answer it at the sessions. I told him, I did not complain; neither would I prosecute them, as they well knew: assured him, I had waited upon him, not out of interest, for I wanted nothing of him; not out of fear, for I had done no wrong, and wanted no human support; but out of true respect, and to show him I believed the powers that be are ordained of God.

"In the church, the Minister I had talked with seemed utterly confounded at the second lesson, John iii. That saying in the epistle likewise was sadly inconsistent with some of his: 'But as then, he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit: *even so it is now.*' In the pulpit (Nicodemus's strong-hold) he strained hard to draw a parallel between the Pharisees and Methodists.

"In the evening I preached without interruption. Our Lord was present. None stirred for the rain. The school-house was crowded at seven. I spoke convincingly to some scoffers in particular, who could not long stand it.

'Sing ye to our God above
Praise eternal as his love!'

We have seen wonderful things to-day!

"March 17th. My yesterday's treatment has provoked many to love. They receive me the more gladly into their houses, because Mr. Seward's is shut against me. I breakfasted at a loving Quaker's, and preached at three by the river-side. God put strong words into my mouth, and inclined the people's hearts to hearken.

"Mr. Henry Seward, mad with passion at my stay, spreads the news of it everywhere, and much increases my audience. To-night I proceeded in the Beatitudes. When I came to the last, 'Blessed are they which are persecuted,' &c.; our enemies, not knowing the Scriptures, fulfilled them. A troop poured in from a neighbouring alehouse, and set up their champion, a schoolmaster, upon a bench over against me. For near an hour, he spake for his master, and I for mine; but my voice prevailed. Sometimes we prayed, sometimes sang and gave thanks. The Lord our God was with us, and

the shout of a King was amongst us. In the midst of tumult, reproach, and blasphemy, I enjoyed a sweet calm within, even while I preached the Gospel with most contention. These slighter conflicts must fit me for greater.

“ March 18th. Last night’s disturbance, we now hear, was contrived at the alehouse by the ’Squire and Rector. I preached at the usual place. I set my eyes on the man that had been most violent with me on Sunday, and testified my love. He thanked me, and seemed melted. While I was concluding, my friend, the schoolmaster, set up his throat. We had recourse to singing, which quite spoiled his oration. Henry had kept him in town, warm with drink for this purpose. I could hardly restrain the people from falling upon him. I went up to my other rough friend, the Serjeant, and shook him by the hand with hearty good-will. He could not well tell how to take it; said he had only done what he was ordered; and seemed glad to get out of my hands. Some had come merely to make a riot; but my God was stronger than theirs.

“ I had a message before preaching from the Minister, that if I did not immediately quit the town, Mr. Henry Seward could easily raise a mob; and then let me look to myself. Mr. Canning and others dissuaded me from going to the society; for my enemies were resolved to do me a mischief, which I ought to avoid by going out of the way for a while. I answered, in the words of Nehemiah, ‘ Should such a man as I flee?’ not in self-confidence; (for I am naturally afraid of everything;) but I was told in the morning psalms, ‘ Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty,’ &c. I went, and set upon the opposers; bade them glory of me, for they had terrified me now. I was really afraid—to leave Evesham. I durst no more do it, than forsake my Captain, or deny my Master, while any one of them opened his mouth against the truth. No man answered a word, or offered to disturb me in my following exhortation. Many were convinced. Mrs. Canning was in the depth of mourning. We spent an hour in songs of triumph. Some Quakers joined us, and found their giving God praises with their lips did not at all obstruct the melody of the heart.”

Mr. Charles Wesley left Evesham on the 20th, for the

purpose of visiting Oxford and some other places, where he was grieved to find that the "diabolical stillness," as he calls it, which had infected the society in London, had been recommended to his spiritual children, to their mortal injury. He laboured with all his might to convince them of their errors, and induce them to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, according to the scriptural direction; and returned to Evesham on the 25th. He says, "I met Mr. Henry. He asked me to step into the Crown. I answered, I did not frequent taverns. 'What business have you with my brother?' 'Can you imagine, if I have any business with him as a Christian, I shall communicate it to you?' 'Why not to me?' 'Because you are a natural man.' 'Why, are not you a natural man as well as I?' 'You are a *mere* natural man, in your sins, and in your blood.' 'What do you mean by that? I say, have you any particular business?' 'I have business at present somewhat different from talking with you.'

"March 26th. News was brought us that Mr. Benjamin Seward was carrying out to Badsey, there to be secured, no doubt, till I turn my back on Evesham. I walked out that way, and met Henry. He excused his past behaviour: said anger was rooted in his nature. 'But indeed, Sir, you are the downfall of my brother Benjamin. He has certainly been out of his senses.' 'Yes; and so have I been before now in a fever.' 'O, but we all really think him mad, through means of you gentlemen.' 'Very likely you may; and if it should ever please God to make you a Christian, you will be thought mad too.' 'God make me a Christian! I am a better Christian than you are.' 'You was once in the way of being one; but you have stifled your convictions.' 'I say, I am a better Christian than you are. I have good Ministers and the Scriptures to teach me.' 'Yes; and those Scriptures say, a man that loves money is no more a Christian than an adulterer.' 'What, Sir, must not a man love money? How shall he go to market without it? Not that I value it, not I. But what do you mean by making divisions in our family? You come now to get money.' 'Indeed, Sir, you know not what I come for. You cannot tell what to make of me. You have no standard to measure me by, but yourself. I do not wonder at your outcries. Micah cried

after them that ran away with his gods; and should they ask him what ailed him? Money is your god; and you think I come to rob you of it.' He rode to a good convenient distance; then turning back, cried out, 'You are a rascal, and a villain, and a pick-pocket!' and, setting spurs to his horse, made off as fast as he could. Brother Maxfield and I walked on, calmly praising God.

"Mr. Canning's little daughter told us, she had watched in the lane, and put a note into Mr. Benjamin Seward's hand. Soon after, his chariot stopped at our door, and I went out, and found my friend. He invited me to his house. Henry was upon the coach-box, a place he full well became; and which nothing could make uneasy to him, but my presence. Yesterday he told me, I should never see his brother; and to-day he himself brings him to me.

"March 27th. I dined at Mr. Keech's, who is somewhat awakened; his daughter, more so; his wife, a true mourner. I drank tea with one that *was* a sinner, but now looks unto Jesus. I walked out with brother Maxfield to the river-side, and spent a comfortable hour in prayer and singing. Then we went to Mr. Benjamin Seward's. We found Henry and his wife with him; both surprisingly civil, and full of apology. Henry begged my pardon, and waited upon me to the gate.

"I finished Matthew v. with the society. All was quiet till the last hymn. Then I heard the enemy roaring, and gave out another. They left off first; and the people departed, not all, I hope, in peace; for the strong man armed is disturbed in many.

"March 28th. I met Mr. Henry at his brother's, and with all plainness and love endeavoured to convince him of sin. Never have I found a man of so little sense with so many evasions. I simply told him, that if he died in his present condition, he must die eternally; that he raged in vain; my hook was within him; I had warned the sinner, and delivered my own soul. 'Your hook!' cried he; 'what do you mean by your hook?' Benjamin answered, smiling, 'You know, brother, Mr. Wesley is a fisher of men.' As a Minister, I added, I now showed him *his* lost estate; and that, whether he would hear, or whether he would forbear.

"In the school-house I summed up all I had said, and

encouraged them to build up one another, promising to see them again when the Lord directed my way to them. Our parting was as it ought to be.

“March 29th. I took my leave of Mr. Seward. Henry fell upon me for advising his brother to keep up the society. ‘Rogue, rascal, villain, pick-pocket,’ were the best titles he could afford me. Mr. Benjamin interposed. I begged him not then to answer a fool according to his folly. Henry started up, and courageously took me by the nose. The cries of Mrs. Seward stopped any farther violence. I was filled with comfort, felt the hand of God upon me, and sat still. I said to Mrs. Seward, ‘Be not disquieted, Madam: I have learned to turn the other cheek.’ Henry was as the troubled sea. Benjamin, perfectly composed, said to me, ‘You have now received one mark of Christ:’ to his brother, ‘Was I what you are, I should turn you out of my house this moment.’ I would not let him proceed; begged Mrs. Seward’s pardon for the disturbance I had been the innocent occasion of; and departed, rejoicing that I was counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ.”

From Evesham, where he had been thus treated with insult, and where many people had received the truth with much contention, Mr. Charles Wesley, accompanied by Thomas Maxfield, hastened to Wescot, where Mr. Morgan, the Clergyman, received him with respect and kindness; and while Charles was expounding the Epistle to Philemon, Mrs. Morgan received the power to believe with the heart unto righteousness, and was enabled to rejoice in God her Saviour. Taking Oxford in his way, he then returned to London, where he found the Fetter-lane society more and more infected with Molther’s corrupt leaven. Some were spending their time in wrangling and disputation, depreciating the means of grace; and others were quiet and easy in the open and avowed neglect of the most obvious duties of Christian piety. He did what he could to rouse the careless ones to a penitent sense of their sad loss, and to guard from the popular evil those who still stood fast in the Lord; but he saw that a permanent union with men who systematically opposed the observance of God’s ordinances was impossible. A separation, he perceived, must ensue. His journal more than

confirms all that his brother has published on this melancholy subject.

“I talked,” says he, “with poor perverted Mr. Simpson. The *still ones* have carried their point. He said some were prejudiced against the Moravian Brethren; and particularly against Mr. Molther; but that he had received great benefit from them. I asked whether he *was still in* the means of grace, or *out* of them. ‘Means of grace!’ he answered: ‘there are none. Neither is there any good to be got by those you call such; or any obligation upon us to use them. Sometimes I go to church and sacrament, for example sake; but it is a thing of mere indifference. Most of us have cast them off. You must not speak a word in recommendation of them. That is setting people upon working.’

“What shall we say to these things? I then *said* little, but thought, ‘Ah, my brother, you have set the wolf to keep the sheep!’

“April 4th. I called with Maxfield on Molther, in the afternoon. He did not much open himself; only talked in general against *running after ordinances*. We parted, as we met, without either prayer or singing. The time for these poor exercises is past.

“April 5th. I spent an hour with Charles Delamotte. The Philistines have been upon him, and prevailed. He has given up the ordinances, as to their being matter of duty. Only his practice lags a little behind his faith. He uses them still. He would not have me plead for them. ‘They are mere outward things. Our brethren have left them off. It would only cause divisions to bring them up again. Let them drop, and speak of the weightier matters of the law.’ I told him, I would hear them of their own mouth, who talked against the ordinances: first, have my full evidence; and then speak, and not spare.

“I breakfasted with my mother, who has been dealt with; but in vain. *Bishop Beveridge would as soon have given up the ordinances!*

“I disturbed Mr. Stonehouse before his time. It was but eight o’clock. However, he rose, and came to me.

“If thou art he! but O how changed! how fallen! a mere, mere Moravian all over! He is now taught to teach, that there are no degrees of faith; no forgiveness, or faith,

where any unbelief remains; any doubt, or fear, or sorrow. He himself was never justified; is going to leave his parish, and transport himself—to Germany! I have given an account of his wife in him.

“From eleven to one is devoted to conference. The first that came was Stephen Dupee, a soldier, who informs me he received forgiveness this week, IN hearing the word, and could lay down his life for the truth of it. But forasmuch as faith came not by hearing the Moravians, I suppose, in his first temptation, they will remand him to the prison of Satan; and not allow him to have faith, till he submits to theirs.

“Margaret Austin tells me, she has longed for my coming, as a child for the breast. ‘I was justified,’ she said, ‘the first Friday you was at Wapping, with those many others. I saw my Saviour bringing me a pardon, written in his blood. But their telling me I had no faith, if I had any doubt, brought me again into darkness. I have been in an agony ever since; but last night, my Saviour returned. I received your words, as coming from his mouth: and with the eye of faith I again saw my pardon written in his blood.’

“I walked with brother Maxfield, praying and praising God. A sweet confidence He gave us, that He would not leave us alone; but by us weak things confound the things that are strong.

“S. Jackson called, and much strengthened my hands. Most of the women have renounced the ordinances. Our sister Munsey has left their society, for their treatment of *her* Ministers. A separation I foresee unavoidable. All means have been taken to wean our friends from their esteem for us. God never used us, say they, as instruments to convert one soul. Indeed I have just received a noble testimony of William Seward, to the contrary. But he and George Whitefield are reprobated, as unbelievers. In a letter now received, George writes, ‘Remember what Luther says, *Rather let heaven and earth come together, than one tittle of truth perish.*’”

In this firm and decided manner did Mr. Charles Wesley unite with his brother, in maintaining scriptural views of the ordinances of God, and in preserving their spiritual children from principles which, if reduced to practice, must have been

destructive of piety. It is gratifying to find, that the most eager *talkers* against the means of grace, still waited upon God in the use of them; and that others, with a singular inconsistency, professedly attended public worship, and the sacrament of the Lord's supper, "for the sake of example;" thus assuming, in direct contradiction of their own avowed opinions, that, with respect to people in general, danger is to be apprehended from the neglect of these ordinances, and benefit is to be realized in attending them. If the ordinances were useless, and of no obligation, why should they be recommended by "example," any more than by preaching? The hearts of these erring men were better than their understandings; yet their influence was mischievous in a high degree. It is difficult to avoid the impression, that these foreign Ministers, then in London, wished to get rid of the Wesleys, that they might, without difficulty, form a distinct and independent society, in strict connexion with the Moravian Church: a scheme which could never be accomplished while these two energetic and zealous Church-of-England Clergymen stood in the way.

It was a mighty advantage to the Wesleys, in this emergency of their affairs, that they had the Foundery in their own hands, as a commodious place of religious worship. Often were they reminded, that "the room in Fetter-lane was taken for the Moravians;" but in the Foundery, they had perfect freedom of speech. Here they lifted up the warning voice against sin, and every form of error, in the presence of multitudes of people, who not unfrequently crowded the place both within and without; some inquiring what they must do to be saved, and others wishful to know whether or not there were any means of grace. Charles was in the habit of delivering expository discourses upon entire books of Scripture. At Bristol, he expounded publicly the Epistle to the Romans; and at the Foundery, the Gospel of St. John. Both the brothers laboured to produce strong feeling in the hearts of their hearers; but the means which they employed, in order to this end, were not the arts of oratory and declamation. They aimed, in all their ministrations, to communicate solid instruction.

Yet attempts were made to interrupt them in the peaceable occupation of their plain and humble house of prayer.

On the 31st of May, 1740, says Mr. Charles Wesley, "I heard that the Foundery was lately presented at Hick's Hall, for a seditious assembly. Sir John Gunson interposed, and objected that no persons were named in the presentment. Upon this they presented Charles Wesley, Clerk; James Hutton, Bookseller; Timothy Lewis, Printer; and Howell Harris, *alias* the Welsh Apostle. But our friend Sir John quashed the whole."

"Easter-day, April 6th. At the Foundery," says Charles, "I strongly preached Christ, and the power of his resurrection. My intention was, not to mention one word of the controverted points, till I had spoken with each of the seducers. But God ordered it better. My mouth was opened, to ask, 'Who hath bewitched you, that you should let go your Saviour? that you should cast away your shield, and your confidence, and deny you ever knew Him?' More to this purpose I said; and then followed a burst of general sorrow. The whole congregation was in tears. I called them back to their Saviour, even *theirs*, in words which were not mine; pressed obedience to the divine ordinances; and prayed my Lord to stay his hand, and not set his seal, unless I spake as the oracles of God. After preaching He sent me a witness of his truth, which I had delivered. A sister, long in darkness through doubtful disputations, came, and declared Christ had again imprinted forgiveness on her heart. My heart, for the time, was as hers. Brother Maxfield was in the full triumph of faith.

"I dined at Hiland's, halting between two. Bell, Simpson, and others, when the bell rung for church, said, 'It is good for us to be *here*.' 'Well, then,' said I, 'I will go myself, and leave you to your antichristian liberty.' Upon this, they started up, and bore me company.

"The Foundery at night was filled both within and without. I showed them their natural estate, and the way to come out of it, in blind Bartimeus, who sat by the way-side begging. I could not have *so spoken* of the ordinances, had not God instituted them. Every word brought its own evidence to their hearts."

The preaching at Moorfields and at Kennington-common was still continued; and Mr. Charles Wesley devoted two hours daily to what he calls "conferences:" that is, from

eleven to one o'clock, he was accessible to all who chose to apply to him for spiritual advice. In this exercise instances of spiritual good received through his ministry, often came under his notice, which greatly encouraged him in his work. "Many poor sinners," says he on the 8th of April, "came to confer with me to-day about their souls. Two hours is full too little for this work." On the same day he adds,—

"At one the women bands met by my appointment. I began praying, and we were all overwhelmed. I spoke largely of their being brought into the wilderness; of their folly and ingratitude, in giving up not his Ministers only, but their Saviour himself. My love and sorrow ran through them all. I told them that their forsaking the ordinances sufficiently accounted for their being forsaken by Christ; warned them against disputing, against vindicating *me*, or saying, 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos;' against the double extreme of resting in the means, or slighting them; but, above all, of stopping short of the glorious image of God. Jane Jackson and others witnessed what God had done for their souls through our ministry. If Christ be not with us, who hath begotten us these? His power overshadowed us at this time: therefore our hearts danced for joy, and in our song did we praise Him.

"I preached at the Common to six thousand poor, maimed, halt, and blind. Glory to Him who is with his messengers *always!*

"April 22d. I met Molther at Mrs. Ibison's. He expressly denies that grace, or the Spirit, is transmitted through the means, particularly through the sacrament. This, he insists, is no command; is for believers only; that is, for such as are sanctified, have Christ fully formed in their hearts. Faith, he teaches, is inconsistent with any following doubt, or selfish thought. He mentioned it as a sign of my carnal state, that I complained of our brethren for withdrawing the people's love from me and my brother. I answered, 'So did St. Paul, on a like occasion. *They zealously affect you, but not well: yea, they would exclude us, that ye might affect THEM.* If I desired their love for my own sake, it was wrong and carnal; if for theirs, it was right and apostolical.'"

In the midst of these agitations, Thomas Keen, “a mild and candid Quaker,” of Thaxted, in Essex, addressed the following letter to Mr. Charles Wesley. Charles had preached in the field of this devout man, about twelve months before, when on a visit to Broadoaks; and Keen had then believed to the saving of his soul.

“May 15th, 1740. My Friend,—I hear there are divisions among you; for some say, ‘I am of Wesley;’ and others, ‘I am of Molther.’ But I say, ‘I am of Christ; and what He bids me do, I will do, and not trust in any man.’ Here some will say, ‘What Christ bids you do, is, to believe, and *be still*;’ but does He bid me do nothing else? He bids me so ‘let my light shine before men, that they may glorify my Father which is in heaven.’ He likewise says, ‘The Scribes and Pharisees sit in Moses’s chair: all, therefore, whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do.’ But how can I know what they bid me do, except I go to hear them? Again, Christ bids me observe all things which He commands the Apostles; and with such He will be to the end of the world: but if I do not observe and do his commands, He will not be with me. He bids me ‘do this in remembrance of’ Him. Now, if any man can prove this is not a command, I will obey it no longer. But whosoever ‘breaketh one of these least commandments, and teacheth men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven.’

“As to *stillness*, our Saviour saith, ‘The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;’ and, ‘Strive to enter in at the strait gate.’ And St. Paul saith, ‘Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling;’ and, ‘God is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.’ Now, these scriptures imply somewhat more than barely sitting still. Some deny that there are any means of grace; but I will be thankful for them, since it was in them I first heard you preach faith in Christ; and, had I not been there, I must have been without faith to this day. One told me, when you preached, you had nature in your face. So will every one who speaks with zeal; but no matter for that, if he has but grace in his heart.

“My friend, there are many teachers, but few fathers. But you are my father, who begat me by the Gospel; and,

I trust, many more. May the Lord lead you into all truth !
So prays your friend,

“THOMAS KEEN.”

The following fine hymn was written by Mr. Charles Wesley in the midst of these disputes. It guards against extremes both on the right hand and the left ; and embodies those just views on the subject which the brothers steadily maintained to the end of their lives. He used to call upon the right-minded people in his congregations at the Foundery, to unite with him in singing it ; and it is difficult to conceive how any enlightened Christian could refuse to join in the holy exercise. Its effect, at the time, must have been very powerful. It is entitled,

THE MEANS OF GRACE.

LONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,
With unavailing pain ;
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,
And heard it preach'd, in vain.

Oft did I with the' assembly join,
And near thine altar drew ;
A form of godliness was mine,
The power I never knew.

To please thee thus, at last I see,
In vain I hop'd, and strove :
For what are outward things to thee,
Unless they spring from love ?

I see the perfect law requires
Truth in the inward parts,
Our full consent, our whole desires,
Our undivided hearts.

But I of *means* have made my boast,
Of *means* an idol made,
The spirit in the letter lost,
The substance in the shade.

I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design ;
The length and breadth I never saw,
And height of love divine.

Where am I now ? or what my hope ?
 What can my weakness do ?
 JESU ! to thee my soul looks up,
 'Tis thou must make it new.

Thine is the work, and thine alone.
 But shall I idly stand ?
 Shall I the written rule disown,
 And slight my God's command ?

Wildly shall I from thee turn back,
 A better path to find ;
 Thine holy ordinance forsake,
 And cast thy words behind ?

Forbid it, gracious Lord, that I
 Should ever learn thee so !
 No ; let me with thy word comply,
 If I thy love would know.

Suffice for me, that thou, my Lord,
 Hast bid me fast and pray :
 Thy will be done, thy name adored,
 'Tis only mine to' obey.

Thou bidd'st me search the sacred leaves,
 And taste the hallow'd bread :
 The kind command my soul receives,
 And longs on thee to feed.

Still for thy loving-kindness, Lord,
 I in thy temple wait ;
 I look to find thee in thy word,
 Or at thy table meet.

Here, *in thine own appointed ways,*
 I wait to learn thy will :
 Silent I stand before thy face,
 And hear thee say, *Be still !*

Be still, and know that I am God !
 'Tis all I live to know ;
 To feel the virtue of thy blood,
 And spread its praise below.

I wait my vigour to renew,
 Thine image to retrieve,
 The veil of outward things pass through,
 And gasp in thee to live.

I work ; and own the labour vain ;
 And *thus* from works I cease :
 I strive, and see my fruitless pain,
 Till God create my peace.

Fruitless, till thou thyself impart,
 Must all my efforts prove :
 They cannot change a sinful heart,
 They cannot purchase love.

I do the thing thy laws enjoin,
 And *then* the strife give o'er :
 To thee I *then* the whole resign,
 I *trust* in means no more.

I trust in Him who stands between
 The Father's wrath and me :
 JESU ! thou great eternal mean,
 I look for all from thee.

Thy mercy pleads, thy truth requires,
 Thy promise calls thee down :
 Not for the sake of my desires,—
 But O regard thine own !

I seek no motive out of thee :
 Thine own desires fulfil :
 If now thy bowels yearn on me,
 On me perform thy will.

Doom, if thou canst, to endless pains,
 And drive me from thy face ;
 But if thy stronger love constrains,
 Let me be saved by grace.

While the controversy respecting the ordinances was agitated, the Wesleys still preached in Moorfields and on Kennington-common, to vast multitudes, and with undiminished success. Conversions were numerous, and the society connected with the Foundery increased continually. It was commenced about the end of November, 1739, with twelve members ; and by the middle of June following they were increased to three hundred, nearly the whole of whom professed saving faith in Christ, and exhibited its fruits in their lives. Among others, who at this time obtained the Christian salvation, were Mrs. Hall, the sister of John and Charles Wesley, and Grace Murray, to whom John some years afterwards made an offer of marriage. Yet amidst all

their usefulness, their hearts were wrung with anguish when they saw their most valued friends alienated from them, and the children of their faith and prayer perverted by error in one of its most mischievous forms. Mr. Piers, who was a timid Christian, retained his integrity; but the family of the Delamottes were all led into the prevalent delusion, and withdrew their affection and confidence from the man whose ministry and conversation had been to them a means of the greatest spiritual good. Under the date of June 10th, he says,—

“ I rode with Maxfield to Bexley, and was greatly comforted with my brother Piers. The weak stand when the strong fall. In spite of all the *still ones*, he has held fast the truth; neither forsaking the ordinances, nor denying his *weak* faith. I went thence to Blendon; no longer Blendon to me. They could hardly force themselves to be barely civil. I took a hasty leave, and with a heavy heart, weighed down by their ingratitude, returned to Bexley. Here I preached the Gospel to a little flock, among whom the grievous wolves have not entered.

“ June 11th. I was constrained to bear my testimony for the last time at Blendon. Maxfield accompanied me. I desired to speak with Mrs. Delamotte alone. She did not well know how to refuse, and walked with me into the hall. I began: ‘ Three years ago God sent me to call you from the form to the power of godliness. I told you what true religion was: a new birth, a participation of the divine nature. The way to this I did not know myself till a year after. Then I showed it to you, preaching Jesus Christ, and faith in his blood. You know how you treated me. God soon after called you to a living faith by my ministry. Then you received me as an angel of God. Where is now the blessedness you spake of? Whence is this change? this jealousy, and fear, and coldness? Why are you thus impatient to hear me speak?’ She offered several times to leave me; said she did not know what I meant; did not want to dispute, &c. ‘ I do not come to dispute. Why are you afraid of me? What have I done? You gave, as a reason for not seeing me in town, that you did not care to be unsettled. Once I unsettled you, through the strength of the Almighty; stirred you up from your lees; took you off from your works; and

grounded you upon Christ. Other foundation than this can no man lay. I only desire to settle you more firmly upon Him; to warn you against the danger of being removed from the hope of the Gospel. Our brethren, whom now you follow, are making a schism in the Church. Follow them not in this.' She would not hear any more, but hurried into the parlour. When I came in, Betty left it, but afterwards returned. She has not been at the sacrament for several months. I warned them against casting off the ordinances, which were divine commands, binding all, whether justified or unjustified.

"They continually interrupted me, asking why I talked to them. I answered, because I durst not forbear, but must deliver my own soul. Betty said, she had received great benefit from Molther, and should therefore hear none but him. I told her I had nothing to say against her hearing him, unless when he spoke against the ordinances.

"Upon their again and again bidding me silence, I asked, 'Do you therefore, at this time, in the presence of Jesus Christ, acquit, release, and discharge me from any further care, concern, or regard for your souls? Do you desire I would never more speak unto you in his name?' Betty frankly answered, 'Yes.' Mrs. Delamotte assented by her silence. 'Then here,' said I, 'I take my leave of you, till we meet at the judgment-seat!' With these words I rendered up my charge to God.

"Then said I, after leaving them, 'I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought: yet surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God.' Surely this is enough to wean and make me cease from man. With Blendon I give up all expectation of gratitude upon earth. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity; even friendship itself!

"I rode on softly to Eltham, cast out by my dearest friends. I pray God, it may not be laid to their, or to their seducers', charge! Pity and grief for them was uppermost in my heart; and these were much relieved by the scripture that first offered: 'And Paul went down, and fell on him, and, embracing him, said, Trouble not yourselves; for his life is in him.'"

This is merely a specimen of the bitter fruits which were

produced by the new doctrines which it was now attempted to introduce.

The questions at issue between the Wesleys and the leading men among the Moravians, at this time in London, were not, as every one must perceive, matters of mere opinion, concerning which good men might innocently differ, but affected the very substance of practical religion. The brothers found it difficult to believe that Molther and his friends really did intend to depreciate the ordinances of God, and persuade those who did not possess saving faith to a disuse of them, as being injurious rather than beneficial; and that they in reality meant to teach that believers may, or may not, at their own option, wait upon God in the use of the means which he has appointed. The thing seemed incredible. Every precaution was therefore employed, to guard against mistake. Mr. John Wesley, especially, conversed repeatedly with Molther; took down his words in writing; then read them to him, and laid them before him, to guard against all possibility of a misunderstanding in a subject so weighty. Molther, however, steadily and unequivocally maintained the principles which he had been understood to avow; and the melancholy effects of his teaching were manifest in the spirit of unsanctified disputation, and the carelessness and levity which prevailed among those of the young converts who entertained his views. Mr. John Wesley, therefore, preached a series of discourses on the means of grace, proving from the Scriptures that they are ordinances of God's appointment, which cannot be neglected without sin; and showing the manner in which they ought to be used by all who desire to please God, and to secure their own salvation. Finding that all his efforts to establish the truth were resisted by the opposite party, and that evil rather than spiritual benefit was likely to ensue from his continued union with the society in Fetter-lane, where he had been a private member rather than a Minister, he attended a love-feast in that place on Sunday, July 20th, 1740, and at the close of the service read a paper declaratory of his conscientious dissent from the principles which for about nine months had been there entertained relative to the ordinances of God. He adds, "I then, without saying anything more, withdrew, as did eighteen or nineteen of the society."

There can be no doubt, that the withdrawal of the Wesleys, and especially of John, from the society in Fetter-lane, was a matter of satisfaction to Molther and his friends. They were now at liberty to carry out their own plans without restraint. Hitherto the society in general had professed to be in union with the Church of England, and had gone as a body, accompanied by the two Wesleys, to St. Paul's cathedral, to receive the holy communion; but from this time they assumed the character of a distinct community, belonging, not to the Church of England, but to that of the United Brethren. The Wesleys, and those who adhered to them, resolved to abide by their former principles; and from this time the parties were distinct.

Mr. Charles Wesley was not in London when this formal separation from the society in Fetter-lane took place; but he had repeatedly declared that such an event was inevitable. He was now in Bristol, labouring with his wonted zeal in that city, and especially among the Kingswood colliers, whose teachableness and piety afforded him the highest gratification, and formed a perfect contrast to the coldness and self-sufficiency of the disputers whom he had just left. About five or six weeks before the secession he took an affectionate leave of the prosperous society connected with the Foundery, and set out for Bristol, calling at Oxford on his way. He was accompanied by Thomas Maxfield, who seems to have been his constant companion; and by one of his nephews, whom he intended to apprentice in Bristol. On his way he had a narrow escape from a highwayman, which he thus describes:—

“We stopped half an hour at brother Hodges's; lost our way through Kensington; baited an hour at Gerard's-cross. Three miles short of Wycomb, several people met us, and asked us if we had seen a highwayman, who had shot a man on the road, not an hour ago. In a mile's riding we found the poor man, weltering in his blood. The Minister of Wycomb informed us, that he was a little behind, and heard the highwayman threaten to shoot him, if he did not deliver his money that instant. He answered, ‘You shall have all the money I have, but it is not much;’ and the other, without any more words, shot him through the head. I could not but observe the particular providence of God over us.

Had we not delayed in the morning,—had we not called on Hodges,—had we not stopped at Gerard's-cross,—we had just met the murderer.

“June 19th. Hearing he was apprehended at a farrier's, (his horse having cast a shoe,) I went this morning to tell him Christ died to save murderers; but his heart was harder than the nether millstone.”

When travelling between Malmsbury and Bristol, he says, “Such an unaccountable heaviness came over me on the road, that I was forced to light, and lie down for a quarter of an hour. I rose refreshed with the little sleep, and rode forward till we met a poor old man of eighty. I was enabled to preach the Gospel to his heart. We left him looking up to Jesus, and went on praising God.” So intent was he upon his Master's work and honour!

In the evening of the same day he arrived at Kingswood, and preached in what he calls “the malt-room.” He exclaims, “O what simplicity is in this childlike people! A spirit of contrition and love ran through them. Here the seed has fallen upon good ground.

“Sunday, June 22d. I went to learn Christ among our colliers, and drank into their spirit. We rejoiced for the consolation. O that our London brethren would come to school to Kingswood! These *are* what they *pretend* to be. God knows their poverty; but they are rich, and daily entering into rest, without being first brought into confusion. They do not hold it necessary to deny the weak faith, in order to get the strong. Their soul truly waiteth still upon God, in the way of his ordinances. Ye many masters, come, learn Christ of these outcasts; for know, ‘except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.’

“I met several of those whom I had baptized, and found them grown in grace. Some thousands waited for me at Rose-green; and surely the Lord passed by, and said to some in their blood, ‘Live!’ I concluded the day at the men's love-feast. Peace, unity, and love are here. We did not forget our poor distracted brethren.

“How ought I to rejoice at my deliverance out of their hands and spirit! My soul is escaped, as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. And did I not love the lambs of Christ,

indeed the grievous wolves, I would see your face no more! I am no longer a debtor of the Gospel to *you*. Me ye have fairly discharged: but if you reject my testimony, others receive it gladly, and say, 'Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'"

While preaching in the open air, and enjoying the communion of saints with the colliers at Kingswood, not many of whom were able to read, the learned Collegian was summoned to the University of Oxford. There, he says, "I spent a week to little purpose, but that of obedience to man for the Lord's sake. In the Hall I read my two lectures on Psalm cxxx., preaching repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ. But learned 'Gallio cared for none of these things.'"

He returned, therefore, with great pleasure to Bristol and Kingswood, where his word was attended by an especial blessing, and the people received it with eagerness and joy. "I dare not," says he, on his arrival, "depart from the work, while God so strengthens me therein. We walked over the waste, to the school, singing and rejoicing. It was their love-feast. Two hundred were assembled in the Spirit of Jesus. Never have I seen and *felt* such a congregation of faithful souls. I question whether Hernhuth can now afford the like."

One day, when he was preaching here, a man in the congregation, feeling the force of the word, cried out vehemently, "What do you mean by looking at ME? and directing yourself to ME? and telling ME, I shall be damned?" "I did then," says the Preacher, "address myself to him; but he hurried away with the utmost precipitation."

The conversion of the colliers of Kingswood, from their wicked and barbarous habits, to the enjoyment of spiritual religion, and the practice of a pure morality, has often been referred to, as an occasion of gratitude, and a specimen of the general benefit which the nation has derived from the labours of the Wesleys, and of their friend Mr. Whitefield. This work, however, at the time, was not viewed with satisfaction in every quarter. Some of the men who ought the most to have rejoiced in it, regarded it with aversion, and threw all the difficulties they could in the way of its progress. The brothers pressed the people to attend the religious ser-

vices of the national Church, and set the example themselves. The Clergy in Bristol at first complained of the increase of their labour in the administration of the Lord's supper. When they found that complaints addressed to the intruders were of no avail, and that the inconvenience rather increased than diminished, they entered into an agreement among themselves to repel from the Lord's table, both the Wesleys and the people whom they brought to church. After this, the Methodists attended the public service of the church; but they were compelled to receive the Lord's supper in their own separate places of worship, that they might not violate the command of Christ. Charles declared that, under the circumstances of the case, he should have felt himself justified in administering it in the midst of the wood, and in the open air, could he have obtained no better accommodation. The following are some of his notices on this painful subject:—

“Our poor colliers being repelled from the Lord's table by most of the Bristol Ministers, I exhorted them, notwithstanding, to continue daily with one accord in the temple, where the wicked administrator can neither spoil the prayers, nor poison the sacrament.

“Sunday, July 27th. I heard a miserable sermon at Temple church, recommending religion as the most likely way to raise a fortune. After it, proclamation was made, that all should depart, who were not of the parish. While the shepherd was driving away the lambs, I stayed, suspecting nothing, till the clerk came to me, and said, ‘Mr. Beecher bids you go away; for he will not give you the sacrament.’ I went to the vestry door, and mildly desired Mr. Beecher to admit me. He asked, ‘Are you of this parish?’ I answered, ‘Sir, you *see* I am a Clergyman.’ Dropping his first pretence, he charged me with rebellion, in expounding the Scripture without authority, and said, in express words, ‘I repel you from the sacrament.’ I replied, ‘I cite you to answer this before Jesus Christ, at the day of judgment.’ This enraged him above measure. He called out, ‘*Here! take away this man!*’ The Constables were ordered to attend; I suppose lest the furious colliers should take the sacrament by force. But I saved them the trouble of taking away ‘this man,’ and quietly retired.”

Some of the civic authorities in Bristol were equally hostile to the self-denying men who were wearing out their lives in disinterested efforts to raise the morals, as well as save the souls, of the common people. Two unhappy convicts, under sentence of death, requested to have the counsel and prayers of Mr. John Wesley before their execution, but were peremptorily refused by Alderman Beecher. Catherine Highfield, a servant-maid, who was connected with the Methodists, was charged with robbing her master of three hundred pounds. Mr. Charles Wesley says that Alderman Day, and others, "threatened to put her in irons, if she would not confess that she had given the money to my brother. When no proof could be brought against her, they were forced to discharge her: and soon after her master found the money where he himself had lodged it."

In the midst of his labours, and of the deep anxiety connected with them, Mr. Charles Wesley's health again failed him. That he should have been able thus far to endure such wasting toil and care was indeed surprising; but the providence and grace of God are strikingly displayed in this part of his personal history. On the 6th of August he says,—

"In great heaviness I spoke to the women bands, as taking my farewell. We sang the hymn which begins,—

‘While sickness shakes the house of clay,
And, sapp'd by pain's continued course,
My nature hastens to decay,
And waits the fever's friendly force.’

After speaking a few faint words to the brethren, I was immediately taken with a shivering, and then the fever came. The next morning I was bled, and carried by Mrs. Hooper to her house. There I looked into the Bible, and met with, ‘The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.’ My pain and disease increased for ten days; so that there was no hope of my life: but then Jesus touched my hand, and rebuked the fever, and it left me. I had no apprehension of death myself. It was reported I was dead, and published in the papers; but God had not finished (O that he had effectually

begun!) his work in me: therefore he held my soul in life, and made all things work together for my recovery.

“Dr. Middleton, an utter stranger to me, God raised up, and sent to my assistance. He refused taking any fees, and told the 'Pothecary, he would pay for my physic, if I could not. He attended me constantly, as the divine blessing did his prescriptions; so that in less than a fortnight the danger was over.

“For the next fortnight I recovered slowly; but had little use of my legs, and none of my head. One of our colliers, taken ill of the same fever, since me, has died in full triumph of faith. When I was just able to stand, my brother came from London. We rode out most days in Mr. Wane's (or a hired) chariot, comparing our dangers, temptations, and deliverances.

“I found myself, after this gracious visitation, more desirous and able to pray; more afraid of sin; more earnestly longing for deliverance, and the fulness of Christian salvation. As soon as my bodily weakness would permit, I returned to my old hours of retirement; but with fear, and earnest prayer that I might not rest in my own works or endeavours.

“Mr. Carey's Curate informed us, that Mr. Carey had ordered him to repel my brother and me from the sacrament.

“I passed two or three days at Mr. Arthur's, in Kingswood; and by the blessing of God recovered the use of my understanding, which was so clouded, that I could neither read nor think.”

The following hymn was in all probability written for the use of Dr. Middleton, towards whom Mr. Charles Wesley cherished the strongest sentiments of esteem and gratitude, in return for his kindness and professional skill. It was published by the author a few years after this illness.

THE PHYSICIAN'S HYMN.

PHYSICIAN, Friend of human kind,
 Whose pitying love is pleased to find
 A cure for every ill;
 By thee raised up, by thee bestow'd,
 To do my fellow-creatures good,
 I come to serve thy will.

I come, not like the sordid herd,
 Who, mad for honour or reward,
 Abuse the healing art ;
 Nor thirst of praise, nor lust of gain,
 But kind concern at human pain,
 And love, constrain my heart.

On thee I fix my single eye,
 Thee only seek to glorify,
 And make thy goodness known ;
 Resolved, if thou my labours bless,
 To give thee back my whole success,
 To praise my God alone.

The friendly properties that flow
 Through nature's various works, I know
 The Fountain whence they came,
 And every plant and every flower
 Medicinal derives its power
 From Jesu's balmy name.

Confiding in that name alone,
 Jesus, I in thy work go on,
 To tend thy sick and poor ;
 Dispenser of thy med'cines I ;
 But thou the blessing must supply,
 But thou must give the cure.

For this I humbly wait on thee ;
 The servant of thy servants see
 Devoted to thy will,
 Determined in thy steps to go,
 And help the sickly sons of woe,
 Who groan thy help to feel.

Afflicted by thy gracious hand,
 They now may justly all demand
 My instrumental care ;
 Thy patients, Lord, still shall be mine ;
 And to my weak attempts I join
 My strong effectual prayer.

O while thou giv'st their bodies ease,
 Convince them of their worst disease,
 The sickness of the mind ;
 And let them groan, by sin oppress'd,
 Till, coming unto thee for rest,
 Rest to their souls they find.

With these, and every sin-sick soul,
 I come myself to be made whole,
 And wait thy sovereign word :
 Thou canst, I know, thou dost forgive ;
 But let me without sinning live,
 To perfect love restored.

Myself, alas ! I cannot heal,
 But thou shalt every seed expel
 Of sin out of my heart ;
 Thine utmost saving health display,
 And purge my inbred sin away,
 And make me as thou art.

Till then in thy bless'd hands I am,
 And still in faith the grace I claim,
 To all believers given :
 Perfect the cure in me begun,
 And when my work on earth is done,
 Receive me up to heaven.

The personal history of Dr. Middleton was peculiar and instructive. His morals were correct, his temper and habits generous and benevolent, his uprightness undeniable ; but he appears to have been in a great measure a stranger to Christian piety till he was brought to the close of life. Having attended many of the Methodists in Bristol and its vicinity, he was a witness of their holy resignation in pain and sickness, and of their peace and hope in death. In the presence of gainsayers and accusers, therefore, he was accustomed to defend them ; and frequently said, " A people who live and die so well must be good." From the poor of the society he would accept no fee ; but always requested an interest in their prayers. When he had become a grey-headed man of seventy years, and was induced through age and infirmity to anticipate his removal into another world, he felt his need of that inward witness of God's adopting love, the cheering effects of which he had often seen in his Methodist patients. In this manner the prayers of the people in his behalf were answered by the God of all grace. The man of science, humanity, and virtue, saw that he was a mere sinner ; and in the spirit of deep penitence and self-abasement, he cried for mercy through the sacrifice of Christ. After a long and painful delay, he received the gift of faith, and with it the

salvation revealed in the Gospel. He was filled with peace, and joy, and holy love; manifested the gentleness and sweetness of a little child; declared with rapturous gratitude what the Lord had done for his soul; uttered earnest benedictions upon all around him; and at length, full of triumphant hope, he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his merciful Saviour. He died in the arms of his friend Dr. Robertson,* on the 16th of December, 1760; and on the occasion of his death Mr. Charles Wesley wrote a hymn of considerable length, full of affection, and of admiration of the grace of God. He left it among his inedited manuscripts. It is probable that Dr. Middleton's attendance upon Mr. Charles Wesley, on the occasion just described, led to this signal display of the divine mercy.

Under the care of this skilful Physician, Mr. Charles Wesley just recovered his health in time to prevent a riot among the colliers of Kingswood, which, but for his interference, would in all probability have been followed by calamitous consequences. "I was setting out," says he, "for the Downs, when one asked me to ride out toward Mr. Willis's. At the end of the town I was informed the colliers were risen. Above one thousand of them I met at Lawrence-hill. They came about me, and saluted me very affectionately, not having seen me since my illness. The occasion of their rising, they told me, was the dearness of corn. I got to an eminence, and began speaking to them. Many seemed inclined to go back with me to the school; but the devil stirred up his oldest servants, who violently rushed upon the others, beating and tearing and driving them away from me. I rode up to a ruffian, who was striking one of our colliers, and prayed him rather to strike me. He would not, he said, for all the world; and was quite overcome. I turned upon one who struck my horse, and he also sunk into a lamb. Wherever I turned, Satan lost ground; so that he was obliged to make one general assault, and by the few violent colliers forced on the quiet ones into the town.

* This was, in all probability, the Dr. Robertson to whom Mr. John Wesley addressed the Letter concerning Chevalier Ramsay's "Philosophical Principles of Religion," which is inserted in the twelfth volume of his Works, third edition.

“I seized on one of the tallest, and earnestly besought him to follow me: that he would, he said, all the world over. About six more I pressed into Christ’s service. We met several parties, stopped, and exhorted them to join us. We gleaned a few from every company, and grew as we marched along, singing, to the school. From one till three we spent in prayer, that evil might be prevented, and the lion chained. Then news was brought us, that the colliers were returned in peace. They had quietly walked into the city, without sticks, or the least violence. A few of the better sort went to the Mayor, and told their grievance. Then they all returned as they came, without noise or disturbance. All who saw were amazed; for the leopards were laid down. Nothing could have more shown the change wrought in them than this rising.

“I found afterwards that all our colliers, to a man, had been forced into it. Having learned of Christ not to resist evil, they went a mile with those that compelled them, rather than free themselves by violence. One the rioters dragged out of his sick-bed, and threw him into the fish-ponds. Near twenty of Mr. Willis’s men they got by threatening to fill up their pits, and bury them alive, if they did not come up, and bear them company.” The next day he says, “I carried Mr. Seward to our colliers, before whom I set the things they would have done, in the late rising, had not grace restrained them. One poor man declared, when they forced him away, he would much more willingly have gone to the gallows.” So mighty was the change which divine truth and grace had wrought in the spirit of these once fierce, ungovernable, and wicked men; and so substantial was the proof afforded to the Wesleys, that they had not laboured in vain.

Hitherto Mr. Charles Wesley, as an itinerant Preacher, had confined his labours mostly to London and Bristol, with their respective neighbourhoods; but he now resolved to pay a visit to Wales, as his brother had done some time before. A remarkable revival of religion was now begun in the Principality, chiefly through the efforts of Howell Harris, a pious layman of great zeal, and of undaunted resolution. He had entered himself at the University of Oxford, but did not remain there long enough to take his first degree, being offended with the ungodliness which he witnessed among the

members of that learned body. He returned home, and opened a school ; but having obtained peace with God, by faith in the Lord Jesus, he became greatly concerned for his fellow-countrymen, and began to preach in private houses, and in the open air, as Vavosour Powell had done eighty or ninety years before, and as the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield were then doing in England ; although, at first, he had no acquaintance either with them or their proceedings. Notwithstanding his irregularity, he lived and died in communion with the Church of England, to whose services he was inviolably attached. His simple, energetic, and faithful ministrations were highly successful in calling the public attention to religion, and in turning many to righteousness. His theological views were Calvinistic ; but his charity was expansive. He visited the Wesleys in London ; preached in the Foundery ; attended various meetings in Fetter-lane, and urged upon the people there a diligent attendance upon the ordinances of God, in opposition to the refinements which Molther and his friends were attempting to introduce. The Wesleys loved him sincerely, notwithstanding the difference in their views of the knotty "five points." A few of the Welsh Clergy, too, were at this time disposed to countenance these extraordinary efforts for the revival of decayed religion. They were friendly with Mr. Harris, whom they encouraged in his labours of love ; and they cordially welcomed the Wesleys to their respective pulpits.

Mr. Charles Wesley landed at Cardiff on the evening of Nov. 6th, with the voice of praise and thanksgiving. Mr. Wells, the Clergyman, at whose invitation he had come, was waiting to greet him on his arrival. He remained a fortnight in Wales, preaching with great enlargement of heart in many of the churches, and taking sweet counsel with two or three Clergymen of kindred spirit, especially Mr. Wells, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Hodges, the Minister of Wenvo. Finding that Howell Harris's Calvinism had given offence at Cardiff, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "God opened my mouth to declare the truth of his everlasting love to all mankind. At the same time he enlarged my heart to its opposers. I took occasion to speak of Howell Harris ; bore such a testimony of him as he deserves ; and mildly upbraided them for their ingratitude toward the greatest benefactor their country ever

had. We all expressed our love by joining in hearty prayer for him."

On the same day he sent a messenger to Harris, with the following characteristic note; finding that some of the advocates of absolute predestination were attempting to fill his mind with unjust suspicion, and thus produce an alienation of heart between him and the Wesleys:—

"My dearest Friend and Brother,—In the name of Jesus Christ, I beseech you, if you have his glory and the good of souls at heart, come immediately, and meet me here. I trust we shall never be two, in time or eternity. O my brother, I am grieved that Satan should get a moment's advantage over us; and I am ready to lay my neck under your feet for Christ's sake. If your heart is as my heart, hasten, in the name of our dear Lord, to

"Your second self."

In a few days Howell Harris arrived. "All misunderstandings vanished at sight of each other, and our hearts were knit together as at the beginning. Alas, poor world, poor Baptists! We sang a hymn of triumph. God had prepared his heart for this meeting. At the sacrament he had found the spirit of martyrdom falling upon him; and immediately I was brought to his remembrance. His heart overflowed with love; and he thought we were going hand in hand to the stake."

A similar spirit actuated the pious Clergy, especially Mr. Hodges. "At parting," says Mr. Charles Wesley, he, "in great simplicity, desired my prayers, and a kiss."

In other breasts, however, very different feelings prevailed. The players at Cardiff were deeply offended, that the people went to the church in preference to the theatre; and some among the moral part of the community were at least equally offended at the Preacher's strong statements concerning the universal corruption of human nature, and the consequent necessity of the new birth. Many bound themselves by a curse, during the last Sunday of his stay, that they would hinder him from preaching. In this they were disappointed; but many of them, during the sermon, rushed out of the church together. Soon after, a Physician arose from his seat, and walked out, with evident signs of disapprobation. "I called after him in vain," says Charles; and "then ear-

nestly prayed for him, and the rest, the Spirit helping my infirmity."

This was a prelude to greater disturbance. "The Captain giving me notice," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "that we should sail the next day, I determined to spend the night in taking leave. We supped at the friendly Mr. Wells's, and then called at Captain Phillips's. Between ten and eleven, just as I was going, Satan began to show his wrath. The Physician who had gone out of church on Sunday, stirred up by his companions, and unusually heated with wine, came, and demanded satisfaction of me for calling him Pharisee. I said, I was ready to acknowledge my mistake, if he would assure me, he had gone out of church to visit his patients. He replied, he had gone out because he disliked my discourse. 'Then, Sir,' said I, 'I cannot ask pardon for telling you the truth.' 'But you must for calling me a Pharisee.' I still insisted, 'You are a Pharisee, and cannot endure sound doctrine. My commission is, to show you your sins; and I shall make no apology for so doing, to you, or any man living. You are a damned sinner by nature, and a Pharisee, like me; and this testimony I should bear before rulers and Kings. You are a rebel against God, and must bow your stiff neck to Him, before you can be forgiven.' 'How do you know my heart?' 'My heart showeth me the wickedness of the ungodly.' 'Sir, I am as good a Christian as yourself.' 'You are no Christian at all, unless you have received the Holy Ghost.' 'How do you prove that you have the Holy Ghost?' 'By searching your heart, and showing you that you are a Pharisee.' Here he lifted up his cane, and struck me. Mrs. Phillips interecepted and broke the blow. Felix Farley tripped up his heels, and the company rushed in between. My soul was immediately filled with the calm, recollected boldness of faith. There was a great outcry among the women. Several of them he struck and hurt, and raged like one possessed, till the men forced him out, and shut the door.

"Soon after it was broken open by a Justice, and the Bailiff, or Head-Magistrate. The latter began expostulating with me upon the affront offered the Doctor; and said, as it was a public injury, I ought to make him public satisfaction. I answered, 'Mr. Bailiff, I honour you for your office'

sake ; but was you yourself, or His Majesty King George, among my hearers, I should tell you both, that you are by nature damned sinners. In the church, while preaching, I have no superior but God, and shall not ask man leave to show him his sins. As a ruler, it is your duty to be a terror to evil-doers, but a praise to them that do well.' Upon my thus speaking, he became exceeding civil ; assured me of his good-will ; that he had come to prevent my being insulted ; and none should touch a hair of my head.

" While we were talking, the Doctor made another attempt to break in, and get at me ; but the two Justices and others, with much trouble, at last got him out. They went ; and we continued our triumph in the name of the Lord our God. The shout of a King was among us. We sang on, unconcerned, though those sons of Belial, the players, had beset the house. They were armed, and threatened to burn the house. The ground of their quarrel with me is, that the Gospel has starved them. We prayed and sang, with great tranquillity, till one in the morning. Then I lay down till three ; rose again ; and was scarcely got into the room, when they discovered a player just by me, who had stolen in unobserved. They seized him, and Felix Farley wrested the sword from him. There was no need of drawing it ; for the point and blade were stripped a hand-breadth of the scabbard.

" When the sword was brought in, the spirit of faith was kindled at the sight of the danger. Great was our rejoicing within, and the uproar of the players without, who strove to force their way after their companion. My female advisers were by no means for my turning out, but deferring my journey. I preferred Mr. Wells's advice, of going with him through the midst of our enemies. I called in on the poor creature they had secured. They talked of warrants, prosecutions, &c. On sight of me, he cried, ' Indeed, Mr. Wesley, I did not intend to do you any harm.' That, I answered, was best known to God, and his own heart ; but my principle was, to return good for evil ; wherefore I desired he might be released ; assured him of my good wishes ; and with Mr. Wells walked peaceably to the water-side, no man forbidding me. Our friends stood on the shore, while we joined in hearty thanksgiving."

The vessel was unable to proceed for want of water ; so

between five and six in the morning Mr. Charles Wesley returned to the house of Captain Phillips, where he found Howell Harris and the other friends still assembled. He preached to them on the promise of sanctification in Ezek. xxxvi. He then says, "I took leave of my dear Howell; and with Mr. Wells waited upon the Bailiff; acknowledged his last night's civilities; and left him, as a trophy, the player's sword. In public prayer Mr. Wells returned thanks to God for our late deliverance.

"At two I took my leave of the society, and preached the pure Gospel from the woman of Canaan. A spirit of love constrained me to beseech them with tears to receive Christ Jesus. It ran through all. Some of the greatest opposers wept, especially a young lady, for whose entertainment the players had acted me. She sang, and prayed, and trembled exceedingly. The word was as a fire that melteth the rocks. I saw why God had brought me back. Our parting was such as it ought to be.

"About four Mr. Wells and others attended me to the vessel. I laid me down, and slept, and took my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety. By five the next morning, Thursday, Nov. 20th, He who blessed my going out blessed our coming in to Bristol." Here he remained, preaching, and exercising the pastoral charge over the societies, till the latter end of December, when he resumed his labours in London.

It is a remarkable fact, that while Mr. Charles Wesley was incessantly employed in ministerial duties, preaching in the open air, expounding the Scriptures in private circles, visiting the sick, travelling from place to place, and encountering opposition in all its forms of menace, calumny, and violence, he was almost daily exercised in the composition of hymns. His thoughts flowed in numbers; and his deep feelings of joy, and confidence, and zeal, could find no adequate expression but in poetry. His sermons appear to have been generally extempore. What he wrote was mostly in sacred verse. His hymns were not the productions of a lively imagination, gazing upon external objects; nor were they the fruits of hard mental toil. They were the irrepressible effusions of his heart, burning with love to God, reposing with absolute and joyous confidence in the divine truth and mercy, yearning

with affection for the souls of redeemed men, and anticipating the visions of future glory. Three volumes of hymns he and his brother had already published ; and this year (1740) they added a fourth, not at all inferior to its predecessors in poetic merit, or Christian feeling. It bears the same title as the last two volumes which they had sent forth ; and contains several admirable translations from the German, which doubtless came from the pen of John. The original hymns, among which are some of the finest in the English language, display a deep pathos, with all the energy and daring of Charles's genius. The following stanzas, which occur in a hymn describing a storm at sea, exhibit the writer's mighty faith, and power of expression. They were probably addressed to Mr. Whitefield on his embarking a second time for America.

Headlong we cleave the yawning deep,
 And back to highest heaven are borne,
 Unmoved, though rapid whirlwinds sweep,
 And all the watery world upturn.

Roar on, ye waves ! our souls defy
 Your roaring to disturb our rest ;
 In vain to' impair the calm ye try,
 The calm in a believer's breast.

The volume comprises a fine hymn "for the Kingswood colliers ;" another, for "the anniversary of one's conversion ;" and one on "walking over Smithfield." But the most remarkable hymn in the volume is one entitled, "The just shall live by faith ;" which describes Mr. Charles Wesley's religious history up to this period of his life. It is an instructive record ; and is here given entire.

Come hither, all who serve the Lord,
 Who fear and tremble at his word,
 Hear me his loving-kindness tell ;
 Hear what he for my soul hath done,
 And look to find it in your own ;
 Expect his promised love to feel.

Come hither, all ye slaves of sin,
 Ye beasts without, and fiends within,
 Glad tidings unto all I show ;
 Jesus's grace for all is free ;
 Jesus's grace hath found out me,
 And now he offers it to you.

Dead in the midst of life I was ;
 Unconscious of my Eden's loss,
 Long did I in the graves remain,
 A fallen spirit, dark and void,
 Unknowing, and unknown of God,
 I felt not, for I hugg'd, my chain.

He call'd ; I answer'd to his call,
 Confess'd my state, and mourn'd my fall,
 And strove, and groan'd to be renew'd :
 With gradual horror then I saw
 The nature of the fiery law,
 But knew not then a Saviour's blood.

For ten long legal years I lay
 A helpless, though reluctant, prey
 To pride, and lust, and earth, and hell :
 Oft to repentance vain renew'd,
 Self-confident for hours I stood,
 And fell, and grieved, and rose, and fell.

I fasted, read, and work'd, and pray'd,
 Call'd holy friendship to my aid,
 And constant to the altar drew ;
 'Tis here,' I cried, ' he *must* be found !
 By vows and new engagements bound,
 All his commands I now shall do.'

Soon as the trying hour return'd
 I sunk before the foes I scorn'd,
 My firm resolves did all expire :
 Why hath the law of sin prevail'd ?
 Why have the bonds of duty fail'd ?
 Alas ! the tow hath touch'd the fire.

Hardly at last I all gave o'er,
 I sought to free myself no more,
 Too weak to burst the fowler's snare ;
 Baffled by twice ten thousand foils,
 I ceased to struggle in the toils,
 And yielded to a just despair.

'Twas then my soul beheld from far
 The glimmering of an orient star,
 That pierced and cheer'd my nature's night ;
 Sweetly it dawn'd, and promised day,
 Sorrow and sin it chased away,
 And open'd into glorious light.

With other eyes I now could see
 The Father reconciled to me,
 Jesus the Just had satisfied :
 Jesus had made my sufferings his,
 Jesus was now my righteousness ;
 Jesus for *me* had lived and died.

From hence the Christian race I ran,
 From hence the fight of faith began :
 O 'tis a good but painful fight !
 When heaviness o'erwhelms the soul,
 When clouds and darkness round me roll,
 And hide the Saviour from my sight.

Convinced my work was but begun,
 How did I strive, and grieve, and groan,
 Half-yielded, yet refused to yield !
 Tempted to give my Saviour up,
 Deny my Lord, abjure my hope,
 And basely cast away my shield.

My enemies and friends were join'd,
 God's children with the world's combined,
 To shake my confidence in God :
 Strongly they urged me to disclaim
 My weaker title to the Lamb,
 My interest in the' atoning blood.

So frail, impure, and weak, could I
 Presume for *me* he deign'd to die,
 For *me* so cold, so void of love ?
 JESU ! they bade me thee resign,
 They would not have me call thee mine,
 Till the whole power of faith I prove.*

What have I known since thee I knew !
 What trials hast thou brought me through !
 Hardly I yet can credit give :
 Surely, my soul, 'tis all a dream ;
 Saved as by fire (if saved) I seem,
 Yet still the life of grace I live.

What have I felt while torn within,
 Full of the energy of sin,
 Horror to think, and death to tell !
 The prince of darkness ruled his hour,
 Suffer'd to show forth all his power,
 And shake me o'er the mouth of hell.

* He here doubtless refers to the notion of Molther, that there is no true faith where there is any doubt.

But O! his tyranny is o'er!—
 How shall my rescued soul adore
 Thy strange, thy unexampled, grace!
 A brand pluck'd from the fire I am!
 O Saviour, help me to proclaim,
 Help me to show forth all thy praise!

Fain would I spread through earth abroad
 The goodness of my loving God,
 And teach the world thy grace to prove;
 Unutterably good thou art!
 Read, Jesu, read my panting heart;
 Thou see'st it pants to break with love!

I only live to find thee there:
 The mansion for thyself prepare,
 In love anew my heart create:
 The mighty change I long to feel:
 For this my vehement soul stands still;
 Restless, resign'd, for this I wait.

I know my struggling nought avails,
 My strength and foolish wisdom fails;
 Vain is my toil, and vain my rest:
 Only before thy feet I lay,
 The Potter thou, and I the clay;
 Thy will be done, thy will is best.

I need not urge my eager plea;
 The blood of sprinkling speaks for me;
 Jesus for me vouchsafes to' appear;
 For me before the throne He stands,
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,
 And shows that I am graven there!

Suffice it, Lord, I now believe:
 To thee my ransom'd soul I give;
 Hide it till all life's storms be o'er:
 O keep it safe against that day!
 Thou ever liv'st for me to pray:
 Thy prayer be heard, I ask no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE difference of opinion between the Wesleys and the Moravian Brethren who met in Fetter-lane, respecting the ordinances of God, and which led to their separation, was quickly succeeded by disputes at Kingswood on the subject of predestination: one of the most perplexing questions, viewed in all its bearings, that ever vexed the Christian church. It was not to be expected that controversy on this topic could be permanently avoided in the religious societies which were now rising up in various directions. It had been mooted in some of the meetings of the young converts in London, when Mr. John Wesley was in Germany; but Charles opposed the Calvinian view with such firmness, as prevented all further attempts at that time to unsettle the minds of the people respecting the universality of God's love to men. He was not equally successful in Kingswood, where strenuous attempts were made, by a man whom the Wesleys themselves had invested with influence, to leaven the society with Calvin's bold and repulsive peculiarities.

As Mr. Whitefield was the first that carried the truth to the Kingswood colliers; so a school for the instruction of their children was first proposed in connexion with his pious and disinterested labours there. He knelt down and prayed upon the spot, commenced the fund by means of subscriptions and congregational collections; and then, being on the point of leaving England, he resigned the whole concern into the hands of Mr. John Wesley, who took the entire responsibility upon himself. He completed the design under many discouragements, and with a considerable sacrifice of his own property; upwards of thirty pounds of the sum which had been contributed towards the building having been stolen by a young man, who confessed the fact when under sentence of death for another felony. "You call Kingswood your own house," said Dr. Church: "So I do," rejoined Mr. Wesley; "that is, the school-house there. For I bought the ground where it stands, and paid for the building it, partly from

the contribution of my friends; one of whom contributed fifty pounds; partly from the income of my own Fellowship." The school here intended was erected for the instruction of the colliers' children, and of such adults as chose to attend for the purpose of learning to read. The establishment which has long been known as Kingswood School, where the sons of Wesleyan Ministers are educated, was a distinct concern, and not built till several years afterwards.

When the school for the colliers' children was opened, Mr. Wesley secured the best teachers that he could obtain; and he also used the place for preaching, the administration of the Lord's supper, and for society-meetings, as well as meetings for prayer. Among other persons whom he engaged to assist in the school was Mr. John Cennick, whom he also employed in visiting the sick, and, in the absence of the brothers, holding meetings for prayer and exhortation. Like Thomas Maxfield in London, he also soon began to preach, and was well received by the congregations. Cennick was a native of Reading; a man of sincere piety and zeal; of respectable education; and though not distinguished by extraordinary power of understanding, was possessed of useful talents. He visited the Wesleys in London in the year 1739; and having then written several hymns, the effusions of his devout feelings, Charles Wesley, pleased with the spirit of the man, corrected these compositions, and prepared them for publication. Cennick was in want of some useful employ; and hearing of the erection of the school at Kingswood, he applied to Mr. Wesley for the situation of master, and was accepted. When he made the application, he confesses that he was treated with great kindness. For some time things went on with smoothness and comfort. He was respected for his piety and usefulness; and the Wesleys especially regarded him with affection and confidence. On the 27th of July, 1740, Mr. Charles Wesley, preaching at Kingswood in his warm and strong manner on the subject of the universal redemption of mankind, declared to the people that John Cennick, whom they all esteemed and loved, was of the same mind with himself on this encouraging point of doctrine. Cennick confirmed this statement, and recited a hymn of his own composing in proof of his cordial belief of this animating truth. "Never," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "did I find my

spirit more knit to him." Soon after, however, he began to waver, then became a decided Calvinist, and contradicted the tenets of the Wesleys in their own pulpit, so as to cause great strife and contention among the people. Mr. Charles Wesley remonstrated with him, and pledged himself to persevere an entire silence on the controverted points, if Cennick would do the same. To this proposal, which was certainly a great concession, considering the relative situation of the parties, Cennick would not accede. He attached so much importance to his new opinions, that he would publicly teach them at all hazards. The consequence was, what might be expected,—heart-burnings and unhallowed disputation in the society.

On the 30th of November, says Mr. Charles Wesley, "I prayed Christ, our Teacher, to enlighten the people and me; and began my discourse with fear and trembling. The Spirit gave me utterance. I calmly warned them against apostasy, and spake with great tenderness and caution. But who can stand before envy, bigotry, and predestination? The strong ones were offended. The poison of Calvin has drunk up their spirit of love. Ann Ayling and Ann Davis could not refrain from railing. John Cennick never offered to stop them. Alas! we have set the wolf to keep the sheep. God gave me great moderation towards him, who for many months has been undermining our doctrine and authority."

It is impossible to justify the conduct of Cennick in this case. His right to change his opinions, and to declare and defend his honest convictions, was indisputable; but to oppose the men to whom he had offered his services, and who had generously treated him as a brother, in their own house, and among their own people, attempting to alienate from them their spiritual children, was a course which Cennick himself, under other circumstances, would have indignantly condemned. Yet he wrote a letter to Mr. Whitefield in America, urging him to return without delay, to assist in maintaining the contest against the brothers, whose zeal in defending the doctrine of God's universal love, and in opposing that of absolute predestination, was ardent and uncompromising. Having stirred up the people to rail against the Wesleys, Cennick confesses that he was silent when he ought to have defended these his best friends. Matters at length came to a

crisis. Cennick, and those who entertained his views, formed themselves into a separate society, and held meetings apart from their brethren; and were thus evidently making arrangements for becoming a distinct people.

After various warnings and expostulations, and bearing for some months with these mischievous irregularities, Mr. John Wesley met all the parties at the conclusion of a love-feast in Bristol. Here he complained of the practices which had been carried on, and produced a copy of the letter which Cennick had addressed to Mr. Whitefield; and Cennick accused the Wesleys of teaching Popery, because they asserted general redemption, and opposed the Calvinian doctrine of unconditional election to eternal life. Continued forbearance, in the present state of things, Mr. Wesley declared to be impossible; and called upon the people to make their choice between the society which had existed from the beginning, and that which had been formed out of it by Cennick and his friends. Cennick, and about half of the people present, withdrew. About fifty-two persons connected themselves with him, and upwards of ninety remained under the care of their former Pastors. From this time the Wesleyan and the Calvinistic Methodists became two distinct bodies.

At this period Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following characteristic letter to his unfaithful friend. It is a fine exhibition of the frankness and integrity which marked his spirit through life.

“My dearest Brother, John Cennick,—In much love and tenderness I speak. You came to Kingswood upon my brother’s sending for you. You served under him in the Gospel as a son. I need not say how well he loved you. You used the authority he gave you to overthrow his doctrine. You everywhere contradicted it. Whether true or false, is not the question: but you ought first to have fairly told him, ‘I preach contrary to you. Are you willing, notwithstanding, that I should continue in your house gain-saying you? If you are not, I have no place in these regions. You have a right to this open dealing. I now give you fair warning. Shall I stay here opposing you, or shall I depart?’

“My brother, have you dealt thus honestly and openly with him? No; but you have stolen away the people’s heart from him. And when some of them basely treated their best

friend, God only excepted, how patiently did you take it! When did you ever vindicate us, as we have you? Why did you not plainly tell them?—‘You are eternally indebted to these men. Think not that I will stay among you, to head a party against my dearest friend—and brother, as he suffers me to call him, having humbled himself for my sake, and given me (no Bishop, Priest, or Deacon) the right hand of fellowship. If I hear that one word more is spoken against him, I will leave you that moment, and never see your face more.’

“This had been just and honest, and not more than we have deserved at your hands. I say *we*; for God is my witness how condescendingly loving I have been toward you. Yet did you so forget yourself, as both openly and privately to contradict my doctrine; while, in the mean time, I was as a deaf man that heard not, neither answered a word, either in private or public.

“Ah, my brother! I am distressed for you. I would—but you will not receive my saying. Therefore I can only commit you to Him who hath commanded us to forgive one another, even as God, for Christ’s sake, hath forgiven us.”

John Cennick renounced his connexion with the Wesleys, because of their opposition to the peculiar tenets of Calvinism, and united himself to Mr. Whitefield; but he was not long satisfied with this new relation. In about two or three years he forsook Mr. Whitefield, and joined the Moravians; although some of them, to say the least, held doctrines far more remote from Calvinism, than were those of John and Charles Wesley. But consistency of principle was no characteristic of this good man; for such he was, notwithstanding his weaknesses. The evils resulting from his proceedings at Kingswood were long felt and lamented. Nearly twenty years after this separation, Mr. John Wesley says, “I visited the classes at Kingswood. Here only there is no increase; and yet, where was there such a prospect till that weak man, John Cennick, confounded the poor people with strange doctrines? O what mischief may be done by one that means well! We see no end of it to this day.”

When Mr. Wesley perceived that the minds of several persons belonging to his societies in Bristol and the neighbourhood were unsettled on the subject of predestination, he

preached a sermon on the question ; and afterwards published it, under the title of "Free Grace." The object of the discourse is to prove that, as the saving grace of God is perfectly *free in all* the persons to whom it is vouchsafed ; so it is also *free for* every child of Adam, the Lord Jesus having given himself a ransom for all. This was the third sermon that he had ever published. The first was that on "The Trouble and Rest of Good Men," which he left as a sort of parting memorial when he went to Georgia ; the second was that on "Salvation by Faith," which he committed to the press soon after he had believed with the heart unto righteousness. The sermon on "Free Grace" is the most powerful and impassioned of all his compositions. The reason is obvious. That Almighty God, by a sovereign act of his will, without any respect to the conduct of his creatures, should absolutely, and from everlasting, have appointed some men, personally considered, to eternal life, and others to eternal death ;—that He should then declare, in every form of expression, that He gave his Son to die for the redemption of every one of them, that his mercies are over all his works, and with Him is no respect of persons ;—that He should command his Ministers to offer his mercy indiscriminately to all ;—that He should, in the most impressive manner, invite all to come to Him for salvation, and expostulate with the utmost tenderness with those who refuse compliance with his will ;—that He should set life and death before them, and bid them choose life that they may live ;—that He should patiently bear with them, and even swear by himself that He has no pleasure in their destruction, and would have them all to be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth ;—that He should, at last, condemn the impenitent and unbelieving for their disobedience to his gracious calls, earnestly and often repeated, and thus charge their misery upon themselves ;—and that they should be "speechless" under his sentence of condemnation, thus confessing that they were the authors of their own ruin ;—appeared to Mr. Wesley, of all incredible things, the most incredible, and the foulest aspersion upon the attributes of God that was ever invented by perverted intellect. Under this impression he wrote ; every view of the subject serving to heighten his astonishment, and excite his feelings. Dr. Southey has given a large extract from this sermon ; and

when the late Earl of Liverpool read it in the Doctor's work, he declared that, in his judgment, it was the most eloquent passage he had ever met with in any writer, either ancient or modern. By some men Mr. Wesley has been severely censured, for the very strong and animated manner in which he wrote on the awful subject of predestination. This was to be expected. When irresistible argument is proposed with all the advantages of appropriate expression and illustration, it is doubly painful to the men whose favourite opinions are overthrown. That the force of Mr. Wesley's reasoning has been felt, is evident from the fact, that, since the publication of his sermon, few writers have attempted to refute his argumentation, but many have endeavoured to evade it, by changing and modifying the principles which he assailed.

To this discourse Mr. Charles Wesley affixed a hymn of thirty-six stanzas, which he poured forth in the fulness of his heart in praise of God's universal love to man. The following is a specimen :—

Stir up thy strength, and help us, Lord,
 The Preachers multiply ;
 Send forth thy light, and give the word,
 And let the shadows fly.

O if thy Spirit send forth me,
 The meanest of the throng,
 I'll sing thy grace divinely free,
 And teach mankind the song.

Grace will I sing, through Jesu's name,
 On all mankind bestow'd ;
 The everlasting truth proclaim,
 And seal that truth with blood.

Come, then, thou all-embracing Love,
 Our frozen bosoms warm ;
 Dilating fire, within us move,
 With truth and meekness arm.

Let us triumphantly ride on,
 And more than conquerors prove,
 With meekness bear the' opposers down,
 And bind with cords of love !

No one was more deeply offended with the sermon on "Free Grace" than Mr. Whitefield, who was then in America, and had become a decided convert to Calvin's theological views.

One or more copies were sent over to America; and at the Orphan-House in Georgia, Mr. Whitefield wrote an answer to it, which he published under the title of "A Letter to the Rev. John Wesley." This pamphlet was manifestly written under the influence of conflicting feelings, and is a remarkable example of lingering affection mixed with unkindness. The author often introduces the name of his opponent, and in almost every instance calls him "dear Mr. Wesley;" yet he publishes the substance of private and confidential letters, which had nothing to do with the questions at issue, and the publication of which he knew would wound Mr. Wesley in the tenderest part. The committing of these documents to the press could have no object, but that of reflecting discredit upon Mr. Wesley's judgment; and their exposure to the public, without the writer's leave, was a violation of Christian honour. Mr. Whitefield did not at first receive the creed of Calvin as it has been softened by modern metaphysicians. He avowed the doctrine of limited redemption; and contended for an absolute decree of reprobation, as well as for a decree of election. Yet in doing this it is undeniable that his pious and compassionate heart remonstrated against his opinions. It is easy to perceive, that when traversing the regions of Calvinian reprobation, he walked with

"uneasy steps
Over the burning marle;"

and was anxious to place his foot upon ground less painful to the tread; for he passes over some of Mr. Wesley's principal arguments in entire silence. One of his favourite authors, at this period, was Dr. John Edwards, of Cambridge: an able and learned man, but a sour and repulsive theologian of the true Genevan school.

In the composition of this pamphlet Mr. Whitefield was assisted by some American Ministers; yet neither by fairness, nor logical acumen, did it gain much credit for any of the parties who were concerned in it. Mr. Whitefield was unrivalled in oratory; but in dialectics, though not deficient in confidence, he was feeble, and easily worsted by an opponent of ordinary skill. Some singular instances of the want of discrimination, and of correct theological knowledge, occur in this pamphlet. One specimen may be given. The writer

identifies the doctrine of general redemption, as held by Mr. Wesley and others who were like-minded with him, with the tenets of those who deny redemption altogether, and who even repudiate the holy Scriptures. Addressing Mr. Wesley, he says, "Infidels of all kinds are on your side of the question. Deists, Arians, Socinians arraign God's sovereignty, and stand up for universal redemption." It is painful to see a man of undoubted piety, who was designed in the arrangements of divine Providence for extensive and permanent good to the world, thus confounding things that are essentially different, and exposing himself to ridicule by engaging in a service for which he was utterly unqualified. He ought to have known, not only that Socinians deny all proper redemption, but that, with scarcely any exception, Deists and Socinians are philosophical Necessitarians, and therefore fatalists, like himself.

Having finished his answer to Mr. Wesley's sermon, and committed it to the press, both in Charlestown and Boston, Mr. Whitefield embarked a second time for England, intending to raise fresh supplies in behalf of the Orphan-House. During his voyage he wrote a letter to his friend Mr. Charles Wesley, dated Feb. 1st, 1741, in which he says, "My dear, dear brethren, why did you throw out the bone of contention? Why did you print that sermon against predestination? Why did you in particular, my dear brother Charles, affix your hymn, and join in putting out your late hymn-book? How can you say, you will not dispute with me about election, and yet print such hymns, and your brother send his sermon over, against election, to Mr. Garden and others, in America? Do not you think, my dear brethren, I must be as much concerned for truth, or what I think truth, as you? God is my Judge, I always was, and hope I always shall be, desirous that you may be preferred before me. But I must preach the Gospel of Christ; and that I cannot *now* do without speaking of election." In relation to his answer, he adds, "If it occasion a strangeness between us, it shall not be my fault. There is nothing in my answer exciting to it that I know of. O my dear brethren, my heart almost bleeds within me! Methinks I could be willing to tarry here on the waters for ever, rather than come to England to oppose you."

On his arrival in London, in the month of March, he sub-

mitted the tract which he had written against the sermon on free grace to the inspection of his friend, Mr. Charles Wesley, who returned it to the author indorsed with these significant words: "PUT UP AGAIN THY SWORD INTO ITS PLACE." In consequence of this advice, the publication of the pamphlet was for a while suspended; but the writer, deeply impressed with the truth and importance of the theological principles which it was designed to defend, at length resolved to commit it to the press. He requested James Hutton to print and sell it; but James had now attached himself to the Moravian body, who held the doctrine of general redemption as tenaciously as the Wesleys themselves: hence he refused to connect his name with a tract in which that tenet was assailed. Mr. Whitefield was therefore compelled to seek another publisher. This was an unimportant repulse; yet he felt it somewhat painfully; for he knew that the sale of his *Journal* had put some hundreds of pounds in Hutton's pocket.

Mr. Whitefield's pecuniary embarrassments, arising from the outlay of money upon the Orphan-House in Georgia, at this time distressed him exceedingly; and Mr. William Seward, of Bengeworth, on whose aid his chief reliance had been placed in this emergency, was dead; so that all hope from that quarter was cut off. But his greatest grief arose from the loss of his friends. His defence of absolute reprobation gave great offence to many; and the betrayal of the secrets confided to him by his friend Mr. John Wesley was regarded as an act of flagrant injustice. Several of the people who had formerly run with the greatest eagerness to hear him, now shunned his ministry. When he resumed his preaching under one of the trees in Moorfields he witnessed a sad falling off in his congregations. At first he had not so many hundreds to hear him as on former occasions he had thousands.

On the 28th of March Mr. Wesley says, "Having heard much of Mr. Whitefield's unkind behaviour since his return from Georgia, I went to him, to hear him speak for himself, that I might know how to judge. I much approved of his plainness of speech. He told me, he and I preached two different Gospels; and therefore he not only would not join with, or give me the right-hand of fellowship, but was resolved publicly to preach against me and my brother, wherever he preached at all. Mr. Hall, who went with me,

put him in mind of the promise he had made but a few days before, that, whatever his private opinion was, he would never publicly preach against us. He said, that promise was only an effect of human weakness, and he was now of another mind." Accordingly he did preach against the Wesleys by name, both in Moorfields, and in all other public places. So earnest was he in enforcing the peculiarities of the creed which he had now adopted, that when he was invited to occupy the pulpit of his friends in the Foundery, before some thousands of people, and while Mr. Charles Wesley was sitting by him, "he preached the absolute decrees in the most peremptory and offensive manner."*

Under the influence of irritated feelings, occasioned by disappointment and vexation, Mr. Whitefield addressed a private letter of reproof and admonition to Mr. John Wesley. He complained that his designs with respect to the school for the colliers' children at Kingswood had not been fully accomplished; and that the room where the brothers preached in Bristol was too richly ornamented. To the first of these charges Mr. Wesley says, "One master and one mistress have been in the house ever since it was capable of receiving them. A second master has been placed there some months since; and I have long been seeking for two proper mistresses; so that as much has been done, as matters stand, if not more, than I can answer to God or man.

"Hitherto then there is no ground for the heavy charge of perverting your design for the poor colliers. Two years since your design was to build them a school, that their children also might be taught to fear the Lord. To this end you collected some money, more than once. How much I cannot say, till I have my papers. But this I know, it was not near one half of what has been expended on the work. The design you then recommended to me; and I pursued it with all my might, through such a train of difficulties as, I will be bold to say, you have not met with in your life. For many months I collected money wherever I was; and began building, though I had not then a quarter of the money requisite to finish. However, taking all the debt upon myself, the creditors were willing to stay: and then it was that I took possession of it in

* Letter to the Rev. Thomas Maxfield, by John Wesley, p. 8. London, 1778.

my own name ; that is, when the foundation was laid : and I immediately made my will, fixing my brother and you to succeed me therein."

On the other subject of complaint, Mr. Wesley remarks, "The society room at Bristol, you say, is adorned. How? Why, with a piece of green cloth nailed to the desk; two sconces for eight candles each in the middle; and—nay, I know no more. Now which of these can be spared, I know not; nor would I desire either more adorning or less."

In reference to Mr. Whitefield's answer to the sermon on "Free Grace," Mr. Wesley says, "If you had disliked my sermon, you might have printed another on the same text, and have answered my proofs without mentioning my name. This had been fair and friendly.

"You rank all the maintainers of universal redemption with Socinians themselves. Alas! my brother, do you not know even this, that the Socinians allow no redemption at all? that Socinus himself speaks thus: *Tota redemptio nostra per Christum metaphora?* and says expressly, Christ did not die as a ransom for any, but only as an example for all mankind? How easy were it for me to hit many other palpable blots, in that which you call an answer to my sermon; and how above measure contemptible would you then appear to all impartial men, either of sense or learning! But I spare you. Mine hand shall not be upon you. The Lord be Judge between me and thee! The general tenor both of my public and private exhortations, when I touch thereon at all,—as even my enemies know, if they would testify,—is, 'Spare the young man, even Absalom, for my sake.'"

On the 4th of April these eminent men had another personal interview. Mr. Wesley says, "I believed both love and justice required that I should speak my sentiments freely to Mr. Whitefield, concerning the 'Letter' he had published, said to be an answer to my sermon on 'Free Grace.' The sum of what I observed to him was this: 1. That it was imprudent to publish it at all, as being only the putting of weapons into their hands, who loved neither the one nor the other. 2. That if he was constrained to bear his testimony (as he termed it) against the error I was in, he might have done it by publishing a treatise on this head, without ever calling my name in question. 3. That what he had pub-

lished was a mere burlesque upon an answer, leaving four of my eight arguments untouched, and handling the other four in so gentle a manner, as if he was afraid they would burn his fingers. However, that, 4. He had said enough of what was wholly foreign to the question, to make an open (and probably irreparable) breach between him and me: seeing 'for a treacherous wound, and for the bewraying of secrets, every friend will depart.' "

Up to this period the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield were as "a threefold cord which is not easily broken;" but from this time, though their hearts still clave to each other, and they freely forgave each other the offences that had been given, their labours were no longer united. The separation took place, not with the free consent of the brothers; but through the importunity of Mr. Whitefield's friends, and in consequence of the manner in which he was resolved to inculcate his peculiar opinions. This Mr. Wesley positively declares; and his testimony was never contradicted by any competent authority. "In March, 1741," says he, "Mr. Whitefield, being returned to England, entirely separated from Mr. Wesley and his friends, because he did not hold the decrees. Here was the first breach, which warm men persuaded Mr. Whitefield to make, merely for a difference of opinion. Those, indeed, who believed universal redemption had no desire at all to separate; but those who held particular redemption would not hear of any accommodation, being determined to have no fellowship with men that 'were in so dangerous errors.' So there were now two sorts of Methodists, so called; those for particular, and those for general, redemption." *

He adds, on another occasion, "Did not Mr. Whitefield proclaim, upon the house-top, the difference between us and him? And yet it was not merely the difference of doctrine that caused the division. It was rather the *manner* wherein he maintained his doctrine, and treated us, in every place. Otherwise difference of doctrine would not have created any difference of affection; but he might *lovingly* have held particular redemption, and we general, to our lives' end." †

What, then, is to be thought of the following statement,

* Works, vol. viii., p. 349.

† Letter to Maxfield, p. 9.

which is made by the anonymous writer of the Countess of Huntingdon's "Life and Times?"—"Mr. Charles Wesley, who was more kind and generous, less positive and hostile to Calvinism, than his brother, wept and prayed that the breach might be prevented; but John Wesley seems to have parted with his old companion with great coolness. Mr. Whitefield is said to have told him, 'You and I preach a different Gospel:' then they turned one to the right hand, and the other to the left. Mr. Whitefield was only once allowed to preach in the Foundery; and 'at Bristol' (he says) 'I was forbidden to preach in the house I had founded.'"^{*}

The reflections which are here cast upon Mr. John Wesley are notoriously unjust. That Mr. Whitefield, at this time, "once preached in the Foundery, and no more," he has himself stated; that he was "only once *allowed* to preach" there, is the unauthorized assertion of Lady Huntingdon's biographer. By whom was he, at this or at any other time, "*forbidden* to preach," either in "the Foundery," or in the "house at Bristol?" Not by Mr. Charles Wesley; for Mr. Whitefield himself says, "It would have melted any heart, to have heard Mr. Charles Wesley and me weeping, after prayer, that, if possible, the breach might be prevented." Nor was he "forbidden" by Mr. John Wesley; who avers that neither he nor his friends who held general redemption had any "desire at all to separate." Mr. Whitefield never charged either of the brothers with anything of the kind; although he was accustomed to preach against them by name in Moorfields, and had vehemently opposed them in their own pulpit at the Foundery. He was grieved and chafed in his spirit, as might be supposed, considering the difficulties by which he was beset; yet he states the case in a manner that was worthy of his pure and elevated character, when time had calmed his irritated feelings. Having described the loss of his congregation at Moorfields, he says, "A like scene opened at Bristol, where I was denied preaching in the house I had founded. Busy-bodies, on both sides, blew up the coals. A breach ensued. But as both sides differed in judgment, and not in affection, and aimed at the glory of our common Lord; though we hearkened too much to tale-bearers on both

^{*} Vol. i., pp. 197, 198.

sides, we were kept from anathematizing each other, and went on in our usual way ; being agreed in one point, endeavouring to convert souls to the ever-blessed Mediator.”

It is freely conceded that Mr. Charles Wesley was “kind ;” but at no period of his life was he more distinguished by this Christian grace than was his brother. He was also “generous,” in a high degree ; and yet he did not exercise that virtue in so great perfection, as did his brother John. Charles could readily forgive ; but when once his friends had betrayed the trust which he reposed in them, he would rarely receive them a second time to his confidence. Whereas John, through the whole of his public life, was known to carry his “generosity” thus far, for which he was often rebuked by his more cautious brother. That Charles “was less positive and hostile to Calvinism than his brother,” is an affirmation which no one would make, who knows the facts of the case, and respects his own reputation. No man ever lived who had a more deep and solemn conviction than he, that the *peculiarities* of what is called Calvinism are unscriptural, of dangerous tendency to the souls of men, and are only neutralized in their effects by the admixture of saving truth with which they are generally proposed. He preached against absolute predestination, and in defence of God’s universal love, much oftener, and with far greater warmth, than his brother, and expressed himself in language much stronger than John ever employed in reference to this subject. He loved Mr. Whitefield with an ardour that nothing could quench ; but what he thought of Mr. Whitefield’s creed may be readily perceived from the following lines, which he wrote in a letter to a friend, not in the heat of controversy, but two years after the separation had taken place :—

Whitefield begins his course, and rises fair,
 And shoots and glitters like a blazing star.
 He lets his light on all impartial shine,
 And strenuously asserts the birth divine,
 While thousands listen to the’ alarming song,
 And catch conviction darted from his tongue.
 Parties and sects their ancient feuds forget,
 And fall and tremble at the Preacher’s feet ;
 With horror in the wise inquiry join,
 “ What must we do to’ escape the wrath divine ? ”

Meek, patient, humble, wise above his years,
 Unbribed by pleasures, and unmoved by fears,
 From strength to strength the young apostle goes,
 Pours like a torrent, and the land o'erflows ;
 To distant climes his healing doctrine brings,
 And joins the morning's with the eagle's wings ;
 Resistless wins his way with rapid zeal,
 Turns the world upside down, and shakes the gates of hell.

O had he kept the post by Heaven assign'd,
 Sent to invite and waken all mankind !
 O had he 'scaped that plague, that deadly draught,
 Which rigid Calvin from old Dominic caught !
 Unless to heathen Zeno we ascribe
 What Mahomet taught his wild elected tribe.
 Shall Whitefield too mis-spend his noble might,
 To wash the Ethiop Reprobation white ?
 Shall Whitefield too to prop the doctrine try,
 The hellish, blasphemous, exploded lie,
 The "horrible decree," the foulest tale,
 The deadliest that was ever hatch'd in hell !
 And shall I spare the doctrine ? spare the fiend ?
 The' old Fatalist, the Murderer of my friend ?
 No : while the breath of God these limbs sustains,
 Or flows one drop of blood within these veins,
 War, endless war, with Satan's scheme I make,
 Full vengeance on the hellish doctrine take,
 Its sworn eternal foe for my own Whitefield's sake !

A conviction and feelings equally deep and strong Mr. Charles Wesley manifested in his "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love," which he published during the year 1741, and which were afterwards enlarged, and often reprinted. Several of them are eminently beautiful, and breathe a spirit of enlightened and fervent piety : a considerable proportion of them, therefore, were inserted in the Collection which is in general use in the Wesleyan congregations. They were published not long after the sermon on "Free Grace," the leading principles of which they embody ; and at the time of their appearance they could scarcely be less powerful in their influence upon the public mind than was that very impassioned and argumentative discourse. One specimen may be given. It is entitled, "The Cry of a Reprobate ;" not of one who was from eternity an absolute outcast from the divine mercy ; but one who had been redeemed by the blood of the Saviour, and in opposition to repeated warnings, and the gracious strivings of the Holy Spirit, had spent his day of

probation in wilful impenitence, unbelief, and rebellion against Christ. While he sinks into perdition, therefore, he confesses that the justice, faithfulness, and compassion of God are unimpeachable. The composition is a striking example of the writer's energy and spirit.

Go, wretched soul, to meet thy doom ;
 Thou neither canst escape nor fly ;
 The day, the fatal day, is come,
 And thou with all thy hopes must die.

The dire occasion of my fall
 Is present to my closest view ;
 Shorn of my strength, I give up all,
 And bid the world of grace adieu !

The Philistines at last have found
 The way to' afflict their baffled foe ;
 By my own sin betray'd and bound,
 A sheep I to the slaughter go.

I saw my death with stony eye,
 While I the way of life could find,
 But would not then the ruin fly,
 And now my harden'd heart is blind.

I cannot from destruction turn,
 Nor wish it might from me depart ;
 Down the swift stream of nature borne,
 I sin with all my wretchless heart.

My greedy soul knows no remorse,
 While conscience sear'd no longer cries,
 Impetuous as the headlong horse
 Rushes into the fight, and dies.

I hasten where the deepest hell
 Is moved to meet me from beneath,
 Where damn'd apostate spirits yell,
 And gnaw their tongues, and gnash their teeth.

Tophet is for the King prepared,
 But I must have the hottest place ;
 I claim it as my just reward,
 For such an endless waste of grace.

Dives, and I, and Judas there,
 With galling chains of darkness bound,
 Shall howl in blasphemous despair,
 And fiends return the doleful sound.

A real fiery sulph'rous hell
 Shall prey upon our outward frame ;
 But sorer pangs the soul shall feel,
 Tormented in a fiercer flame.

The dreadful sin-consuming fire
 God shall into our spirits breathe,
 A brimstone-stream of vengeful ire,
 And slay them with a living death.

Conscience, the worm that never dies,
 Shall gnaw and tear us day and night,
 For ever banish'd from the skies,
 And cast out of the Saviour's sight.

Back to the presence of the Lord,
 O'er the vast gulf we cannot pass ;
 We cannot, cannot be restored
 To see the glories of his face.

Horror of horrors ! hell of hell !
 This makes the cup of wrath run o'er,
 Far from my Lord with fiends to dwell,
 And never, never see him more !

O Death ! this is thy sting ! O Grave !
 Of souls, this is thy victory !
 The Saviour can no longer save ;
 A gulf is fix'd 'twixt Him and me.

No ray of light, no gleam of hope,
 The dismal regions can allow ;
 'Tis here I must my eyes lift up :
 The pains of hell surround me now !

Hopeless my damn'd estate I mourn,
 God's wrath is dropp'd into my soul ;
 His fiery wrath in me shall burn
 Long as eternal ages roll.

Hear, sinners ! hear a human fiend,
 And shudder at my horrid tale,
 Consign'd to woes that never end,
 Before my time I weep and wail.

As Dives would his brethren warn,
 Lest they should share his dreadful doom,
 " Sinners," I cry, " to Jesus turn,
 Nor to my place of torment come !

“ Hear an incarnate devil preach,
 Nor throw, like me, your souls away,
 While heavenly bliss is in your reach,
 And God prolongs your gracious day.

“ Whom I reject, do you receive,
 The Saviour of mankind embrace ;
 He tasted death for a’l ; believe,
 Believe, and ye are saved by grace.

“ Ye are, and I was once, forgiven ;
 Jesus’s doom did mine repeal ;
 I might with you have come to heaven,
 Saved by the grace from which I fell.

“ A ransom for my soul was paid ;
 For mine, and every soul of man,
 The Lamb a full atonement made,
 The Lamb for me and Judas slain.

“ Before I at his bar appear,
 Thence into outer darkness thrust,
 The Judge of all the earth I clear,
 Jesus, the merciful, the just.

“ By my own hands, not his, I fall,
 The hellish doctrine I disprove ;
 Sinners, his grace is free for all ;
 Though I am damn’d, yet God is love ! ”

The reader may now judge whether the comparison between Mr. John and Charles Wesley, to which reference has just been made, is or is not founded in truth. The fact is, Lady Huntingdon’s biographer is a decided admirer of Calvin’s theological system, of which Mr. John Wesley was, without exception, the most successful opponent that ever lived ; and hence the unwillingness to do justice to his excellences. Even Charles’s character must be misrepresented, to dishonour John. It is high time that, among all Christian men, such a mode of writing history was abandoned for ever. It is not true that Mr. Charles Wesley was either “ more kind and generous,” or “ less positive and hostile ” to Calvinism, than his brother. In generosity he excelled most men, yet fell short of John ; but in hostility to Calvinism he far surpassed him.

“ Anger resteth in the bosom of fools ; ” but it found no permanent residence in the heart of George Whitefield, and

of his brethren John and Charles Wesley. The effervescence of feeling occasioned by the first publication of their respective pamphlets at length subsided, and they wisely "agreed to differ." Mr. Whitefield united with John Cennick in the erection of another school in Kingswood, where they could teach their favourite tenets without restraint. In London his friends also rallied round him; and, having obtained the loan of a piece of ground near the Foundery, he employed a carpenter to raise a temporary building, which they called a "tabernacle," to shelter him and his hearers during his stay in England. Two years before he had declared himself strongly at Fetter-lane against lay-preaching; but now his views were changed, and feeling his need of help, he called to his aid the unordained brethren, Cennick, Harris, Seagrave, Humphries, and others. In the low and slender "tabernacle" these excellent men preached "electing love," and the Wesleys, with their assistants, in the Foundery, "universal redemption," to their hearts' content. Yet, while they gave a due prominence to their peculiarities of opinion, they were all mindful of the great end of preaching: the turning of men to righteousness. They all insisted upon the guilt and corruption of mankind, and the consequent necessity of justification and the new birth. Equally faithful were they all in maintaining, that there is no justification, but through faith in the blood of Jesus; and no holiness, but that which results from the Holy Spirit's influence. "All was wonderfully overruled for good," says Mr. Whitefield, "and for the furtherance of the Gospel. A fresh awakening immediately began. The congregations grew exceeding large."

Towards the close of the following year Mr. Whitefield wrote to Mr. John Wesley to this effect:—"I long to hear from you; and write this hoping to have an answer. I rejoice to hear the Lord blesses your labours. May you be blessed in bringing souls to Christ more and more! I believe we shall go on best when we only preach the simple Gospel, and do not interfere with each other's plan. Our Lord exceedingly blesses us at the Tabernacle. I doubt not but he deals in the same bountiful manner with you. I was at your letter-day on Monday. Brother Charles has been pleased to come and see me twice. Behold what a happy thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! That the

whole Christian world may all become of one heart and one mind; and that *we*, in particular, though differing in judgment, may be examples of mutual, fervent, undissembled affection, is the hearty prayer of, Rev. and dear Sir,

“Your most affectionate, though most unworthy, younger brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus.”

Mr. Wesley’s answer to this truly Christian letter has not been preserved; but that it breathed the same spirit of candour and of fraternal love, is manifest from the manner in which it was immediately acknowledged by Mr. Whitefield. “I thank you,” says he, “for your kind answer to my last. Had it come a few hours sooner, I should have read some part of it among our other letters.* Dear Sir, who would be troubled with a party-spirit? May our Lord make all his children free from it indeed!”

Such was the kindly spirit of the noble-minded Whitefield, after he had felt it necessary so to withdraw from the Wesleys as to pursue an independent course of labour; and the same affection and esteem they reciprocated towards him, till their work was done, and their disembodied spirits met in the world of perfect light and holiness. It was rather from other parties than themselves that their differences were exasperated and magnified. They could hold their peculiar opinions with entire and uninterrupted charity. After this mutual reconciliation Mr. Charles Wesley poured out the feelings of his heart in the following

HYMN FOR THE REV. MR. WHITEFIELD AND MR. WESLEYS.

COME, Saviour, from above,
 Our dear redeeming Lord,
 And twist us by thy dying love
 Into a threefold cord,
 Friendship that shall endure
 Long as the life of God,
 Indissolubly strong, and pure
 As thy cementing blood.

* Mr. Whitefield, as well as the Wesleys, used to hold meetings on particular days for the purpose of reading to his people extracts from his correspondence, relating particularly to the advancement of the work of God. Many advantages arose from this practice. The people were encouraged, and their sympathies and prayers in behalf of their distant brethren were called forth.

Thy love which passeth thought
 In every heart reveal,
 And by a common ransom bought,
 We one salvation feel ;
 We one salvation given
 To desperate sinners show,
 And preach the throne of God in heaven,
 Set up in man below.

For this raised up by thee,
 And on thy message sent,
 With primitive simplicity,
 To the highways we went ;
 Nor scrip nor purse we took,
 But cast the world behind,
 But cheerfully our all forsook,
 Our all in thee to find :

Our sole desire and aim
 Perishing souls to win,
 Collect the outcasts in thy name,
 And force them to come in ;
 As thunder's sons to rouse
 The dead that cannot die,
 And fill with guests the lower house,
 And fit them for the sky.

For this we still remain,
 By labours undepress'd,
 And feel the love revive again
 That warm'd our youthful breast :
 Thou dost the zeal regive,
 The first uniting grace,
 And bid us to thy glory live
 Our last and happiest days.

Thy mind we surely know,
 In which we now agree,
 And hand in hand exulting go
 To final victory :
 Obedient to thy will,
 We put forth all our fire,
 Our ministerial work fulfil,
 And in a blaze expire.

While the controversy respecting predestination was agitated, Mr. Charles Wesley's pious zeal still prompted him to labour in every possible way to advance the cause of Christ. His exertions were in perfect consistency with his creed. He felt that Christ was both able and willing to save, and he was

anxious to fix the attention of all mankind upon the Redeemer's sacrifice, compassion, and saving power. Of his mother's strength of understanding, and general sincerity and uprightness, he had no doubt; but he appears to have had serious apprehensions that she had only inadequate views of the Christian salvation, and of the faith by which it is obtained; and that therefore her spiritual state could not be contemplated with entire satisfaction. Under these impressions he addressed to her a letter on the subject, which she immediately answered. His letter has not been preserved, and only a part of hers is forthcoming; but that part is of very superior value and importance. It proves that her apprehensions of religion were more evangelical than her sons supposed. The spiritual enjoyments with which they were only recently made acquainted, she had known many years before, but had unhappily lost them through unfaithfulness. Her hints to Charles, not to undervalue the good that was in him before he obtained the abiding witness of his personal adoption, show a just discrimination, and were especially seasonable.

“October 2d, 1740. Dear Charles,—I do heartily join with you in giving God thanks for your recovery. He hath many wise reasons for every event of Providence, far above our apprehension; and I doubt not but his having restored you to some measure of health again will answer many ends which as yet you are ignorant of.

“I thank you for your kind letter. I call it so, because I verily believe it was dictated by a sincere desire of my spiritual and eternal good. There is too much truth in many of your accusations; nor do I intend to say one word in my own defence; but rather choose to refer all things to Him that knoweth all things. But this I must tell you: You are somewhat mistaken in my case. Alas! it is far worse than you apprehend it to be! I am not one of those who have never been enlightened, or made partaker of the heavenly gift, or of the Holy Ghost; but have many years since been fully awakened, and deeply sensible of sin, both original and actual. But my case is rather like that of the church of Ephesus. I have been unfaithful to the talents committed to my trust, and have lost my first love. ‘Yet is there hope in Israel concerning this thing.’ I do not, and by the grace of God I will not, despair; for even since my sad defection,

when I was almost without hope, when I had forgotten God, yet I then found He had not forgotten me : for even then He did by his Spirit apply the merits of the great atonement to my soul, by telling me that Christ died for me. And shall the God of truth, the almighty Saviour, tell me that I am interested in his blood and righteousness, and shall I not believe Him? God forbid. I do, I will believe; and though I am the greatest of sinners, that does not discourage me: for all my transgressions are the sins of a finite person; but the merits of our Lord's sufferings and righteousness are infinite! If I do want anything without which I cannot be saved; (of which I am not at present sensible;) then I believe I shall not die before that want be supplied.

“ You ask many questions which I care not to answer; but I refer you to our dear Lord, who will satisfy you in all things necessary for you to know. I cannot conceive why you affirm yourself to be no Christian; which is, in effect, to tell Christ to his face, that you have nothing to thank Him for; since you are not the better for anything He hath yet done or suffered for you. O what great dishonour, what wondrous ingratitude, is this to the ever-blessed Jesus! I think myself far from being so good a Christian as you are, or as I ought to be; but God forbid I should renounce the little Christianity I have: nay rather, let me grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

“ I know not what other opinion people may have of human nature; but, for my part, I think, that without the grace of God we are utterly incapable of thinking, speaking, or doing anything good; and, therefore, if in any part of our life we have been enabled to perform anything good, we should give God the glory. If we have not improved the talents given us, the fault is our own. But I find this is a way of talking much used among these people, which has much offended me; and I have often wished they would talk less of themselves, and more of God. I often hear loud complaints of sin, &c., but rarely, very rarely, any word of praise and thanksgiving to our dear Lord, or acknowledgment of his infinite ——.”

This letter shows that Mrs. Wesley's spirit was not pharisaical. She distinctly acknowledges the entire corruption

and helplessness of human nature; and confesses, that she had deeply felt her own depravity, guilt, and demerit before God. Although she does not speak of the nature and method of deliverance with the clearness that characterized the teaching of her sons, when their views were matured, and their hearts were established with grace; yet she expected salvation only from the mercy of God, through the death and intercession of the Lord Jesus. At this period both the brothers undervalued the grace which they had previously received, and which led them to do and suffer many things for the glory of God, and the benefit of mankind. It is, nevertheless, undeniable, that until they received and exemplified the doctrine of present salvation from the guilt and power of sin by faith in Christ, they had neither of them attained to the true Christian character, as it is described in the apostolical Epistles. This the excellent mother herself afterwards perceived, and entered by faith into a higher state of spiritual enjoyment and of holiness, than she had heretofore experienced.

The biographers of Mr. John Wesley have represented his situation, for a little while, after the withdrawal of Mr. Whitefield from him, as one of peculiar difficulty and trial, arising from the leaning of his brother towards the Moravians, and consequent inclination to retire from the itinerant ministry in which he had been so signally owned of God. On this subject much misapprehension has prevailed. All the information that we possess concerning it lies in a very small compass. It is contained in a passage of Mr. John Wesley's Journal; in a letter which he addressed to Charles; and in a paragraph of one of Lady Huntingdon's letters. They are as follows:—

“Jan. 22d, 1741. I began expounding,” says Mr. John Wesley, speaking of the Foundery in London, “where my brother had left off; namely, at the fourth chapter of the first Epistle of St. John. He had not preached the morning before; nor intended to do it any more. ‘The Philistines are upon thee, Samson.’ But the Lord is ‘not departed from thee.’ He shall strengthen thee yet again, and thou shalt be ‘avenged of them for the loss of thy eyes.’”

In a letter which Mr. John Wesley addressed to Charles on the 21st of April following, it is said, “O my brother, my

soul is grieved for you. The poison is in you. Fair words have stolen away your heart. 'No English man or woman is like the Moravians!' So the matter is come to a fair issue. Five of us did stand together a few months since; but two are gone to the right hand, Hutchins and Cennick; and two more to the left, Mr. Hall and you. Lord, if it be thy Gospel which I preach, arise, and maintain thine own cause! Adieu!"

During the same year Lady Huntingdon, who was then a personal friend of the Wesleys, and had belonged to the society in Fetter-lane, writing to Mr. John Wesley, under the date of October 24th, somewhat obscurely says, "Your answer to the former part of mine has quite silenced me on that subject. But I believe your brother's journal will clear up my meaning more fully to you; for I should labour very much to have as few snares in his way as possible. Since you left us, the *still ones* are not without their attacks. I fear much more for him than for myself, as the conquest of the one would be nothing to the other. They have, by one of their agents, reviled me very much; but I have taken no sort of notice, as if I had never heard it. I comfort myself very much, that you will approve a step with respect to them your brother and I have taken. No less than his declaring open war with them. He seemed under some difficulty about it at first, till he had free liberty given him to use my name, as the instrument in God's hand, that had delivered him from them. I rejoiced much at it, hoping it might be a means of working my deliverance from them. I have desired him to enclose to them yours on Christian perfection. The doctrine therein contained I hope to live and die by. It is absolutely the most complete thing I know. God hath helped your infirmities. His Spirit was with you of a truth. You cannot guess how I in spirit rejoice over it.

"Your brother is also to give his reasons for quite separating; and I am to have a copy of the letter he sends them, to keep by me. I have great faith, God will not let him fall. He will surely have mercy on him; and not on him only; for many would fall with him. I feel he would make me stagger through his fall. But I fly from them as far as pole from pole; for I will be sound in my obedience. His natural parts, his judgment, and the improvement he has made, are

so far above the highest of them, that I should imagine nothing but frenzy had seized upon him. But when I consider him, with so many advocates for the flesh about him, having the form of angels of light, my flesh trembleth for fear of him; and I should have no comfort, did I not know assuredly, that He that is for him is greater than he that is against him.

“When you receive his journal you will rejoice much when you come to Thursday, October 15th. I think you must have felt our happiness. It was more than I can express. I will not allow you to call me a *still branch*. I spoke so strongly against boasting, I can desire nothing at present, but that my name may be cast out from among men; and that you and your brother might think on me as you do on no one else. I am sure God will reward you ten thousand times for your labour of love to my soul. I am sure of your prayers. You are continually borne upon my heart to God, as well as the flock over whom the Holy Ghost has made you overseer.”

From these statements it appears, that in the month of January, 1741, Mr. Charles Wesley was engaged in the public delivery of expository discourses on the first Epistle of St. John, at the early hour of five o'clock, in the Foundery, when he suddenly desisted, and expressed his intention to proceed no further in that service. He did this under an influence foreign from himself. “The Philistines were upon him.” Yet his brother perceived that his piety was not lost. In this instance he was acting under a mistaken sense of duty, and not under the power of a corrupt motive. He was not forsaken by God, who would deliver him from the temporary delusion, and “avenge him for the loss of his eyes,” by enabling him to resume his very effective ministry, and bear a decisive testimony against the mischievous novelties which were then entertained.

The influence under which Mr. Charles Wesley acted at this time was doubtless of a Moravian character. Molther, whose doctrine was the most bold and revolting, was recalled to Germany; and his place was supplied by Peter Böhler, who had now returned to England, where he had formerly been a means of spiritual good to many. He would not disavow the tenets which Molther had maintained, but expressed

his persuasion that Molther had been misunderstood; of which, indeed, there is no probability, his doctrine being thoroughly sifted at the time, and too clearly explained by the conduct of the people who received it. Mr. Hall, the brother-in-law of the Wesleys, was now in London, and also their esteemed friend Mr. Gambold, of Stanton-Harcourt; both of whom avowed and advocated the views of the Moravian Church; and they appear to have succeeded in partially warping Charles's better judgment. A few days after he had discontinued his morning services at the Foundery, these two Moravian converts waited upon the brothers. Their visit is thus described by Mr. John Wesley:—

“Our old friends, Mr. Gambold and Mr. Hall, came to see my brother and me. The conversation turned wholly upon silent prayer, and quiet waiting for God; which, they said, was the only possible way to attain living, saving faith.

*Sirenium voces, et Circes pocula nôsti? **

Was there ever so pleasing a scheme? But where is it written? Not in any of those books which I account the oracles of God. I allow, if there is a better way to God than the scriptural way, this is it. But the prejudice of education so hangs upon me, that I cannot think there is. I must still wait in the Bible-way, from which this differs as light from darkness.”

These plausible teachers of a smooth and easy way to heaven, who alarmed no sinner, and confounded no Pharisee,—who encountered no mobs, and carefully shunned all the shame and inconvenience of field-preaching, quietly leaving the world to sleep on, and take its rest,—appear to have been “the Philistines,” who, if they did not “put out” Charles's “eyes,” dimmed his perceptions of truth and duty, and led him to falter in his glorious career of evangelical labour. But not long; his strength was yet unimpaired; and scarcely had a week passed before he was found again in the pulpit of the Foundery; and John bore the following testimony to his faithfulness:—“My brother returned from Oxford, and preached on the true way of waiting for God: thereby dis-

* “Know'st thou the' enchanted cup, and Siren's song?”

PELLING at once the fears of some, and the vain hopes of others; who had confidently affirmed, that Mr. Charles Wesley was *still* already, and would come to London no more."

But it has been concluded, from Mr. John Wesley's letter of April 21st, that Charles was again inclined to what was called "the German stillness." This, however, is by no means clear. John was then in London, and Charles in Bristol; so that their intercourse was not personal. Charles had said, most probably in a letter, "No English man or woman is like the Moravians;" and John, knowing what had occurred a few weeks before, immediately inferred that, a second time, "fair words had stolen away" his brother's "heart." That John was mistaken in this, we have direct and positive proof. On the very day that he wrote this letter, and under the influence of strong feeling said, "O my brother, my soul is grieved for you; the poison is in you;" Charles, as if to refute the imputation, was actually writing his "Short Account of Mrs. Hannah Richardson;" which John afterwards inserted in his own works, and which is unquestionably one of the most striking and effective antidotes to the peculiarities which were taught by Molther, that the brothers ever published. Hannah was convinced of sin, and entered by faith into Christian liberty, under Charles's early ministry in Bristol. Sometime after she was brought into what Mr. John Wesley describes in one of his sermons, as "the wilderness state." Her mind was deeply depressed under a conviction of the guilt and power of original sin. All this while Charles describes her as a child of God, holding fast her confidence, and, of course, as still accepted in the Beloved: in opposition to the tenets of those Moravians who would have contended that she had no faith, because she was distressed with doubts and fears. In this state she sought and waited for deliverance, not in stillness and quietude, as Molther recommended in similar cases, but in a diligent and prayerful use of all the means of grace, and in the discharge of every religious and moral duty; for which Charles commends her in the strongest manner.

"For many days and months," says he, "she walked on still in darkness, and had no light, but against hope believed in hope; staggering oftentimes, but not falling through unbe-

lief. Still she bore up under her continual fears of being a castaway. She waited in a constant use of all the means of grace, never missed the communion, or hearing the word; though all was torment to her; for she never found benefit. Nothing, she said, affected her: there was none so wicked as her. I am a witness of her many complaints and wailings. Yet she persisted with a glorious obstinacy; and followed on to know the Lord, walking in all his commandments and ordinances blameless. She went on steadily in the way of her duty, never intermitting it on account of her inward conflicts. Not slothful in business, but working almost continually with her own hands. Most strict was she and unblamable in all her relative duties, and in all manner of conversation. Those who lived with her never heard a light and trifling word come out of her mouth. She did not sit still till she should be pure in heart; but redeemed the time, and bought up every opportunity of doing good. To do good she never forgot, but spoke to all, and warned all, both children and grown persons, as God delivered them into her hands. She was exceeding tender-hearted towards the sick, whether in body or soul. She could not rejoice with those that rejoiced, but she wept with those that wept, and encouraged them to wait upon God, who hid his face from her, never to be weary in well-doing: for in the end, said she, they would reap, if they fainted not.

“ See here a pattern of true mourning! a spectacle for men and angels! a soul standing up under the intolerable weight of original sin; troubled on every side; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted by sin, the world, and the devil, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; walking on as evenly under the load of darkness, as if she had been in the broad light of God’s countenance. Whosoever thou art, that seekest Christ sorrowing, go thou, and do likewise.”

In this state of mind and of Christian diligence Hannah was seized with mortal sickness, when the Lord restored to her “ the joy of his salvation,” in all its richness and plentitude; and she died in a most peaceful and triumphant manner. The entire tract, giving an account of her life and end, is written with singular terseness and spirit. It quickly passed through many editions, and ought never to be out of print.

The practice of Mr. Charles Wesley at this time fully agreed with the principles which he embodied in this admirable pamphlet. He exercised his ministry with unimpaired efficiency and power. No man upon earth, not even his brother in London, more fully exemplified the apostolic admonition: "Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine."

What, then, it may be asked, does Mr. Charles Wesley mean by the sentence which his brother quotes from one of his letters, "No English man or woman is like the Moravians?" This question admits of an easy solution. He was accustomed to express himself, not in measured and logical terms, but with warmth and abruptness. The comparison is not between all the professed members of the Moravian Church, and the Arminian and Calvinistic Methodists; for all the "English," without exception, including the English Moravians, are spoken of in language of comparative disparagement. The fact is, Mr. Charles Wesley was now labouring in Bristol and Kingswood, where strenuous attempts were made to imbue with the doctrine of predestination a people who had but just emerged from a state of semi-barbarism, and who managed their disputes with violence. The bitterness of some was almost incredible. One instance may be mentioned, which occurred near the time of which we are speaking. "While I was passing by the Bowling-green," says he, "a woman cried out, 'The curse of God light upon you!' with such uncommon bitterness, that I could not but turn, and stop to bless her. When I asked her why she cursed me, she answered, 'For preaching against Mr. ——.' I had indeed a suspicion, from her dialect, that she was one of the self-elect; but stayed heaping coals upon her head, till at last she said, 'God bless you all.'"

In the midst of such contention, and strife of words, it would appear that Mr. Charles Wesley recollected, perhaps in a fit of temporary impatience, the meek and gentle Moravians with whom he and his brother sailed to Georgia, and whose sweetness of spirit shone with greater lustre when viewed in comparison with that of the angry disputants by whom he was now surrounded, and of others who had recently tried his patience in London and elsewhere. It was acknow-

ledged, on all hands, that the genuine Moravians excelled in the passive graces of the Christian character; and these would appear to be of supreme importance to a man whose mind was vexed with the pertinacity of persons who would rather dispute, than either pray, or govern their tempers.

From Lady Huntingdon's letter we learn, that in the autumn of the year 1741, Mr. Charles Wesley had returned to London, where strenuous attempts were made to alienate him from his brother, and connect him with the Moravians; but all in vain. He sent them a letter of absolute and final refusal. To effect his strict and permanent union with them was indeed a hopeless task. It would have been an open abandonment of the principles which he had most sacredly held through life. The Moravians in England were now a distinct sect; and he had ever been most tenacious of his membership in the established Church, from which nothing could induce him to swerve. He longed for retirement, and often passionately desired to die; and their quiet doctrine and habits were in full accordance with his inclination; but he could not reconcile these with the Scriptures, and with his sense of duty. Greatly also was he offended with their views of the ordinances of God, and with their irreverent phrasology, in reference to the most sacred subjects, especially in investing the Holy Spirit with a female character. He was also deeply grieved with the manner in which they separated from him the dearest of his friends, denying them the slightest intercourse with him, when once they had become members of the Moravian Church. William Delamotte, the Cambridge student, who was Charles Wesley's own son in the Gospel, with the rest of the family, joined the Moravians. The pious youth soon after died; but even when languishing upon the bed of mortal sickness, he was not allowed to see either of the Wesleys, or any of his former friends who retained their connexion with these men of God. Nothing could justify such exclusiveness as this.

Mr. John Gambold, a man of fine genius, and an accomplished scholar, was one of the most intimate and confidential friends of John and Charles Wesley; but he no sooner joined the Moravians, than he resigned his living, renounced all connexion with the Establishment, and declined all further intercourse with his old companions. He told Mr. John

Wesley that he was ashamed to be seen in his company. His usefulness to the world was now limited indeed. This amiable man and accomplished scholar was sent to an obscure place, Broadoaks in Essex, and entrusted there with the management of a small Moravian school; thus hiding his talents in the earth, and leaving his friends, the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield, to wear themselves out in the unaided attempt to turn an ungodly nation to righteousness. At Broadoaks Mr. Gambold entered into the labours of Mr. Charles Wesley, who had carried the truth to that place some years before, and successfully preached in the open air. The branches of the Delamotte family, who resided there, transferred their confidence and affection from the Wesleys to the Moravian Brethren. The Rev. George Stonchouse, of Islington, departed farther from the truth than even Mr. Gambold had done. He resigned his vicarage and his ministry, and retired to a village in the neighbourhood of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, where he appears to have spent the residue of his days in inglorious "stillness," enjoying the benefits of a quiet religion, and a harmless life. The feelings of grief and mortification with which Mr. Charles Wesley contemplated these things he has strongly expressed in his manuscript poetry; two short specimens of which are here subjoined. Mr. John Wesley has been sometimes complained of for the severity of his language when writing on this painful subject; but Charles, it will be perceived, uses terms still more strong and reproving.

Yet one, and only one, I thought secure,
 His eye so single, and his foot so sure;
 A friend so oft approved, so thoroughly tried,
 So closely by my every heart-string tied,
 Nor men nor fiends could tear him from my side;
 My other soul; another, yet the same,
 My first of friends, and GAMBOLD was his name.

My first of friends he was,—but is no more;
 O German witchcraft! O Satanic power!
 Shall Gambold too, (a name for ever dear,
 For ever mention'd with a following tear,)
 Shall Gambold too his hold at last let go?
 Start from his calling like a broken bow?
 Counsel with flesh and blood, and Germans, take,
 His weeping flock and blushing friends forsake!

And is it come to this? Poor ruin'd friend ;
 Here must his excellent endowments end ?
 For this did he go through the learned round,
 In knowledge and self-diffidence abound ?
 So meekly wise, so awed with modest fear,
 So kind, and constant, simple, and sincere !
 Had God for this enrich'd his noble mind,
 And all his gifts and all his graces join'd ;
 Form'd for himself, as with divinest art,
 The wisest head, and yet the humblest heart ?
 He seem'd design'd our breaches to repair,
 The burden of our guilty land to bear,
 A chosen vessel of peculiar grace,
 The tabernacle of our God to raise.
 But who shall raise the fallen champion up ?
 Our age's boast, the pillar of our hope,
 He sinks with such a weight of blessings crown'd,
 And buries his ten talents in the ground,
 Bids country, friends, and Church, and state, farewell,
 Skulks in a widow's house,—and teaches girls to spell !

Shame on his teachers! wanton to subdue
 Our choicest souls, and strip and mock them too.
 Surely by Heaven ordain'd for nobler ends,
 Till torn by you from his dismember'd friends.
 He now forgets their constancy and truth,
 The kind companions of his helpless youth,
 Who joy'd for years his every grief to share,
 Loved him and cherish'd with parental care,
 And snatch'd him from the whirlpool of despair ;
 Held when he oft would back to Egypt draw,
 And kept him close imprison'd in the law ;
 Who still, when faith in the first measure came,
 Urged and provok'd him all the grace to claim,
 Restless the' immeasurable depth to prove,
 The length and height and depth of perfect love.

He now beholds us struggling with our fate,
 Crush'd by our own and a whole nation's weight ;
 Beholds as those his soul had never known,
 Standing to fall the last, o'erpower'd, alone,
 Worn out with endless toil, in youth decay'd,
 By friends deserted, and by friends betray'd ;
 Hated by all ; exposed to Satan's power,
 And jeoparding our lives through every hour.
 He sees, and leaves us, in our greatest need,
 Our dearest friend to our worst foe is fled ;
 Leaves us to lavish our last drop of blood,
 Leaves us to bonds, or pain, or death pursued ;
 O glorious proof of German gratitude !

Could I in such distress my Gambold leave?
 My gushing eyes the ready answer give.
 Still must I weep o'er my departed friend,
 Till all my sympathy above shall end.
 There, only there, the rest from grief is given,
 And God shall wipe away these tears in heaven.

Hail, happy souls, by mercy snatch'd away,
 By Jesus taken from this evil day!
 Kinchin, my earliest friend, than life more dear,
 Thy sacred memory claims the pious tear.
 Man cannot now estrange thy simple heart;
 Join'd to the spirits of the just thou art,
 And never more shalt from thy brethren part.
 How swiftly here did thy kind Saviour move
 Thy soul to rescue from a meaner love,
 With jealous care thine innocence to save,
 And caught thee from the bride-bed to the grave;
 Summon'd the marriage-feast above to share,
 And solemnize thy nobler nuptials there.

Thou too to thine eternal rest art gone,
 O lovely Delamotte, my son, my son!
 Swift as a fleeting shade, or short-lived flower,
 Thy soul is fled beyond the oppressors' power.
 But didst thou not, ere yet the gulf was pass'd,
 Look back, and make thy former love thy last?
 Didst thou not for thy old companions mourn,
 And pine, and wish, and languish to return?
 Thy masters may thy dying words conceal,
 But could not in their toils detain thee still.
 Out of their reach thou art for ever gone,
 The charm dissolved, again thou art our own,
 O lovely Delamotte, my son, my son!

In reference to the Clergy, such as Gambold, Hall, and Stonchouse, who had renounced their connexion with the Church of England, and in a great measure retired from their public work, Mr. Charles Wesley says, with his characteristic warmth,—

They saw the ship by many a tempest toss'd,
 Her rudder broken, and her tackling lost,
 Left her to sink without their helping hand,
 Look'd to themselves, and basely 'scaped to land.
 But shall I too the sinking Church forsake?
 Forbid it, Heaven, or take my spirit back!
 No, ye diviners sage; your hope is vain,

While but one fragment of our ship remain,
 That single fragment shall my soul sustain.
 Bound to that sacred plank, my soul defies
 The great abyss, and dares all hell to rise,
 Assured that Christ on THAT shall bear me to the skies.

The details respecting the practical and speculative errors in the Moravian Church, at the time of its rise in England, are not introduced here with the design of perpetuating ancient feuds, but merely for the purpose of placing the history of Mr. Charles Wesley in its true light. It is but just to all the parties to state, that, in the subsequent years of his life, he was accustomed to speak of these evils as being temporary. He used to remark that, after these unhappy times, a decided improvement took place in the Moravian body; and he cultivated towards its members a kindly feeling to the end of his days. The evils complained of were introduced chiefly by Molther; and they were perpetuated for some time by Count Zinzendorf, whose theology, as he advanced in life, became more and more unsound, and his influence increasingly mischievous. He drew many aside from that godly simplicity in which they had walked. Indeed it is hardly possible to speak in terms too high of the Christian spirit of the Moravians who accompanied the Wesleys to Georgia, and of their brethren at Hernhuth, when Mr. John Wesley visited them to his great spiritual advantage. They were holy, cheerful, diligent, and devout; and their discipline was scarcely inferior to that of the apostolic churches.

Mr. John Wesley also, after his formal separation from the Moravian Church, cherished a profound respect for the sound members of that community. On the 1st of May, 1741, he says, "I went to a little love-feast which Peter Böhler made for those ten who joined together this day three years, to confess our faults one to another. Seven were present; one being sick, and two unwilling to come. Surely the time will return, when there shall be again

‘ Union of mind, as in us all one soul.’ ”

The Wesleyan Connexion owes to the Moravian Brethren a debt of respect and grateful affection which can never be repaid. Mr. John and Charles Wesley, with all their excellencies, were neither holy nor happy till they were taught by

Peter Böhler, that men are saved from sin, its guilt, dominion, and misery, by faith in Christ; a faith which is the inspired gift of the Holy Ghost, exercised in a penitent state of heart, and immediately followed by the inward witness of God's adopting mercy. The application to themselves of this doctrine was with them the beginning of the Christian life, and the grand qualification for that ministry which was destined to turn the world upside down. Had they not been made acquainted with that master-truth of Christianity, they would never have been itinerant and field Preachers, nor have had companies of awakened sinners to form into religious societies. During the last hundred years this doctrine has ever been the most prominent subject of the Methodist ministry, in the United Kingdom, on the American Continent, and in the wide Mission field. The faithful, affectionate, and experimental inculcation of this doctrine has unquestionably been, under God, the great secret of the power and success of Methodist preaching. God, in the merciful dispensations of his providence, might indeed, by other means, have given the Wesleys a knowledge of this essential element of evangelic truth; but he did not. Peter Böhler was his honoured instrument of imparting this benefit to the brothers, and consequently to the millions of their spiritual children.

The Moravian Brethren are at present comparatively few in number; and yet their Missions, which are widely diffused through the heathen world, are carried on with exemplary zeal and patience. In supporting this noble enterprise of charity their sacrifices and privations must be great and painful. Few things, it is conceived, would be more becoming in itself, or more acceptable to the adorable Saviour and Head of all "the churches of the saints,"—or be a finer example of catholic love, in these days of bitter exclusiveness,—than a pecuniary contribution from the Wesleyan body in behalf of the Moravian Missions, as an acknowledgment of God's goodness in sending Peter Böhler so opportunely to England, when Mr. John and Charles Wesley were anxiously inquiring, "What must we do to be saved?" The writer of this narrative hopes that his Wesleyan brethren will give due attention to this suggestion; which is advanced with all deference and respect, but with great earnestness and sincerity.

CHAPTER IX.

WE have already seen the part which Mr. Charles Wesley took in the controversies concerning predestination, and the nature of Christian ordinances as means of grace, which agitated the societies in London, Bristol, and Kingswood. In full concurrence with his brother, he steadily adhered to the doctrine of general redemption; and, with the exception of a momentary hesitation, occasioned by the smooth and self-pleasing representations of Mr. Hall, Gambold, and Stonchouse, he not only enforced the duties of religion with unflinching fidelity, but was an example of what he taught. There is a chasm in his journal from January 1st, to the 4th of April, 1741; when we find him at Bristol, Kingswood, and the vicinity, preaching with undiminished zeal and success. He did not return to London till the autumn. During the summer he paid three visits to Wales, not for the purpose of finding relaxation in its mountain scenery, but to minister the word of life to dying men.

Many were the spiritual children which he had in Bristol and its neighbourhood, whose improving piety and upright conduct he witnessed with gratitude, and who, he was pleased to believe, would be his joy and the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord. He was now called to visit many of them on the bed of death, and to witness their departure from the toils and afflictions of mortality. Several of them died during his stay in Bristol; and their "latter end" was indeed such as to strengthen his conviction, that the conversions which had taken place in connexion with his ministry, and that of his fellow-labourers, were, as he had ever regarded them, "the work of God." The people died in the faith and hope of the Gospel, "looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life;" and their funerals, like those of the primitive Christians, were celebrated as solemn festivals, where tears of sorrow were mingled with tears of joy. The members of the society used to assemble in considerable numbers, and follow the remains of their departed

friends to the grave. Mr. Charles Wesley often attended; he composed hymns suited to the occasions, which he called upon the people to sing; and he addressed them on the subject of death and eternity. The civil authorities in Bristol were then remiss, and unfriendly to the Wesleys and their converts; so that when the Methodist funerals passed along the streets of that ancient and pious city, the mourners and their friends were pelted with mud and stones, by persons of "the baser sort," who knew that they could perpetrate the outrage with impunity. A few examples, selected from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal, will show the power of religion among the Methodists at this period.

"April 11th. I found a dying sinner rejoicing in God her Saviour. At the sight of me she cried out, 'O how loving is God to me! But he is loving to every man. He loves every soul as well as he loves mine.' Many like words she uttered in triumphant faith, and witnessed in death the universal love of Christ Jesus.

"April 12th. To-day He called forth another of his dying witnesses: the young woman whom at my last visit I left in utter despair. This morning she broke out into, 'I see, I see it now, that Jesus Christ died for me, and for all the world.' From that time she testified, with much assurance, that Christ gave his life a ransom for all. Some of her words to me were, 'Death stares me in the face; but I fear him not. He cannot hurt me;

'And Death may shake his dart in vain!'

Your report is true. God is love; pure love; love to every man. The Spirit which is in me tells me, that Jesus Christ died for me, and the whole world.'

"The next I saw was our brother S—,

'With joyful eyes, and look divine,
Smiling and pleased in death.'

He likewise had in himself the witness of God's all-redeeming love; and could stake his soul upon the truth of it.

"April 20th. Returning from Baptist-mills, I heard that our sister Richardson had finished her course. My soul was filled with strong consolation, and struggled as it were to go

out after her, 'as heavenward endeavouring.' Jesu! my time is in thy hand. Only let me so follow her, as she has followed thee. The voice of thanksgiving was in the congregation while I spake of her death. Our sister Parnel has proved a true prophet, that many of the society would quickly follow her; but God would first finish his work, and cut it short in righteousness.

"April 22d. I hastened to the joyful funeral of our sister Richardson. The room was crowded within and without. My subject was, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' &c. (Job xix. 25.) I spoke searchingly to the hearsay believers; and then largely of her whose faith they might safely follow. Great was my glorying and rejoicing over her. She being dead, yet spoke in words of faith and love, which ought to be had in remembrance. Surely her spirit was present with us, and we were in a measure partakers of her joy; a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"The whole society followed her to her grave, through all the city. Satan raged exceedingly in his children, who threw dirt and stones at us; but the bridle was in their mouths. After the burial we joined in the following hymn:—

Come let us who in Christ believe,
With saints and angels join;
Glory, and praise, and blessing give,
And thanks, and grace divine.

Our friend, in sure and certain hope,
Hath laid her body down,
She knew that Christ will raise her up,
And give the heavenly crown.

To all who his appearing love,
He opens paradise;
And we shall join the hosts above,
And we shall grasp the prize.

Then let us wait to see the day,
To hear the welcome word,
To answer,—'Lo! we come away,
We die to meet our Lord!'

"May 1st. I visited a sister dying in the Lord; and then two others, one mourning after, the other rejoicing in, God her Saviour.

“May 4th. I passed an hour in weeping with some that wept; then rejoiced over our sister Hooper. The more the outward man decayeth, the inner man is renewed. For one whole night she had wrestled with all the powers of darkness. This is that evil day, that fiery trial. But having done all, she stood unshaken. From henceforth she was kept in peace, and that wicked one touched her not.

“I saw my dear friend again, in great bodily weakness, but strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. ‘The Spirit,’ said she, ‘bears witness every moment with my spirit, that I am a child of God.’ I spoke with her Physician, who said he had little hope of her recovery: ‘Only,’ added he, ‘she has no dread upon her spirits, which is generally the worst symptom. Most people die for fear of dying; but I never met with such people as yours. They are none of them afraid of death; but calm, and patient, and resigned to the last.’ He had said to her, ‘Madam, be not cast down.’ She answered, smiling, ‘Sir, I shall never be cast down.’

“May 6th. I found our sister Hooper just at the haven. She expressed, while able to speak, her fulness of confidence and love; her desire to be with Christ; her grief at their preaching the other Gospel. Some of her words were, ‘Does Mr. Cennick still preach his wretched doctrine? O what has he to answer for, for turning his poor sister out of the way! But my Lord will pity, and not suffer her to die in that delusion.’

“At my next visit I saw her in her last conflict. The angel of death was come; and there were but a few moments between her and a blessed eternity. We poured out our souls to God for her, her children, and ourselves, the Church, and Ministers, and all mankind. I had some perception of her joy. My soul was tenderly affected for her sufferings; yet the joy swallowed up the sorrow. How much more then did *her* consolations abound! The servants of Christ suffer nothing. I asked her whether she was not in great pain. ‘Yes,’ she answered; ‘but in greater joy. I would not be without either.’ ‘But do you prefer life or death?’ She replied, ‘All is alike to me. Let Christ choose. I have no will of my own.’ This is that holiness, or absolute resignation, or Christian perfection.

“Two days ago I asked her if she expected to recover. She answered, God had, at the beginning of her sickness, given her notice of her departure. And I now remember, she told me, some months ago, that Mrs. Parnel on her death-bed said, ‘You shall shortly follow me.’

“A few moments before her last, I found such a complication of grief, joy, love, envy, as quite overpowered me. I fell upon the bed, and in that instant her spirit ascended to God. I felt our souls were knit together by the violent struggle of mine to follow her.

“When I saw the breathless temple of the Holy Ghost, my heart was still, and a calm resignation took place. We knelt down, and gave God thanks from the ground of our heart.

“After her death they found a memorandum in her handwriting: ‘On such a day Mr. Wesley came to town. The next day I received a fresh witness. Nov. 2d, early in the morning, I received such a manifestation of God’s love as is not to be expressed.’

“One night, I remember, she told me, she knew, while coming to us, we should have that extraordinary power among the bands: that in the way, God had given her a sight of the new Jerusalem. This she did not mention to others, nor indeed many manifestations of Christ, being exceedingly jealous lest she should take any glory to herself. O that all who tell what God hath done for their souls would tell it with like humble reverence!

“May 8th. We solemnized the funeral of our sister Hooper, and rejoiced over her with singing; particularly that hymn which concludes,

‘Thus may we all our parting breath
 Into the Saviour’s hands resign!
 O sister! let *me* die thy death,
 And let thy latter end be mine!’

“My text was, ‘Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.’ A great multitude attended her to her grave. There we sang another hymn of triumph; and I found myself pressed in spirit to speak to those who contradicted and blasphemed. While I reasoned on death, and judgment to come, many trembled. One woman cried out in horrible

agony. We returned to the room, and continued our solemn rejoicings, desiring all to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.

“May 14th. I visited our sister Lillington, whom her Saviour had brought to a bed of sickness before she knew He was *her* Saviour. She told me, two nights ago she saw herself as it were dropping into hell, when suddenly a ray of light was darted into her soul, and filled her with all joy and peace in believing. All fear of hell, death, and sin, fled away in that same moment.

“I saw two more of our sick sisters, then two of the brethren, in Kingswood, who were all rejoicing in hope of a speedy dissolution.

“May 15th. I saw our sister Lillington again, still without fear, desiring nothing but to be with Christ. ‘I never felt,’ said she, ‘such love before. I love every soul: I am all love; and so is God. He is loving unto every man. He would have all men to be saved.’

“May 16th. I visited another of our sisters, who was triumphing over death. I asked her, ‘Do you know Christ died for you?’ ‘Yes,’ she answered joyfully; ‘for me, and for the whole world. He has begun, and He will finish, his work in my soul.’ ‘But will He save you,’ I said, ‘from *all* sin?’ She replied, ‘I know He will. There shall no sin remain in me.’

“I was sent for to another, who had lately heard a Preacher of reprobation. The tempter would not lose his advantage; and immediately suggested, ‘You are one of those for whom Christ did not die.’ This threw her into a fever. I found her dying in despair; preached the true Gospel (Gospel to every creature); prayed; and left her a prisoner of hope.

“May 20th. I was called to a dying woman, who confessed she had often railed on me in her health; but was now constrained to send for me, to ask my pardon, or she could not die in peace. We prayed our Lord to speak peace and pardon to her soul. Several such instances have we had of scoffers, when their feet came to stumble on the dark mountains.

“May 22d. I preached a funeral sermon over sister Lillington, and attended her to her grave; where we rejoiced in hope of quickly following her. I gave an exhortation to

repentance, though Satan greatly withstood me; thereby teaching me never to let go unwarned the poor sinners that come on such occasions."

Such was the spirit in which Mr. Charles Wesley visited the afflicted people of his charge, and the manner in which he laboured for the benefit of the living. These cases, which occurred in the course of a very few weeks, are given merely as a specimen. His journal abounds with similar accounts. The anointing of the Holy One rested upon him in its richest plenitude. In the exercise of his ministry he laid great stress upon the universality of Christ's atonement, and with the most perfect confidence offered to all a full, a free, and an immediate deliverance from sin, and from the torment connected with it. Sometimes in preaching he was almost overpowered with feelings of mingled reverence and joy; and the truth of God, delivered by him, was so clothed with supernatural energy, that, as he distinctly states, almost every day intelligence was conveyed to him from one or more persons, that they had received by faith the salvation which he recommended, with a request that he would offer thanks to the Lord in the public congregation on their account.

"April 14th. While I was, in great love," says he, "warning the bands, the Spirit of power came down; the Fountain was set open; my mouth and heart were enlarged; and I spoke such words as I cannot repeat. Many sunk under the love of Christ crucified, and were constrained to break out, 'Christ died for all!' Some confessed, with tears of joy, they were going to leave us, but could now die for the truth of the doctrine.

"April 23d. I sharply reprov'd three or four inflexible Pharisees; then prayed the Lord to give me words of consolation; and immediately I was filled with power, which broke out as a mighty torrent. All our hearts caught fire as in a moment; and such tears and strong cryings followed as quite drowned my voice. I sat still, while the prayer of the humble pierced the clouds, and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. All present received an answer of peace; and from his love in their hearts testified that Christ died for all.

"The Spirit of Jesus is the Spirit of prophecy. One pro-

phesied in words that pierced my soul. At last I lifted up the book, and cried, 'The spirits of the Prophets are subject to the Prophets. Bow down to the written word.' Immediately there was a profound silence, while I read Elijah's contention with the priests of Baal. The God that answereth by fire received my appeal; and at those words, 'Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt sacrifice,' a prisoner of hope broke loose, and cried, 'Christ died for all!' She was soon filled with faith, and the Holy Ghost. Not one soul was sent empty away. We were all amazed, and glorified God the Saviour of all men, saying, 'We never saw it on this fashion.'

"April 25th. I rode to Kingswood, where many were come from far, to spend the night in watching and prayer. We had much of the divine presence; but I remained myself like Gideon's fleece; till at midnight a cry, 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh!' The flame was kindled, and the Lord our God was among us, as in the holy place of Sinai.

"April 27th. God every day adds fresh seals to my ministry, as many testify in their notes of thanksgiving.

"May 3d. At Kingswood, as soon as I had named my text, 'It is finished!' the love of Christ crucified so constrained me, that I burst into tears, and felt strong sympathy with Him in his sufferings. In like manner, the whole congregation looked upon Him whom they had pierced, and mourned.

"I joined our society in thanksgiving for our departed sister, E. Smith, who went home in triumph. She witnessed a good confession of the universal Saviour; and gave up her spirit in those words: 'I go to my heavenly Father.' We found where she was, by the sweet power and solemn awe with which the divine presence filled us.

"May 19th. I am more and more confirmed in the truth, by its miserable opposers. I talked largely with Mr. H., and urged him with this dilemma: 'For what did God make this reprobate? to be damned, or to be saved?' He durst not say, God made even Judas to be damned; and would not say, God made him to be saved. I desired to know for what third end he could make him; but all the answer I could get was, 'It is not a fair question.'

"Next, I asked him, whether he that believeth not shall

not be damned, *because* he believeth not. ‘Yes,’ he answered: and I replied, ‘Because he believeth not what?’ Here he hesitated; and I was forced to help him out with the Apostle’s answer, ‘That they all might be damned who believed not the truth.’ ‘What truth?’ I asked again, ‘but the truth of the Gospel of *their* salvation. If it is not the Gospel of *their* salvation, and yet they are bound to believe it, then they are bound to believe a lie, under pain of damnation; and the Apostle should have said, *That they all might be damned who believed not A LIE.*’ This drove him to assert that no man was damned for *actual* unbelief, but only for what he called *original*: that is, for not believing before he was born. ‘But where,’ said I, ‘is the justice of this?’ He answered, not over hastily, ‘I confess there is a mystery in reprobation:’ or, to put it in Beza’s words, which I then read to him, ‘We believe, though it is incomprehensible, that it is just to damn such as do not deserve it.’*

“Farther I asked him, ‘Why does God command all men everywhere to repent? Why does he call, and offer his grace to reprobates? Why does his Spirit strive with every child of man for *some* time, though not always?’ I could get no answer, and so read him one of his friend Calvin’s: ‘God speaketh to them, that they may be the deafer; he gives light to them, that they may be the blinder; he offers instruction to them, that they may be the more ignorant; and uses the remedy, that they may not be healed.’ †

* This passage from Beza is not specified by Mr. Charles Wesley: but assertions conveying a similar sentiment occur in various parts of Beza’s Answer to Castellio. The following quotation from his note on Rom. ix. 14, will sufficiently develope his sentiments on this topic:—*Dixerat Apostolus, Deum, nullâ habitâ dignitatis vel indignitatis ratione, destinare odio et amori quoscunque liberet. Hoc verò iniquissimum videtur humanæ rationi, quæ statuit causas impellentes ad odium vel amorem in ipsis personis positas esse oportere, ne digni odio amentur, et digni amore exosi fiant.* “The Apostle had previously declared, that God destines to his hatred and love what persons soever he may be pleased thus to appoint, without having any regard either to their merit or their demerit. But this seems to be a most unjust procedure to the eyes of human reason, which lays it down as an axiom, that the impulsive causes either to hatred or to love ought to be placed in the persons themselves, lest (otherwise) those who are deserving of hatred should become objects of love, and those should become objects of hatred who are worthy to be loved.”

† *Ecce, vocem ad eos dirigit, sed ut magis obsurdescant; lucem accendit, sed ut reddantur cæciores; doctrinam profert, sed quâ magis obstupescunt; remedium adhibet, sed ne sanentur.*—CALVINI Institut. lib. iii., cap. 24, sec. 13.

“ Never did I meet with a more pitiful advocate of a more pitiful cause ; and yet I believe he could say as much for reprobation as another. I told him *his* predestination had a millstone about its neck, and would infallibly be drowned, if he did not part it from reprobation.

“ At Kingswood I preached from those much-perverted words, ‘ I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me ; ’ that is, his Apostles. He does not take in believers of future ages till verse 20. Then in verse 21, he prays for the unbelieving world, that (to use Mr. Baxter’s words on the place) ‘ by *their* concord, the *world* may be won to Christianity.’ (Paraphrase on the New Testament. See again on verse 23.) ‘ That this lustre of their excellency and concord may convince the world that thou hast sent me.’ So far is our Lord from not praying for the world *at all*, that in this very chapter he prays once for his first disciples ; once for believers in after-ages ; and twice for the world that lieth in wickedness ; that the world may *believe*, that the world may *know*.

“ He who prays for all men himself, and commands us to pray for all men, was with us, and showed us, with the demonstration of his Spirit, that He is not willing any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth.

“ May 22d. I passed the night with my brother at Kingswood, in watching unto prayer. I would this custom were revived among all our brethren. The word of God encourages us to be ‘ in watchings often.’

“ May 31st. I read in the society my account of Hannah Richardson’s death. She, being dead, yet spoke so powerfully to our hearts, that my voice was lost in the sorrowful sighing of such as be in captivity. To several God showed himself the God of consolation also ; particularly to two young Welshmen, whom his providence sent hither from Carmarthen. They had heard most dreadful stories of us Arminians, free-willers, perfectionists, Papists ; which all vanished like smoke when they came to hear with their own ears. God applied to their hearts the word of his power. I carried them to my lodgings, and stocked them with books, and sent them away, recommended to the grace of God, which bringeth salvation to all men.

“ June 16th. I spoke with one of the bands, most bar-

barously used by her husband, because she will not forsake God and his people. A hundred times, she said, has he carried a knife to bed with him, to cut her throat. Her soul is always in her hand. She sleeps in the shadow of death, and fears no evil; knowing he can have no power over her except it be given him from above. She ventures her life upon that word, 'How knowest thou, O woman, but thou mayest save thy husband?'

"July 11th. I preached at Bristol; then among the colliers; a third time, at Bath; a fourth, at Sawford; and yet again, in the wood. Let God have the glory. Preaching five times a day, when He calls me to it, no more wearies the flesh than preaching once.

"Satan took it ill to be attacked in his own quarters, that Sodom of our land, Bath. While I was explaining the trembling jailer's question, he raged horribly in his children. They went out, and came back again, and mocked, and at last roared, as if each man's name was Legion. My power increased with the opposition. The sincere were melted into tears, and strong desires of salvation."

In this manner was Mr. Charles Wesley employed in what may be properly called his Bristol Circuit, till the 13th of July, when he paid another visit to Wales, where he preached with his wonted energy, and was glad to renew his acquaintance with the three Clergymen who had formerly treated him with respect. It was during this visit that he was for the first time introduced to Robert Jones, Esq., of Fonmoncastle, which was a means of permanent spiritual good to that gentleman, and led to a most affectionate friendship between them. Mr. Jones obtained for Mr. Charles Wesley the use of a neighbouring church, where a Minister was offended with the largeness of the congregation, and with the doctrine and manner of the Methodist itinerant. It was with great difficulty that he could so far restrain his angry feelings as to behave with decency, either to the 'Squire, or the stranger. The following notices from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal present a lively view of his preaching, and of the effects which it produced:—

"July 13th. I set out with our brother Hooper, and by three reached Cardiff. At six I met and laboured to stir up the society; and the Lord was with my mouth.

“ July 14th. I warned them against apostasy ; and preached in the afternoon to the prisoners, on, ‘ How shall I give thee up, Ephraim ? ’ Above twenty were felons. The word melted them down. Many tears were shed at the singing of that verse :—

‘ Outcasts of men, to you I call,
Harlots, and publicans, and thieves ;
He spreads his arms to’ embrace you all ;
Sinners alone his grace receives :
No need of Him the righteous have ;
He came the lost to seek and save ! ’

At night, for near three hours, I described the grace of God, which bringeth salvation to all men.

“ July 15th. I encouraged them to expect salvation from indwelling sin, from that blessed promise, ‘ Who art thou, O great mountain ? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain.’

“ I rode to Wenvo, and asked my brother Hodges, if he had forbid letting me preach. He told me his church, while he had one, should be always open to me. It was full at so short a warning. I read prayers, and preached from Isaiah lii., ‘ Awake, awake, put on strength, O Zion,’ &c.

“ I rode on five miles further with Mr. Wells, Hodges, and others, to Fonmon-castle. Mr. Jones, who had sent for me, received me very courteously. He civilly apologized for his first questions, which he asked me as a Magistrate, whether I was a Papist ; whether I was a member of the established Church of England, &c. ; was fully satisfied with my answers ; and found we were cotemporaries at the same College.

“ After dinner he sent to Porthkerry, where, at his desire, the Minister lent me his pulpit. After Mr. Richards had made him a promise of it, he sent again, desiring him to act without bias, or constraint, by either granting or refusing the church, as his conscience directed. I read prayers, and preached on, ‘ God so loved the world ! ’ God was amongst us, and a mighty tempest was stirred up round about Him. He shook many souls out of their carnal security. Never hath He given me more convincing words. The poor simple souls fell down at the feet of Jesus. Their shepherd also was deeply affected, and hid his face, and wept ; especially while I was praying for him. After sermon he begged my pardon

for believing the strange reports concerning me. God had spoken the contrary to his heart, and the hearts of his people; for when we were gone out of the church, it was still filled with the cries of the wounded.

“I yielded to Mr. Jones’s importunity, and agreed to delay my return to Bristol, that I might preach here once more, and pass a night at the Castle. Mr. Richards pressed me first to come to his house. I hastened back to Cardiff, and in great bodily weakness showed unawakened sinners their state in dead Lazarus. The word was quick and powerful.

“July 16th. I discoursed on Lazarus raised; dined at Lanissan, and preached to the society, and a few others, chiefly predestinarians. Without touching the dispute, I simply declared the scriptural marks of election; whereby some, I believe, were cut off from their vain confidence. The sincere ones clave to me. Who can resist the power of love? A loving messenger of a loving God might drive reprobation out of Wales, without once naming it.

“In the evening, at Cardiff, Mr. Wells and Hodges shamed me by patiently sitting by to hear *me* preach. My subject was wrestling Jacob. Some whole sinners were offended at the sick and wounded, who cried out for a Physician. But such offences must needs come.

“July 17th. I expounded the narrative of the woman healed of the bloody issue. The power of the Lord was present. We took leave of each other with many tears; and I earnestly exhorted them to continue in the grace of God.

“I dropped most of my company on the road, that I might meet Mr. Jones at Mr. Richards’s. He came with Mrs. Jones; and was met by a Minister, whom, with some others, he had invited to his house, with a view of reconciling them to me. None but Mr. Carne accepted his invitation. His address was not so smooth as theirs who dwell in Kings’ palaces; but I said little till I could speak as one having authority. With difficulty Mr. Jones restrained him from breaking out.

“He flew out on sight of the multitude in the churchyard, and a motion made for my preaching there. It was then proposed to take down one of the windows, that those without might hear; but on Mr. Carne’s again threatening to go

away, we went into the church, as many as could, and the rest stood without.

“ Mr. Carne stood up all the prayers and sermon-time. I never read prayers with more inward feeling. Like strength was given to me to explain the good Samaritan for two hours. Out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spake. Great was the company of mourners, whose tears God put into his bottle: and they shall reap in joy.

“ I could not help smiling at Mr. Carne, who had come, as he said, on purpose to judge me; and his judgment was, ‘ Sir, you have got very good lungs; but you will make the people melancholy. I saw them crying throughout the church.’ Then he turned on Mr. Jones, and told him, he would make himself ridiculous all over the country, by encouraging such a fellow. I was afraid of despising him; and therefore pressed on, and left them together. Mr. Jones almost overcame his evil with good; but could not prevail upon him to come under the same roof with me.

“ However, the poor people were glad to accept of his invitation to hear me again at the Castle. We ate our bread with gladness and singleness of heart; and at seven I preached to some hundreds in the court-yard. My three brethren, Richards, Wells, and Hodges, stood in the midst of them, and knelt on the ground in prayer, and cried after the Son of David. He breathed into our souls strong desires. O that He may confirm, increase, and satisfy them!

“ The voice of praise and thanksgiving was heard in this dwelling-place. Before, at, and after supper, we sang, and blessed God with joyful lips. Those in the parlour and kitchen were continually honouring, by offering Him praise. I thought it looked like the house of faithful Abraham. We called our brethren of Kingswood to be present with us in spirit, and continued rejoicing with them till morning.

“ July 18th. I took sweet counsel with Mr. Jones alone. The seed is sown in his heart, and shall bring forth fruit unto perfection. His wife, a simple, innocent creature, joined us. I commended them to the grace of God in earnest prayer, and then, with my Cardiff friends, went on my way rejoicing.

“ I consented that some should ask Mr. Coldrach for the

use of his pulpit. He civilly answered, that he would readily grant it, but the Bishop had forbidden him. ‘Doth our law judge any man before it hear him, and know what he doeth?’

“At two I set out for the Passage. The boat was just ready for us. By nine I found my brother at the room; the Lord having blessed my going out, and coming in.”

Soon after his return from Wales Mr. Charles Wesley had a narrow escape with his life; and was called to witness another triumphant death in the society, on occasion of which he himself passionately desired to enter into rest.

“August 2d. I got unawares, with my chaise, among the coalpits. We were going to alight, when the horse started, and overturned us. I leaped over both horse and chaise, but our sister Gaseath was thrown out upon her head, and the chaise turned topsy-turvy over her. She lay between the wheels, untouched by either. The horse lay quiet upon his back. We all rose unhurt. ‘Lord, thou shalt save both man and beast.’ How excellent is thy mercy!

“I preached a funeral sermon over our sister Rachel Peacock, who died in the Lord most triumphantly. She had continual joy in the Lord, which made her cry out, ‘Though I groan, I feel no pain at all; Christ so rejoices and fills my heart.’ Her mouth also was filled with laughter, and her tongue with joy. She sang hymns incessantly. ‘Christ,’ said she, ‘is in my heart; and one minute with the Lord is worth a million of ages. O how brave it is to banquet with the Lamb!’ She was always praising God for giving her such patience. All her desires were unto the Lord; and she continued calling upon Him, in all the confidence of love, till He received her into his more immediate presence.

“At the sight of her coffin my soul was moved within me, and struggled as a bird to break its cage. Some relief I found in tears; but still was so overpowered, that unless God had abated the vehemence of my desires, I could have had no utterance. The whole congregation partook with me in the blessedness of mourning.”

Towards the latter end of August Mr. Charles Wesley returned again to Wales. It was the time of the Assizes at Cardiff, so that he had many strangers to hear him; and

before his return he preached to the prisoners, and attended some convicts to the place of execution. Those who heard him in the evening were so impressed, as to come to the preaching at five o'clock the next morning.

"I found our dear friend and brother at Wenvo," says he, "nothing terrified by his adversaries. Their threats, instead of shaking, have more deeply rooted him in the truth. They have had the same effect upon Mr. Jones. The poor prodigals, who are not yet come to themselves, say of him, that he is beside himself; but he is content that they fools should count his life madness; only when any of them come in his way, he speaks such words of truth and soberness as they cannot resist.

"For three hours we sang, rejoiced, and gave thanks; then rode to Porthkerry, where I read prayers, and preached near two hours on the pool of Bethesda. The whole congregation were in tears. I returned to the Castle, and met some hundreds of the poor neighbours in our chapel, the dining-room. I exhorted them to build up one another, from Malachi: 'Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another,' &c. At ten we departed. We kept on rejoicing till one in the morning.

"August 27th. Great power was among us at Cardiff, while I spake on the walls of Jericho falling down; but much more at the prison, where I recommended to two condemned malefactors the example of the penitent thief. Both were melted into tears. The congregation sympathized, and joined in fervent prayer, that our Lord would remember them, now He is come into his kingdom.

"I went to a revel at Lanvane, and dissuaded them from their *innocent* diversions in St. Peter's words: 'For the time past of our life may suffice us, to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, and abominable idolatries.' An old dancer of threescore fell down under the stroke of the hammer. She could never be convinced before that there was any harm in these innocent pleasures. O that all her fellows might likewise confess, 'She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth!'

"August 28th. I preached again at Porthkerry church. Many cried after Jesus, with the woman of Canaan. It was

a time of great refreshing. I returned in the coach with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and a little girl of eight years old, who has not outlived the simple life, or that breath of God, which is the first enmity to the seed of the subtle serpent.

“At six I expounded Isaiah liii. in the court-yard, and was greatly assisted to purge out the leaven of Calvin. I spent the evening in conference with those who desired to be of the society, which was now begun in the name of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of all men. I sang and prayed with them till ten; with the family till midnight.

“August 29th. I preached on our Lord’s seven last cries on the cross, and spoke to the men under sentence of death. God showed my thoughts were not his thoughts; for the most hardened, whom I had least hopes of, appeared truly justified. He told Mr. Wells and me, he was quite easy; had no fear of death; no ill-will to his prosecutors. ‘But had you never any fear of it?’ I asked. ‘Yes,’ he replied; ‘till I heard you preach: then it went away; and I have felt no trouble ever since.’

“I took horse with Mr. Wynn and Farley; reached the Passage by seven; the English shore by nine; and Bristol before midnight.”

It would seem that, at this time, opposition of a somewhat formidable kind was raised against the Methodists at Kingswood; and perhaps this was the reason why Mr. Charles Wesley returned so speedily from Wales, where a wide door of usefulness was opened before him, and where he intended soon to rejoin his friends. On the 5th of September he says, “I heard that Justice Cr—, and forty more, both of the great vulgar and small, had seized upon Mr. Cennick’s house; and threatened to take ours on Tuesday next. They forget whose bridle is in their jaws.”

Count Zinzendorf was now in London, where he carried the doctrines of Antinomianism to a greater length than even Molther had done, to the serious injury of the Moravian Church, in which he had acquired a leading influence. The very lax principles which he avowed, in conversation with Mr. John Wesley, are well known, having been published in Mr. Wesley’s Journal. On receiving from his brother, in a letter, the substance of that conversation, Mr. Charles Wesley makes the following entry in his journal:—“Sept. 6th. I

was astonished by a letter from my brother, relating his conference with the apostle of the Moravians :

‘ If thou art he ! but O how fallen ! ’

Who would believe it of Count Zinzendorf, that he should utterly deny all Christian holiness ! I never could, but for a saying of his, which I heard with my own ears. Speaking of St. James’s Epistle, he said, ‘ If it was thrown out of the canon, *I would not restore it.* ’ ”

Mr. Charles Wesley hastened back again to Wales, which had now evidently become a favourite field of labour.

“ Sept. 9th,” at Cardiff, he says, “ I preached to the two condemned malefactors, and found them in the passage from death to life eternal.

“ I rode by Wenvo to Fonmon, and rejoiced with that household of faith. I went to fetch our little society from Aberthaw, and returned singing to the Castle ; where I explained the Apostle’s answer to the jailer, ‘ Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ God gave me words to awaken some, who were lulled fast asleep by the opiate of final perseverance.

“ Sept. 10th. I read prayers at Porthkerry, and applied our Lord’s words, Matt. xi. 5 : ‘ The blind receive their sight,’ &c. I preached again from Acts iii., to the self-righteous predestinarians chiefly. Some of them afterwards complained to me, that I should say, if they fell from grace after justification, they had better never have been justified at all. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* I cannot allow them Christ’s righteousness as a cloak to their sins.

“ Sept. 11th. I besought my guilty brethren at Cardiff, especially those who are to be executed to-morrow, to be reconciled unto God. I set out directly for Lantrissant, eight Welsh miles from Cardiff, and pointed them to the Son of man, lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life. I hasted back, shifted my wet clothes, and attended Mr. Wells and Thomas to the prison. I asked one of the malefactors, ‘ Are you afraid to die ? ’ ‘ No,’ he answered ; ‘ I should rejoice to die this moment.’ Both behaved as believing penitents. We had strong consolation in prayer, the Amen and answer in our hearts.

“Sept. 12th. I had only time at the society to offer up a prayer for the prisoners. At five I went to them; the Sheriff being resolved to hurry them away at six, some hours before the usual time. He would hardly let them stay to receive the sacrament. Then he ordered them out, not allowing time to strike off their fetters.

“They were very calm and composed; nothing afraid of death or its consequences. One of them assured me, if it was now left to his choice, he would rather die than live. I asked the reason; and he answered, ‘Was I to be any longer in this world, I might sin again.’ He also acknowledged that his punishment was just; not on account of the theft for which he was condemned, (as to which he persisted in his innocency to the last,) but for another offence of the same sort, for which the justice of *man* had never taken hold of him.

“Mr. Wells rode by the side of the cart: Mr. Thomas and I, with the criminals, in it. The Sheriff’s hurry often endangered our being overturned; but could not hinder our singing, till we came to the place of execution. I spoke a few minutes to the people, from Gal. iii. 13: ‘Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us: for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.’ Still I could not observe the least sign of fear or trouble on either of the dying men. They confessed their steadfast faith in Christ crucified; and are now, I make no doubt, with Him in paradise.

“I preached at night to a numerous congregation of gentry and others. God gives me favour in their sight. O that I could make them displeased with themselves!

“Sept. 13th. I preached at Cardiff; then at Wenvo; a third time, at Portlickerry; and the last, at Founmon. The remainder of the night passed, admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.

“Sept. 14th. We sang on till two; then I rode to a revel at Dennis-Powis. It was one of the greatest in the country; but is now dwindled down to nothing. I preached Jesus, the Saviour of his people from their sins.

“Sept. 15th. I was at another famous revel in Whitchurch, which lasts a week, and is honoured with the presence of the gentry and Clergy far and near. I put myself

in their way, and called, 'Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' I trust there was a great awakening among the dead souls. So again at Cardiff, while I showed the state of modern Christians in the church of Laodicea.

"Sept. 16th. I exhorted the society in private. One accursed thing is discovered and removed; their abominably wicked custom of selling on Sundays. I kept a watch-night at Fommon, and expounded the ten virgins. We continued singing and rejoicing till two in the morning. O that all the world were partakers with us!"

On the next day Mr. Charles Wesley left Wales, taking Mr. Jones with him, that this wealthy stranger, who was recently turned to Christ, might witness the power of religion in the Bristol society, and among the converted colliers of Kingswood. He was greatly impressed and strengthened by what he saw and heard. Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I carried Mr. Jones to Kingswood, where the Lord was mightily present in his own ordinance. At Baptist-mills I expounded the account of the bloody issue. Great disturbance was made behind me, till I turned upon the disturbers, and by the law first, and then by the Gospel, entirely silenced them.

"It was a glorious time at the society, where God called forth his witnesses. Our guest was filled with consolation, and acknowledged that God was with us of a truth. I introduced him to the leaders of the colliers, with whom he had sweet fellowship. I met the bands, and strongly urged them to press toward the mark. I read them a letter, full of threatenings to take our house by violence. Immediately the power came down, and we laughed all our enemies to scorn. Faith saw the mountain full of horsemen and chariots of fire. Our brother from Wales was compelled to bear his testimony, and declare before all what God had done for his soul. At that time, when the power of the Holy Ghost so overshadowed him, (he assured them,) all bodily sufferings would have been as nothing. Neither would they feel them, if made partakers of the Holy Ghost in the *same measure*. He warned us to prepare for the storm, which would surely fall upon us, if the work of God went on. His artless words were greatly blessed to us all; and our hearts were bowed and warmed, by the Spirit of love, as the heart of one man.

“Sept. 22d. He would have carried me to some great friends of his in the city, and particularly to a Counsellor, about the threatened seizure. I feared nothing but helping myself, and trusting to an arm of flesh. Our safety is to sit still. However, at his importunity, I went with him a little way; but stopped, and turned him back; and at last agreed to accompany him to Justice Cr—, the most forward of all our adversaries.

“He received us courteously. I said, I came to wait upon him, in respect to his office, having heard his name mentioned among some who were offended at the good we did to the poor colliers; that I should be sorry to give any just cause of complaint; and was willing to know from himself if such had been given; that many idle reports were spread, as if we should countenance the violence of those who had seized Mr. Cennick’s house, and now threatened to take away the colliers’ school.

“I caught up an expression he dropped, that it would make a good workhouse; and said, ‘It is a workhouse already.’ ‘Ay, but what work is done there?’ ‘We work the works of God, which man cannot hinder.’ ‘But you occasion the increase of our poor.’ ‘Sir, you are misinformed. The reverse of that is true. None of our society is chargeable to you; even those who were so before they heard us, or who spent all their wages at the alehouse, now never go there at all, but keep their money to maintain their families, and have to give to those that want. Notorious swearers have now only the praises of God in their mouths. The good done among them is indisputable: our worst enemies cannot deny it. None who hears us continues either to swear or drink.’ ‘If I thought so,’ he hastily replied, ‘I would come and hear you myself.’ I desired he would; said, the grace of God was as sufficient for him, as for our colliers; and who knew but he might be converted among us?

“I gave him to know, Mr. Jones was in the commission; who then asked him on what pretence they had seized Mr. Cennick’s house. He utterly denied his having any hand in it; (his own servant, by the way, was one of the foremost in pulling up the hedge, &c.) said, he should not at all concern himself; ‘for if what you do, you do for gain, you have your

reward : if for the sake of God, He will recompense you. I am of Gamaliel's mind : if this counsel or work be of men, it will come to nought.' ' But if it be of God,' I proceeded, ' ye cannot overthrow it ; lest, haply, ye be found to fight against God. Therefore, follow Gamaliel's advice. Take heed to yourselves : refrain from these men, and let them alone.'

" He seemed determined so to do ; and thus, through the blessing of God, we parted friends.

" On our way home I admired that Hand which directs all our paths. I rejoiced, at Bristol, to hear that God had laid hold on poor William, Mr. Jones's man, who is under strong convictions of sin, and continually in tears. In the evening we found, under the word, that there is none like unto the God of Jeshurun. It was a time of sweet refreshment. Just when I had concluded, my brother came in from London, as if sent on purpose to be comforted together with us. He exhorted and prayed with the congregation for another half-hour. Then we went to our friend Vigor's, and for an hour or two longer our souls were satisfied as with marrow and fatness, while our mouths praised God with joyful lips."

There is a chasm in Mr. Charles Wesley's journal from this time till the 1st of January, 1743. This is the more to be regretted, because it would appear, that, during this interval, he entered upon service which was somewhat new to him. As a field-Preacher, he had not led the way, but followed in the path of his brother, and of their mutual friend Mr. Whitefield ; and, generally speaking, he had only laboured in those places where they had been before him. But in the course of this year there is reason to believe that he carried the truth into extensive districts where they had never been, and that at the hazard of his life ; especially in Staffordshire, where the colliers, and the men who were employed in the iron-works, greatly needed evangelical light, but were unwilling to receive it. With the particulars connected with his first visit to this county, and to other places in the north, (for he was also at Leeds, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne,) we are not acquainted. But though we cannot trace him through the year 1742, in his various journeyings, nor describe his ministerial labours in detail, several incidents

occurred during this period which possess a superior interest.

He united with his brother in the publication of a fifth volume of hymns, the greater part of them written by himself; for in the midst of his incessant labours, and high spiritual excitement, his thoughts flowed the most naturally in sacred verse. A few months previously he had preached, with deep interest, on "wrestling Jacob;" and in the volume of this year his incomparable hymn on that subject first appeared. It applies, with admirable ingenuity and tact, the Patriarch's mysterious conflict, and the happy result to which it led, to the process of an awakened sinner's salvation. The absence of company, the night season, the length of the struggle, the lameness inflicted upon the Patriarch, the return of the morning, the communication of the desired blessing, are all brought to bear upon the penitent's deliverance from sin, obtained by praying, agonizing faith, and followed by the joy of pardon and holiness, and by the race for eternal life. The language of this composition is thoroughly English. It is terse and poetical, and the thoughts are as important as they are in accordance with evangelical truth. The sentiments of this hymn are as true to fact, as they are to sound theology. The divine Angel with whom Jacob wrestled was unquestionably the Son of God; and that the Patriarch received, in the course of that memorable conflict, not merely the assurance of temporal preservation, but actual salvation from sin, is undeniable. From that time his conduct proves him to have been a new man. The entire volume is rich in poetry, and Christian experience. It contains a translation of a German hymn of considerable length; which shows that, although the brothers no longer held their former intercourse with the Moravian Church in England, because of the errors which Molther introduced, and the Count defended, and mixed with others equally dangerous, they still cherished towards the genuine members of that community the most cordial esteem and love. The subjoined stanzas are a proof of this:—

He prospers all his servants' toils :
 But of peculiar grace has chose
 A flock, on whom his kindest smiles,
 And choicest blessings, he bestows.:

Devoted to their common Lord,
 True followers of the bleeding Lamb,
 By God beloved, by men abhorr'd,—
 And HERMUTH is the fav'rite name!

Here many a faithful soul is found,
 With mystic power of love endued,
 Full of the light of life, and crown'd
 A king and priest to serve his God.
 With flaming zeal for Christ they shine,
 Their body, soul, and spirit give,
 To Christ their goods and blood resign,
 For Christ they freely die and live.

The following is beautifully illustrative of Mr. Charles Wesley's joyous piety. It was written on his birth-day.

Oft have I cursed my natal day
 While struggling in the legal strife,
 And wish'd for wings to fly away,
 And murmur'd to be held in life :
 But O ! my blasphemies are o'er,
 I curse my day, my God, no more.

His grace, which I abused so long,
 Hath this and all my sins forgiven ;
 I now have learn'd a better song,
 I cheerfully look up to heaven,
 With joy upon my head return,
 And bless the day that I was born.

How could I, Lord, thy goodness grieve ?
 How could I do thee such despite ?
 At last I thankfully receive
 The gift of thy continued light ;
 No longer I thy favours spurn,
 But bless the day that I was born.

Fountain of life, and all my joy,
 Jesu, thy mercies I embrace,
 The breath thou giv'st for thee employ,
 And wait to taste thy perfect grace ;
 No more forsaken and forlorn,
 I bless the day that I was born.

Since first I felt by grace removed
 My sin's intolerable load,
 Long in the wilderness I roved,
 And groan'd, to live without my God ;
 I cannot now, as hopeless, mourn,
 But bless the day that I was born.

The tyranny of sin is past ;
 And though the carnal mind remains,
 My guiltless soul on thee is cast,
 I neither hug nor bite my chains ;
 Prisoner of hope, to thee I turn,
 And bless the day that I was born.

Preserved, through faith, by power divine,
 A miracle of grace I stand ;
 I prove the strength of Jesus mine ;
 Jesus, upheld by thy right hand,
 Though in my flesh I feel the thorn,
 I bless the day that I was born.

Weary of life, through inbred sin,
 I was, but now defy its power ;
 When as a flood the foe comes in,
 My soul is more than conqueror :
 I tread him down with holy scorn,
 And bless the day that I was born.

Born from above, I soon shall praise
 Thy goodness with a thankful tongue,
 Record the victory of thy grace,
 And teach a listening world the song ;
 While many whom to thee I turn,
 Shall bless the day that I was born.

Come, Lord, and make me pure within ;
 O let me now be born of God,
 Live to declare, I CANNOT SIN !
 Or, if I seal the truth with blood,
 My soul, from out the body torn,
 Shall bless the day that I was born.

The venerable Dr. Watts was living, when this volume appeared, and had acquired a high degree of respect, especially in his own denomination, for the excellent hymns which he had published, and for his version of the psalms of David, adapted to congregational use. He was too generous and pious a man to regard with envy and dislike the gifts which the Author of all good had conferred upon Charles Wesley. "Wrestling Jacob" is said to have especially arrested his attention ; and, with a magnanimity worthy of his talents and character, he exclaimed, "That single poem, 'Wrestling Jacob,' is worth all the verses I have ever written !" Without adopting this sentiment as literally true, every one must admire the feeling by which it was dictated. Whether these

two honoured servants of Christ, and of the universal church, ever met in this world, we are not informed. One thing, however, is certain,—no feeling of unholy rivalry existed in either of their minds. The Doctor was then in the decline of life. Charles was in all his freshness and vigour.

On the 4th of April, 1742, Mr. Charles Wesley preached again in his turn before the University of Oxford. When his brother was engaged in that service the preceding year, Charles was in Bristol; and he says in his journal, under the date of July 25th, “We met at ten to pray for a blessing on my brother’s sermon, which he is preaching at this hour before the University.” John, who was in London, was equally mindful of Charles. “About two in the afternoon,” says he, “being the time my brother was preaching at Oxford, before the University, I desired a few persons to meet with me, and join in prayer. We continued herein much longer than we at first designed, and believed we had the petition we asked of God.”

The text upon which Mr. Charles Wesley founded his discourse was Eph. v. 14: “Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.” The sermon was afterwards published; though not “by request” of the learned body to whom it was addressed. It is plain, simple, and unadorned; but withal energetic and earnest almost beyond example. The Preacher points out the resemblance between sleep, and that state of guilty insensibility and indifference into which the sin of Adam has plunged his posterity; and he calls upon all who are in this condition to awake out of their fatal lethargy, to contemplate their wretchedness and peril, as fallen creatures, and by a timely application to Christ, and compliance with his will, to avert their impending doom; assuring them of the willingness of Christ to bestow upon the most unworthy the light of life. The discourse is full of Scripture imagery and expression; and is addressed with great fidelity and power to the consciences of unconverted men. The accomplished Collegian is lost in the Christian Minister, whose heart is all on fire to turn the people from sin, worldliness, and misery, to Christ, and holiness, and heaven. It is doubtful whether any sermon in the English language, or in any language upon earth, has passed through so many editions,

or has been a means of so much spiritual good. Within seven years of the time of its publication it had passed to a sixteenth edition; and ever since it has been in constant demand.

Whether Mr. Charles Wesley ever preached again in the same place does not appear. Some time afterwards John was informed that when his next turn came to occupy the University pulpit, a substitute would be provided for him. It is likely that Charles received a similar notice. Yet there is no reason to believe that he was otherwise treated with personal disrespect.

In this he was more fortunate than his friend Mr. Piers, the pious Vicar of Bexley, who was appointed on the 21st of May following to preach at Sevenoaks, in Kent, "before the Right Worshipful the Dean of Arches, and the Reverend the Clergy of the Deanery of Shoreham, assembled in visitation." He selected as his text 1 Cor. iv. 1, 2: "Let a man account of us, as of the Ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful." From these words he undertook to show the doctrines which those who sustain the sacred office ought to teach; the tempers which they should possess and cherish; and the manner in which they ought to live; confirming all his statements by quotations from Scripture, and the formularies of the Church; and laying great stress upon those blessed truths of the Reformation, which the Wesleys were labouring to revive. Having finished the argumentative part of the sermon, the Preacher proposed to inquire, "whether we preach these doctrines, and have such tempers, and lead such lives, as become the high character we bear, Ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God?" The effect of this announcement was such as he had not anticipated. The learned part of the auditory could bear him no longer. The Dean rose from his seat, in all the dignity of his office, and walked out of the church; and the Clergy, in a body, followed his example; leaving their faithful monitor to address himself to the laity, and practically confessing that they could not endure the proposed scrutiny. This untoward occurrence, of course, produced great excitement in many quarters; and Mr. Piers felt it his duty to publish his sermon in self-defence.

It was therefore printed without delay, accompanied by a faithful and affectionate dedication to the Clergy who at the time of its delivery had offered him the public affront. A note at the bottom of the 28th page states, "It was just here that the Right Worshipful the Ordinary, together with the Clergy, rose up and left me to finish my discourse to the laity." Between the dedication and the sermon there is a list of "books published by the Rev. Mr. John and Charles Wesley, and sold at the Foundery, near Upper Moorfields;" thus identifying the author with those holy and devoted men who were "everywhere spoken against." There was a propriety in this which did not openly appear. To a certain extent Mr. John Wesley was answerable for the sermon; for he had been requested to revise it before it was delivered. Hence the following notice in a letter to Charles, dated May 17th: "I think of going early in the morning to Bexley, and correcting Mr. Piers's sermon." This, it will be observed, was four days before the sermon was preached.

Between the delivery of the sermon, and its appearance in print, the pious author addressed a letter to his friend Mr. John Wesley, then in the west of Yorkshire, containing a description of the scene which occurred in the church at Sevenoaks. It is dated, Bexley, May 24th, 1742. The following is an extract:—

"I found the beginning of my discourse listened to gravely; but the things that I took for granted, seemed matter of novelty to most of them. The division was received with shrewd looks, hems, indignant smiles, and laughter. As the tragical scene arose, that is, as the doctrines of their Church were laid before them, the dislike increased in loud whispers, changes of countenance and posture, and other symptoms of uneasiness; some having been heard to say, 'The man is mad, crazy, a fool;' till coming to my third head, to inquire whether these doctrines were preached, whether we had such tempers, and led such lives, the Ordinary could bear no longer; beckons to the apparitor to open his pew door, and to the Minister of the church, who sat in the desk under me, to bid me stop; who, putting up his hand to the pulpit cushion, said something so cowardly, that I could not hear. After this, the Ordinary, or Chancellor, desires me to dismiss the people with the blessing; 'for there was

enough.' I took no notice, but went on with my discourse. Away he sweeps his Clergy, (except one or two who had the face to hold out to the end,) and collects their procurations, while I finished my discourse to an attentive lay-audience.

"After I had done I went to the Chancellor's court, a place within sight and hearing of the pulpit, to show them that I was not ashamed of the Gospel, the power of God unto salvation. But having nothing to do there, I (who in the morning was honoured with his Right Worshipful coach) went on foot to my inn, attended by about twenty of my friends, who came from Bexley. After he had ended his court, he came to his inn, and sent for me very civilly. When I came I was surprised to find him as complaisant as in the morning. He makes me a compliment of my procurations, (a favour always granted to the Preacher,) and tells me he 'liked my sermon *exceeding well*, but that it was too long; and then entering upon a third head, I found inconsistent with my business.' 'Sir,' said I, 'you seem not to know that the sermon, together with the prayers of the Church, is the most important part of the business of the day. As to the objected length of my discourse, it is altogether a pretence; for I was but about fifty minutes in all; and you interrupted me when I had not preached above thirty-five. Sir, I must tell you, you have done what you cannot justify.' I found he had nothing to say; and do believe that he heartily wishes he had not done what he did, for fear the sermon should appear in print: for, as he recollects, the doctrines being all of the Church of England, he thinks it may make a bad figure in the eyes of the world, that the Ordinary of an Ecclesiastical Court, together with his Clergy, cannot bear the doctrines of their own Church, which they have so often subscribed.

"Indeed I believe it to be an unprecedented thing; nay, a breach of the law of the land, and that by a Judge in the execution of his office: not to say that here are none of the foolish objections to be pleaded in excuse, of 'field-preaching,' or 'breaking in upon the regulations of parishes.' Here, it is plain, nothing can give offence but the Gospel of Christ; the very scriptural doctrine of our Church.

"I am acquainted with a clothier's wife, at Wakefield, or Halifax, whose name is Farrar. If you will give my service

to her, it may be a means of bringing you acquainted with the family, and I hope of bringing salvation to the house. You may tell her that I was acquainted with her when a Curate of Winwick.

“My dear brother, I am for ever indebted to you and dear Charles for having brought me acquainted with our Lord. May He ever knit our hearts to himself, above all things, and to one another in his love!”

Two deaths, which took place in the summer of 1742, greatly affected Mr. Charles Wesley's mind. One of these, and the first that occurred, was that of Mr. Jones, of Fonmon-castle, in Glamorganshire, to whom he had been a means of salvation in his late visits to Wales. The other was his venerated mother, Mrs. Susanna Wesley; a woman never to be mentioned but with profound respect.

Whether Mr. Charles Wesley ever saw his friend Jones, after they parted in Bristol, towards the close of the preceding year, we are not informed. It is, however, satisfactory to know that this young convert suffered no religious declension, and died in peace and hope. In March he came to Cardiff, to meet Mr. John Wesley, and conduct him to the Castle, where Mr. Wesley preached, as well as in some of the neighbouring churches, to which he was accompanied by Mr. Jones, who was yet warm in his first love. Mr. Wesley says that he was “still pressing on into all the fulness of God.” On the 6th of July following, being again in South Wales, Mr. Wesley says, “I rode over to Fonmon, and found Mrs. Jones thoroughly resigned to God, although feeling what it was to lose an husband, and such an husband, in the strength of his years.”

This is all the information that we possess concerning the end of this very excellent man; who, as we have already seen, sustained the office of a Magistrate, and was Mr. Charles Wesley's fellow-Collegian at Oxford. Though he was moral in his habits, and a man of polished manners, he lived without God in the world, taking the lead, in his own vicinity, in unhallowed pleasure and gaiety, till he heard Mr. Charles Wesley preach; when he discovered his guilty and fallen condition, and felt that he was a stranger to the peace and holiness of genuine Christianity. By coming to Christ, he found rest to his soul, and was made a new creature.

A society was formed of persons like-minded with himself, who held their meetings in his mansion ; and with them he used to unite in prayer, in reading the holy Scriptures, and in singing hymns and spiritual songs. He also became a faithful witness for God, reproving sin, recommending spiritual religion, and defending divine truth in all circles where he found it assailed ; especially the Godhead and atonement of his Saviour. With the pious colliers of Kingswood, to whom he was introduced by Mr. Charles Wesley, this regenerated man of family, education, and fortune, realized the true communion of saints ; and with all simplicity and fervour he declared to them what God had done for his soul. When laid upon the bed of death his joys were rich and abundant ; and he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer with holy confidence and resignation.

Mr. Charles Wesley, who was deeply affected with the comparatively sudden removal of his friend and son in the Gospel, and impressed with the excellence of his character, poured forth the feelings of his heart in an elegy of considerable length, which he immediately published in a duodecimo pamphlet. It was afterwards inserted by his brother in the third volume of his "Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems." This elegy, which is written with great spirit, describes Mr. Jones's early life, conversion, subsequent piety, exemplary conduct as a husband and a father, his attachment to the Church of England, catholic spirit, fidelity to his Christian profession, and triumphant death. As the poem has long been extremely scarce, and throws some light upon the writer's personal history, a few selections from it cannot but be acceptable to the reader.

Hail, Mary's Son ! thy mercies never end ;
 Thy mercies reach'd and saved my happy friend !
 He felt the' atoning blood by faith applied,
 And freely was the sinner justified,
 Saved by a miracle of grace divine,—
 And, O my God ! the ministry was mine :
 I spake through thee the reconciling word,
 Meanest forerunner of my glorious Lord.
 He heard impartial : for himself he heard,
 And weigh'd the' important truth with deep regard.
 The sacred leaves, where all their God may find,
 He search'd with noble readiness of mind,

Listen'd and yielded to the Gospel call,
 And glorified the Lamb that died for ALL ;
 Gladly confess'd our welcome tidings true,
 And waited for a power he never knew ;
 The seal of all his sins through Christ forgiven,
 With God the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

The Lord he sought allow'd his creature's claim,
 And sudden to his living temple came ;
 The Spirit of love (which like a rushing wind
 Blows as he lists, but blows on all mankind)
 Breathed on his raptur'd soul. The sinking clay
 O'erwhelm'd beneath the mighty comfort lay ;
 While all-dissolved the powers of nature fail,
 Enter'd his favour'd soul within the veil ;
 The inner court with sacred reverence trod,
 And saw the' Invisible, and walk'd with God.

Constrain'd by ecstasies too strong to bear,
 His soul was all pour'd out in praise and prayer ;
 He heard the voice of God's life-giving Son,
 While Jesus made the' eternal Godhead known,
 Received *the living faith* by grace bestow'd,
 And, " Verily," he cried, " there is a God !
 I know, I feel the word of truth divine ;
 Lord, I believe thou art ; for thou art mine ! "

Thrice happy soul, whom Jesus gave to know
 Eternal life, while sojourning below !
 Thou didst the gift unspeakable receive,
 And humbly in the Spirit walk and live ;
 Thou didst the hidden life divine express,
 And evidence the power of godliness ;
 Thou didst with all thy soul to Jesus turn,
 His Gospel truth with all thy life adorn,
 Thy goods, thy fame, thy all to Jesus give,
 Sober and righteous here and godly live ;
 With utmost diligence his gifts improve,
 And labour to be perfected in love.

O what a change was there ! The man of birth
 Sinks down into a clod of common earth.
 The man of polish'd sense his judgment quits,
 And tamely to a madman's name submits.
 The man of curious taste neglects his fool,
 And all is pleasant now, and all is good.
 The man of rigid honour slights his fame,
 And glories in his Lord and Master's shame.
 The man of wealth and pleasure all foregoes,
 And nothing but the cross of Jesus knows.

The man of sin is wash'd in Jesu's blood,
The man of sin becomes a child of God !

Throughout his life the new creation shines,
Throughout his words, and actions, and designs.
Quicken'd with Christ, he sought the things above,
And evidenc'd the faith which works by love,
Which quenches Satan's every fiery dart,
O'ercomes the world, and purifies the heart.

* * * * *

Divinely taught to make the sober feast,
He pass'd the rich, and call'd a nobler guest ;
He call'd the poor, the maim'd, the lame, the blind ;
He call'd, in these, the Saviour of mankind ;
His friends and kinsmen these for Jesu's sake,
Who no voluptuous recompence could make ;
But God the glorious recompence hath given,
And call'd him to the marriage-feast in heaven.

* * * * *

He mark'd the city of our God laid low,
And wept in deep distress for Zion's woe :
It pitied him to see her in the dust,
Her lamp extinguish'd, and her Gospel lost ;
Lost to the rich, and great, and wise, and good,
Poor guilty enemies to Jesu's blood,
Who quench the last faint spark of piety,
Yet cry, " The temple of the Lord are we !"
Pleaders for order, they who all confound,
Pillars who bear our Zion—to the ground ;
Her doctrines and her purity disclaim,
Our Church's ruin, and our nation's shame ;
Leaders who turn the lame out of the way ;
Shepherds who watch to make the sheep their prey ;
Preachers who dare their own report deny,
Patrons of Arius or Socinus' lie ;
Who scoff the Gospel truths as idle tales,
Heathenish Priests and mitred Infidels !

* * * * *

He never left the ship by tempest toss'd,
Or said, " She now is dash'd against the coast."'
To save a few he spent his pious pains,
Stay'd by the wreck, and gather'd her remains.
My brother here, my friend indeed thou wert,
A man, a Christian after my own heart !
For this I envy thee while others blame,
And strangers brand thee with a bigot's name.
Glorious reproach ! If this be bigotry,
For ever let the charge be fix'd on me !
With pious JONES and royal CHARLES may I
A martyr for the CHURCH of ENGLAND die !

Nor did his zeal for her his love restrain,
 His love descending like the genial rain,
 And shining, like the sun, on every soul of man ;
 Free as its source it flow'd, and, unconfined,
 Embracing and o'erwhelming all mankind.
 Nor sin nor error could its course preclude,
 It reach'd to all, the evil and the good,
 His Father's children all, and bought with Jesu's blood.

The men of narrow hearts, who dare restrain
 The grace their Saviour did for all obtain,
 "Free sovereign grace," who cry, (perversely free!)
 "For us, thou reprobate! but not for thee.
 Millions of souls the Lord of all *pass'd by* ;
 Who died for *all*, for *them* refused to die.
 To *us*, and none but *us*, he had respect :
 He died for the whole world—of us elect."

* * * * * *

Yet these, even these, his pity knew to bear,
 With all their long impertinence of prayer,
 Their factious party-zeal, their teaching pride,
 Their fierce contempt of all mankind beside.
 His love the mantle o'er their folly spread,
 His candid love a just exception made,
 O'erjoy'd to see a few of heart sincere,
 As burning and as shining lights appear,
 To find a WHITEFIELD and a HARRIS there.

* * * * * *

But O what words the mighty joy can paint,
 Or teach the raptures of the dying saint!
 See there! the dying saint with smiling eyes,
 A spectacle to men and angels lies!
 His soul from every spot of sin set free,
 His hope is full of immortality.
 To live was Christ to him, and death is gain ;
 Resign'd, triumphant in the mortal pain,
 He lays his earthly tabernacle down,
 In confidence to grasp the starry crown ;
 Saved to the utmost *here* by Jesu's grace,
 "*I here*," he cries, "*have seen his glorious face*."

* * * * * *

In sure and steadfast hope to find
 The dear-loved relatives he left behind,
 Children and wife he back to Jesus gave ;
 His Lord he knew could to the utmost save.
 Himself experienced now that utmost power,
 And clapp'd his hands in death's triumphant hour.
 "Rejoice, my friends," he cries, "rejoice with me!
 Our dying Lord hath got the victory.

He comes! He comes! this is my bridal day!
 Follow with songs of joy the breathless clay,
 And shout my soul escaped into eternal day!"

O glorious victory of grace divine!
 JESU, the great redeeming work is thine!
 Thy work revived, as in the ancient days,
 We now with angels and archangels praise.
 Thine hand unshorten'd in our sight appears,
 With whom a day is as a thousand years.
 We see and magnify thy mercy's power,
 That call'd the sinner at the' eleventh hour,
 Cut short the work, and suddenly renew'd,
 Sprinkled and wash'd him in thy cleansing blood,
 And fill'd in one short year with all the life of God.
 Received on earth into thy people's rest,
 He now is number'd with the glorious blest;
 Call'd to the joys that saints and angels prove,
 Triumphant with the first-born church above,
 He rests within thy arms of everlasting love.

In the midst of his severe labours, it must have afforded Mr. Charles Wesley the most solid satisfaction, that his ministry was a means of carrying into effect the blessed end for which the Son of God was incarnated, and died upon the cross; the end for which the Apostles travelled, and preached, and bled; the conversion of men from sin to holiness; making them useful and happy in life, and conducting them through the valley of the shadow of death, not only "calm and undismayed," but full of joy and hope. It was the contemplation of many hundreds of cases, of which that of the possessor of Fonmon-castle was a specimen, that led him to sing,—

"'Tis worth living for this,
 To administer bliss,
 And salvation in Jesus's name!"

Scarcely had the grave closed upon the remains of Mr. Jones, when Mr. Charles Wesley was called to mourn and rejoice on account of his mother's peaceful removal to the heavenly paradise. She died in London, on the 23d of July, 1742. Three days previously Mr. John Wesley says, "I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt or fear, nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) to depart, and to be with Christ." On the day of her

dissolution he adds, "About three in the afternoon I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'"

Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Lambert, Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Ellison, appear to have been present when their honoured mother passed through her last conflict. Kezzy was not living. She died on the 9th of March, 1741. Where Charles was, we have no means of ascertaining. That he was not in London is unquestionable; for his brother and Mrs. Lambert both wrote to him, giving him an account of their mother's last hours. As these communications contain particulars which have never before been published, an extract from each of them will not be unacceptable. "Yesterday," says John, "about three in the afternoon, as soon as intercession was ended, I went up to my mother. I found her pulse almost gone, and her fingers dead, so that it was easy to see her spirit was on the wing for eternity. After using the commendatory prayer, I sat down on her bed-side, and with three or four of our sisters, sang a requiem to her parting soul. She continued in just the same way as my father was, struggling and gasping for life, though (as I could judge by several signs) perfectly sensible, till near four o'clock. I was then going to drink a dish of tea, being faint and weary, when one called me again to the bed-side. It was just four o'clock. She opened her eyes wide, and fixed them upwards for a moment. Then the lids dropped, and the soul was set at liberty, without one struggle, or groan, or sigh. I shall write Lady Huntingdon word of my mother's death to-night. She is to be buried to-morrow evening."

Addressing her brother Charles, Mrs. Lambert says, "This comes to return thanks for all favours, which I ought to have done some time ago; but I trust the fatigue which I have had will, in some measure, excuse my silence. A few days

before my mother died, she desired me, if I had strength to bear it, that I would not leave her till death, which God enabled me to do. She laboured under great trials, both of soul and body, some days after you left her; but God perfected his work in her above twelve hours before He took her to himself. She waked out of a slumber; and we, hearing her rejoicing, attended to the words she spake, which were these: ‘My dear Saviour! Are you come to help me, at my extremity at last?’ From that time she was sweetly resigned indeed. The enemy had no more power to hurt her. The remainder of her time was spent in praise.”

Mrs. Wesley died of the gout, a complaint to which her husband, and her two sons, John and Charles, were all more or less subject.

The remains of this venerable woman were interred on Sunday, August 1st, in Bunhill-fields. “Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together,” says Mr. Wesley, “about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I 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 God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things that were written in the books, according to their works.’ It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see, on this side eternity.

“We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words: ‘Here lies the body of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, the youngest and last surviving daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley.

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn’d a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd his Son,
 Him in the broken bread made known ;
 She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
 And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
 She heard the call, ' Arise, my love !'
 ' I come,' her dying looks replied,
 And lamb-like, as her Lord, she died."

Mrs. Wesley was honourably descended. Her father was one of the most pious Ministers of his age. He was nearly related to the noble family of Anglesey ; and was one of the two thousand Clergymen who, at the time of the Restoration, chose rather to endure ejection, with pains and penalties, than violate their consciences by a compliance with what they conceived to be anti-scriptural terms of communion. She was well educated ; possessed a very superior understanding, connected with independent habits of thought, which she early acquired ; and is said to have been distinguished by great personal beauty. When very young, she renounced the Dissenting community, to which her father belonged, and united herself to the established Church. At one time she entertained the fatal errors of Socinianism, from which she was happily reclaimed by one of the English Prelates. Such boldness of speculation in a young lady, and that on subjects the most difficult and sacred, is not to be commended. It would have been far more becoming, especially at this early period of her life, to have paid a greater deference to the judgment of her holy and wise father. Her husband was the first man in England that wrote in favour of the Revolution of 1688 ; but she decidedly disapproved of that great national change ; and, for a time, so disobliged him, as to induce him to leave her, because she would not say " Amen " when he prayed for King William ; refusing to acknowledge him as her lawful Sovereign : for after her marriage, as well as when she was in her teens, she cherished the habit of thinking for herself.

As the wife of the Rector of Epworth, hers was a life of sorrow. Their family was very large, and their income limited. Their embarrassments were distressing ; and for some time the head of the family was confined for debt in the castle of Lincoln. Though Mrs. Wesley could not say that

she had ever absolutely wanted bread, she told the Archbishop of York, when he questioned her on the subject, that she had often experienced so much difficulty in obtaining it, and in paying for it when it was obtained, as nearly equalled the pain of destitution.

As a mother she was, perhaps, never surpassed in sound discretion. It is questionable whether any children in the kingdom were better governed and trained than hers. She formed them to habits of piety, virtue, and decorum; and so commanded their respect, that to the end of their lives they cherished towards her the most sincere esteem and affection; for they had an entire confidence in her judgment.

Notwithstanding her temporary alienation from the truth, through the greater part of her life she had a deep sense of the importance of religion, and was conscientiously strict in the discharge of its duties. She knew that for many years her father had walked in the unclouded light of God's countenance; but she was not aware that this is the common privilege of believers in Christ; and hence she confessed, that she never dared to ask of God the abiding witness of his Spirit, that she was accepted in the Beloved. Hers was rather a religion of fear, than of joyous love. It was legal night, and not the bright shining of evangelic day. But when her two sons, being justified by faith, had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, and began to preach this great truth of apostolical Christianity, she fully entered into their views, and waited upon God in the earnest expectation of receiving the same blessing. It was done to her according to her faith. While her son-in-law, Mr. Hall, was presenting to her the sacramental cup, and pronouncing the words, "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life," she was filled with peace and joy in believing, and was assured, beyond all painful doubt, of the pardoning mercy of God to her soul.

She spent the latter years of her life in the humble dwelling connected with the Foundery, attended the religious meetings which were held there, and even anticipated her sons in the ecclesiastical irregularities which they introduced. When Thomas Maxfield, a pious layman, began to preach, and Mr. John Wesley determined to resist this encroachment

upon the clerical office, she interposed ; warned her indignant son against the act which he meditated ; and declared, that the devoted and intelligent Maxfield was as surely called of God to preach the Gospel, as John himself was. He took her advice, heard the man himself, and then concurred in her judgment ; as did also his brother Charles. Mrs. Susanna Wesley was as much a Methodist as either of her sons ; and Charles, who wrote her epitaph, and John, who approved of it, evidently dwelt with delight upon the fact, that, after all her sorrows and fears, she died in the possession of that vital faith in Christ which brings perfect tranquillity to the conscience, and is connected with an assured hope of eternal life. It was a high gratification to the sons, that God made them the instruments of conveying to such a mother a blessing so rich and substantial.

CHAPTER X.

IN the beginning of the year 1743, we find Mr. Charles Wesley in London, preaching in all directions, visiting the prisoners, and labouring with unabated diligence in the spread of divine truth. In his attempts to benefit the poor outcasts in Newgate, he met with much vexatious opposition, not from the civil authorities, but the keeper, and the ungodly turnkeys, who acted under the keeper's direction. Though he had a written order from the Sheriff, these underlings of office threw every obstruction in his way. Undismayed, however, he persevered in his attempts to convert and save the men that were appointed to die. He was not allowed to enter their cells, but was merely admitted into the yard of the prison. There he used to stand upon a bench; and the unhappy inmates of the different cells, who knew the voice of this faithful friend, presenting their faces at the iron gratings, listened to the words of truth and mercy. When he preached a present salvation from sin, by faith in Christ, no man withstood him with greater pertinacity than his old friend, Mr. Broughton, one of the Oxford Methodists, and then a Clergyman in London. Wherever he could obtain access, whether into Newgate or elsewhere, this zealous opponent of the truth bore a vehement testimony against the doctrine of salvation by faith; denying to all classes of men the *enjoyment* of the divine favour.

Mr. Charles Wesley was doubtless more frequent in his visits to Newgate than he otherwise would have been, because of the inefficiency of the Clergyman to whose care the spiritual interests of the prisoners were confided. He reproved some convicts for their levity; and adds, "They seemed humbled, and awakened to a sense of their condition. Their lightness had been occasioned by that poor creature, the Ordinary; who is worse than no Minister at all. Six times they were forced to wake him before he got through the prayers. He might just as well read them in Latin. His life and actions are worse than even his words."

At this time the apostles of Antinomianism were labouring in different parts of the kingdom to propagate their plausible errors ; and not a few of the Methodist societies were in danger of imbibing the insidious poison. Of this the brothers were aware, and therefore exerted themselves with all zeal and fidelity to establish them in the belief of the truth. For this purpose they employed the pulpit and the press ; and when they could not personally visit the people who were under their care, they addressed them by letter, in cases of peculiar emergency. The following document is a sample. It was sent by Mr. Charles Wesley to the society in Grimsby, and bears the date of April 27th, 1743 :—

“ My dear brethren and sisters,—I rejoice in your behalf, that our Lord hath given you ears to hear, and a heart to obey, the word of God, rather than man. The foundation standeth sure. The Lord knoweth those that are his ; even all obedient believers ; every one who nameth the name of Christ, and departs from iniquity. Little children, (saith the Spirit expressly,) let no man deceive you. He that **DOETH** righteousness is righteous ; and no unrighteous person, none who doth not do good, shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Jesus is the author of eternal redemption to all them, and them only, that obey Him. There can be no true faith, where there is not love : and this is love, that we walk after his commandments. Look to yourselves, therefore, my brethren, that ye lose not those things which ye have wrought ; but that ye receive a full reward. I need only say concerning them that would seduce you, and bring not this doctrine, ‘ Receive them not into your house ; neither bid him God speed : for he that biddeth him God speed is partaker of his evil deeds.’

“ May the God of all grace, after you have suffered awhile, make you perfect, (for he is able and willing,) strengthen, stablish, settle you. I do not fear your listening to the other Gospel, (preached by poor Mr. Parker, and his German friends,) till you listen to flesh and blood, and cast off the yoke of Christ, and all the Scriptures. All the Scriptures are point-blank against them ; and therefore they are wise in refusing to stand by the law and the testimony. They have cast out St. James from the canon. They all reject the whole Old Testament, and most of the New. Nay, some of them

have said they saw no occasion for any more than the Epistle to the Romans. Now shall we give up them, or the word of God? Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto man, rather than God, judge ye.

“ Our Lord fasted, and prayed, and did good. His Apostles were in fastings often, prayed without ceasing, confessed Christ before men, did all manner of good, and suffered all manner of evil. In their steps would I rather tread, than in Mr. Parker’s. We need say and think no more of them, except to pray for them. Leave them to the Opener of eyes; and look you unto Jesus, by walking as He walked. Let his word be a lantern to your feet, and a light to your path. Let all Scripture (seeing all is given by inspiration of God) be equally dear to you: but at present you should more especially study what is more especially wanted by you. Read again and again the Epistle of St. James, [that you may have a just view] of stillness. If any of you have even drunk the deadly thing, St. James will help him to an antidote. Should any deny the glorious liberty of the sons of God, (liberty from all sin, liberty to fulfil the whole law,) St. John’s Epistles will confirm you in the hope of the Gospel. Hold fast, then, my beloved brethren, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. Hold fast the beginning of your confidence unto the end; for ‘to him that overcometh,’ saith the Son of God, ‘and keepeth my words unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, even as I have received of my Father; and I will give him the MORNING STAR.’

“ I trust to find you shortly none otherwise minded. Pray ye that the Lord would direct my way unto you. To Him I now commend you, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified through faith which is in Jesus.

“ We acknowledge ourselves your debtors and servants for Christ’s sake.

“ My dear brother and sister Blow,—I pray God strengthen and keep you in your resolution, to be guided by his holy word. Satan desired to have you, that he might sift you like wheat; but our Lord prayed for you; and still He liveth to make intercession. Be not henceforth as children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine; but speaking the truth in love, (that is, obedience,)

let us grow up in all things into Christ our Head, till we all come in the unity of the faith, unto a perfect man, to the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Remember my kindest love to sister Scudamore. Bid her in all her ways acknowledge God; and He will direct her paths. I warn Henry Simpson and his wife, in much love, to return to our Lord, in his own way of ordinances and commandments; for thus it becometh *us* to fulfil all righteousness. Be pleased to give my kind love to every one in particular, who inquires after me, or is willing to believe my report. May the Spirit of Jesus dwell with you all, till He is in you a well of water spinging up into everlasting life. Pray for

“Your affectionate brother in the Lord.”

From London Mr. Charles Wesley went to the west of England; and after preaching at Bath, Painswick, Evesham, and other places, on the 20th of May, he says, “I got once more to our dear colliers at Wednesbury. Here the seed has taken root, and many are added to the church. A society of above three hundred are seeking full redemption in the all-cleansing blood. The enemy rages exceedingly, and preaches against them. A few have returned railing for railing; but the generality have behaved as the followers of Christ Jesus. I preached in a garden, on the first words I met: 1 Cor. ii. 1. While I spake of his suffering He looked upon us, and made us look upon Him and mourn. Many wept as one that mourneth for his first-born. I exhorted and intreated the very lively society. Surely among this people I have not run or laboured in vain.

“May 21st. At five I commended the woman of Canaan as an example of prevalent importunity. A young man who had been grievously vexed of the devil was now set at liberty. I spent the morning in conference with several who have received the atonement under my brother, &c. I saw a piece of ground, given us by a Dissenter to build a meeting-house upon, and consecrated it by a hymn.

“I walked with many of the brethren to Walsal singing. We were received with the old complaint, ‘Behold, they that turn the world upside down are come hither also.’ I walked through the town amidst the noisy greetings of our enemies. I stood on the steps of the market-house. A host of men was laid against us. The floods lifted up their voice, and

raged horribly. The street was full of fierce Ephesian beasts, (the principal man setting them on,) who roared, and shouted, and threw stones incessantly. Many struck without hurting me. I besought them in calm love to be reconciled to God in Christ. While I was departing a stream of ruffians was suffered to bear me from the steps. I rose, and, having given the blessing, was beaten down again. So the third time, when we had returned thanks to God for our salvation. I then, from the steps, bade them depart in peace, and walked quickly back through the thickest rioters. They reviled us, but had no commission to touch a hair of our heads."

Having preached at Birmingham and at Wednesbury, he took his leave of the people in Staffordshire, and hastened to Sheffield, preaching at Melbourne, Coleorton, and Nottingham-cross on his way. In Sheffield the Clergy had succeeded in inflaming the public mind, so that during his stay, a mob assembled, and pulled down the Methodist chapel, which had been erected by the liberality of a poor people. He states that, on his arrival, he found them "as sheep in the midst of wolves: the Ministers having so stirred up the people, that they were ready to tear them in pieces." He adds, "I went to the society-house, next door to our brother Bennett's. Hell from beneath was moved to oppose us. As soon as I was in the desk, with David Taylor, the floods began to lift up their voice. An officer (Ensign Garden) contradicted and blasphemed. I took no notice of him, and sang on. The stones flew thick, hitting the desk and people. To save them and the house, I gave notice I should preach out, and look the enemy in the face.

"The whole army of aliens followed me. The captain laid hold of me, and began reviling. I gave him for answer, 'A Word in Season, or Advice to a Soldier;' then prayed, particularly for His Majesty King George, and preached the Gospel with much contention. The stones often struck me in the face. After sermon I prayed for sinners as servants of their master the devil; upon which the captain ran at me with great fury, threatening revenge for my abusing, as he called it, the King his master. He forced his way through the brethren, drew his sword, and presented it to my breast. My breast was immediately steeled. I threw it open, and fixing mine eye on his, smiled in his face, and calmly said, 'I

fear God, and honour the King.' His countenance fell in a moment; he fetched a deep sigh; put up his sword; and quickly left the place. To one of the company, who afterwards informed me, he said, 'You shall see, if I do but hold my sword to his breast, he will faint away.' So perhaps I should, had I only had his principles to trust to; but if at that time I was not afraid, no thanks to my natural courage.

"We returned to our brother Bennett's, and gave ourselves unto prayer. The rioters followed, and exceeded in their outrage all I have seen before. Those of Moorfields, Cardiff, and Walsal, were lambs to these. As there is 'no King in Israel,' (no Magistrate, I mean, in Sheffield,) every man does as seems good in his own eyes. Satan now put it into their hearts to pull down the society-house; and they set to their work while we were praying and praising God. It was a glorious time with us. Every word of exhortation sunk deep; every prayer was sealed; and many found the Spirit of glory resting on them. One sent for the Constable, who came up, and desired me to leave the town, since I was the occasion of all this disturbance. I thanked him for his advice, withal assuring him, I should not go a moment the sooner for all this uproar; I was sorry for *their* sakes that they had no law or justice among them: as for myself, I had my protection, and knew my business, as I supposed he did his. In proof whereof he went from us, and encouraged the mob. They pressed hard to break open the door. I would have gone out to them, but the brethren would not suffer me. They laboured all night for their master, and by morning had pulled down one end of the house. I could compare them to nothing but the men of Sodom; or those coming out of the tombs, 'exceeding fierce.' Their outcries often waked me in the night: yet I believe I got more sleep than any of my neighbours.

"May 26th. At five I expounded the pool of Bethesda, and stayed conversing with the society till eight. I breakfasted with several of the brethren from Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire. I met a daughter of affliction, who had long mourned in Zion. God gave me immediate faith for her, which I made proof of in prayer; and in that instant she received the comfort. It being agreed that I should preach in the heart of the town, I went forth,

nothing doubting. We heard our enemies shouting from afar. I stood up in the midst of them, and read the first words that offered, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' &c. God made bare his arm in the sight of the Heathen, and so restrained the fierceness of men, that not one lifted up hand or voice against us.

"I took David Taylor, and walked through the open street, to our brother Bennett's, with the multitude at my heels. We passed by the spot where the house stood. They had not left one stone upon another. 'Nevertheless the foundation standeth sure,' as I told one of them; and our house not made with hands is eternal in the heavens. The mob attended me to my lodgings with great civility; but as soon as I was entered the house, they renewed their threatenings to pull it down. The windows were mashed in an instant; and my poor host so frightened, that he was ready to give up his shield. He had been for a warrant to Mr. Buck, a Justice of Peace in Rotherham, who refused it him, unless he would promise to forsake 'this way.'

"The house was now on the point of being taken by storm. I was writing within when the cry of my poor friend and his family, I thought, called me out to those sons of Belial. In the midst of the rabble I found a friend of Edward's with the Riot Act. At their desire I took and read it, and made a suitable exhortation. One of the sturdiest rebels our Constable seized, and carried away captive into the house. I marvelled at the patience of his companions; but the Lord overawed them. What was done with the prisoner I know not; for in five minutes I was fast asleep in the room which they had dismantled. I feared no cold, but dropped asleep with that word, 'Scatter thou the people that delight in war.' I afterwards heard, that, within the hour, they had all quitted the place.

"May 27th. At five I took leave of the society. We had the extraordinary blessing I expected. Our hearts were knit together, and greatly comforted. We rejoiced in hope of the glorious appearing of the great God, who had now delivered us out of the mouth of the lions. David Taylor informed me that the people of Thorpe, through which we should pass, were exceeding mad against us. So we found them as we approached the place, and were turning down the

lane to Barley-hall. The ambush rose, and assaulted us with stones, eggs, and dirt. My horse flew from side to side, till he forced his way through them. David Taylor they wounded in his forehead, which bled much. His hat he lost in the fray. I returned, and asked what was the reason a Clergyman could not pass without such treatment. At first the rioters scattered; but their captain, rallying, answered, with horrible imprecations and stones, that would have killed both man and beast, had they not been turned aside by a hand unseen. My horse took fright, and hurried away with me down a steep hill, till we came to a lane, which I turned up, and took a circuit, to find our brother Johnson's. The enemy spied me from afar, and followed shouting. Blessed be God, I got no hurt, but only the eggs and dirt. My clothes indeed abhorred me, and my arm pained me a little by a blow I received at Sheffield. David Taylor had got just before me to Barley-hall, with the sisters, whom God had hid in the hollow of his hand.

“We met many sincere souls assembled to hear the word of God. Never have I known a greater power of love. All were drowned in tears, yet very happy. The scripture I met was, ‘Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people.’ We rejoiced in the God of our salvation, who hath compassed us about with songs of deliverance.

“By four we came to a land of rest; for our brethren at Birstal have stopped the mouths of gainsayers, and fairly overcome evil with good. At present, peace is in all their borders. The little foxes that spoil the vineyard, or rather the wild boars out of the wood that root it up, have no more place among them. Only the Germans still prowl about the fences, to pick up stragglers. My mouth was opened to declare God, who spared not his Son, &c. A great multitude were bowed down by the victorious power of his love. It was a time much to be remembered for the gracious rain wherewith our God refreshed us.”

Having preached to the people twice at Birstal, and once at Armley, on Saturday, May 28th, Mr. Charles Wesley went to Leeds, where he was treated with great respect by the Clergy. This was the more remarkable, because when he was introduced to them he had preached to some thou-

sands of people in the principal street. He evidently possessed their esteem. The following is his own account of his visit to this town. William Shent, at whose door he preached, kept a barber's shop in Briggate. "Not a year ago I walked to and fro in these streets, and could not find a man: but a spark is at last lighted in this place also; and a great fire it will kindle. I met the infant society, about fifty in number, most of them justified; and exhorted them to walk circumspectly, since so much depended on the first witnesses. At seven I stood before William Shent's door, and cried to thousands, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!' The word took place. They gave diligent heed to it, and seemed a people ready prepared for the Lord.

"I went to the great church, and was showed to the Ministers' pew. Their whole behaviour said, 'Friend, go up higher.' Five Clergymen were there, who a little confounded me by making me take place of my elders and betters. They made me help to administer the sacrament; would not let me steal into a corner; but placed me at the table opposite to him that consecrated. I assisted, with eight more Ministers, for whom my soul was much drawn out in prayer. But I dreaded their favour more than the stones in Sheffield.

"At two I found a vast multitude waiting for the word. I strongly exhorted them to repent and believe, that their sins might be blotted out. At Birstal I called the poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind, to the great supper. My Lord disposed many hearts, I doubt not, to accept the invitation. He shows me several witnesses of the truth, which they have even now received in the love of it. I had a blessed parting with the society."

It is an interesting fact, that while Mr. Charles Wesley was preaching three or four times a day, during the intervals of public worship he was almost constantly engaged in the composition of hymns. This fact appears not only in the number of hymns which he published from time to time, on a great variety of subjects; but also from the following incident, which occurred when he was on his way from Birstal to Newcastle. "Near Ripley," says he, "my horse threw and fell upon me. My companion thought I had broken my

neck ; but my leg only was bruised, my hand sprained, and my head stunned : which spoiled my making hymns, or thinking at all, till the next day, when the Lord brought us safe to Newcastle.

“ At seven I went to the room, which will contain above two thousand. It was filled from end to end. God gave testimony to the word of his grace. We rejoiced for the consolation of our mutual faith.”

On Mr. Charles Wesley's arrival at Newcastle, he found that the bodily excitement into which some persons had been thrown there, as in Bristol, under his brother's preaching, had given offence in different quarters. He had long been accustomed to look upon things of this nature with jealousy ; and few instances of the kind appear to have ever attended his preaching, powerful and impressive as it was. If they did occur, they were discouraged by him ; and in relating the success of his ministry he has passed them over in silence. His brother attached no more importance to them than he did ; but he used greater caution in suppressing them, lest he should in any degree destroy the good which was unquestionable, and the fruit of the Holy Spirit's influence, with effects which had no higher origin than the physical constitution of human nature. Charles was more bold and decided. That which appeared to him to have no necessary connexion with the work of God, and which he saw to be a cause of offence, he did not hesitate firmly to discountenance ; and yet his usefulness was not thereby impaired. In what manner he proceeded at Newcastle in the suppression of irregularities he has stated in the following extracts, which also contain a striking view of his continued fidelity and zeal :—

“ June 3d. Our room was crowded at the watch-night. Several gentry from the races stood with great attention, while I set forth Christ crucified. It was a season both of grief and love.

“ June 4th. I went on at five expounding the Acts. Some stumbling-blocks, with the help of God, I have removed, particularly the fits. Many no doubt were, at our first preaching, struck down, both soul and body, into the depth of distress. Their *outward affections* were easy to be imitated. Many counterfeits I have already detected. To-day one who came from the ale-house drunk was pleased to fall

into a fit for my entertainment, and beat himself heartily. I thought it a pity to hinder him; so, instead of singing over him, as had often been done, we left him to recover at his leisure. Another girl, as she began her cry, I ordered to be carried out. Her convulsion was so violent as to take away the use of her limbs, till they laid and left her without the door. Then immediately she found her legs, and walked off. Some very unstill sisters, who always took care to stand near me, and try which should cry loudest, since I had them removed out of my sight, have been as quiet as lambs. The first night I preached here, half my words were lost through their outcries. Last night, before I began, I gave public notice, that whosoever cried, so as to drown my voice, should, without any man's hurt, or judging them, be gently carried to the farthest corner of the room. But my porters had no employment the whole night; yet the Lord was with us, mightily convincing of sin and righteousness.

“June 5th. My soul was revived by the poor people at Chowden; and yet more at Tanfield, where I called to great numbers to behold the Lamb of God. To the society I spake words not my own. At Newcastle, one just come from the sacrament received the seal of forgiveness among us.

“I preached in the crowded square, chiefly to backsliders, whom I besought with tears to be reconciled to God. Surely Jesus looked upon some of them, as he looked upon Peter. I wrestled in prayer for them in the society, and found it is for their sake principally that God hath brought me hither.

“June 6th. I had the great comfort of recovering some of those that had drawn back. They came confessing their sin. I trust we shall receive them again for ever.

“June 8th. I spake to the bands severally, and tried if their faith could bear shaking. We have certainly been too rash and easy in allowing persons for believers, on their own testimony; nay, and even persuading them into a false opinion of themselves. Some souls it is doubtless necessary to encourage; but it should be done with the utmost caution. To tell one in darkness, he has faith, is to keep him in darkness still; or to make him trust in a false light; a faith that stands in the words of men, not in the power of God.

“ June 13th. I wrote thus to a son in the Gospel: ‘ Be not over sure that so many are justified. By their fruits you shall know them. You will see reason to be more and more deliberate in the judgments you pass on souls. Wait for their conversation. I do not know whether we can infallibly pronounce *at the time*, that any one is justified. I once thought several in that state, who, I am now convinced, were only under the drawings of the Father. Try the spirits, therefore, lest you should lay the stumbling-block of pride in their way; and by allowing them to have faith too soon, keep them out of it for ever.’

“ June 15th. I observed at Newcastle that many more of the gentry come now that the stumbling-block of the fits is taken out of their way; and I am more and more convinced it was a device of Satan, to stop the course of the Gospel. Since I preached it, (if I can discern anything,) it never had greater success than at this time. Yet we have no fits among us; and I have done nothing to prevent them, only declared that I do not think the better of any one for crying out, and interrupting my work.

“ June 16th. I set out for Sunderland, with a strong aversion to preaching. But I am more and more convinced that *the freedom of heart*, which the Moravians and Quakers so much talk of, is a rule of the devil’s inventing, to supersede the written word. I dragged myself to about a thousand wild people, and cried, ‘ O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help.’ Never have I seen greater attention in any at their first hearing.

“ We rode on to Shields. I went to church, and the people flocked in crowds after me. The Minister could not be heard in reading prayers; but I heard him loud enough afterwards, calling for the Churchwardens to quiet the disturbance which none but himself raised. I fancy he thought I should preach there, like some of the first Quakers. The Clerk came to me, bawling out, it was consecrated ground, and I had no business to preach on it; was no Minister, &c. When he had cried himself out of breath, I whispered him in the ear, that I had no intention to preach there; and he stumbled upon a good saying, ‘ Sir, if you have any word of exhortation for the people, speak it to them without.’

“ I did so at my leisure, a huge multitude waiting in the churchyard ; many of them fierce, and threatening to drown me, and what not. I walked quietly through the midst of them, and discoursed in strong, awakening words, on the jailer’s question, ‘ What must I do to be saved ? ’ The Churchwardens and others laboured in vain to interrupt, by throwing dirt, nay, and money, among the people. Having delivered my message, I rode to the ferry ; crossed ; and met as rough friends on the other side. The mob of North-Shields waited to salute me, with the Minister at their head. He had got a man with a horn, instead of a trumpet, and bade him blow, and his companions shout. Others were almost as violent in their approbation. We went through honour and dishonour ; (but neither of them hurt us ;) and by six, with God’s blessing, came safe to Newcastle.

“ June 19th. I asked the multitudes in the square, ‘ Will ye also go away ? ’ The word prospered in the thing whereunto it was sent ; namely, the bringing back the wanderers. We concluded the day with our first love-feast. Jesus was with his disciples.

“ I took my leave in those words : ‘ What ye have already, hold fast till I come. ’ It was a hard parting with the society. Their hearts were all as melting wax, and will, I trust, retain the impression then made by every word spoken. Some cried aloud ; others knelt down for my blessing ; most laid hold on me as I passed ; all wept, and made lamentation.

“ I preached at Swalwell. Never were people better disposed, or more eager of instruction ; and their love was such, that they would, if possible, have plucked out their eyes, and given them me.

“ June 21st. I set out between three and four ; and was met by several parties of the society, who had walked before some miles to watch my passing. I travelled but slowly through them, blessing and being blessed. I rode to Sandhutton. The poor people filled the house where I was. I showed them the way of salvation, in the creditor and debtors. They returned me many thanks.”

Mr. Charles Wesley now returned to London, preaching at a few intermediate places by the way. At Selby he dined “ in a mixed company,” probably at an inn, where he was asked if there was any good in the rite of confirmation.

Ever intent upon the inculcation of spiritual religion, as opposed to mere formality, he answered, "No; nor in any outward thing, unless you are in Christ a new creature." "I confounded all my hearers by relating my own experience under the law. I left some books, and went on my way rejoicing. Still the Spirit was upon me; and I felt stronger faith for myself, than I ever did before."

From Selby he went to Epworth, where he spent a few days, preaching in the open air, and admonishing the society in private. Here he was treated with great respect. Eight years had now elapsed since the death of his honoured father, and the dispersion of the family; and many tender recollections were doubtless suggested to his mind by the sight of the church, the parsonage-house, and other objects; but he was too intent upon saving the souls of the people, to indulge in mere sentimentality. The Methodists of Grimsby came to Epworth, that they might be edified by his ministry and counsel. They parted with great affection, and with the peace of God.

On his way to Nottingham he states, that he was favoured with "the *best company* that either earth or heaven could furnish." On his arrival he says, "I found my brother in the market-place, calling lost sinners to Him that justifieth the ungodly. He gave notice of my preaching in the evening. From him I had the first account of our brethren's persecution at Wednesbury. Their unhappy Minister was the contriver of all. The Lord opened my mouth at seven. Many thousands attended in deep silence. Surely the Lord hath much people in this place. We began a society of nine members."

He spent Sunday, the 26th of June, at Birmingham, where he was met by several persons belonging to the persecuted society at Wednesbury, whom he endeavoured to strengthen and comfort. The cruel opposition which they had experienced was but "the beginning of sorrows." In the course of a few months several of them were horribly maltreated, and lost the greater part of their property. Mr. Charles Wesley preached in Birmingham, at eight o'clock in the morning, without interruption; and again to several thousands in the evening; "many of whom," says he, "I observed by their tears, were pricked at the heart, and ready

to say, 'I will arise, and go to my Father.' " He adds, "In the name of the Lord Jesus I began our society. The number at present is thirteen."

From Birmingham he went to London, where he scarcely remained a fortnight, before he set out on horseback, in a heavy rain, for Cornwall, taking Bristol in his way. A brother, whose name he has not mentioned, accompanied him twenty miles beyond Exeter, where he was left to prosecute his journey alone. By wandering, he states, he made it threescore miles to Bodmin. Here both horse and rider were worked down, so as greatly to enjoy the rest of the night. The next morning he says it cost him four hours to reach Mitchell; and the pain of his colic made them seem four days. After taking a little rest, he pursued his way through Redruth to St. Ives. "Two tinnors," says he, "met me first, and wished me good luck in the name of the Lord. My next meeting was from the devil's children, who shouted as I passed, and pursued me like the men out of the tombs. Between seven and eight I entered St. Ives. The boys and others continued their rough salutes for some time at brother Nance's; but I was too weary to regard them."

The next day was the Sabbath. "I rose," says he, "and forgot I had travelled from Newcastle. I spoke with some of this loving, simple people, who are as sheep in the midst of wolves. The Priests stir up the people, and make their minds evil affected toward the brethren. Yet the sons of violence are much checked by the Mayor, an honest Presbyterian, whom the Lord hath raised up. I preached in the room at eight, on, 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins.' We found his presence sensibly among us. So did the opposers themselves.

"I heard the Rector preach. His application was downright railing at the 'new sect,' as he calls us; those 'enemies of the Church, seducers, troublers, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites.' I had prayed for a quiet heart, and a steady countenance; and my prayer was answered. My calmness was succeeded with strong consolation.

"I rode to Wednock, with almost all the brethren. Mr. Hoblin, the Curate, entertained us with a curious discourse on, 'Beware of false prophets.' I stood up over against him, within two yards of the pulpit, and heard such a hodge-potch

of railing, foolish lies, as Satan himself might have been ashamed of. I had asked that my countenance might not alter, and was kept in perfect peace. The poor people behaved very decently; and all followed me to hear the true word of God. I stayed, and mildly told the Preacher he had been misinformed. 'No,' he answered; 'it was all truth.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if you believe what you preach, you believe a lie.' 'You are a liar,' he replied. I put him in mind of the great day; testified my good-will; and left him for the congregation. God opened a door of utterance, to preach the Gospel of Christ Jesus. I know they found that difference between the chaff and the wheat."

Such were the stirring occurrences of the first Sabbath which Mr. Charles Wesley spent in Cornwall. He remained in this county about three weeks, when he was suddenly called to London. During this period his labours were incessant, and were signally owned of God in the conversion of men, although the opposition was formidable and appalling. The Clergy preached against him with great vehemence, and represented his character and designs in the worst possible light; and the people were ready everywhere to congregate in mobs, and perpetrate any outrage. His doctrine not only interfered with their prejudices, but with their habits, and exposed the dishonest practices by which many of them obtained their livelihood. But nothing moved him from his purpose. Ease, liberty, honour, life itself were of no account in his estimation, when compared with the salvation of the ignorant and wicked multitudes with whom the country abounded. He was willing to endure any reproach and hardship, and even to die by the hand of violence at any hour, if Christ were only honoured by the spread of his religion. No better view of his spirit and exertions can be given than that which his own journal supplies. The following selections are a specimen of his daily labours. The difference between the irreligious, fierce, and daring Cornishmen of those times, and their devout and moral successors of the present age, is very striking.

"July 18th. I went forth towards the market-house at St. Ives. When we came to the place of battle, the enemy was ready, set in array against us. I began the hundredth psalm, and they beating their drums and shouting. I stood

still and silent for some time, finding they would not receive my testimony. I then offered to speak to some of the most violent; but they stopped their ears, and ran upon me, crying, I should not preach there; and catching at me, to pull me down. They had no power to touch me. My soul was calm and fearless. I shook off the dust of my feet, and walked leisurely through the thickest of them, who followed like ramping and roaring lions: but their mouth was shut. We met the Mayor, who saluted us, and threatened the rioters. I rejoiced at my lodgings in our almighty Jesus.

“ I preached at three on Cannage-downs to near a thousand tanners, who received the word into honest and good hearts. While I pointed them to the Lamb of God, many wept; and particularly the captain-general of the tanners; a man famous in his generation for his acts of valour and violence, and his usual challenge to fight any six men with his club. He is known through the west by the title of the Destroyer. This leopard will soon, I trust, lie down with the lamb.

“ July 19th. I preached at Pool, in the heart of the tanners. A drunkard got within two or three yards, designing, I suppose, to push me down the hill. I was forced to break off my prayer, and warn him to take care of himself. He attempted to lay hold on me; upon which a tinner cried, ‘ Down with him ! ’ In a moment the Philistines were upon him. I strove to rescue him, and besought them not to hurt him; otherwise I should go away, and not preach at all. They were entreated for him; and, taking him by the legs and arms, quietly handed him down from one to another, till they had put him without the congregation; and he was heard no more. I published the faithful, acceptable saying; and their hearts seemed all bowed and opened to receive it. God, I nothing doubt, will call these a people, who were not a people. Our prayers for the opposers also begin to be answered; for the fiercest of them came this evening to the room, and behaved with great decency.

“ July 20th. I spake with more of the society; most of whom have the first knowledge of salvation, as their lives show. A. G. tells me that faith, as he thinks, came by hearing yesterday morning. He has been a sinner above other sinners, till within this fortnight God called, and made him

equal with those who have borne the burden and heat of the day.

“ I preached at Zumor, one of Mr. Symon’s four parishes, which is come in to a man at the joyful news. Some hundreds of the poor people, with sincerity in their faces, received my saying, ‘The kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.’

“ I began at eight expounding the good Samaritan; but could not proceed for pity to the poor mockers. Many of them were present; but their mocking was over. I urged, and besought, and with tears even compelled, them to come in. The Spirit made intercession for them, that God might grant them repentance unto life.

“ July 22d. I rode in the rain to Morva, a settlement of tinners, to whom I preached nothing but the Gospel. I had just named my text at St. Ives, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God,’ when an army of rebels broke in upon us, like those at Sheffield or Wednesbury. They began in a most outrageous manner, threatening to murder the people, if they did not go out that moment. They broke the sconces, dashed the windows in pieces, bore away the shutters, benches, poor-box, and all but the stone walls. I stood silently looking on; but mine eyes were unto the Lord. They swore bitterly I should not preach there again; which I immediately disproved by telling them Christ died for them all. Several times they lifted up their hands and clubs to strike me; but a stronger arm restrained them. They beat and dragged the women about, particularly one of a great age, and trampled on them without mercy. The longer they stayed, and the more they raged, the more power I found from above. I bade the people stand still, and see the salvation of God, resolving to continue with them, and see the end. In about an hour the word came, ‘Hitherto shalt thou come; and no farther.’ The ruffians fell to quarrelling among themselves, broke the Town-Clerk’s (their captain’s) head, and drove one another out of the room. Having kept the field, we gave thanks for the victory; and in prayer the Spirit of glory rested upon us. Going home, we met the Mayor, with another Justice, and went back to show them the havoc which the gentlemen and their mob had made. He commended our people as the most quiet, inoffensive sub-

jects; encouraged us to sue for justice; said, he was no more secure from such lawless violence than we; wished us success; and left us rejoicing in our strong Helper.

“ July 23d. I cannot find one of this people who fears those that can kill the body only. It was next to a miracle that no more mischief was done last night. The gentlemen had resolved to destroy all within doors. They came upon us like roaring lions, headed by the Mayor’s son. He struck out the candles with his cane, and began courageously beating the women. I laid my hand upon him, and said, ‘ Sir, you appear like a gentleman. I desire you would show it by restraining these of the baser sort. Let them strike the men, or me, if they please; but not hurt poor helpless women and children.’ He was turned into a friend immediately, and laboured the whole time to quiet his associates. Some, not of the society, were likewise provoked to stand up for us, and put themselves between. Others held the ruffians, and made use of an arm of flesh. Some of our bitterest enemies were brought over by the meekness of the sufferers, and malice of the persecutors. They had sworn to drive us all out, and then take possession of our house; but their commission did not go so far. One was overheard saying to his companions, as they were going off, ‘ I think the desk was insured. We could not touch it, or come near it.’

“ I preached at Gwennap to near two thousand hungry souls, who devoured the word of reconciliation. Half my audience were tinnors from about Redruth, which, I hear, is *taken*. God gives us their hearts. If any man speak against us, (they say,) he deserves to be stoned. I again expounded in the room at St. Ives, and advised the society to possess their souls in patience, not threatening, or even mentioning the late uproar, but suffering all things for the sake of Jesus Christ.

“ July 24th. At Wednock many listened to my description of our Lord’s sufferings. After evening service, I would have finished my discourse, but the Minister’s mob fell upon us, threatening and striking all they came near. They swore horribly they would be revenged on us, for our making such a disturbance on the Sabbath-day, our taking the people from the church, and doing so much mischief continually. They

assaulted us with sticks and stones, and endeavoured to pull me down. I bade them strike me, and spare the people. Many lifted up their hands and weapons, but were not permitted to touch me. My time is not yet come. We were now encompassed with a host of men, bent on mischief, with no visible way of escape; but the Lord hath many ways. He touched the heart of one of our persecutors, who came up to me, took me by the hand, and besought me to depart in peace, assuring me he would preserve me from all violence. Another gentleman said the same. I thanked them, and told them I had an unseen Protector; but as I saw there was no door, I should not attempt preaching at this season. I stayed some time to make my observations. Ten cowardly ruffians I saw upon one unarmed man, beating him with their clubs, till they felled him to the ground. Another escaped by the swiftness of his horse. My convoy they set upon for dissuading them, and forced him to fly for his life. I walked on slowly, with all the rabble behind. One of the brethren attended me. The Lord hid us in the hollow of his hand. The pillar came between the Egyptians and us. About six we rested at brother Nance's. The enemy still pursued. I went out, and looked them in the face; and they pulled off their hats, and slunk away. The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence; and therewith hath He got himself the victory.

“The society came. Our hearts danced for joy; and in our song did we praise Him. We all longed for his last glorious appearing, and with an eye of faith saw the Son of man as coming in the clouds of heaven, to confess us before his Father, and the holy angels.

“July 25th. The Mayor told us, that the Ministers were the principal authors of all this evil, by continually representing us in their sermons as Popish emissaries, and urging the enraged multitude to take all manner of ways to stop us. Their whole preaching is cursing and lies. Yet they modestly say, my fellow-labourer and I are the cause of all the disturbance! It is always the lamb that troubles the water. Yesterday we were stoned as Popish incendiaries. To-day it is our turn to have favour with the people. I preached at Cabbage-downs to a multitude of simple-hearted tinnors, on, ‘Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed

garments from Bozrah?’ They received the word with all gladness and gratitude; wondered at the St. Ives people, that could endeavour to hurt us for teaching them such blessed truths. At St. Ives I had warning of an approaching trial, and was led to pray that the fierceness of men might be at this time restrained. I had scarce begun at the room when news was brought that all the gentlemen were coming to pull it down. We looked for them every moment. About half a dozen came first, and threw eggs in at the windows. Others cast great stones, to break what remained of the shutters. Others struck the women, and swore they would have the house down. I prayed, and dismissed our people. John Nance was gone to the Mayor. I followed to stop him, and met the Mayor at the head of his posse. At first hearing of the tumult he had started up, charged all he met to assist him, and was coming to the room, when I desired him to save himself the trouble of a walk in the rain. He behaved with great civility and resolution; declaring before all, that none should hurt us. This disappointed and scattered our adversaries; and I met the society without molestation. Glory be to God, that we are once more delivered out of the mouth of these lions. They were sure of accomplishing their design this night: but the Lord beheld their threatenings; and stilled the raging of the sea, the noise of the waves, and the madness of the people.

“ July 26th. At the Pool one stopped, and demanded my letters of orders. I marvelled at Mr. Churchwarden’s ignorance, gave him my Oxford sermon, and rode on. He followed me, with another gentleman, and vowed I should not preach in *his parish*. When I began, he shouted, and hallooed, and put his hat to my mouth. We went to another place. He followed us, like Shimei. I told him I should surely deliver my message, unless his master was stronger than mine. After much contention, I walked away with near two thousand people, most part tanners, to the next parish, as my wise Churchwarden supposed. He followed us another mile; and a warm walk he had of it, but left us on the border of the neighbouring parish. However, to take my leave of it, I preached in what he called *his*. In spite of Satan, the poor had the Gospel preached to them, and heard it joyfully. Great was their zeal and affection toward me. I

marvel not that Satan should fight for his kingdom. It begins to shake in this place.

“ All was quiet at St. Ives, the Mayor having declared his resolution to swear twenty new Constables, and suppress the rioters by force of arms. Their drum he has sent and siezed. All the time I was preaching he stood at a little distance, to awe the rebels. He has set the whole town against him, by not giving us up to their fury: but he plainly told Mr. Hoblin, the fire-and-faggot Minister, that he would not be perjured to gratify any man’s malice. Us he informed that he had often heard Mr. Hoblin say, they ought to drive us away by blows, not arguments.

“ July 28th. I dined at our brother Mitchell’s, a confessor of the faith which once he persecuted; and rode on to St. Hilary-downs. Here the careless hearers were kept away by the enemy’s threatenings; but near one thousand well-disposed tinnors listened to the joyful tidings, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people.’ That word of grace, ‘Thine iniquities are pardoned,’ quite melted them down into tears on all sides.

“ I began explaining the Beatitudes at St. Ives. None interrupted. I do not despair but some of our persecutors themselves may yet, before we depart, receive that *damnable Popish doctrine*, as Mr. Hoblin calls it, of justification by faith only.

“ July 29th. I rode to Morva, and invited the whole nation of tinnors to Christ. I took the names of several who were desirous of joining in a society. The adversaries have laboured with all their might to hinder this good work; but we doubt not our seeing a glorious church in this place.

“ July 30th. I believed a door would be opened this day; and in the strength of the Lord set out for St. Just, a town of tinnors, four miles from Morva, and twelve from St. Ives. My text was, ‘The poor have the Gospel preached unto them.’ I showed, the sum thereof is, ‘Thine iniquity is pardoned. God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven thee.’ The hearts of thousands seemed moved, as the trees of the forest, by the wind which bloweth as it listeth. The door stood wide open, and a multitude were just entering in. Here it is that I expect the largest harvest. We rode four miles farther to Zunning, and took up our lodging at a hospitable farmer’s.

“ I walked with our brother Shepherd, to the Land’s End, and sang,* on the extremest point of the rocks,—

Come, divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of thy home ;
Now thy mercy’s wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

Carry on thy victory,
Spread thy rule from sea to sea ;
Re-convert the ransom’d race,
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace !

Take the purchase of thy blood,
Bring us to a pardoning God ;
Give us eyes to see our day,
Hearts the glorious truth to’ obey ;

Ears to hear the Gospel sound,
Grace doth more than sin abound,
God appeased, and man forgiven,
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven.

O that every soul might be
Suddenly subdued to thee !
O that all in thee might know
Everlasting life below !

Now thy mercy’s wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land ;
Take possession of thy home ;
Come, divine Immanuel, come !

“ I rode back to St. Just, and went from the evening service to a plain by the town, *made* for field-preaching. I stood on a green bank, and cried, ‘ All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquity of us all.’ About

* This hymn was not selected for the occasion, but was “ written at the Land’s End.” (Hymns and Sacred Poems. By Charles Wesley. Vol. i., p. 329.) It is founded upon the following passage : “ And the stretching out of his wings shall fill the breadth of thy land, O Immanuel.” (Isaiah viii. 8.) Tradition states that the hymn beginning,

“ Thou God of glorious majesty,”

was also written at the Land’s End ; but of this there is no direct proof. It was published in the volume just mentioned, but is simply entitled, “ A Hymn for Seriousness.”

two thousand, mostly tanners, attended, no one offering to stir or move a hand or tongue. The fields are white unto harvest. Lord, send forth labourers!

“We returned to our host at Zunning. He is just entering the kingdom with the harlots and publicans. I went early to bed, having lost most of my senses, through the constant fog in which we have laboured to breathe this fortnight past.

“August 1st. I saw a strange sight, the sun shining in Cornwall! I explained at nine the song of Simeon. Several aged people were present, whom I left waiting for the Consolation of Israel. I took my leave of Cannage-downs, and returned to St. Ives in peace. I showed the blessedness of persecution; then exhorted the society to pray without ceasing for humility, the grace which draws all others after it.

“August 2d. I carried my tanners from the Pool to the nearest parish. It was a glorious sight, the wide-spread multitude walking up the hill, eager for the word of life; hungry and thirsty after righteousness! I met with that in St. Matthew, ‘A certain man had two sons,’ &c. These publicans know the time of their visitation, and bring forth fruit meet for repentance. An elderly man pressed us to turn into his house, near Camborne. It was a large old country seat, and looked like the picture of English hospitality. When he could not prevail on us to stay longer, he would ride two or three miles on our way with us, and listened all the while to the ministry of reconciliation.

“August 3d. I took my leave of the dear people of Zunnor, in our Lord’s words, ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.’ With many tears they besought us to come again; and evidently showed that our labour has not been in vain in the Lord.

“August 5th. I preached my farewell sermon to our sorrowful brethren in Morva. Many from St. Just increased the lamentation. I shall think it long till I see them again; but my comfort is, that I leave them following hard after God.

“I took my leave of the friendly Mayor, to whom we acknowledged, under God, our deliverance from the hands of unrighteous and cruel men. He expressed the same affec-

tion for us, as from the beginning ; listened to our report ; (for which our Lord gave us a fair opportunity ;) ordered his servant to light us home ; and, in a word, received us, and sent us away, as messengers of peace.

“ August 6th. I rode to Gwennap, and with many words exhorted them to save themselves from this untoward generation. They were exceedingly moved, and very urgent with me to know when I should return ; when my brother, or any other, would come. Surely they are a people ready prepared for the Lord.

“ I began at St. Ives before the usual time, ‘ And now, brethren, I commend you to God,’ &c. I had no thought of the rioters, though the Mayor had informed us, they were so impudent as to tell him to his face, they would have a parting blow at us. As soon as we were met in society, at brother Nance’s, they came to the room, ready to pull it down. The drunken Town-Clerk led his drunken army to our lodgings ; but an invisible Power held them from breaking in, or hurting our brother Nance, who went out to them, and stood in the midst, till our King scattered the evil with his eyes, and turned them back by the way that they came. The great power of God was, mean time, among us, overturning all before it, and melting our hearts into contrite, joyful love.

“ August 7th. At four I took leave of the society, with that apostolical prayer, ‘ And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly,’ &c. Great grace was upon them all. Their prayers, and tears of love, I shall never forget. I nothing doubt, if I follow their faith, that I shall meet them in the new Jerusalem. At six we left the lions’ den, with about twenty horse. Some would have us take a back way ; but I would not go forth with haste, or by flight ; and therefore rode slowly through the largest street, in the face of our enemies. At eight I preached faith in Christ to many listening souls in Velling-Varine. They received the word with surprising readiness. Their tears and hearty expressions of love convince me, that there is a work begun in their hearts.

“ I rode on rejoicing to Gwennap. As soon as I went forth I *saw* the end of my coming to Cornwall, and of Satan’s opposition. Such a company assembled as I have not seen,

excepting sometimes at Kennington. By their looks I perceived they all heard, while I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and testified, 'God sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world.' The convincing Spirit was in the midst, as I have seldom, if ever, known. Most of the gentry from Redruth were just before me, and so hemmed in, that they could not escape. For an hour my voice was heard by all, and reached farther than their outward ears. I am inclined to think, that most present were convinced of righteousness or of sin. God hath now set before us an open door, and who shall be able to shut it?

"At four we rode to Mitchell; my brother having summoned me to London, to confer with the heads of the Moravians and predestinarians. We had near three hundred miles to ride in five days. I was willing to undertake this labour for peace, though the journey was too great for us, and our weary beasts, which we have used almost every day for these three months."

As the time was so short, Mr. Charles Wesley had not many opportunities for preaching on his journey to London. At the inns, however, where he called to obtain refreshment, he recommended Christ and his salvation to almost every one that came in his way; and upon the public roads he was not silent, when he met with any persons, either rich or poor, who were willing to receive the evangelical message with which he was entrusted. At Bridport, for instance, he says, "I met with a poor creature, ready for the Gospel. It was glad news indeed to her. When I said, 'God sent me to you,' she cried, 'And did He indeed!' and fell a trembling and weeping. We prayed together; and she seemed not far from the kingdom of God. She innocently asked me, what Church she should be of. I showed her the excellency of our own."

On his arrival at Exeter he met with his friend Felix Farley, from Bristol; and there he says, "I called to about one thousand sinners, mostly gentlemen and ladies, with some Clergy, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' God gave me favour in their eyes, although I did not prophesy smooth things. I found, as soon as I began to speak, that the fear of the Lord was upon them. Many followed me to my inn, to take their leave;

and wished me good luck in the name of the Lord. I left one behind me, to keep up the awakening, and pursued my journey alone to London."

Mr. Charles Wesley finished his journey to London in the evening of August 12th; and had the mortification to find, that the meeting which he had been at so much pains to attend would not be held. "By nine at night," says he, "I hardly reached the Foundery. Here I heard, the Moravians would not be present at the conference. Spangenberg indeed said he would, but immediately left England. My brother was come from Newcastle, John Nelson, from Yorkshire, and I, from the Land's End, to good purpose!"

Mr. John Wesley is silent concerning this abortive attempt to obtain the contemplated conference. But in his printed Journal, relating to this period, he has inserted a paper of considerable length, stating the points of difference between himself and Mr. Whitefield, and the concessions which he was ready to make for the purpose of meeting the views of his friend. From this document, which was doubtless drawn up to be laid before Mr. Whitefield, compared with Mr. Charles Wesley's private journal, we learn,—

1. That it was proposed to hold a conference, in London, between the leading men of the three communities who were then exerting themselves to effect a revival of evangelical religion: the Calvinistic Methodists, the Moravians, and the Arminian Methodists;—Mr. Whitefield, with some of his friends, to represent the first; Mr. Spangenberg, and a few members of the Fetter-lane society, to represent the second; John and Charles Wesley, with John Nelson, and perhaps a few other laymen, the third.

2. That the object of this conference was, by mutual explanations and concessions, to cultivate a better understanding with each other; so that the parties might avoid all unnecessary collision, and unite, as far as was practicable, in advancing what they all believed to be the work of God. Mr. Charles Wesley states, that "peace" was the avowed design of the meeting.

3. That the project had its origin with Mr. John Wesley. It was not proposed by Charles, who was "summoned" by his brother to attend; nor by the Moravians, who declined the conference after Mr. Spangenberg had promised to be

present; nor by Mr. Whitefield, who does not appear to have even accepted the invitation, although he was in London immediately after the time proposed for the interview.

4. That Mr. John Wesley and his brother were anxious to enter into a general agreement with their friends from whom they had been unexpectedly and painfully separated. They came on horseback from the two extremities of the kingdom for this purpose. Charles was "willing to undertake the labour for peace;" although he felt that "the journey was too great" for his strength, and that of his horse. John, who invited the parties to meet him, drew up a statement of the questions at issue between himself and Mr. Whitefield, in a spirit the most kind and conciliatory, with the concessions which he was willing to make. Some of the concessions which he offered to Mr. Whitefield, in favour of the peculiarities of Calvinian theology, he would have found it difficult to defend. He introduces the subject by declaring that he had "found, for some time, a strong desire to unite with Mr. Whitefield, as far as possible."

This transaction, viewed in all its bearings, furnishes additional proof of the flagrant injustice done to Mr. John Wesley by Lady Huntingdon's biographer, who insinuates that Mr. Wesley "parted with his old companion," Mr. Whitefield, "with great coolness." We have already seen, that after Mr. Whitefield had begun zealously to preach the doctrine of the absolute and unconditional predestination of some men to eternal life, and of others to eternal death, Mr. Wesley declared his readiness still to labour in immediate connexion with him; and when Mr. Whitefield, under the advice of his friends, had withdrawn, (for the act of separation was unquestionably his,) Mr. Wesley published to the world his "strong desire" for a re-union with his "old companion;" but his proposal was not met in the spirit of concession of which he set the example. The "coolness" was on the other side, as it was when they "parted asunder." Mr. Whitefield was cordial in his personal friendship with the Wesleys; but he would concede nothing for the sake of a union of operation with them.

Mr. John and Charles Wesley were men of peace, for they were men of love. They did what they could to restore concord among brethren, and to put an end to the unseemly

bickerings which had been a stumbling-block to many; but having failed in the attempt, they resumed their itinerant ministry with a pure conscience, and unabated zeal. John repaired to Cornwall, accompanied by John Nelson; and on his arrival at St. Ives, the late scene of Charles's labours and persecutions, he makes the following remarks:—

“ I spoke severally with those of the society, who were about one hundred and twenty. Near a hundred of these had found peace with God. Such is the blessing of being persecuted for righteousness' sake! As we were going to church at eleven, a large company at the market-place welcomed us with a loud huzza: wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window, (composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their own town,)

‘ Charles Wesley is come to town,
To try if he can pull the churches down.’ ”

Mr. Charles Wesley remained for some weeks in London, preaching daily in one place or another, particularly at the Foundery, and at the chapel in Snow's Fields, Southwark, of which he and his brother had recently taken possession. He speaks in strong language concerning the Spirit of power which generally rested upon the congregations, awakening the careless, comforting the mourners, and renewing the strength of those who had already believed. He lived as a man whose great concern was to save souls; so that in passing along the streets, he reproved profane swearers, and invited loiterers to attend the house of God; sometimes with the most encouraging success. On the 24th of September he says, “ I reproved one for swearing, among an army of porters and carmen. I spoke to them for some time, till all were overpowered. Two I carried away with me to the Foundery. They received my saying and books, and departed with their eyes full of tears, and their hearts of good desires.”

At this time his sympathy was strongly excited in behalf of Mr. Piers, of Bexley, who had a dangerous illness, and was restored almost by miracle. “ I rode to Bexley,” says he, “ and found my friend on a sick-bed, but full of peace and comfort.” Two days after he adds, “ I was sent for to Mr. Piers, who lay a-dying in convulsions. I prayed for him first with a friend, who said, ‘ If he is not dead already, he

will not die now.' I got to Bexley by three. My brother had recovered his senses about the time we were praying for him. I was much comforted by his calm resignation; and in prayer saw, as it were, heaven opened; having seldom had greater freedom of access." Eight days afterwards he says, "News was brought me again that Mr. Piers was dying. Next morning I found him more than conqueror in a mighty conflict he had had for eight hours with all the powers of darkness. 'Now,' he told me, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.'"

On the 17th of October, Mr. Charles Wesley left London for Nottingham, where he expected to meet his brother. He was gratified to find that the society, which had been begun in that town half a year before, consisting then of only eleven members, was now increased to fifty. Here he continued for some days, preaching abroad with his wonted energy and success. His brother appeared on the 21st, having just escaped out of the hands of the Staffordshire rioters, who seem to have been intent upon shedding his blood. Of the terrible persecutions which he and the society endured at Wednesbury and the neighbourhood, Mr. John Wesley published a circumstantial narrative, at the time, both in his Journal, and in a separate pamphlet. The principal agent in exciting these murderous tumults was Mr. Egginton, the parish Minister at Wednesbury. This does not appear in any account that the brothers published; (for they ever showed a great delicacy in concealing the delinquencies of their brethren the Clergy;) but in a private letter, written soon after these riots had occurred, Mr. John Wesley says, "When I preached at Wednesbury first, Mr. Egginton (the Vicar) invited me to his house, and told me, the oftener I came, the welcomer I should be; for I had done much good there already, and he doubted not but I should do much more. But the next year I found him another man. He had not only heard a vehement Visitation-Charge; but had been informed that we had publicly preached against drunkards, which must have been designed as a satire on him. From this time we found more and more effects of his unwearied labours, public and private, in stirring up the people on every side, to 'drive these fellows out of the country.' One of his sermons I heard with my own ears.

I pray God I may never hear such another ! The Minister at Darlaston, and the Curate of Walsal, trod in the same steps ; and these were they who, *not undesignedly*, occasioned all the disorders which followed there."

The following is Mr. Charles Wesley's account, drawn up on the spot ; for he immediately went to the place where the outrages had been perpetrated :—

" My brother came, delivered out of the mouth of the lions ! He *looked* like a soldier of Christ. His clothes were torn to tatters. The mob of Wednesbury, Darlaston, and Walsal, were permitted to take him by night out of the society-house, and carry him about several hours, with a full purpose to murder him. But his work is not finished ; or he had been now with the souls under the altar.

" Oct. 24th. I had a blessing at parting from the society ; set out at five, and by night came weary and wet to Birmingham." The next day, he says, " I was much encouraged by the faith and patience of our brethren from Wednesbury, who gave me some particulars of the late persecution. My brother, they told me, had been dragged about for three hours by the mob of three towns. Those of Wednesbury and Darlaston were disarmed by a few words he spoke, and thenceforward laboured to screen him from their old allies of Walsal, till they were overpowered themselves, and most of them knocked down. Three of the brethren and one young woman kept near him all the time, striving to intercept the blows. Sometimes he was almost borne upon their shoulders, through the violence of the multitude, who struck at him continually that he might fall : and if he had once been down, he would have risen no more. Many blows he escaped through his lowness of stature ; and his enemies were struck down by them. His feet never once slipped ; for in their hands the angels bore him up.

" The ruffians ran about, asking, ' Which is the Minister ? ' and lost and found and lost him again. That hand which struck the men of Sodom and the Syrians blind withheld or turned them aside. Some cried, ' Drown him ! Throw him into a pit ! ' some, ' Hang him up upon the next tree ! ' others, ' Away with him ! Away with him ! ' and some did him the infinite honour to cry, in express terms, ' Crucify him ! ' One and all said, ' Kill him ! ' but they were not agreed what

death to put him to. In Walsal several said, 'Carry him out of the town. Don't kill him here! Don't bring his blood upon us!'

"To some who cried, 'Strip him! Tear off his clothes;'
he mildly answered, 'That you need not do. I will give you my clothes, if you want them.' In the intervals of tumult, he spoke, the brethren assured me, with as much composure and correctness as he used to do in their societies. The Spirit of glory rested on him. As many as he spoke to, or but laid his hand on, he turned into friends. He did not wonder (as he himself told me) that the martyrs should feel no pain in the flames; for none of their blows hurt him, although one was so violent as to make his nose and mouth gush out with blood.

"At the first Justice's, whither they carried him, one of his poor accusers mentioned the only crime alleged against him, 'Sir, it is a downright shame. He makes people rise at five in the morning to sing psalms.' Another said, 'To be plain, Sir, I must speak the truth. All the fault I find with him is, that he preaches better than our Parsons.' Mr. Justice did not care to meddle with him, or with those who were murdering an innocent man at his Worship's door. A second Justice, in like manner, remanded him to the mob. The Mayor of Walsal refused him protection, when entering his house, for fear the mob should pull it down. Just as he was within another door, one fastened his hand in his hair, and drew him backward, almost to the ground. A brother, with the peril of his life, fell on the man's hand, and bit it, which forced him to loose his hold.

"The instrument of his deliverance, at last, was the ring-leader of the mob, the greatest profligate in the country. He carried him through the river upon his shoulders. A sister they threw into it. Another's arm they broke. No farther hurt was done our people; but many of our enemies were sadly wounded.

"The Minister of Darlaston sent my brother word, he would join with him in any measures to punish the rioters; that the meek behaviour of our people, and their constancy in suffering, convinced him the counsel was of God; and he wished all his parish were Methodists.

"They pressed me to come, and preach to them in the midst of the town. This was the sign agreed on betwixt my

brother and me. If they asked me, I was to go. Accordingly we set out in the dark, and came to Francis Ward's, whence my brother had been carried last Thursday night. I found the brethren assembled, standing fast in one mind and spirit, nothing terrified by their adversaries. The word given me for them was, 'Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit yourselves like men, be strong.' Jesus was in the midst, and covered us with a covering of his Spirit. Never was I before in so primitive an assembly. We sang praises lustily, and with a good courage; and could all set to our seal to the truth of our Lord's saying, 'Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake.'

"We laid us down, and slept, and rose up again; for the Lord sustained us. We assembled before day to sing hymns to Christ, as God. As soon as it was light I walked down the town, and preached boldly on Rev. ii. 10: 'Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer. Behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' It was a most glorious time. Our souls were satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and we longed for our Lord's coming, to confess us before his Father and his holy angels. We now understood what it was to receive the word in much affliction, and yet with joy in the Holy Ghost.

"I took several new members into the society, and among them the young man whose arm was broken; and (upon trial) MUNCHIN, the late captain of the mob. He has been constantly under the word since he rescued my brother. I asked him what he thought of him. 'Think of him!' said he: 'that he is a mon of God; and God was on his side, when so many of us could not kill one mon.'

"We rode through the town unmolested, to Birmingham, where I preached, and one received faith. I rode on to Evesham, and found John Nelson preaching. I confirmed his word, and prayed in the Spirit."

Having preached at Evesham, Quinton, Guthberton, and Cirencester, Mr. Charles Wesley came once more to Bristol, where he had spent only one day during the last six months. He preached a few times in the city, and to the colliers of Kingswood, gladdening their hearts by an account of the

success of the Gospel in various places; and then paid a visit to South Wales; acknowledging a signal interposition of Providence in crossing the Channel. "When we came to the Passage," says he, "the boatmen refused to venture in such a storm. We waited till four; then committed ourselves to Him whom the winds and seas obey; and embarked with Mr. Ashton, and faithful Felix Farley. The rest of the passengers stayed on the safe side. The waves of the sea were mighty, and raged horribly. When with much toiling we were come near the opposite shore, the storm caught the vessel; our sails were backed, and we were driving full on the black rock, where thirty-two persons lost their lives a few weeks since. But the answer of prayer, after much fatigue, brought us to the haven. 'O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and declare the wonders that He doeth for the children of men!' It was dark when we landed. However, we had a good Guide, (the darkness is no darkness to Him,) who conducted us through the heavy rain to the Rock and Fountain. I spoke a word in season to the poor young women servants, who dwell as in the confines of hell, in the midst of human devils.

"Nov. 1st. I took horse some hours before day, and by ten reached Cardiff. The gentlemen had threatened great things if I ever came there again. I called in the midst of them, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' &c. The love of Christ constrained me to speak, and them to hear. The word was irresistible. After it one of our most violent opposers took me by the hand, and pressed me to come to see him. The rest were equally civil all the time I stayed. Only one drunkard made some disturbance; but when sober, sent to ask my pardon. The voice of praise and thanksgiving was in the society. Many are grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus. I passed an hour with the wife and daughter of the chief Bailiff, who are waiting as little children for the kingdom of God."

During this short stay in Wales Mr. Charles Wesley preached in the castle at Cardiff, where he made a collection for the prisoners, and distributed religious books among them. He also visited his faithful friend Mr. Hodges, the Minister of Wenvo, and preached in his church. In recrossing the Channel, on his return to Bristol, he says, "The

floods lifted up their voice ; but Faith saw Jesus walking on the water, and heard his voice, 'It is I. Be not afraid.' In eight minutes we were brought safe to land by Him who rides in the whirlwind."

About the middle of November he took leave of the societies in Kingswood and Bristol, and, preaching at Bath, Cirencester, Guthberton, Evesham, Quinton, in his way, came to London, where he concluded the year in happy intercourse with God, and with the lively societies, among whom he was a joyful witness of the power of religion. "I called upon Mr. Witham," says he, "given over by his Physicians ; trembling at the approach of the king of terrors ; and catching at every word that might flatter his hopes of life." On the day following he adds, "I prayed with him again, and found him somewhat more resigned." Eleven days afterwards he says, "I prayed in great faith for Mr. Witham, the time of whose departure draws nigher and nigher." The following statement closes this death-bed scene:—"At half-hour past seven in the evening he broke out, 'Now I am delivered ! I have found the thing I sought. I know what the blood of sprinkling means !' He called his family and friends to rejoice with him. Some of his last words were, 'Why tarry the wheels of his chariot ? I know that my Redeemer liveth. Just at twelve this night my spirit will return to Him.' While the clock was striking twelve he died like a lamb, with that word, 'Come, Lord Jesus.'"

A case somewhat different occurred at Bexley, a few days afterwards, when Mr. Charles Wesley was on a visit to the pious Vicar of that place. "I heard," says he, "that one of our fiercest persecutors, who had cut his throat, and lay for dead some hours, was miraculously revived, as a monument of divine mercy. Many of his companions have been hurried into eternity, while fighting against God. He is now seeking Him whom once he persecuted ; was confounded at the sight of me ; much more by my comfortable words, and a small alms. He could only thank me with his tears."

It is a remarkable fact, that Mr. Eggington, the Clergyman of Wednesbury, died almost immediately after the beginning of the destructive riots of which he had been the principal cause.

CHAPTER XI.

THE riots at St. Ives and Wednesbury were only a prelude to similar outrages in various parts of the kingdom; and to opposition the most systematic and determined, by which the Methodist Preachers and societies were harassed. The country was in a very unsettled state. It was at war with France and Spain; and was threatened with an invasion by the French, for the purpose of deposing the reigning Monarch, George the Second, and of placing upon the British throne the exiled representative of the house of Stuart; under whose government it was understood, should the project succeed, Popery and arbitrary power were to be restored. The people, of course, dreaded the loss of their liberty, civil and religious; and a feverish anxiety was generally prevalent.

The national danger was made a pretext for persecution the most bitter and undisguised. To rouse the popular vengeance against the Wesleys, and their fellow-labourers in the Gospel, it was only necessary to represent them as Papists, who were supported by the money of the Pretender, and were endeavouring to prepare the way for his assumption of the crown which his fathers had forfeited. This expedient was successfully adopted in various places. In several instances Magistrates and Constables interfered, not to protect an unoffending people, but to tear Methodist Preachers away from their families, and send them into the army. Mr. John and Charles Wesley were both of them subjected to unjust charges, and examined before the civil authorities: one in Cornwall, and the other in Yorkshire. Yet men of purer loyalty did not exist. There is no reason to believe that they received from their mother in early life any bias in favour of the Stuarts; and their attachment to the house of Brunswick, through the whole of their public life, was unimpeachable. In this emergency of the national affairs they used all their influence in support of the reigning family. They inculcated loyalty wherever they preached; and in the

principal societies under their care, they appointed weekly meetings of intercession with God for the maintenance of public tranquillity, and of the Protestant constitution. Both of them employed the press for the same purpose. Charles poured forth the feelings of his pious and loyal heart in sacred verse; and published a tract, which was very widely circulated, under the title of "Hymns for Times of Trouble." In these very spirited compositions the national sins are confessed and lamented; the mercy of God is earnestly implored in behalf of a guilty people; civil war is deprecated as a great and terrible calamity; the preservation of the Protestant religion, and a revival of its primitive spirit, are both solicited as the most important of all blessings; and the King is especially commended to the divine protection, not as the creature of the popular will, but as God's vicegerent, and his minister for good to the people.

It was upon this occasion that Mr. Charles Wesley wrote and published the two fine hymns, beginning,

"Sovereign of all, whose will ordains
The powers on earth that be,
By whom our rightful Monarch reigns,
Subject to none but thee ;"

and,

"Lord, thou hast bid thy people pray
For all that bear the sovereign sway,
And thy vicegerents reign,
Rulers, and Governors, and Powers ;
And, lo, in faith we pray for ours ;
Nor can we pray in vain."

The hymn on the 424th page of the Wesleyan general Collection was also written at this time:—

"Sinners, the call obey,
The latest call of grace ;
The day is come, the vengeful day,
Of a devoted race."

As a specimen of the tract to which reference has just been made, the subjoined ingenious effusion is given. It represents the State as a ship in a storm; every individual sinner

as the Jonah, on whose account the tempest is raised, and the lives of all are placed in peril. The offender, convicted in his own conscience, acknowledges his guilt, and expresses a willingness to perish for the preservation of the rest. His prayer, however, is, that, while he is delivered up to temporal punishment, his soul may be saved by the mercy of the Lord.

Merciful God, to thee we cry ;
 O think upon us ! or we die
 The ever-living death :
 Lo, by a mighty tempest tost,
 Our ship without thine aid is lost,
 Lost in the gulf beneath.

The mariners are struck with fear,
 And shudder at destruction near,
 So high the billows swell ;
 Ready to o'erwhelm our shatter'd State,
 Thy judgments fall with all their weight,
 To crush us into hell.

Ah, wherefore is this evil come ?
 Show us, omniscient God, for whom
 Thy plagues our Church befall :
 Give, while we ask, a righteous lot,
 And let the guilty soul be caught,
 Who brings thy curse on all.

With trembling awe we humbly pray,
 Now, now the secret cause display
 Of our calamity :
 Whose sins have brought thy judgments down ?
 Alas ! my God, the cause I own ;
 The lot is fallen on me !

I am the man, the Jonas I ;
 For me the working waves run high,
 For me the curse takes place ;
 I have increased the nation's load,
 I have call'd down the wrath of God
 On all our helpless race.

With guilty, unbelieving dread,
 Long have I from his presence fled,
 And shunn'd the sight of heaven :
 In vain the pard'ning God pursued ;
 I would not be by grace subdued ;
 I would not be forgiven.

I know the tempest roars for me ;
 Till I am cast into the sea,
 Its rage can never cease :
 Here then I to my doom submit,
 Do with me as thy will sees fit,
 But give thy people peace.

Save, Jesu, save the sinking ship,
 And, lo, I plunge into the deep
 Of all thy judgments *here* :
 I fall beneath thy threat'nings, Lord ;
 But let my soul, at last restored,
 Before thy face appear.

Beneath thine anger's present weight
 I sink, and only deprecate
 Thy sorer wrath to come :
 Give me at last in thee a part,
 And now, in mercy, now avert
 The guilty nation's doom.

O bid the angry waves subside !
 Into a calm the tempest chide,
 By thy supreme command :
 Thou in our broken ship remain,
 Till every soul the harbour gain,
 And reach the heavenly land.

With the purest sentiments of Christian loyalty and patriotism, and a heart yearning with affection for the souls of men, Mr. Charles Wesley left London on the 30th of January, 1744, and commenced his journey to Newcastle, preaching at Birmingham, Dudley, Wednesbury, Nottingham, Sheffield, Epworth, Leeds, and other places on his way. This was one of the most eventful journeys he ever took. The country was unsettled ; fear was everywhere excited ; daring wickedness abounded ; persecution lowered in all directions ; Dissenters, as well as Churchmen, were prepared to engage in acts of riot : yet his spirit was undaunted, and he was even ready to die for the Lord Jesus, should such be the divine will.

The following selections from his private journal will present the most correct view of his circumstances, spirit, and labours :—

“Sunday, Jan. 29th. I assisted my brother and Mr. Gordon in administering the sacrament to almost our whole society of above two thousand.

“Jan. 30th. I set out, with our brother Webb, for Newcastle, commended to the grace of God by all the brethren. Wednesday afternoon we found our brother Jones at Birmingham. A great door is opened in this country; but there are many adversaries. At Dudley our Preacher was cruelly abused by a mob of Papists and Dissenters: the latter stirred up by Mr. Whitting, their Minister. Probably he would have been murdered, but for an honest Quaker, who helped him to escape disguised with his broad hat, and coat. Staffordshire at present seems the seat of war.

“Feb. 2d. I set out, with brother Webb, for Wednesbury, the field of battle. I met with a variety of greetings on the road. I cried in the street, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!’ Several of our persecutors stood at a distance; but none offered to make the least disturbance. I walked through the blessings and curses of the people to see Mr. Egginton’s widow. Never have I observed such bitterness as in these opposers: yet they had no power to touch us.

“Feb. 3d. I preached and prayed with the society, and beat down the fiery self-avenging spirit of resistance, which was rising in some, to disgrace, if not destroy, the work of God. I preached unmolested within sight of Dudley. Many Shimeis *called* after me; and that was all. I waited on the friendly Captain Dudley, who has stood in the gap at Tipton-green, and kept off persecution, while it raged all around; and returned in peace through the enemy’s country.

“On Tuesday next, they have given it out, that they will come with all the rabble of the country, and pull down the houses and destroy all the goods of our poor brethren. One would think there was ‘no King in Israel.’ There is certainly no Magistrate who will put them to shame in any thing. Mr. Constable offered to make oath of their lives being in danger; but the Justice refused it; saying, he could do nothing. Others of our complaining brethren met with the same redress, being driven away with revilings. The Magistrates do not themselves tear off their clothes, and beat them. They only stand by, and see others do it. One of them told Mr. Jones, it was the best thing the mob ever did, so to treat the Methodists; and he would himself give £5 to drive them out of the country. Another, when our brother

Ward begged his protection, himself delivered him up to the mercy of the mob, (who had half murdered him before,) threw his hand round his head, and cried, ‘Huzza, boys! Well done! Stand up for the Church!’ No wonder that the mob, so encouraged, should say and believe that there is no law for Methodists. Accordingly, like outlaws they treat them, breaking their houses, and taking away their goods at pleasure; extorting money from those that have it, and cruelly beating those that have not.

“The poor people from Darlston are the greatest sufferers. The rioters lately summoned them by proclamation of the Crier, to come to such a public-house, and set to their hands that they would never hear the Methodist Preachers, or they should have their houses pulled down. About one hundred they compelled by blows. Notwithstanding which, both then, and at other times, they have broken into their houses, robbing and destroying. And still, if they hear any of them singing, or reading the Scriptures, they force open their doors, by day and by night, and spoil and beat them with all impunity. They watch their houses, that none may go to Wednesbury; and scarce a man or woman but has been knocked down in attempting it. Their enemies are the basest of the people, who will not work themselves, but live more to their inclination on the labours of others. I wonder the gentlemen who set them on are so short-sighted as not to see, that the little all of our poor colliers will soon be devoured; and then these sons of rapine will turn upon their foolish masters, who have raised a devil they cannot lay.

“Feb. 4th. I discoursed from Isaiah liv. 17: ‘No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper.’ This promise shall be fulfilled in our day. I spoke with those of our brethren who have this world’s goods, and found them entirely resigned to the will of God. All thoughts of resistance are over, blessed be the Lord; and the chief of them said unto me, ‘Naked came I into the world; and I can but go naked out of it.’ They are resolved, by the grace of God, to follow my advice, and suffer all things. Only I would have had them go round again to the Justices, and make information of their danger. Mr. Constable said, he had just been with one of them, who redressed him with bitter

reproaches ; that the rest are of the same mind, and cannot plead ignorance of the intended riot, because the rioters have had the boldness to set up papers in the towns, particularly Walsal, *inviting all the country to rise with them, and destroy the Methodists.*

“ At noon I returned to Birmingham, having continued two days in the lions’ den unhurt.

“ Feb. 5th. I preached in the Bullring, close to the church, where they rung the bells, and threw dirt and stones all the time. None struck me till I had finished my discourse. Then I got several blows from the mob that followed me, till we took shelter at a sister’s. I received much strength and comfort with the sacrament. I preached again in Wednesbury to a large congregation, many of whom come to hear the word at the hazard of their lives. I encouraged them from Isaiah li. : ‘ Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord,’ &c. Here and in the society our Captain, we found, doth not send us a warfare at our own charge.

“ Feb. 6th. We commended each other to the divine protection ; and at five I set out for Nottingham. Our way lay through Walsal, the enemy’s head-quarters. I would rather have gone a mile another way. Entering the place, we heard one hallooing with might and main ; and a great noise followed, as if the town had taken the alarm. I cannot say, the sound was very musical in my ears ; but I looked up, and rode onwards. The noise was made by a gentleman-huntsman, a bitter enemy of ours. We fell in with him and his dogs, it being just day-break, and passed for very good sportsmen. Brother Webb would needs ride through the market-place, to see the flag and paper our enemies had set up, and to show his courage. Had he returned with a broken head, I should not have greatly pitied him. By six our Lord brought us safe to Nottingham. I met the society, on whom He laid the burden of our persecuted brethren.

“ Here also the storm is begun. Our brethren are violently driven from their place of meeting ; pelted in the streets, &c. ; and mocked with vain promises of justice by the very men who underhand encourage the rioters. An honest Quaker has hardly restrained some of the brethren from resisting evil ; but henceforth I hope they will meekly turn the other cheek.

“Feb. 7th. I waked in great heaviness, which continued all day, for our poor suffering brethren; yet with strong confidence that the Lord will appear in their behalf. I joined the society at five in fervent intercession for them; and in preaching both administered and received comfort. I sent my humble thanks to the Mayor, for his *offer* of assistance. He pities our brethren, and *would* defend them; but who dares do justice to a Christian? We are content to wait for it till the great day of retribution.

“At the brethren’s desire I began preaching in the market-place. The holiday-folk broke in among the hearers. I gave notice, I should preach at the Cross, just by the Mayor’s. In the way the mob assaulted us with dirt and stones, making us as the filth and offscouring of all things. My soul was caught up, and kept in calm recollection. I knocked at the Mayor’s door. He let me in himself; gave us good words; threatened the rabble; and led me to his front door, where the people were waiting. I walked up to the Cross, and called them to repent. They would not receive my testimony; were very outrageous; yet not permitted to hurt me. The Mayor at the same time passed by us, laughing. Just such protection I expected!

“After fighting with wild beasts for near half an hour, I went down into the thickest of them; who started back, and left an open way to the Mayor’s house. Mrs. Mayoress led me through the house with great courtesy and compassion. The mob pursued us with stones, as before. J. Webb and I were strangers to the town, but went straight forward, and entered a house prepared for us. The woman received us, and shut the door, and spoke with authority to the mob; so that they began to melt away. Then the brethren found and conducted us to our friendly Quaker’s. We betook ourselves to prayer for our fellow-sufferers in Staffordshire, who have not been out of our thoughts the whole day. I expounded the Beatitudes, and dwelt upon the last. Never have I been more assisted. I rejoiced with our brethren in the fires.

“Feb. 8th. I cannot help observing, from what passed yesterday, that we ought to wait upon God for direction when and where to preach much more than we do: a false courage, which is the fear of shame, may otherwise betray us

into unnecessary dangers. Farther, we may learn not to lean upon that broken reed, human protection. To seek redress by law, unless we are very sure of obtaining it, is only to discover our own weakness, and irritate our opposers. What justice can be expected from the chief men of this place, if, as I am informed, they are mostly Arian Presbyterians?

“I exhorted the brethren to continue in the faith, and through much persecution to enter the kingdom. Four were missing; the rest, strengthened by their sufferings. I called at brother Sant’s, and found him just brought home for dead. The mob had knocked him down, and would probably have murdered him, but for a little child, who, being shut out of doors, alarmed the family by his cries. It was some time before he came to himself, having been struck on the temples by a large log of wood. We gave thanks to God for his deliverance, and continued in prayer and conference till midnight.

“Feb. 9th. Our messenger returned from Lichfield with such an account as I looked for. He had met our brother Ward, fled thither for refuge. The enemy had gone to the length of his chain. All the rabble of the country was gathered together yesterday, and laid waste all before them. A note I received from two of the sufferers, whose loss amounts to about two hundred pounds. My heart rejoiced in the great grace which was given them; for not one resisted evil; but they took joyfully the spoiling of their goods. We gave God the glory, that Satan was not suffered to touch their lives. They have lost all besides, and ‘rejoice with joy unspeakable.’

“By five in the afternoon we came to Sheffield. I marvelled what was come of them, that we had not one stone in riding through all the town. Peace was in all their borders, and has been for some time. The brethren are not slack during this rest, but walk in the fear of God. I preached on, ‘Ye are come to Mount Sion.’ The power of God was remarkably present; but the power of the adversary quite restrained. At nine I passed through Thorpe; asked my companion, ‘Where are the pretty wild creatures, that were for braining me and my horse the last time I came this way?’ He told me, they had lost their spirit with their

captain ; a woman, the bitterest of them all, who died lately, in horrible despair. This quite terrified our enemies. Her daughter is now a believer, and several others in the place. Nay, they have even got a society among them. I preached at Barley-hall, and found the great power and blessing of God with the church in that house. A son of my host attended me to Birstal.

“ Feb. 11th. I preached at five from, ‘ I am come that they might have life ; and that they might have it more abundantly.’ We were greatly comforted by our mutual faith. The little flock increases both in grace and number. The Lord fights for Israel this day against the deceitful workers. I was glad to hear of one of our English brethren, lately brought back by a little child, who told his father, something came and disturbed him, so that he could not sleep at nights, since they left off family prayer.

“ I preached at Adwalton on our Lord’s final coming. It was a glorious season of rejoicing and love. In the afternoon I preached at Armley. Arthur Bates, of Wakefield, who showed me the way, informed me that his Minister, Mr. Arnett, repelled him from the sacrament ; and said, he had orders from the Archbishop so to treat all that are called Methodists. The time, we know, will come, when they shall put us out of the synagogues ; but I much suspect Mr. Arnett has slandered the good Archbishop. In Leeds also some begin to abuse their authority, and to exclude the true (yea, the *truest*) members of the Church from her communion.

“ Feb. 12th. I preached at Leeds, to many serious hearers, on, ‘ Fear not, little flock ; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.’ I went to Mr. M——’s church, and heard him explain away the promise of the Father. But he stopped at the application to the Methodists ; perhaps out of tenderness to me, whom he may still have some hopes of. I called on a larger and equally quiet congregation, ‘ Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by ?’ It was a blessed season. Many looked upon Him whom they had pierced.

“ I found John Nelson’s hill quite covered with hearers. In the midst of my discourse a gentleman came riding up, and almost over the people. Speaking of temperance, and

judgment to come, I turned and applied to him, 'Thou art the man.' His countenance fell, and he fled before the sword of the Spirit. The power of God burst forth, and a cry was heard throughout the congregation. I continued my discourse, or rather prayer, till night.

"Feb. 14th. I rode to Epworth. The Lord gave his blessing to my word in the Cross. At the society the Spirit came down as in the ancient days. My voice was lost in the mournings and rejoicings on every side. All present, I believe, were either comforted or wounded.

"Feb. 16th. I rode to Selby; the next day to Darlington. My horse fell with me from a high causeway, and threw me, unhurt, into deep mud, Feb. 17th.

"Feb. 18th. I got to Newcastle; preached at night on, 'Our Gospel came to you not in word only; but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.' The people received me with that joy and love which the world knoweth not of.

"Feb. 19th. I heard of a remarkable providence. A poor drunkard, who has left us for some time, was moved this morning to rise and come to the preaching; by which he escaped being crushed to death by the fall of his house. He had no sooner left it than it was blown down, the greatest part of it. Just before it fell his wife took one with her to the window, to sing a hymn, and so escaped. A sister was overwhelmed with the ruins; yet the rafters fell endways, and a cavity was made archwise over her head. She stayed there some hours, before they could dig her out, rejoicing in God her Saviour.

"I told a huge multitude in the Square, 'Ye shall be hated of all men for my name sake.' I stood at the door of the Orphan-house, and took in many of the disturbers; to whom I then preached without opposition; and exhorted the brethren to prepare for the fiery trial.

"Feb. 20th. I heard without any surprise the news of the French invasion; which only quickened us in our prayers, especially for His Majesty King George. In the evening I expounded what the Spirit saith to the church of Ephesus, and received extraordinary power to warn them of the sword that is coming, and to wrestle with God in prayer for the King.

"Feb. 26th. I preached at Tanfield. My mouth and

heart were opened to this people, who seem now to have got the start of those at Newcastle. I called at the Square, with greater utterance than ever, 'Wash ye, make ye clean,' &c. I urged them earnestly to repent; to fear God, and honour the King; and had the clearest testimony of my own conscience, that I had now delivered my own soul. I found a great mob about our house, and bestowed an hour in taming them. A hundred or more I admitted into the room; and when I had got them together, for two hours exhorted them to repent in the power of love. The rocks were melted on every side; and the very ringleaders of the rebels declared they would make a disturbance no more.

"March 4th. The people of Newcastle were in an uproar through the expectation of a victory. They got their candles ready, and gave thanks (that is, got drunk) beforehand; and then came down to make a riot among us. Some of the brethren they struck, and threatened to pull down the desk. We were sensible that the powers of darkness were abroad, and prayed in faith against them. God heard, and scattered the armies of the aliens here. Afterwards news came, that at this very hour they were pulling down the house at St. Ives.

"March 5th. I passed an hour with Mr. Watson, one of the Town-Serjeants, and lately the greatest swearer in Newcastle. Now God hath touched his heart, both his fellows, and his masters, the Aldermen, are set against him as one man. The Mayor, he tells me, asked him publicly, 'What, Mr. Watson, do you go to hear these men?' He answered, 'Yes; at every proper opportunity; and I wish you would hear them too.' One of the Aldermen expressed his impatience by cursing 'that fellow Watson. We can neither make him drink nor swear!'"

At this time Mr. John Wesley was urgently pressed to forward a loyal and dutiful address to the King, in behalf of the Methodists, declaring their real character and designs. He consulted Charles on the subject, who gave his opinion in the following letter:—"My objection to your address in the name of the Methodists is, that it would constitute us a sect. At least, it would *seem to allow* that we are a body distinct from the national Church. Guard against this; and in the name of the Lord address to-morrow."

Agreeably to this suggestion, Mr. John Wesley prepared

an address, remarkable for its frankness and simplicity; but states that, "on farther consideration, it was judged best to lay it aside." He has given the document in his printed Journal. The following is an extract:—"We think it incumbent upon us, if we must stand as a distinct body from our brethren, to tender for ourselves our most dutiful regards to your sacred Majesty; and to declare, in the presence of Him we serve, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, that we are a part (however mean) of that Protestant Church, established in these kingdoms: that we unite together for this, and no other end,—to promote, as far as we may be capable, justice, mercy, and truth; the glory of God, and peace and good-will among men: that we detest and abhor the fundamental doctrines of the Church of Rome, and are steadily attached to your Majesty's royal person and illustrious house."

On the 8th of March Mr. Charles Wesley took leave of the society in Newcastle, who were all in tears at his departure; and on the 10th arrived with John Downes at Epworth. "On the Common," says he, "Thomas Westall overtook us, being driven out of Nottingham by the mob and Mayor. I preached at the Cross, on, 'Enter into the rock, and hide yourselves, as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast,' to a people willing to take the warning.

"I took John Healey's account of their treatment at Nottingham. The Mayor sent for Thomas Westall. John went with him. Thomas desired time to read the oath which they offered him; upon which Mr. Mayor threatened to send him to prison. While he was making his mittimus, John Healey asked, 'Does not the law allow a man three hours to consider of it?' This checked their haste; and they permitted him to hear first what he should swear to. He said it was all very good, and what he had often heard Mr. Wesleys say, that King George was our rightful King, and no other; and he would take this oath with all his heart.

"They had first asked John Healey, if he would take the oaths. He answered, 'I will take them now; but I would not before I heard Mr. Wesleys; for I was a Jacobite, till they convinced me of the truth, and of His Majesty's right.' 'See the old Jesuit!' cries one of the venerable Aldermen: 'he has all his paces, I warrant you.' Another, on Thomas

Westall's holding his hands to his eyes, cried, ' See ! see ! he is confessing his sins ! ' They treated them like Faithful and Christian at Vanity Fair ; only they did not burn them yet, or even put them into the cage. They demanded their horses for the King's service ; and would not believe them that they had none, till they sent and searched.

“ Not finding any cause to punish, they were forced to dismiss them ; but soon after, the Mayor sent for Thomas Westall, and commanded him to depart the town. He answered, he should obey his orders ; and accordingly came to Epworth. Here, he told me, he found out who the Pretender was ; for Mr. Gurney told him, many years ago, there was one King James, who was turned out, and one King William taken in his place ; and that then the Parliament made a law, that no Papist should ever be King ; by which law King James's son, whom he had now discovered to be the Pretender, was justly kept out.”

Hitherto the Methodists had been assailed principally by lawless mobs, by whose violence several of them had suffered the loss of all their worldly property, and others had endured great bodily harm, having their limbs broken, and their lives endangered. But at this time persecution assumed a more systematic form. The Magistrates had generally refused to act, and had left the Methodists at the mercy of violent and cruel men. Now they interfered ; and endeavoured, by an abuse of their power, and the perversion of law, to crush a defenceless people, whose real crime was that of attempting to effect a national reformation, by a revival of true religion. The Methodists carried the truth of God into quarters where it was unwelcome ; and innocently provoked the hostility of men, who ought rather to have repented in sackcloth and ashes. Mr. Charles Wesley had the honour of being selected as the first victim. A charge of treason was preferred against him, and a warrant was issued, summoning witnesses to appear against him. He has given the following account of this affair, and of the circumstances connected with it. He had preached at the Cross in Epworth, and then gone to Birstal, near Leeds.

“ March 14th. One told me, there was a Constable with a warrant, in which my name was mentioned. I sent for him, and he showed it me. It was ‘ to summon witnesses to some

treasonable words, said to be spoken by one Westley.' The poor man trembled; said he had no business with me; and was right glad to get out of my hands. He was afterwards of my audience, and wept, as did most. I was then taking horse, but found such a bar or burden crossing me, that I could not proceed. At the same time the brethren besought me to stay, lest the enemies should say I durst not stand trial. I knew not how to determine, but by a lot: we prayed; and the lot came for my stay. It was much upon my mind, that I should be called to bear my testimony, and vindicate the loyalty of God's people. By the order of Providence, several Justices are now at Wakefield. A woman stands to it, that she heard me talk treason; but there is an overruling Providence. I found it hard not to premeditate, or think of to-morrow.

"I met the brethren at Leeds, and many others, in an old upper room. After singing, I shifted my place, to draw them to the upper end. One desired me to come nearer the door, that they might hear without. I removed again, and drew the weight of the people after me. In that instant the floor sunk. I lost my senses, but recovered them in a moment, and was filled with power from above. I lifted up my head first, and saw the people under me, heaps upon heaps. I cried out, 'Fear not! The Lord is with us. Our lives are all safe;' and then,

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.'

I lifted up the fallen as fast as I could, and perceived by their countenances which were our children; several of whom were hurt, but none killed.

"We found, when the dust and tumult was a little settled, that the rafters had broken off short, close by the main beam. A woman lay dangerously ill in a room below, on the opposite side; and a child in a cradle just under the ruins. But the sick woman calling the nurse a minute before, she carried the child with her to the standing side; and all three were preserved. Another of the society was moved, she knew not why, to go out with her child just before the room fell. Above one hundred lay with me among the wounded: though I did not properly fall, but slid softly down, and light

on my feet. My hand was bruised, and part of the skin rubbed off my head. One sister had her arm broken, and set immediately, rejoicing with joy unspeakable. Another, strong in faith, was so crushed, that she expected instant death. I asked her, when got to bed, whether she was not afraid to die. She answered, that she was without fear, even when she thought her soul was departing; and only said, in calm faith, 'Jesus, receive my spirit!' Her body continues full of pain, and her soul of love.

"A boy of eighteen was taken up roaring, 'I will be good! I will be good!' They got his leg set, which was broken in two places. He had come, as usual, to make a disturbance, and struck several of the women going in, till one took him up stairs, for Providence to teach him better.

"The news was soon spread through the town, and drew many to the place, who expressed their compassion by wishing all our necks had been broken. I preached out of the town, in weariness and painfulness. The Lord was our strong consolation. Never did I more clearly see, that not a hair of our head can fall to the ground without our heavenly Father.

"March 15th. I baptized a Quaker, who received forgiveness in that hour."

After administering this sacrament, and rejoicing to find "the outward and visible sign" attended by "the inward and spiritual grace," Mr. Charles Wesley mounted his horse, and set off for Wakefield, to meet his accusers before the Magistrates, and answer the charge of treason which had been preferred against him. Upon the road he composed the following hymn, which is beautifully descriptive of his faith, meekness, and calm resignation to the divine will. He published it a few years afterwards, with the title, "Written in going to Wakefield to answer a Charge of Treason."

Jesu, in this hour be near;
On thy servant's side appear;
Call'd thine honour to maintain,
Help a feeble child of man.

Thou who at thy creature's bar
Didst thy Deity declare,
Now my mouth and wisdom be,
Witness for thyself in me.

Gladly before rulers brought,
 Free from trouble as from thought,
 Let me thee in them revere,
 Own thine awful Minister.

All of mine be cast aside,
 Anger, fear, and guile, and pride ;
 Only give me, from above,
 Simple faith, and humble love.

Set my face, and fix my heart ;
 Now the promised power impart ;
 Meek, submissive, and resign'd,
 Arm me with thy constant mind.

Let me trample on the foe,
 Conquering and to conquer go,
 Till above *his* world I rise,
 Judge the' Accuser in the skies.

Proceeding in his narrative, Mr. Charles Wesley says, " I rode to Wakefield, and at eleven waited upon Justice Burton, at his inn, with two other Justices, Sir Rowland Wynne, and the Rev. Mr. Zouch. I told him I had seen a warrant of his, to summon witnesses to some treasonable words, said to be spoken by one Westley ; that I had put off my journey to London, to wait upon him, and answer whatever should be laid to my charge. He answered he had nothing to say against me, and I might depart. I replied, that was not sufficient, without clearing my character, and that of many innocent people, whom their enemies were pleased to call Methodists. ' Vindicate them ! ' said my brother Clergyman ; ' that you will find a very hard task.' I answered, ' As hard as you may think it, I will engage to prove that they all, to a man, are true members of the Church of England, and loyal subjects of His Majesty King George.' I then desired they would administer to me the oaths ; and added, ' If it was not too much trouble, I could wish, gentlemen, you would send for every Methodist in England, and give them the same opportunity you do me, of declaring their loyalty upon oath.'

" Justice Burton said, he was informed that we constantly prayed for the Pretender in all our societies, or *nocturnal meetings*, as Mr. Zouch called them. I answered, ' The very

reverse is true. We constantly pray for His Majesty King George by name. These are such hymns as we sing in our societies; a sermon I preached before the University; another my brother preached there; his Appeals, and a few more treatises, containing our principles and practice.' Here I gave them our books, and was bold to say, 'I am as true a Church-of-England man, and as loyal a subject, as any man in the kingdom.' 'That is impossible,' they cried all; but as it was not my business to dispute, and as I could not answer till the witnesses appeared, I withdrew without farther reply.

"While I waited at a neighbouring house, one of the brethren brought me the Constable of Birstal, whose heart God hath touched. He told me he had summoned the principal witness, Mary Castle, on whose information the warrant was granted, and who was setting out on horseback, when the news came to Birstal, that I was not gone forward to London, as they expected, but would be in Wakefield. Hearing of this, she turned back, and declared to him that she did not hear the treasonable words herself, but another woman told her so. Three more witnesses, who were to swear to my words, retracted likewise, and knew nothing of the matter. The fifth, good Mr. Woods, the alehouse-keeper, is forthcoming, it seems, in the afternoon.

"Now I plainly see the consequence of my not appearing here to look my enemies in the face. Had I gone on my journey, here would have been witnesses enough, and oaths enough, to stir up a persecution against the Methodists. I took the witnesses' names, Mary Castle, W. Walker, Lionel Knowles, Arthur Furth, Joseph Woods; and a copy of the warrant, as follows:—

"'West Riding of Yorkshire.—To the Constable of Birstal, in the said Riding, or Deputy.—These are in His Majesty's name to require and command you, to summon Mary Castle, of Birstal, aforesaid, and all other such persons as you are informed can give any information against *one Westley*, or any other of the Methodist speakers, for speaking any treasonable words, or exhortations, as praying for the banished, or for the Pretender, &c., to appear before me, and other His Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said Riding, at the White-hart, in Wakefield, on the 15th of

March instant, by ten of the clock, in the forenoon, to be examined, and to declare the truth of what they and each of them know touching the premises; and that you make a return hereof before us on the same day. Given under my hand the 10th of March, 1743.

‘E. BURTON.’

“Between two and three, honest Mr. Woods came, and started back at the sight of me, as if he had trod upon a serpent. One of our brothers took hold on him, and told me he trembled every joint of him. The Justice’s clerk had bid the Constable bring him to *him* as soon as ever he came: but notwithstanding all the clerk’s instructions, Woods frankly confessed, now he was come, he had nothing to say; and would not have come at all, had they not forced him.

“I waited at the door, where the Justices were examining the disaffected, till seven. I took public notice of Mr. Oherhaasen, the Moravian Teacher, but not of Mr. Kendrick. When all their business was over, and I had been insulted at their door from eleven in the morning till seven at night, I was sent for, and asked, ‘What would Mr. Wesley desire?’ Wesley.—‘I desire nothing, but to know what is alleged against me.’ Justice Burton said, ‘What hope of truth from him? He is another of them.’ Then, addressing himself to me, ‘Here are two of your brethren: one so silly, it is a shame he should ever set up for a teacher; and the other has told us a thousand lies and equivocations upon oath. He has not wit enough, or he would make a complete Jesuit.’ I looked round, and said, ‘I see none of my brethren here, but this gentleman;’ pointing to the Reverend Justice; who looked as if he did not thank me for claiming him. Burton.—‘Why, do you not know this man?’ showing me Kendrick. Wesley.—‘Yes, Sir, very well: for two years ago I expelled him our society in London, for setting up for a Preacher.’ To this poor Kendrick assented; which put a stop to farther reflections on the Methodists.

“Justice Burton then said, I might depart; for they had nothing against me. Wesley.—‘Sir, that is not sufficient. I cannot depart till my character is fully cleared. It is no trifling matter. Even my life is concerned in the charge.’ Burton.—‘I did not summon you to appear.’ Wesley.—‘I was the person meant by *one Westley*; and my supposed

words were the occasion of your order, which I read signed with your name.' Burton.—'I will not deny my order. I did send to summon the witnesses.' Wesley.—'Yes; and I took down their names from the Constable's paper. The principal witness, Mary Castle, was setting out; but hearing I was here, she turned back, and declared to the Constable, she only heard another say that I spoke treason. Three more of the witnesses recanted for the same reason; and Mr. Woods, who is here, says he has nothing to say, and should not have come neither, had he not been forced by the Minister. Had I not been here, he would have had enough to say; and ye would have had witnesses and oaths enough. But I suppose my coming has prevented theirs.' One of the Justices added, 'I suppose so too.'

"They all seemed fully satisfied, and would have had me so too; but I insisted on their hearing Mr. Woods. Burton.—'Do you desire he may be called as an evidence for you?' Wesley.—'I desire he may be heard as an evidence against me, if he has aught to lay to my charge.' Then Mr. Zouch asked Woods what he had to say: what were the words I spoke. Woods was as backward to speak as they to have him; but was at last compelled to say, 'I have nothing to say against the gentleman. I only heard him pray that the Lord would call home his banished.' Zouch.—'But were there no words before or after, which pointed to these troublesome times?' Woods.—'No; none at all.' Wesley.—'It was on February 12th, before the earliest news of the invasion. But if Folly and Malice may be interpreters, any words which any of you, gentlemen, speak, may be construed into treason.' Zouch.—'It is very true.' Wesley.—'Now, gentlemen, give me leave to explain my own words. I had no thoughts of praying for the Pretender; but for those that confess themselves strangers and pilgrims upon earth; who seek a country, knowing this is not their place. The Scriptures you, Sir, know,' (to the Clergyman,) 'speak of us as captive exiles, who are absent from the Lord while in the body. We are not at home till we are in heaven.' Zouch.—'I thought you would so explain the words; and it is a fair interpretation.' I asked if they were all satisfied. They said they were, and cleared me as fully as I desired.

"I then asked them again to administer to me the oaths.

Mr. Zouch looked on my Sermon ; asked who ordained me ; (the Archbishop and Bishop the same week ;) and said, with the rest, it was quite unnecessary, since I was a Clergyman, and Student of Christ-Church ; and had preached before the University, and taken the oaths before. Yet I motioned it again, till they acknowledged in explicit terms *my loyalty unquestionable*. I then presented Sir Rowland and Mr. Zouch with the ‘Appeal,’ and took my leave.”

Mr. Coleby, the Clergyman of Birstal, who was also a Magistrate, appears to have been the principal instigator in this plot to ruin Mr. Charles Wesley. The treasonable words were said to have been uttered at Birstal ; and it was Mr. Coleby that urged Woods the publican to appear as a witness at Wakefield. This teacher of Christianity, and guardian of the public peace, was concerned a few weeks afterwards in acts of persecution still more criminal. After retiring from the presence of the Magistrates, Mr. Charles Wesley poured forth the feelings of his heart in the following strains of thankfulness and faith :—

Who that trusted in the Lord
Was ever put to shame ?
Live, by heaven and earth adored,
Thou all-victorious Lamb :
Thou hast magnified thy power,
Thou in my defence hast stood,
Kept my soul in danger’s hour,
And arm’d me with thy blood.

Satan’s slaves against me rose,
And sought my life to slay ;
Thou hast baffled all my foes,
And spoil’d them of their prey :
Thou hast cast the’ Accuser down,
Hast maintain’d thy servant’s right,
Made mine innocency known,
And clear as noon-day light.

Evil to my charge they laid,
And crimes I never knew ;
But my Lord the snare display’d,
And dragg’d the fiend to view :
Glared his bold malicious lie !
Satan, show thine art again ;
Hunt the precious life, and try
To take my soul in vain.

Thou, my great Redeeming God,
My Jesus, still art near ;
Kept by thee, nor secret fraud,
Nor open force, I fear :
Safe amidst the snares of death,
Guarded by the King of kings,
Glad to live and die beneath
The shadow of thy wings.

Mr. Charles Wesley goes on to state, "Half hour after seven we set out for Birstal ; and a joyful journey we had. Our brethren met us on the road ; and we gathered together on the hill, and sang praises lustily and with a good courage. Their enemies were rising at Birstal, full of the Wednesbury devil, on presumption of my not finding justice at Wakefield ; wherein they were more confirmed by my delay. They had begun pulling down John Nelson's house, when our singing damped and put them to flight. Now I see, if I had not gone to confront my enemies, or had been civil entreated at Wakefield, it might have occasioned a general persecution here, which the Lord hath now crushed in the birth. No weapon that is formed against us shall prosper ; and every tongue that shall rise against us in judgment we shall condemn."

Leaving the society at Birstal greatly encouraged by the decision at Wakefield, Mr. Charles Wesley entered upon his journey to London, taking Derby, Sheffield, Nottingham, and other places, on his way, where he gladly preached the word of life. He says, "By night we came to Nottingham ; and well for us that it was night. The mob are come to a great height through the encouragement of the Mayor. We knew not the way to brother Sant's, and could not inquire ; but our horses carried us straight to his door. The house was immediately beset, as usual. I was troubled for these few sheep in the wilderness. The wolf has made havoc of them : the Magistrates being the persecutors, not only refusing them justice, but cruelly abusing them as rioters. They presented a petition to Judge Abdy, as he passed through the town. He spake kindly to them, and bade them, if they were farther molested, present the Corporation. He chid the Mayor, and made him send his officers through the town, forbidding any one to injure the Methodists. He told him,

‘If you will begin, why do not you put down the assemblies contrary to law? Instead of that, if there be one religious society, you must set upon that to destroy it.’

“As soon as the Judge was out of the town, they returned to persecute the Methodists more than ever; and when they complained to the Mayor, he insulted them with, ‘Why do you not go to my Lord Judge?’ He threatens, when the press-warrants are out, to take Daniel Sant, an industrious founder, with four children; whose crime is, that he suffers the poor people to pray in his house.”

On the 22d of March Mr. Charles Wesley arrived at the Foundery, in London, where, he says, “the society helped me to give hearty thanks to God for the multitude of his mercies.” Four days afterwards Mr. John Wesley set out for Cornwall, where the Preachers and societies were grievously persecuted. At St. Ives he found the preaching-house demolished by the mob; and boards nailed over the windows of John Nance’s house, where the Preachers lodged; the glass, it would seem, being already destroyed. The people were rendered furious by the preaching of two Clergymen, Mr. Hoblin and Mr. Simmons; and Dr. Borlase, the historian of the county, and a clerical Magistrate, being equally hostile, was unwilling to protect the sufferers.

When Mr. Charles Wesley was sheltered from the storm in London, he was not unmindful of his persecuted friends in the country. They were not less the objects of his prayers than of his sympathy; and in a few weeks he raised the sum of sixty pounds in behalf of the Methodist families in Wednesbury, some of whom were deprived, by wicked and cruel men, of all the property they had in the world. This sum he committed to the care of Mr. Butts, and sent him to distribute it among the most destitute. The body of Methodists in London at this time, and especially those of them who were connected with the Foundery, were people after Charles Wesley’s own heart. They were pious and loyal, as well as generous. On the 30th of March he says, “At the time of intercession we were enabled to wrestle for the nation with strong cries and tears. At the chapel the Spirit of supplication fell upon us more abundantly still.” He adds, on the 12th of April, “The Foundery was filled by four, with those who came to keep the national fast. I preached at the

chapel in great weakness, both of soul and body. In the midst of my discourse the floor began to sink, with our people on it; but none of them cried out, or made the least disturbance, while they got off it." There was need for these applications to God in prayer; for on the 14th he adds, "We were alarmed by news of a second invasion. The French, we hear, are now in the Channel. Yet this infatuated people will not believe there is any danger, till they are swallowed up by it. But he that taketh warning shall deliver his soul."

The increase of the national danger produced no abatement in the spirit of persecution, which was now rampant in various parts of the land. Scarcely had the messenger, who was sent with relief to the suffering society at Wednesbury, returned from his errand of mercy, before John Nelson was wickedly separated from his family and sent into the army, for the crime of teaching his neighbours the holy religion of Jesus Christ.

Nelson was a native of Birstal, and brought up to the business of a stone-mason. That he might get rid of his ungodly companions, he went to London, where he attended the preaching of the Wesleys in Moorfields, and was deeply impressed under their word. He saw that, notwithstanding his morality and form of godliness, he was guilty, and his nature corrupt; so that unless he obtained the pardoning mercy and renewing grace of God, it had been good for him if he had never been born. He received the doctrine of present salvation from sin, and realized its truth in his own heart. During his subsequent stay in London, he constantly attended the ministry of the Wesleys, and adorned his religious profession by a pious and upright life. His spirit was naturally fearless; and though an uneducated man, he possessed very strong sense, great quickness of apprehension, and a ready wit. In London he had full employment, and good wages; but the impression upon his mind, that he should return to Birstal, was so strong, he could not rest till he had gone thither. On his arrival he had no thought of preaching, but declared his enjoyment of the divine favour. This was soon noised abroad; and people crowded to his house in the evenings, some to make inquiries concerning the new religion which they understood he had learned in the

metropolis, and others to dispute the correctness of his views. He referred them to the Scriptures, and to the formularies of the Church of England; proving that what they thought to be new was, in fact, the old religion of the Apostles, and of the Protestant Reformers. In this manner he became a teacher of others, and under Mr. Wesley's sanction was at length induced to travel through various parts of England, declaring with all earnestness and fidelity the evil and danger of sin, and the way of salvation by Jesus Christ. In the course of his itinerant ministry, when his funds were exhausted, he occasionally worked at his business, after the example of St. Paul. When he was at home he wrought as a stone-mason, often preaching during his dinner-hour, as well as in the evenings, and on the Lord's day.

In this manner was he employed, when, on the 4th of May, 1744, he was pressed for a soldier. Bail, to a large amount, was offered for his appearance at the time required, but in vain. The next day he was formally and officially doomed to the military life. The whole appears to have been the contrivance of Mr. Coleby, the Clergyman of Birstal, who was concerned in the attempt to fasten upon Mr. Charles Wesley the charge of treason. Written testimonies in John's behalf were forwarded to the Commissioners, and several of his neighbours appeared to give evidence in his favour; but when John, with all the confidence which uprightness inspires, appealed to these, the answer was, "Here is your Minister" (who was himself a Magistrate, and one of the Commissioners). "He has told us of your character; and we will hear no more." These gentlemen in office had thus the boldness to declare, that they had decided the case beforehand, without hearing a word of what the accused and his friends had to urge in his defence. All this while they knew that they were not only acting unjustly towards an innocent man, but were violating the law; for when the inquiry was proposed, whether the documents in John's favour should be filed, one of them answered, "No; for if they be called for, they will make against us." The whole business was managed with disgusting levity. The Magistrates, while deciding the case, drank spirituous liquors, and indulged themselves in profane swearing and unseemly laughter; which led Nelson to say, "Gentlemen, I see there

is neither law nor justice for a man that is called a Methodist ; but all is lawful that is done against him. I pray God forgive you ; for you know not what you do." Addressing his principal adversary, he continued, " Mr. Coleby, what do you know of me that is evil ? Whom have I defrauded ? or where have I contracted a debt that I cannot pay ? " He answered, " You have no visible way of getting your living." To this the injured man replied, " I am as able to get my living with my own hands as any man of my trade in England ; *and you know it*. Have I not been at work yesterday, and all the week before ? "

He was then committed to the care of the Captain, who read to John, and to the other unfortunate men who were condemned with him, the articles of war ; adding, " You hear that your doom is death, if you disobey us." Nelson, who possessed as brave a heart as ever beat in a human breast, answered, " I do not fear the man that can kill me, any more than I do him that can cut down a dogstander.* For I know that my life is hid with Christ in God ; and He will judge between me and you one day : but I beseech Him not to lay this sin to your charge." To Mr. Coleby he said, " Sir, I pray God forgive you ; for you have given me such a character as not another man in England will that knows me."

With several friendless men John Nelson was then marched through Bradford and Leeds to York, and thence to Newcastle ; being treated with great harshness, and often imprisoned. His case produced strong excitement wherever he went. The streets were crowded with people, who were eager to see the Methodist Preacher in a red coat. Some were ready to gnash upon him with their teeth ; while others were grieved to see justice and humanity outraged for the gratification of intolerance. Nelson, who was as fine a specimen of an Englishman of his class as the nation ever bred, sustained by the power of divine grace, and cheered by the sympathy of his friends, (and he had many,) passed through his trials without a stain upon his reputation. With honest faithfulness he reproved the officers for swearing, and availed himself of every opportunity to declare the truth of God for

* The name of a tall weed, well known to the peasantry in that part of Yorkshire.

which he suffered; and the hearts of many of the people clave to him wherever he went.

Mr. John and Charles Wesley knew the sterling worth of this persecuted man, and gave him substantial proofs of their friendship. Charles brought his case before the society in London, and united with them in prayer for the pious sufferer. "We prayed mightily," says he, "for our dear brother Nelson, pressed for a soldier, and a prisoner in York." Mr. John Wesley had interviews with Nelson, both at York and Durham, and encouraged him to speak and spare not, in the name of the Lord, especially to the soldiers. One of the brothers, it would appear, requested Lady Huntingdon to use her influence with men in power in his behalf; and the result of her application was made known by Charles in a letter to Nelson, informing him that the Earl of Stair had assured her Ladyship that he should be liberated in a few days. The fact, however, is, that this injured man was not set at liberty because of any acknowledged injustice or illegality in his impressment. He was liberated by a substitute, who was hired to take his place; the money being, in all probability, contributed by the Methodists of London, at the instigation of Mr. Charles Wesley; who says in his journal, under the date of June 6th, "Toward the end of my discourse, at the chapel, Mr. Erskine was sent to receive a soldier brought by William Shent to redeem John Nelson. He immediately took him to Lord Stair, and got a discharge for John Nelson. Our brother Downes also we received out of the mouth of the lion. Our prayers return thick upon us."

The case of Mr. Downes was similar to that of John Nelson. He was preaching at Epworth, when a Constable came, and pressed him for the King's service. In what manner he obtained his liberty we are not informed. Under the date of May 12th, Mr. John Wesley says, "I rode to Epworth, and immediately went to Mr. Maw's, to return him thanks for his good offices to Mr. Downes; and his honest and open testimony for the truth, before the worshipful Bench at Kirton. It was not his fault that those *honourable men* regarded not the laws either of God or the King. But a soldier they were resolved he should be, right or wrong,—*because* he was a Preacher. So, to make all sure, they sent him away,—a prisoner to Lincoln gaol!"

Another Methodist Preacher in Yorkshire, Thomas Beard, was forced into the army at the same time. He and John Nelson (two honest confessors !) met in the north of England ; and were both released near the same period, though in a different manner. Beard's tale of oppression is soon told. Mr. John Wesley, who saw him at Durham with John Nelson, says, he was a " quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn from his trade, and wife and children, and sent away as a soldier ; that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime, either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body, after a while, sunk under its burden. He was then lodged in the hospital, at Newcastle, where he still praised God continually. His fever increasing, he was let blood. His arm festered, mortified, and was cut off: two or three days after which, God signed his discharge, and called him up to his eternal home.

‘ Servant of God, well done ! Well hast thou fought
The better fight ; who singly hast maintain'd,
Against revolted multitudes, the cause
Of God, in word mightier than they in arms.’ ”

Perhaps the following letter, addressed by Thomas Beard to Mr. Whitefield, is the only document extant that proceeded from the pen of this persecuted man :—

“ Berwick-upon-Tweed, Sept. 17th, 1744. Sir,—It has been often upon my mind to write to you, since I have been in this state of life, which is not at all agreeable to my inclinations. I have but little acquaintance with you ; yet I hope you will not be offended at my writing. The children of God, while on this side of the grave, always stand in need of one another's prayers, especially such of them as are under persecution, or temptations, for the truth's sake. I find I stand in need of the prayers of all the children of God. I was pressed in Yorkshire, for preaching, and so sent for a soldier. I earnestly pray for them that were the occasion of it. All my trust and confidence is reposed in Jesus, my Saviour. I know He will not leave nor forsake me. His blood has atoned for my sin, and appeased his Father's wrath, and procured his favour for such a sinful worm as I ; and herein is my comfort, though men rage at me, that my

Saviour did not leave nor forsake me. I have lately been on a command in Scotland, and met with many that inquired concerning you. I preached at Cowdingham. Some of your friends came to see me from Coppersmith. Many thought it strange to see a man in a red coat preach. I beg you would write to me in General Blakeney's regiment of foot, in Captain Dunlop's company. I am

“Your unworthy brother.”

The case of Beard, of John Nelson, John Downes, and others, viewed in connexion with the bitter railing of several of the Clergy in their sermons, by which the minds of the people were inflamed, and the direct encouragement given by Magistrates to lawless mobs, to maltreat the Methodists and destroy their property, made a deep impression upon the generous and susceptible heart of Mr. Charles Wesley. He wrote two beautiful hymns on the occasion of Beard's death; and afterwards enlarged the tract which he had published under the title of “Hymns for Times of Trouble;” giving it the name of “Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution.” The state of many of the societies called for such a publication; and its effect at the time must have been great. Some of the hymns are remarkable for their tenderness. Others of them are expressive of absolute and triumphant confidence in God, and the utmost fixedness of purpose at all hazards to persevere in his service. Four of them were designed “to be sung in a tumult:” and one was “a prayer for the first martyr;” for it was highly probable that some would die by the hand of violence.

The walls of Jerusalem were built in troublous times; and it was in the midst of persecution and national perplexity that the Wesleys and their friends held their first Conference for the purpose of canvassing their doctrines, and the principles upon which they had proceeded in the exercise of an itinerant and field ministry, and in the formation of societies. No layman was present in this assembly. All its members were episcopally ordained. Their place of meeting was the Foundry, in London; and their sittings were held by adjournment from Monday, June 25th, 1744, till the end of the week. On the first of these days Mr. Charles Wesley preached, and baptized an adult person, who received “the inward and spiritual grace” in direct connexion with the

“outward and visible sign.” On the day which preceded the opening of the Conference Mr. Charles Wesley says, “Our brethren, Hodges, Taylor, and Meriton, assisted us at the sacrament. We received it with the whole society, to our mutual comfort. At our love-feast we were six ordained Ministers.” He adds,

“June 25th. We opened our Conference with solemn prayer, and the divine blessing. I preached with much assistance, and baptized Samuel Holloway, who felt in that moment the great burden taken off. We continued in Conference the rest of the week, settling our doctrine, practice, and discipline, with great love and unanimity.”

Mr. Hodges was the Rector of Wenvo, in South Wales, whose heart and pulpit were always open to the Wesleys whenever they visited that part of the Principality. The brothers often mention him in their Journals, and always with respect and affection. He stood by them when they preached in the open air, and cheerfully bore a share in their reproach.

Of Mr. Henry Piers, the Vicar of Bexley, several notices have been given in this narrative. He and his excellent wife were both brought to the knowledge of the truth by the instrumentality of Mr. Charles Wesley, and were cordially attached both to him and his brother. There is reason to believe that some of John’s early publications were written in Mr. Piers’s house, to which he retired as a quiet asylum from the public toils in which he was generally engaged.

Mr. Samuel Taylor was the Vicar of Quinton, near Evesham. He is said to have been a descendant from the justly-celebrated Rowland Taylor, who was burned alive for Protestantism in the reign of Queen Mary; and in piety he greatly resembled his renowned ancestor. The Wesleys became acquainted with him when they visited their friend Mr. Seward, of Bengeworth, in the same neighbourhood. They generally preached in his church when passing through that part of the country. The wife of Mr. Taylor also received those views of personal religion which the brothers so strenuously inculcated. He was a very powerful and impressive Preacher, and successfully exercised himself as an itinerant Evangelist.

Of Mr. John Meriton little comparatively is known. He

assisted Mr. John Wesley in the year 1741, by reading prayers for him at Wapping; and is spoken of as "a Clergyman from the Isle of Man." A few weeks before the Conference was held, Mr. Charles Wesley met with him in Bristol, and thus speaks of him: "I dined at Felix Farley's, with Mr. Meriton, longing to escape to us out of the hands of Calvin." He was a man of sincere piety, and of ardent zeal, and for several years travelled extensively, both in England and Ireland, as a Preacher of the Gospel.

These six Clergymen constituted the first Methodist Conference. They agreed, during their sittings, to avoid all visits, except to the sick; to conduct all their deliberations as in the immediate presence of God; and to improve every opportunity, in the intervals of their meetings, for secret prayer. In discussing the question of justification they express a fear that they had "unawares leaned too much towards Calvinism," and even "Antinomianism." They mean, that they had done this, not by speaking lightly of holiness and good works, as the fruit of faith, and as following justification; but by inadvertently speaking of the imputation of Christ's personal righteousness, literally and strictly. They had not always represented the perfect righteousness of Christ, (including his active and passive obedience,) as that by the merit of which believers are justified before God; but as formally transferred to them. This was true, especially so far as Mr. Charles Wesley was concerned. No man was more strenuously opposed to the tenet of absolute predestination; yet in speaking of justification, in these early periods of his itinerant ministry, he often used a Calvinistic, and even an Antinomian, phraseology, which he had derived from the writings of Saltmarsh and Dr. Crisp, as he afterwards confessed. This objectionable phraseology occurs in some of his early hymns, and he sometimes inadvertently countenances the unscriptural notion of universal pardon. Great benefit doubtless resulted from the free and confidential intercourse which these devoted men had with each other in the course of this memorable week. They learned the necessity of expressing themselves with precision, and of avoiding extremes.

On various questions of practice the conclusions which were adopted by the Conference were eminently liberal, and very remote from what is usually called high Churchman-

ship. With respect to "a false or railing sermon" that might be inflicted upon them at church, they say, "If it only contain personal reflections, we may quietly suffer it. If it blaspheme the work and Spirit of God, it may be better to go out of the church. In either case, if opportunity serve, it would be well to speak or write to the Minister." In answer to the question, "How far is it our duty to obey the Bishops?" it is said, "In all things indifferent. And on this ground of obeying them we should observe the canons, as far as we can with a safe conscience."

In regard of the suggestion, that the Methodists might ultimately become a distinct sect, especially when their clerical leaders were no more; these servants of God declare, "We cannot with a safe conscience neglect the present opportunity of saving souls while we live, for fear of consequences which may possibly or probably happen after we are dead:" thus assuming, that the salvation of souls is of far greater importance than external unity, or the maintenance of any system of ecclesiastical order whatever: a principle which few men will dispute, who take into the account the joys of heaven, and the misery of perdition. It was better that the people should be awakened out of the sleep of their sins, and turned in penitence and faith to Christ, thus attaining to Christian holiness, even if they should never enter their parish church again, than that they should remain nominal Churchmen, seldom or never attending public worship, the slaves of ignorance, vice, and wickedness,—drunkards, profane swearers, and Sabbath-breakers,—till they should lift up their eyes in hell. It was upon this ground that the first Methodists proceeded, when by preaching in the open air, forming societies, building chapels, and calling in the aid of pious and gifted laymen, they endangered the external unity of the established Church. They knew that "without holiness no man shall see the Lord," whatever may be his profession. It was their hope ultimately to secure external unity, in connexion with the advancement of spiritual religion; and they laboured with all their might to do this; but they were defeated, chiefly by their clerical brethren, who in many places repelled the converted outcasts from the Lord's table, and preached against them with greater vehemence than against sin in its worst forms.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the business of the Conference was ended, Mr. Charles Wesley hastened to Cornwall, accompanied by Mr. Meriton, whom he calls his "friend and companion." They spent a few days at Bristol, preaching to the people, and enjoying much of the divine presence in their assemblies. On their arrival at Middlesey they found a fresh instance of the hateful spirit of persecution which was so extensively abroad in the country. "We set out," says Mr. Charles Wesley, "with our guide, John Slocome, a poor baker's boy, whom God has raised up to help these sincere souls; and not only to labour, but also to suffer for them. When the press-warrants came out, the world would not lose the opportunity of oppressing the Christians. He was taken, and by his own uncle dragged away to prison. They kept him a week, and then brought him before the Commissioners, who could find no cause to punish or detain him; being of Zaccheus's stature, and nothing terrified by his adversaries. They were obliged at last, notwithstanding all their threatenings, to let him go."

John Slocome, the interesting youth here mentioned, whose low "stature" was a means of exempting him from a military life, afterwards became an Itinerant Preacher. He finished his course at Clones, in Ireland, in the year 1777; and is described by Mr. John Wesley as "an old labourer, worn out in the service of his Master."

At Sticklepath Mr. Charles Wesley called upon some Quakers. He says, "My heart was drawn out towards them in prayer and love; and I felt, 'He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother.' We met an aged Clergyman, whom Mr. Thompson had sent to meet us, and found, in conversing, that he had been an acquaintance and cotemporary with my father. Upon Mr. Thompson's preaching salvation by faith, *he* had received the kingdom of God as a little child; and has ever since owned

the truth in its followers. He conducted us to his house, near Trewint."

The following selections from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal will show his spirit, and the success of his labours, during this visit in Cornwall:—

" July 17th. I came by nine at night with Mr. Bennet and Meriton, through the pits and shafts, to our host near Gwennap. Here a little one has become a thousand. What an amazing work hath God done in one year! The whole country is alarmed, and gone forth after the sound of the Gospel. In vain do the pulpits ring of Popery, madness, enthusiasm. Our Preachers are daily pressed to new places, and enabled to preach five or six times a day. Persecution is kept off till the seed takes root. Societies are springing up everywhere; and still the cry from all sides is, 'Come, and help us!'

" I preached near Gwennap to about a thousand followers of Christ, on, 'Fear not, little flock.' Love and joy appeared in their faces, such as the world knoweth not of. When I came to meet the society, I found almost the whole congregation waiting quietly without the door, longing to be admitted with the rest. I stood at the window, so as to be heard of all. I felt what manner of spirit they were of, and had sweet fellowship with them, and strong consolation.

" July 19th. I found the same congregation at five, and pointed them to the Son of man, lifted up as the serpent in the wilderness. I spake to each of the society, as their state required. I breakfasted with one who was a fierce persecutor when I was last in the country, but is now a witness of the truth she so bitterly opposed. I preached at Crowan to between one and two thousand sinners, who seemed started out of the earth. Several hid their faces, and mourned inwardly, being too deeply affected to cry out. I concluded with a strong exhortation to continue in the ship, the shattered, sinking Church of England; and my brother Meriton, whose heart I spake, seconded and confirmed my saying. The poor people were ready to eat us up, and sent us away with many a hearty blessing.

" We then set our faces against the world, and rode to St. Ives. Here the mob and Ministers together have pulled down the preaching-house; and but a fortnight ago went

round in the dead of the night, and broke the windows of all who were only suspected of Christianity. We entered John Nance's house without molestation. Four of our sisters there, on sight of me, sunk down, unable to utter a word through joy and love: but they welcomed me with their tears. It was a solemn, silent meeting. In some time we recovered our speech for prayer and thanksgiving. I got an hour by myself in the garden, and was suffered to feel my own great weakness. Without were fightings; within were fears; but my fears were all scattered by the sight of my dear brethren and children. I rejoiced over them with singing; but their joy and love exceeded. We all rejoiced in hope of meeting Him in the air. The Spirit of glory rested upon the sufferers for Christ's sake. My brother Meriton added a few words to mine, and their hearts clave to him. Such a feast I have not had for many months. Even our Father's hired servants had at this time bread enough, and to spare. We laid us down in peace, and took our rest; for the Lord only made us dwell in safety.

" July 20th. While I applied our Lord's most comfortable words, (John xiv. 1,) we were all dissolved in tears of joy, desire, love; and seemed on the wing to our heavenly Father's house. I walked through the town, to church, with Mr. Meriton. Our warm friend, the Curate, saluted us courteously, and none opened his mouth against us. Mr. Meriton's stature and band kept them in awe. Or, rather, the fear of God was upon them, restraining them, though they knew it not. We met at one, in obedience to our Church, and lifted up our voice for the remnant that is left. We tasted the blessedness of mourning, and doubt not, however God may deal with this sinful nation, but our prayers for Jerusalem will one day be answered.

" July 21st. While we were walking near the quay, our friend the mob set up a shout against us; and gave plain marks of their Cainish disposition, if permitted. Only one stone was cast at us. We passed through the midst of them, and set out for St. Just. I preached on the plain, and brother Meriton after me. Our Lord rides on triumphant through this place. Upwards of two hundred are settled in classes, most of whom have tasted the pardoning grace of God.

“ July 22d. At nine I cried in the street, ‘ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters ! ’ The word ran very swiftly. When God gives it, who can hinder its course ? I had an opportunity of communicating with a sick brother, whence we all went to church. It was crowded with these schismatical Methodists, who have not all, it seems, left it through our means. The Curate is looked upon by his brethren as half a Methodist, only because he does not rail at us, like them.

“ I preached at Morva without, since I might not within, the church walls. I told a man who contradicted me, that I would talk with him by and by. A visible blessing confirmed the word. Afterwards I took my rough friend by the hand, carried him to the house, and begged him to accept of a book. He was won ; excused his rudeness ; and left me hugely pleased.

“ I preached at Zunnor, where very few hold out against the truth, notwithstanding the Minister’s pains to pervert the right ways of the Lord. None are of his but who are evidently on Satan’s side, even his drunken companions, whom he secures against the Methodists, and warns at the ale-house not to forsake the Church. I hastened back to Morva, and rejoiced over many who were lost, and are found. One hundred and fifty are joined in society, and continue steadfastly in the Apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

“ July 24th. I preached near Penzance, to the little flock, encompassed by ravening wolves. Their Minister rages above measure against this new sect, who are spread throughout his four livings. His Reverend brethren follow his example. The grossest lies which are brought them, they swallow without examination, and retail the following Sunday. One of the society (James Duke) went lately to the Worshipful the Rev. Dr. Borlase, for justice against a rioter, who had broken open his house, and stolen his goods. The Doctor’s answer was, ‘ Thou conceited fellow ! art thou turned religious ? They may burn thy house, if they will. Thou shalt have no justice.’ With those words he drove him from the judgment-seat.

“ July 25th. I found the brethren at Morva beginning to build a society-house. We knelt down upon the place, and

prayed for a blessing. Before preaching at St. Ives I was so weighed down, that I would gladly have sunk into the earth, or sea, to escape my own burden. But God lifted me up by the word I preached, and filled us with a hope full of immortality. We looked through the veil of things temporal, to things eternal, and the mount of God, where we trust shortly to stand before the Lamb. Every soul did then, I believe, taste the powers of the world to come, in some measure, and longed for the appearing of Jesus Christ.

“ One of our sisters complained to the Mayor of some who had thrown into her house stones of many pounds’ weight, which fell on the pillow within a few inches of her sucking child. The magistrate d—d her, and said, ‘ You shall have no justice here. You see there is none for you at London, or you would have got it before now.’ With this saying he drove her out of his house.

“ July 27th. I preached at Gulval, and admitted some new members, particularly one who had been the greatest persecutor in all this country.

“ July 28th. The last midnight assault upon our brethren, I am now informed, was made by the townsmen, and a crew that are here fitting out for privateers; who thought it prudent to make the first proof of their courage upon their own unarmed countrymen. They made their regular approaches with the beat of the drum, to take the poor people’s houses by storm. But they were only permitted to batter them with stones, and endanger the lives of a few women and children. Woe be to the first French or Spaniards, who fall into the hands of men so flushed with victory! They only want the captain who drew upon me to head them, and then they would carry the world before them!

“ July 29th. I expounded Isaiah xxxv. at St. Just; and many hands that hung down were lifted up. From church I hasted to Morva, and preached to a vast congregation, on, ‘ Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it.’ At Zummor I explained the parable of the sower. Brother Meriton added a few words much to the purpose. I concluded with exhorting them to meet God in the way of his judgments. We had our first love-feast at St. Ives. The cloud stayed the whole time on the assembly. Several were so overpowered with love and joy, that the vessel was ready to

break. I endeavoured to moderate their joy by speaking of the sufferings which shall follow; and they who were then with Him as on Mount Tabor appeared all ready to follow Him to Mount Calvary.

“ July 30th. I cried to a mixed multitude of wakened and unawakened sinners, near Penzance, ‘ Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ and prayed with the still-increasing flock, whose greatest persecutor is their Minister. He and the Clergy of these parts are much enraged at our people’s being so ready in the Scriptures. One fairly told Jonathan Reeves, he wished the Bible were in Latin only, that none of the vulgar might be able to read it. Yet these are the men that rail at us as Papists!

“ July 31st. I expounded the woman of Canaan to a house full of sincere souls, who had set up all night to hear the word of God in the morning. I spake with some who have tasted the good word of grace, though they live in Penzance, where Satan keeps his seat. I rode to St. Just; and climbed up and down Cape-Cornwall, with my brother Meriton, to the needless hazard of our necks. I preached in the afternoon to a larger congregation than ever, and continued my discourse till night, from Luke xxi. 34. The Spirit of love was poured out abundantly, and great grace was upon all. I walked to the society; stood upon the hill, and sang, and prayed, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy. I concluded the day and month as I would wish to conclude my life.

“ August 1st. I preached in a new place, to near two thousand listening strangers: ‘ Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.’ I returned to St. Ives, and found our beloved brother Thompson, who was come to see us, and the children whom God had given us. Our enemies were alarmed by his coming, and the brethren strengthened. At night I set before them the example of the first Christians, who continued steadfastly in the Apostles’ doctrine, &c. For two hours we rejoiced as men who divide the spoil.

“ August 2d. I rode with Mr. Thompson and Meriton to a large gentleman’s seat, near Penrhyn. We saw the people come pouring in from Falmouth and all parts. The courtyard, which might contain two thousand, was quickly full. I stood in a gallery, above the people, and called, ‘ Wash ye,

make ye clean,' &c. They eagerly listened to the word of life; even the gentlemen and ladies listened, while I preached repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. I exhorted them in many words to attend all the ordinances of the Church; to submit to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake; to stop the mouth of gainsayers, by fearing God, and honouring the King; and to prevent the judgments hanging over our heads by a general reformation.

"August 4th. I preached at Gwennap, where the awakening is general. Very many, who have not courage to enter into the society, have yet broken off their sins by repentance, and are waiting for forgiveness. The whole county is sensible of the change; for last assizes there was a gaol delivery, not one felon was to be found in their prisons, which has not been known before in the memory of man. At their last revel, they had not men enough to make a wrestling-match; all the Gwennap men being struck off the devil's list, and found wrestling against him, not for him.

"August 5th. I preached my farewell sermon at Gwennap, to an innumerable multitude. They stood mostly on the green plain before me, and on the hill that surrounded it. Many scoffers from Redruth placed themselves on the opposite hill, which looked like mount Ebal. O that none of them may be found among the goats in that day! I warned and invited all by threatenings and promises. The adversary was wonderfully restrained, and I hope disturbed in many of his children. My Father's children were comforted on every side. They hung upon the word of life; and they shall find it able to save their souls. I spoke on for two hours, yet knew not how to let them go. Such sorrow and love as they there expressed the world will not believe, though a man declare it unto them. My brother Thompson was astonished, and confessed he had never seen the like among Germans, Predestinarians, or any others. With great difficulty we got through them at last, and set out on our journey. Several men and women kept pace with our horses, for two or three miles, then parted in body, not in mind."

It is impossible, in this affecting scene, not to recognise the revival of that pure and fervent love which characterized the Christians of the apostolic age; especially the love which

they cherished towards their teachers, who had been the instruments of their salvation ; and the love of those teachers toward their spiritual children, over whom their hearts yearned with a more than paternal affection. In both cases it was a love inspired by the Holy Ghost, infinitely surpassing every feeling of mere nature. Thus St. Paul preached to the Christians at Troas till midnight, and then till the break of day ; for they knew not how to part. And when taking leave of the Ephesian Elders, “ he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him. And they accompanied him to the ship.”

The strong affection of the young converts, which induced them to run for miles by the side of Mr. Charles Wesley’s horse, unwilling to take their last farewell, deeply affected his tender spirit. It was doubtless under the feeling thus excited, that he wrote the following fine hymn. He published it a few years afterwards, and placed it among similar compositions which were written in Cornwall.

NAOMI AND RUTH.

ADAPTED TO THE MINISTER AND PEOPLE.

TURN again, my children, turn,
 Wherefore would ye go with me ?
 O forbear, forbear to mourn,
 Jesus wills it so to be :
 Why, when God would have us part,
 Weep ye thus, and break my heart ?

Go in peace, my children, go,
 Only Jesu’s steps pursue :
 He shall pay the debt I owe,
 He shall kindly deal with you :
 He your sure reward shall be,
 Bless you for your love to me.

Surely you have kindly dealt
 With the living and the dead ;
 You have oft my burden felt,
 When my tears were all my bread :
 Jesus lull you on his breast,
 Jesus give you endless rest !

Lo, thy sister is gone back
 To her gods and people dear ;
 Weeping soul, a wretch forsake,
 Why would'st thou my sorrows bear ?
 Turn, and let thy troubles cease,
 Go, my child, and go in peace.

O intreat me not to leave
 Thee my faithful guide and friend ;
 Let me to my father cleave,
 Let me hold thee to the end :
 Thy own child in Christ I am,
 Following thee as thou the Lamb.

Never will I cease to mourn,
 Till my Lord thy tears shall dry,
 Never back from thee return,
 Never from my father fly :
 Do not ask me to depart,
 Do not break thy children's heart.

Where thou go'st I still will go,
 Thine shall be my soul's abode ;
 Thine shall be my weal or woe,
 Thine my people and my God ;
 Where thou diest, with joy will I
 Lay my weary head, and die.

There will I my burial have,
 If it be the Master's will,
 Sleeping in a common grave,
 Till the quick'ning trump I feel,
 Call'd with thee to leave the tomb,
 Summon'd to our happy doom.

God do so to me, and more,
 If from thee, my guide, I part,
 Till the mortal pang is o'er,
 Will I hold thee in my heart ;
 And when I my breath resign,
 Then thou art for ever mine.

After leaving Gwennap, Mr. Charles Wesley preached in the church of his friend, Mr. Bennet, where a scene took place which shows the rudeness of the people, and the freedom with which he was accustomed to address his congregations. "Upon my speaking against their drunken revels," he says, "one contradicted and blasphemed. I asked, 'Who

is he that pleads for the devil?' and he answered in these very words, 'I am he that plead for the devil.' I took occasion from hence to show the revellers their champion, and the whole congregation their state by nature. Much good I saw immediately brought out of Satan's evil. Then I set myself against his avowed advocate, and drove him out of the Christian assembly." This was not the only irregularity that occurred in the course of this evening's religious service in the church. Mr. Charles Wesley, in warning the people against what are usually called "harmless diversions," declared that by them he had been kept dead to God, asleep in the arms of Satan, and secure in a state of damnation, for the space of eighteen years. Mr. Meriton cried aloud, "And I for twenty-five!" "And I," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "for thirty-five!" "And I," added Mr. Bennet, "for above seventy!" Thus was the truth confirmed by four clerical witnesses, who were more anxious to instruct and impress a rude, unthinking people, than to maintain a nice decorum.

On the 11th of August, Mr. Charles Wesley, accompanied by Mr. Meriton, embarked for Wales, in a sloop which Mrs. Jones, the widow of his late friend of Fommon-castle, had sent for his conveyance. After a delightful passage, they landed at Aberthaw, where, says he, we "were received by our dear friend, and three of her little ones, with some sisters from Cardiff. We went on our way, singing and rejoicing, to the Castle. At night I met many faithful children whom the Lord hath given us, and discoursed to them on my favourite subject, 'These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb,' &c. The God of all consolation was mightily with us, even the God who comforteth us in all our temptations. O how delightfully did we mourn after Him whom our soul loveth! not with the noisy turbulent sorrow of newly-awakened souls, which most times passes away as a morning cloud; but with the deep contrition of love; till the congregation was in tears, in silent tears of desire or joy. This is the mourning wherewith I pray the Lord to bless me till he wipes away all tears from my eyes."

During his short stay in Wales Mr. Charles Wesley preached at Wenvo, Fommon, Cardiff, and Cowbridge, with great power and enlargement; for the Lord was eminently

with him. At Cardiff he witnessed the happy death of a member of the society, who had some time before practically received the doctrine of Christian perfection. The peaceful and triumphant departure of this witness for God greatly cheered the Preacher in his incessant and exhausting labours. "I was much revived," says he, "by our dying brother, who is now ready to be offered up. I asked him whether he would rather die or live. He answered, 'To depart, and to be with Christ, is far better.' He has been, both before and since his illness, a pattern of all Christian graces; was the first in this place who received the Gospel of full salvation. Now he only waits the most welcome word, 'Come up hither.'

"I prayed with him again some hours after, and rejoiced over him with triumphant faith. He said, there was something near him which would make him doubt; but could not; for he knew his Saviour stood ready to receive his spirit. I desired his prayers, kissed him, and took my last leave. He looked up, like my Hannah Richardson, and broke out, 'Lord Jesus, give him a double portion of thy Spirit.' We were all in tears. Mine, I fear, flowed from envy and impatience of life. I felt throughout my soul, that I would rather be in his condition than enjoy the whole of created good.

"August 14th. We had prayed last night with joy full of glory for our departing brother, just while he gave up his spirit,—as I pray God I may give up mine. This morning I expounded that last, best triumph of faith, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course,' &c. The Lord administered strong consolation to those that love his appearing. We sang a song of victory for our deceased friend, then went to the house, and rejoiced and gave thanks, and rejoiced with singing over him. The spirit at its departure had left marks of its happiness upon the clay. No sight upon earth, in my eyes, is half so lovely."

From Wales Mr. Charles Wesley went to Bristol and Kingswood, where he preached, and administered the Lord's supper. Still accompanied by Mr. Meriton, he next repaired to Oxford, where he met his friend Mr. Piers, of Bexley, and Mr. John Wesley, who was come to preach before the University. It was the time of the races; so that the city

was full of strangers; and as the itinerant and field-preaching of the Wesleys was now a matter of notoriety, great interest was excited among all classes, gownsmen, citizens, and pleasure-takers. The excitement was increased by Mr. Charles Wesley, who, burning with zeal for the honour of Christ, and regardless of public opinion, preached to a vast concourse of people in the yard of an inn, the day before his brother addressed the members of the University. The entire scene is thus described by himself:—

“August 23d. I went to Christ-Church prayers, with several of the brethren, who thought it strange to see men in surplices talking, laughing, and pointing, as in a playhouse, the whole time of service. I got two or three hours’ conference with my brother, and found the Spirit which had drawn us formerly in this place. I preached to a multitude of the brethren, gownsmen, and gentry from the races, who filled our inn and yard. The ‘strangers that intermeddled not with our joy’ seemed struck and astonished with it, while we admonished one another in psalms and hymns, singing and making melody in our hearts to the Lord. O that all the world had a taste of *our* diversion!

“August 24th. I joined my brother in stirring up the society: at ten walked with my brother, and Mr. Piers and Meriton, to St. Mary’s, where my brother bore his testimony before a crowded audience, much increased by the racers. Never have I seen a more attentive congregation. They did not let a word slip them. Some of the Heads stood up the whole time, and fixed their eyes on him. If they can endure sound doctrine, like his, he will surely leave a blessing behind him. The Vice-Chancellor sent after him, and desired his notes, which he sealed up and sent immediately. We walked back in form, the little band of us four; for of the rest durst none join us. I was a little diverted at the coyness of an old friend, Mr. Wells, who sat just before me, but took great care to turn his back upon me all the time; which did not hinder my seeing through him. At noon my brother set out for London, and I for Bristol.”

Thus ended the ministry of the two Wesleys in connexion with the University of Oxford. Neither of them was allowed from that time to occupy the pulpit of St. Mary’s. Faithfully, however, did John improve the present opportunity, as

if anticipating such a result. The sermon was greatly misrepresented by the reports which were circulated concerning it, from one end of the kingdom to the other; so that, contrary to his intention, he was compelled to publish the whole of it, including the application, which was singularly pointed and impressive. He remarks in his Journal, that it was "St. Bartholomew's day;" and, of course, the anniversary of the ejection of two thousand Ministers from the national Church by the Act of Uniformity. He adds, "I preached, I suppose the last time, at St. Mary's. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul. The Beadle came to me 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."

The sermon is entitled "Scriptural Christianity;" and contains a beautiful and forcible description of spiritual religion, with the manner in which it is acquired by individuals, and then spreads from one to another, till it shall cover the earth. The concluding application to the Heads of Colleges and Halls, to the Fellows and Tutors, and to the body of the undergraduates, assumes their general and wide departure from the true Christian character, and abandonment to formality, worldliness, levity, and sloth. It contains nothing sarcastic and irritating; nothing that was designed to give unnecessary pain or offence; but is marked throughout by seriousness, fidelity, and tender affection.

On his return to Bristol Mr. Charles Wesley, accompanied by a friend whose name does not appear, carried the truth into places which he and his brother had never previously visited; willing to encounter every form of obloquy and violence, if he could only bring ignorant and wicked men to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. Under the date of the 9th of September, he says, "I rode in heavy rain to Churchill, with Mr. Sh—. The Justice threatened him with terrible things, in case I preached. Many poor people ventured to hear, while I cried, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!'" Out of the

abundance of my heart my mouth spake. When I had ended, Mr. Justice called out, and bade them pull me down. He had stood at a distance, striving to raise a mob ; but not a man would stir at his bidding. Only one behind struck me with a stone. While I was in my prayer, he cried again, ‘ Pull him down.’ I told him I had nothing now to do, but to pray for him. He answered, ‘ I have nothing to do with prayer.’ ‘ So I suppose, Sir,’ said I ; ‘ but we have.’ He came up, and laid hold on my gown ; but I stepped down, to save him trouble. He told me he was a Justice of Peace. ‘ Then, Sir,’ said I, ‘ I reverence you for your office sake ; but must not neglect my own, which is to preach the Gospel.’ ‘ I say,’ said the Justice and captain, ‘ it is an unlawful assembly.’ ‘ Be so good then,’ I replied, ‘ as to name the law, or Act of Parliament, we break.’ He answered, unhappily enough, ‘ The Waltham Act.’ ‘ How so, Sir?’ I asked : ‘ I am in my own proper habit ; and you see none here in disguise.’ He insisted, I should not preach there. I told him I had license to preach throughout England and Ireland by virtue of my Master’s degree. ‘ That I know, Sir,’ said he ; ‘ and am sorry for it. I think you are Fellow of a College too.’ ‘ Yes, Sir,’ I answered, ‘ and a gentleman too ; and, as such, should be glad to wait upon you, and to have a little conversation with you yourself.’ He answered, he should be glad of it too ; for I had behaved more like a gentleman than any of them. I had charged the people to say nothing, but go quietly home ; so Mr. Justice and I parted tolerable friends.

“ Sept. 13th. I rejoiced to hear of the triumphant death of our sister Marsh, in London, whose last breath was spent in prayer for me. None of our children die without leaving us a legacy. I received it this evening, in answer to her prayer. The word was as a fire, and as a hammer. The rocks were broken in pieces, particularly a hardened sinner who withstood me some time before he was struck down. Many were melted down. Some testified their then receiving the atonement.”

On Monday, September 24th, Mr. Charles Wesley left Bristol for London, where a wretched man, of plausible demeanour, Thomas Williams, was actively employed in propagating the foulest slanders against him and his brother.

They had greatly befriended this reviler, till, having found him to be incorrigibly wicked, they publicly disowned him; and now he created considerable uneasiness in the society by preferring against his former benefactors the most scandalous charges: so that many of their spiritual children were staggered, and others were actually turned out of the way. For several months he persevered in this course, inventing the most enormous falsehoods, affecting the moral character of the brothers, and especially that of Charles.

On his arrival in London, Charles preached to the different congregations with all the confidence that innocence inspires; at the same time solemnly denying the charges which Williams had invented, and which the credulous were too apt to believe. He then departed for Newcastle, taking Nottingham, Epworth, Sheffield, Birstal, Leeds, Bradford, and other places in his way. During this journey he suffered much from personal affliction. A Physician whom he consulted declared, that a few days of rest were indispensable, in order to the preservation of his life.

At Newcastle he found many of the people in a somewhat lukewarm and languid condition. He spent a night in watching and prayer in their behalf; met and purged the classes; ministered the word with his wonted zeal and faithfulness; and soon rejoiced to witness a general improvement. The slanders of Williams he could bear without difficulty; but that any of his own children in the Lord should deem him guilty of the crimes imputed to him, grieved and depressed his spirit. From this feeling, however, he was at length delivered by those secret spiritual refreshings to which he was no stranger. On the 9th of November he says, "I retired to read my letters from London; offered up myself to the divine disposal; met with Psalm cxliv.; then with Balak's hiring Balaam to curse Israel. I went down to the congregation, where the Lord answered for himself; and sent an account to the brethren in London. 'My dearest Brethren,—Last night I was informed that the Philistines shouted against me; and the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon us. To Him give all the glory, that I find my heart so enlarged toward you, as never before. Now I can truly say, Ye are not straitened in me. All my pining desires after rest are vanished; and I am at last content to do what is more than

dying for you, even to live for you, and suffer out my time. Here then I give up myself your servant for Christ's sake, to wait upon you, till all are gathered home. Where ye go, I will go; and where ye lodge, I will lodge; where ye die, will I die; and there will I be buried. Neither shall death itself part you and me. Such a night of consolation as the last I have seldom known. Our souls were filled with faith and prayer, and knit to yours in love unchangeable. Lift up holy hands, that I may approve myself a true Minister of Jesus Christ in all things.'”

The special influence of the Holy Spirit, which is so strongly indicated in this letter, accompanied Mr. Charles Wesley's labours during the whole of his stay in Newcastle and the neighbourhood. The early part of the winter was very severe; and the “baser sort” of the people were bitterly hostile and riotous; but such was the glow of holy feeling which then prevailed, that neither the heavy falls of snow, the piercing winds of the north, nor the fierce opposition of blaspheming mobs, could restrain him from the exercise of his itinerant ministry, or prevent inquiring multitudes from attending it, even at the early hour of five o'clock in the morning. At midnight also he was accustomed to rise, for the purpose of supplication and thanksgiving to the God of his mercies, whom he loved and delighted to honour.

“Nov. 18th. I enlarged on that word,” says he, “‘A soldier pierced his side, and forthwith there flowed out blood and water.’ We looked upon Him, and could have continued looking and mourning till He appeared in the air. I walked to Sunderland, and back again. The storm of hail and snow was so violent, that I was often going to lay me down in the road, unable either to walk or stand.

“Nov. 19th. I brought back a wandering sheep, who had forfeited her pardon by unforgiveness. I received comfort, and wept for joy, at the prosperity of our Bristol children, which I heard of in several letters. I walked over the fields to Wickham. The snow was in most places above our knees. After preaching I set out for Horsley, in most bitter weather. I rode and walked till I could do neither; yet got to Horsley by night; but my jaw was quite stiffened and disabled by the snow. I lay down, and got a little strength to preach.

“Nov. 20th. I waded back to Newcastle by one, oftentimes

up to my middle in snow. I rode, or rather walked, to Plessy, and preached on, 'It is finished.' Nov. 22d, I got back to Newcastle, and thence to Wickham, where I spoke of that 'great and terrible day of the Lord.' Many trembled; and some rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. I rode thence to Spen, being so feeble that I could not walk; yet I was forced to it the last mile, being almost starved to death in the next to impassable ways. I was led, I know not how, by the brethren, up to the knees in snow, the horses oftentimes sinking up to their shoulders. I was surprised at the great number got together in such a season. They did not come in vain; for the Lord comforted their hearts abundantly, and mine also. These were all gathered by John Brown, a simple man, whom the Lord has wonderfully raised up for his work.

"Nov. 27th. At Biddick we had close fellowship with Him in his sufferings, while He cried, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' I returned praying to Newcastle, but almost perished with cold. In the word the Spirit was poured out upon us from on high, and bore down all before it, as a mighty flood.

"Dec. 4th. An hour before preaching-time the mob were so violent, that we thought there could be no preaching that night. They came nigh, to break the door. I began speaking abruptly, without a text; and God gave me strong words, that stilled the madness of the people. Neither was there any breath of opposition during the society.

"Dec. 11th. I had asked, that at midnight I might rise and praise Him, because of his righteous judgments; and was waked exactly at twelve. I prayed a few minutes, and slept again in peace. I rose again at four; prayed earnestly, and almost rejoiced. I was without light or fire, yet felt no cold. At five I preached on, 'Whatsoever things ye ask in prayer, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.' We were carried out in fervent prayer for ourselves and the whole nation. I visited Walter Brass on a bed of sickness. He was once of the society, but lately turned scoffer, and disturber of the word. The Lord hath now set his misdeeds before him; and he cries out vehemently for mercy. Another rioter, J. Wilson, is humbled in like manner, in immediate answer to our prayer last night."

While Mr. Charles Wesley was thus labouring day and night in the north, and contending with men worse than wild beasts, his brethren in the west, and especially in Cornwall, were harassed by opposition of a still more formidable kind. Some of the Magistrates violated all law and justice in their treatment of the Methodist Preachers; so that the "hymns for times of trouble and persecution" were increasingly applicable to the societies, and must have been in general demand. Thomas Westall was seized when preaching at Camborne on the Lord's day; and having, in opposition to the law, been required to answer upon oath several questions which were proposed to him, he was committed, by Dr. Borlase, the clerical Magistrate, and the historian of the county, to Bodmin jail, as a vagrant. Thomas Maxfield, also, was taken into custody, and offered by the Magistrates to the Captain of a man-of-war, to serve in the navy. The Captain, however, declined to receive him, saying, "I have no authority to take such men as these, unless you would have me give him so much a week to preach and pray to my people." Mr. Maxfield was then imprisoned in the dungeon at Penzance; and Dr. Borlase, having understood that the Mayor was inclined to set him at liberty, went thither, read the articles of war in the court, and delivered up the Methodist Preacher, as a soldier, to one who was to act as an officer. The war against the hapless Methodists was carried on with greater vigour than that against the Spaniards; yet, under the superintending care of God's providence, all these things, though painful in their nature, were overruled for the advancement of his work.

John Nelson having arrived at Newcastle about the middle of December, 1744, Mr. Charles Wesley committed to him the care of that station, and commenced his journey to London, spending a few days at Epworth on his way. Here he addressed to a friend the following letter, which doubtless refers to the scandals which were industriously circulated against him in London, and which deeply affected his mind:—

"My greatest trouble is, that I have innocently brought such a burden upon my friends, especially one: neither can I conceive it possible that this trouble should be wholly removed *here*. The joint may perhaps be set, but the halting will continue till I come to the land where all things are

forgotten. God, who hath known my soul in adversity, causes me also to know it. That He loves me, I can no more doubt than of his being. He has likewise given me to love others with a pure love; particularly one person, from whom I never expect or desire any further communication of good than I do from my mother, or other spirits of just men made perfect. And however Providence may work, I mean never more to see *that person* (if without sin I may forbear) till we stand together at the judgment-seat." The person here intended was doubtless Thomas Williams.

On his way to London Mr. Charles Wesley preached at Leeds, Morley, Birstal, Sheffield, and Nottingham; and was greatly cheered, on arriving at St. Alban's, to find that two of his friends had come to meet him there, and welcome his return to the metropolis. Here he resumed his ministry with unabated power and success, the prejudices which had prevailed against him having been removed. God had taken into his own keeping the character of his injured servants. The conscience of their accuser became so alarmed, that, of his own accord, he wrote and signed a full retraction of the slanders which he had propagated against them, and with every indication of penitence asked pardon of the men whom he had maliciously attempted to ruin. Williams afterwards embraced the doctrine of absolute predestination; and hence he is eulogized by the biographer of Lady Huntingdon. That very partial writer states, that "for some slight offence" Williams was "excluded from the Methodist society."* He wished to obtain episcopal ordination, and requested Mr. Charles Wesley to recommend him to one of the Bishops. Charles had doubts concerning him, and refused. Under the influence of resentment, Williams propagated the most injurious falsehoods against him, till his stricken conscience extorted from him a full confession of his guilt. To denominate wickedness like this, a "slight offence," is inexcusable.

Mr. Charles Wesley shared largely in the blessedness of those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake, and against whom all manner of evil is spoken falsely. He served the Lord with a pure conscience, and with uprightness of pur-

* Vol. ii., p. 149.

pose ; and the seal of the divine approval was daily impressed upon his ministrations. The love of Christ constrained him, as it did his devoted brother, to undertake services too severe for unsanctified human nature ever to endure ; but to him they were not only tolerable, but joyous. Through evil report, and through good report, he steadily persevered in his Master's work. He thus proceeds to describe his daily toil, with the instances of good by which it was rendered light and easy.

“ Feb. 17th, 1745. I was strengthened by a zealous Quaker, who informed me he had received the Spirit of adoption in hearing me a year ago, and has walked in the light from that time to this.

“ Feb. 26th. I gave the sacrament to one on Saffron-hill, and found faith that the Lord was at work. Going down, they asked me to see another dying in the room below. As I entered I heard her make confession of the faith which she received that moment, as she had told those about her she should ; and that she could not die in peace till she saw me. She was full of triumphant joy, and said to me, ‘ I am going to paradise. It will not be long before you follow me.’ My soul was filled with *her* consolation.

“ March 16th. I spake with one of the society, lately a Papist, who is much haunted by her old friends, especially her Confessor, who thunders out anathemas against her, and threatens to burn me,—if he could catch me at Rome. I sent my respects to the gentleman, and offered to talk with him, before her, at my own lodgings, or wherever he pleased ; but received no answer.

“ March 31st. I visited, at her own desire, a Roman Catholic gentlewoman, at Islington, who had refused her Priest, and would have none but my brother or me. She readily gave up her own merits, (which she owned was hell,) and the merits of all the saints, for those of Jesus Christ, her only Hope, Mediator, and Saviour. I prayed in faith, and left her not far from the kingdom of heaven.

“ We kept a watch-night. Dear Howell Harris I carried into the desk ; and we sang together, and shouted for joy, till morning.

“ May 17th. I preached at Brentford, on our way to Bristol. The moment our society met, Jesus appeared in the

midst ; and we lay a happy hour weeping and rejoicing at his feet.

“ June 21st. I sent an account of our affairs to a friend : — ‘ The work of God goes on successfully. Great is the constancy of them that believe. Neither error nor sin can shake them. Several since I left this place have witnessed a good confession in death, particularly a girl of thirteen, and an old sinner of threescore. We had expelled him the society for drunkenness ; and he went on sinning, and repenting, and sinning again, till God laid his chastening hand upon him. After a great agony he found redemption in the blood of Jesus. He lay some time rejoicing, and testifying the grace of Christ to the chief of sinners. When one said, *Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord*, he replied, interrupting him, *Even so, saith the Spirit in me. I am just entering the haven on a broken piece of the ship.*

“ ‘ I am just come from giving the sacrament to a young woman, rejoicing in death with joy unspeakable. The day before my first visit the Lord revealed himself in her. Her soul seemed all desire and love, *ready to go this moment*, as she often testified ; yet willing to tarry the Lord’s leisure, or even to recover, if it were his will.

“ ‘ I have observed that all our people, without exception, be they ever so dark or weak before, when they come to die recover their confidence. Would to God every soul of every Christian denomination might witness the same confession of eternal life in them when they turn their faces to the wall !’

“ June 23d was a day much to be remembered. I preached to our colliers, and received strong faith for the desolate Church of England. In the sacrament the Spirit of grace and supplication came down, and we prayed after God that it might reach all our absent brethren. The backsliders we never forget at such gracious opportunities. Near four hours we were employed in *doing this* ; and not one soul, I am persuaded, thought it long.

“ I had just time to reach Conham chapel by two. While I was speaking of our Lord’s appearing, we were alarmed with the loudest clap of thunder I ever heard. I thought it must have cleft the house. Most of the congregation shrieked out, as if the day of the Lord were come. A thought darted into my heart as quick as the lightning,

‘What, if it should be the day of judgment!’ I was filled immediately with faith stronger than death, and rejoiced in hope of the glory of God. The same spirit rested on all the faithful, while I broke out into singing,—

‘ So shall the Lord the Saviour come,
 And lightnings round his chariot play !
 Ye lightnings, fly to make Him room ;
 Ye glorious storms, prepare his way !’

I went on for half an hour describing that final scene. The heart of every person present, I believe, either rejoiced or trembled. A mixed cry of horror and triumph was heard till I dismissed them with the blessing. Afterwards we heard that a house on one side our chapel was almost demolished, both roof and walls, by the thunder-clap ; the lead of the windows melted, and six persons were struck down to the ground. On the other side of us a gibbet was split into a thousand pieces.

“ July 3d. I took horse for London ; the first night preached at Cirencester ; the two next at Evesham, where I found the society increased in grace and number. I was welcomed to London on Saturday evening with the joyful news of Thomas Maxfield’s deliverance.

“ July 31st. I joined with my brother to examine the society in Bristol. Mr. Gwynne, of Garth, accompanied us, and rejoiced greatly in the grace given them.”

This appears to have been Mr. Charles Wesley’s first introduction to Marmaduke Gwynne, Esq., a gentleman of family and fortune, resident at Garth, about sixteen miles from Brecon, in South Wales. A few years before this period Mr. Gwynne had been brought to a saving knowledge of Christ, by the preaching of Howell Harris, with whom he maintained an intimate friendship. When this apostolic man began his itinerant ministry in South Wales, Mr. Gwynne, who was a strict Churchman, was alarmed at the irregularity ; and apprehending that this preaching layman might hold the tenets which were ascribed to the Independent Dissenters under the reign of Oliver Cromwell, and be dangerous both to the Church and State, he determined, being a Magistrate, to interfere. He left home with the intention of sending Harris to prison ; but remarked to his lady, “ I will hear the

man myself, before I commit him." Accordingly he made one of the congregation, having the Riot Act in his pocket. The sermon was so truly evangelical, and the Preacher's manner so zealous and affectionate, that Mr. Gwynne thought he resembled one of the Apostles. He was so convinced of the purity of Mr. Harris's doctrine, and the benevolence of his motives, that, at the end of the discourse, he went up to him; shook him by the hand; told him how much he had been misled by slanderous reports; avowed his intention of *committing* him, had those reports been true; asked his pardon; and, to the amazement of the assembly, entreated him to accompany him to Garth to supper. Hence the origin of their affectionate acquaintance.

Mr. Gwynne was a man of a fine spirit, deeply pious, kind to his tenantry, beneficent to the poor, and exemplary in all the relations in life. He retained a Chaplain in his house, who daily read the morning and evening service in the family. The authority and countenance of Mr. Gwynne were of much importance to Howell Harris, who would have suffered persecution from the higher classes, had he not been supported by one of their own order, who generously stood forth in his defence, regardless of public and private censure. If the same scenes of outrage and barbarity through which the Wesleys and their Preachers passed, did not occur in the county of Brecon, it was, under the divine blessing, owing to Marmaduke Gwynne. This upright Magistrate, and sincere Christian, afterwards gave one of his daughters in marriage to Mr. Charles Wesley.

Unhappily for the Methodists, and even for the national honour, there were few Magistrates, either in England or Wales, who were like him. Many of them were indifferent to the sufferings of the Methodists, and therefore unwilling to afford them protection; and others took an active part in harassing an unoffending people. In various quarters, therefore, persecution raged from year to year, with unabated violence. The press-warrants, which were sent forth by the Government, were still employed as a means of annoyance and oppression against some of the most upright and loyal men in the land. In the month of May, this year, Mr. Meriton, accompanied by a pious young man of the name of Jones, spent a night in Shrewsbury, on his way to the Isle

of Man. While he was preaching in the evening, in a private house, a Constable entered into the congregation, seized upon Jones, dragged him out of the room, and declared the youth to be his prisoner, impressed for the King's service. Mr. Meriton followed his friend into the street, and began to expostulate with the Constable. A crowd soon assembled; and Jones, seeing the Constable engaged in eager conversation, watched for a favourable opportunity, and succeeded in making his escape. He ran from one street to another, till, seeing the door of a respectable house open, he rushed in, related the particulars of his case to the family, and cast himself for protection upon their generosity. The house was occupied by an elderly lady, who pitied the persecuted stranger, and locked him up in a closet. About midnight she made arrangements for his horse to meet him, beyond the limits of the town, and sent him forth disguised in female apparel. On coming to the extremity of the town, he watched till the sentinels went into a public house, when he silently passed the bridge which they were appointed to guard, found his horse, and effected his escape. He was the son of a respectable farmer, and had just made arrangements for becoming an Itinerant Preacher. Whether this unpromising adventure abated his ardour, or confirmed his resolution, we have no means of knowing.

When the Constable, who was a cunning fellow, saw that his prisoner was gone, he said to Mr. Meriton, that he did not like to argue the case with him in the street, and in the presence of a crowd of people; but that if he would step with him for a little while into a public-house which was opposite, he would gladly listen to all that he had to say. Meriton, not suspecting any evil, acceded to the suggestion; and when the wily Constable had thus separated the stranger from the crowd, he immediately declared him to be a prisoner, impressed for military service, and kept him in durance vile for the night. In the morning the Mayor and other Magistrates assembled in the Town-Hall, for the purpose of confirming what the Constable had done, and of committing the Methodist Preacher to the care of an officer in the army. Mr. Meriton declared himself to be a Clergyman, and therefore illegally impressed for a soldier. Proof of this fact was demanded; and the prisoner produced his letters of orders,

bearing the Bishop's official seal. This document was decisive; and the Magistrates, perceiving that the law had been violated, declared that there was no just ground for his detention; and that he was therefore at liberty to retire forthwith, and go where he pleased. Meriton, finding that he had the Magistrates in his power, and seeing the Hall crowded with people, resolved to improve the opportunity for the spiritual good of all present. He informed the worshipful bench that he had been a member of one of the Universities thirty years, and a Clergyman twenty; and said it was an intolerable grievance, that such a man could not pass through the town of Shrewsbury without being impressed for a soldier. The Magistrates were submissive, and owned that they could not justify what had been done; they therefore meekly waited while the pious stranger delivered his evangelical message to a much larger congregation than he had in the preceding evening. He then retired, and proceeded on his journey.

In Cheshire John Bennet, one of the Itinerant Preachers, and some members of the societies under his care, met with similar treatment. The particulars of their case are contained in the following interesting letter, which Bennet addressed to Mr. Charles Wesley:—"Chinley, July 30th, 1745. Dear Brother,—Though I have not writ to you for some time, nor seen your face in the flesh for months past, yet in spirit we have been one; and I doubt not but it shall be so to our lives' end. I am constrained to love you, and to bless God on your behalf, making mention of you in my prayers continually. O that your faith may not fail! May the Lord strengthen you for the work He has called you to.

"I doubt not but you remember us in Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire. The word is gladly received (though with much contention) by some: others are turned aside. All these things shall work for good to them that love God. Those that have been faithful to the grace of God now find the benefit of it: to wit, the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The late persecutions we have had, have been as fires, to purify them from dross; so that many are much more bold to speak what the Lord has done for their souls.

"At Woodley, in Cheshire, I and three of our brethren were pressed for soldiers. But the Lord sat in heaven, and

laughed his enemies to scorn; for they dared not keep me. I insisted upon seeing the warrant, which was only a common warrant, to take up strollers and vagabonds, &c. I said to them, 'Surely you will not dare to seize upon me. You all know that I am no stroller. Consider what you are doing. If you will run the hazard, I am here. Do your pleasure.' They soon let me go; but my three brethren had their trial, and all were delivered. Glory be to God!

"Since then the officers of that township have made themselves busy in searching houses, under the pretence, that they wanted the Methodists. I find this was to affright our people from meeting. It was so. They neglected to meet for some time, which brought them to be miserable; and many resolved to meet, let the event be what it would. No sooner did they take up this cross, than many were filled with joy and peace. I preach there out of doors, and our congregation increases. The Justices have consulted how to suppress this. I cannot hear that the way is clear to them as yet.

"This persecution was begun by the Dissenters. Many of the society at Woodley are Dissenters, and many of our people are communicants. The Minister of that place seemed very free a considerable time; but as soon as our people began to take notice of the lives and conversation of several, and speak freely, they began to be uneasy with them; and thus, as I have said above, set about preventing our meetings; for most of the press-gang were Dissenters. Our people have been with the Minister, desiring him in love that he would use means to prevent such disturbance. His answer was, he thought they were not to be blamed; and he should never defend our erroneous cause.

"The Ministers of the Church persecute with all their strength. I desire your advice in this affair. With whom shall we join?

"The society are some miles from the church, and cannot have fellowship with this people. They have a desire to know whether you or your brother, once or twice in a year, would not deliver them the sacrament. As to my own soul, I am weakened much for want of partaking of the ordinance; and the Minister of Chapel-en-le-Frith flatly denies me the sacrament; and has ordered me and some others to be put out of

the church. Dear Sir, consider these things well, and let me have your answer speedily.

“A friend in Woodley has a desire to license a house for preaching, and thinks I should preach at the same hour that the Dissenting Minister does. Would this be well? Can a penalty be laid upon any man for suffering preaching in his house unlicensed?”

“It is much the same with us at Chinley. Dr. Clegge does much harm amongst our people. Many both see it, and feel it; but how to help themselves, they know not. He has affirmed, that your brother has led me into an error, in drawing me to the Church. He shows, in a letter to me, wherein the Church is wrong in discipline; and that in eight particulars. He says, had I read the Scriptures, Mr. John Wesley could not have deceived me. Dr. Clegge’s son, who is designed for a Minister, has read your books, and has a strong desire to see Mr. John Wesley. I think he will be at London in a little time. I shall then give him directions to find you. Farewell.

“I hear there is little or no disturbance in Yorkshire. I have not been there since brother Nelson came away. If you think it well for me to remove to any place, where I can bring glory to God, I hope I shall always be ready to obey you.

“I am kept from turning my back. Peace be to the brethren, and love, with faith, from God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. I am

“Your affectionate brother, and son in the Gospel.”

Mr. Charles Wesley labelled this letter, “Persecution by the Dissenters.” His very intelligent daughter significantly added, “And the Church;” for both were verily guilty in this matter.

The second Methodist Conference commenced in Bristol on the 1st of August, 1745. The persons present were John and Charles Wesley, John Hodges, Thomas Richards, Samuel Larwood, Thomas Meyrick, James Wheatley, Richard Moss, John Slocome, Herbert Jenkins, and Marmaduke Gwynne. With all the subjects that were discussed in this assembly we are not acquainted. Doctrinal questions only, with the results to which they lead, are contained in the printed account of this Conference; nor does it appear that any

record of its proceedings after the second day has been preserved: whereas, according to Mr. Charles Wesley, its deliberations were continued for five days. "We began our Conference," says he, "with Mr. Hodges, four of our Assistants, Herbert Jenkins, and Mr. Gwynne. We continued it five days, and parted in great harmony and love."

Soon after the Conference concluded Mr. Charles Wesley went to Shepton-Mallet, where a great religious awakening had begun, and where he met with a painful accident. "They desired me," says he, "to meet their little society at an unusual place, to disappoint the mob. I walked forward, toward the town, then turned back over the field to drop the people; and springing up a rising ground, sprained or broke my leg, I knew not which; but I fell down when I offered to set my foot to the ground. The brethren carried me to a hut, which was quickly filled with poor people. It was soon noised about the town that I had broken my leg; some said my neck; and that it was a judgment upon me. The principal man of the place, Mr. P——, sent me a kind message, and his Bath-chair to bring me to his house. I thanked him, but declined his offer, on account of my pain, which unfitted me for any company, except that of my best friends, the poor. With these I continued singing, praying, and rejoicing, for two hours. Their love quite delighted me. Happiest they that could come near, to do anything for me. When my strength was exhausted, they laid me on their bed; the best they had; but I could not sleep for pain.

"August 12th. I met the society at six, and took in twenty new members. About eight the Surgeon from Oakhill came, and found, in dressing my leg, that it was not broken, but violently sprained. Many being come from far to hear the word, I got the brethren to carry me out in a chair, which they set on a table, and I preached kneeling. I thought of Haliburton's *best pulpit*, which alone seemed preferable to this. For near an hour I forgot my maim, and appointed to preach again at Oakhill. The brethren carried me thither by noon, in Mr. P——'s chair. My congregation was mostly Dissenters, not wise and rich, but poor and simple, and longing to be taught the first elements of Christ's doctrine. They stood listening in the hard rain, while I showed them 'the

Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' The word was not bound, but ran very swiftly through their hearts. For an hour I preached kneeling, as before, and felt no pain or weariness till it was over: then my flesh shrunk at the twenty measured miles to Bristol. They set me on the horse; and by night I performed the journey; but in such extreme pain as I have not known with all my broken bones, and sicknesses.

"August 13th. I preached from, 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;' and then, confiding in the promise, went in my chair, and lay at Mr. Wigginton's, by the water-side. Between four and five next morning I was carried to Captain Phillips's vessel, which was filled with our own people chiefly. We spent the day in singing and reading; and by six on Thursday morning, August 15th, landed at Cardiff. At night most of the gentry of the town were at the room. I laboured to trouble the careless, as well as comfort the troubled hearts.

"August 18th. Our greatest persecutor (that had been) lent his chair to carry me to Wenvo. Indeed the whole place, at present, seems turned towards us. But we do not depend upon this peace as lasting. I preached at Wenvo, to a weeping audience. My brother Thomas and Hodges administered the sacrament. The room at Cardiff was crowded with high and low. I invited them to come thirsty to the waters. The same spirit was with us as in the months that are past. Our love-feast was a feast indeed.

"August 20th. At the request of the prisoners, I had promised to preach in the gaol; but Mr. Michael Richards came first, and threatened and forbad the gaoler. If these souls perish for lack of knowledge, Mr. Michael Richards, not I, must answer it in that day. Carried to Fonmon, with Mr. Hodges, and Mrs. Jones, I once more met the church in her house. We were all melted down by the fire of the word.

"August 21st. This and every evening I got down to the chapel in my crutches, and preached to the family, with fifty harvesters, and others that came from far."

Mr. Charles Wesley spent several weeks in this part of Wales, being unable to take any long journey because of his lameness; yet he constantly preached twice a day. Repeated attempts were made to remove him to the house of Mr.

Gwynne, at Garth ; but without effect : for he was not able to bear the motion. During his comparative confinement, he addressed the following letter to his brother, on the discouraging aspect of public affairs. The flames of civil war were just about to burst forth in all their destructive energy ; yet wickedness generally abounded, and the pious were persecuted, not merely by the ignorant populace, but by the Clergy and Magistrates, who resisted the attempts that were made to turn the common people from ungodliness and sin. Hence the gloomy forebodings which he indulged. The natural bent of his mind was to despondency. His joyous anticipations with respect to the prosperity of religion were exclusively the effect of his own piety, and of the striking displays of God's power and mercy in the conversion of sinful men, which came under his daily observation.

He says, "I wrote thus to my brother : ' Once more hear my raven's note,—and despise it. I look most assuredly, unless general repentance prevent it, for the day of visitation. Whether my apprehensions have aught divine in them, I never presume to say ; neither am I concerned for the credit of my prophecy, or conjecture ; but none of you all will more rejoice at my proving what you may call a false prophet than I. For should I prove a true one, I expect Balaam's fate. In great weariness of flesh and spirit, I conclude,

‘ Your Μάντις κακῶν.’”

It appears to have been during this confinement that Mr. Charles Wesley wrote the following letter to his friend Howell Harris. The gloomy forebodings which he cherished, with respect to public affairs, did not obstruct the joyous intercourse which he held with his Saviour, nor interrupt the current of his brotherly affection.

“My dear Friend and Brother,—Your kind and most brotherly letter I had answered long ago, but for my hopes of seeing you, and delivering the enclosed with my own hand. A violent sprain has retarded my motions, and confined me close prisoner to this Castle. ‘It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good.’

“The word is not bound, if I am, but runs very swiftly. I have been *carried* to preach, morning and evening, till very lately, when my foot swelled, and pained me so, as to force me to lie still, lest I should lose the use of it. Let me hear

how my dear sister, your wife, does ; and how the glorious cause of our Lord prospers among you. Your last I read on our thanksgiving-day, and thereby refreshed many sincere souls, who earnestly labour after peace and holiness. Mr. Erskine writes me dreadful news ; and infers, ‘ Is it not time for the Lord’s people to lay aside the peculiarities in opinion? Will nothing but a scourge drive them to unite?’ Would to God they all loved one another only as well as you and I do (to begin) ; but I want more love, more faith, more patience ; as much more as an ocean is more than a drop. Pray for me, my dear fellow-soldier, and for our other brethren in tribulation, that we may be counted worthy to escape all these things which shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.”

Before Mr. Charles Wesley left Wales, he received another proof of the hostility with which he was regarded by some of his brethren in the ministry. A Clergyman refused to admit him to the table of the Lord ; while, at the same time, he gave the sacred elements to a man who, at the time of receiving them, was notoriously drunk, and made a disturbance in the church ! No sin was so grievous as that of Christianity in the form of Methodism.

Neither affliction nor ministerial labour could induce Mr. Charles Wesley to neglect the cultivation of his poetical talents. In the course of this year, he united with his brother in the publication of a volume of hymns on the Lord’s supper, the whole of which appear to have been their own compositions. To these they prefixed a brief spiritual treatise of Dr. Brevint, a Clergyman of a former age, entitled, “ The Christian Sacrament and Sacrifice ;” explaining the nature of this ordinance, and giving directions for the right receiving of it. This very pious manual was in great request, and was in increasing demand as long as the authors lived. Few of the books which they published passed through so many editions ; for the writers had succeeded in impressing upon the minds of their societies the great importance of frequent communion. They administered the Lord’s supper in London every Sabbath-day ; and urged the people every where, at all opportunities, to “ eat of this bread, and drink of this cup,” in “ remembrance ” of their Redeemer’s death. The sacramental hymns are sixty-six in number ; and although they

all refer to one subject, they are distinguished throughout by a remarkable variety of thought and expression. The flame of devotion by which they are animated is bright and intense. The last in the collection is very striking. It was doubtless written by Charles ; and describes with great force, and with a glow of holy feeling, the character of the primitive Christians, especially with reference to this sacred ordinance.

Happy the saints of former days,
 Who first continued in the word,
 A simple, lowly, loving race,
 True followers of their lamb-like Lord !

In holy fellowship they lived,
 Nor would from the commandment move,
 But every joyful day received
 The tokens of expiring love.

Not then above their Master wise,
 They simply in his paths remain'd,
 And call'd to mind his sacrifice,
 With steadfast faith, and love unfeign'd.

From house to house they broke the bread,
 Impregnated with life divine,
 And drank the Spirit of their Head,
 Transmitted in the sacred wine.

With Jesu's constant presence bless'd,
 While duteous to his dying word,
 They kept the eucharistic feast,
 And supp'd in Eden with their Lord.

Throughout their spotless lives was seen
 The virtue of this heavenly food,
 Superior to the sons of men,
 They soar'd aloft, and walk'd with God.

O what a flame of sacred love
 Was kindled by the altar's fire !
 They lived on earth like those above,
 Glad rivals of the heavenly choir.

Strong in the strength herewith received,
 And mindful of the Crucified ;
 His confessors, for Him they lived ;
 For Him his faithful martyrs died.

Their souls from chains of flesh released,
 By torture from their bodies driven,
 With violent faith the kingdom seized,
 And fought and forced their way to heaven.

Where is the pure primeval flame,
 Which in their faithful bosom glow'd?
 Where are the followers of the Lamb,
 The dying witnesses for God?

Why is the faithful seed decreased?
 The life of God extinct and dead?
 The daily sacrifice is ceased,
 And Charity to heaven is fled.

Sad mutual causes of decay,
 Slackness and vice together move;
 Grown cold, we cast the means away,
 And quench the latest spark of love.

The sacred signs thou didst ordain,
 Our pleasant things, are all laid waste,
 To men of lips and hearts profane,
 To dogs, and swine, and Heathens cast.

Thine holy ordinance contemn'd
 Hath let the flood of evil in,
 And those who by thy name are named,
 The Heathens unbaptized out-sin.

But canst thou not thy work revive,
 Once more, in our degenerate years?
 O wouldst thou with thy rebels strive,
 And melt them into gracious tears!

O wouldst thou to thy church return,
 For which the faithful remnant sighs,
 For which the drooping nations mourn,
 Restore the daily sacrifice!

Return, and with thy servants sit,
 Lord of the sacramental feast,
 And satiate us with heavenly meat,
 And make the *world* thy happy guest.

Now let the spouse, reclined on thee,
 Come up out of the wilderness,
 From every spot and wrinkle free,
 And wash'd, and perfected in grace.

Thou hear'st the pleading Spirit's groan,
 Thou know'st the groaning Spirit's will ;
 Come in thy gracious kingdom down,
 And all thy ransom'd servants seal.

“ Come quickly, Lord,” the Spirit cries ;
 “ The number of thy saints complete : ”
 “ Come quickly, Lord,” the bride replies,
 “ And make us all for glory meet.

“ Erect thy tabernacle here,
 The New Jerusalem send down ;
 Thyself amidst thy saints appear,
 And seat us on thy dazzling throne.

“ Begin the great millennial day ;
 Now, Saviour, with a shout descend ;
 Thy standard in the heavens display,
 And bring the joy which ne'er shall end.”

It was about this time that Mr. Charles Wesley began to publish, in the form of small tracts, for the use of the Methodist societies and congregations, hymns adapted to the principal festivals of the Christian church, and other special occasions ; such as the “ Nativity ” of Christ, his “ Resurrection,” “ Whitsunday,” “ New-Year's day,” and “ Watch-nights.” Other poetical tracts he also published, containing graces before and after meat, and doxologies addressed to the Holy Trinity. The following hymn for a watch-night contains an apology for such services, which had then become frequent, and exhibits to advantage the joyous and triumphant spirit of the writer, and of the people with whom he was accustomed to worship :—

 Come, let us anew
 Our pleasures pursue ;
 For *Christian* delight
The day is too short ; let us borrow the night :
 In sanctified joy
 Each moment employ
 To JESUS's praise,
And spend, and be spent, in the triumph of grace.

 The slaves of excess,
 Their senses to please,
 Whole nights can bestow ;
And on in a circle of riot they go :

Poor prodigals, they
 The night into day
 By revellings turn,
 And all the restraints of sobriety scorn.

The drunkards proclaim
 At midnight their shame,
 Their sacrifice bring,
 And loud to the praise of their master they sing :
 The hellish desires
 Which Satan inspires,
 In sonnets they breathe,
 And shouting descend to the regions of death.

The civiler crowd
 In theatres proud
 Acknowledge his power,
 And Satan in nightly assemblies adore :
 To the masque and the ball
 They fly at his call,
 Or in pleasures excel,
 And chant in a grove * to the harpers of hell.

And shall *we* not sing
Our Master and King,
 While men are at rest?
 With Jesus admitted at midnight to feast!
 Here only we may
 With innocence stay,
 The' enjoyment improve,
 And abide at the banquet of Jesus's love.

In Him is bestow'd
 The spiritual food,
 The manna divine,
 And Jesus's love is far better than wine.
 With joy we receive
 The blessing, and give
 By day and by night,
 All thanks to the Source of our endless delight.

Our concert of praise
 To Jesus we raise,
 And all the night long
 Continue the new evangelical song :
 We dance to the fame
 Of Jesus's name ;
 The joy it imparts
 Is heaven begun in our musical hearts.

* Ranelagh Gardens, Vauxhall, &c.

Thus, thus we bestow
 Our moments below,
 And singing remove,
 With all the redeem'd, to the Sion above :
 There, there we shall stand
 With our harps in our hand,
 Interrupted no more,
 And eternally sing, and rejoice, and adore.

The watch-night services which were conducted by Mr. Charles Wesley in those times were usually seasons of great solemnity and power. Amidst the silence of the night, and in the absence of riotous people and triflers, he and his fellow-worshippers anticipated the sound of the trumpet which shall awake the dead, and proclaim the appearance of the almighty Judge. His prayers, and impressive addresses to the people, with the appropriate hymns which they unitedly sang at his dictation, seemed to bring them near to the day of the Lord ; and they rejoiced before him with the deepest reverence. The following well-known hymns were all composed to be sung upon these occasions :—

Thou Judge of quick and dead ;
 Ye virgin souls, awake ;
 Join all ye ransom'd sons of grace ;
 Oft have we pass'd the guilty night ;

and,

How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
 Divinely drawn to follow thee,
 Whose hours divided are
 Betwixt the mount and multitude ;
 Our day is spent in doing good,
 Our night in praise and prayer !

CHAPTER XIII.

THE state of the country was now alarming. Charles Stuart, the grandson of James II., having attempted without success, to land a French army on the coast of Kent, for the purpose of regaining the British crown, made his appearance in Scotland, where many of the disaffected clans flocked to his standard. The task of resisting him was confided to General Cope, who had the command of the royal army; but his plans were weakly laid, and feebly executed; so that Charles was in a little while master of Edinburgh. He soon after defeated the King's troops at the battle of Preston-pans, where the brave Colonel Gardiner lost his life. This youthful claimant of the British crown was a man of genteel and graceful appearance, affable and engaging in his manners, and of an enterprising spirit. His professions to all classes of people were, of course, liberal and flattering; but he was a tool of the Papacy, and a pensioner upon France; so that, were he to succeed in his project, it was easy to perceive that genuine liberty, both civil and religious, would be no more. Popery and arbitrary power, an iron despotism in Church and State, would have been the sad inheritance of a people who enjoyed constitutional freedom in a higher degree than any other nation whatever. The Pretender's progress and success in Scotland, therefore, filled all sound and intelligent Protestants with just alarm.

In this feeling both the Wesleys participated. They had already put into extensive circulation several loyal and Protestant publications, both in prose and verse, adapted to the exigency of the times; they enforced the duty of loyalty wherever they went; they called upon their societies in all places to unite in prayer for the preservation of the reigning Monarch, and the establishment of his throne; and they urged upon all their congregations the necessity of repentance, as the only means of averting the impending judgments of God, and of obtaining national tranquillity. The follow-

ing selections from the journal of Charles will show the strength of his attachment to the Protestant King, with whose mild and constitutional sway the nation was blessed ; and the manner in which he laboured to sanctify the public danger. He was still in Wales.

“Sept. 6th, 1745. At the hour of intercession we found an extraordinary power of God upon us, and close communion with our absent brethren. Afterwards I found, by letters from London, that it was their solemn fast-day. The night we passed in prayer. I read them my heavy tidings out of the north. ‘The lion is come up from his thicket ; and the destroyer of the Gentiles is on his way.’

“Sept. 8th. The spirit of supplication was given us in the society for His Majesty King George ; and in strong faith we asked his deliverance from all his enemies and troubles.

“Sept. 9th. My three weeks’ delightful confinement ended, and I returned to Cardiff.

“Sept. 11th. I rose after a restless night, with a fever upon me ; but was forced to take my bed again. How gladly would I have been taken from the evil to come ! but, alas ! my sufferings are scarcely begun.

“Sept. 14th. My fever left me, and my strength so far returned, that I could sit a horse, with one behind me. Almost as soon as we set out my supporter and I were thrown over the horse’s head, but neither hurt. My lameness was much mended by three or four days’ rest.

“Sept. 22d. I preached at Wenvo, ‘that ye may be found of Him in peace ;’ then at Founmon, on that great and terrible day of the Lord. His fear was mightily upon us : but at the society his love constrained and quite overpowered us. For two hours we wept before the Lord, and wrestled for our Sodom. We shall hear of these prayers another day.

“Sept. 25th. After a tedious and dangerous passage, I got to shore, and soon after to Bristol. I heard the news confirmed of Edinburgh being taken by the rebels ; and saw all around in deep sleep and security. I warned our children with great affection. Our comforts we expect will increase with our danger.

“Sept. 26th. Tidings came, that General Cope was cut off,* with all his army. The room was crowded in the evening. I warned them, with all authority, to flee to the mountains; escape to the strong tower; even the NAME of Jesus; and seemed to have strong faith that the Romish Antichrist shall never finally prevail in these kingdoms.

“Sept. 29th. My subject at Kingswood was, ‘Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee in the hour of temptation,’ &c.; at Bristol, ‘Fear God, and honour the King.’

“Oct. 8th. Having left the society fully warned, I rode to Bath, and exhorted them also to meet God in the way of his judgments. At noon I preached repentance and faith at the Cross, to the people of Road. They drank in every word. When I said, ‘Put away the evil of your doings,’ several cried out, ‘We will, we will!’ When I said, ‘Be drunk no more; swear no more;’ they answered, ‘I will not swear; I will not be drunk again as long as I live!’ The alehouse-keepers, and profligate young men, are the most exemplary in their repentance. I dined at the ‘Squire’s,’ who seemed amazed, and half-converted, at *their* change. I preached at four to a barn-full of simple, hungry, seeking souls. They sunk under the hammer, and melted before the fire of the word. Oct. 9th. I met them again in the barn, and wept with them that wept. All were stirred up, and made haste to escape into the ark, because of the stormy wind and tempest.

“After preaching in Bath a woman desired to speak with me. She had been in our society, and in Christ, but lost her grace through the spirit of offence, left the fellowship, and fell by little and little into the depth of vice and misery. I called Mrs. Naylor to hear her mournful account. She had lived some time at a wicked house in Avon-street; confessed it was hell to her to see our people pass to the preaching; knew not what to do, or how to escape. We bade her fly for her life, and not once look behind her. Mrs. Naylor kept her with herself till the morning, and then carried her with us in the coach to London, and delivered her to the care of

* In those times correct intelligence travelled slowly. General Cope was not “cut off” in the battle here referred to. He was defeated, and many of his men were slain; but he escaped.

our sister Davey. 'Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?'

"Oct. 13th. I warned them earnestly, both at the chapel and the Foundery, of the impending storm.

"Oct. 17th. We had twenty of our brethren from Flanders to dine with us at the Foundery, and rejoiced in the distinguishing grace of God towards them.

"Nov. 8th. I preached first in Bexley church, then in the front of the camp near Dartford. Many of the poor soldiers gave diligent heed to the word. One of the most reprobate was pricked in the heart, and entered the society.

"Nov. 9th. A regiment passing by our door, I took the opportunity of giving each soldier a book. All, excepting one, received them thankfully.

"Nov. 10th. I expounded Psalm xlv. with great enlargement. An officer was present, and by his tears confessed the emotion of his heart.

"Nov. 11th. We had some of our brethren of the army at the select society, and solemnly commended them to the grace of God before they set out to meet the rebels. They were without fear, or disturbance, knowing the hairs of their head are all numbered, and nothing can happen but by the determinate counsel of God.

"Dec. 6th. In reading my brother's last Appeal I was drawn out into fervent prayer for him, myself, and all the children whom God hath given us."

The concluding part of Mr. John Wesley's "Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion" was finished at this time, and appears to have been read by Charles in manuscript. It is a powerful and an impressive work, written with great force of argument, and yearning pity for the souls of ignorant and wicked men. The doctrines which the author and his brother taught are here explained and defended, with the means which they adopted to effect a revival of pure Christianity. A paragraph at the close shows that, notwithstanding the national danger, the Methodist Preachers were still persecuted with unrelenting severity. Dr. Borlase, in Cornwall, was not the only clerical Magistrate who abused his authority to gratify his prejudices.

"Just now," says Mr. Wesley, "on the 4th of this instant December, the Reverend Mr. Henry Wickham, one of His

Majesty's Justices of Peace for the West-Riding of Yorkshire, writes an order to the Constable of Keighley, commanding him to 'convey the body of Jonathan Reeves' (whose real crime is, the calling sinners to repentance) 'to His Majesty's gaol and castle of York; suspected,' saith the precept, 'of being a spy among us, and a dangerous man to the person and government of His Majesty King George.'

"God avert the omen! I fear this is no presage either of the repentance or deliverance of our poor nation!"

Unterrified by persecution and by national danger, the two Wesleys persevered in their work with firmness of purpose. How long they might be permitted to labour, they knew not. The Popish representative of the Stuart family had already acquired a power which rendered him formidable; and should he gain the object of his guilty ambition, they well knew that their opportunities of usefulness would be restricted, if not for ever cut off. They applied themselves, therefore, with unexampled diligence and energy to the work of saving souls, and were cheered in every place by manifest tokens of the presence and blessing of God. "In season, and out of season;" in churches, chapels, barns, private houses, fields, market-places; in sunshine, rain, hail, and snow; in towns, cities, villages, hamlets; from the Land's End to the Tweed; their voices, and those of their fellow-labourers, were heard, proclaiming the sinfulness of sin, the mercy of the Saviour, and the necessity of a vital faith in Him, as the only means of pardon, holiness, and safety. How Charles was employed during the eventful year of 1746 will best appear from his own account, contained in the following brief extracts from his interesting journal:—

"Feb. 4th. I wrote to a friend as follows:—'I cannot help expecting the sorest judgments to be poured out upon this land, and that suddenly. You allow us one hundred years to fill up the measure of our iniquity. You cannot more laugh at my vain fear, than I at your vain confidence. Now is the axe laid to the root of the tree; now is the decree gone forth; now is the day of visitation. It comes so strong and continually upon me, that I almost think there is God in my prospect of war, famine, pestilence, and all the vials of wrath bursting on our heads.'

“ March 24th. In riding to Brentford with our sisters Davey, Aleroft, and Rich, our coach broke down. The only courageous person among us was the only person afraid. I prayed in our return by a dying prisoner of hope; and felt an humble confidence that his eyes shall see the salvation of God.

“ March 28th, Good-Friday. Every morning of this great and holy week the Lord was at his own feast, but especially this. The word, ‘Let us also go, and die with him,’ was written on our hearts. We passed from two to three in solemn prayer at Short’s-gardens. I drank tea at my sister Wright’s, with Mrs. Rich and her two youngest daughters; one, the greatest miracle of all accomplishments, both of mind and body, that I have ever seen.

“ March 29th. I administered the sacrament to a dying sinner, who did run well, but was now groaning out her last breath under the guilt of sin, and curse of God. I preached to her the sinner’s Advocate. She received the faithful saying, and believed the Lord would save her at the last hour. I passed the afternoon at Mrs. Rich’s, where we caught a Physician by the ear, through the help of Mr. Lampe, and some of our sisters. This is the true use of music.”

A few remarks respecting two of the persons here mentioned will not be inappropriate. Mrs. Rich’s husband was the proprietor of Covent-garden theatre. She was a lady of great personal beauty, of superior accomplishments, and excelled as an actress. Having heard Mr. Charles Wesley preach at West-street chapel, near the Seven-dials, she was convinced of sin, renounced the theatre, sought salvation through Jesus Christ, and became “a new creature.” Her conversion greatly displeased her husband, who insisted upon her re-appearance on the stage, and persecuted her on account of her Methodistical scruples. She declared, that if she ever went there again, she would bear her testimony against theatrical amusements. Seeing her resolution, he at length discontinued his importunities. He left her a widow in affluent circumstances, and she retained a peculiar respect for Mr. Charles Wesley to the end of her life. Her daughters were taught music by Handel.

Mr. Lampe, whom Mr. Charles Wesley met at Mrs. Rich’s house, was a musician of considerable talent and celebrity.

His name was John Frederick Lampe: he was a native of Germany; studied music at Helmstadt, in Saxony; came to England about the year 1725, and obtained employment in the opera band; but was afterwards engaged by Mr. Rich to compose some dramatic music. He was the author of a quarto volume, entitled, "A Plain and Compendious Method of teaching Thorough-Bass after the most rational Manner, with proper Rules for Practise," which he published in 1737. In the "Musical Miscellany," published by Watts in six volumes, are many songs composed by Lampe at different times. While thus connected with the theatre, he was an infidel; but he was convinced of the truth and importance of Christianity by reading Mr. John Wesley's "Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion;" when he became a sincere Christian; applied his fine talents to the service of God, by setting many of the Wesleyan hymns to music; and maintained his truly Christian character to the close of life.

There is reason to believe that Mr. Charles Wesley's beautiful hymn, entitled, "The Musician's," was written for Lampe's use. It was first published soon after he became acquainted with this gifted man; and some parts of it place in striking contrast his former character with his altered taste and pursuits.

Thou God of harmony and love,
 Whose name transports the saints above,
 And lulls the ravish'd spheres,
 On thee in feeble strains I call,
 And mix my humble voice with all
 Thy heavenly choristers.

If well I know the tuneful art
 To captivate a human heart,
 The glory, Lord, be thine;
 A servant of thy blessed will,
 I here devote my utmost skill,
 To sound the praise divine.

With Tubal's wretched sons no more
 I prostitute my sacred power
 To please the fiends beneath,
 Or modulate the wanton lay,
 Or smooth with music's hand the way
 To everlasting death.

Suffice for this the season past,
 I come, great God, to learn at last
 The lessons of thy grace :
 Teach me the new, the Gospel song,
 And let my heart, my hand, my tongue,
 Move only to thy praise.

Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
 And let my consecrated lyre
 Repeat the Psalmist's part :
 His Son and thine reveal in me,
 And fill with sacred melody
 The fibres of my heart.

So shall I charm the listening throng,
 And draw the living stones along
 By Jesu's tuneful name ;
 The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
 And form a city in the skies,
 The New Jerusalem !

O might I with thy saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling quire
 Who chant thy praise above ;
 Mix'd with that bright musician-band,
 May I a heavenly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love.

What ecstasy of bliss is there,
 While all the' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys !
 What more than ecstasy, when all
 Struck to the golden pavement fall
 At Jesu's glorious voice !

Jesu ! the heaven of heavens He is,
 The soul of harmony and bliss ;
 And while on Him we gaze,
 And while his glorious voice we hear,
 Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
 And silence speaks his praise.

O might I die that awe to prove,
 That prostrate awe which dares not move
 Before the great Three-One ;
 To shout by turns the bursting joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In songs around the throne !

It is to this hymn, in all probability, that reference is made in the following letter from Mrs. Rich to Mr. Charles

Wesley, as having brought tears into the eyes of the converted musician. The letter gives an interesting view of the piety of Mrs. Rich, and of the discouragements with which she had to contend, arising from her ungodly connexions.

“ London, Nov. 27th, 1746. Dear and Rev. Sir,—I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter. It gave me great comfort, and at a time I had much need of it; for I have been very ill both in body and mind. Some part arose from my poor partner, who, I fear, has in a great measure stifled his convictions which God gave him.

“ As to myself, God has been pleased to show me so much of my own unworthiness and helplessness, that the light has almost broken my heart; and I might truly be called a woman of a sorrowful spirit.

“ O think what it is to be obliged to conceal this from the eyes of those that know nothing of these things, but call it all madness! The Lord teach them better; at whose table I have been greatly strengthened; and through his grace I still hope to conquer all the enemies of my soul.

“ I gave a copy of the hymn to Mr. Lampe, who at the reading shed some tears, and said he would write to you; for he loved you as well as if you was his own brother. The Lord increase it; for I hope it is a good sign.

“ As to the sale of the hymns, he could give me no account as yet, not having received any himself, nor have I got my dear little girl's.

“ The enclosed is a copy of a song Mr. Rich has sung in a new scene, added to one of his old entertainments, in the character of Harlequin Preacher, to convince the town he is not a Methodist. O pray for him, that he may be a Christian indeed; and then he will be no more concerned about what he is called; and for me,

“ Your unworthy daughter in Christ.”

Having gone from London to Bristol, and thence to Road, Mr. Charles Wesley says,—

“ April 30th. I preached with double effect. One poor mourner had been crying for mercy all night in the society-house. I conferred with several who have tasted of the love of Christ, mostly under the preaching or prayers of our lay-helpers. How can any one dare deny that they are sent of God? O that all who have the outward call were as inwardly

moved by the Holy Ghost to preach! O that they would make full proof of their ministry, and take the cause out of our weak hands!

“May 2d. I rode back to Bristol, and was met with the news of our victory in Scotland.* I spoke at night on the first words that presented: ‘He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord.’ We rejoiced unto Him with reverence, and thankfully observed the remarkable answer of that petition,—

‘All their strength o’erturn, o’erthrow;
Snap their spears, and break their swords;
Let the daring rebels know
The battle is the Lord’s!’

O that in this reprieve, before the sword return, we may know the time of our visitation!

“June 4th. Driving down a steep hill, in our way to Sherburn, the horse stumbled, and threw me out of the seat. I fell on my back upon the wheel; my feet were entangled in the chaise; but the beast stood stock-still; so I received no harm, but was only stunned and dirtied. We were four hours in going five miles. It rained incessantly, and blew a hurricane, this and the day following. By nine at night we were glad to reach W. Nelson’s house in Portland.

“June 6th. I preached to a house-full of staring, loving people. Some wept, but most looked quite unawakened. At noon and night I preached on a hill in the midst of the island. Most of the inhabitants came to hear; but few, as yet, feel the burden of sin, or the want of a Saviour.

“June 8th. After evening service we had all the islanders that were able to come. I asked, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ About half-a-dozen answered, ‘It is nothing to us,’ by turning their backs; but the rest hearkened with greater signs of emotion than I had before observed. I found faith at this time that our labour would not be in vain.

“June 9th. At Southwell, the farthest village, I expounded the song of Simeon. Some very old men attended. I distributed a few books among them; rode round the island;

* The “victory” here referred to was that which the King’s troops gained over the rebel army at the decisive battle of Culloden. From that time the cause of the Pretender was hopeless.

and returned by noon, to preach on the hill; and by night, at my lodgings. Now the power and blessing came. My mouth and their hearts were opened. The rocks were broken in pieces, and melted into tears on every side. I continued exhorting them, from seven till ten, to save themselves from this untoward generation. We could hardly part. I left the little society of twenty members confirmed and comforted."

It was "before preaching at Portland," where the people are mostly employed in the stone-quarries, that Mr. Charles Wesley wrote the hymn beginning,—

"Come, O thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known,
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break these hearts of stone."

If the hymn were written on occasion of the visit just described, which is highly probable, an immediate answer was given to the prayer which it contains.

Having visited Axminster and Exeter, on the 14th of June Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I went forth at Tavistock, to call sinners to repentance. A large herd of wild beasts were got together; and very noisy and tumultuous they were. At first I stood on a wall; but their violence forced me thence. I walked to the middle of the field, and began calling, 'Wash ye, make you clean,' &c. The waves of the sea raged so horribly, that few could hear; but all might see the restraining hand of God. I continued in prayer mostly for half an hour, and walked quietly to my lodgings, through the thickest of the King's enemies.

"June 15th. I offered Christ once more to a larger audience, who did not seem like the same people. The power of the Lord was present to convince. I endeavoured to strip them of all pretensions to good; insisting that the natural man has absolutely nothing of his own but pure evil, no will or desire to good, till it be supernaturally infused, any more than the devils in hell. After church I expounded the prodigal son; and many listened to their own history.

"June 22d. I preached on a hill in Stoke churchyard. It was covered with the surrounding multitude, upward of four thousand by computation. I expounded the good

Samaritan. Some reviled at first, on whom I turned, and with a few words silenced them. The generality behaved as men fearing God. They followed me with their blessings. One only cursed, and called me Whitefield the second. I took my leave of Mrs. Wheatley and others, whom I greatly love for their love to my brethren, Graves, Grinfill, Maxfield, whose bonds they had compassion on. The Lord recompense them in that day! Our own children could not have expressed greater affection to us at parting. They could have plucked out their eyes, and given them us. Several offered me money; but I told them I never accepted any. Others would have persuaded Mr. Waller to take it; but he walked in the same steps, and said their love was sufficient.

“June 26th. I came to Gwennap, and encouraged the poor persecuted sheep. The Lord smiled upon our first meeting.

“June 29th. Upon examination of each separately, I found the society in a prosperous way. Their sufferings have been for their furtherance, and the Gospel’s. The opposers behold and wonder at their steadfastness and godly conversation. I preached the Gospel to the poor at Stithians. The poor received it with tears of joy. My evening congregation was computed upward of five thousand. I preached the pardoning God from the returning prodigal, and felt as it were the people sink under the power of Him that sent me. They all stood uncovered; knelt at the prayers; and hung on the word from my mouth. For an hour and a half I invited them back to their Father, and felt no hoarseness or weariness afterwards. I spent an hour and a half more with the society, warning them against pride, and the love of the creature, and stirring them up to universal obedience.

“June 30th. Both sheep and shepherds had been scattered in the late cloudy day of persecution; but the Lord gathered them again, and kept them together, by their own brethren, who began to exhort their companions, one or more, in every society. No less than four have sprung up in Gwennap. I talked closely with each, and find no reason to doubt their having been used by God thus far. I advised and charged them not to stretch themselves beyond their line, by speaking out of the society, or fancying themselves public teachers. If they keep within their bounds, as they

promise, they may be useful in the church; and I would to God that all the Lord's people were Prophets like these! In the evening I preached to our dearest children at St. Ives.

“July 6th. At Gwennap near two thousand listened to those gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Half of them were from Redruth, which seems on the point of surrendering to the Prince of Peace. The whole country finds the benefit of the Gospel. Hundreds who follow not with us have broken off their sins, and are outwardly reformed, and, though persecutors once, will not now suffer a word to be spoken against this way. Some of those who fell off in the late persecution desired to be present at the society. I addressed myself chiefly to the backsliders. God touched their hearts. Several followed me to my lodgings, and desired to be admitted again. I received them back upon trial.

“July 13th. At St. Ives no one offered to make the least disturbance. Indeed the whole place is outwardly changed in this respect. I walk the streets with astonishment, scarce believing it St. Ives. It is the same throughout all the country. All opposition falls before us, or, rather, is fallen, and not yet suffered to lift up its head again. This also hath the Lord wrought.

“July 19th. I had a visit from Captain Trounce, the man who last year hindered my brother from preaching, and threw him over the wall. I rode to Sithney, where the word begins to take root. The rebels of Helstone threatened hard. All manner of evil they say of us. Papists we are; that is certain; and are bringing in the Pretender. Nay, the vulgar are persuaded I have brought him with me; and James Waller is the man. But a law is to come from London to-night, to put us all down, and set one hundred pounds upon my head. We had, notwithstanding, a numerous congregation, and several of the persecutors. I declared my commission ‘to open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God.’ Many appeared convinced, and caught in the Gospel net.

“July 20th. Near one hundred of the fiercest rioters were present, who a few months ago had cruelly beaten the sincere

hearers, not sparing the women and children. They were hired by the pious Minister for that purpose. Now these very men, expecting a disturbance, came to fight for me; and said they would lose their lives in my defence. But there was no occasion for their service. All was quiet, as it generally is when Satan threatens most.

“I crossed the country to Redruth; walked through the town a mile to the church; and was surprised by the general civility. I drew the congregation after me to the field; more than eight thousand, as was supposed. I expounded the good Samaritan. Surely He has a multitude of patients here.

“July 21st. I had heard sad accounts of St. Just people; that, being scattered by persecution, they had wandered into by-paths of error and sin, and been confirmed therein by their covetous, proud Exhorter, J. Bennet. From St. Ives I came on Wednesday noon, July 23d, to his house in Trewalard, a village belonging to St. Just. I found about a dozen of the shattered society, which quickly increased to fifty or sixty. I perceived, as soon as we kneeled down, that there was a blessing in the remnant. We wrestled with God in his own strength from one till nine, with only the preaching between. I acknowledged God was with them of a truth. My faith for them returned; and I asked, nothing doubting, that the door might again be opened, and that he who hinders might be taken out of the way, as God knew best. This man was once a gentleman of fortune, but is now a poor drunken spendthrift, brother to Dr. Borlase, and retained by this dispenser of justice to supply the defect of the laws. This champion they send forth drunk on all occasions. It was he that pressed my brother for a soldier; dragged away Edward Grinfill, though past age, from his business and family, for a soldier and sailor; assaulted Mr. Meriton, to serve him the same way; seized on Mr. Graves, the third Clergyman, in bed, and hurried him on board a man-of-war. In a word, he seems raised up by Satan to support his tottering kingdom; and swears continually, there shall never be any more preaching at St. Just. For a year and a half Satan seemed to triumph in his success: so much good may one sinner hinder, if armed with the sins of God’s people! In praying for this poor soul I thought heaven and earth

would meet. The Spirit of prayer bowed down all before Him. We believed the door would be opened for preaching at this time. Between six and seven I cried in the street, to about a thousand hearers, 'If God be for us, who can be against us?' The wall of brass surrounded us. None opened his mouth, or appeared on Satan's side. The little flock were comforted and refreshed abundantly.

"I spake with each of the society, and was amazed to find them just the reverse of what they had been represented. Most of them had kept their first love, even while men were riding over their heads, and they passed through fire and water. Their Exhorter appeared a solid, humble Christian, raised up to stand in the gap, and keep the trembling sheep together.

"I was ready for rest, but none could I find all night. At four I talked with more of the society, and adored the miracle of grace which has kept these sheep in the midst of wolves. Well may the despisers behold and wonder. Here is a bush in the fire, burning, and yet not consumed! What have they not done to crush this rising sect? but, lo, they prevail nothing! For one Preacher they cut off, twenty spring up. Neither persecutions nor threatening, flattery nor violence, dungeons, or sufferings of various kinds, can conquer them. Many waters cannot quench this little spark, which the Lord hath kindled; neither shall the floods of persecution drown it.

"July 25th. From one to three we poured out our souls in prayer for a nation laden with iniquity. I was led undesignedly to pray for our drunken persecutor; and the Spirit came pouring down like a river. We were filled with the divine presence. I had left my hymn-book in my chamber, and stepped up for it. One came after me with the news, that Mr. Eustick was just coming to take me up. I went down to the congregation; but my friend Eustick was gone, without beating man, woman, or child. He only asked if Mr. Wesley was there; for he had 'a warrant to apprehend him.' He went out at the other door, and told those he met, he had been searching all the house for Wesley, but could not find him. We supposed he had not got sufficient courage, that is, drink, for his purpose, and expected his return. I began preaching an hour before the appointed

time. The flame was kindled in a moment. I had only to speak, and leave God to apply. He filled us up to the brim with faith, and love, and joy, and power. The Spirit of the Lord lifted up, and caused us to triumph, and tread on all the power of the enemy.

“After a short interval, I received strength to preach again in the court-yard, on, ‘Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?’ The two-edged sword did great execution. I concluded with that hymn,—

‘Glory, and thanks, and praise,
To Him that hath the key!
Jesus, thy sovereign grace
Gives us the victory,
Baffles the world and Satan’s power,
And open throws the Gospel door.’

“July 27th. I met the society at Morva; went to church at St. Just; and then to my old pulpit, the large stone, by brother Chinchall’s house. All was quiet till I came to those words: ‘And the remnant took his servants, and entreated them spitefully, and slew them.’ Then one began throwing stones; but I went on, exhorting them to save themselves from this untoward generation. My discourse was as mixed as the multitude; law, Gospel, threatenings, promises; which I trust the Spirit applied to their several cases.

“August 3d. From evening service at Redruth I rode back to my own church, the valley near our room at Gwennap; and found at least five thousand sinners waiting for the glad tidings of salvation. I bade them to the great supper, in my Master’s name and words, and even compelled them to come in.

“August 10th. At Gwennap nine or ten thousand, by computation, listened with all eagerness while I commended them to God, and the word of his grace. For near two hours I was enabled to preach ‘repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ.’ I broke out again and again in prayer and exhortation. I believed not one would return empty. Seventy years’ suffering were overpaid by one such opportunity. Never had we so large an effusion of the Spirit as in the society. I could not doubt, at that time, either their perseverance or my own; and still I am humbly confident

that we shall stand together among the multitude which no man can number.

“August 11th. I expressed the gratitude of my heart in the following thanksgiving :—

All thanks be to God,
 Who scatters abroad,
 Throughout every place,
 By the least of his servants, his savour of grace !
 Who the victory gave,
 The praise let Him have
 For the work He hath done ;
 All honour and glory to Jesus alone !

Our conquering Lord
 Hath prosper'd his word,
 Hath made it prevail,
 And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
 His arm He hath bared,
 And a people prepared
 His glory to show,
 And witness the power of his passion below.

He hath open'd a door
 To the penitent poor,
 And rescued from sin,
 And admitted the harlots and publicans in :
 They have heard the glad sound,
 They have liberty found
 Through the blood of the Lamb,
 And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

The' opposers admire
 The hammer and fire,
 Which all things o'ercomes,
 And breaks the hard rocks, and the mountains consumes.
 With quiet amaze
 They listen and gaze,
 And their weapons resign,
 Constrain'd to acknowledge,—the work is divine.

And shall we not sing
 Our Saviour and King ?
 Thy witnesses, we
 With rapture ascribe our salvation to thee.
 Thou, Jesus, hast bless'd,
 And believers increased,
 Who thankfully own
 We are freely forgiven through mercy alone.

His Spirit revives
 His work in our lives,
 His wonders of grace,
 So mightily wrought in the primitive days.
 O that all men might know
 His tokens below,
 Our Saviour confess,
 And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace !

Thou Saviour of all,
 Effectually call
 The sinners that stray ;
 And O let a nation be born in a day !
 Thy sign let them see,
 And flow unto thee,
 For the oil and the wine,
 For the blissful assurance of favour divine.

Our heathenish land
 Beneath thy command
 In mercy receive,
 And make us a pattern to all that believe :
 Then, then let it spread
 Thy knowledge and dread,
 Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
 And the universe fill'd with the glory of God."

In this spirit of grateful and holy exultation Mr. Charles Wesley took his leave of Cornwall, and returned to London, preaching at Plymouth, Tavistock, Bristol, and several other places on his way. In Cornwall, it will be perceived, he found that all the societies had been severely tried by persecution ; the Preachers having been torn from them, and committed to prison, for the purpose of being sent into the army or navy. Under these circumstances a new class of labourers had been raised up, in almost every place, bearing the name of Exhorters. They did not preach, in the usual sense of that term ; but held meetings for prayer, and addressed the people on the subject of religion, giving them requisite encouragement and admonition, and calling " them that were without " to repentance. In this he saw the hand of God, raising up instruments to carry on his own work ; the Exhorters being generally men of superior sense, and of unquestionable piety. By the labours of these men the societies were kept together, and in some instances enlarged,

when scarcely a Preacher was left at liberty in the whole county; being seized by Constables, dragged to prison, and committed to the custody of military officers, and Captains of men-of-war, for the King's service. Thus the work was carried on, in despite of opposition, till persecutors themselves, if not convinced, saw their efforts to be hopeless, and agreed to "refrain from these men, and let them alone."

On Mr. Charles Wesley's arrival in London, Thomas Williams, the miserable man who, a few months before, had invented the most infamous falsehoods, for the purpose of ruining his character, and that of his brother, waited upon him to solicit pecuniary relief. He stated that the Bishop of London had agreed to ordain him as a Missionary; and he wanted the means, in the mean while, of paying a visit to his father. "I got Mr. Watkins to assist him," says Charles, "although his promises of repentance had little weight with me." Whether the man now spoke the truth, or not, we have no means of ascertaining. Mr. Charles Wesley relieved him, though he had little confidence in the man's veracity.

A few days after his return to London, Mr. Charles Wesley paid a visit to the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham in Kent, which led to the formation of an intimate and confidential friendship with that very intelligent, pious, and amiable man. Mr. Perronet was, on his father's side, of Swiss descent, though he was born in London, where his father then lived. His mother was an English lady. He was educated at the University of Oxford; in his younger years was greatly addicted to metaphysical studies; and soon after his settlement at Shoreham wrote in defence of Locke, against Bishops Butler and Browne. Having heard partial and exaggerated accounts of the Wesleys, he entertained an unfavourable opinion concerning them; but his views were greatly changed by a conversation with Mr. Watkins, a member of the Methodist society in London, who was on a visit to the neighbourhood of Shoreham. It is probable that this was the Mr. Watkins who is mentioned in the preceding paragraph, and who was one of the two men that advised Mr. Wesley to engage the Foundery as a place of worship, and supplied him with the necessary funds. In consequence

of the information received from Mr. Watkins, Mr. Perronet expressed a wish to be acquainted with Mr. John and Charles Wesley. John was accordingly introduced to him on the 14th of August, 1744. Under this date he says, "Mr. Piers rode over with me to Shoreham, and introduced me to Mr. Perronet. I hope to have cause of blessing God for ever, for the acquaintance begun this day."

From this time Mr. Perronet's religious character was decidedly improved. He entered fully into those views of divine truth which the Wesleys inculcated, and became a spiritual and holy man. Two of his sons were afterwards Itinerant Preachers; he wrote various tracts in defence of the Wesleyan tenets; to him Mr. Wesley's "Plain Account of the People called Methodists" was originally addressed; and to the end of his very protracted life he was the cordial friend, and the wise adviser, of Mr. John and Charles Wesley, under all their public and domestic cares.

Mr. Charles Wesley thus speaks of his first visit to this upright and liberal man:—"Sept. 16th, 1746. I set out in a chaise, with Mr. Edward Perronet, Mr. Watkins, and others, for Shoreham. I preached in our way at Sevenoaks, where we were much threatened, but nothing hurt. At Shoreham Mr. Green read prayers. As soon as I began preaching, the wild beasts began roaring, stamping, blaspheming, ringing the bells, and turning the church into a bear-garden. I spoke on for half an hour, though only the nearest could hear. The rioters followed us to Mr. Perronet's house, raging, threatening, and throwing stones. Charles Perronet hung over me to intercept my blows. They continued their uproar after we were housed. Our sisters from Sevenoaks feared to go home: but our Lord, in some time, scattered the beasts of the people, so that they escaped unhurt."

Edward Perronet, who conducted Mr. Charles Wesley to Shoreham, and Charles, who so generously attempted to shield him from the blows of the rioters, were the sons of the Vicar, who afterwards became Travelling Preachers. Mr. Charles Wesley appears to have taken Edward back again with him to London; for a few days after his return, he says in his journal, "I prayed with Edward Perronet, just on the point of receiving faith."

At this period the nation was called to acknowledge the goodness of God in its deliverance from the calamity of civil war. Flushed by their early successes in Scotland, the rebels resolved, if possible, to proceed directly to London, for the purpose of dethroning the King. Having passed through Carlisle, Manchester, and other intermediate places, as far as Derby, they held a council of war, and resolved to return. William Duke of Cumberland pursued them at the head of the King's troops, and at length succeeded in bringing them to a general engagement at Culloden, near Inverness, where they sustained a complete defeat, and the hopes of the Pretender were annihilated. Most of the rebel chiefs, who had joined him, were either brought to punishment, or fled to France; to which country he himself also made his escape. The battle of Culloden was fought on the 16th of April; and the day of public thanksgiving was October 9th. It was a day of pious and solid joy to all sound-hearted Protestants; and many loyal sermons were preached and published on the occasion. In the expression of gratitude to God, and of unfeigned attachment to the reigning family, the Methodist congregations were behind no class of their fellow-citizens. Mr. John Wesley says, "The day of public thanksgiving for the victory of Culloden was to us a day of solemn joy." Mr. Charles Wesley preached. "The Foundery was filled," says he, "at four in the morning. I spoke from those words, 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?' Our hearts were melted by the long-suffering love of God, whose power we felt disposing us to the true thanksgiving. It was a day of solemn rejoicing. O that from this moment all our rebellions against God might cease!"

This was not the only service that Mr. Charles Wesley rendered to the good cause of Protestant loyalty upon this most interesting occasion. He composed seven "hymns for the public thanksgiving-day," and printed them for general circulation, and especially for the use of the Methodist congregations. They are all of a thoroughly Protestant character, are written with singular strength of thought and expression, and must at the time have produced a strong sensation. The writer evidently felt that the nation had passed a momentous crisis; France and Spain having been ready to aid the design of placing the British crown upon

the head of a slave of Papal Rome. The first and third of these compositions are subjoined as a specimen.

Britons, rejoice, the Lord is King !
 The Lord of hosts and nations sing,
 Whose arm hath now your foes o'erthrown ;
 Ascribe to God the praise alone ;
 The Giver of success proclaim,
 And shout your thanks in Jesu's name !

'Twas not a feeble arm of ours,
 Which chased the fierce contending powers ;
 Jehovah turn'd the scale of fight ;
 Jehovah quell'd their boasted might,
 And knapp'd their spears, and broke their swords,
 And show'd—*the battle is the LORD's*.

He beckon'd to the savage band,
 And bade them sweep through *half* the land :
 The savage band their terror spread,
 With Rome and Satan at their head,
 But, stopp'd by his almighty breath,
 Rush'd back—into the arms of death !

Thou, Lord, alone hast laid them low,
 In pieces dash'd the' invading foe !
 Thy breath, which did their fury raise,
 Hath quench'd, at once, the sudden blaze,
 Destroy'd the weapons of thine ire,
 And cast the rods into the fire.

O that we all might see the hand
 Which still protects a guilty land ;
 Glory and strength ascribe to thee,
 Who giv'st to Kings the victory ;
 And yield, while yet thy Spirit strives,
 And thank thee with our hearts and lives !

O that we might to God rejoice,
 And tremble at thy Mercy's voice ;
 Nor fondly dream the danger past,
 While yet *our own* rebellions last !
 O that our wars with heaven might cease,
 And all receive the Prince of Peace !

Or if, before the scourge return,
 The thankless crowd disdains to mourn,
 Yet, Lord, with reverential joy,
 We vow for thee *our* all to' employ,
 And bless thee for the kind reprieve,
 And to our Saviour's glory live !

Long as thou lengthenest out our days,
 We live to testify thy grace ;
 Secure beneath thy Mercy's wings,
 We triumph in the King of kings,
 The Giver of success proclaim,
 And shout our thanks in Jesu's name.

Still let us, in our rising song,
 Pursue the wild, rebellious throng,
 With tenfold rage and fury fired,
 With all the zeal of hell inspired,
 The sons of Rome and Satan see,
 And trace them to their destiny.

Bold they return to sure success,
 Whom all *the Saints* conspire to bless,
 Supported by their friends *beneath*,
 In covenant with hell and death ;
 And Spanish gold, and Gallic pride,
 And *hol Church*, is on their side.

See how they fly to set us free
 From all our *northern heresy*,
 Our feuds and grievances to heal,
 And purge the land with northern steel,
 Bring back to their infernal god,
 And rebaptize us in our blood.

Bent to devour the total prey,
 They leave our troops an open way,
 An uncontested passage yield,
 And draw their conquerors to the field,
 And, sworn our ruin to secure,
 They make their own destruction sure.

Lo! the audacious hopes of Rome
 Rush headlong to their instant doom ;
 Slaughter and threats the aliens breathe
 Nor see the Lord of life and death,
 Till struck with lightning from his eye,
 They fear, they turn, they fall, they die !

How are the mighty fallen ! dead !
 Who fill'd our conscious land with dread !
 Perish'd the keenest tools of war,
 The crafty caught in their own snare,
 And Antichrist robb'd of his plea,
 His blind infallibility !

'Twas not the *number* of our hosts,
 That baffled all their furious boasts ;
Our wisdom did not cast them down ;
 Our courage, Lord, was not *our own* ;
 From thee the sacred ardour came,
 And William breathed a heavenly flame !

O let him thankfully submit
 To lay his laurels at thy feet,
 By faith a Christian hero stand,
 And hang on thine all-ruling hand,
 Supporter of his father's throne,
 Upheld himself by thee alone !

Give him, and us, and all, to see
 Our strength and life secured in thee,
 By whom thy dread vicegerents reign,
 And righteous Kings their sway maintain ;
 Assured, who on thy love depend,
 Their God and Maker is their Friend.

O that we all may seek and find
 The Saviour, Friend of human kind,
 People and Prince be still employ'd
 To' ensure the lasting peace of God ;
 And strive till all obtain above
 Eternal rest in Jesu's love !

On the morning after the day of public thanksgiving Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I set out for Newcastle, with my young companion and friend, Edward Perronet, whose heart the Lord hath given me. His family were kept from us so long, by their mistaken notion, that we were against the Church." Three days after he had commenced this journey he says, "Riding on, I had a narrow escape. A man discharged a gun just over my head, and shot a bird on the opposite hedge, which fell dead at my feet. The shot flew within a few inches of my face. One of our company told us, his father had been killed by such an accident."

Having preached at Quinton, Evesham, Birmingham, and Tipton-Green, he came to Penkridge, "at the invitation of a brother." Here he was encouraged by the success of his ministry, and had to encounter that kind of opposition with which he had long been familiar. He says, speaking of "the brother" who accompanied him, "He comforted my heart on the way by informing me, that his father, aged seventy, and

a great opposer lately, had come last night to the preaching, and returned to his house justified." He adds, "We were hardly set down when the sons of Belial beset the house, and beat at the door. I ordered it to be set open, and immediately they filled the house. I sat still in the midst of them for half an hour. Edward Perronet I was a little concerned for, lest such rough treatment, at his first setting out, should daunt him; but he abounded in valour, and was for reasoning with the wild beasts before they had spent any of their violence. He got a deal of abuse thereby, and not a little dirt, both which he took very patiently.

"I had no design to preach; but being called upon by so unexpected a congregation, I rose at last, and read the first words I met: 'When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall He sit upon the throne of his glory.' While I reasoned with them of judgment to come, they grew calmer by little and little. I then spake to them one by one, till the Lord had disarmed them all. One who stood out the longest, I held by the hand, and urged with the love of Christ crucified, till, in spite of both his natural and diabolical courage, he trembled like a leaf. I was constrained to break out into earnest prayer for him; and surely the Lord heard and answered. Our leopards were all become lambs; and very kind we were at parting. Near midnight the house was clear and quiet. We gave thanks to the God of our salvation, and slept in peace. I rose, much refreshed, at four, and preached to a house full of listening souls.

"Oct. 21st. I preached at Dewsbury, where John Nelson had gathered many stray sheep. The Minister did not condemn them unheard, but talked with the persons wrought upon, and narrowly examined into the doctrine taught them, and its effect on their lives. When he found that as many as had been affected by the preaching were evidently reformed, and brought to church and sacrament, he testified his approbation of the work, and rejoiced that sinners were converted unto God.

"At Leeds I called a lamb-like multitude to repentance. Many of the society were unable to suppress their concern. Others, who had more power over themselves, were no less deeply affected. Wednesday, Oct. 22d, I preached in a yard

at Keighley, on, 'God so loved the world,' &c. Here also is the promise of a plentiful harvest. I went on to Haworth, and called upon Mr. Grimshaw, a faithful Minister of Christ, and found him and his wife ill of a fever. She had been a great opposer, but lately convinced. His soul was full of triumphant love. I wished mine in its place. We prayed believingly that the Lord would raise him up again for the service of his church. I read prayers, and expounded Isaiah xxxv. All listened; many wept; some received comfort. I returned, and exhorted the steady society at Keighley. We lay at a public-house; and I slept, in spite of the serenaders, who entertained my fellow-traveller till the morning."

Mr. Grimshaw, with whom Mr. Charles Wesley appears at this time to have commenced a personal acquaintance, was a Clergyman of a somewhat extraordinary character. He was born at Brindle, near Preston, in Lancashire, and educated at Oxford for the sacred office, of the nature and responsibilities of which, for some time after he had entered upon it, he had no just conception. In early life he was under the influence of religious impressions; but these had long been obliterated from his mind; and he became a drunkard, a profane swearer, and in every respect an ungodly man. In this state he was appointed to a curacy, and entrusted with the care of souls. For about six years he was a blind leader of the blind; filling up the measure of his own iniquities, and guiding the people in the broad way that leadeth to destruction. By the mercy of God his religious convictions again returned. The fearful amount of guilt which he had contracted pressed heavily upon his conscience, and the evils of his own nature held him in bondage, so that he "could not do the things that he would." Though professedly a teacher of others, he was "ignorant of God's righteousness," and sought in vain to obtain salvation from sin by the works of the law. For fifteen months he groaned under the terrors of an awakened conscience, till at length life became a burden, and he was strongly tempted to put an end to it by his own hand. Under very singular and peculiar circumstances he was led to see that it is not the righteous, but the ungodly, whom the Almighty justifies; and that not by the merit of their own works, but by faith in the sacrifice of Christ. A strong representation being made to his mind

of the Lord Jesus dying in his stead, and interceding with God in his behalf, he believed with the heart unto righteousness, and found permanent rest to his soul.

At this time he had no acquaintance with the Methodists; but having been led to entertain the views of divine truth which they held, and to enjoy the salvation of which they also were the happy partakers, he resembled them in the leading features of his character, and adopted such plans of usefulness as they employed under the constraining power of the love of Christ. He travelled through the surrounding country, among a rude, ignorant, and neglected people, calling them to repentance, and everywhere insisting upon the absolute and universal necessity of the new birth. Of the Wesleys and Mr. Whitefield he became a decided friend; and to the end of his life he laboured with most exemplary zeal, and with corresponding success, in turning men to righteousness.

Leaving the west of Yorkshire, Mr. Charles Wesley went directly to Newcastle, where his young friend, Edward Perrotet, was seized with an affliction which for a time created considerable alarm. Under the date of Sunday, October 26th, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "My companion was taken ill of a fever. We prayed for him in strong faith, nothing doubting. Monday and Tuesday he grew worse. On Wednesday the small-pox appeared; a favourable sort; yet on Thursday evening we were much alarmed by the great pain and danger he was in. We had recourse to our never-failing remedy, and received a most remarkable, immediate answer to our prayer. The great means of his recovery was the prayer of faith.

"Oct. 31st. I rode to Wickham, where the Curate sent his love to me; with a message that he was glad of my coming, and obliged to me for endeavouring to do good among his people; for none wanted it more; and he heartily wished me good luck in the name of the Lord. He came with another Clergyman, and stayed both preaching and society. It was the exemplary behaviour of our society, with the deaths of two or three, which convinced the Ministers that this new sect, everywhere spoken against, is no other than the sect of the Nazarenes, or real Christians.

"Nov. 2d. I preached in the street, close to the Popish

chapel, from Isaiah i. 9, 'Except the Lord of hosts had left us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah.' I put them in mind of their late consternation and deliverance, in answer to the mourning, praying few. God gave weight to my words, which therefore sunk into their hearts. Many in the place, I am persuaded, will thank him with their lives, and not be terrified when the scourge returns.

"Nov. 3d. Prayer has been made to God without ceasing for my young man, and God hath showed He heard. To-day the small-pox turned, and he is better than we could hope in so short a time. It is the Lord's doing, who has given him to His church. Whether he has not also received the sense of his pardon in his sickness, let his life rather than my words witness.

"Nov. 4th. I preached at Biddick, on, 'How shall I give thee up, Ephraim?' and the numerous congregation were dissolved in tears. At one I spoke from those words, 'Lord, when thy hand is lifted up, they will not see; but they shall see,' &c. Again my voice was drowned in the general sorrow. We poured out a prayer while His chastening was upon us, and all lay at His feet weeping. At night many followed the example of the importunate widow.

"Nov. 9th. I was very sensible of the hard frost in riding to Burnup-field; but did not feel it while calling a crowd of sinners to repentance. At my return I found Edward Perronet rejoicing in the love of God.

"Nov. 23d. At night I could not preach through the usual uproar, but only exhort the society, to which I admitted the backsliders.

"Nov. 24th. They were greatly moved under the morning word. We observed the day as a day of humiliation. We had a solemn hour of prayer with the mourners. God did not manifest himself so much in joy and comfort, as in power and firmness, which he put into our hearts against sin.

"Nov. 27th. I rode to Hexham, at the pressing instance of Mr. Wardrobe, a Dissenting Minister, and others. I walked straight to the market-place, and began calling sinners to repentance. A multitude of them stood staring at me, but all quiet. The Lord opened my mouth, and they drew nearer and nearer, stole off their hats, and listened.

None offered to interrupt, but one unfortunate 'Squire, who could get none to second him. His servants and the Constables hid themselves. One he did find, and bade him go take me down. The poor Constable simply answered, 'Sir, I cannot have the face to do it; for what harm does he do?' Several Papists attended, and the Church Minister, who had refused me his pulpit with indignation. However, he came to hear with his own ears; and I wish all who hang us first would, like him, try us afterwards.

"I walked back to Mr. Ord's, through the people, who acknowledged, 'It was the truth; and none can speak against it.' A Constable followed, and told me, 'Sir Edward Blacket orders you to *disperse* the town,' (*depart* I suppose he meant,) and not raise a disturbance there.' I sent my respects to Sir Edward, and said, if he would give me leave, I would wait upon him, and satisfy him. He soon returned with an answer, that Sir Edward would have nothing to say to me; but if I preached again, and raised a disturbance, he would put the law in execution against me. I replied, I was not conscious of breaking any law of God or man; but if I did, I was ready to suffer the penalty; that, as I had not given notice of preaching again at the Cross, I should not preach again *at that place*, or cause disturbance anywhere. I charged the Constable, a trembling, submissive soul, to assure his Worship, I revered him for his office sake.

"The only place I could get to preach in was a cockpit; and I expected Satan would come, and fight me on his own ground. 'Squire Roberts, the Justice's son, laboured hard to raise a mob; (for whose riot I was to answer;) but with a strong hand did our Lord hold down him that is in the world. The very boys ran away from him, when the poor 'Squire persuaded them to go down to the cockpit, and cry 'Fire.' I called, in words then first heard in that place, 'Repent, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.' God struck the hard rock, and the waters gushed out. Never have I seen a people more desirous at the first hearing. I passed the evening in conference with Mr. Wardrobe. O that all our Dissenting brethren were like-minded! then would all dissensions cease for ever.

"Nov. 28th. At six we assembled again in our chapel, the cockpit. I imagined myself in the Pantheon, or some

heathen temple, and almost scrupled preaching there at first ; but we found, ‘the earth is the Lord’s and the fulness thereof.’ His presence consecrated the place. Never have I seen a greater awe, or sense of God, than while we were repeating his own prayer. I set before their eyes Christ crucified, and crying from the cross, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ The rocks were melted into gracious tears. We knew not how to part. I distributed some books among them, which they received with the utmost eagerness, begged me to come again, and to send our Preachers to them.

“Nov. 30th. I went into the streets of Newcastle, and called the poor, the lame, the halt, the blind, with that precious promise, ‘Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out.’ They had no feeling of the sharp frost, while the love of Christ warmed their hearts. I took my leave of the weeping flock at Burnup in that of Jude, ‘Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling,’ &c. Nothing can be more comfortable than our parting, except our last meeting to part no more. I preached before the usual time at Newcastle : yet the mob paid their usual attendance ; our Lord still permitting them to try us.

“Dec. 10th. I waked between three and four in a temper I have rarely felt on my birth-day. My joy and thankfulness continued the whole day, to my astonishment. I rode to Hexham, and preached, at the Cross, repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ. All opposition was kept down, and the Lord was with us of a truth. At four I attempted to preach at the cockpit. Satan resented it, and sent, as his champions to maintain his cause, the two butlers of the two Justices. They brought their cocks, and set them a fighting. I gave them the ground, and walked straight to the Cross, where we had four times as many as the other place could hold. Our enemies followed, and strove all the ways permitted them to annoy us. Neither their fire-works, nor their water-works, could stop the course of the Gospel. I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and many had ears to hear.

“Dec. 19th. I took my leave of the dear people at the cockpit. I called upon Mr. —, at Wickham, whose countenance was changed. He had been with the Bishop, who

forbade his conversing with me. I marvel the prohibition did not come sooner."

The following very spirited hymn was written by Mr. Charles Wesley "after preaching to the Newcastle colliers;" and most probably during his present visit to that town. Under the date of Sunday, Nov. 30th, it will be observed, he uses in his journal the phrasology upon which the hymn is founded. On that day he preached in one of the streets of Newcastle to listening crowds, who forgot the sharpness of the frost while engaged in the worship of God, and hearing the word of life and mercy.

Ye neighbours, and friends of Jesus, draw near ;
His love condescends, by titles so dear,
To call and invite you his triumph to prove,
And freely delight you in Jesus's love.

The Shepherd who died his sheep to redeem,
On every side are gather'd to Him
The weary and burden'd, the reprobate race,
And wait to be pardon'd through Jesus's grace.

The publicans all, and sinners, draw near,
They come at his call their Saviour to hear,
Lamenting and mourning their sin is so great,
And daily returning, they fall at his feet.

The poor and the blind, the halt and the lame,
Are willing to find in Jesus's name
Their help and salvation ; which still they receive :
There's no condemnation to them that believe.

The drunkards, and thieves, and harlots return ;
For Him that receives poor sinners they mourn :
The common blasphemers on Jesus doth call,
His loving Redeemer, who suffer'd for all.

The outcasts of men their Saviour pursue ;
In horror and pain the profligate crew
Cry out for a Saviour, a Saviour unknown,
And look to find favour through mercy alone.

They seek Him, and find ; they ask, and receive
The Friend of mankind, who bids them believe :
On Jesus they venture, his gift they embrace,
And forcibly enter his kingdom of grace.

The blind are restored through Jesus's name,
 They see their dear Lord, and follow the Lamb ;
 The halt, they are walking, and running their race ;
 The dumb, they are talking of Jesus's praise.

The deaf hear his voice, and comforting word ;
 It bids them rejoice in Jesus their Lord :
 " Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art ;"
 They listen, and heaven springs up in their heart.

The lepers from all their spots are made clean ;
 The dead by his call are raised from their sin ;
 In Jesu's compassion the sick find a cure ;
 And Gospel salvation is preach'd to the poor.

To us and to them is publish'd the word ;
 Then let us proclaim our life-giving Lord,
 Who now is reviving his work in our days,
 And mightily striving to save us by grace.

O Jesus, ride on till all are subdued ;
 Thy mercy make known, and sprinkle thy blood ;
 Display thy salvation, and teach the new song,
 To every nation, and people, and tongue.

The very animated and emphatic hymn beginning,—

“ See how great a flame aspires,
 Kindled by a spark of grace,”

was also written by Mr. Charles Wesley, on the joyful occasion of his ministerial success, and that of his fellow-labourers, in Newcastle and its vicinity. Perhaps the imagery was suggested by the large fires connected with the collieries, which illuminate the whole of that part of the country in the darkest nights.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. CHARLES WESLEY entered upon the year 1747 with a zeal which shunned no labour, feared no reproach, and met every form of opposition with meekness and unswerving fidelity. Much persecution he had already endured, in various parts of the kingdom, especially from misguided mobs, sometimes urged to deeds of violence by Clergymen, and even by Magistrates, as well as by their own misconception and hatred of the truth. Perils equally formidable still awaited him in various directions; yet he cheerfully went, in the name of his great Master, wherever the wants of the people required his aid, and the providence of God pointed out his way. From Newcastle he travelled to Lincolnshire, and was rudely treated at Grimsby, where he forced unwelcome truth upon the attention of many who were in love with error and sin.

“ Jan. 6th, 1747. We got to Grimsby,” says he, “ by three, saluted by the shouting mob. At six I began speaking at the room; and the floods lifted up their voice. Several poor wild creatures, almost naked, ran about the room, striking down all they met. I gave myself to prayer, believing God knew how to deliver us. The uproar lasted near an hour, when I told the poor wretches that I shook off the dust of my feet against them. Several of them caught at me, to drag me down. Others interposed, and kept their companions off. I laid my hand on their captain; and he sat down like a lamb at my feet the whole time. One struck at me, and J. Crawford received my blow, which left on his face the mark of the Lord Jesus. Another of the rebels cried out, ‘ What, you dog, do you strike a Clergyman?’ and fell upon his comrade. Immediately every man’s hand was against his fellow. They fell to fighting and beating one another, till, in a few minutes, they had all driven one another out of the room. I then preached without molestation for half an hour, and walked into the next room. I stayed reading the Scrip-

ture, while the rioters at the door cried they would come in, and take their leave of me. I ordered them to be admitted; and the poor drunken beasts were very civil, and very loving. One of the ringleaders, with a great club, swore he would conduct me to my lodgings. I followed him, and he led me through his fellows, to our brother Blow's. They threw but one stone afterwards, which broke the windows, and departed.

“Jan. 7th. All was quiet at five. I met the society, and expelled two disorderly walkers, by reason of whom the truth had been evil spoken of. Immediately the Lord returned to his people, and began reviving his work, which had been stopped among them some time. At eight I preached again, no man opposing. I heard an excellent sermon at church, it being the national fast-day. I preached repentance the third time at the room, where many of the rioters stood bound by the restraining hand of God. God never lets Satan shut the door in one place, but that it may be opened in another. The violence of our enemies at night drove us to preach in the neighbouring towns, where the seed fell into good ground.

“Jan. 8th. I preached at Grimsby in the morning, and strongly exhorted our society to adorn the Gospel of Christ in all things. At parting, our friend the rabble saluted us with a few eggs and curses only. At Hainton I set forth Jesus Christ before their eyes, as crucified. My congregation was mostly Papists; but they all wept at hearing how Jesus loved them.

“Jan. 9th. I talked severally with the little society, who are as sheep encompassed with wolves. Their Minister has repelled them from the sacrament, and laboured to stir up all the town against them. And they would have worried them to death, had not the great man of the place, a professed Papist, hindered these good Protestants from destroying their innocent brethren. By three I came safe to Epworth, and was received by Edward Perronet and the brethren as one alive from the dead.”

From Epworth Mr. Charles Wesley went to Sikehouse, Leeds, Birstal, and Haworth. At the last of these places he preached in a large house, which was not sufficient to contain the people who came to hear; Mr. Grimshaw being afraid to

allow him the use of his church. He lodged, however, at the house of his "dear brother Grimshaw;" and the next morning he says, "I told my host at parting, that he had feared where no fear was; there being no law, either of God or man, against his lending me his pulpit. He was much ashamed at having given place to his threatening enemies. I set out to preach in what were called William Darney's societies; and preached at different places, morning, noon, and night, with much freedom."

Mr. Charles Wesley next proceeded to Manchester, and thence to various places in Derbyshire, to Sheffield, Rotherham, Penkridge, Darlaston, Wednesbury, and London. At Sheffield, he says, "The rioters threatened much, but did nothing." Concerning some other places, he makes the following observations:—

"Feb. 1st. I rode to Rotherham, where I had been stoned through the town, the first time of my passing it. I heard a curious sermon, of which I was the unworthy subject. The accuser of the brethren was very fierce indeed. I sat quite composed till he had concluded; then walked up to the table, expecting to be repelled, as he had threatened. I prayed the Lord to turn his heart; and he was not suffered to pass me by. From church I went to our brother Green's, and preached repentance, and faith in Jesus Christ. Many of the principal people of the town were in a private room. The convincing Spirit went forth, and restrained the madness of the people. I departed in peace.

"I warned the hardened sinners at Sheffield, from those awful words, 'Except the Lord of hosts had left us a very small remnant, we should have been as Sodom, and like unto Gomorrah.' He filled my mouth with judgments against the people, except they repent, which I trembled to utter. So did most who heard, particularly some of our fiercest persecutors. I found relief and satisfaction in having delivered my own soul, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear. I repeated my warning to the society; and believe they will escape into the ark before the flood comes.

"Feb. 2d. I never met with worse way and weather, than in riding to Penkridge. About eight at night I was taken down from my horse, and found the congregation just going. The Lord gave me strength from above, though I could

neither stand nor go, and held me up to call lost sinners to him. I rode the next day to Wednesbury.

“ Feb. 5th. I baptized the child of a Dissenter, which their Minister refused to do, because the parents heard us. I preached at Darlaston, at the door of our brother Jones’s house, which had been pulled down in the former riot. The persecutors in this place were some of the fiercest in Staffordshire. I saw the marks of their violence, and thereby knew our people’s houses, as I rode through the town. Their windows were all stopped up, &c. The word was a two-edged sword. The ringleader of the mob was struck down, and convinced of his lost estate. I preached again with double power. The Minister’s wife I had some talk with afterwards. Her husband has been, in the hand of God, an instrument of quelling the mob. They have been all quiet since their captain drowned himself.

“ Feb. 8th. At Wednesbury I expounded Acts ii. 42. The word was sent home to many hearts. Feb. 10th, God brought me safe to London.

“ Feb. 17th. I heard of our second house being pulled down at Sheffield, and sympathized with the sufferers. Every day this week our Lord has given testimony to the word of his grace.

“ Feb. 23d. I set out with Mr. Meriton for Bristol. Feb. 24th, between three and four in the afternoon we came to Mr. Clarke’s at the Devizes. I found his daughter there, our sister Taylor, (who has won him to Christ without the word,) and a sister from Bath. We soon perceived that our enemies had taken the alarm, and were mustering their forces for the battle. They began with ringing the bells backward, and running to and fro in the streets, as lions roaring for their prey. From the time my brother told me in London, ‘ There was no such thing as raising a mob at the Devizes,’ I had a full expectation of what would follow ; but saw my call, and walked with my brother Meriton and M. Naylor to a house where the society used to meet.

“ The Curate’s mob had been in quest of me at several places, particularly Mrs. Phillips’s, where I was expected to preach. They broke open and ransacked her house, but not finding me, marched away to our brother Rogers’s, where we were praying, and exhorting one another to continue in the

faith, and through much tribulation enter the kingdom. The chief gentleman of the town headed the mob ; and the zealous Curate, Mr. Innys, stood with them in the street the whole time, dancing for joy. This is he who declared in the pulpit, as well as from house to house, that he himself heard me preach blasphemy before the University, and tell them, ‘ If you do not receive the Holy Ghost while I breathe upon you, ye are all damned.’ He had gone about several days, stirring up the people, and canvassing the gentry for their vote and interest ; but could not raise a mob while my brother was here. The hour of darkness was not then fully come.

“ While his friends were assaulting us, I thought of their ancient brethren, whom we read of Gen. xix. 4: ‘ Before they lay down, the men of the city, even the men of Sodom, compassed the house about, both young and old, all the people from every quarter. And they called upon Lot, and said unto him, Where are the men that came unto thee this night? Bring them out unto us.’ My own name I heard frequently repeated, with, ‘ Bring him out ! Bring him out !’ Their design was first to throw me into the horse-pond. They continued raging and threatening the first hour, and pressed hard upon us to break the door. The windows they did break to pieces, and tore down the shutters of the shop. The little flock were less afraid than I expected. Only one of our sisters fainted away ; but beneath were the everlasting arms. Our besiegers had now blocked up the door with a waggon, and set up lights, lest I should escape. Yet a brother got out unobserved, and with much entreaty prevailed upon the Mayor to come down. He came, with two Constables, one a faithful brother, the other a persecutor, and threatened the rioters ; but so softly, that none regarded him. It was the Lord who for the present rebuked the madness of the people. They hurried away from us to the inn, where our horses were ; broke open the stable-door, and turned out the beasts, which were found some hours after in a pond, up to their chin in water. We were at a loss, meantime, what to do, when God put it into the heart of our next-door neighbour, a Baptist, to take us through a passage into his own house, offer us his bed, and engage for our security. We accepted his kindness, and slept in peace.

“ Feb. 25th. A day never to be forgotten ! At seven I

walked quietly to Mrs. Phillips's; began preaching a little before the time appointed; and for three quarters of an hour invited a few listening sinners to Christ. Then the boys, with their bells, like the devil's infantry, began; and soon after his whole army assaulted the house, to bring us forth. We sat in a little ground-room, and ordered all the doors to be thrown open. They brought a hand-engine, and began to play into the house. We kept our seats, and they rushed into the passage. Just then Mr. Borough, the Constable, came, seized upon the spout of the engine, and carried it off in spite of them all. They swore if he did not deliver it, they would pull down the house. At that time they might have taken us prisoners; for we were in their sight, close to them, and none to interpose; but they hurried out to fetch the larger engine.

“ Meantime we were advised to send to Mr. Mayor; but Mr. Mayor was gone out of town in the sight of the people. This was great encouragement to those who were already wrought up to a proper pitch by the pains-taking Curate and gentlemen of the town, particularly Mr. Sutton, and Mr. Willey, the two leading men, Dissenters. Mr. Sutton lived next door, and frequently came out to the mob, to keep up their spirits. Mr. Innys was there too, and quite happy on the occasion. Mr. Sutton sent word to Mrs. Phillips, that if she did not turn that fellow out to the mob, he would send them to drag him out. Mr. Willey passed by again and again, assuring the rioters, he would stand by them, and secure them from the law, do what they would.

“ They now began playing the larger engine, which broke the windows, flooded the rooms, and spoiled the goods. We were withdrawn to a small upper room, in the back part of the house, *seeing* no way to escape their violence. They seemed under the full power of the old murderer. Our brother who keeps the society they laid hold on first; dragged him away, and threw him into the horse-pond; and broke his back, as was reported. But another of the society ran in resolutely among them, and rescued him out of their hands, by little less than a miracle. His wife fell into fits again.

“ We gave ourselves unto prayer, believing the Lord would deliver us; how or when we saw not, nor any possible way of escaping. Therefore we stood still, to see the salvation of

God. As soon as the mob had emptied the engine, they ran to fill it again, keeping strict watch on all sides lest we should escape. One advised to attempt it through the garden of a persecutor; and I put on my coat on purpose; but could not think it the Lord's way of bringing us forth. I laid aside the design, and saw a troop of our enemies coming up the very way we should have gone.

“Every now and then some or other of our friends would venture to us, but rather weakened our hands, so that we were forced to stop our ears, and look up. Among the rest, the Mayor's maid came, and told us her mistress was in tears about me, and begged me to disguise myself in women's clothes, and try to make my escape. Her heart had been turned towards us by the conversion of her son. Just on the brink of ruin, God laid his hand upon the poor prodigal; and, instead of running away to sea, he entered into the society, to the great joy and surprise of his parents.

“The rioters without continued playing their engine, which diverted them for some time; but their number and fierceness still increased; and the gentlemen plied them with pitchers of ale, as much as they would drink. Mr. Meriton hid his money and watch, that they might do good to somebody, he said; for, as to the mob, they should have nothing of him, but his carcase. They were now on the point of breaking in, when Mr. Borough thought of reading the Proclamation. He did so at the hazard of his life. In less than the hour, of above one thousand wild beasts, none were left but the guard. They retreated, as we suppose, by the advice of the old serpent, who sat observing us at an opposite house, in the shape of a Lawyer. We had now stood siege for about three hours; and none but the Invisible Hand could have kept them one moment from tearing us in pieces. Our Constable had applied to Mr. Street, the only Justice in town, who would not act. We found there was no help in man, which drove us closer to the Lord; and we prayed by his Spirit, with little intermission, the whole day.

“Our enemies, at their return, made their main assault, at the back-door, swearing horribly they would have me, if it cost them their lives. Many seeming accidents concurred to delay their breaking in. The man of the house came home, and, instead of turning me out, as they expected, took part

with us, and stemmed the tide for some time. Then they got a notion that I had made my escape, and ran down to the inn, and played their engine there. They forced the innkeeper to turn out our horses, which he immediately sent to Mr. Clarke's. This drew the rabble and their engine thither; but the resolute old man charged and presented his gun till they retreated.

“ Upon their revisiting us, Mr. Meriton was for surrendering ourselves before the night came on, which, he said, would make them more audacious; and that there might be witness of whatever they did by daylight. But I persuaded him to wait till the Lord should point out the way. Now we stood in jeopardy every moment. Such threatenings, curses, and blasphemies I had never heard. They seemed kept out by a constant miracle. I remembered the Roman Senate sitting in the Forum when the Gauls broke in upon them; but thought there was a fitter posture for Christians, and told our companions, they should take us off our knees.

“ We were kept from all hurry and discomposure of spirit by a divine power resting upon us. We prayed and conversed as freely as if we had been in the midst of our brethren; and had great confidence that the Lord would either deliver us from the danger, or in it. One of my companions, M. N., cried out, ‘ It must be so. God will deliver us. If God is true, we are safe.’ I told my friend Meriton,

Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit ;

that our most distant friends were praying for us; and our deliverance would soon occasion many thanksgivings unto God. In the height of the storm, when we were just falling into the hands of the drunken, enraged multitude, he was so little disturbed, that he fell fast asleep. They were now close to us, on every side, and over our heads, untiling the roof. I was diverted by a little girl, who called to me through the door, ‘ Mr. Wesley! Mr. Wesley! creep under the bed! They will kill you. They are pulling down the house.’ Our sister Taylor's faith was just failing, when a ruffian cried out, ‘ Here they are, behind the curtain!’ At this time we fully expected their appearance, and retired to the furthest corner of the room; and I said, ‘ This is the crisis!’ In

that moment Jesus rebuked the winds and seas, and there was a great calm. We heard not a breath without, and wondered what was come to them. The silence lasted for three quarters of an hour before any one came near us; and we continued in mutual exhortation and prayer, looking for deliverance. If ever we felt faith, it was now. Our souls hung upon that arm which divided the sea. I often told my companions, 'Now God is at work for us. He is contriving our escape. He can turn these leopards into lambs; can command the Heathen to bring his children on their shoulders; and make our fiercest enemies the instruments of our deliverance.'

"In about an hour after the last general assault, the answer of faith came, and God made bare his arm. Soon after three Mr. Clarke knocked at the door, and brought with him the persecuting Constable. He said, 'Sir, if you will promise never to preach here again, the gentlemen and I will engage to bring you safe out of town.' My answer was, 'I shall promise no such thing.' 'But will you not tell me, you have no intention of returning hither?' 'Not till you are better disposed to receive me; for, in obedience to my Master, if you persecute me in one city, I will flee to another. But, setting aside my office, I will not give up my birthright, as an Englishman, of visiting what part I please of His Majesty's dominions.' 'Sir, we expect no such promise, that you will never come here again: only tell me that it is not your present intention; that I may tell the gentlemen, who will then secure your quiet departure.' I answered, 'I cannot come now, because I must return to London a week hence; but OBSERVE, I make no promise of not preaching here when the door is opened; and don't you say that I do.'

"He went away with this answer, and we betook ourselves again to prayer and thanksgiving. We perceived it was the Lord's doing; and it was marvellous in our eyes. Our adversaries' hearts were turned. Even Mr. Sutton and Willey laboured to take off the mob, and quench the fire themselves had kindled. Whether pity for us, or fear for themselves, wrought strongest, God knoweth. Probably the latter; for the mob were wrought up to such a pitch of fury, that their masters dreaded the consequence, and therefore went about appeasing the multitude, and charging them not to touch us in our departure. I knew full well, it was not in

their power to lay the devil they had raised ; and none but the Almighty could engage for our security. We had hoped to make our escape in the dead of the night, if the house was not pulled down first ; and had therefore sent our horses toward Seen, intending to walk after them ; but now we sent for them back, and recovered them before they were got out of the town.

“ While the Constable was gathering his *posse*, we got our things from Mr. Clarke’s, and prepared to go forth. The whole multitude were without, expecting us. Now our Constable’s heart began to fail, and he told us, he much doubted if the mob *could* be restrained ; for that thirty or more of the most desperate were gone down the street, and waited at the end of the town for our passing. He should therefore advise us to hide ourselves in some other house, and get off by night. Mr. Meriton’s counsel was, to escape by the back-door, while the mob were waiting for us at the fore-door. I asked counsel of the Lord, and met with that word, ‘ Jesus said unto her, Said I not unto thee, If thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God ? ’ After reading this I went forth as easy as Luther to the Council.

“ We were saluted with a general shout. The man whom Mrs. Naylor had hired to ride before her was, as we now perceived, one of the rioters. This hopeful guide was to conduct us out of the reach of his fellows. Mr. Meriton and I took horse in the face of our enemies, who began clamouring against us, and I answering them, when the Constable begged me to forbear. The gentlemen were dispersed among the mob, to bridle them. We rode a slow pace up the street, the whole multitude pouring along on both sides, and attending us with loud acclamations. Such fierceness and diabolical malice I have not seen in human faces. They ran up to our horses, as if they would swallow us ; but did not know which was Wesley. We felt great peace, and acquiescence in the honour done us, while the whole town were spectators of our march.

“ After riding two or three hundred yards, I looked back, and saw Mr. Meriton on the ground, in the midst of the mob, and two bull-dogs upon him. One was first let loose, which leaped at his horse’s nose ; but the horse with his foot beat him down. The other fastened on his nose, and hung there, till Mr. Meriton, with the but-end of his whip, felled

him to the ground. Then the first dog, recovering, flew at the horse's breast, and fastened there. The beast reared up, and Mr. Meriton slid gently off. The dog kept his hold till the flesh tore off. Then some men took off the dogs; others cried, 'Let them alone.' But neither beast nor man had any farther commission to hurt. I stopped the horse, and delivered him to my friend. He remounted, with great composure, and we rode on leisurely, as before, till out of sight.

"Then we mended our pace, and in an hour came to Seen, having rode three miles about; and by seven, to Wrexall. The news of our danger was got thither before us; but we brought the welcome tidings of our own deliverance. Now we saw the hand of Providence in suffering them to turn out our horses; that is, to send them to us against we wanted them. Again, how plainly were we overruled to send our horses down the town, which blinded the rioters without our designing it, and drew off their engines and them, leaving us a free passage at the other end of the town! We joined in hearty praises to our Deliverer, singing the hymn,—

Worship, and thanks, and blessing,
 And strength ascribe to Jesus!
 Jesus alone defends his own,
 When earth and hell oppress us.
 Jesus with joy we witness
 Almighty to deliver;
 Our seal set to, that God is true,
 And reigns a King for ever.

Omnipotent Redeemer,
 Our ransom'd souls adore thee;
 Our Saviour thou, we find it now,
 And give thee all the glory.
 We sing thine arm unshorten'd,
 Brought through our sore temptation;
 With heart and voice in thee rejoice,
 The God of our salvation.

Thine arm hath safely brought us
 A way no more expected,
 Than when thy sheep pass'd through the deep,
 By crystal walls protected.
 Thy glory was our rearward,
 Thine hand our lives did cover,
 And we, even we, have pass'd the sea,
 And march'd triumphant over.

Thy works we now acknowledge,
 Thy wondrous loving-kindness,
 Which help'd thine own, by means unknown,
 And smote our foes with blindness :
 By Satan's host surrounded,
 Thou didst with patience arm us,
 But would'st not give the Syrians leave,
 Or Sodom's sons, to harm us.

Safe as devoted Peter
 Betwixt the soldiers sleeping,
 Like sheep we lay, to wolves a prey,
 Yet still in Jesu's keeping.
 Thou from the' infernal Herod,
 And Jewish expectation,
 Hast set us free ; all praise to thee,
 O God of our salvation !

The world's and Satan's malice
 Thou, Jesus, hast confounded ;
 And, by thy grace, with songs of praise
 Our happy souls resounded.
 Accepting our deliverance,
 We triumph in thy favour,
 And for thy love, which now we prove,
 Shall praise thy name for ever."

Mr. Charles Wesley was not at all disheartened by the violence of mobs, either at Devizes, or in any other place ; and the deliverances which were vouchsafed to him, and which in some instances were all but miraculous, served greatly to strengthen his confidence, and urge him forward in his career of duty. Having, with his friend Mr. Meriton, escaped from the hands of these "wicked and unreasonable men," he went to Bath, Bristol, and Kingswood. In riding to the last of these places he says, "Satan had another thrust at me. We were singing the Thanksgiving for our deliverance when the coach overturned. All six were hurt, but none dangerously. The voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard among our beloved colliers, both in the word and sacrament."

From the beginning of March, to the latter end of August, Mr. Charles Wesley was employed alternately in London and Bristol, with their respective neighbourhoods. He preached frequently to large congregations in Moorfields ; great power continued to attend his word ; and many were turned from

the love and practice of sin, to their compassionate and almighty Saviour. In the month of May Charles Perronet accompanied him to Bristol; and soon after his arrival there, he was seized with the small-pox, as his brother Edward had been at Newcastle. For some time he was in great danger; but prayer was made for him without ceasing, and he was spared for future usefulness to the church and the world. Speaking of him, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "May 12th, I gave the sacrament to my patient, who grows worse and worse. May 19th, expecting the turn of the distemper, I sat up with Charles. The Lord is pleased to try our faith and patience yet farther. May 22d, at our watch-night I asked in faith that the Lord would give his beloved sleep; and He heard and answered the prayer immediately. Our Perronet was then in the utmost danger, through the second fever; and delirious for want of rest; ready to enter his rest eternal. But the Lord rebuked the fever, and he fell asleep, and waked late the next morning, as one raised from the dead." The pious youth, thus raised up from the bed of sickness, became a useful Preacher, and one of the holiest men of the age.

In September this year Mr. Charles Wesley entered into a new field of evangelical labour, and one which greatly needed such an energetic and enlightened ministry as that which he had long exercised. Ireland was then eminently a land of Popery, ignorance, and crime. Hearing that a Methodist society had been formed in Dublin, Mr. John Wesley crossed the Irish Channel, and spent a few weeks in that city, preaching twice a day, regulating and strengthening the society, assisted by John Trembath, one of the lay-Preachers, then an upright and devoted man. Mr. Wesley returned to England in the month of September; and it was arranged that his brother should forthwith proceed to Dublin, to assist in carrying on the work.

On his way to Ireland Charles passed through Wales, where he was introduced to the family of his friend Mr. Gwynne, of Garth, with whom he remained some days, preaching in the vicinity. Of this kind and pious family, into which he afterwards married, he says, "My soul seemed pleased to take acquaintance with them."

He landed in Dublin on the 8th of September, and

remained in Ireland till near the end of March following. During this period he visited some of the most neglected districts of the country, preaching in every place with uncommon power, and encountering a violence of opposition which seemed to surpass all that he had previously witnessed. This was an important period to Ireland, where a nominal Protestantism, slumbering under the protection of the civil power, and strong only in legislative enactments, exerted little influence upon the common people, who were left an easy prey to "the man of sin, the son of perdition." Had it not been for the living spirit which was infused into Irish Protestantism by the Wesleys and their fellow-labourers, there is little reason to believe that even the forms of the system would at this day have existed in the country. Light then began to shine upon the popular mind; and agencies were called into operation, before which Popery must ultimately expire. The struggle may be sharp, and long-continued; but Popery cannot permanently stand against the truth of God, when it is faithfully and perseveringly applied by men of prayer, and faith, and love.

The following extracts from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal will show the nature of the war which he successfully carried on in opposition to this system of idolatry, ungodliness, and spiritual tyranny. A hundred such Preachers in Ireland would, by God's blessing, speedily turn the nation upside down. He applied all his energies, not to controvert opinions, and establish mere articles of faith, but to convince the people that they were sinners, under the wrath and curse of God; and then bring them to Christ, believing in Him "with the heart unto righteousness." The best antidote to Popery, beyond all comparison, is the evangelical doctrine of free and present justification, by faith in the blood of atonement. The happy believer, the pardon of whose sins is attested to his conscience by the Spirit of adoption, laughs at the pretended sacrifice of the mass, the assumed power of priestly absolution, and the unreal fires of purgatory. They have no foundation in the Scriptures of truth; and they are utterly useless to him who, being justified by faith, has peace with God, and can rejoice in the unclouded hope of eternal life. In this manner has many an Irish Papist been rescued at once from the dominion of error and of sin.

On his arrival in Dublin Mr. Charles Wesley says, "Here the first news we heard was, that the little flock stands fast in the storm of persecution, which arose as soon as my brother left them. The Popish mob has broken open their room, and destroyed all before them. Some of them are sent to Newgate; others, bailed. What will be the event, we cannot tell, till we see whether the Grand Jury will find the bill.

"Sept. 9th. I walked at five in the evening to the shattered room in Marlborough-street, where a few people were met, who did not fear what men or devils could do unto them. God has called me to suffer affliction with his people. The Popish mob, encouraged and assisted by the Protestant, are so insolent and outrageous, that whatever street we pass through, it is up in arms. The Mayor would assist us, but cannot. The Grand Jury have had the plainest evidence of the riot laid before them; that a mixed rabble of Papists and Protestants broke open our room, and four locks, and a warehouse, stealing or destroying the goods to a considerable value; beat and wounded several with clubs, &c.; tore away the pulpit, benches, window-cases, &c.; and burned them openly before the gate, swearing they would murder us all: yet it is much doubted whether the Grand Jury will find the bill! But doth not the Most High regard? I began my ministry with, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people,' &c. None made disturbance till I had ended. Then the rabble attended us with the usual compliments to our lodgings.

"Sept. 10th. At five all was quiet within doors; but we had men, women, and children upon us as soon as we appeared in the streets. One I observed crying, 'Swaddler! Swaddler!' (our usual title here,) who was a young Ishmael indeed, and had not long learned to speak. I am sure he could not be four years old. We dined with a gentleman who explained our name to us. It seems we are beholden to Mr. Cennick for it, who abounds in such-like expressions as, 'I curse and blaspheme all the gods in heaven, but the babe that lay in the manger; the babe that lay in Mary's lap; the babe that lay in swaddling clouts:' hence they nicknamed him Swaddler, or Swaddling John; and the word sticks to us all, not excepting the Clergy.

"I met the society; and the Lord knit our hearts together in love stronger than death. We both wept and rejoiced for

the consolation. God hath sent me, I trust, to confirm their souls, and keep them together in the present distress.

“Sept. 11th. I met the society at one for the first time, and spent an hour in intercession for our nation and Church. We shall hear of these prayers again, another day, even the day of the great slaughter, when the towers fall. I preached morning and evening this and the following day, no man forbidding me, though every one reviled us both coming and going.

“Sept. 13th. In the strength of the Lord I went forth to Oxmantown-green. I stood under the wall of the barracks, and preached Christ crucified. They all, both Protestants and Papists, gave diligent heed, as to words whereby they may be saved. I received the sacrament at St. Patrick’s, and from evening service returned to the Green. Thousands were now assembled to hear the word, and many to hinder them. Our dying Lord applied his own words, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ In vain did the poor blind Papists rage, and shout, and cast stones. None were suffered to hurt me, or any of the hearers. The mob waited for me on a bridge. We tried in vain to get a coach, and were therefore forced, when it was dark, to walk home another way, without calling upon our Catholic friends.

“Sept. 15th. Woe is me now, for my soul is wearied because of the murderers which the city is full of! The Ormond mob, and Liberty mob, seldom part till one or more are killed. A poor Constable was the last whom they beat, and dragged about, till they had killed him, and then hung him up in triumph. None was called in question for it; but the earth covered his blood. Last week a woman was beaten to death by the rabble; but that was all fair; for she was caught picking a pocket: so there is an end of her. No wonder if in such a place there should be no justice for Christians. A poor weakly man, of Mr. Cennick’s society, was so abused by his neighbour, who knocked him down, and stamped upon his stomach, that he died soon after. The murderer was indeed brought to trial, but acquitted, as usual.

“I preached in the evening without interruption; the mob being awed for the present, while our bill is depending. The utmost application has been made by them to the Jury, and

none at all by us. We leave the matter to God. If man does us justice, it is more than we expect.

“Sept. 17th. I got a particular account of the late riot. On Sunday, August 30th, a mob of Papists and Protestants assaulted the house, when the society was met after evening service. They met them, going out, with sticks and stones, knocked down several, both men and women, and beat them in a barbarous manner. Some escaped the back way. Others retreated to the house, and shut the door. The mob broke it open, and another inward door, tore down the desk and forms, carried two large counters, chairs, and part of the wainscot, into the street, and openly burned all, but what they stole. There was a warehouse over the preaching-room, which they broke open, and ransacked. Above one hundred pounds’ worth of goods they seized as lawful prize, and committed the rest to the flames.

“They have often threatened our lives. Mr. Paterson they knocked down, and cut in several places while on the ground; then threw him into a cellar, and cast stones on him. Mrs. Young and many others they treated in the same manner. Half-hour past nine the Mayor came with his guard, and saw with his own eyes the havoc the mob had made. He readily granted warrants to apprehend them. Some of the poorest Papists mostly were sent to Newgate; but the better sort made a mock of his authority, and walked about the town from alchouse to alchouse, with the Constables, whom by drink and money they had secured of their party.

“Our hour of intercession was a solemn season, most present receiving a manifestation of the Spirit, even the Spirit of contrition and prayer. I dined at Mr. Powell’s, the printer, who informed us that the Jury have thrown out the bill. It was no surprise to me. My soul was filled with comfort, and confidence that the Lord would now take the matter into his own hands.

“Sept. 19th. After commending our cause to God, I walked to the Green. I believed the Lord would make bare his arm in our defence. I called in his name, ‘Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden; and I will give you rest.’ His power was upon the hearers, keeping down all opposition. I spoke with great freedom to the poor

Papists, urging them to repentance, and the love of Christ, from the authority of their own Kempis, and their own liturgy. None lifted up his voice, or hand. All listened with strange attention. Many were in tears. I advised them to go to their respective places of worship. They expressed general satisfaction, especially the Papists. This also hath God wrought. Returning, we were insulted by a gathering mob, when a Baptist came by, and desired us to take shelter in his house. We stayed and breakfasted; and left him quite happy in having protected us from the violence of the people.

“The holiday folk were at the Green before me; it being the scene of all manner of diversions on Sunday afternoon. I lifted up my voice, and cried, ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!’ A great multitude of serious hearers encompassed me, while those who had not ears to hear withdrew on every side to the opposite hill, sat down in rows on the grass, and there remained the whole time. I never saw the hand of God more visible.

“Sept. 21st. I began examining the classes, and met several who received forgiveness under the word last week. But, justified or unjustified, all are in earnest, and seem made without fear. I have not seen such soldiers before; so young, and yet so valiant.

“Sept. 23d. I heard that on Sunday last, after I was gone, the Popish mob fell upon the women, but were beaten off by the soldiers. They threaten to come with all their forces next Sunday. Going to the room, the mob insulted us, and forced us to take refuge at Mr. Aggitt’s. He was scandalized at such treatment of a Minister of the established Church, and very sure a Popish Priest so used would be succoured by the Magistrate. I believe so too. Error of every kind may meet with favour; but the world never did, nor ever will, tolerate real Christianity. In our return the people gaped upon us with their mouths like ramping and roaring lions. What restrains them from tearing us to pieces? They want neither will nor power. The Jury have taken off the reins from the many-headed beast; and our Protestant brethren have sold us into their hands; who think they would do God service, and merit heaven, by killing us.

“Sept. 25th. I passed the evening very agreeably at a

Baptist's: a woman of sense and piety, and a great admirer of my father's 'Life of Christ.'

"Sept. 27th. Never have I seen a quieter congregation at the Foundery than we had at the Green, both morning and afternoon. Many of the soldiers were within hearing, though behind the doors and walls, for fear of their officers. The Papists stood like lambs. I quoted Kempis, which makes some of them confident I am a good Catholic.

"Sept. 28th. Our landlady yesterday nailed up our preaching-room; but we had it opened for the word this morning. We are now come to close quarters with the enemy, who threatens hard to drive us out of his kingdom. I had an hour's conference with two serious Quakers, who hold the Head with us, and build on the one foundation.

"Sept. 29th. My subject in the evening was, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand: repent ye, and believe the Gospel.' I was led unawares to describe the glorious appearing of our Lord; and the word came with power irresistible. The cries of the wounded almost drowned my voice.

"Oct. 8th. Several soldiers ventured to the word, notwithstanding the prohibition. Now and then an officer came, and stopped to see if any of their men were there. Then they skulked down, kneeling or sitting on the ground behind the women.

"Oct. 11th. None has made the least disturbance for a week past, whether Protestants or Papists. Only one of the latter flung away in a rage, crying I ought to be stabbed for lumping them all together, and telling them they might all be saved, of whatever church or party, if they would return, like the prodigal, to their heavenly Father. I began preaching with great reluctance at Mary-le-bone-lane, where the Spirit came pouring down like a flood. All present were in tears, either of sorrow or joy. We continued above an hour singing and crying. A more refreshing time I have not known since I left England.

"Oct. 17th. I passed the day at the house we have purchased, near Dolphin's-barn, writing and meditating. I could almost have set up my rest here; but must not look for rest on this side eternity. I heard, as I do every day, of more sinners who have received the atonement.

"Oct. 19th. I dined at a gentleman's, who offered us a

large piece of ground to build upon, at a very moderate price. It seems as if the time for building were at hand, now the Magistrates are so favourable. The Mayor has declared, he will send any man to Newgate, who only calls after us in the streets; but we are not so vain as to think all the authority of man can long screen those who will live godly in Christ Jesus from suffering persecution.

“ Oct. 25th. I passed two hours at St. Patrick’s, under my usual burden, among the dry bones of the house of Israel. I seldom enter this place, but they are ready to drag me out as a profaner of the temple. The Dean I must except, who has always treated us with great courtesy; looks pleased to see us make the bulk of the communicants; appointed us a seat by ourselves; and constantly administers to me first, as the rubric directs. I opened our new house, at Dolphin’s-barn, by preaching to a great multitude within and without. After preaching five times to-day I was as fresh as in the morning.

“ Oct. 27th. I prayed by our sister Baker, whom I had lately checked for her too great contempt of death, as it seemed to me. The trying time is come; yet she keeps her confidence.

“ Oct. 30th. In our return from intercession we were stoned for the length of a street or two. Charles Perronet interposed his back to screen me. Here I received the first blow since I came to Dublin. At our lodgings the mob took their leave of us, without hurting either.

“ Oct. 31st. I heard the best news of any since our coming hither, that our sister Baker is departed in full triumph. To one who asked her this morning how she did, she answered, ‘Bravely, bravely; never better.’ The pains of death had then got hold on her; but she smiled on the welcome messenger; took leave of her husband and children with calm joy; expressed great satisfaction at having chosen to suffer affliction with the people of God; confirmed those about her in the same happy choice; and soon after fell asleep, and awoke in paradise. I called at the house, as well to exhort the survivors, as to see the late temple of the Holy Ghost. The happy soul had left a smile upon the clay, to tell where she was gone. We were all comforted in prayer and thanksgiving. I preached for the last time in Marlborough-street,

on, 'These are they that came out of great tribulation,' &c. It was a time of solemn rejoicing, in hope of his coming to wipe away all tears from our eyes.

" Nov. 1st. At St. Patrick's Mr. K—— entertained us with a discourse so full of low, pitiful lies and nonsense as I never heard from any, except the ingenious Mr. Hoblin. Preaching five times is not more than twice a day, when the order of Providence calls us to it. My strength do I ascribe unto thee, and all my success, and all my blessings!

" Nov. 2d. I admitted five or six into the society, and among them the soldier who was put under arrest last Sunday for the high crime and misdemeanor of hearing a sermon at the Green. The officer, after much threatening, let him go: but he continues refractory still; that is, resolved to work out his salvation.

" Nov. 7th. I prayed by a man near death. When we first visited him he was quite unawakened; but is now saved from the fear both of death and hell, and waiting for the great salvation of God. We have several such instances of persons departing in the Lord, who never heard the Gospel till we preached it to them on their death-beds.

" Nov. 10th. I preached at a new place in Hanbury-lane, next door to a warm antagonist, the Rev. Mr. N——. Therefore we did not expect to be long unmolested. Three nights, however, we have had peace.

" Nov. 13th. Hearing the Minister had procured a mob to hinder our preaching, I would not suffer any of the Preachers or people to expose themselves at Hanbury-lane. At night our adversaries, who till then had expected us in vain, broke into the house, and took possession.

" Nov. 26th. I spent the day in walking about, and taking subscriptions for the building. At night I proposed it to the society, who were glad to give of their little. This and the following day was subscribed upwards of £70.

" Dec. 23d. I had a conference with two Clergymen, concerning this way, which they seemed to believe was no schism, or new religion, but the faith once delivered to the saints. One of them invited me to his lodgings in the College.

" Christmas-day. The people met at my lodgings between

three and four. It was a day of rejoicing; so were the three following; suitable to the solemn occasion.

“Jan. 14th, 1748. I heard more good news from the country, whither we had sent some of our Preachers. At Tyrrell’s-pass, and the neighbouring towns, there seems to be a great awakening.

“Feb. 9th. I took horse for Tyrrell’s-pass. We overtook a lad, whistling one of our tunes. He was a constant hearer, though a Roman, and joined with us in several hymns, which he had by heart. Near seven we got, half choked with the fog, to Mr. Force’s. The town immediately took the alarm, and crowded in after us. I discoursed on, ‘A certain man had two sons,’ &c. These are the publicans that enter before the Pharisees. Never have I spoken to more hungry souls. They devoured every word. Some expressed their satisfaction in a way peculiar to them, and *whistled* for joy. Few such feasts have I had since I left England. It refreshed my body more than meat or drink.

“God has begun a great work here. The people of Tyrrell’s-pass were wicked to a proverb; swearers, drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, thieves, &c., from time immemorial. But now the scene is entirely changed. Not an oath is heard, or a drunkard seen, among them. They are turned from darkness to light. Near one hundred are joined in society, and following hard after the pardoning God. I rode to Mr. Jonathan Hanby’s, at Temple-Macquetee, seven miles from Tyrrell’s-pass, Feb. 10th, and pointed several of his poor neighbours to the Lamb of God.

“Feb. 11th. At eight I took horse for Athlone. We were seven in company, and rode mostly abreast. Some overtook us, running in great haste; and one horseman, riding full speed. We suspected nothing, and rode on, singing, till within half a mile of the town. Mr. Samuel Handy and John Healey happened to be foremost, three or four yards out of the line, though I had led the company till then. We were mounting a little hill, when three or four men appeared at the top, and bade us go back. We thought them in jest, till the stones flew. John Healey was knocked off his horse with a stone, fell backwards, and lay without sense or motion. Mr. Handy, setting spurs to his horse, charged through the enemy, and immediately turned upon them again. There

were only five or six ruffians on the spot; but we saw many gathering to us from all sides.

“I observed the man who knocked down John Healey, striking him on the face with his club, and cried to him to stop; which drew him upon me, and probably saved our brother’s life, whom another blow might have despatched. They had gathered, against our coming, great heaps of stones, one of which was sufficient to beat out our brains. How we escaped them, God only knows, and our guardian angels. I had no apprehension of their hurting me, even when one struck me on the back with a large stone, which took away my breath. One struck Mr. Force on the head: at whom Mr. Handy made a full blow. He turned, and escaped past; yet it knocked him down, and for the present disabled him. As often as we returned, we were driven off by showers of stones. Some were for returning home; but I asked if we should leave our brother in the hands of his murderers.

“We rode back to the field of battle, which our enemies had quitted, the Protestants beginning to rise upon them. It seems the Papists had laid their scheme for murdering us, at the instigation of their Priest, Father Ferril, who had sounded an alarum last Sunday, and raised his crusade against us. The man who wounded John Healey was the Priest’s servant, and rode his master’s horse. He was just going to finish the work with his knife, swearing desperately that he would cut him up, when a poor woman from her hut came to his assistance, and swore as stoutly, that he should not cut him up. The man half killed her with a blow from John Healey’s whip; yet she hindered him till more help came. One Jameson, a Protestant, ran with a pitchfork, and stuck the Clerk in the shoulder. The bone stopped it. The man made a second push at him, which was broken by Mr. Handy, returned to save his enemy’s life. The hedges were all lined with Papists, who kept the field till they saw the dragoons coming out of Athlone. Then they took to their heels, and Mr. Handy after them. In the midst of the bog they seized the Priest’s servant, carried him prisoner to Athlone, and charged the High Constable with him; who quickly let him go. A Protestant met and beat him unmercifully; but he escaped at last, and fled for his life sorely wounded.

“We found John Healey, in his blood, at the hut, whither the woman and her husband had carried him. He recovered his senses at hearing my voice. We got him to Athlone; had him blooded; and his wounds dressed. The Surgeon would take nothing for his pains.

“The people of the town expressed great indignation at our treatment. The soldiers flocked about us. They had been ordered by their officers to meet and guard us into the town. But we came before our time, which prevented them, and our enemies likewise, or we should have found an army of Romans ready to receive us. The country, it seems, knew beforehand of the design; for the Papists made no secret of it. But by the providence of God none of our enemies lost their lives.

“I walked down to the market-house, which was filled by a third of the congregation. I removed to a window in a ruined house, which commanded the market-place. The gentlemen, with the Minister, and above two thousand hearers, gave diligent heed while I strongly invited them to buy wine and milk without money and without price. The congregation waited on us to our inn, and many of them out of town, with our trusty soldiers. But first the Minister and Collector came to see us, and inquire after our wounded man; got us to leave information; and promised us justice. The Minister acknowledged it was the doctrine of our own Church, accepted some of our books, and bade us God speed.

“We marched very slowly for the sake of our patient, till we came to the field of battle. It was stained with blood abundantly. We halted, and sang a song of triumph, and praise to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Here we sent back our guard, and went on our way rejoicing to Moat. I proclaimed in the street the faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. A few stones were cast, and a drum beat, to entertain the ladies. In spite of the genteel devil, some impression was made on the vulgar, as their tears testified. We rode through the noisy ones to Mr. Handy’s. The voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard in his dwelling; and we magnified the God by whom we escape death. Among my hearers was the mother of my host, who, after a moral life of near eighty years, is now convinced of unbelief, and quietly waiting for the salvation of God.

“Feb. 12th. At Tyrrell’s-pass our barn was filled at night, with high and low, rich and poor, whose curiosity brought them from all parts. I showed them their case and their Physician, in the wounded traveller, and good Samaritan. They listened for two hours, and seemed to feel the weight of the word. Counsellor Lowe followed us home, and had much serious discourse with us.

“Feb. 13th. I spent the morning in conference with the strangers. One, a sensible Roman, seemed satisfied with my answers to his objections, and not far from the kingdom of heaven. Another, who has been a notorious sinner, but a man of reading, went away convinced, and longing to be converted. The Counsellor we heard had sat up the whole night searching the Scriptures, if these things were so. At Mr. Samuel Handy’s I invited many to the great supper. Two hours passed unperceived before I could give over.

“Feb. 14th. A poor publican was drowned in tears, who constantly attends the word of grace, on which all his hopes depend. I preached at Tullamore, on, ‘O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help.’ They received both the legal and Gospel saying as the truth of God. Many of the soldiers from Dublin followed us into the house, for farther instruction; to whom I again declared, ‘The poor have the Gospel preached unto them.’ It was a time of refreshing, like one of the former times.

“Feb. 15th. At Phillip’s-town I expounded the prodigal son. Above forty dragoons joined me in singing and conference, both before and after. These are all turned from darkness to light, that they may receive forgiveness.

“Feb. 16th. I visited several at Tyrrell’s-pass, particularly Mrs. Wade, aged ninety-five, who counts all things but loss, so she may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having her own righteousness. She has continued in the temple for near a hundred years, and in fasting every Friday. How does this shame the young professors, who say they have faith, yet live in a total neglect of Christ’s ordinance! She looks every moment for the seal of her pardon, that she may depart in peace. The next I saw was a venerable couple indeed; the man ninety-six, the woman ninety-eight. He had rejoiced to hear of the great change wrought in the town; and said, if he could but see us lifting up our hands in

prayer for him, he doubted not but the Lord would give him the blessing. Till within these two years he has worked at his loom. He was in all the actions of the last century; at the seige of Londonderry, Limerick, &c.; the greatest Tory-hunter in the country; full of days and scars. She wept for joy while we prayed over them, and commended them to the pardoning grace of God.

“Feb. 17th. I came to Dublin, half dead with the rain and snow.

“Feb. 22d. I visited a poor wretch in Newgate, who is to be burned next week for coining. The proof against her was not very full; but her life and character cast her. She had lived in all manner of wickedness, and narrowly escaped death before for killing her son-in-law. Justice has now overtaken her; and she cries she is lost for ever. I could not well discern whence her sorrow flowed, but found hope for her in prayer.

“Feb. 23d. She was much the same; but vehemently desired our people’s prayers, and told me, had she continued hearing the word, she had never come to that misery: but her neighbours had laughed her out of it; and now God had left her to herself. At the barn I expounded the woman with the bloody issue; and many seemed not only to press, but to touch Him. Their cries pierced the clouds. Three testified that they were healed of their plague. A greater blessing followed us in the society. Glory be to God, who so wonderfully revives his work among us! I trust many shall yet be added to the church before we part.

“Feb. 25th. We had wrestled in prayer for the poor criminal; and to-day I plainly saw the answer returned. Her heart was broken in pieces. She had nothing to plead or pay; and all her concern was for her soul. She received the word of reconciliation as the thirsty land doth the dew of heaven; and resolved to spend her last breath in crying to the Friend of sinners. Feb. 26th and 27th, I was again with the woman. Near twenty of the poor wretches pressed in after me. Her tears and lamentations reached both their hearts and mine.

“Feb. 28th. I did not wonder, while passing Newgate, that one struck me on the head with a stone. I preached at two and six at the barn. The great blessing came at last.

My subject was, the woman washing our Saviour's feet; and never was He more sensibly present with us. A woman could not forbear declaring openly, that her faith had saved her.

"Feb. 29th. I received fresh comfort by a letter from a Dissenter, testifying that she had found again, under the word, the peace which she had lost for many years. Every day we hear of more children born, which reconciles us to the contrary winds, though it keeps my brother from us. I sent a brother to the condemned woman, who told him, she had been visited by a Romish Priest. On his bidding her pray to the Virgin Mary, she answered, 'I have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.' The Ordinary was also with her for the first time; and she told him the reason of the hope that was in her.

"I heard from the keeper that a reprieve was come down, and a pardon expected. I feared it might stop the work of God in her; and was agreeably surprised to find her full of fear and trouble at the news. 'O,' said she to me, 'I am afraid, if my life be spared, that I shall fall from God. I know He would have mercy on me, if I die now.' In discoursing farther I perceived very comfortable signs. Some of her words were, 'Two days ago I found such a change as I cannot describe. My heart is so lightened; my trouble and grief quite gone. And in the night, when I pray to my Saviour, I feel such a strange comfort and confidence as cannot be expressed. Surely God has forgiven me my sins.' I believed it; but took no notice till the work should prove itself. Only I exhorted her to watch and pray, lest she should fall from those good beginnings.

"March 1st. I met the woman released from her chains, both soul and body. She threw herself at my feet, and cried, 'O Sir, under God, you have saved my soul! I have found mercy when I looked for judgment. I am saved by a miracle of mercy.' In the evening I preached on that most important word, 'It is finished;' and God set to his seal. One received forgiveness. A man and a woman testified that they had found it at the last preaching. The power of the Lord was wonderfully in the society. I asked, 'Who touched Him?' not doubting but some had then received their cure. One, and another, and another, witnessed a good

confession. Our sister Blamires declared, with great struggling, that she then found power to believe, and blessed the day that ever she saw my face. Others spake in the same manner; and last, Thomas Barnes told me he recovered his pardon while I was repeating, 'There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just men that need no repentance.' The number of witnesses this night was nine.

"March 2d. At Mrs. Gilmore's, a serious Dissenter, I met three others of the same communion, who had been lately justified under the word.

"March 5th. I showed the poor felons in Newgate what they must do to be saved. One man I have often observed much affected by the word, and extremely officious to wait upon me. This was the executioner, who is half-converted by the woman, and shows the most profound reverence for her. I gave him several of our books, which he has read over and over. By profession he is a Papist.

"March 6th. I do not remember when we have had a greater blessing, than we had this evening in the society. Near twenty declared the manifestation of the Spirit then vouchsafed to them.

"March 7th. I spoke with eleven of them who had received a clear sense of pardon. Another went to his house justified when I discoursed on wrestling Jacob.

"March 8th. My brother landed, and met the society, God confirming the word of his messenger. March 9th. I passed a comfortable hour in conference with some others who have lately stepped into the pool. One was begotten again this evening by the word of His power. March 10th. Three more received their cure.

"March 11th. My text in the morning was, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come.' After great strugglings, one was constrained to cry out, 'He is come! He is come! I have Him now in my heart!' A stranger, who stood with his hat on upon the stairs, with all the marks of carelessness, cried out, in great astonishment, 'Lord bless me! What is this?' and ran away, as if the avenger was at his heels. Another testified her having lately found favour, who was some days since a grievous sinner, a common harlot. But she is washed! God grant she may hold out!

“March 13th. In our garden I once more invited them to the great supper. Many tears were shed at parting; yet was it a blessed mourning, because we expect to meet again at the great white throne.

“March 14th. The wind turning full against us, gave me an opportunity of preaching again in Ship-street. I heard that our sister Preston was yesterday delivered of her burden of sin in singing. This evening Mrs. Gilmore received the love of God shed abroad in her heart. A month ago she was a warm opposer; but venturing out of curiosity to hear me, the Lord applied his word, and stripped her all at once of her self-righteousness, faith of adherence, and good works. She mourned after Him till now, that Jesus has received her among his witnesses.”

These selections from Mr. Charles Wesley's private journal will serve to show the very faithful, self-denying, and energetic manner in which he discharged the duties of his ministry during this his first visit to Ireland; and the honour which the Lord put upon his servant in the success of his labours. A revival of true religion had indeed begun in Dublin, by the ministrations of other men, before his appearance there; but it was greatly extended by his faithful labours. In the rooms which were fitted up for divine worship, he regularly preached at five o'clock in the morning; and he was most exemplary in meeting the infant society for exhortation and prayer, watching over their spiritual progress with true pastoral faithfulness and affection. Regardless of the winter's cold, and of the bitter scorn and violence of bad men, he often stood up in the open air, calling the outcasts to repentance, and urging them to behold the Lord Jesus as their God and Saviour. In extending the knowledge of Christ, his life was often in peril; but of this he made little account. Wicked Protestants and Papists, formalists, and sinners of every class, not excepting even felons, convicts, and common harlots,—all had a share in his compassionate sympathy; and their conversion inspired him with a joy which, in its fervour and intensity, was second only to that which is expressed by the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.

On March 20th he embarked for England, accompanied by John Haughton, and the next day landed at Holyhead.

CHAPTER XV.

THE spring of 1748, when Mr. Charles Wesley returned from Ireland, formed a sort of crisis in his personal history. It was then that, for the first time in his life, he began seriously to entertain the thought of entering into the marriage relation. When he landed at Holyhead he was in a state of extreme suffering; and this was greatly increased by the severity of the weather, and the want of accommodations on his journey to South Wales, where he intended to rest a little while. On his arrival at Garth he was received by the Gwynne family in the most kind and hospitable manner. Here he remained nearly a fortnight, enjoying comparative rest, and receiving the most affectionate attention. On his departure for London, he was accompanied for the first hour of his journey by Mr. Gwynne, and his daughter Sarah, whose gentle spirit and amiable manners had made a deep impression upon the heart of their grateful guest. As yet, however, he had made no disclosure of his feelings, either to her, or to any other member of the family.

Soon after his return to London he made the following entry in his journal, in reference to the same subject:—"I had communicated my embryo-intentions to my brother, while in Ireland, which he neither opposed nor much encouraged. It was then a distant first thought, not likely ever to come to a proposal; as I had not given the least hint either to Miss Gwynne, or the family. To-day I rode over to Shoreham, and told Mr. Perronet all my heart. I have always had a fear, but no *thought*, of marrying, for many years past; even from my first preaching the Gospel. But within this twelvemonth that thought has forced itself in: 'How know I whether it be best for me to marry, or no? Certainly better now than later: and if not now, what security that I shall not then? It should be now, or not at all.' Mr. Perronet encouraged me to pray, and wait for a providential opening. I expressed the various searchings of my heart in many hymns on the important occasion."

Seventeen hymns, which he wrote at this time, on the subject of his marriage, have been preserved in his neat handwriting. They express deep submission to the will of God, with earnest prayer for providential guidance. It is not improbable that others were published in a somewhat altered form, so as to give them a more general application.

At this period one of his friends, Mrs. Sparrow, of Lewisham, died in the Lord, and bequeathed to him a legacy, the exact amount of which is not specified. He received fifty pounds as a part of it a few months afterwards. He fulfilled her request by preaching a sermon on the occasion of her death. In discharging this duty he gave a striking proof of that integrity by which his whole life was characterized. "I spake as freely of her faults," says he, "as of her virtues: her love of the world, and final victory over it. The hearers appeared deeply affected."

Mr. Charles Wesley went to Bristol early in June; and was there joined by Mr. Gwynne and his daughter. After visiting the more pious members of the society in the city, and in Kingswood, and witnessing the godly order of the people, they accompanied him to London, and took up their residence in the dwelling-house which was connected with the Foundery. He introduced these welcome visitants to the family of Mr. Perronet, of Shoreham; to the family of Mr. Blackwell, of Lewisham, who were related to the late Mrs. Sparrow; and to several other friends. In London they had pleasing demonstrations of the reality and greatness of the work of God, in raising up a spiritual people, of which the two devoted brothers had been the chief instruments. They saw large congregations assemble for divine worship, not only on the Sabbath, and the week-day evenings, but almost every morning besides, at the early hour of five o'clock; and heard them, with every appearance of true devotion, lift up their voices, like the sound of many waters, in the service of their Maker. On the morning of their departure they witnessed a signal interposition of divine Providence, in preventing the destruction of the Foundery, the loss of which, at that time especially, would have been a very serious calamity. Under the date of July 19th, Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I rose at three, and called our friends. The Lord sent us a great deliverance as a token for good. Mary Naylor had shut the

door of their bed-chamber, and left the key in the inside. Sally wanted something out, which Mary Naylor would have put her by; but Sally still demanding it, she called the man to break open the door. He said, he would go see his horses, and come. She insisted on his doing it just then; which he did: and they found the sheet on fire, through Molly's dropping the snuff of a candle. Had the man stayed, the whole Foundry might have been in a flame."

At four o'clock in the morning Charles left London for Bristol, accompanied by his two friends from Wales. They travelled on horseback; and having arrived at Windsor, he says, "My horse threw me with violence over his head. My companion fell upon me. The guardian angels bore us in their hands, so that neither was hurt. We saw the castle and palace with insensibility. No sight, we trust, will satisfy us, but that of Moses from Mount Pisgah." At Oxford he accompanied his friends in their visits to the different Colleges; but the object that most interested him was the unexpected sight of "a poor Servitor of St. John's, James Rouquet, who was not ashamed to confess Christ before men;" and who afterwards became a Clergyman of eminence. While preaching in a yard at Cirencester, he says, "I was pierced through with desires of complete redemption, which broke out in tears and words that affected them in like manner. I could gladly have dropped the body in that hour."

This special influence from above still rested upon him; so that, on the following Sunday, at Kingswood, he says, "I began the sacrament with fervent prayer, and many tears, which almost hindered my reading the service. I broke out into prayer again and again. Our hearts were all as melting wax. I administered to sisters Robertson and Rutter, sorely bruised by an overturn into a pit; yet they would not lose the sacrament. I received letters from Cork, loudly calling me thither. My heart was at once made willing, and I had my commission. We joined in earnest prayer for success. I preached a third and a fourth time in our house with supernatural strength.

"July 26th. I dined at the Fishponds with faithful Felix Farley. At night I preached in the orchard to many serious souls. There was a coach with Mrs. Knight, Miss

Cheyne, Mr. Edwin, and Sir William Bunbury. The latter challenged me, for his old schoolfellow, in the face of the sun, and was not ashamed to join heartily in our hymns.

“ July 28th. I waited upon Miss Cheyne first, and then on Mrs. Knight, at the Wells. Both assented to the truth. The latter sent for her brother, my old friend Robinson, of Christ-Church. He called me to defend the lay-Preachers, and would fain have brought me to confess, we *sent* them. I declared the matter of fact : that when God had sent any one forth, and owned him by repeated conversions, then we durst not reject him. He talked with great candour, and remains of his old kindness for me.”

Mr. Charles Wesley accompanied Mr. Gwynne and his daughter to Garth ; and then hastened to Holyhead, where he embarked for Ireland. Here he found that doors were opened in all directions for the preaching of the Gospel ; and, although “ there were many adversaries,” they were placed under an unaccountable restraint, and in every place where the truth was proclaimed, it had free course, and was glorified in the salvation of men. He applied himself to his work with his wonted energy, and was, if possible, even more laborious and successful than he was during his former visit. A few selections from his private journal will be the best record of his ministry, and of the effects which it produced under the blessing of God :—

“ God sent us a wind out of his treasury, the fairest we could have, which brought us smoothly and safely into Dublin bay.

“ August 14th. At five I walked to the preaching-room, and gave them a welcome word of exhortation. Great was our rejoicing, and mutual faith, and fellowship in the Spirit. I met them again, and my brother, at St. Patrick’s. The number of communicants was much increased since my departure. I preached in our garden at two. The power of the Lord was present, as at the beginning. I met all our lively society, to our mutual consolation : consolation which words cannot express. Mr. Lunell could not be satisfied without my lodging under his roof. I mourned with him that mourned under Ezekiel’s trial : ‘ Son of man, behold, I take away the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.’ She died

triumphant. He lost his Benjamin too: the child accompanying the mother to paradise.*

“August 17th. I set out in the hard rain. My horse, the roughest I ever rode, shook all the strength out of me, before I got to Tyrrell’s-pass. There our sister Force, and the rest, received me right gladly. I preached on the blood of sprinkling, and met the poor neglected society. Our Preachers had all left them for Cork, where is now the widest door.

“August 18th. I rode to Balliboy, where an honest Quaker received us with open arms. I broke through my great reluctance, and preached in his house the atoning Lamb of God. He opened my mouth, and the hearers’ hearts.

“August 19th. It rained the whole day. The road was one continued quagmire. I made a hard shift to reach Roscrea by ten. Some of the town caught me leaving it, and demanded their debt of the Gospel. A mixed crowd of Papists and Protestants filled the market-house. I called them (never with more authority) to Jesus Christ; then rode on in the rain rejoicing with my dropping companion. By nine we hardly reached Cashel. Here we met with poor entertainment, having no way to dry our clothes. I put off my great coat, and got a little sleep.

“August 20th. I rose cheerfully between two and three, and put on my clothes, wet and weighty enough. We had some intervals of fair weather, and got by seven in the evening to Cork. I was wishing for rest at some private house, when Mr. Harrison, the printer, came, and invited me to his. I took a sweat, and rose at my usual time.

“August 21st. At five I found a congregation of some thousands on the Marsh. They devoured every word with an eagerness beyond description. I advised them all to go to their several places of worship, and went myself to Christ church. It is the largest church in Cork, yet was quite full. The communion kept us till near ten.

“Much good has been done already in this place. Outward wickedness has disappeared; outward religion succeeded.

* Mr. Lunell, who kept a banking establishment in Dublin, greatly befriended the Methodists at this period. He is said to have contributed the noble sum of four hundred pounds towards the erection of their chapel in Whitefriar-street, which still stands as a monument of the pious zeal and liberality of the first Methodists in that city.

Swearing is seldom heard in the streets: the churches and altars are crowded, to the astonishment of our adversaries. Yet some of our Clergy, and all the Catholic Priests, take wretched pains to hinder their people from hearing us.

“At five I took the field again: but such a sight I have rarely seen! Thousands and thousands had been waiting some hours, Protestants and Papists, high and low. The Lord endued my soul and body with much strength to enforce the faithful saying, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. I cried after them for an hour, to the utmost extent of my voice, yet without hoarseness, or weariness. The Lord, I believe, hath much people in this city. Two hundred are already joined in a society.

“August 22d. The congregation was on the Marsh before me, near three thousand loving, listening, unawakened souls, whom I urged to repent, that their sins might be blotted out. At present we pass through honour and good report. The chief persons of the town favour us. No wonder then that the common people are quiet. We pass and repass the streets, pursued by their blessings only. The same favourable inclination is all round the country. Wherever we go, we are received as angels of God. Were this to last, I would escape for my life to America. Many are turned from their outward sins; and if they went no farther, the saints of the world would like them well enough. When the power of godliness, the forgiveness of sins, the gift of the Holy Ghost, is preached, many will fall off. But as yet the work is very superficial. Not one justified person have I yet found.

“Passing by the Marsh at five, I saw hundreds waiting there for the word, and was told it was their custom from the beginning; and that last Sunday many were there from one in the morning. I declared, with divine assistance, ‘One thing is needful.’ The sin-convincing Spirit was present. He struck the hard rock, and the waters gushed out. The Assizes brought many strangers. I did not spare them; and they bore my plainness of speech. Several of the better sort, particularly two Justices, thanked and wished me success.

“August 23d. I laboured to convince the hearers of unbelief. More and more are awakening out of sleep. In the evening near a dozen Clergymen attended. I would all our

brethren would do us the same justice, of hearing us, before they judge us.

“August 24th. By a Clergyman’s advice, I went to wait on the Bishop. He was not at his palace. The housekeeper begged a few words with me. She trembled exceedingly, and struggled to speak; and at last told me her whole life. From twelve years old she had violent conflicts with the old murderer. She seemed a chosen vessel; one who, like Obadiah, had served the Lord from her youth. I told her what she wanted, even faith and forgiveness. She received my saying with all readiness of mind; begged of me to let her have the prayer I used for her; wept and rejoiced; and sent me away with many thanks and blessings.

“In the evening I expounded blind Bartimeus to as genteel an audience as I have ever seen. Several Ministers, of all denominations, the Governor’s lady, and many strangers, attended out of various motives. The word did not return void. Some of the Clergy acknowledged it was the truth. I designed to have met about two hundred, who have given in their names for the society; but such multitudes thronged into the play-house, that it occasioned great confusion. I perceived that it was impracticable, as yet, to have a regular society.

“August 25th. Here is indeed an open door, such as was never set before me till now. Even at Newcastle, the awakening was not so general. The congregation last Sunday was computed above ten thousand. As yet there is no *open* opposition, though the people have had the word two months. Nay, it is not impossible but their love may last two months longer, before any number of them rise to tear us in pieces.

“I met a neighbouring Justice, and had much serious conversation with him. He seems to have a general kindness for religion, and determined to use all his interest to promote it. For an hour and a half I continued calling the poor blind beggars to Jesus. They begin to cry after Him on every side; and we must expect to be rebuked for it.

“August 26th. I spake severally with the candidates for a society. All seem awakened, none justified. But ‘who hath despised the day of small things?’ This is, I doubt not, the seed of a glorious church. I waited on the Bishop at Rivers-town; and was received with great affability by himself and

family. After dinner I rode back to Cork. I drank tea with some well-disposed Quakers, and borrowed a volume of their dying sayings: a standing proof that the life and power of God was with them at the beginning; as it might again, were they humble enough to confess their want.

“August 27th. I had much discourse with Mr. C——, a sensible, pious Clergyman; one after my own heart in his love to our desolate mother. He is clear in the doctrine of faith. He gave me a delightful account of the Bishop: yet I do not find it good for me to be countenanced by my superiors. It is a snare and burden to my soul. All day long I was bowed down by my late conversation, and stripped of every good desire, especially of preaching. Sometimes our waiting upon great men may do good, or prevent evil: but how dangerous the experiment! How apt to weaken our hands, and betray us into undue deference, and respect of persons! The Lord send to them by whom he will send; but hide me still in disgrace and obscurity.

“I was set upon in the street by a Romish Priest for words which *he was told* one of our Preachers spoke against him. I tried to undeceive him; but he was too loud, and too fond of showing his learning, (as far as Latin went,) to hear reason. However, we parted without coming to blows.

“August 28th. From early sacrament I went to Mr. H—, an honest Attorney, and with him to Passage, five miles from Cork. There Justice P— received us, and used all his authority with others to do the same. He sent word to the Romish Priest, that if he forbade his people hearing me, he would shut up his mass-house, and send him to jail for one year at least. Several of the poor Romans ventured to come, after the Justice had assured them he would himself take off the curse their Priests had laid upon them. I exhorted all alike to repentance towards God, and faith in Jesus Christ; and staked my own salvation upon it, that he who believes, whether Papist or Protestant, shall be saved. I hastened back to the Marsh. On seeing the multitudes, I thought on the old Prior,—

“Then, (baseness of mankind!) then of all these,
Whom my dilated eye with labour sees,—

how few will own God's messengers when the stream turns ! Now they all received me with inexpressible eagerness. I discoursed on the good Samaritan ; and took occasion to vindicate the Methodists from that foulest slander, that they rail at the Clergy. I enlarged on the respect due to them ; prayed particularly for the Bishop ; and laid it on their consciences to make mention of them in all their prayers. I had appointed part of the society to meet me in a private house ; but the people so crowded in, there was no room for me. Their love at present as effectually prevents our assembling, as their hatred will by and by.

“August 30th. Mr. Stockdale drove me to Rathcormuck. Mr. Lloyd, the Minister, offered me his church ; but agreed with me that I had better preach out, or I should lose all the Papists. They flocked with the Protestants to the market-house, where I strongly urged them to repentance, and the obedience of faith. The great man of the place, and his lady, employ all their authority to promote true, vital Christianity. The Romish Priest is so intimidated, that he dares not forbid his people hearing us. Were every Magistrate in Ireland like this, what a multitude of poor Catholics might be turned from darkness to light !

“August 31st. In conference I found one who had received forgiveness in the sacrament. Two or three more have been justified under the word : another last Monday. I passed a useful hour with Mr. C—. He rejoiced at my having preached in his parish last Sunday. If our brethren were like-minded, how much might their hands be strengthened by us ! But we must have patience, as he observed, till the thing speaks itself ; and, the mist of prejudice being removed, they see clearly that all our desire is, the salvation of souls, and the establishment of the Church of England.

“I talked with a poor innocent girl, who constantly hears the word, but in great fear of the Priest. I hope in a little time she will be bold to judge for herself, and save her own soul, without asking any man's leave. I invited many sinners at the Marsh, to Him who has promised them the rest of pardon, holiness, and heaven. They seem to taste the *good* word. One told me, after it, that from the time I spake to her at the palace, she had expected the blessing every moment ; and was sure, beyond the possibility of a

doubt, that she should have it. ‘I seem,’ said she, ‘to be laying hold on Christ continually. I am so light, so happy, as I never was before. I waked two nights ago in such a rapture of joy, that I thought, surely this is the peace they preach. It has continued ever since. My eyes are opened. I see all things in a new light. I rejoice always.’ Is not this the language of faith? the cry of a new-born soul? But I prayed over her, that the Lord might confirm it, and was greatly comforted with her consolations.

“Sept. 1s^t. I met the infant society, for the first time, in an old play-house. Several were there from two in the morning. One received forgiveness in Jonathan Reeves’s first prayer. Our Lord’s presence consecrated the place. I explained the nature of Christian fellowship. God knit our hearts together in the desire of knowing Him. The people are now ripe for the Gospel, which I therefore preached to the poor hungry mourners. I heard of one who received the atonement on Monday. Behold, a troop cometh! The angel is come down; the water is troubled; and many are just stepping into the pool. I spoke with some who told me they had wronged their neighbours in time past; and now their consciences will not let them rest till they have made restitution. I bade them tell the persons injured, it was this preaching that compelled them to do justice. One poor wretch told me, before his wife, that he had lived in drunkenness, adultery, and all the works of the devil, for twenty-one years; had beaten her every day of that time; and never had any remorse till he heard us: but now he goes constantly to church, behaves lovingly to his wife, abhors the thing that is evil, especially his old sins. This is one instance out of many.

“An Alderman heard me to-night in a covered chair. I met part of the society, who are fully convinced, that without present forgiveness they cannot be saved. I called upon Mr. C—, who told me he had had a great battle with his brethren, who confidently averred, affidavit was made of that wicked brother of mine running away with another man’s wife at Athlone. I rejoiced at the report, as a sign that the god of this world is alarmed for his kingdom in danger. How will he and his servants rage by and by! Hitherto they seem asleep; but the witnesses of Jesus are rising to rouse them.

“Walking to the Marsh, I overtook Mrs. N—, who broke out into strong confession of the faith she received yesterday morning under the word. I marvel not that her daughter says, she is gone distracted. You might as well stop the tide, as her testimony. She rides on the high places of the earth; she speaks in the plerophory of faith; she lives in the spirit of triumph. One of her expressions was, ‘I do not walk, but fly; and seem as if I could leap over the moon.’ The Marsh was covered with high and low, rich and poor. The Gospel had free course. Not a word returned empty. One followed, and told me he had found the Lord in the word this morning. I had much discourse with the young woman above mentioned; and found she was in Christ before me; but her not using my expressions hindered my perceiving it. Some of her words were, ‘From the time you spake to me of forgiveness, I have been praying for it, day and night, in continual joy. I am inexpressibly happy. All my temptations are gone. I tread on all the power of the enemy. From twelve years old I have walked with God, and found Him in all my ways, in every place, and business, and company. In all my words I find Him prompting me. From my infancy He has been my guide and instructor. When I would have spoken to the Bishop, or others, He checked me with that thought, I will bear all my burdens till the Lord himself delivers me. Many things He has taught me to pray for, which I did not myself understand at the time of my asking, nor fully till the answers came. I have been urged with that question, *Can you die for the Gospel of Jesus Christ?* and when I have put it by, it still followed me; and the Lord insisted upon my answer. While I have sat at work, it came into my mind, *These fingers will never corrupt in the grave. I must die for the truth.* I replied, *But how can it be, Lord? We are all Christians. Who is there to persecute us now?* This thought pursues me still, that I am to suffer for my Saviour: and I should *grudge* the dying in my bed.’

“I never felt more powerful, piercing words. They brought their own evidence, and left me no room to doubt God’s special love to this soul. They also confirmed my continual expectation of sufferings.

“Sept. 3d. My text was, ‘I, even I, am He that blotteth

out thy transgressions for my own sake.' I felt, as it were, their spirits sunk under the word. From six to eight I attend those that would speak with me. The first who accosted me was a poor soldier, with, 'O Sir, I have found the blessing!' I asked what blessing. 'Why, the blessing you preach; the forgiveness of my sins.' 'How do you know that?' 'I am sure of it. I cannot doubt of it. I feel it in my heart.' 'When and how did you receive it?' 'Yesterday morning, under the word. I strove and strove hard before I could lay hold on it. But at last I did venture upon Christ. I *put on boldness*, and did believe; and that moment all my sins were taken away,—as you would take the coat from my back. I went home rejoicing, and told my wife, and persuaded her to believe like me. She fell a crying and praying for an hour together; and then she got it too. My mother is not far from it: only for fear of one sin she dares not venture.' His artless confession was confirmed by his wife, who has found the pearl at the same time with him. His brother found it last Sunday. Joyce Bailey informs me, she received the blessing yesterday morning through the Spirit applying that word, 'Ask, and it shall be given you.' I exhorted some of the society, and found them all on full stretch after Christ.

"Sept. 4th. I expounded the prodigal son to thousands of listening sinners; many of whom, I am assured, are on their return, and will never rest till they rest in the arms of their Father.

"Sept. 5th. More, I hear, are added to the church: two at the sacrament yesterday: two in the society. One overtook me going to the cathedral, and said, 'I have found something in the preaching, and cannot but think it is forgiveness. All my sins sunk away from off me in a moment. I can do nothing but pray, and cry, *Glory be to God!* I have such a confidence of his love as I never knew. I trample all sin and sorrow under my feet.' I bade him watch and pray, and expect greater things than these.

"Our old master, the world, begins to take it ill that so many desert, and clean escape its pollutions. Innumerable stories are invented to stop the work, or rather repeated; for they are the same we have heard a thousand times, as well as

the primitive Christians. All manner of wickedness is acted in our society, except the eating of little children. My advice to the people is, 'Answer them not a word.' The Romish Priests go more secretly to work, deterring their flock by the penalty of a curse. Yet some venture to hear us by stealth. I took horse for Bandon, with my loving Lawyer, and his wife, who has lately received Christ, as her language and life declare. On the road I made the following hymn :—

FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN IRELAND.

SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,
 Thy helpless sheep behold,
 Those other sheep dispersed abroad,
 Who are not of this fold.
 By Satan and his factors bound
 In ignorance and sin,
 Recall them through the Gospel sound,
 And bring the outcasts in.

Strangers, alas! to thee and peace,
 They cannot find the way,
 But wander in the wilderness,
 And on the mountains stray.
 Why should they faint, unsaved, unsought,
 With sure relief so nigh?
 Why should the souls whom thou hast bought,
 For lack of knowledge die?

Cast up, cast up an open road,
 The stumbling-block remove,
 The sin that keeps them back from God,
 And from thy pardoning love.
 The hinderer of thy word restrain,
 The Babylonish beast,
 The men who sell poor souls for gain,
 Or curse whom thou hast bless'd.

Those blindfold leaders of the blind,
 Who frighten them from thee,
 And still bewitch the people's mind
 With hellish sorcery :
 Pierced with thy Spirit's two-edged sword,
 They shall no more deceive :
 Simon himself at thy great word
 Shall tremble and believe.

Who lead their followers down the way
 To everlasting death,
 Confound, convert, and pluck the prey
 Out of the lion's teeth.
 The simple men, of heart sincere,
 Who would receive thy word,
 Bring in, thy blessed word to hear,
 And own their bleeding Lord.

If thou wilt work a work of grace,
 Who shall the hinderer be ?
 Shall all the human hellish race
 Detain thy own from thee ?
 Shall Satan keep, as lawful prize,
 A nation in his snare ?
 Hosts of the living God, arise,
 And try the force of prayer !

The prayer of faith hath raised the dead,
 The' infernal legions driven,
 The slaves from Satan's dungeon freed,
 And shut and open'd heaven.
 Our faith shall cleave the triple crown,
 Shall o'er the beast prevail,
 And turn his kingdom upside down,
 And shake the gates of hell.

Come then, the all-victorious Name,
 Jesus, whom demons flee,
 Redemption in thy blood proclaim,
 And life and liberty.
 Satan and all his hosts confound,
 Burst ope the dungeon-door ;
 Deliverance preach to spirits bound,
 And pardon to the poor.

These poor for whom we wrestle still,
 A blind, deluded crowd,
 Bring to the word, and wound and heal,
 Through the atoning blood.
 We will not let thee go, unless
 The captives thou retrieve ;
 Now, Lord, with true repentance bless,
 And help them to believe.

To thee with boldness we look up,
 For all these sons of Rome ;
 We ask in faith, and lo ! a troop,
 A troop of sinners come !

As flocking doves, to thee they fly
 For refuge and for rest ;
 They hasten to their windows nigh,
 And shelter in thy breast.

The things which we desired we have ;
 To sin and Satan sold,
 A nation call, like us, and save,
 And make us all one fold :
 One house, one body, and one vine,
 One church through grace forgiven,
 By perfect love to angels join,
 And waft us all to heaven.

“ By ten we came to Bandon, a town of Protestants only. Several Papists from the neighbourhood attended me to the market-house. I stood on a scaffold, and called, to about a thousand wild people, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!’ Four Ministers confessed it was the truth. All seemed hugely pleased, and rejoiced that I should preach again in the evening at the other end of the town. The whole town was then gathered together, with many out of the country. Three of the Ministers were present again, and the Provost, or Governor of the town, with many of the better sort, in the opposite houses. I was enabled to speak closely both to Pharisees and publicans. Many of the latter wept.

“ Sept. 6th. In the morning, between four and five, I was surprised to find as numerous an audience as last night’s. I breakfasted with the only family of Quakers in the town. They behaved with that love and zeal which we meet with in all the Friends, till their worldly-wise and envious brethren pervert them, and make their minds evil affected towards us. Two men from Kinsale came to press me thither. I expounded the prodigal son, but could not get through half of it. They drank in every word. In the evening I began again with a sore throat, a heavy heart, and a feeble body. To them that have no might God increaseth strength. For an hour and a half I strongly called the weeping prodigals to their heavenly Father. Many Romans were present, and others who had not been near a church for years. I spent an hour in the Town-Hall, with some hundreds of them, in prayer and singing. They were impatient to have a

society, and to take the kingdom of heaven by violence. I commended them to the grace of God, and departed, laden with their blessings.

“ I rode to Kinsale with my trusty Lawyer, and at noon walked to the market-place. The windows were filled with spectators, rather than hearers. Many wild-looking people stood with their hats on in the street. The boys were rude and noisy. Some well-dressed women stood behind me, and listened. I did most earnestly invite them all to the great supper. It was fallow ground; yet the word was not all lost. Several settled into serious attention: others expressed their approbation: a few wept. I was followed to my lodgings by a devout soldier, one of our society in Dublin, who keeps his integrity. Some others called, and convinced me God hath not left himself without witness in this place.

“ In the evening the multitude so trod one upon another, that it was some time before they could settle to hear. I received a blow with a stone on the side of my head; and called on the person to stand forth, and, if I had done him any wrong, to strike me again. This little circumstance increased their attention. I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, and showed the people their transgressions, and the way to be saved from them. They received my saying, and spake well of the truth. A sudden change was visible in their behaviour afterwards; for God had touched their hearts. Even the Romans owned, ‘none could find fault with what the man said.’ Only one did most bitterly curse me, and all that should ever pray for me.

“ Sept. 8th. The rain drove us to the market-house, a far more convenient place for preaching. I was surprised to find such a multitude in such weather. They sank down on every side into a just sense of their wants. The next time the better rank of Romans came to hear for themselves, and a whole army of soldiers. All were profoundly silent as soon as I opened my mouth in the words of our dying Lord, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ The love of Christ crucified bore down all before it. A lady of the Romish Church would have me to her house. She assured me, the Governor of the town, (called the Sovereign,) as soon as he heard of my coming, had issued out orders that none should dare disturb me; that a gentleman who offered to insult me would have

been torn to pieces by the Romans, had he not fled for it ; and that the Catholics in general are my firm friends.

“ It is worth observing, that in Kinsale I am of every religion. The Presbyterians say I am a Presbyterian ; the church-goers, that I am a Minister of theirs ; and the Catholics are sure I am a good Catholic in my heart. I returned to Cork. Here the witnesses increase, so that we lose count of them.

“ Sept. 9th. I got the whole morning to myself, and my beloved friends in Wales. I had sweet fellowship with them in reading their letters, and saw them, as it were, all about me at the throne of grace.

“ Sept. 10th. A man and his wife laid hold on me, and said, ‘ We have followed you from Bandon to Kinsale, and hither ; and if we had not found you here, we would have followed you to Dublin, and all the world over.’ They urged me to come once more to Bandon, so that I could not refuse. Some from Middleton and Youghall pressed me to them also.

“ Sept. 11th. I heard a plain, useful sermon, at St. Peter’s, against judging. Such crowds at church and sacrament were never seen before : so immediately is the Gospel the power of God, saving from sin. Multitudes, from their first hearing it, left off to do evil, and learned to do well. I was much refreshed by part of the Bishop of Exeter’s late charge to his Clergy, worthy to be written in letters of gold.

“ ‘ My brethren, I beg you will rise up with me against only moral preaching. We have been long attempting the reformation of the nation by discourses of this kind. With what success ? Why, with none at all. On the contrary, we have very dexterously preached the people into downright infidelity. We must change our voice. We must preach Christ, and Him crucified. Nothing but the Gospel is, nothing will be found to be, the power of God unto salvation. Let me therefore again and again request, may I not add, *let me charge you*, to preach Jesus, and salvation through his name ; preach the Lord who bought us ; preach redemption through his blood ; preach the saying of the great High Priest, *He that believeth shall be saved*. Preach repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.’

“ Sept. 12th. I got to Bandon by eleven. My poor woman and her husband soon found me out, and carried me

to their house in triumph. The neighbours flocked in; and we had indeed a feast of love. A prodigal came, who had been a monster of wickedness for many years, but is now returned to his Father. So are more of the town, who were wicked to a proverb. I spake with a woman, whom the word has wounded, and convinced that God is among the Protestants. She was bred a Protestant, but turned young to the Romans, and has continued with them these twenty years. She told me, she never could rightly believe that any man could forgive her her sins: but Jesus Christ has the power, she is persuaded, and therefore returns to those who preach forgiveness in his blood.

“ I invited above four thousand sinners to the great supper. God hath given them the hearing ear. I went to Mrs. Jones’s, a widow-gentlewoman, as teachable as a little child; determined to promote the work of God to the utmost of her power. All in the place *seem* like-minded—except the Clergy. O why should they be the last to bring home their King? It grieved me to hear the poor encouragement given last Sunday to the crowds that flocked to church, which some of them had never troubled for years. We send them to church, to hear ourselves railed at, and, what is far worse, the truth of God.

“ Sept. 13th. We parted with many tears, and mutual blessings. I rode on to Kinsale. Here also the Minister, Mr. P——, instead of rejoicing to see so many publicans in the temple, *entertained* them with a railing accusation of me, as an impostor, incendiary, and messenger of Satan. Strange justice! that Mr. P—— should be voted a friend of the Church, and I an enemy; who send hundreds into the Church, for him to drive out again! At noon I discoursed on the prodigal son. Many approved by silent tears. I could not dismiss them without a word of advice, how to behave towards their enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.

“ Sept. 15th. After proclaiming liberty to the captives, at Cork, I took horse for Middleton, and preached there at noon to an attentive congregation, who pressed me much to come again. I rode on to Youghall, a seaport town, twenty Irish miles from Cork. I went forth to the strand: a wild multitude following almost crowded me and one another to death. While I described our Lord’s passion the waves sub-

sided, the noise ceased, and they earnestly listened to His last dying cries. The Minister (as well as people) testified his approbation, saying, as I am told, 'These gentlemen have done a great deal of good. There is need enough of them in Youghall.' I lodged at Mr. Price's, a friendly Dissenter, who, with his family, received me cordially for my work's sake.

"Sept. 16th. The rain quickened our pace to Middleton. Here my audience was thrice as numerous as yesterday. The Town-Hall could not contain them. All listened to their own history in the prodigal, and begged hard for a continuance of the Gospel. The power of the Lord was in the society at Cork. I marvel not that Satan so hates it. We never meet but some or other is plucked out of his teeth.

"Sept. 17th. After a restless night of pain, I rose to confer with those who desired it. A woman testified that the Lord had spoken peace to her trembling soul at the sacrament: Thomas Warburton, that faith came by hearing; and now he hates all sin with a perfect hatred; and could spend his whole life in prayer. Stephen Williams witnessed that, 'Last night I found my heart burdened and bursting in your prayer; but I repeated after you, till my speech was swallowed up. Then I felt myself as it were fainting, falling back, and sinking into destruction; when on a sudden I was lifted up; my heart was lightened; my burden gone; and I saw all my sins, so black, so many, but all taken away. I am now afraid of neither death, devil, nor hell. I am happier than I can tell you. I know God has, for Christ's sake, forgiven me.' Two others, in whom I found a real work of grace begun, were Papists till they heard the Gospel; but are now reconciled to the church, even the true invisible church, or communion of saints, with whom is forgiveness of sins. A few of these lost sheep we pick up; but seldom speak of it, lest our good Protestants should stir up the Papists to tear us in pieces.

"At Mr. Roff's, a pious Dissenter, I heard of the extreme bitterness of his two Ministers, who make it their business, from house to house, to set their people against the truth, and threaten all who hear us with excommunication. So far beyond the Papists are these *moderate men* advanced in persecution.

“Sept. 18th. I rose, as I lay down, in pain, which confined me the whole day. I prayed God to suspend it, if it was his will I should speak a useful word at parting with his people. I went to them at five for a few minutes. The Marsh was quite covered. Above ten thousand people, as was supposed, stood fixed in deep attention. Not a breath was heard among them all. I faintly read my text, Acts ii. 42, ‘And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.’ They observed my weakness, and prayed me strong. I urged them to walk as the first followers of Christ. My words sunk into their hearts, and melted them into tears. For two hours we wept and rejoiced together; and commended each other again and again to God. I mentioned with honour the behaviour of our own Clergy; not one of whom has publicly spoken the least word against us. I had told them before, and now I told them again, that persecution will arise because of the word. Great confidence and love the Lord gave me for them; and we parted most triumphantly with the voice of joy and thanksgiving.

“Sept. 19th. I rose at two, refreshed as with wine, and set out with Robert Swindells. My pain was kept off by the prayers of those I left behind. We reached Cashel by night. Our host, a serious Roman, and his neighbour, a hearty, loving Quaker, made us forget our journey.

“Sept. 20th. We reached T— by nine. I met several Clergy, who were attending the Archbishop, come to confirm. I preached at my inn door. The people behaved better at the end than the beginning. I found the twelve miles to Roserea good six hours’ riding; the rain attending us all the way. At five I came to Mr. White’s, sated with travelling; but had not time to rest, the people demanding me. My knees and eyes failed me, so that I could neither stand nor see. I leaned on a door, and called, ‘Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?’ The word was not weak, like me.

“Sept. 21st. By four I got to Mount-Mellick. I preached in the market-place to a crowd of poor convinced sinners. I could mention nothing but pure promises. They received the word as souls gasping for God.

“Sept. 22d. I took in thirty new members. I rode to B—, at the pressing instance of a Clergyman, who met me.

carried me home, and, after fairly proposing his objections, and attending to my answers, allowed me to speak with great closeness, and particular application. By four we came to Mr. Jackson's, in Birr. I preached 'the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.' The power of the Highest overshadowed us. One gentlewoman sunk down at Jesus's feet. Most seemed affected. Sept. 23d, I talked with my host's brother, a publican indeed! a monster of wickedness lately, but now so changed, that all the town is alarmed by it. At five I preached in a barn of Mr. Wade's, near Aghrim, seldom with greater power.

"Sept. 24th. By one the Lord brought us safe to our beloved brethren in Athlone. No Father Ferril or his volunteers withstood our entrance. The door is wide opened, at the expense of one life indeed, if not more; for the first news I heard was, that the poor big-bellied woman who covered John Healey from his enemy is lately dead of the blows she then received. I preached in the market-house, and met the society in a barn, which a well-disposed Roman lends us, to the great dissatisfaction of his fellows. Our poor lambs were all in tears, mourning after Jesus.

"Sept. 25th. I examined each of the society, who make upwards of two hundred. A soldier followed and told me, that while I was talking to them, a horrible dread overwhelmed him; he knew I was a servant of God; saw himself as called to the bar; felt the burden of all his sins; shook, every bone of him; and trembled exceedingly for fear of God's judgments. I could not hinder his falling down again and again at my feet under such piercing apprehensions of God, the righteous Judge, as made me envy his condition.

"I accepted an invitation from the Rev. Mr. T——. I comforted the mourners at the market-house by all the precious promises of the Gospel summed up in Isaiah xxxv. I dined with Mr. R——, a gentleman of the Romish persuasion till he heard my brother: since which both he and his house, with several others, are come over to the Church of England; and, what is far better, to the power of godliness. In the evening preaching the great blessing came. The cries of the wounded spirits cannot be described. The place rung with loud calls for 'mercy, mercy!' I concluded, and began

again, and again; then sung and prayed, and prayed and sung, not knowing how to give over.

“Sept. 26th. I took my leave in those solemn words, which reached their hearts, ‘And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified.’ At three I came to our dear friends at Tyrrell’s-pass. It should not be forgotten, that the condemned soldier told me, at parting, that the Lord had absolved him.

“Sept. 27th. I found much life in applying those words, ‘Behold, I stand at the door, and knock,’ &c. I took horse for Dublin. Young Mr. Wade accompanied me three or four miles. His mother died last week in peace. He is swiftly following her, through the last stage of a consumption; has not yet attained; but *knows* he shall not depart till his eyes have seen *His* salvation. I commended him to the Lord Jesus, and promised to meet him next in paradise.

“I rode alone, yet not alone. My noon hour of prayer refreshed my spirit. My absent friends were never *less* absent. I came before night to Dublin.”

Such was the manner in which Mr. Charles Wesley was employed during his second visit to Ireland. He travelled extensively through the southern part of the island, where Popery held the great body of the people in its iron grasp. Here his labours were characterized by an energy and devotedness of which there have been few examples. He preached to immense assemblages of people, of every rank and description, morning, noon, and night, reserving a certain period almost every day to converse in private with those who sought his counsel, and forming those that were awakened into religious societies, in order to their spiritual edification. Many of the societies which he then formed continue to this day, breathing the same spirit of piety as that which was produced under his preaching; and not a few of the people that formerly belonged to them now sleep in Jesus. An influence from God rested upon the people generally, wherever he went, and caused his voice to be heard; so that there was little opposition to the spread of the truth. Ungodly men, both Papist and Protestant, were under a supernatural restraint. The exceptions were a few

of the Clergy and Dissenting Ministers, whose gentle slumbers were disturbed by the rousing sermons of this itinerant stranger. He induced great numbers of careless and wicked people to attend the religious services of the Church; and their faithless Pastors, instead of welcoming the wanderers to the fold, drove them away by their bitter revilings.

Mr. Charles Wesley remained a few days in Dublin, where he found the society in a very prosperous state. Several persons entered into Christian liberty during his stay. Here he unexpectedly met his friends Mr. and Mrs. Lampe, from London; and remarks concerning them, "They were overjoyed to see me. I cannot yet give up my hope that they are designed for better things than feeding swine; that is, entertaining the gay world."

On the 8th of October he embarked in the packet for England. The voyage was most disastrous; as will appear from the following letter, which he addressed to a friend, on his arrival at Holyhead. It is dated the 10th of October, and appears to have been sent to a person in Ireland, probably Mr. Lunell, the banker in Dublin, who had received the truth.

"My very dear Brother,—I did not tell you, at parting, that I never had a stronger apprehension of evil near. On Saturday evening, half-hour past eight, I entered the small boat. We were two hours getting to the vessel. There was not then water to cross the bar; so we took our rest till eleven on Sunday morning. Then God sent us a fair wind, and we sailed smoothly before it, five knots an hour. All things promised a speedy, prosperous passage; yet still I found the burden upon my heart, usual in times of extreme danger.

"Towards evening the wind freshened upon us; and we had full enough of it. I was called to account for a bit of cake I had eaten in the morning, and thrown into violent exercise. Up or down, cabin or deck, made no difference. Yet in the midst of it I perceived a distinct and heavier concern for I knew not what.

"It was now pitch-dark, and no small tempest lay upon us. The Captain had ordered in all the sails. I kept mostly upon deck, till half-hour past eight, when, upon my inquiry, he told me he expected to be in the harbour by nine. I answered, we would compound for ten. While we were talk-

ing, the mainsail (as I take it) got loose, and flew overboard, as if it would drag us all after it. The small boat, at the same time, for want of fastening, fell out of its place. The Master called, 'All hands upon deck!' and thrust me down into the cabin. Within a minute we heard a cry above, 'We have lost the mast!' A passenger ran up, and brought us worse news, that it was not the mast, but the poor Master himself; whom I had scarcely left, when the boat, as they supposed, struck him overboard. From that moment he was seen and heard no more. My soul was bowed before the Lord. I knelt down, and commended the departing spirit to his mercy in Christ Jesus. I adored his distinguishing goodness: 'The one shall be taken, and the other left.' I thought of those lines of Young:—

'No warning given! unceremonious death!
A sudden rush from life's meridian joys,
A plunge opaque beyond conjecture!'

"The sailors were so confounded, they knew not what they did. The decks were strewed with sails, boat, &c.: the wind shifting about, the compass they could not get at; nor the helm, for some time. We were just on the shore; and the vessel drove where or how they knew not. One of our cabin passengers ran to the helm, gave orders, as Captain, till they had righted the ship. But I ascribe it to our Invisible Pilot, that we got safe to the harbour soon after ten. The storm was so high, we doubted whether any boat would venture to fetch us. At last one answered, and came. I thought it safer to lie in the vessel; but one calling, 'Mr. Wesley, you may come,' I followed, and by eleven found out my old lodgings at Robert Griffith's.

"Oct. 10th. I blessed God that I did not stay in the vessel last night. A more tempestuous one I do not remember. I wrote a thanksgiving hymn.

THANKSGIVING FOR A DELIVERANCE FROM SHIPWRECK.

ALL praise to the Lord,
Who rules with a word
The untractable sea,
And limits its rage by his steadfast decree;

Whose providence binds
 And releases the winds,
 And compels them again
 At his beck to put on the invisible chain.

Even now he hath heard
 Our cry, and appear'd
 On the face of the deep,
 And commanded the tempest its distance to keep :
 His piloting hand
 Hath brought us to land ;
 And no longer distrest,
 We are joyful again in the haven to rest.

O that all men would raise
 His tribute of praise,
 His goodness declare,
 And thankfully sing of his fatherly care !
 With rapture approve
 His dealings of love,
 And the wonders proclaim
 Perform'd by the virtue of Jesus's name !

Through Jesus alone
 He delivers his own,
 And a token doth send
 That his love shall direct us, and save to the end.
 With joy we embrace
 The pledge of his grace,
 In a moment outfly
 These storms of affliction, and land in the sky."

Mr. Charles Wesley's dangers and inconveniences were not ended when he landed at Holyhead, and thus sang the praises of his Almighty Preserver. The following is his own account of the perils and troubles of the next day :—" At half-hour past nine, I took horse, with my host, in a perfect hurricane. We were wet through in less than ten minutes : but I rode on, thankful that I was not at sea. By one I reached the Bull's-head ; paid off my extorting guide ; and trusted Providence to conduct me over the Welsh mountains. I rode near three miles before my genius for wandering prevailed. Then I got out of the way to Baladan-ferry ; but was met by a Welsh child, and set right again. Near five I entered the boat, with a Clergyman and others, who crowded our small crazy vessel. The water was exceeding rough ; our horses were frightened ; we looking to our vessel every moment.

The Minister acknowledged he was never in like danger. We were half drowned in the boat. I sat at the bottom, with him, and a woman who stuck very close to me; so that my swimming would not have helped me. But the Lord was my support; and I cried out to my brother Clergyman, 'Fear not. *Christum, et fortunas vehis!* The hairs of our head are all numbered. Our Father sits at the helm.'

"Our trial lasted near half an hour. Then we landed, wet and weary, in the dark night. The Minister was my guide to Carnarvon; and by the way entertained me with the praises of a lay-Preacher he had lately heard, and talked with. He could say nothing against his preaching, but heartily wished him ordained. His name, he told me, was Howell Harris. He carried me to his own inn, and at last found me out; which increased our intimacy."

Leaving Carnarvon the next morning at the break of day, Mr. Charles Wesley directed his course to Garth, travelling on horseback through an open country, with such guides as he could obtain; some of whom exercised his patience by leading him out of the way, so as even to endanger his life. "We wandered over the mountains," says he, "at random; and I was quite reconciled to the thought of taking up my lodging there. But Providence sent us directors again and again when we most wanted them. We rode down such precipices, that one false step would have put an end to all our journeys: yet the Lord brought us through all." At Rhayader the Curate undertook to be his conductor to Garth; and not being able to obtain a horse for either love or money, this kind-hearted and unassuming clerical brother walked by his side, and brought him safe to the family of Mr. Gwynne, where he met with a cordial welcome.

Here he remained a week, preaching in the house of his host, and in the neighbouring churches, many people coming from a considerable distance to attend his ministry, and to receive the Lord's supper at his hands. On Tuesday, Oct. 18th, he says, "I rode to Macsmynis, with most of the family, and enforced those triumphant words of the departing Apostle, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith,' &c. Great consolation was thereby administered to us. Forty sincere souls, whom the storm could not discourage, joined in receiving the Lord's supper.

It was a passover much to be remembered. All were melted down in prayer. We were not unmindful of our absent brethren, or of those that travel by water. The church about us was rocked by the tempest; but we had a calm within. O that it might last till we all arrive at the haven!"

Mr. Gwynne's establishment at Garth was large and princely. He had nine sons and daughters, and twenty servants, besides the Chaplain; and had seldom less than ten or fifteen guests residing in the house. Mrs. Grace Bowen, whom Charles Wesley has immortalized by a hymn dedicated to her memory, was the nurse of the family. Mrs. Gwynne was one of six heiresses, each of whom had a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, and was married into a family of rank. She was a lady of superior understanding, generous to the poor, and in the earlier years of her life indulged strong prejudices against Dissenters. When her husband brought Howell Harris to Garth, and in the presence of the family begged the forgiveness of the itinerant Preacher, treating him with as much respect as if he had been a Bishop, she thought that he must have lost his senses. In grief and consternation she quitted the room, and would not return till the unwelcome stranger had left the house. When her daughter Sarah, following her father's example, became a delighted attendant upon Harris's preaching, Mrs. Gwynne was still more deeply mortified and offended, and passed much of her time in tears at what she considered to be the infatuation of her family. Her prejudices were at length removed by reading Mr. John Wesley's "Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion," and by the testimony of some gentlemen who had known the Wesleys at Oxford. Under the influence of her altered views and feelings, she was induced to hear Howell Harris for herself; and when Mr. John Wesley visited South Wales, he was hospitably entertained by her, as well as by her husband, and was allowed to preach in the house. It was about two years after that Charles visited Garth, when he and the whole family at once formed a strong attachment to each other.

Mr. Charles Wesley took leave of this distinguished and kind family in the evening of October 19th, and early the next morning commenced his journey to Bristol, accompanied by a Welsh Clergyman of kindred spirit. "I set out," says

he, "with brother Phillips in the dark and rain. We had not rode a quarter of a mile before I was struck through with pain, as with a dart. Whether it was the rheumatism in my shoulder, or what else, I know not; but it took away my breath in an instant, and stopped my progress. I lay some time on my horse, unable to bear the least motion; but determined not to turn back, till I fell off. In a few minutes I could bear a foot-pace, and then a small trot. As the rain increased, my pain decreased. I was quickly wet to the skin; but some fair blasts dried me again, and in five hours I got well to Bwlch. After an hour's rest, we took horse again, and came swiftly to Usk before five. We went early to bed, and rose at three the next morning."

He spent nearly three weeks in Bristol, preaching in that city, in Kingswood, and in several neighbouring places, greatly encouraged with the spiritual state of the societies, and the success which attended his ministrations. Of labours, privations, and dangers, he had his full share; but he was generally so happy in God as even to glory in them all. "I rode to Coleford," says he, "under a great burden. What would I not have given to escape preaching! but as soon as I opened my mouth, the skies poured down righteousness. In the society we seemed all rapt up. A cloud of witnesses arose. Five or six received forgiveness, and testified it. We rejoiced with joy unutterable. My body was quite spent. Mr. Phillips did not much commend our accommodations. Our chamber looked very ghastly, scarcely affording a Prophet's furniture. Our bed had but one thin quilt to cover us.

"I rode to Paulton, where my horse cast me to the ground with such violence, as if I had been shot out of an engine. I lay breathless for some time. They set me on the horse, and led me to Bristol. I got a Surgeon to dress my arm and hand, which were much bruised, and my foot crushed."

This accident caused no interruption of his labours. Weary and bruised he arrived in London, where he expounded the thirty-fifth chapter of the prophecies of Isaiah in the Foundery; and, as he expresses himself, "lost all his burdens among his brethren."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE thoughts of marriage which Mr. Charles Wesley had for some time cherished led him now at length to resolve, that, if Providence should open his way, he would, without any considerable delay, enter into that holy and honourable relation; and every successive visit that he paid to Garth served to strengthen his persuasion that Miss Sarah Gwynne would be the most suitable object of his choice. Her family and connexions were highly respectable; she was agreeable in her person, temper, and manners; a fine singer; and had renounced the world, with all its gaieties and pleasures, to gain Christ and his salvation. The ministry of Howell Harris, and that of the Wesleys, had been a means of great spiritual benefit to her; and she delighted to accompany them in their preaching excursions whenever they visited South Wales. Mr. Charles Wesley was now forty years of age; and he justly thought that if he were to marry at all, it would be better at this time than at a later period of life.

When he and his brother returned from Georgia they entered into an agreement, that neither of them would marry, or take any direct steps towards marriage, without the knowledge and consent of the other. On his arrival in London, in November, 1748, he fulfilled his part of the covenant, by informing his brother that it was his intention to offer himself as the future husband of Miss Gwynne. He was agreeably surprised to find that his brother not only offered no objection, but had actually anticipated his wishes in this affair. John had entertained the thought of recommending to Charles three young ladies of their acquaintance, any one of whom he deemed suitable for Charles's wife; and Miss Gwynne was one of the number: so that he decidedly approved of the choice which Charles had made. They consulted together concerning every particular, and were of one heart and mind in all things. On the day after their interview Charles received from Dr. Cockburn the sum of fifty

pounds as part of a legacy which had been bequeathed to him by his "old friend Mrs. Sparrow."

Thus encouraged, he left London for Garth, to solicit the heart and hand of Miss Gwynne, and the consent of her parents to accept him as their son-in-law. It was an understanding between him and his brother, that a refusal from the young lady, or even one of her parents, should be regarded as an absolute prohibition, and the suit should be for ever abandoned. Happily for him, his former attentions to Miss Gwynne, and the sterling excellencies which she had long seen in him, had already won her affections. The matter was then disclosed to the mother, by Miss Becky Gwynne, another of the daughters, who was also in favour of the match. Mrs. Gwynne answered, "I would rather give my child to Mr. Wesley than to any man in England." She afterwards spoke to him with great friendliness; and said, that she had "no manner of objection, but the want of fortune." At the same time Mr. Gwynne gave his free and unhesitating consent, and left all the arrangements to his wife, who was well qualified for the task by her natural shrewdness and business habits. Mr. Charles Wesley asked her whether or not she would be satisfied, provided he could, before the marriage, secure an income of one hundred pounds a year. Her answer was, "My daughter can expect no more." If any new objection or difficulty arose, she promised to apprize him of it; and confessed that he had in all things acted like a gentleman.

Mr. Phillips, the Welsh Clergyman, and a personal friend of all the parties, was present, and very strenuous in his opposition to the project. He left no means untried to put an end to the negotiation; being, as it appears, mainly apprehensive that Mr. Charles Wesley's marriage would curtail his usefulness, by depriving many of the congregations and societies of his very effective ministry. "Them also I told him," says Charles, "my brother and I had taken into the account; and I had taken no one step without my brother's express advice and direction."

Pleased with his success thus far, he took a friendly leave of the family at Garth, to whom he now stood in a new and peculiar relation, and returned to London, preaching at Bristol and Bath in his way. From the last of these places

he set out on the 16th of December, soon after four o'clock in the morning, in thick darkness, and hard rain, accompanied by Mr. Jones. He says, "We had only one shower; but it lasted from morning till night. By half-hour past eight we got in sad plight to Calne; and left it within an hour, as wet as we came to it, sore against my companion's will; who did not understand me when I told him, 'I never slack my pace for way or weather.' In a quarter of an hour we were wet from head to foot, the rain driving in our faces. On the Downs the storm took my horse off his legs, and blew me from his back. Never have I had such a combat with the wind. It was a labour indeed to bear up against it.

'No foot of earth unfought the tempest gave.'

Many times it stopped me as if caught in a man's arms. Once it blew me over a bank, and drove me several yards out of the road before I could turn. For a mile and a half I struggled on till my strength was quite spent. There was little life in either me or my companion when we came to Hungerford. We dried ourselves; and I scarcely persuaded him to go on to Newbury. There I was forced to leave him, and push forward to Worthampton by seven.

"Dec. 17th. I took horse at four by starlight. Such cheerfulness of heart, such a sense of joy and thankfulness, I have seldom known. For five hours I quite forgot my body. T.^r Hardwick met me at Maidenhead with a post-chaise, and carried me to Brentford, when my last reserve of strength was gone. By four I found my brother at the Foundery, and rejoiced his heart with the account of my prosperous journey. Hitherto it seems as if the way was opened by particular Providence."

Mr. Charles Wesley's next journey was to Shoreham, for the purpose of consulting his "wise and worthy friend," Mr. Perronet; who congratulated him on the course which he had so successfully taken, and encouraged him to proceed. The pious Vicar had evidently formed a high opinion of Miss Gwynne's character, from the intercourse which he had with her when she visited Shoreham in company with her father.

The task of securing an income of one hundred pounds a year next engaged the attention of Mr. Charles Wesley, his marriage being suspended upon this condition. The first friend

that he consulted on the subject was Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell, of Lewisham, who had a banking establishment in Lombard-street, London. This wealthy Methodist was somewhat abrupt in his manner, but of high moral worth; so that he was usually called "the rough diamond." He was generous and upright; and sometimes placed considerable sums of money in the hands of Mr. John Wesley, and probably of Charles too, to be distributed among the deserving poor.

Mr. Blackwell promptly entertained the question, and promised to assist in a subscription for raising in perpetuity the sum required; Mr. Charles Wesley deeming it better that he should be thus dependent upon ten or twelve confidential friends than upon the societies generally. When the plan of such a subscription was laid before Mr. John Wesley, by his brother, and their mutual friend the rich banker, he declared his disapprobation of it; perhaps thinking that his brother's permanent dependence upon a number of wealthy men might interfere with his ministerial fidelity; it being difficult to reprove offenders, and thus incur their displeasure, when the reprover is indebted to them for his subsistence. To meet the case, he offered to give his brother security for the yearly payment of one hundred pounds out of the profits of their books. They had already unitedly published several volumes and tracts in verse; and John had written and sent forth into the world three volumes of Sermons, his powerful "Appeals to Men of Reason and Religion," with several smaller works, original and selected, which he was continually increasing, and the proceeds of which were considerable. This plan was acknowledged to be a decided improvement upon that which was first suggested; and both the brothers wrote to Mrs. Gwynne, wishing to know from her whether or not she would consider such an arrangement satisfactory. She was aware of the extensive circulation of these publications, but doubted whether the sale of them would be lasting; and therefore declined to give her consent to the marriage till a more certain source of income was provided. Charles received this intelligence with regret, but was not discouraged; and he again hastened to consult the Vicar of Shoreham, whose substantial friendship he had often proved. Mr. Perronet immediately addressed the following admirable letter to Mrs. Gwynne:—

“ Shoreham, Jan. 14th, 1748–9. Madam,—As the trouble of this proceeds from the most sincere friendship, I have reason to believe you will easily excuse it.

“ Give me leave then, Madam, to say, that if you and worthy Mr. Gwynne are of opinion that the match proposed by the Rev. Charles Wesley be of God, neither of you will suffer an objection drawn from this world to break it off. Alas! Madam, what is all the world, and the glories of it? How little does the world appear to that mind whose affections are set on things above! This state, I trust, is what you are seriously seeking after. I am sure it is a state worth every Christian’s seeking after, and what every Christian must seek after, if ever he hopes to get to heaven.

“ I have a daughter now designed for a pious gentleman, whose fortune is not half that of our friend’s; and yet I would not exchange him for a star and garter. I only mention this that I might not appear to offer an opinion which I would not follow myself.

“ However, I have been hitherto speaking as if Mr. Wesley’s circumstances really wanted an apology; but this is not the case. The very writings of these gentlemen are, even at this time, a very valuable estate: and when it shall please God to open the minds of people more, and prejudice is worn off, it will be much more valuable. I have seen what an able bookseller has valued a great part of their works at, which is £2,500; but I will venture to say, that this is not half their value. *They are works which will last and sell while any sense of true religion and learning shall remain among us.* However, as they are not of the same nature as an estate in land, they cannot be either sold or pledged without the most manifest loss and inconvenience.

“ I shall trouble you, Madam, no farther than only to add, that from the time I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Gwynne at my house, I have often had her upon my mind. I then perceived so much grace and good sense in that young lady, that when this affair was first mentioned to me, I could not help rejoicing at what promised so much happiness to the church of God.

“ May that God, in whose hands are the hearts of the children of men, direct all of you in such a manner as may tend to the promoting his honour, and the kingdom of his dear

Son! I am, with great respect to worthy Mr. Gwynne, yourself, and good family, Madam,

“Your very sincere and affectionate friend and servant.”

This epistle, which is characterized throughout by soundness of judgment, kind feeling, and Christian politeness, produced the desired effect. In ten days letters came from Garth, declaring Mrs. Gwynne's acceptance of the proposed security. Every hinderance to the marriage was therefore removed.

A few days afterwards Mr. Charles Wesley says, “I married William Briggs and Elizabeth Perronet; who seem quite made for each other.”

After the lapse of a fortnight, during which he regularly preached twice every day, Mr. Charles Wesley paid another visit to Garth, accompanied by his brother, and by Charles Perronet. At the commencement of his journey he experienced a signal interposition of divine Providence. They set out at four o'clock in the morning. In passing through Kensington he says, “My horse threw me. My foot hung by the spur. My companions were gone before; when a servant flew to my help, and I rose unhurt.” When the party arrived at Garth, they found Mr. Howell Gwynne, the eldest brother of Sarah, visiting the family, and vehemently opposed to the union of his sister with the Methodist Clergyman. The mother expostulated with him; and Miss Becky told him point-blank, that he ought to consider the offer of his sister's suitor an honour done to himself, as one of the family. Mr. John Wesley renewed his proposal, which Mrs. Gwynne accepted; and it was arranged that Mr. Gwynne and the Rev. Vincent Perronet, Vicar of Shoreham, should be the trustees of the property thus secured to Mr. Charles Wesley and his bride. He remained a week at Garth after his brother and Charles Perronet had left, preaching, as usual, twice every day. Mr. Howell Gwynne was soon divested of his hostility, and became as affable and friendly as the rest of the family. Mrs. Gwynne attempted to extort from her future son-in-law a promise that he would not again trust himself in Ireland; but Sally would not suffer him to give this, saying, that she should be glad herself to visit the many pious people in that country, of whom she had heard.

The preliminaries being thus settled in the month of

February, it was agreed that the marriage should be solemnized in the following April. During this interval Mr. Charles Wesley applied himself to his ministerial labour with unabated diligence and zeal; and at the same time he carried on a correspondence with Miss Gwynne, remarkable for its piety. A considerable part of his letters to her were written in verse: a vehicle in which his thoughts flowed in the most natural manner, especially when his feelings were excited. These compositions are exceedingly animated, and breathe the most pure and fervent devotion. They call upon the object of his affection, to whom he now stood in so tender a relation, to unite with him in an unreserved dedication of herself to their common Saviour; and express many fears lest the love of the creature should at all interfere with that supreme love to God, which is the very end of the commandment, and therefore the soul of religion. Never was wedded love more strong and decided than that which he cherished; and never was it more thoroughly sanctified by a perfect and constant reference to God, who has instituted marriage for purposes connected with his own glory.

His spirit and conduct, after he had taken leave of his friends at Garth, will best appear by a few extracts from his private journal. Having arrived at Bristol, he says,—

“ March 3d. I met George Whitefield, and made him quite happy by acquainting him with my design.

“ March 6th. I mentioned it to the select band, desiring their prayers, not their advice.

“ March 10th. I prayed by happy Sally Huntington. The approach of death has put all her troubles to flight. Miss Burdock, to whom I told my affair, expressed the strongest approbation. We had a very solemn watch-night.

“ March 16th. I rode with Charles Perronet in a day and a half to London. In bodily weakness I expounded Hab. iii. 17, 18: ‘Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.’ The power of the Lord was present, and great love was felt toward each other.

“ March 18th. Returning from Shoreham, I narrowly

escaped being crushed to death by a dray on London-bridge.

“ March 19th. An extraordinary blessing attended the word preached, both at the chapel, and every other place. In the sacrament I was constrained to pray again and again, with strong cryings and tears. So it was every day of this great and holy week.

“ March 26th. The convincing and comforting Spirit reached our hearts, both in the word and sacrament. In the evening I took my leave of the society, who express a general satisfaction at my intentions. Surely both Jesus and his disciples are bidden.

“ March 29th. Having, by the help of Mr. Lloyd and his Lawyer, settled everything to Mrs. Gwynne’s wish, I set out with Charles Perronet for Bristol, on my way to Wales. We lodged the first night at Oxford.

“ March 30th. We took horse again at seven, and God prospered our journey to Cirencester. I expounded Rom. viii. 32, and met the society, to our mutual comfort.

“ March 31st. My text in the morning was, ‘ If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.’ He strongly drew our hearts after Him, as the tears of many testified. I stopped to pray by an aged woman, who lay a-dying, and knew not God. She then received faith to be healed. By two we came to Felix Farley’s, and soon after to Kingswood, where we found our beloved sisters, Muray and Davey, who joined us in prayer and joyful thanksgiving.

“ April 1st. Just as we were setting out for Wales, my brother appeared full of scruples, and refused to go to Garth at all. I kept my temper, and promised, if he could not be satisfied there, to desist. I saw all was still in God’s hands, and committed myself to Him.

“ April 2d. The Lord opened my mouth to apply those weighty words, ‘ If ye then be risen with Christ, seek the things which are above.’ I had written our friends notice, that I should be at Cardiff to-morrow, and Tuesday or Wednesday at Garth; but found my brother had appointed to preach at several places till Friday; which I did not take kindly.

“ April 3d. He seemed quite averse to signing his own agreement: yet at five we set out with a heavy heart. Our

brother Thomas met us on the Welsh side. Before five I came weary, faint, oppressed, to Cardiff, and lay down, being unable to stand.

“April 4th. I met Mr. Hodges at Fonmon. He asked me, ‘My brother, what are you seeking in this thing? Happiness? Then you will be sadly disappointed. If a help and comfort only, look up to God, and He will surely give it you.’ I heard my brother at the Castle, and again in the morning.

“April 6th. I was his hearer at five, and nine, and twelve in Aberthaw church. By seven we got to Brecknock. An hour after Mr. James came. I waited with him on Mr. Williams, the Surrogate, for a license. He was extremely civil, refusing his fees from a brother Clergyman.

“April 7th. I rose at four, and got an hour for prayer and the Scripture. We came to Garth by nine, and found them at breakfast. We were almost equally welcome to all. We talked over matters with Mrs. Gwynne; and all my brother’s fears were scattered. We read over the settlement. Mrs. Gwynne proposed a bond, till it could be signed. My brother signed the bond. Miss Becky and Miss Musgrave witnessed it. We crowded as much prayer as we could into the day.”

From these statements it appears, that when the time of Mr. Charles Wesley’s marriage drew near, his brother expressed some misgivings on the subject. In the first instance he declared an unwillingness to go to Garth, and be present at the ceremony; and afterwards, when he consented to attend, he was reluctant to fulfil his engagement with respect to Charles’s income. The reason of this hesitation is not distinctly stated; but it is said to have arisen from his “fears;” and those “fears” were removed when he conversed freely with Mrs. Gwynne. Hence it is probable, he was apprehensive that this very clever and managing lady would impose upon Mr. Charles Wesley some restrictions which would limit his usefulness as an Itinerant Preacher; perhaps fix him in a parish for life. She had already attempted to extort from him a promise that he would never visit Ireland again. To no arrangement of this kind could Mr. John Wesley be a party; and if he were to be deprived of Charles’s assistance, it would have been highly unreasonable that he should, to the end of his life, be answerable for

Charles's support. Of no unkindness does Charles accuse him, but that of proceeding slowly to the wedding, by preaching at several places on his way; so that he did not arrive at Garth, where alone his "fears" could be removed, till the day before the marriage was to take place. That any doubts should remain, on such an occasion, till so late a period, must have been sufficiently painful to Charles's mind. Every doubt and scruple, however, being taken away, Mr. John Wesley says, "I married my brother and Sarah Gwynne. It was a solemn day, such as became the dignity of a Christian marriage." Mr. Charles Wesley's account is strikingly characteristic. He was all heart and feeling.

"Saturday, April 8th, 1749.

' Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky !'

Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four; spent three hours and a half in prayer, or singing, with my brother, with Sally, and with Beck. At eight I led my Sally to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd,* Grace Bowen, Betty Williams, and I think Billy Tucker, and Mr. James, were all the persons present. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me, under God. My brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love! I never had more of the divine presence at the sacrament. My brother gave out the following hymn:—

Come, thou everlasting Lord,
By our trembling hearts adored;
Come, thou heaven-descended Guest,
Bidden to the marriage feast!

Sweetly in the midst appear,
With thy chosen followers here;
Grant us the peculiar grace,
Show to all thy glorious face.

Now the veil of sin withdraw,
Fill our souls with sacred awe,
Awe that dares not speak or move,
Reverence of humble love:

* Lady Rudd was the wife of the eldest son of Mr. Gwynne.

Love that doth its Lord descry,
 Ever intimately nigh,
 Hears whom it exults to see,
 Feels the present Deity.

Let on us thy Spirit rest,
 Dwell in each devoted breast ;
 Thou with thy disciples sit,
 Thou thy works of grace repeat.

Now the ancient wonder show,
 Manifest thy power below,
 All our thoughts exalt, refine,
 Turn the water into wine.

Stop the hurrying spirit's haste,
 Change the soul's ignoble taste ;
 Nature into grace improve,
 Earthly into heavenly love.

Raise our hearts to things on high,
 To our Bridegroom in the sky ;
 Heaven our hope, and highest aim,
 Mystic marriage of the Lamb.

O might each obtain a share
 Of the pure enjoyments there ;
 Now in rapturous surprise
 Drink the wine of paradise ;

Own, amidst the rich repast,
 Thou hast given the best at last ;
 Wine that cheers the host above,
 The best wine of perfect love.

He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house, and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful, without mirth ; serious, without sadness. A stranger that intermeddleth not with our joy said, it looked more like a funeral than a wedding. My brother seemed the happiest person among us."

In the course of the same day Mr. Charles Wesley addressed the following letter to his faithful friend, Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell :—

"Garth, April 8th, 1749. My dear Friend,—Pray for me. I want your prayers, rather than your congratulations. Yet

I believe God has lent me a great blessing this day; and that I ought to be thankful, and employ every blessing, and every moment, to his glory. The following hymn we sang at the altar. You may join with us now in singing it.

* * * * *

“I live in hopes of spending the holidays with my friends in London. A week hence I propose returning to Bristol. On Monday my brother proceeds to Ireland. In great love he joins to salute you and our two friends at Lewisham, as does Mr. Gwynne.

“Your ever faithful and affectionate friend and brother.”

On the day after the marriage, Mr. Charles Wesley received the sacrament of the Lord's supper, with his bride, and the other members of the family. “Our souls,” says he, “were satisfied with His comforts.” The ordinance was doubtless administered by his brother, who preached to them in the evening.

The next morning, at the early hour of four o'clock, this indefatigable Minister of Christ left the festivities of Garth to encounter the perils of the sea, and the mobs of Ireland. Charles spent the greater part of the day in prayer with his wife. In the afternoon the family were visited by a relation, Mr. Gwynne, of Glanbran, who gave proof that whoever approved of the marriage, he did not. “He took no notice of me,” says Charles, “nor I of him.”

The happy bridegroom remained nearly a fortnight at Garth, before he took his departure. Yet he was not unmindful of his sacred office and calling, but generally preached every morning and evening, either in the mansion of his father-in-law, or in the neighbouring towns and villages. Among other congratulatory letters which he received during this period, was one from his meek and intelligent sister, Mrs. Hall, now separated from her wretched husband, and residing in the house of her brother John, connected with the Foundery in London. Thus she speaks:—

“April 13th, 1749. My dear Brother,—I thank you for the last letter you ever sent me. Surrounded as I am with distress on every side, I find that my heart can rejoice for you. I verily believe the glory of the Lord is risen upon you, and your sun shall no more go down. It is well you

was so happily disappointed ; but I cannot say I am ; for I could not help believing, the Master would once more honour his own ordinance with his sacred presence. May the God of our fathers bless you both, and enable you to glorify Him all your days, by showing forth to all men what He wills marriage to be !

“ Pray give my kindest love to my sister ; and tell her, I heartily wish her all the happiness her heart desires. You do not say whether you will give us the pleasure of seeing her along with you, or no. I wish you would let us know, if you intend to bring her hither till you can provide a better place, that we may provide for her the best accommodation this place affords.*

“ Your affectionate sister.”

On the 21st of April Mr. Charles Wesley left Garth, that he might resume his itinerant ministry. He was accompanied by his wife, Miss Betsy, and their father, to Aber-gavenny, where they spent the night. The next day he says, “ I cheerfully left my partner for the Master’s work, and rode on with Harry to Bristol. We made so much haste, that I left all my strength behind me, and was glad to go to bed as soon as I came in.” The following day was the Sabbath ; but instead of being able to preach, as he intended, he says, “ Dr. Middleton sweated, blooded, vomited me. Yet on Monday I attempted to preach, but my body failed.”

In a little while he was able to resume his labours ; and with grateful joy he remarks, “ Never since I preached the Gospel have I been more owned and assisted of God than

* If the house to which Mrs. Hall invited her sister-in-law were no better than it was at a later period, it possessed few attractions as a residence. In the Rev. James Creighton’s “ Poetic Miscellanies,” published in the year 1791, there is “ A Meditation at the old Foundery, near Moorfields, London, whilst the rain was pouring through the roof, and burst down part of the ceiling of the chamber where the author lay confined by sickness. Nov. 10th, 1785.” The “ Meditation ” is in blank verse, and thus begins :—

“ This tottering fabric, with its mouldering walls,
Its beams decay’d, bent rafters, shatter’d roof,
Minutely paints, exactly represents,
My poor, my frail, my weak, my earthen frame.”

Such, for many years, was the town residence of the Wesleys ! “ As poor, yet making many rich.”

now. He is always with me in the work of the ministry ; therefore, *I live by the Gospel.*"

On the recovery of his health, he addressed the following letter to his brother, who was still in Ireland. It is dated,

"Bristol, April 29th. I hope this will find you prospering in Ireland. I left Garth yesterday se'nnight. Mr. Gwynne, with Sally and Betty, accompanied me to Abergavenny. There I left them on Saturday morning, and got hither by one. Over-riding occasioned a fever ; but Jesus rebuked it by the means of bleeding, vomiting, and sweating ; and on Monday I was just able to preach. Much of His hand have I seen since we parted. Our fears of Mrs. Gwynne were altogether needless. She had assured her daughters, that rather than we should come into any danger of inconvenience, by her son, or any man, Mr. Gwynne should leave us ourselves executors. He made his will, to which I was witness, and even then proposed making me his executor. I desired, as you may well suppose, that he would appoint Mrs. Gwynne, which he did. She leaves Becky hers ; to whom I think you can have no exception. Her tenderness towards me increased as long as I stayed at Garth. I cannot but believe she will one day be a great blessing to the church.

"I was too eager for the work, and therefore believe God checked me by that short sickness. Till on Wednesday evening, at the Hall, my strength and understanding did not return ; but from that time the Lord has been with us of a truth. More zeal, more life, more power, I have not felt for some years ; (I wish my mentioning this may not lessen it ;) so that hitherto marriage has been no hinderance. You will hardly believe it sits so light upon me. I forgot my wife (can you think it ?) as soon as I left her. Some farther proof I had of my heart on Saturday last, when the fever threatened most. I did not find, so far as I can say, any unwillingness to die on account of any I should leave behind. Neither did death appear less desirable than formerly ; which I own gave me great pleasure, and made me shed tears of joy. I almost believe, nothing shall hurt me ; that the world, and the flesh, and the devil, shall keep their distance ; or, assaulting, leave me more than conqueror.

"Here is a small, convenient house, £11 a year, next Mrs. Vigor's. I have written to Garth for counsel ; but my

mother is unexpectedly against our keeping house for some time, if not years. You, I think, will not hinder our living as pilgrims. Write your mind, and turn the scale.

“On Thursday I propose setting out for London, by Oxford, with Thomas Maxfield; (if they will give me a year of grace, I shall wonder, and thank them;) visit the classes the next week, keep the octave, and return to the press. Farley* and the school go on well. More scholars. Where will you stow them? Come, and build.

“I hope you came time enough to save Joseph Cownley, &c. Set your time for returning. Whenabouts, at least, will you meet me at Ludlow? It is a thousand pities you should not be here when the ‘Library’† makes its first appearance. The Lord cut short your work, and his, and make a few weeks go as far as many months!

“What say you to Thomas Maxfield and my taking a journey (when you return) through all the societies, northern and western, and settling correspondencies with the Stewards, *alias* booksellers, &c. His heart is whole with us, to my great satisfaction. Take an exact account how many of my book must be sent to Ireland bound. My kindest love to Mr. Lunell, Mr. Lloyd, (with thanks for his letter, and my promise of a speedy answer,) Mrs. Fowkes, Mr. Gibbons, and all friends at Cork and Dublin, &c.

“We make mention of you in all our prayers. Be not unmindful of us. The Lord preserve us all unto his day! Farewell.”

Having ministered the word of life at Cirencester and Oxford on his way, he came to London on the 6th of May, and the next day preached both at West-street and the Foundery. “At the chapel,” says he, “my subject was, ‘The end of all things is at hand;’ and at the Foundery, ‘Thou shalt show me the path of life.’ The word was really a means of grace to our souls. I met the society in very great love, which was only increased by my change of condition. I am married to more than one, or one thousand, of them.”

At no period of his life was he more active than at this time. Having spent a few more days in London, he went to

* Felix Farley, of Bristol, Mr. Wesley’s printer.

† The “Christian Library,” the first volume of which was now in the press. It was completed in fifty volumes.

Bath, Bristol, Kingswood, and Hereford, where he was joined by his wife. Thence he went to Ludlow; to which place he says "the family lately removed. My mother, and sisters Becky, Betsy, Baldwin, received me as I expected. Brother Duke and the Captain could not be civiler.

"June 4th. The pulpit was refused me, but not the sacrament. In the afternoon the boys began gathering and throwing eggs and stones. Mr. Gwynne sent for the Bailiff, who himself fetched the refractory Constable, and seized the ringleader of the mob. This quelled the increasing riot. I preached with tolerable quiet on, 'Repent ye, and believe the Gospel.'

"June 5th. I preached with more enlargement, and to a better behaved congregation, from, 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!' I stood at the door, and got one stone at last.

"June 6th. I drove my wife to visit Captain Baldwin, and very gently overturned, without hurting her in the least. My hearers at night were very tumultuous, yet could do no mischief."

Mrs. Wesley now began to accompany her husband in his various long and rapid journeys, bearing with cheerfulness the inconveniences of an itinerant life, with the scorn and violence of profane men, when he preached to them in the fields, highways, and other places of public resort. As she was greatly admired by him, he expressed a satisfaction which was perfectly natural and allowable in saying, "All look upon my Sally with my eyes." She went with him to Bristol, Bath, London, and several other towns, and was everywhere treated with the utmost respect as the amiable wife of one of the most useful men of his age. She usually rode behind him on horseback, and experienced with him the watchful care of an ever-merciful Providence. Soon after she had become an itinerant, he says, "I was riding over Hounslow-heath, with my wife behind me, when a highwayman crossed the road, passed us, and robbed all the coaches and passengers behind us."

On the 9th and 10th of August Mr. John Wesley met them by appointment at Ludlow, where the Gwynne family now resided; and there signed the legal instrument, securing to Charles and his wife a yearly income of one hundred

pounds. The brothers then parted ; John going to Birmingham, and Charles to Evesham. They met at Oxford, and went together to London, where they had the "satisfaction," as Charles expresses it, "of two hours' conference, at Mr. Watkins's, with that loving, mild, judicious Christian, Dr. Doddridge."

It will be recollected, that when Mr. Charles Wesley was last in Ireland, he was treated with the utmost respect in the city of Cork, where he preached from day to day to thousands of people, and that with encouraging success ; many persons being brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Opposition, in every form, was suspended ; and all classes of the community, from the highest to the lowest, listened to his ministry with silent attention, and regarded him with apparent esteem and kindness. Yet he had a strong impression that this state of things would not last ; and therefore warned the infant society to prepare for persecution. This at length appeared in a form more terrific, outrageous, and destructive than there is reason to believe even he had anticipated. While he was making arrangements for his marriage, the cloud was gathering ; and after he was made happy in the relation of a husband, he received such accounts of the cruelties inflicted upon his spiritual children there, as awakened his deepest sympathies ; and he repeatedly brought these accounts before the societies where he went, for the purpose of calling forth their prayers in behalf of their suffering brethren in the sister island.

A worthless ballad-singer, of the name of Nicholas Butler, was allowed by the civil authorities to set all law at defiance for several weeks together. He went about the city, holding his ballads in one hand, and the Bible in the other, calling upon the people to assist him in the suppression of the Methodist heretics. Many of the baser sort joined him, and from time to time cut and beat both men and women, to the hazard of their lives. They carried the benches of the house where the Methodists worshipped into the street, and burned them in triumph. It was dangerous for any member of the society to be seen abroad. The Magistrates refused to protect the innocent and oppressed people who applied to them for redress, and gave direct encouragement to the rioters in their destructive and bloody career. At length the Assizes

came on, when twenty-eight depositions were laid before the Grand Jury relative to the riots which had taken place; but these guardians of the public peace threw them all out; and then, in violation of law and usage, they themselves assumed the character of accusers, and specified the sentence which they wished to be passed upon the alleged offenders, before they had been tried, or had even heard of any indictment! "We find and present," say they, "Charles Wesley to be a person of ill fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of His Majesty's peace; and we pray he may be transported." They made the same presentment with respect to seven other Methodist Preachers, most of whose names they mis-spelled. In the estimation of these men, the wanton destruction of other people's property, beating them with clubs, and stabbing them with daggers, were no crimes at all; and they assumed that, at their simple request, Methodist Preachers were to be tried and condemned in their absence, and punished without being allowed to utter a word in their own defence. Such were their apprehensions of law and justice. Well might Mr. John Wesley pronounce this "memorable presentment" "worthy to be preserved in the annals of Ireland for all succeeding generations." Mr. Charles Wesley was in London when these enlightened Hibernians gave judgment concerning his character, and declared him worthy of a felon's doom. He wrote a hymn of triumph on the occasion, which has been preserved among his manuscripts.

Soon after his marriage he rented a small house in Stoke's-croft, Bristol, near the residence of his esteemed and very intimate friend Mrs. Vigor, a pious member of the society in that city; and on the 1st of September he and Mrs. Wesley took possession of it, and commenced house-keeping. Referring to its dimensions, he remarks it was "such a one as suited a stranger and pilgrim upon earth." He says, "I saw my house, and consecrated it by prayer and thanksgiving. I spent an hour at the preaching-room in intercession. We began the hour of retirement with joint-prayer. When alone, I was in some measure sensible of the divine presence. I opened the book on those words, 'While they spake, Jesus stood in the midst of them, and said, Peace be unto you.' At six our first guests, Mrs. Vigor and her sisters, passed a useful hour with us. I preached on the first words I met,

Rom. xii. 1. The power and blessing of God were with us. At half-hour past nine I slept comfortably in my own house, yet not my own.

“Sept. 2d. We had family prayer at eight, and began the New Testament. I passed the hour of retirement in my garden, and was melted into tears by the divine goodness.

“Sept. 4th. I rose with my partner at four. Both under the word, and among the select band, we were constrained to cry after Jesus, with mighty prayers and tears. I sang this hymn in my family :—

God of faithful Abraham, hear
 His feeble son and thine ;
 In thy glorious power appear,
 And bless my just design.
 Lo ! I come to serve thy will,
 All thy blessed will to prove,
 Fired with patriarchal zeal,
 And pure primeval love.

Me and mine I fain would give
 A sacrifice to thee,
 By the ancient model live,
 The true simplicity :
 Walk as in my Maker's sight,
 Free from worldly guile and care,
 Praise my innocent delight,
 And all my business prayer.

Whom to me thy goodness lends,
 Till life's last gasp is o'er,
 Servants, relatives, and friends,
 I promise to restore :
 All shall on thy side appear,
 All shall in thy service join,
 Principled with godly fear,
 And worshippers divine.

Them, as much as lies in me,
 I will through grace persuade,
 Seize, and turn their souls to thee,
 For whom their souls were made ;
 Bring them to the' atoning blood,
 (Blood that speaks a world forgiven,)
 Make them serious, wise, and good,
 And train them up for heaven.

“ In the evening was that word fulfilled, ‘ Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,’ by the reception of a poor sinner to the favour of God in Christ Jesus.

“ Sept. 7th. As often as I minister the word, our Lord ministers his grace through it. He blesses me also in private, as well as family prayer, and conference with my Christian friends. In a word, whatsoever I do prospers.”

After Mr. Charles Wesley became possessed of a house in Bristol, he and his excellent lady were accustomed to accommodate the itinerant Preachers in their visits to that city. John Nelson, John Downes, William Shent, and other men of kindred spirit and habits, were among their frequent guests. To the end of her life she used to speak of them with considerable emotion. She often remarked that she never met with persons better behaved, or more agreeable in their spirit and manners. They were so many eminent proofs how well divine grace can supply the fictitious aid of education and high breeding. She described them as humble, obliging, simple-hearted men, who lived above the world; full of meekness and of holy love.

It is a pleasing indication of the readiness with which Mrs. Wesley adapted her mind to her altered circumstances, that, on leaving the ample mansion of Garth, and taking up her residence in an humble cottage, she wrote with her own hand, in a manner the most neat and elegant, an inventory of the furniture with which they were provided in their new habitation. This document has been preserved among the family records, an interesting proof of her care and economy, and of the limited scale of their establishment. They had, however, more than the Prophet’s “ table, stool, and candlestick.”

Mr. Charles Wesley’s happy marriage appears to have been at least one means of deepening his brother’s conviction that it is not good for man to be alone, and of inducing him to form the resolution of entering immediately into the same state. He had indeed intended to marry in the course of the preceding year, but was hindered by means with which we are unacquainted. The object of his choice was a widow, of the name of Mrs. Grace Murray, who for her piety, holy zeal, simplicity, and Christian usefulness, was not unworthy of his confidence and affection. She was a native of Newcastle,

and at a very tender age knew the Lord; but for want of the requisite discipline and helps departed from the God of her youth. Her first husband, Mr. Alexander Murray, was a sea-faring man, and like herself lived in carelessness and sin. Coming to London, she repeatedly heard Mr. Whitefield preach in the open air, and was seized with such a conviction of her guilt and danger as embittered her very life, and rendered it insupportable. In this state she heard Mr. John Wesley explain, with his characteristic clearness and power, the way of salvation through faith in the sacrifice of Christ; and thus, being led to trust in the Saviour, she found rest to her soul. Not long afterwards she addressed the following letter to Mr. Charles Wesley, in compliance with a request, which he made to those who had recently been brought to a knowledge of the truth, that they would give him in writing the particulars of their conversion. It was written in May, 1740.

“Reverend Father in Christ,—My heart being now open before God, I will write as in his presence.

“The first gift of faith I received, after I had seen myself a lost sinner, bound with ten thousand chains, and dropping into hell. Then I heard the voice, ‘Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee;’ and could say, ‘The Son of God loved me, and gave himself for me.’ I thought I saw Him at the right hand of the Father, making intercession for me. I went on in great joy for four months; then pride crept in; and I thought the work was finished, when it was but just begun. There I rested, and in a little time fell into doubts and fears, whether my sins were really forgiven me, till I plunged myself into the depth of misery. I could not pray; neither had I any desire to do it, or to read or hear the word. My soul was like the troubled sea. Then did I see my own evil heart, my cursed, devilish nature; and feel my helplessness, that I could not so much as think a good thought. My love was turned into hatred, passion, envy, &c.

“I felt a thousand hells my due, and cried out, in bitter anguish of spirit, ‘Save, Lord, or I perish.’

“In my last extremity I saw my Saviour full of grace and truth for me, and heard his voice again, whispering, ‘Peace, be still.’ My peace returned, and greater sweetness of love than I ever knew before.

“Now my joy is calm and solid, my heart drawn out to the Lord continually. I know that my Redeemer liveth for me. He is my strength and my rock, and will carry on his work in my soul to the day of redemption.

“Dear Sir, I have spoken the state of my heart, as before the Lord. I beg your prayers, that I may go on, from strength to strength, from conquering to conquer, till death is swallowed up in victory.”

When Mr. Charles Wesley received this letter, she says, “He requested that I would come and speak with him the next morning, which I did; but shall never forget his piercing look. He examined me very closely: I answered him with simplicity, as far as I knew. When I was coming away, he said, ‘I will propound you to be a member of our society.’ The next meeting, therefore, I was desired to stay; and a happy meeting we had.”

Her conversion and consequent connexion with the Methodists gave huge offence to her ungodly husband, especially when she refused to accompany him to places of worldly amusement. He swore that Mr. Wesley had destroyed all his happiness in this world; absolutely forbade her to attend the religious meetings of her new associates; and protested, that, if she would not renounce all intercourse with them, he would confine her in a madhouse. This threat he was at length induced to withdraw. She had a dangerous illness; and in the extremity of her sufferings, he gave full permission to her Methodist friends to visit her, for the purpose of prayer and pious conversation. Having undertaken another voyage, he was no more permitted to visit his home, but died at sea. The intelligence of his death filled her with grief unutterable.

Being now a widow, Mr. Wesley engaged her as his house-keeper at Newcastle, where she discharged her official duties with fidelity, and was very useful in promoting spiritual religion among persons of her own sex. She also visited various parts of England and Ireland, under Mr. Wesley’s direction, regulating and encouraging the female classes, and was a blessing wherever she came. Her unassuming manners, and devout spirit, endeared her to the people, and made her a messenger of good. But she acknowledges that the caresses with which she was received at length proved hurtful to her

piety. She lost much of her simplicity and godly fervour, and her spiritual enjoyments were proportionably decreased; yet as she still retained her religious habits, neither Mr. Wesley nor her friends in general were aware of her spiritual declension. This she afterwards confessed, as her son has stated in the biographical account of her which he published. The Christian excellencies which adorned her character excited Mr. Wesley's esteem and affection, and induced him to make her an offer of marriage. Some years before he had written a tract in favour of celibacy; but he never imagined that a single life is the best for all men, or for the same men at all times; and in the midst of his multiplied labours and cares he felt that he greatly needed the sympathy and aid of an intelligent, active, and pious wife. The offer which he made to Mrs. Murray was accepted. She declared her readiness to accompany him to the ends of the earth; and confessed that the honour of being thus allied to him was a distinction for which she had not dared to hope.

The marriage was to have been celebrated early in October, 1749; but on the third day of that month she was married to John Bennet, one of the Itinerant Preachers; Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield being present on the occasion, and persuading her to take this step. That Mr. Wesley was deeply distressed at the disappointment, is manifest from a letter which he immediately addressed to a confidential friend, Mr. Thomas Bigg, of Newcastle, and from some verses which he wrote on the occasion, which are published in his Life by Mr. Moore.

All the circumstances of this case have never been disclosed, so that the affair is still involved in considerable mystery. It would appear that the same parties who persuaded Mrs. Murray to marry John Bennet in the year 1749 had prevented her union with Mr. Wesley the preceding year. Charles, whom his brother calls his "own familiar friend," was doubtless the principal hinderance. The reason of his opposition is not distinctly stated, but may be collected from collateral circumstances, and the nature of the case. Mr. Watson thinks that Charles was actuated by a feeling of family and official dignity; and imagined that it would be dishonourable to his connexions, were his brother to form a matrimonial alliance with a woman of humble birth, as Mrs.

Murray was known to be. But of this there is no proof. The fact is, Mr. Charles Wesley regarded his brother as providentially called to superintend that extensive revival of religion which had now, for several years, been carried on by their joint-labours, and that of their fellow-helpers. To preserve this work in unimpaired efficiency, and extend it according to their hopes, he knew would require his brother constantly to itinerate through Great Britain and Ireland; and such incessant journeying was incompatible with the comfort of a married life. The correctness of this opinion was amply proved by the subsequent events of Mr. John Wesley's personal history. That these were Charles's views will appear when we come to speak of his brother's marriage with another lady, which took place about seventeen months after this time.

In addition to this it should be stated that an attachment, of many years' continuance, subsisted between Mrs. Murray and John Bennet. In the year 1745 he had a long and dangerous illness in Mr. Wesley's house at Newcastle, of which she had the charge; and from that illness he believed himself to be raised up in answer to her prayers. From that time he regarded her as destined by Providence to be his future wife; and they corresponded together with reference to their marriage. This is stated by her son, in the biographical account of her which he published after her death; and it is confirmed by documentary evidence still existing. That she vacillated in reference to Bennet, when Mr. Wesley made her an offer, and at the time accepted his proposal, as the more desirable of the two, may be readily conceived; although such a conduct was not consistent with Christian simplicity and honour. After she had given her pledge to Mr. Wesley, why should she have married Bennet, but that she was previously attached to him, and engaged by promise? Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield had no power to compel her to marry any man against her will. All that they could do was to reason and persuade. It is highly probable that Bennet, when he obtained information of this new engagement, and perceived that she was likely to escape out of his hands, laid the case before Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield, and requested their interference; for it is not likely that Mr. John Wesley, after being hindered by his brother twelve

months before, would communicate to him his present arrangement.

Though Mr. Charles Wesley's motives are above suspicion, (for a more upright man never lived,) yet it must be conceded that the manner of his interference was indefensible. He had no right absolutely to judge and determine for his brother in a matter so sacred. Counsel and remonstrance he might have given, and that with all the earnestness of which he was capable; but beyond this he was not justly authorized to proceed. Had it been proved to Mr. John Wesley that the woman whom he was engaged to marry was betrothed to another man, it is not to be conceived that he would have persevered in his design of making her his wife.

The very sensible and affectionate Vicar of Shoreham interposed upon this painful occasion, to prevent a permanent breach between the brothers. It was the first serious misunderstanding that had ever taken place between them. Addressing Charles, who had, perhaps with the best intentions, given just ground of offence, Mr. Perronet says, "Yours came this day to hand. I leave you to guess how such news must affect a person whose very soul is one with yours and your friend. Let me conjure you to soothe his sorrows. Pour nothing but oil and wine into his wounds. Indulge no views, no designs, but what tend to the honour of God, the promoting the kingdom of his dear Son, and the healing of our wounded friend. How would the Philistines rejoice, could they hear that Saul and Jonathan were in danger from their own swords!"

For nothing was Mr. John Wesley more remarkable than the forgiveness of injuries, especially when he saw in the offender signs of regret, or was convinced that the offence had been given rather through infirmity of judgment, than obliquity of purpose. What explanations took place between Mr. Charles Wesley and Mr. Whitefield, and the generous man whom they had disappointed, and wounded in the tenderest part, we know not; but he cherished towards them no feelings of unholy resentment. They all met in Leeds in the evening of the day after the marriage of Mr. Bennet and Mrs. Murray, when he doubtless received the first intelligence of what had been done at Newcastle. Deeply wounded as were his feelings, he went the next morning at five o'clock

to hear Mr. Whitefield preach in Leeds; and then accompanied him to Birstal, where he also heard him in the evening. His remark is, "God gave him both strong and persuasive words; such as, I trust, sunk deep into many hearts." Having himself preached the next morning, he says, "I then returned to my brother, whom I had left at Leeds." During this day he saw John Bennet and the bride; and writing to a friend he says, "I believe you never saw such a scene." Yet he was not unmindful of his public duty. "At noon," he says, "we spent an hour with several of our Preachers, in exhortation and prayer. About one I preached to a crowded audience of high and low, rich and poor; but their number was abundantly enlarged at five, as was my strength both of soul and body. I cried aloud to them all, to look unto Jesus, and scarce knew when to leave off."

From Leeds Mr. Wesley went to Newcastle, where he still speaks of Mr. Whitefield in the most friendly manner. "I was now satisfied," says he, "that God had sent Mr. Whitefield thither in an acceptable time; many of those who had little thought of God before, still retaining the impressions they received from him."

As if he intended to demonstrate the entire absence from his mind of all wrathful dispositions, now that the matter could not be reversed, Mr. Wesley returned to Leeds, and at John Bennet's request accompanied him to Rochdale, for the purpose of preaching to the rioters of that town; and he afterwards went with him to Bolton, in Lancashire. This kindness was not reciprocated. Bennet at length embraced the Calvinian theory; spoke against Mr. Wesley with great vehemence, and endeavoured to alienate the societies from him. He then settled as a Dissenting Minister, in Derbyshire, where he spent the rest of his life. After his death his wife returned to the society of her former friends, and to the end of her life expressed great respect for Mr. Wesley, whom she survived several years.

Mr. Charles Wesley speedily returned from the north, and spent the residue of the year in preaching and other pastoral duties in London and Bristol, and at several of the intermediate and surrounding places. The following are the principal entries in his journal:—

"Oct. 24th. Among my hearers to-day at Bath were a son

of the Lord Chief Justice Lee, my old school-fellow Sir Danvers Osborn, and Lord Halifax. They behaved decently, and were particularly taken with the singing. In the evening God sent forth his awakening power, and his fear fell on all that heard the word.

“Nov. 8th. I set out for London, with my brother and Ned Perronet. We were in perils of robbers, who were abroad, and had robbed many the night before. We commended ourselves to God, and rode over the Heath singing.

“Dec. 1st. I hardly reached my own house, quite exhausted as I was with pain of body, and vexation of spirit. I had little power for several days, and less inclination, to preach. My greatest comfort was the conversation of a few faithful friends, such as Mrs. Vigor, Sarah Perrin, Mrs. Davis, and Sukey Burdock.

“Dec. 18th. My birth-day. FORTY years long have I now grieved and tempted God, proved Him, and seen his works. I was more and more sensible of it all day, till I quite sunk under the burden.

“Christmas-day. The room was full as it could contain. We rejoiced from four to six, that to us a Child is born, to us a Son is given. We received the sacrament at the College. In the evening all were melted down at our solemn love-feast.”

Towards the close of this year, 1749, Mr. Charles Wesley published, by subscription, two additional volumes of “Hymns and Sacred Poems.” The hymn-books which he and his brother had before sent forth into the world bore their joint names; and no other intimation was given respecting the authorship of the different compositions. The reader is not informed which were written by John, and which by Charles. The two volumes which were now first published bore Charles’s name only, and were thus authenticated as his own. Some of them are founded upon particular texts of Scripture; others express the author’s religious feelings in particular states of mind; not a few were written upon special occasions, as the death of friends, providential deliverances, the success of his ministry, the persecution and opposition with which he had to contend. Several of them are intended for the use of persons in peculiar circumstances, such as Ministers of the Gospel, medical practitioners, widows, the

afflicted, and the dying. More than one-fourth of the second volume consists of "hymns for Christian friends." Many of these were originally addressed to Sarah Gwynne, before his marriage with her, and others after their union: a few verbal alterations being occasionally made, for the purpose of giving them a more general character, and of adapting them to popular use. While these volumes exhibit his piety and genius to great advantage, they throw considerable light upon his personal history, and his prevalent habits of thought.

The first volume concludes with a hymn of unusual length, and of almost unparalleled sublimity and force. Nothing could give so perfect a view of the spirit in which he had exercised his ministry, from the time at which he began his glorious career in Moorfields and Kennington-common, to this period of his life. Some of these wonderful stanzas are well known. The entire composition is here given.

FOR A PERSON CALLED FORTH TO BEAR HIS
TESTIMONY.

O THOU who, at thy creature's bar,
Thy glorious Godhead didst declare,
A true and good confession make;
Come in thy Spirit from above,
And arm me with thy faithful love,
For thy own truth and mercy's sake.
Call'd forth by thee, thou know'st I am,
Thy truth and mercy to proclaim,
Thy Godhead and eternal power,
The Man whom God his Fellow owns,
Whom angel-powers, dominions, thrones,
Through all eternity adore.

Thee, high enthroned above all height,
Thee God of God, and Light of Light,
I come undaunted to confess,
With God essentially the same,
Jehovah, Jah, the great I AM,
The Lord of hosts, the Prince of peace,
The sovereign, everlasting Lord,
The glorious, unbeginning Word,
The Son of God, the Son of man,
God over heaven and earth supreme,
Made flesh thy creature to redeem,
For me incarnated and slain.

Slain for a sinful world, and me,
 Our Surety hung upon the tree ;
 Thy body bore our guilty load :
 My Lamb for sin an offering made,
 The debt of all mankind hath paid,
 And bought and sprinkled us with blood.
 That blood applied by faith I feel,
 And come its healing power to tell,
 Through which I know *my* sins forgiven ;
 A witness I that all may find
 The peace deserved for all mankind,
 And walk with God, my God, to heaven.

I come to testify the grace
 My Lord obtain'd for all our race,
 Enough ten thousand worlds to save ;
 Salvation is in Jesu's name,
 Which every soul of man may claim,
 And all that seek the grace shall have :
 Salvation from the power of sin,
 Salvation from the root within,
 Salvation into perfect love,
 (Thy grace to all hath brought it near,)
 An uttermost salvation here,
 Salvation up to heaven above.

Thy power and saving grace to show,
 A warfare at thy charge I go,
 Strong in the Lord, and thy great might,
 Gladly take up the hallow'd cross,
 And, suffering all things for thy cause,
 Beneath that bloody banner fight.
 A spectacle to fiends and men,
 To all their fierce or cool disdain
 With calmest pity I submit ;
 Determined nought to know beside
 My Jesus and Him crucified,
 I tread the world beneath my feet.

Superior to their smile or frown,
 On all their goods my soul looks down,
 Their pleasures, wealth, and pomp, and state :
 The man that dares their god despise,
 The Christian, he alone is wise !
 The Christian, he alone is great !
 O God, let all my life declare,
 How happy all thy servants are,
 How far above these earthly things,
 How pure when wash'd in Jesu's blood,
 How intimately one with God,
 A heaven-born race of Priests and Kings.

For this alone I live below,
 The power of godliness to show,
 The wonders wrought by Jesu's name,
 O that I might but faithful prove,
 Witness to all thy pard'ning love,
 And point them to the' atoning Lamb!
 Let me to every creature cry,
 The poor and rich, the low and high,
 "Believe, and feel thy sins forgiven!
 Damn'd till by Jesus saved thou art;
 Till Jesu's blood hath wash'd thy heart,
 Thou canst not find the gate of heaven."

'Thou, Jesu, thou my breast inspire,
 And touch my lips with hallow'd fire,
 And loose a stammering infant's tongue;
 Prepare the vessel of thy grace,
 Adorn me with the robes of praise,
 And mercy shall be all my song:
 Mercy for those who know not God,
 Mercy for all in Jesu's blood,
 Mercy that earth and heaven transcends;
 Love that o'erwhelms the saints in light,
 The length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
 Of love divine which never ends.

A faithful witness of thy grace,
 Long may I fill the' allotted space,
 And answer all thy great design,
 Walk in the works by thee prepared,
 And find annex'd the vast reward,
 The crown of righteousness divine.
 When I have lived to thee alone,
 Pronounce the welcome word, "*Well done!*"
 And let me take my place above,
 Enter into my Master's joy,
 And all eternity employ
 In praise, and ecstasy, and love.

In these noble and energetic lines Mr. Charles Wesley has strikingly depicted the mighty faith, the burning love to Christ, the yearning pity for the souls of men, the heavenly-mindedness, the animating hope of future glory, which characterized his public ministry, and which not only enabled him to deliver his Lord's message before scoffing multitudes, but also carried him through his wasting labours, and the riots of Bristol, of Cornwall, of Staffordshire, of Devises, and of Ireland, without a murmur. As a witness for Christ, he freely sacrificed his reputation as a man of letters and of

genius ; and of life itself, comparatively speaking, he made no account.

Among the papers left by him is a small manuscript volume, containing the names of the subscribers to these two volumes of hymns, written by himself with singular neatness. Of the persons who thus encouraged him in his authorship five hundred and thirteen lived in London ; one hundred and thirty-six in Bristol ; three hundred and sixty-seven in other parts of England and Wales ; and one hundred and twenty-nine in Ireland : making, in the whole, eleven hundred and forty-five. Many societies, as such, subscribed for these admirable volumes, particularly in Leeds and its neighbourhood. Hence we infer, that they had circulating libraries for the use of the members : an arrangement which must have been attended with many important advantages, especially where the people were poor, and unable to purchase books for themselves. The following societies appear in this honourable list :—Leeds, Armley, Hunslet, Rothwell, Oulton, Woodside, Seacroft, Woodhouse, York, Acomb, Thirsk, Hornby, and Selby. They were supplied by the agency of William Shent.

CHAPTER XVII.

At the beginning of the year 1750 Mr. Charles Wesley was at Bristol, as was also his friend Mr. Grimshaw, of Haworth. Though he was greatly blessed in his ministry, especially on particular occasions, yet at times he was subject to strong mental depression. To this indeed he was constitutionally prone, and from this period to the end of his life he was more or less affected by it. When he was daily employed in preaching, and in travelling from place to place, he was carried above all feelings of despondency, and lived in a state of high spiritual enjoyment; but when he sat down in domestic quiet, those feelings often returned in unabated power. At this period the situation of his wife, who expected ere long to be a mother, prevented him from taking those extensive journeys to which he had been accustomed.

“Jan. 1st. At four in the morning,” says he, “our room was excessively crowded, while I proclaimed the Gospel year of jubilee. We did not part without a blessing.

“Jan. 12th. I preached, with the old power, on, ‘Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?’ Generally my hands hang down, and I am so feeble in mind that I cannot speak.

“Jan. 14th. The Spirit helped our infirmity at Kingswood sacrament. A daughter of our brother Grimshaw was just departed in the Lord, being perfected in a short space.”

On the 31st of this month, at two o’clock in the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley were awakened by “a clap of thunder, unusually loud and terrible.” She was greatly frightened; so that the next day he accompanied her to consult a Physician. They were overtaken by a shower of rain, which induced them to quicken their pace; and the consequence was a premature birth. Her life, however, was mercifully preserved. Under this affliction, he says, “I brought my friend Grimshaw home with me, comforted for his happy daughter.

“Feb. 8th. There was an earthquake in London.

“ Feb. 13th. I preached with a little strength at Bearfield, and the next day with more at Freshford. The spirit of the people helped me. An old lady of fourscore received me into her house. We spent the time in prayer and singing. Stephen Naylor, a poor backslider, had another call to repentance, and seemed resolved to close with it. I invited at night many burdened souls to Christ; and his healing power was present, and refreshed every weary spirit.

“ Feb. 18th. I carried my sister Betsy to Kingswood, where the Lord visited us again, and feasted us at his table.

“ Feb. 19th. My wife had recovered strength for her journey. We set out with our sisters Betsy and Peggy. We could not reach Newenham-passage till past seven. It was then quite dark. The boat on the other side refused to come over. We were got to the edge of the bank, the usual place of embarking, when Providence sent a man to stop us. He informed us, that the rains had choked up the river with two banks of sand; and where we were going was all quicksands. We followed him, with great difficulty, to another part of the river. My horse sunk up to the shoulders, but with a violent plunge struggled out. The boatmen at last took pity on us, came over, and with much pains carried us into the boat, and landed us safe on the opposite shore. By noon, Feb. 21st, God conducted us safe to Ludlow. For the five following days I received fresh strength for the work, and rejoiced in some measure that the Gospel had free course.

“ Feb. 27th. I preached in their new room at Evesham, and not without a sensible blessing. I met my brother the next day at Oxford.

“ March 1st. I rode to London. Ned Perronet supplied me with a lodging.

“ March 4th. I visited old Lydia White, on her death-bed. She accosted me, ‘Thou blessed of the Lord, art thou come? I did not expect to see my dear Minister till we met in paradise. You and your brother are the instruments of my salvation. I have known the grace of the Lord Jesus long ago: now I am entering into his glory. He has told me so. I am full of his joy now.’ Her words strengthened my hands, as I found at the chapel, speaking on those words, ‘Blessed is the man that endureth temptation.’ They sunk into many hearts.”

Mr. Charles Wesley's visit to London at this time was one of peculiar interest. He remarks, as we have seen, that, on the 8th of February, "there was an earthquake in London." He was then in Bristol; but his brother, who was in London, or its immediate neighbourhood, gives the following account of this alarming event:—"It was about a quarter after twelve that the earthquake began at the skirts of the town. It began in the south-east, went through Southwark, under the river, and then from one end of London to the other. It was observed at Westminster and Grosvenor-square a quarter before one. Perhaps, if we allow for the difference of the clocks, about a quarter of an hour after it began in Southwark. There were three distinct shakes, or wavings to and fro, attended with a hoarse, rumbling noise, like thunder."

On the 8th of March Charles, who was now in London, addressed the following account to his brother in Bristol:—"This morning, at a quarter after five, we had another shock of an earthquake, far more violent than that of February 8th. I was just repeating my text, when it shook the 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. The alarm which it occasioned, as might be supposed, was deep and general; many apprehending a return of the calamity in a more destructive form. The following selections from Mr. Charles Wesley's journal give a striking view of the excitement which prevailed:—

"March 9th. Many flocked to the morning word, and were yet more stirred up thereby. I have scarce ever seen so many at intercession. At the chapel I preached on the occasion, from Psalm xli., with very great awakening power.

"March 10th. I expounded Isaiah xxiv., a chapter I had

not taken much notice of, till this awful providence explained it: ‘Behold, the Lord maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof. The foundations of the earth do shake. The earth is utterly broken down; the earth is clean dissolved; the earth is moved exceedingly. The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again.’ I preached at Snowfields, and urged them to enter into the Rock, now the Lord is risen to shake terribly the earth.

“March 11th. My spirit, and many others’, seem revived by the late judgment. The word is with the accustomed power, both at London, and Deptford, and wherever I minister it.

“April 4th. Fear filled our chapel, occasioned by a prophecy of the earthquake’s return this night. I preached my written sermon on the subject with great effect, and gave out several suitable hymns. It was a glorious night for the disciples of Jesus.

“April 5th. At four I rose, after a night of sound sleep, while my neighbours watched. I sent an account to Mrs. Gwynne, as follows:—‘The late earthquake has found me work enough. Yesterday I saw the Westminster end of the town full of coaches, and crowds flying out of the reach of divine justice, with astonishing precipitation. Their panic was caused by a poor madman’s prophecy. Last night they were all to be swallowed up. The vulgar were in almost as great consternation as their betters. Most of them watched all night; multitudes in the fields and open places; several in their coaches; many removed their goods. London looked like a sacked city. A lady, just stepping into her coach, to escape, dropped down dead. Many came all night knocking at the Foundery door, and begging admittance for God’s sake. Our poor people were calm and quiet, as at another time.’”

This account is confirmed by a letter which was written on the same day, by Mr. William Briggs, the son-in-law of Mr. Perronet, and addressed to Mr. John Wesley, who was still in Bristol. “This great city,” says he, “has been, for some days past, under terrible apprehensions of another

earthquake. Yesterday thousands fled out of town, it having been constantly affirmed by a dragoon, that he had a revelation, that great part of London and Westminster, especially, would be destroyed by an earthquake the 4th instant, between twelve and one at night. The whole city was under direful apprehensions. Places of worship were crowded by frightened sinners, especially our two chapels, and the Tabernacle, where Mr. Whitefield preached. Several of the classes came to their Leaders, and desired that they would spend the night with them in prayer; which was done; and God gave them a blessing. Indeed all around was awful. Being not at all convinced of the prophet's mission, and having no call from any of my brethren, I went to bed at my usual time, believing I was safe in the hands of Christ; and likewise, that, by doing so, I should be the more ready to rise to the preaching in the morning; which we both did: praised be our kind Protector!

“Though crowds left the town on Wednesday night, yet crowds were left behind; multitudes of whom, for fear of being suddenly overwhelmed, left their houses, and repaired to the fields, and open places in the city. Tower-hill, Moor-fields, but above all Hyde-park, were filled best part of the night, with men, women, and children, lamenting. Some, with stronger imaginations than others, mostly women, ran crying in the streets, ‘An earthquake! An earthquake!’ Such distress, perhaps, is not recorded to have happened before in this careless city. Mr. Whitefield preached at midnight in Hyde-park. Surely God will visit this city. It will be a time of mercy to some.”

Several persons, Ministers and others, who were concerned for the spiritual and moral benefit of the people of London, and of the nation generally, were anxious to perpetuate the solemn impressions which were produced by this providential visitation. A prayer was composed, suited to the occasion, and appointed, “by His Majesty’s special command,” to be read in the churches, “after prayer against the mortality of the cattle,” which was then in use. Forms of prayer “for the use of families, on occasion of the late earthquakes, and other judgments of God upon this nation,” issued from the press at the same time. The Bishop of London published “A Letter to the Clergy and People of London and Westminster, on

occasion of the late Earthquakes." Several other tracts,* bearing upon the same subject, were also put into circulation, calling upon the people to acknowledge the hand of God in the alarming concussions which had so recently occurred; to praise Him for his forbearance, in that so little real injury had been sustained; and to turn away from the sins which were calculated to awaken the divine displeasure, so that future judgments might be averted.

In this kind of service Mr. Charles Wesley took an active and useful part. In the extracts which have been given from his journal, relative to the earthquakes, he mentions the "written sermon" which he preached to one of his congregations, and "several hymns," suited to the service, which the people sang at his dictation. The whole of these he committed to the press. The sermon, which is entitled, "The Cause and Cure of Earthquakes," was first published anonymously; perhaps that it might find its way into quarters where the name of "Wesley" was unwelcome. To the second edition he prefixed his name. In this singularly terse and forcible discourse he proposes to prove from the Scriptures, that earthquakes are the work of God. He then describes a few striking examples of these judgments of the Almighty, especially those which took place in Sicily

* The following tracts, among others, were published at this time:—A Supplement to the Bishop of London's Letter to the Clergy and People of London and Westminster, on occasion of the late Earthquakes.—Modest Remarks upon the Bishop of London's Letter concerning the late Earthquakes. By one of the People called Quakers.—A Letter to the pretended Quaker, Author of the Modest Remarks.—Some Considerations on the Causes of Earthquakes: which were read before the Royal Society, April 5th, 1750. By Stephen Hales, D. D., F. R. S.—A Chronological and Historical Account of the most remarkable Earthquakes that have happened in the World, from the Beginning of the Christian Period, to the present Year, 1750. With an Appendix, containing a distinct Series of those that have been felt in England: and a Preface, seriously addressed to all Christians of every Denomination. By a Gentleman of the University of Cambridge.—An Address to those who have either retired, or intend to leave the Town, under the imaginary Apprehension of the approaching Shock of another Earthquake: being the Substance of a Sermon preached on the last Lord's Day, the first of this instant, April. By Roger Pickering, Pastor of the Church of Protestant Dissenters, in Silver-street, Lord's-day-evening Lecturer at Salter's-Hall, and Fellow of the Royal Society, London.—Various infidel publications were put forth, ridiculing the fears of the people, and pouring contempt upon Providence and religion; but their titles are unworthy of record. The impious authors of them have long since passed to their account.

and Jamaica in the year 1692, and in Lima and Callao in 1746.

In the application of the subject the Preacher speaks with his characteristic energy, and power of conviction. Thus he addresses his hearers, when calling them to repentance:—
 “How slow is the Lord to anger! how unwilling to punish! By what leisurely steps does He come to take vengeance! How many lighter afflictions before the final blow!

“Should He beckon to the man on the red horse to return, and say, ‘Sword, go through the land,’ can we complain He gave us no warning? Did not the sword first bereave abroad? and did we not then see it within our borders? Yet the merciful God said, ‘Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further.’ He stopped the invaders in the midst of our land, and turned them back again, and destroyed them.

“Should He send the man on the pale horse, whose name is Death, and the pestilence destroy thousands and ten thousands of us, can we deny that first He warned us by the raging mortality among our cattle?

“So, if we provoke Him to lay waste our earth, and turn it upside down, and overthrow us, as He overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah, shall we not have procured this unto ourselves? Had we no reason to expect any such calamity? no previous notice? no trembling of the earth before it clave? no shock before it opened its mouth? Did He set no examples of so terrible a judgment before our eyes? Had we never heard of the destruction of Jamaica, or Catania, or that of Lima, which happened but yesterday? If we perish at last, we perish without excuse; for what could have been done more to save us?

“Yes; thou hast now another call to repentance, another offer of mercy, whosoever thou art that hearest these words. In the name of the Lord Jesus, I warn thee once more, as a watchman over the house of Israel, to flee from the wrath to come. I put thee in remembrance (if thou hast so soon forgotten it) of the late awful judgment, whereby God shook thee over the mouth of hell. Thy body He probably awoke by it; but did He awake thy soul? The Lord was in the earthquake, and put a solemn question to thy conscience, ‘Art thou ready to die? Is thy peace made with God?’ Was the earth just now to open its mouth, and swallow thee

up, what would become of thee? Where wouldest thou be? in Abraham's bosom, or lifting up thine eyes in torment? Hadst thou perished by the late earthquake, wouldest thou not have died in thy sins, or rather gone down quick into hell? Who prevented thy damnation? It was the Son of God! O fall down, and worship Him! Give Him the glory of thy deliverance, and devote the residue of thy days to his service."

Mr. Charles Wesley's other publication, which he sent forth at the same time, was entitled, "Hymns occasioned by the Earthquake, March 8th, 1750. In Two Parts." The hymns are nineteen in number, and are written with the author's peculiar spirit, and fervent piety. They describe in strong and glowing terms the power and sovereignty of God; his merciful and righteous government over men; national and personal sins; the divine forbearance and long-suffering; the uncertainty of life, and of all earthly possessions; and the durable nature of the joys which are connected with Christian godliness, both in time and eternity. The whole of them are thoroughly devotional, and appear to have emanated from a heart deeply affected with the perilous state of the nation, arising from its cold formality, and daring wickedness; and in the midst of surrounding evils calmly reposing in the unchanging fidelity and almighty power of Christ, as the Ruler of all worlds.

Flamsteed's "Letter concerning Earthquakes" was now printed, apparently for the purpose of allaying the public alarm; that author confining his attention exclusively to second causes, and avoiding all reference to God whatever. In opposition to the godless speculations of such theorists, Mr. Charles Wesley sings,—

From whence these dire portents around,
That strike us with unwonted fear?
Why do these earthquakes rock the ground,
And threaten our destruction near?
Ye prophets smooth, the cause explain,
And lull us to repose again.

"Or water swelling for a vent,
Or air impatient to get free,
Or fire within earth's entrails pent,"—
Yet all are order'd, LORD, by THEE;
The elements obey thy nod,
And Nature vindicates her God.

The pillars of the earth are thine,
 And thou hast set the world thereon ;
 They at thy threat'ning look incline,
 The centre trembles at thy frown,
 The everlasting mountains bow,
 And God is in the earthquake *now*.

Now, Lord, to shake a guilty land,
 Thou dost in indignation rise,
 We see, we see thy lifted hand
 Made bare a nation to chastise,
 Whom neither plagues nor mercies move,
 To fear thy wrath, or court thy love.

Therefore the earth beneath us reels,
 And staggers like our drunken men,
 The earth the mournful cause reveals,
 And groans our burden to sustain ;
 Ordain'd our evils to deplore,
 And fall with us to rise no more.

Such was the faithful and earnest manner in which this devoted servant of the Lord Jesus endeavoured to improve, to his country's benefit, this remarkable dispensation of divine providence. It was upon occasion of the earthquakes in London that the exquisitely beautiful hymn numbered 67 in the Wesleyan Collection was written, beginning,—

How weak the thoughts, and vain,
 Of self-deluding men ;
 Men who, fix'd to earth alone,
 Think their houses shall endure,
 Fondly call their lands their own,
 To their distant heirs secure !

The hymn which is numbered 555 was also composed with reference to the same events. It begins,—

Come, Desire of nations, come !
 Hasten, Lord, the general doom !
 Hear the Spirit and the bride ;
 Come, and take us to thy side.

The following letter, which was addressed by Mr. Charles Wesley to his wife, and was written on the 17th of March, relates principally to the same subject. It shows that the excitement produced by the earthquake still continued.

“ My dearest, dearest Friend,—Grace and peace be multiplied upon you and yours, who are mine also. One letter in a week does not half satisfy me, under your absence. I count the days since we parted, and those still between us and our next meeting. Yet I dare not promise myself the certain blessing; so many are the evils and accidents of life. Accidents I should not call them; for God ordereth all things in heaven and earth. Who knows his will concerning this wicked city? or how near we may be to the fate of Lima or Portugal? Blessed be God, many consider this day of danger and adversity. The Bishop of London has published a seasonable, solemn warning. Our churches are crowded, as at the beginning. Last night I preached, for the first time, at the French chapel, in Spitalfields: my scruples being at last removed. It was full as it could hold. ‘The poor have the Gospel preached unto them,’ was my text: and the Lord was with us of a truth.

“ I preached again this morning, on, ‘ God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in the time of trouble: therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and the hills be carried into the midst of the sea.’ The poor weavers, English and French, filled the place, and heard me gladly. Here is surely a door, great and effectual, and as yet not many adversaries. I must endeavour to keep up the awakening, by preaching every morning of next week: then I shall probably go for two or three days to Canterbury, carrying Dudy Perronet* behind me, instead of ——.

“ Last night Charles Perronet set out for Bristol, to see my brother, before he departs for Ireland. Dudy and Ned pine after you. We must bestow a month or two on them at Canterbury. Mrs. Stotesbury, Blackwell, Dewal, and many others, express great love for you; not for my sake, but your own; or, rather, His to whom you belong.”

Under the excitement which was produced by the earthquakes in London, Mr. Charles Wesley witnessed the death of his beloved sister Mrs. Wright. She was a woman of an elegant and cultivated mind, and possessed a superior talent for poetry, of which many beautiful specimens have been

* Dudy was a pet name of the unmarried daughter of the Vicar of Shoreham. Her proper name was Damaris. She was a lady of deep piety.

published. It was her misfortune to be married to a man who was utterly unable to appreciate her worth, and was every way unworthy of her hand. He was illiterate, rude and vulgar in his manners, intemperate, and preferred the society of swearers and drunkards in common alehouses, to the conversation of his amiable and intelligent wife, whom he treated with unkindness and neglect. After enduring much sorrow, she found effectual relief and comfort in the saving knowledge of Christ, in which she lived for some years, and then died in the Lord. The following notices concerning her latter end were inserted by Mr. Charles Wesley in his journal. They are brief, but instructive, touching, and affectionate.

“ March 5th. I prayed by my sister Wright, a gracious, tender, trembling soul: a bruised reed, which the Lord will not break.

“ March 14th. I found my sister Wright very near the haven; and again on Sunday the 18th; yet still in darkness, doubts, and fears, against hope believing in hope.

“ March 21st. At four I called on my brother Wright, a few minutes after her spirit was set at liberty. I had sweet fellowship with her in explaining at the chapel those solemn words: ‘Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.’ All present seemed partakers both of my sorrow and my joy.

“ March 26th. I followed her to her quiet grave, and wept with them that wept.”

This gifted but suffering woman wrote the following epitaph on herself:—

“ Destined while living to sustain
 An equal share of grief and pain,
 All various ill^s of human race
 Within this breast had once a place.
 Without complaint she learnt to bear
 A living death, a long despair,
 Till, hard oppress’d by adverse Fate,
 O’ercharg’d, she sunk beneath its weight,
 And to this peaceful tomb retired,
 So much esteem’d, so long desired!
 The painful mortal conflict’s o’er;
 A broken heart can bleed no more!”

Her brother, Mr. John Wesley, states, with respect to Mrs. Wright, "It is but justice to her memory to observe, that she was at rest before she went hence; being for some years a witness of that rest which remains, even here, for the people of God."

A few years after the society in Bristol had been formed, Mrs. Wright visited the friends in that city, where she was treated with great affection and respect, and received much spiritual profit. Some time after her return, she addressed to her brother Charles the following letter, which is beautifully illustrative of her gentle and tender spirit, now humbled and subdued by sanctified affliction:—

"Frith-street, Oct. 4th, 1745. Dearest Brother,—I received both your kind letters, and thank you for them; but am surprised you have heard no account of my better health, though I could not write myself; since many have seen me, who I know correspond with you; and some of them are gone to Bath and Bristol lately; especially sister Naylor, and Mrs. Wigginton. Indeed I continue exceeding weak, keeping my bed, except when I rise to have it made; and it is almost incredible what a skeleton I am grown, so that my bones are ready to come through my skin; but, through mercy, the fever that immediately threatened me (with a violent cough, and some fatal symptoms) is gone off, and I am more likely to recover than ever: nay, if I could once get my strength, I should not make a doubt of it.

"This ease of body, and great calm of mind, I firmly believe, is owing to the prayer of faith. I think this support the more extraordinary, because I have no sense of God's presence, ever since I took my bed; and you know what we are when left to ourselves, under great pain, and apprehensions of death; yet though I am yet in desertion, and the enemy is very busy, I enjoy so great a measure of quietness and thankfulness as is really above nature. Hallelujah! Whether or no the bitterness of death is past, I am perfectly easy and resigned, having given up this, with dear Will's spiritual welfare, and all other things, to the sovereign Physician of souls and bodies.

"Dearest brother, no selfish consideration can ever make me wish your stay in this most dangerous, diabolical world; yet we must always say, 'Thy will be done;' and I am

pleased still to think, God will permit us to meet again, though I cannot say I desire life a minute longer, even upon those terms. Willy gives his love, and would be unfeignedly glad to see you. Pray join in prayer with me still, that he may persevere. Molly too gives her duty, and desires your prayers. Neither of their souls prospers as I could wish them. Strange, that though we know sanctification is a gradual work, we want our neighbours to go faster than we can ourselves; but poor Willy only waits for the first gift. I have not one fear for those who are truly in earnest.

“If the nation is run stark mad in politics, though never a jot the wiser or holier, no wonder that the person you mentioned in your last is brim full of them, though she keeps within bounds, and does not talk treason, whatever she may think. I am glad the believers I know seem to run into no extremes about the present affairs, either of losing the one thing needful, by talking too much, or praying too little. The Lord give us a right judgment in all things!

“My prayers, love, and best wishes attend all dear friends at Bristol, from whom I have received innumerable obligations; but above all Mrs. Vigor and her family, who showed unwearied love in serving and humouring me, with my never-to-be-forgotten friend, and sister in spirit, Sally Perrin, who, if possible, showed more kindness in the latter end than beginning. Give my particular love and humble service to Dr. Middleton; poor Nancy Perrot, my companion in misery; Mrs. Burdock and Miss, who were most wonderfully civil to me; and Mr. and Mrs. Wigginton; with Stephen and Betty Maxfield; poor sister Spear, and Mrs. Williams, who spared no pains to serve me; and Sally Coltson, Sukey Peck, and Mrs. Halfpenny, with her daughter, who have all been very loving and obliging: and may our best Master reward their labour of love a thousand fold. It has been one of my heaviest crosses, that I have been unable to write to them all; but if ever I recover, I despair not of doing it yet, if acceptable from a novice. You think, perhaps, I may write to them as well as you: but, dear Charles, I write now in bed; and you cannot believe what it costs me. I trust to remember and bless you many times yet before I die; wishing we may have another happy meeting first, if it is best. So, with prayers

for the universal church, Ministers, Assistants, and all mankind, I take leave to subscribe myself,

“Your most obliged and loving sister.

“Forgive all blunders. Adieu.”

It will be observed, that this daughter of sorrow and affliction survived the writing of this letter several years.

Mrs. Wright's death appears to have made a salutary impression upon the mind of her husband. Three days after her interment, Mr. Charles Wesley, in a letter to his wife, says, “Last Monday I followed *our* happy sister to her grave. Her husband is inconsolable, not knowing Jesus Christ. I was much affected by his saying, with tears, he hoped I should not forsake him now that my sister was dead.”

In the same letter he says, speaking of a servant whom he intended to bring with him to Bristol, “He had a wonderful deliverance the other night; when five rogues seized him, crossing the fields, and were about to rob, if not murder, him. He prayed them, in his simple manner, to let him alone; when one of them held up his lantern to his face, and cried, ‘I believe he is a Wesley. He has a very innocent look. Let him go; let him go.’ Which accordingly they did; and he walked quietly home.”

He adds, “The alarm here continues and increases, through the daily accounts we receive of more earthquakes. I am printing more hymns, and a sermon, on the occasion.”

It was about the time of Mrs. Wright's death, that an intimacy commenced between Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley and Mrs. Vazelle, a widow lady, to whom Mr. John Wesley was afterwards married. Charles had been introduced to her some months before; and he then spoke of her as “a woman of a sorrowful spirit.” In May, 1750, he took her with him to Ludlow, on a visit to the Gwynne family. “During our nine days' stay,” says he, “they showed her all the civility that they could; and she seemed equally pleased with them.” She accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley to London, taking Evesham, Blenheim, and Oxford on their way. He showed her the buildings and gardens belonging to the Colleges. On their arrival in town he says, “We took up our quarters for eight or nine days at Mrs. Vazelle's.” At this time they had not the most distant apprehension that she was ever to become their sister-in-law.

At this period he met with a foul libel upon himself, which had been in circulation two years without his knowledge. He thus describes and refutes the scandalous and wicked falsehood: "I met with Mr. Salmon's 'Foreigner's Companion through the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford,' printed in 1748, and made the following extract:—'The times of the day the University go to this church are ten in the morning, and two in the afternoon, on Sundays and holidays; the sermon usually lasting about half an hour. But when I happened to be at Oxford, in 1742, Mr. Wesley, the Methodist of Christ-Church, entertained his audience two hours; and having insulted and abused all degrees, from the highest to the lowest, was, in a manner, hissed out of the pulpit by the lads.'

"And high time for them to do so, if the historian said true; but, unfortunately for him, I measured my time by my watch, and it was within the hour. I abused neither high nor low, as my sermon in print will prove. Neither was I 'hissed out of the pulpit,' or treated with the least incivility, either by young or old.

"What, then, shall I say to my High-Church friend, whom I once so much admired? I must rank him among the apocryphal writers, such as the judicious Dr. Mather, the wary Bishop Burnet, and the most modest Mr. Oldmixon."

While he was reviled, it was his comfort to find that his ministry was in every place sanctioned by the divine blessing; and that the spiritual children, whom the Lord had given him and his brother, still attested the truth and power of their religion by living and dying as did the Christians in the apostolic times. Their lives were holy, upright, and useful, and their deaths full of resignation, joy, and hope. Several of them about this time passed into the world of spirits; and their dying testimonies were most satisfactory and cheering. "I prayed," says he, "by our sister Lewis, quietly expecting her release."

"I saw several happy souls, in spite of their feeble, sick, or pained bodies. One I visited yesterday died in the faith soon after."

"I visited a dying sister, speechless, yet full of earnest love, as her looks and signs confessed."

"I buried our brother Somerset, who came to the grave as

a ripe shock of corn in its season. He has now overtaken his companion, and death can no more separate them."

"Another was gathered into the garner. I buried her earthly part—for a short season."

"Sally rejoiced my heart with her account of Mrs. Leyson, whom she saw triumphant in her last hour. Here is another blessed soul gone to paradise, with a good report of us."

"I prayed by our faithful brother Hogg, just departing in the Lord, and to him." "I visited the widow Hogg, in her affliction, and tried to turn it into the right channel." "I buried our late brother Hogg, and preached at the grave to a countless multitude, on, 'These are they that came out of great tribulation,' &c. The Lord gave me utterance, and them the hearing ear." "I preached a written sermon, at Spitalfields, on my beloved friend and brother Hogg. The chapel was crowded; and the house of mourning was turned into a house of great rejoicing."

"I administered the sacrament to a dying believer, lately called; but now made equal to them that have borne the heat and burden of the day."

These cases, which mostly occurred in London, and all of them in the course of a few weeks, must have afforded a rich encouragement to the men whose ministrations produced such results. In the midst of the reproaches with which they were daily loaded, they felt, that thus to people heaven with sanctified spirits was worth all their labour, and the sacrifice of their reputation. Conversions were still happily frequent in their congregations, and some of them were attended by circumstances of peculiar interest. The following is an example:—

"June 22d. I met a daughter of my worthy old friend, Mr. Erskine, at the Foundery. She was deeply wounded by the sword of the Spirit; confessed she had turned many to Deism; and feared there could be no mercy for her.

"July 18th. I had the satisfaction of bringing back to Mr. Erskine his formerly disobedient daughter. She fell at his feet. It was a moving interview. All wept. Our heavenly Father heard our prayers. I preached immediately after, on, 'And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.' We had a double blessing and power. Poor Jane Cox said she was even compelled to receive Christ." While he was thus successful in bringing sinners

to Christ, he says, "I believe God owned me more this day on account of one who, in an abusive letter, had affirmed that the Lord was departed from me."

About the middle of August he was in Bristol, where he met with his unfortunate sister Hall, who, it appears, had been recalled from the asylum which her brothers provided for her at the Foundery. He took her with him to the preaching, when her wretched husband, now abandoned to every vice, understanding where she was, came and fetched her away. Charles refused to have any intercourse with the sensualized apostate, who had renounced the clerical character, and become hardened in infidelity. He says, "I met my sister Hall in the churchyard, and carried her to the room. I had begun preaching, when Mr. Hall walked up the room, and through the desk, and carried her off with him. I was somewhat disturbed, yet went on." The next day "he came up again, calling me by my name. I fled; and he pursued; but could not find me in my lurking-place."

On the 1st of September he says, "I finished Rapin's History; which has cured me, in some degree, of the prejudices of education."

From the time of his marriage, up to this period, Mr. Charles Wesley had only once visited the north of England. He now made arrangements for returning to the former scenes of his ministerial labour in that part of the kingdom, but was providentially hindered. His wife retired to her friends at Ludlow, and he came to London; where he met Mr. Hervey at Mr. Whitefield's Tabernacle, "in the fellowship of the Spirit of love," and rejoiced at the sight of his old college friend. He says,—

"Sept. 16th. A great number of communicants perceived the Lord's presence. He gave us his blessing at our love-feast also. I had a restless night through a boil rising in my neck.

"Sept. 17th. I rose at two, and set out for the north. Beyond Islington my mare threw and fell upon me. I held on as far as St. Alban's, and was then forced to lie down; yet could not sleep day or night.

"Sept. 18th. With much difficulty I got back to London. I continued in great pain for several days, till the boil broke. I passed three days at Newington-green, and found benefit

from my physic and fresh air. Mr. Waller and his sisters frequently called, and rejoiced with the church in our house.

“Oct. 7th. I got to the chapel on this and every Lord’s day; the rest of the month I was confined to the house mostly. Dr. Wathen attended me constantly, till both my neck and swollen hand were quite well.”

On the recovery of his health he went to Ludlow, where he remained a whole month with his wife’s relations, who were in great trouble, the precise cause of which he has not specified. He says that he was “exercised by severe and unexpected trials;” and adds, “One night Mr. W—— fell into convulsions through the distractions of his mind. I was on the point of following him; Betsy and Juggy fainted away; confusion reigned throughout the family.

“Dec. 4th. Mr. W——’s wedding-day. How unlike my own! I rose, after a sleepless night, in the spirit of heaviness. I prayed for them, and with them. Soon after eight they were married:

‘And ’twas my ministry to deal the blow!’

“Dec. 7th. I left the house of woe, and the next day rejoiced to find myself among my friends at Bristol.”

The Mr. W——, here mentioned, was doubtless Mr. Waller, a lace-merchant in London, who was married to Miss Elizabeth Gwynne. It would appear that some of the family were opposed to the union. Mr. and Mrs. Waller lived several years at Islington, in habits of intimacy with Mr. Charles Wesley and his wife. The marriage appears to have been happy in its consequences, though violently opposed at the time.

While he continued at Ludlow he was not unemployed in his Master’s work, nor an inattentive observer of what was passing around him, in connexion with the cause of religion. “I encouraged a poor girl,” says he, “to seek her cure from Him who had wounded her. She has the outward mark too; being daily threatened to be turned out of doors by her master: a great swearer, and strict Churchman; a constant communicant, and habitual drunkard.”

At the beginning of the year 1751 Mr. Charles Wesley was in London, preaching, administering the Lord’s supper, and visiting the sick, with his wonted diligence and success;

being sustained by the power of God, and borne along in his work by a tide of hallowed and joyous feeling. While thus employed a temporary gloom was cast upon his mind by his brother's marriage; from which he was led to indulge the most painful forebodings. A few extracts from his journal will serve to show his views and emotions upon the occasion. He says,—

“Feb. 2d. My brother returned from Oxford; sent for and told me, he was resolved to marry. I was thunderstruck, and could only answer, he had given me the first blow; and his marriage would come like the *coup de grace*. Trusty Ned Perronet followed, and told me, the person was Mrs. Vazeille: one of whom I had never had the least suspicion. I refused his company to the chapel, and retired to mourn with my faithful Sally. I groaned all the day, and several following ones, under my own and the people's burden. I could eat no pleasant food, nor preach, nor rest, either by night, or by day.

“Feb. 7th. My excessive cough helped to pull me down, and then a sore throat. My companion sympathized with me too sensibly. Feb. 14th. She was often in great pain, especially to-day. I watched by her in great distress, but could not remove her pain by sharing it. I sent for Dr. Wathen, who prescribed what gave her immediate relief. I gave God who heareth prayer the glory.

“Feb. 17th. I dragged myself to the chapel, and spoke on those words: ‘Thy sun shall no more go down,’ &c. The whole congregation seem infected by my sorrow. Both under the word, and at the sacrament, we wept and made supplication. It was a blessed mourning to us all.

“Feb. 27th. My brother came to the chapel-house with his wife. I was glad to see him; saluted her; and stayed to hear him preach.

“March 15th. I called on my sister; kissed her, and assured her I was perfectly reconciled to her, and to my brother.

“March 19th. I brought my wife and sister together; and took all opportunities of showing the latter my sincere respect and love.

“May 12th. With Sally at Kingswood I was greatly quickened by that promise, ‘The third part I will bring through

the fire.' In the sacrament we were swallowed up in the spirit of prayer. I met my sister at the horse-fair, and behaved to her *as such*. I gave an earnest exhortation to repentance.

"May 14th. I showed her, both at my own house, and the houses of my friends, all the civility in my power."

From these notices it is manifest, that when Mr. Charles Wesley received intelligence of his brother's resolution to marry, he felt at once the greatest repugnance at the thought. His spirit sunk within him. He was overwhelmed with grief; and for several successive days and weeks he could scarcely do anything but weep and pray in solitude. His distress could not proceed from any feeling of personal or family dislike towards Mrs. Vazeille; for it arose in his mind before he had even the slightest suspicion that she was the object of his brother's choice. A friendship also subsisted between her and the Gwynne family, whom she had recently visited; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wesley had lately spent several days at her house. Nor could his grief arise from any aversion to the marriage state; for he himself was eminently happy in that relation. His wife was amiable, devout, and cheerful; and perhaps no husband ever excelled him in tenderness and affection.

In all probability, the true reason of his unwillingness that his brother should marry is to be found in the declaration, "I groaned UNDER MY OWN AND THE PEOPLE'S BURDEN." Thirteen years had now elapsed since the brothers, after long and anxious inquiry, received correct views of evangelical doctrine, and realized its truth in their own experience. During this period their labours had been strenuous and incessant; they were directed to the one object of making men holy and happy by believing in Christ; and in these labours they had been successful far beyond their highest hopes. They had the most deep and solemn conviction, that their ministrations were carried on under the direct sanction of God; and that he had thus far employed them in the revival of primitive Christianity. In all parts of the kingdom, from the Land's End to the Tweed, and in various parts of Ireland, they had societies of spiritual children, the fruit of their faith and prayer. All these needed constant pastoral care, that they might not depart from the good Shepherd, but remain in the

fold, and be multiplied. Many sons in the Gospel had been raised up as their fellow-helpers; but these, not having been trained to the sacred office, stood in need of incessant superintendence, encouragement, and direction. The discipline of the Connexion was not then formed, and both the Preachers and the societies looked up to the Wesleys as their guiding head. Charles felt that he could not take the charge of all these people. At no period of his life was he qualified for the task. About three years after this time Mr. John Wesley was alarmingly ill, and his death was generally anticipated by his friends. In this emergency Charles, when urging the society in London to unite in prayer for his brother's recovery, solemnly declared to them, that should his brother be taken away, according to their apprehensions, they would be inevitably left as sheep without a shepherd; for that he could not possibly sustain the pastoral charge of them. He well knew that government was not his forte; and as soon as he became a husband, and was likely to become a father, he at once perceived that his labours and influence would be unavoidably restricted. His wife was ready to accompany him wherever he went, and at this time actually proposed to go with him to Newcastle; but her presence with him in his travels was often inconvenient and expensive, especially when the weather was severe, and the journeys were long. Since his marriage Charles had never been either to Cornwall, or Ireland, where a great work of God was begun, and in delightful progress. If Mr. John Wesley's marriage should be a means of confining his labours within the same comparatively narrow circle, there was no hope that the cause of true religion would advance as it had done. Many of the Methodist societies, there was reason to believe, would become Independent churches; a wide separation from the national Establishment would ensue; and the kingdom be deprived of that extensive reformation, which the brothers had hoped by God's blessing to effect.

These appear to have been the apprehensions of Mr. Charles Wesley with respect to his brother's marriage; and if so, they were honourable to his judgment and his piety. A due attention to his wife was unquestionably inconsistent with that rapid and extensive itinerancy to which Mr. John Wesley was providentially called, as the general superintend-

ent of the growing Methodist societies and ministry. For anything that we certainly know to the contrary, Mr. Charles Wesley was influenced by similar motives in the part which he took relative to the marriage of Mrs. Grace Murray. In that case he had gone farther than duty would warrant ; and he saw that he had inflicted a wound in his brother's mind which time had scarcely healed. Measures so extreme he did not now attempt to repeat. When his brother was married, and the paroxysm of his own grief had in part subsided, he showed all possible respect to his brother's wife, and requested that all past differences, of whatever kind, might be forgotten. He earnestly desired that mutual confidence and love might be cherished between his brother's family and his own, and that he and his brother might labour together with their former cordiality.

The fears of Mr. Charles Wesley respecting the consequences of his brother's marriage proved to be unfounded. Mr. John Wesley's itinerant ministry was maintained in unimpaired efficiency to the end of his life ; his regular visits to the principal societies in Great Britain and Ireland were continued, and productive of the greatest good ; and his control over the Preachers was increasingly paternal and salutary till he ceased to breathe. Yet while these important objects were secured, though he was a married man, he was a stranger to the comforts of wedded life. His wife, after tormenting herself and her husband for some years, retired altogether from his society, and left him to pursue his course of duty in his own way.

Mrs. Vazelle was the widow of a London merchant, whose country residence was at Wandsworth. She was a woman of good property, the whole of which was secured to herself and her children before her union with Mr. Wesley, who refused to have any control over her fortune. Neither in understanding nor education was she worthy of the eminent man to whom she was united ; and her temper was intolerably bad. During the life-time of her first husband she appears to have enjoyed every indulgence ; and, judging from some of his letters to her, which have been preserved, he paid an entire deference to her will. Her habits and spirit were ill adapted to the privations and inconveniences which were incident to her new mode of life, as the travelling companion

of Mr. John Wesley, whose journeys were long and incessant, and generally prosecuted with great rapidity.

Nothing could surpass his cheerfulness and equanimity. With him it was a fixed principle, to see and acknowledge the hand of God in all the events of life, small as well as great; so that in his estimation every murmur was a sin, being an expression of dissatisfaction with the arrangements of divine Providence. For some time after his marriage his wife accompanied him in his itinerancy, not always as a help meet for him, but too often as a source of vexation. When her mind was irritated, nothing could please her. The weather was either intolerably cold, or insufferably hot. The roads were bad, and the means of conveyance unbearable. The people by whom they were accommodated were rude and unpolite. The provisions were scanty, or ill prepared. The beds were hard, and the covering insufficient. Her husband's official duties, preaching two or three times daily, visiting the sick, regulating the societies, carrying on an extensive correspondence, and writing constantly for the press, occupied so much of his time, that he could not pay her all the attention that she required. She therefore deemed herself neglected. He could not relax in his diligence, so as to conform to her views and habits, without violating his conscience; and she could not reconcile her mind to his ceaseless travelling and application. They were married in February; and in the June following she carried her complaints against her husband to Charles, who kindly attempted to soothe her spirit, and reconcile her to the inconveniences which she could not avoid. He says,—

“I found my sister in tears; professed my love, pity, and desire to help her; heard her complaints of my brother; carried her to my house, where, after supper, she resumed the subject, and went away comforted.

“June 22d. I passed another hour with her, in true affection and conference; then with my brother; then with both together. Our explanation ended in prayer and perfect peace.”

It will be perceived that the ladies whom Mr. John and Charles Wesley married were very dissimilar. Miss Gwynne was young, and had only a comparatively small fortune; Mrs. Vazeille was rich, and considerably advanced in life.

Miss Gwynne was prepared to give her heart, with all its warmth of original affection, to her husband, who returned her love with an ardour equal to her own. To her, therefore, it was a pleasure to meet all his views, and adapt herself to all his habits and engagements. Mrs. Vazeille's affections had been long occupied by a former husband, and the children whom she had borne to him. Her love to Mr. Wesley was not sufficiently strong to induce her patiently to submit to a life of self-denial on his account; and neither her piety nor philosophy could reconcile her to her altered circumstances. Before she married him she knew that his parish was the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland; and if she thought that she could confine his ministry within narrower limits, it is certain that she understood not his character. Charles's labours became gradually local. Happily for the world, John possessed greater firmness of bodily and mental constitution. His was a fixedness of purpose, in all matters of duty, from which nothing could induce him to swerve. The frowns of men in authority, the allurements of ease, the pleasures of learning, the violence of mobs, the caresses and even the tears of a wife, were all equally powerless, when directed to the obstruction of his efforts to save souls. Unless he had married a woman of a truly kindred spirit, it would have been far better for him to remain single. With a wife of Mrs. Vazeille's temper it was impossible that he should be happy; for he could not accommodate himself to her will without sinning against God, by the neglect of that work to which he believed himself divinely called, and the prosecution of which he therefore felt to be matter of absolute duty.

It has been thought by some persons, that Mr. John Wesley treated his fretful wife with coldness and reserve; and that on this ground she had just reason to complain. But the reverse of this is the fact. Several of his letters to her, which were written after their marriage, have been preserved. They display the utmost tenderness of affection, such as few female hearts could have withstood, and justify the opinion, that, had it been his happiness to be married to a person that was worthy of him, he would have been one of the most affectionate husbands that ever lived. Those who think that he was constitutionally cold and repulsive utterly mistake his character. But nothing that he could either do or

say would his wife kindly receive. In almost every word that he uttered, and every action that he performed, she found fresh ground of dislike and complaint. According to Charles's testimony, (and he was a competent judge,) nothing could surpass the patience of his brother, in bearing with his perverse and murmuring spouse. At first she carried her complaints to Charles; but soon even he and his wife became objects of her bitter hostility; so that her language to them was scarcely less severe than that which she applied to her hapless husband. Some scores of documents in her handwriting are still in existence, which attest the violence of her temper, and would warrant the conclusion that there was in her a certain degree of mental unsoundness. The name by which Mr. Charles Wesley generally called her was, "My Best Friend:" for no other person told him of his faults with half the vehemence and particularity which characterized her rebukes and admonitions.

When Mr. Charles Wesley was first called to soothe the mind of his discontented sister-in-law, he received complaints from Bradford, in Wiltshire, affecting the moral character of James Wheatley, one of the Preachers whom he and his brother had appointed to assist them. Some months before this, he had entertained strong doubts respecting Wheatley, and had seriously admonished him, but without effect. The man was sullen and obstinate. He had indeed become a thorough Antinomian, both in principle and action. At first he denied the charges which were preferred against him; then confessed them, when confronted with his accusers; then attempted to justify the acts of wickedness of which he had been found guilty; and, last of all, declared that the Preachers in general were addicted to the same practices. Ten of them met him in the presence of the Wesleys, and challenged him to the proof of the allegation; but in this he entirely failed. Having convicted him of slander, in addition to his other crimes, and perceiving in him no signs of repentance, the brothers solemnly cut him off from all future connexion with them and their fellow-labourers. After his dismissal he went to Norwich, where he was comparatively unknown. There he commenced an independent ministry; for some time endured bitter persecution; and then became very popular; till his wickedness, which he continued to

practise, was brought to light, and awakened the public indignation. Wheatley was, there is reason to believe, the first Preacher that was ever expelled from the Methodist body. His life was a tissue of inconsistencies. At the beginning of his public labours he gave satisfactory proof of deep piety and exemplary zeal; and Mr. John Wesley expressed, in a private letter to Howell Harris, his admiration of Wheatley's spirit. While he was stationed in Ireland he contracted an acquaintance with some Antinomians, and imbibed their unholy principles. He immediately changed his mode of preaching, expatiating almost exclusively upon the sufferings of Christ, and the mercy of God, with little or no reference to practical holiness as essential to the Christian character. Confining his attention, and that of his hearers, to the merits of Christ's passion, overlooking the spirituality of Christ's law, and the righteousness of his government, this wretched man silenced the voice of conscience, and, apparently without remorse, abandoned himself to practices which have left an indelible brand upon his memory. His very preaching was sensual, being addressed to the passions of his hearers, rather than to their understandings and consciences.

While Wheatley's case was under examination Mr. Charles Wesley says, "I carried my brother home, and offered to join with him heartily and entirely." He adds, that Wheatley's accusation "put my brother and me upon the resolution of strictly examining into the life and moral behaviour of every Preacher in connexion with us; and the office fell upon me. I set out for this purpose on Saturday, June 29th, 1751."

It is but justice to the Preachers of that day to say, that Mr. Charles Wesley's inquiries concerning them, prosecuted in various parts of the kingdom, completely contradicted the statement of Wheatley. When he was removed from their fraternity, no other instance of moral delinquency could be found among them. Two or three Mr. Charles Wesley speaks of as deficient in abilities; and expresses an opinion that his brother had not exercised sufficient caution in their appointment. One of them, Michael Fenwick, he directed to return to his secular business, as being destitute of the talents requisite for the Christian ministry. But he records not a word of complaint respecting the piety or the deportment of any of the men who were regularly employed in the

itinerant work. His silence is their eulogy ; for to detect sin among them, if there were any, was the direct object of his mission.

The following selections from the journal which he wrote during this excursion will show the spirit by which he was actuated, and the state of religion in various parts of the kingdom. He was still characterized by that zeal and devotedness which had marked his course from the commencement of his itinerant ministry.

“July 5th. Between six and seven I set out with sister Perrin, my wife, sister Beck, and honest Francis Walker. Coming to Worcester in the afternoon, we heard, the rioters had been at the room on Monday evening, in expectation of me, and made great disturbance. I doubted all along whether I had any business here at this time ; yet at the desire of the poor people I went to their room at seven. Almost as soon as I began, the mob interrupted ; but in spite of their lewd, hellish language, I preached the Gospel with much contention. They had no power to strike the people, as usual ; neither did any molest us on our way home.

“July 6th. We were hardly met when the sons of Belial poured in upon us, some with their faces blacked ; some without shirts ; all in rags. They began to ‘stand up for the Church,’ by cursing and swearing, by singing and talking lewdly, and throwing dust and dirt all over us ; with which they had filled their pockets, such as had any to fill. I was soon covered from head to foot, and almost blinded. Finding it impossible to be heard, I only told them I should apply to the Magistrates for redress, and walked up stairs. They pressed after me ; but Mr. Walker and the brethren blocked up the stairs, and kept them down. I waited a quarter of an hour ; then walked through the midst of them to my lodgings ; and thence to the Mayor’s.

“I spent an hour with him, pleading the poor people’s cause. He said he had never before heard of their being so treated ; that is, pelted, beaten, and wounded ; their house battered, and windows, partitions, and locks broken : that none had applied to him for justice, or he should have granted it : that he was well assured of the great mischief the Methodists had done throughout the nation ; and the great riches Mr. Whitefield and their other teachers had acquired :

that their societies were quite unnecessary, since the Church was sufficient : that he was for having neither Methodist nor Dissenter.

“ I easily answered all his objections. He treated me with civility and freedom ; and promised, at parting, to do our people justice. Whether he does or not, I have satisfied my own conscience.

“ At ten we took horse for Tipton-green. Our brother Jones gave us a melancholy account of the society at Wednesbury, which from three hundred is reduced to seventy weak, lifeless members. Those who had borne the burden and heat of the day, and stood like a rock in all the storms of persecution, were removed from their steadfastness, and fallen back into the world, through vain janglings. Well it had been for them if the predestinarians had never come hither.

“ July 7th. I preached out to a numerous congregation, whom I could not look upon without tears. My text was, Rev. iii. 3 : ‘ Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent.’ Out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spake, and called them back to their first love, and first works. It was a solemn season of sorrow. The Lord, I trust, knocked at many hearts, which will hear his voice, and open to Him again. He stirred up the faithful remnant to pray for their backsliding brethren ; and their prayers shall not return empty. Another hour I employed in calling the society to repentance.

“ July 8th. I preached at five with much freedom, and hope of their recovery. In the afternoon the Curate met me ; a well-disposed youth, just come from College, where his Tutor, Mr. Bentham, gave him an early prejudice for true religion. He invited me to his lodgings, joined with us in serious conversation, and singing, and seeming ready for all good impressions. At six I preached on Bromwich-heath to a multitude of the poor, who heard me gladly ; and I knew not when to leave off.

“ July 10th. I exhorted them at Wednesbury to lay aside every weight, &c. I joined with the brethren in fervent prayer for a general revival.

“ July 11th. I examined the classes, and rejoiced to find them all orderly walkers. I received some backsliders upon trial, and prayed by a sick sister, quietly waiting for full redemption.

“I dined at Darlaston, at our brother Jones’s uncle’s. The master was gone to his house not made with hands, and left a good report behind him. He was a good and hardy soldier of Jesus Christ; bold to confess Him before men; for whose sake he suffered the loss of all things, and continued faithful unto death. The people are a pattern to all the flock.

‘ Meek, simple followers of the Lamb,
They live, and speak, and think the same.’

By their patience and steadfastness of faith they have conquered their fiercest adversaries. God gives them rest; and they walk in his fear and comfort, increasing daily both in grace and number.

“I preached to most of the town, and pressed them to come boldly to the throne of grace. My spirit was greatly assisted by theirs. Those without seemed all given into my hands. The society was all in a flame of love. They made me full amends for my sorrow at Wednesbury.

“July 12th. I took my leave of them at Wednesbury, exhorting them to continue in the Apostles’ doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers. Sister Perrin met and found much grace among the women. Half a dozen more wandering sheep I gathered in, and restored to their brethren. I preached at Birmingham to several of the better rank, who received the word with a ready mind.

“July 13th. At morning and at noon my mouth was opened to make known the mystery of the Gospel.

“July 14th. I examined the society, who adorn the Gospel of Christ. I heard a good sermon at church, about using the world as not abusing it. But, alas! it supposed the congregation to be Christians. I preached at five before brother Bridgens’s door. We expected a disturbance; but the power of the Lord was over all. The cloud stayed on the assembled society. The word of exhortation went from my heart to theirs. The Spirit helped us to pray, especially for some at Bristol; and our souls were like a watered garden.

“July 15th. At five I took horse with our brother Bridgens, an old disciple, past eighty, and lay at Duffield. July 16th, at two, I rejoiced to meet some of our dear children in Sheffield. I encouraged them by that *most* glorious promise, ‘Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see

Him!’ The door has continued open ever since Mr. Whitefield preached here, and quite removed the prejudices of our first opposers. Some of them were convinced by him, some converted, and added to the church. ‘Him that escapes the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay.’

“July 17th. I preached at Rotherham, and met, to my comfort, several solid believers. I talked severally with the growing society. I returned, and preached in the streets at Sheffield, without life or power, to a wild, tumultuous rabble. I was equally dead at the society.

“July 18th. I rode toward Barley-hall. I baited three hours at our sister Booth’s, and laboured all the time to strip an old self-righteous Pharisee. At last our Lord got himself the victory. We left her in tears, and deep convictions: a greater miracle of grace than the conversion of a thousand harlots!

“I dined at Barley-hall with our dear sister Johnson, (a widow indeed,) and her six sons, and daughter, all believers. I had heard at Sheffield that the society here was come to nothing: yet the word was attended with the blessing which never failed me in this place; and I felt the Lord was not departed. I was still more agreeably surprised, in examining the society, to find near seventy earnest souls, most of them believers, and grown in grace. But who can stand before envy? The Preacher that brought an evil report of them had it from some of Sheffield, who through prejudice and jealousy would always hinder our preaching at this place. How cautious should we be in believing any man! I marvel not now that my mouth was stopped at Sheffield.

“July 19th. I preached once more to this lively, loving people, and left them sorrowful, yet rejoicing. We had a pleasant ride to Wakefield, where our brother Johnson received us joyfully. He himself was sick of a fever; but the Lord makes his bed; and he waits upon Him without trouble, care, or choice. By five we were welcomed to Leeds by our sister Hutchinson and others. I preached at eight to many more than the house could hold. The Lord gave us a token for good.

“July 20th. The Leaders informed me, that of the two hundred and fifty members of the society every one could challenge the world, ‘Which of you convinceth me of sin?’

I visited a faithful brother, whose wife and sister were drawing back. We laboured to restore them in the spirit of meekness, and the Lord added weight to our words. They departed for a while, we trust, that we might receive them again for ever. At eight I preached the Gospel to a multitude of poor sinners, unfeignedly poor, and hungering after righteousness.

“ July 21st. I preached in the shell of our house, on Zech. iv. 9: ‘The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you.’ I rode to Birstal, where John Nelson comforted our hearts with an account of the success of the Gospel in every place where he has been preaching, except Scotland. There he has been beating the air for three weeks, and spending his strength in vain. Twice a day he preached at Mussleborough to some thousands of *mere* hearers, without converting one soul.

“ I preached at one to a different kind of people. Such a sight have I not seen for many months. They filled the valley, and side of the hill, as grasshoppers for multitude. Yet my voice reached the most distant, as I perceived by their bowing at the holy name. Not one appeared unconcerned. I directed them to ‘the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world.’ God gave me the voice of a trumpet, and sent the word home to many hearts. After evening service I met them again, but much increased, and lifted up my voice to comfort them by the precious promises, which were then fulfilled in many. The eyes of the blind were opened; the ears of the deaf unstopped; the lame men leaped like harts; and the tongue of the dumb sang. The society, collected from all parts, filled their new room; whom I earnestly exhorted to walk as becometh the Gospel.

“ July 23d. I showed the believers of Leeds how they ought to walk, from, ‘Ye are the salt of the earth,’ &c. In the evening I preached repentance and forgiveness in the name of Jesus to a mixed multitude of rich and poor. I visited a sick sister, destitute of all things, yet triumphing over want, sickness, death.

“ July 24th. I preached at Woodhouse, faint and ill, as before a fever. So I told Sally, yet strove to hold up till I had written, with many tears, to my dear J. Hutchinson. At eight the fever came.

“ July 25th. I was carried to Miss Norton’s, who quitted her house for us, and Sarah Perrin.

“ July 26th. John Nelson assured me that above seventy had died in triumph out of Birstal society only.

“ July 29th. Dr. Milner constantly attended me. I had some discourse with Paul Greenwood, an Israelite indeed; glad to work with his hands, as well as to preach.

“ August 1st. M. Polier, a Minister from Switzerland, was brought to me by my Doctor. He inquired thoroughly into our affairs. I told him all I knew of the Methodists, with which he appeared fully satisfied. He seemed a man of learning and piety. In the evening we were strangely drawn out in prayer for him.

“ August 6th. I prayed with the society, in solemn fear of God present. It seemed as if He spoke with an articulate voice, ‘ Return unto me, and I will return unto you.’ My faith was greatly strengthened for the work. The manner and instruments of carrying it on I leave entirely to God.

“ August 8th. I took horse for Newcastle, with Sally, sister Perrin, Miss Norton, and William Shent. We could get no farther than Toplift. I found an aged woman reading Kempis, and asked her the foundation of her hope. She simply answered, ‘ A good life.’ I endeavoured to teach her better, and preached Christ the atonement, as the only foundation. She received my saying with tears of joy. We joined in fervent prayer for her. All the family seemed much affected. I found myself refreshed in body, as well as soul, and easily rode on to Sandhutton.

“ August 9th. By noon our travels ended at Newcastle. My companions are better, both in mind and body, for their long journey. I preached, but very feeble, on, ‘ The third part I will bring through the fire.’ Preaching, I perceive, is not now my principal business. God knoweth my heart, and all its burdens. O that He would take the matter into his own hand, though He lay me aside like a broken vessel!

“ August 11th. I felt the fever hanging about me all day, notwithstanding the bark, which I continue taking. The society appeared lively and solid. I vehemently exhorted them to watch and pray, as well for the labourers as themselves, that none of us might bring a reproach upon the Gospel.

“ August 12th. I had much discourse with a brother from

Scotland, who has preached there many weeks, and not converted one soul. ‘ You may just as well preach to the stones,’ he added, ‘ as to the Scots.’ Yet to keep my brother’s word, I sent William Shent to Mussleborough. Before he went, he gave me this memorable account of their late trial at Leeds:—

“ At Whitecoat-hill, three miles from Leeds, a few weeks since, as our brother Maskew was preaching, a mob arose, broke the windows and doors, and struck the Constable, Jacob Hawley, a brother. On this we indicted them for an assault; and the ringleader of the mob, John Illingworth, indicted our brother the Constable, and got persons to swear the Constable struck him. The Grand Jury threw out our indictment, and found that against us. So we stood trial with them on Monday, July 15th, 1751; and the Recorder, Richard Wilson, Esq., gave it in our favour, with the rest of the Court. But the foreman of the Jury, Matthew Priestley, with two others, Richard Cloudsley and Jabez Bunnell, would not agree with the rest, being our avowed enemies; the foreman, Mr. Murgatroyd’s great friend and champion against the Methodists.

“ However, the Recorder gave strict orders to a guard of Constables, to watch the Jury, that they should have neither meat, drink, candles, nor tobacco, till they were agreed in their verdict. They were kept prisoners all that night, and the next day till five in the afternoon, when one of the Jury said he would die before he would give it against us. Then he spoke closely to the foreman concerning his prejudice against the Methodists, till at last he condescended to refer it to one man. Him the other charged to speak as he would answer it to God in the day of judgment. The man turned pale, and trembled, and desired another might decide it. Another, Joseph Hardwick, being called on, immediately decided it in favour of the Methodists. After the trial, Sir Henry Ibison, one of the Justices, called a brother, and said, *You see God never forsakes a righteous man. Take care you never forsake Him.*

“ While the trial lasted, hundreds of our enemies were waiting for the event, who showed by their fierceness what they designed, had we lost our cause. They intended to begin with pulling down our house; but thanks be to God, who hath not delivered us over as a prey into their teeth.

“The Judge of the Court was Richard Wilson, Esq., Recorder of Leeds. Justices: J. Frith, Mayor; Alderman Micklethwaite; Alderman Denison; Alderman Sawyer; A. Smith; A. Brooks. Jury: Matthew Priestley, Richard Cloudsley, Jabez Bunnell, U. Briscoe, William Wormill, Richard Cockell, Joseph Naylor, Joseph Inkersley, George Dixon, Richard Sharp, William Upton, and Joseph Hardwick. There were four witnesses against, and six for, us.’

“August 13th. I rode with my little family to Sunderland. I examined the society of about one hundred, most of whom received the atonement in meeting their classes: an argument for such meetings as I cannot get over. At seven I preached in a large, convenient room, filled with attentive souls, on whom I called, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!’ For an hour and a half my strength held out.

“August 14th. At nine we set out, and in half an hour’s riding overtook a woman and girl leading a horse. She begged us to help them up, and forward them on their way. We did so; but the horse turned with them again, and rode back towards Sunderland. We had the riders to pick up again, and remount. Their horse we put between us; but he broke through a gap, and galloped back. When he had shaken them off he stood still. I bade my companion take up the girl behind him, hoping the horse would carry the woman alone: but in vain; though we all beat the poor beast, to drive him on, he kicked and flounced till he had dismissed his rider. I then said, ‘Surely, good woman, God withstands you. You are going somewhere contrary to his will. I can compare your horse to nothing but Balaam’s ass. What can be the meaning of it?’ She answered, ‘Sir, I will tell you all; for there must be something extraordinary in the great pains you have taken with me. That child I had by a gentleman who promised me marriage, but since married another, because richer than I. I am going to try if he will do anything for the child and me: but I fear it is not pleasing to God.’ I asked what she had to live upon. She told me, she was married to a blacksmith; had a child by him; and it was but low with them. I advised her to take God’s warning, and utterly renounce the first wicked man; to spend the rest of her days in repentance, and work-

ing out her salvation; gave her something; and recommended her to a sister in Sunderland. She seemed overwhelmed with joy and gratitude, mounted with her child, and the horse carried them quietly home.

“August 16th. At three I was sent for by the jailer’s wife, to a poor wretch under sentence of death, for murdering his own daughter of fourteen. Never have I spoken to a more hardened, ignorant, stupid sinner. He utterly denied the fact. I prayed for him, but with little hope. After preaching at the Orphan-house, I commended him to the prayers of the congregation, and we found free access to the throne. At my next visit I perceived little change in him; only he suffered me to speak, and said nothing of his innocency.

“August 18th. I heard Jonathan Reeves at Sheephill, and added a few words in confirmation of his. I returned to Newcastle comforted. I preached in great weakness. At our love-feast the spirit of supplication was given, and the poor murderer brought to our remembrance. I have not been more refreshed for this many a day.

“August 20th. I preached in the prison, on, ‘Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, having been made a curse for us.’ Still I could not discern any signs of true repentance in the poor man, though he is to die to-morrow. He persists in his innocence; but confesses he deserves far worse punishment at the hands of God. I prayed over him with tears; and told him, our next meeting would be at the judgment-seat. I was ready to wonder why Providence had directed me to him, and engaged his people to pray for him, when one informed me, that while I was earnestly praying for him in the congregation, a woman had received forgiveness. Many other good ends may be answered, which we do not know: at least, our prayers shall return again into our own bosom. At night I was drawn out in prayer again for him, and continued instant therein for half an hour. The people were deeply affected. It is impossible for so many prayers to be lost.

“August 21st. The first news I heard this morning from Jonathan Reeves was, that he had been with John Downes and others, visiting the poor malefactor; and they verily believed he had found mercy. He told them his heart was so light, he could not express it; and he was not in the least

afraid to die. Two days before, Jonathan Reeves had talked an hour and a half with him, and put him in great fear; but now he appeared quite calm and resigned, and so continued to the last moment. I took horse at nine for Horsley, leaving Jonathan to attend the execution, and bring us word. He overtook us in the afternoon, with the same account of his convert, who showed all the marks of repentance and faith in death. I passed the afternoon with Mr. Carr, a young Minister from Scotland, and our brother and sister Ord, from Hexham. I preached at seven, quite overcome with the heat. By noon I returned to Newcastle.

“August 23d. I spake with our brother Allen, an Exhorter, whom one would fain have persuaded to forsake his business. I persuaded him to continue in it.

“August 24th. At one I set out with Sally, sister Perrin, Miss Norton, &c. I preached at Durham repentance, and faith in our Lord Jesus.

“August 25th. We communicated at the Abbey. I preached in a yard to many quiet hearers, on, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!’ I enlarged much at the society.

“August 26th. I set out at six with Miss Norton, S. Perrin, &c. We lodged at Thirsk, and dined the next day at York. I preached at six to many deeply-attentive hearers; and passed a restless night, expecting the return of my fever.

“August 28th. I received strength to preach in the afternoon, and meet the society. Next morning, Miss Norton and S. Perrin set out with William Shent for Leeds, and we for Epworth. It happened to be the fair-day, which increased our evening congregation. I exhorted them to come boldly to the throne of grace; and the word did not return empty.

“August 31st. I rode with S. W. to Misterton; and prayed by an old believer, who had saved all her house by prayer. Before the Gospel came, she had in faith asked life for them; and as soon as the Methodists preached here, her sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, and all her kin, who are the principal persons in the town, received the truth, and entered into the society. I found a multitude of gracious souls, who greedily drank the word, ‘I have blotted out thy transgressions as a thick cloud.’ It was a time of great refreshing, both for them and me.

“Sept. 1st. I met the society from six to eight, and rejoiced over them as over our Kingswood colliers in their first love. I preached at nine with double power. Many cried after Jesus. One fainted through vehemence of desire. I was forced to leave them, and return to the dead souls in Epworth. There I preached at the Cross, and met the society, whom I endeavoured to stir up, to the recovery of their former zeal.”

From Epworth Mr. Charles Wesley went to Sykehouse, and thence to Leeds, where he joined the faithful friends from whom he had parted at York. He remained about a fortnight in Leeds and the neighbourhood, preaching to the people; holding private conversations with the Preachers, whom he collected together from all quarters, that he might hear them preach, and ascertain their views and spirit. Robert Swindells he found inclined to Calvinism, but teachable; David Trathen and John Webb, confirmed predestinarians; and John Bennet, grieved, and strongly prejudiced against Mr. John Wesley, in consequence of some untruths which had been insidiously stated to him. Here he also met with William Darney, a man of considerable notoriety in his day. William was a native of Scotland, of blunt manners, and of great energy and perseverance, who itinerated through an extensive district of country, in Yorkshire and Lancashire, preaching, and forming religious societies. His theological views were Calvinistic. In the pious Vicar of Haworth he had a friend and patron; but he does not appear to have been in strict communion with any body of religious people. The persons whom he collected together were generally called “William Darney’s societies.” This eccentric Evangelist had a considerable facility in versification, and thought some of his poetic musings sufficiently important for publication. They are among the most rude and unpolished compositions that were ever committed to the press.

During his stay in Leeds Mr. Charles Wesley held a Conference of the Preachers, of which he has left the following curious account in his private journal:—

“Sept. 11th. Mr. Grimshaw came, and soon after Mr. Milner. At ten we began our Conference; at which were present, John Nelson, William Shent, Christopher Hopper, Thomas Colbeck, Jonathau Reeves, John Bennet, Paul Greenwood, Michael Fenwick, Titus Knight, from Halifax,

Robert Swindells, and Matthew Watson. All these I had invited, and given them notes. Webb and Trathen came afterwards, but were not admitted. Brother Mortimer also, and William Darney, whom I appointed to talk with before we met again in the afternoon.

“ Had any one asked me the end of our Conference, I could not have told him; only that I came to make observations, to get acquainted with the Preachers, and see if God had anything to do with us, or by us. We began with part of a hymn, as follows :—

Arise, thou jealous God, arise,
Thy sifting power exert,
Look through us with thy flaming eyes,
And search out every heart.

Our inmost souls thy Spirit knows,
And let Him now display
Whom thou hast for thy glory chose,
And purge the rest away.

The’ apostles false far off remove,
The faithful labourers own,
And give *us* each himself to prove,
And know as he is known.

Do *I* presume to preach thy word
By thee uncall’d, unsent?
Am *I* the servant of the Lord,
Or Satan’s instrument?

Is this, great God, my single aim,
Thine, wholly thine to be;
To serve thy will, declare thy name,
And gather souls for thee?

To labour in my Master’s cause,
Thy grace to testify,
And spread the victory of thy cross,
And on thy cross to die?

I once *unfeignedly believed*
Myself sent forth by thee;
But have I *kept* the grace received,
In simple poverty?

Still do I for thy kingdom pant,
Till all its coming prove,
And nothing seek, and nothing want,
But more of Jesu’s love?

If still I in thy grace abide,
 My call confirm and clear,
 And into thy whole counsel guide
 Thy poorest messenger.

Unite my heart to all that bear
 The burden of the Lord,
 And let our spotless lives declare
 The virtue of thy word.

One soul into us all inspire,
 And let it strongly move,
 In fervent flames of calm desire,
 To glorify thy love.

O may we in thy love agree,
 To make its sweetness known,
 Thy love the bond of union be,
 And perfect us in one.

“ After prayer (in which I found much of the presence of God) I began, without design, to speak of the qualifications, work, and trials of a Preacher ; and what I thought requisite in men who act in concert. As to preliminaries and principles, we all agreed. This conversation lasted till one. I carried Mr. Grimshaw, Milner, and Bennet to dinner at Miss Norton’s.

“ At three we met again. But first I talked to Mortimer, whom I admitted ; and to William Darney, whom I rejected. Two hours more we spent in friendly, profitable conference. I told them my heart, freely and fully, concerning the work and the workmen. We parted in the spirit of love.

“ At six I preached to thousands in the new house, from, ‘ Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him ! ’ We have not had such a time together since I came. The same power rested on the society. Our souls were as a watered garden. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift !

“ Sept. 12th. I took a delightful leave of them at five. We all agreed to postpone opinions till the next general Conference, settled the affairs of the church, the best we could, and parted friends.

“ At three I took horse with Mr. Grimshaw, Milner, Shent, Bennet, for Birstal. I expounded Isaiah xxxv. with great enlargement and assistance. I rejoiced with the steadfast society, and concluded the happy day with John Bennet in prayer.

“Sept. 23d. I let him preach in the morning; which he did to the satisfaction of all. I rode with Jonathan Reeves to Bradford: preached repentance and remission of sins in the street, to many seemingly serious people; baptized a Dissenter’s child; and rode on to Skircoat-green. It was near sunset before I began there. The house would not contain one-fifth of the hearers. I stood out, (the wall sheltering me, and a hill the people, from the high wind,) and invited them to Christ, the Justifier. Great life I perceived among them; and very little in the society; whom I therefore sharply reprov’d.

“Sept. 14th. I heard John Bennet again. He spake sound words, that could not be reprov’d; and they had a visible effect on the hearers. I reached Keighley by noon; preached at four to about one thousand as well-behaved hearers as I have lately seen; on whom I called, with an open mouth and heart, ‘Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!’ Great life I also found in the society.

“Sept. 15th. I bestowed an hour on the Leaders, a dozen steady, solid men. I left Paul Greenwood to preach, and hastened to Haworth. I never saw a church better filled: but after I had prayed in the pulpit, the multitude in the churchyard cried out, they could not hear, and begged me to come forth. I did so, and preached on a tomb-stone. Between three and four thousand heard me gladly. At two I called again, to above double the number, ‘Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!’ The church leads and steeple were filled with clusters of people, all still as night. If ever I preached Gospel, I preached it then. The Lord take all the glory!

“I took horse immediately, and followed our nimble guide, Johnny Grimshaw, to Ewood. His father came panting after us. Sarah Perrin and her namesake met us from Birstal, and brought Mr. Shent. We passed a comfortable evening together.

“Sept. 16th. I preached at nine, in a convenient field, to about a thousand believers, all, or conscious unbelievers; and again at three, to about three thousand. Their spirit carried me beyond myself. Such a lively people I have not met with, so simple, loving, zealous. I could have gladly stayed to live and die with them.”

Here Mr. Charles Wesley took leave of his friend Mr.

Grimshaw, and of William Shent and Darney ; giving written instructions, that unless Darney would abstain from railing, begging, and printing nonsense, he should not be allowed to preach in any of the Methodist societies and meeting-houses. William Shent was charged with the execution of this order. The indulgence conceded to Darney, with these limitations, was granted solely at the instance of Mr. Grimshaw, to whom it was difficult to deny anything.

Mr. Charles Wesley's next remove was to Manchester, where he preached to large congregations, and was pleased with the society, many of its members being in all the simplicity and ardour of their first love. Here he spent some time in friendly conversation with his old acquaintance, John Byrom, the poet, who received the doctrine of salvation by faith with the Wesleys, but was now an admirer of the unintelligible lore of Jacob Behmen. He freely censured what he thought to be wrong in the Methodists ; and Charles listened with all deference and respect to the reproofs which were administered ; remarking, " Of such reprovers, how shy are we by nature ! yet such are our best friends."

He was accompanied by John and Grace Bennet to Bolton, where he found the peace of the society partially disturbed by the Calvinistic sermons of Robert Swindells and John Webb. He endeavoured to promote peace and forbearance among those who held jarring opinions. Leaving Lancashire, he preached with enlargement and power to his old persecuted friends at Wednesbury ; he held the first watch-night at Birmingham ; he ministered to his friends at Evesham and Oxford ; and arrived in London on the 4th of October, accompanied by his faithful and devoted wife. " Our long journey," says he, " ended there as prosperously as it began. The people were ready, and joined heartily with us in prayer and thanksgiving."

It will be observed that Mr. Charles Wesley speaks of John Bennet with great respect and affection. Some of the Preachers at the Leeds Conference doubted the soundness of John's theological principles, and would fain have instituted an inquiry into the subject ; but Charles screened him from their attacks. His temper was indeed soured ; but Charles thought that he might be reclaimed by kindness ; especially as Bennet disavowed all intention of retiring from the itinerant

ministry in connexion with his old friends. In this, however, Charles was mistaken. Before the end of the year Bennet became more violent; avowed his belief of the Calvinian theory; and ultimately became an Independent Minister; to the grief of his excellent wife, who had been brought to God through the ministry of the Wesleys, and sincerely loved them for their work's sake.

From this date there is a chasm in Mr. Charles Wesley's journal till September, 1756, with the exception of one or two short fragments.

During this interval Mrs. Wesley took many extensive journeys with her husband, riding mostly behind him on horseback, enduring not a few inconveniences, and meeting with adventures which she was accustomed to relate, in the society of her friends, to the end of her very protracted life. In the gallery of the chapel at Leeds she found two rooms partitioned off, for the accommodation of the Preachers in their regular visits to the town. In the evening they were expected to preach and meet the society, to resume their pulpit labours the next morning at five o'clock, and then pass on to their next appointment. To sleep in the chapel therefore was a convenience. When Mrs. Wesley visited Leeds, one of these rooms, to save expense, was occupied by a number of labouring men; and in going to her apartment in the evening she had to pass through the room where these weary and unpolished men were sleeping. This untoward circumstance shocked her delicacy more than anything that she met with in her new mode of life.

Once, in returning to the south, she rode behind her husband in one day from Manchester to Stone, in Staffordshire, passing through Macclesfield, Congleton, and Newcastle-under-Line. Having taken some refreshment at the inn where they intended to pass the night, she retired into the garden, and there sat down to rest herself. It was a fine summer evening; and though wearied with a journey of fifty miles, thus inconveniently taken, a heavenly calm came over her spirit, corresponding with the scene around her. She raised her sweet and melodious voice in a hymn of praise to her Saviour, who had so freely shed abroad his love in her heart. Her singing attracted the ear of some young ladies in an adjoining garden, who stood in silent attention on the

other side of the hedge, listening to strains which were equally devout and tasteful. Their father was a Clergyman, who came and joined them with equal delight. When Mrs. Wesley had finished, he complimented her upon her voice and skill, and invited her to sing in his church on the following Sabbath. But having learned who she was, and being given to understand that if he would have her in his quire, he must allow her husband to occupy the pulpit, he declined the services of both. A Methodist sermon, even from a Clergyman, he could not tolerate upon any terms.

On another occasion she accompanied her husband to Norwich, where a furious mob assembled to maltreat the Preacher and his companions. Lest she should receive any harm, as the wife of Mr. Charles Wesley, it was deemed requisite that she should not pass along the street with him, but in company with a female friend. That friend was the lady of Colonel Galatin, who, being tall and handsome, attracted general attention, and was grievously annoyed; while Mrs. Wesley, being, like her husband, little of stature, was overlooked by the crowd, and passed to her lodgings uninjured.

Few Ministers, it is presumed, have been subject to greater variation of feeling than Mr. Charles Wesley. When traveling from place to place, preaching the word of life, and witnessing the power of divine grace in the conversion of ungodly men, his joy sometimes rose to rapture, and at other times his energies were paralyzed by despondency, and he earnestly desired to descend into the grave. Two of his hymns will place this subject in a striking light. Thus he plaintively sang, about this period of his life, when under the power of discouragement:—

O thou great almighty Lord,
 How can I declare thy word?
 Least of all thy servants I,
 Weak as helpless infancy:
 Sunk in shame, and deep amaze,
 On thine outstretch'd hand I gaze,
 Ask again, How can it be,
 The great God should send by me?

But thou know'st this heart of mine:
 Fain I would the work decline,
 Most unworthy as I am,
 Most unfit to bear thy name:

O how often have I cried,
 Send by whom thou wilt beside !
 Still I plead for my release ;
 Let me, Lord, depart in peace.

Conscious to myself, I pray
 Take me from the evil day ;
 From the thing I always fear,
 Save thy weakest messenger :
 Jealous for thine honour be,
 Do not trust thy cause to me ;
 Me a man of lips unclean,
 Me the sinfullest of men.

Weary, burden'd, and opprest,
 Stranger to delight and rest,
 How can I beneath my load
 Preach redemption in thy blood ?
 Looking every fearful day,
 To become a castaway,
 How can I in sorrow tell
 News of joy unspeakable ?

But thou know'st a sharper pain
 Every moment I sustain,
 Saviour, for thy glorious cause,
 Lest by me it suffer loss.
 Do not, O my Help, my Hope,
 JESUS, do not give me up ;
 Never let me live to be
 A reproach to thine and thee.

Jealous for thy own great name,
 Let me not be put to shame ;
 Make my perseverance sure,
 In the quiet grave secure :
 Rid me of my life and fear ;
 Safe retreat is conquest here ;
 Happy and triumphant I
 Suffer'd to escape and die.

In delightful and edifying contrast to these gloomy musings, he wrote the following hymn on his birth-day, most probably about the same period :—

Away with my fears !
 The glad morning appears
 When an heir of salvation was born !
 From Jehovah I came,
 For his glory I am,
 And to Him I with singing return.

No grievous alloy
 Shall diminish the joy
 I to-day from my Maker receive :
 'Tis my duty to praise
 His unspeakable grace,
 And exulting in Jesus to live.

My Jesus alone
 The Fountain I own
 Of my life and felicity here,
 And cheerfully sing
 My Redeemer and King,
 Till his sign in the heavens appear.

With thanks I rejoice
 In thy fatherly choice
 Of my state and condition below ;
 If of parents I came
 Who honour'd thy name,
 'Twas thy wisdom appointed it so.

I sing of thy grace
 From my earliest days
 Ever near to allure and defend :
 Hitherto thou hast been
 My preserver from sin,
 And I know thou wilt save to the end.

O the infinite cares,
 And temptations, and snares,
 Thy hand hath conducted me through !
 O the blessings bestow'd
 By a bountiful God,
 And the mercies eternally new !

What a mercy is this,
 What a heaven of bliss !
 How unspeakably happy am I,
 Gather'd into the fold,
 With thy people enroll'd,
 With thy people to live and to die !

How rich in the friends
 Thy providence sends
 To help my infirmity on !
 What a number I see,
 Who could suffer for me,
 And ransom my life with their own !

O the goodness of God,
 Employing a clod,
 His tribute of glory to raise !

His standard to bear,
 And with triumph declare
 His unsearchable riches of grace !

O the fathomless love,
 That has deign'd to ' approve,
 And prosper the work of my hands !
 With my pastoral crook
 I went over the brook,
 And, behold, I am spread into bands !

Who, I ask in amaze,
 Hath begotten me these ?
 And inquire from what quarter they came :
 My full heart it replies,
They are born from the skies,
 And gives glory to God and the Lamb.

All honour and praise
 To the Father of grace,
 To the Spirit and Son I return ;
 The business pursue,
 He hath made me to do,
 And rejoice that I ever was born.

In a rapture of joy
 My life I employ,
 The God of my life to proclaim :
 'Tis worth living for this,
 To administer bliss,
 And salvation in JESUS's name.

My remnant of days
 I spend in 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.

END OF VOL. I.



