

# THE JOURNAL

OF

## THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, M.A.

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### PART XI.

FROM JANUARY 15TH, 1748, TO SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1749.

FRIDAY, January 15th, 1748. I heard more good news from the country, whither we had sent some of our Preachers. At Tyril's-pass and the neighbouring towns there seems to be a great awakening.

Wed., January 20th. Charles Perronet had, without my knowledge, told the Society last night that he intended to go and ask Mr. Cennick if he had any farther pretensions to the house ; and if not, he would take it himself for the Society.

Mr. Hanby brought us glad tidings from the country, which made me eager to go with him.

Thur., January 21st. I reproved the Society, who were all melted into tears, especially when I spake of leaving them.

Fri., January 22d. I was troubled to hear one of our children was carried away by the lies of the still brethren. I prayed for her in faith, and was relieved immediately. At night the spirit of contrition fell mightily upon us.

Sat., January 23d. The answer of prayer returned. I met Mrs. M., who humbled herself, asked pardon of God and us, and seemed quite recovered.

Sun., January 24th. I preached Christ crucified at the barn, from, "They shall look upon me, whom they have pierced, and mourn." This scripture was then fulfilled in many.

Tues., January 26th. I met the Society, with the great power and blessing of God in the midst.

Fri., January 29th. I administered the sacrament to an aged woman at Sophy Evans's. It was a solemn season of love.

Fri., February 5th. Mr. Cennick called on me. I asked if he had any hopes of the house. He answered, No. He believed the Trustees would never let it them again. Then, I said, I would ; or he should preach in it whenever he pleased. He acknowledged my kindness, and that I had acted fairly throughout this affair.

Sun., February 7th. I expounded wrestling Jacob. Many wept and made supplication to the Angel. I parted from them with regret, though for a few days only ; and on

Mon. morning, February 8th, took horse for Tyril'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 spoke 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 Tyril'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. *Aperto vivitur horto*. They are turned from darkness to light. Near one hundred are joined in Society, and following hard after the pardoning God.

Tues., February 9th. I rode to Mr. Jonathan Hanby's at Temple-Macquetteer, seven miles from Tyril's-pass, and pointed several of his poor neighbours to the Lamb of God.

Wed., February 10th. 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 Jonathan 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. J. Healey was knocked off his horse with a stone, fell backward, and lay without sense or motion. Mr. Handy, setting spurs to his horse, charged through the enemy, and immediately turned upon them again. There were only five or six ruffians on the spot ; but we saw many gathering to us from all sides.

I observed the man who had knocked down J. Healey striking him on the face with his club ; cried to him to stop, which drew him upon me, and probably saved our brother's life, whom another blow might have dispatched. 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 part, 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 J. 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 of J. Healey's whip, yet she hindered him till more help came. One Jameson, a Protestant, ran in with



a pitchfork, and stuck the Clerk into the shoulder. The bone stopped it. The man made a second push at him, which was broke 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 J. 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 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 us, or 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.

Thur., February 11th. At Tyril'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 Low followed us home, and had much serious discourse with us.

Fri., February 12th. 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 be so.

At Mr. Samuel Handy's I invited many to the great supper. Two hours passed unperceived, before I could give over.

Sat., February 13th. 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," &c. They received both the legal and Gospel saying as the truth of God. Many of the soldiers from Dublin followed us into the house, for further instruction; to whom I again declared, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." It was a time of refreshing, like one of the former days.

Sun., February 14th. At Philip's-town I expounded the prodigal son. About 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.

Mon., February 15th. I visited several at Tyril's-pass, particularly Mrs. Wade, aged ninety-five, who counts all things but loss, so she may win Christ, and be found in him, not having her own righteousness. She has continued in the temple for near a hundred years, and in fasting every Friday. How does this shame the young professors, who say they have faith, yet live in a total neglect of Christ's ordinance! She looks every moment for the seal of her pardon, that she may depart in peace.

The next I saw was a venerable couple indeed; the man ninety-six, the woman ninety-eight. He had rejoiced to hear of the great change wrought in the town; and said, if he could but see us lifting up our hands in prayer for him, he doubted not but the Lord would give him the blessing. Till within these two years, he has worked at his loom. He was in all the actions of the last century,—at the siege of Londonderry, Limerick, &c.; the greatest Tory-hunter in the country; full of days and scars. His wife retains her senses and understanding. She wept for joy while we prayed over them, and commended them to the pardoning grace of God.

Tues., February 16th. I came to Dublin, half dead with the rain and snow.

Sun., February 21st. We had much of our Lord's presence in the word, while the poor blind beggars cried after him on every side. At night, the good Samaritan looked upon us. One testified that her wounds were then bound up.

Mon., February 22d. I visited a poor wretch in Newgate, who is to be burnt 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.

Tues., February 23d. She was much the same, but vehe-

mently desired our people's prayers, and told me, had she continued hearing the word, she had never come into 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.

Wed., February 24th. At night we were all melted into tears by our dying Lord's expostulation, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" and long continued mourning in sight of his cross.

Thur., February 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 after the Friend of sinners.

On Fri. and Sat., February 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.

I met with one who has lately received the atonement, and is continually exercised by the contradiction of *poor* sinners, even her own daughters. They abuse and persecute her, not refraining even from blows ; for "they have nothing to do with works or the law."

Sun., February 28th. I expounded Isai. xxxv., and the word was with power, as at the beginning. Many cried under it, and one woman, "I have found forgiveness this moment!" I spake with her afterwards at our sister Baker's, and she told me, she was just before quite sunk down in sorrow, when a light was darted into her heart. "It set me a trembling," she added ; "and, soon after, a joy came, such as I never felt before. I am quite another creature : I am so light, I cannot express it." Her testimony is the more remarkable, because she can neither write nor read.



I did not wonder, while passing Newgate, that one struck me on my 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.

Mon., February 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 wind, 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; 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 exhorted her to watch and pray, lest she should fall from those good beginnings.

Tues., 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 had recovered his pardon while I was repeating, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," &c. The number of the witnesses this night was nine.

Wed., 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.

Sat., 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.

Sun., 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 them.

Mon., 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.

Tues., March 8th. My brother landed, and met the Society; God confirming the word of His messenger.

Wed., 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, Isai. liii.

Thur., March 10th. Three more received their cure.

Fri., 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, 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 !

Sun., 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.

Mon., 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 in singing. This evening M. 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.

Sun., March 20th. After a week's confinement through the toothache, at two this day I entered the packet-boat with J. Haughton.

Mon., March 21st. By three we landed at the Head. I passed the night in great pain.

Tues., March 22d. I took horse for our brother Jones's. It was a bright, sunshiny morning ; the wind moderate, and in our backs. I came to my guide's by nine, and rode by three to Baladan-ferry, sending J. Haughton forward to Chester. The wind was now higher, and more a-head of us, blowing full in my swollen face. We overfilled the small old boat, so that

*Crepuit sub pondere cymba  
Futilis, et multam accepit rimosa paludem.*

We flew on the wings of the wind, till we got to the channel. There the motion was so violent, that my young horse began prancing, and striving to take the water. I held him with the little strength I had ; but an oar lying between us, I had no firm footing, and could not command him at arms' length. His unruliness frightened the other horse, who began kicking, and struck our brother down.



I saw the danger, that, if my horse got his foot over the boat, it must upset, and had no strength to hinder it. It came into my mind, "Hath God brought me through the sea to be drowned here?" I looked up, and in that moment the horse stood still, and continued so till we reached the shore.

I went early to bed at Caernarvon, and got a little rest.

Wed., March 23d. I was overruled, by brother Jones, not to set out till past seven. The continual rain and sharp wind were full in my teeth. I rode all day in great misery, and had a restless, painful night at Tan-y-bwlch.

Thur., March 24th. I resolved to push for Garth, finding my strength would never hold out for three more days' riding. At five I set out in hard rain, which continued all day. We went through perils of waters. I was quite gone when we came at night to a little village. There was no fire in the poor hut. A brother supplied us with some, nailed up our window, and helped us to bed. I had no more rest than the night before.

Fri., March 25th. I took horse again at five, the rain attending us still. At eight I was comforted by the sight of Mr. Philips, at Llanidloes. The weather grew more severe. The violent wind drove the hard rain full in our faces. I rode till I could ride no more; walked the last hour; and by five dropped down at Garth. All ran to nurse me. I got a little refreshment, and at seven made a feeble attempt to preach. They quickly put me to bed. I had a terrible night, worse than ever.

Sat., March 26th, and the five following days, I was exercised with strong pain, notwithstanding all the means used to remove it. My short intervals were filled up with conference, prayer, and singing.

Sun., April 3d. Through the divine blessing on the tender care of my friends, I recovered so much strength that I read prayers, and gave the sacrament to the family.

Mon., April 4th. Mrs. Gwynne carried me out in her chair; and I found my strength sensibly return.

Tues., April 5th. She drove me to Builth. I took horse at three. Mr. Gwynne and Miss Sally accompanied me the first hour. Then I rode on alone, weary, but supported. My accommodations at my inn were none of the best. I

lay restless till midnight, expecting to return, as I had promised in case of a relapse. But toward the morning I dropped asleep, and woke much refreshed at five.

Sat., April 9th. In the evening, with God's evident help, I came safe to the Foundery.

Easter-day, April 10th. I joined with my brethren on this and the seven following days, to show forth the Lord's death ; and he never once sent us empty away.

I dined at Counsellor Glanvil's, a brand lately plucked out of the fire.

Thur., April 14th. I met another poor publican, Colonel G., who has just now entered the kingdom, and is brimfull of his first love.

Sat., April 16th. I gave the sacrament to our sister King, inexpressibly happy at the approach of death.

Tues., April 19th. 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.

Fri., April 22d. Mrs. Colvil was at the chapel. I discoursed on the Pharisee and publican. The divine power and blessing made the word effectual, and broke down all before it.

Wed., April 27th. My text was, "There be many that say, Who will show us good?" &c. The Lord was mightily present in his awakening power.

Fri., April 29th. Mrs. Rich carried me to Dr. Pepusch, whose music entertained us much, and his conversation more.

Sun., May 1st. The cup of blessing was the communication of His blood, the bread broken of his body, to his disciples at the chapel.

Thur., May 5th. I baptized Elis. Cart in the river at Cowley; and she washed away all her sin and sorrow.

Tues., May 10th. I came to Bristol, bruised a little with a fall.

Fri., May 20th. At the watchnight I discoursed on Jacob wrestling with the Angel; and many were stirred up to lay hold on the Lord, like him.

Sun., May 22d. The whole multitude wept to hear how Jesus loved them, while I urged his passionate question, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

Thur. afternoon, May 26th. I set out for London, and on Saturday reached it. The first good news I heard from M. Boulton, that our old friend Mrs. Sparrow is at last departed in the Lord.

Tues., May 31st. I attended her mortal part to the grave.

Sun., June 5th. I fulfilled my friend's last request, by preaching her funeral sermon, on Micah vii. 8: "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light unto me." I spoke as freely of her faults as virtues: her love of the world, and final victory over it. The hearers appeared deeply affected.

Fri., June 10th. I returned to Bristol.

Sun., June 12th. I preached to several thousands in the orchard, with great strength, both of body and spirit.

Thur., June 16th. I visited the brethren in Cardiff, Lanmase, Cowbridge, &c., and exhorted them to strengthen the things that remain.

Mon., June 20th. I returned with Kitty Jones to Bristol. Mr. Gwynne and Miss Sally were got there a little before me; till,

Sat., June 25th, I carried them to see my Christian friends, my principal ones especially at Kingswood.

Sun., June 26th. In the word, and sacrament, and love-feast, the Lord made our souls as a watered garden.

Tues., June 28th. Quite spent with examining the classes, I was much revived in singing with Miss Burdock and Sally.



Thur., June 30th. I was comforted in all our trials by that blessed promise, "The third part I will bring through the fire."

I set out with Mr. Gwynne and his daughter, to visit the church in London. I preached at Bath with great liberty, and carried away our faithful sister Naylor.

Sat., July 2d. I lodged my fellow-travellers in the Foundery.

Sun., July 3d. I took the field, and was not sent a warfare on my own cost.

At the chapel I preached, "I reckon the suffering of the present time not worthy to be compared," &c. Both now and at night we had a great spirit of contrition among us.

Tues., July 5th. I carried my guests to Mrs. Blackwell and Dewal at Lewisham; and thence to my most worthy friend in Shoreham.

Fri., July 15th. My text at the watchnight was, "I say unto all, Watch." Great reverence we felt in the presence of our Lord.

Mon., July 18th. I baptized good old M. Pearce by immersion, at four in the morning.

Tues., July 19th. 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 M. Naylor would have put her by; but, on Sally's still desiring it, she called the man to break open the door. He said, he would go see his horses, and come. She insisted upon his doing it just then, which he did; and they found the sheet on fire, through Molly's dropping the snuff of a candle. Had the man stayed, the whole Foundery might have been in a flame.

I set out at four with Mr. Gwynne and Sally. At eleven, in Windsor, 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. I saw the Castle and Palace, with insensibility. No sight, we trust, will satisfy us, but that of Moses from Mount Pisgah. By seven we came to Reading; and I preached in great bodily weakness.

Wed., July 20th. My old desire of escaping out of life possessed me all day. By three we got to Oxford; walked about the Colleges; met a poor Servitor of St. John's, James Rouquet, who is not ashamed to confess Christ before men. I preached in the evening on, "Ye are my witnesses," and lodged with our old friend Mr. Evans.

Thur., July 21st. I gave the sacrament to Mrs. Neal, (one who received the atonement in reading my sermon before the University,) and had sweet fellowship with our Lord and his members.

Fri., July 22d. At five I took horse with Mr. Gwynne, Sally, and M. Boulton. We reached Cirencester before two. I preached in a yard from, "The redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with songs," &c. 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.

Sat., July 23d. I set out at half-hour past four; rode four miles, when Mrs. Boulton's horse, walking on the plainest ground, fell, and broke her arm. We carried her to an inn just by, and sent J. Griffith back for a Surgeon. By seven we left her, her arm set, and her mind stayed on Christ, and came to Bristol in the cool of the evening.

Sun., July 24th. I rose from my boards at four. I carried Sally to Kingswood. 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 our sisters Robertson and Nutter, 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 the shell of our house, with supernatural strength.

Tues., July 26th. I dined at the Fish-ponds with faithful Felix Farley. At night I preached in the orchard to many serious souls. There was a coach with Mrs. Knight, Miss Cheyne, Mr. Edwin, and Sir William Bunbury. The latter challenged me for his old school-fellow, in the

face of the sun, and was not ashamed to join heartily in our Hymns.

Wed., July 27th. They attended again, while I expounded the good Samaritan.

Thur., 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.

Fri., July 29th. I preached over against the Assembly-room, to the most polite audience I have ever been honoured with. The ladies in their coaches were surprisingly patient, while I told them "one thing is needful." A servant who behaved rudely, Sir W. Bunbury seized, and delivered over to a Constable. Some young officers made a disturbance, whom I rebuked and silenced.

I ran with fresh strength to the shell of our room, and continued preaching, singing, rejoicing till midnight.

Sun., July 31st. I baptized a woman in Kingswood, and trembled at the descent of the Holy Ghost. All present were more or less sensible of it, especially the person baptized. We joined in the Lord's supper, and had his never-failing presence. So again at our first lovefeast in the new room. For two hours we were sensible of Christ in the midst.

Mon., August 1st. We set out at five for Garth ; lodged at Abergavenny.

Tues., August 2d. In the afternoon Mrs. Gwynne received us with a cordial welcome.

Thur., August 4th. I rode with Sally to the Wells, and preached, in their Assembly-room, to the Gentry, Clergy, and others ; inviting them to the superlative happiness of religion.

Sun., August 7th. Maesmynis church being too narrow, I preached in the church-yard the promised Spirit of grace and supplication. His comforts refreshed our souls, and more abundantly still in the sacrament that followed.



Mon., August 8th. Mr. Gwynne, with Miss Sally and Betsy, accompanied me as far as Llanidloes. I preached with great enlargement. The poor people received the word with tears of joy. I parted with tears from my dearest friends, and rode on with Mr. Philips to Machynlleth.

Tues., August 9th. From three in the morning till eight at night, I was on the road. I had sweet fellowship with my friends in prayer.

Wed., August 10th. I left Caernarvon at five. I found the boat just going off, full of unruly oxen. I waited an hour for its return, which I passed in earnest prayer for my friends. Near seven I landed in a strange, intricate country, where I could procure no guide, or direction, as often as I lost my way. At last Providence sent me one that understood English, and rode several miles out of his way, to put me in mine. I gave him some advice and books, both which he thankfully received.

I continued in the right road while it was impossible to get out of it, and no longer. I blundered on through the sands, especially some near the town, where, if the sea had been out, I should have ended all my journeys. I passed by several ships, and across the Channels, till my horse, without my care or counsel, brought me to Holyhead soon after two.

Here I heard, the boat went off at ten this morning. It was a trial of my patience, and I almost wished I had stayed with my friends, rather than wait here till Saturday, the soonest that any packet can go. The boats are all on the other side.

I quickly saw God's design. He has found me time for retirement, in which I can both write and pray for those who are to me as my own soul.

The hour of prayer I passed among the rocks, presenting my friends at the throne. Towards six I sunk to sleep, the body pressing down the soul; but still my fellowship with them was not interrupted. A few neighbours joined us at my private lodgings, in family prayer.

Thur., August 11th. I passed the day in my Prophet's chamber, or closet among the rocks. Only in the evening I walked up the mountain, and wandered in a wilderness of rocks with my inseparable friends.

Fri., August 12th, was another solid day, which I spent in retirement ; only allowing half an hour, after public worship, for Mr. Ellis, the Minister, in provoking each other to love and good works.

Sat., August 13th. I took boat in a very rough sea, which washed us throughly, while toiling to come up with the vessel. At eleven we set sail. God sent us a wind out of his treasury, the fairest we could have, which by nine brought us smoothly and safely into Dublin-bay.

Sun., 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 the lively Society, to our mutual consolation : consolation which words cannot express.

Mr. Lunel 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.

Tues., August 16th. I reproved the slack, and encouraged the orderly walkers. Their prayers, I trust, will follow me to Cork.

Wed., 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 Tyril's-pass. There our sister Fourer 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.

Thur., August 18th. I rode to Balliboy, where an hospitable 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.

Fri., August 19th. It rained the whole day. The road

was one continued quagmire. I made an 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.

Sat., August 20th. I rose cheerfully between two and three ; 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.

Sun., August 21st. At five I found a congregation of some thousands on the marsh, and spoke from Luke xxiv. 46, 47 : " Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer," &c. 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 quite full. The communion kept us till near ten.

Much good has been done already in this place. Outward wickedness has disappeared, outward religion succeeded. Swearing is seldom heard in the streets ; the churches and altars are crowded to the astonishment of our adversaries. Yet some of our Clergy and all the Catholic Priests take wretched pains to hinder their people from hearing us.

At five I took the field again ; but such a sight I have rarely seen ! Thousands and thousands had been waiting some hours, Protestants and Papists, high and low. The Lord endued my soul, and body also, 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.

Mon., 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, they receive us 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.

Tues., August 23d. I laboured to convince my 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 before they judge us.

Wed., August 24th. By a Clergyman's advice, I went to wait on the Bishop. He was not at his palace. The house-keeper 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 had violent conflicts with the old murderer. She seemed a chosen vessel, one who, like Obadiah, had served God from her youth. I told her what she wanted, even faith and forgiveness. She received my saying with all readiness of mind ; begged 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 it was impracticable, as yet, to have a regular Society.

Thur., 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 great kindness for religion, and determined to use all his interest to promote it. For an hour and an 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.

Fri., 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 Riverstown, and was received with great affability by himself and family. After dinner I rode back to Cork. I drank tea with some well-disposed Quakers, and borrowed a volume of their dying sayings: a standing testimony 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.

Sat., 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 on great men *may* do good, or prevent evil. But how dangerous the experiment! How apt to weaken our hands, and betray us into an undue deference and respect of persons! The Lord send to them by whom He will send; but hide me still in disgrace or 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.

Sun., August 28th. From the 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 Priest had laid upon them. I exhorted all alike to repentance toward God, and faith in Jesus Christ; and staked my own salvation upon it, that he who believes, whether Papist or Protestant, shall be saved.

I hastened back to the marsh. On seeing the multitudes, I thought on that of 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 against 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.

Tues., 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!

Wed., 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 an useful hour with Mr. C. He rejoiced at my having preached in his parish last Sunday. If our brethren were like-minded, how 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, 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 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? I prayed over her that the Lord might confirm it; and was greatly comforted with her consolations.

Thurs., September 1st. I met the infant Society for the first time in an old play-house. Several were there from two in the morning. One received forgiveness in Jonathan Reeves's first prayer. Our Lord's presence consecrated the place. I explained the nature of Christian fellowship. God knit our hearts together in the desire of knowing Him.

The people are now ripe for the Gospel, which I therefore preached, from Isai. xxxv., to the poor hungry mourners. I heard that one 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 conscience will not let them rest, till they have made restitution. I bade them tell the persons injured, it was this preaching 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 beat 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 on 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, 'Could you die for the Gospel of Jesus Christ?' and when I would 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.

Sat., September 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 sink under the word of grace.

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 Bailly 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.

Sun., September 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.

Mon., September 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 our 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 blinded 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 thy 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, gaping people, “Behold the Lamb of God,” &c. 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. My text was, “I send thee to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light.” 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.

Tues. morning, September 6th. 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, an heavy heart, and a feeble body. To them that have no might, God increaseth strength. For an hour and an 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.

Wed., September 7th. 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. My text was, "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in the poor, the lame," &c. 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 on one 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.

Thur., September 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, several of 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.

Fri., September 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.

Sat., September 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, our hearts are so warm toward you, we would have followed you to Dublin, and all the world over." They so urged me to come once more to Bandon, that I could not refuse. Some from Middleton and Youghal pressed me to them also.

In conference, I met a gentlewoman, who has lately received forgiveness, when she was scarcely seeking it.

I preached, at the south prison, "What must I do to be saved?" and made a collection for the prisoners.

I prayed a second time with Sally Gwynne, a sincere mourner, just ready for *the consolation*.

I met the extraordinary young woman, strong in the Lord, impatient to sell all. I charged her to continue in her calling, and wait upon Him for direction.

Sun., September 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 learnt 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 down-right 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, besides. 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 towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

Mon., September 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.

Tues., September 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 them out again!

At noon I discoursed on the prodigal son. Many approved by silent tears. I could not dismiss them without a word of advice, how to behave toward their enemies, persecutors, and slanderers.

Thur., September 15th. After proclaiming liberty to the captives at Cork, I took horse for Middleton; preached there at noon to an attentive congregation, who pressed me much to come again.

I rode on to Youghal, a sea-port town, twenty Irish miles from Cork. I went forth to the strand. A wild multitude following, almost crowded me and one another to death. While I described our Lord's passion, the waves subsided, the noise ceased, and they earnestly listened to His last dying cries. The Minister (as well as people) testified his satisfaction, saying, as I am told, "These gentlemen have done a great deal of good. There is need enough of them in Youghal."

I lodged at Mr. Price's, a friendly Dissenter, who, with his family, received me cordially for my work's sake.

Fri., September 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 present 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.

Riding, with the wind and rain in my face, has brought back my old companion the toothache. I feared it would hinder my taking leave of the people; but let my Lord look to that.

Sat., September 17th. After a restless night of pain, I rose to confer with those that desired it. A woman testi-

fied that the Lord had spoke 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 at once, 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 own good Protestants should stir up the Papists to tear us in pieces.

At Mr. Rolt'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 that hear us with excommunication. So far beyond the Papists are these *moderate men* advanced in persecution.

Sun., September 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 an useful word at parting with his people. I went to meet them at five, for a few minutes. The marsh was quite covered. Above ten thousand, 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 ; commended each other again and again to God.



I mentioned with honour the behaviour of our own Clergy; not one of whom has publicly spoke 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.

Mon., September 19th. I rose at two, refreshed as with wine, and set out with Robert Swindells. My pain was kept off by the prayer of those I left behind. I reached Cashel by night. Our host, a serious Roman, and his neighbour, an hearty, loving Quaker, made us forget our journey.

Tues., September 20th. I reached T—— by nine. I met several Clergy, who were attending the Archbishop, come to confirm. I preached at my inn-door. The people behaved better at the end than the beginning.

I found the twelve miles to Roscrea good six hours' riding; the rain attending us all the way. At five we came to Mr. White's, sated with travelling; but I 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.

Wed., September 21st. By four we got to Mountmelick. I preached in the market-house to a crowd of poor, convinced sinners; could mention nothing but pure promises. They received the word as souls gasping for God.

Thur., September 22d. I took in thirty new members. I rode to B——, at the pressing instance of a Clergyman, who met, 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.

Fri., September 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. I left a young woman in the pangs of regeneration.

Sat., September 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 J. 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.

Sun., September 25th. I examined each of the Society, who make upward of two hundred. A soldier followed, and told me, that "while I was talking to them, an 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 of an invitation from the Rev. Mr. T., and comforted the mourners at the market-house, by all the precious promises of the Gospel, summed up in Isai. 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 sung, not knowing how to give over.

Mon., September 26th. I took my leave in those solemn words, which reached their hearts : "And now, brethren, I commend you to God," &c. At three I came safe to our dear friends at Tyril's-Pass. It should not be forgot, that

the condemned soldier told me at parting, that the Lord had absolved him.

Tues., September 27th. I found much life in applying those words, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock." 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 appointed to meet him next in paradise. I rode on 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.

Wed., September 28th. I breakfasted with M. Folliard, whom I left mourning, and found rejoicing in Christ her Saviour. The Society is in a flourishing condition. I spent from twelve to one as usual, in our garden, with my Christian friends. They never fail to meet me at the throne, in my retirement.

Fri., September 30th. At night our Lord pierced many hearts with his dying cries. Two received faith; many a deeper sense of his love.

Sat., October 1st. It was the first time of my meeting the bands. The Lord was with us, and we rejoiced unto him with reverence.

Sun., October 2d. One received the blessing under the word. As soon as the Society was met, the fire was kindled. Three or four testified the grace of our Lord, which they then first experienced. A poor revolter, who, like Demas, had forsaken us, stealing in this evening, found mercy unexpected. His servant at the same time *felt* her sins forgiven, and gave God the glory. So did two or three more. Eight or nine confessed their faith openly. I believe all present rejoiced either in hope or in possession of their Saviour.

Fri., October 7th. I met at Mr. Lunell's an old Dutch Quaker, who seemed to have deep experience of the things of God. At two Mr. Lampe and his wife called, and 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.



Sat., October 8th. The wind brought in a packet-boat, then sunk away into a dead calm. However, we attempted at night to get out to sea: the particulars I sent to a friend:—

“Holyhead, October 10th.

“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 eat 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 talking, the mainsail, as I take it, got loose, and flew overboard as if it would drag us all after it; the small boat at the same time, for want of fastening, fell out of its place. The Master called, ‘All hands upon deck,’ and thrust me down into the cabin. Within a minute we heard a cry above, ‘We have lost the mast!’ A passenger ran up, and brought us worse news, that it was not the mast, but the poor Master himself, whom I had scarcely left, when the boat, as they supposed, struck him overboard. From that moment he was seen and heard no more. My soul was bowed before the Lord. I knelt down, and commended the departing spirit to His mercy in Christ Jesus. I adored His distinguishing goodness. ‘The one shall be taken, and the other left.’ I thought of those lines of Young:—

'No warning given ! unceremonious death !  
 A sudden rush from life's meridian joys,  
 A plunge opaque beyond conjecture !'

"The sailors were so confounded they knew not what they did. The decks were strewed with sails, boat, &c. ; the wind shifting about ; the compass they could not get at ; nor the helm for some time. We were just on the shore, and the vessel drove where or how they knew not. One of our cabin-passengers ran to the helm, gave orders as Captain till they had righted the ship. But I ascribe it to our invisible Pilot, that we got safe to the harbour soon after ten. The storm was so high, we doubted whether any boat would venture to fetch us. At last one answered, and came. I thought it safer to lie in the vessel, but one calling, 'Mr. Wesley, you must come,' I followed, and by eleven found out my old lodgings at Robert Griffith's."

Mon., October 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 :—

"All thanks to the Lord,  
 Who rules with a word  
 The' untractable sea,  
 And limits its rage by his steadfast decree :  
 Whose providence binds  
 Or 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 distress'd,  
 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.”

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 Baladon-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 frightened, we looking to overset every moment. The Minister acknowledged he was never in the 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 Caernarvon ; 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 Howel Harris. He carried me to his own inn, and at last found me out, which increased our intimacy.

Tues., October 11th. I set out at break of day ; missed my way as soon as I could, but quickly recovered it. I rode on with a cheerful heart in the bright, sunshiny day, to a small village three miles beyond Tan-y-Bwlch. From three to nine I enjoyed myself in solitude.

Wed., October 12th. I set out at six ; got to Dolgelly by nine. I took a guide for the first hour, and then came



by myself triumphantly to Machynlleth. Here I got another guide, who soon led me out of all way. We wandered over the mountains 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, and by seven we rejoiced to find ourselves in Llanidloes.

Thur., October 13th. Soon after five I set out in the dark with a brother, who by eight delivered me over to Mr. Edwards, Curate of Rhayader. He could get no horse for love or money, and therefore waited on me on foot to Garth. I met our dearest friends there by twelve, in the name of the Lord, and rejoiced and gave thanks for his innumerable mercies. At seven I preached with life and faith, and at ten rested from my labours.

Fri., October 14th. I rested the whole day, only riding out for an hour, to pray by a sick, helpless publican. I preached morning and evening to the family; I hope not in vain: but I miss my Cork congregation.

Sat., October 15th. Mr. Williams read prayers at Llan-saintfraid; I preached from Matt. xi.: "Come unto me, all that are weary," &c. We were all in tears after Him, who promises us rest. An happier time have I not known, no, not at Cork, or Bandon. I returned with the night to Garth.

Sun., October 16th. I preached there at eight, and in Maesmynis church at eleven. It was a solemn season of love; and yet more so at the sacrament. At Builth I published the end of Christ's coming; namely, "that they might have life." I preached a fourth time, at Garth, and set the terrors of the Lord in array against the unawakened.

Mon., October 17th. I rode with Mr. Gwynne to Builth, and, preaching there at noon, returned to our little church at Garth.

Tues., October 18th. I rode to Maesmynis with most of the family, and enforced those triumphant words of the departing Apostle, "I have fought a good fight," &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 ! I preached the third time at Builth, and once more at Garth.

Wed., October 19th. I preached again in Llansaintfraid church, and took leave of our family in the evening.

Thur., October 20th. I set out with brother Philips 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 I took horse again, and came swiftly to Usk, before five. We went early to bed ; rose at three the next morning.

Fri., October 21st. We set out soon after five, and by eight were brought safe to the New Passage ; were from ten to twelve crossing, and came to Bristol between one and two.

I called on Mrs. Vigor, uncertain if she was escaped out of the body. I found her (or rather her shadow) still in the vale, and was much comforted by her calm desire of dissolution. She has no doubt of God's finishing his work in her soul before he calls her hence ; but he has, I am persuaded, more work for her to do.

I passed the afternoon among my friends, who are much alive unto God. I called on a listening audience, "Rejoice with me, for I have found the sheep that was lost ;" and we did rejoice with all the angels in heaven, over our younger brethren in Ireland.

Sat., October 22d. I rode over to our children in Kingswood, and was much comforted by their simplicity and love.

At night the Leaders brought me a good report of the church in general. They walk as becometh the Gospel.

Sun., October 23d. Our Lord met us at his own table, and our souls lay low and happy at his feet.

In the Society the Lord comforted us on every side. It was like one of the former days. We were brought a large step on our journey to Sion.

Mon., October 24th. I met the select band for the first time. The cloud overshadowed us, and we all said, "It is good to be here."

I rode to Coleford 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. Philips did not much commend our accommodations. Our chamber looked very ghastly, scarce affording a Prophet's furniture: our bed had but one thin quilt to cover us.

Tues., October 25th. 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; got a Surgeon to dress my arm and hand, which were much bruised, and my foot crushed.

Wed., October 26th. I woke with a stiff neck and aching bones, which did not interrupt my business, public or private. I preached at night with enlargement of heart.

Thur., October 27th. I preached at five with some pain in my breast, which wears off more and more.

Wed., November 2d. At sister Perrin's the Spirit helped our infirmities in mighty prayer, and filled us with divine confidence. I had then no doubt, even of my own perseverance.

Fri., November 4th. I imparted my design to Mrs. Vigor, who advised me with all the kindness and freedom of a Christian friend.

Mon., November 7th. I had tender sympathy with a sick, absent friend, Mrs. B. L., and much of the divine presence in praying for her.



Thur., November 10th. I expounded Isai. xxxv. at the Foundry, and lost all my burdens among my brethren.

Fri., November 11th. My brother and I having promised each other, (as soon as he came from Georgia,) that we would neither of us marry, or take any step towards it, without the other's knowledge and consent, to-day I fairly and fully communicated every thought of my heart. He had proposed three persons to me, S. P., M. W., and S. G. ; and entirely approved my choice of the last. We consulted together about every particular, and were of one heart and mind in all things.

Sat., November 12th. I waited on Dr. Cockburn, who paid me £50, part of the legacy which my old friend Mrs. Sparrow left me.

Mon., November 14th. I rejoiced over our sister Peters, whose spirit was on the wing for paradise.

Wed., November 16th. At the hour of intercession the Lord looked upon us, and we lay a long time at his feet weeping.

Mon., November 21st. I set out with Mr. Waller for Bristol ; and on Wednesday met our Lord there, in the midst of his disciples.

Fri., November 25th. I visited our sister Amos, supposed to be near death. Her joy was so great, the earthen vessel could scarce contain it. Her love and thanks and blessings on me lifted up my hands and heart. I offered up myself, with my absent friends, in fervent, faithful prayer.

Mon., November 28th. I rode to Cardiff.

Tues., November 29th. Mr. James overtook us at Fonmon. Both at Cardiff and here, I was much assisted in preaching.

Thur., December 1st. I rose at two, and, after prayer, set out with Mr. James. The moors were almost impassable ; yet we got to Brecon soon after three.

Fri., December 2d. By nine I found them at Garth, singing, and was most affectionately received by all, especially Mrs. Gwynne.

I advised with Sally how to proceed. Her judgment was, that I should write to her mother.

While the family was at dinner, I got some of *my* flock together, Miss Betsy, Molly Leyson, B. Williams, and

faithful Grace Bowen, with whom I spent a comfortable hour in prayer. In the evening I pressed upon them, with much freedom, that blessed advice, "Acquaint thyself now with God, and be at peace."

Sun., December 4th. I rode with Sally and Betsy to Maesmynis. Our Lord administered strong consolation to our souls by the word and sacrament. At Builth, also, we were all melted into tears. I preached at Garth with the same blessing. I took farther counsel with Sally, quite above all guile or reserve. I was afraid of making the proposal. The door of prayer was always open.

Mon., December 5th. I spake with Miss Becky, who heartily engaged in the cause, and at night communicated it to her mother, whose answer was, "she would rather give her child to Mr. Wesley than to any man in England." She afterwards spoke to me with great friendliness above all suspicion of underhand dealing; (the appearance of which I was most afraid of;) said, she had no manner of objection but "want of fortune." I proposed £100 a year. She answered, her daughter could expect no more.

Wed., December 7th. I preached twice a day, and never with more liberty.

Thur., December 8th. I was a little tried by the brutishness of my friend Philips, who got my advocate, M—n, over to his side. But their buffetings did me no great harm.

Mr. Gwynne leaving the whole to his wife, I talked the matter fully over, and left it wholly with her to determine. She behaved in the most obliging manner, and *promised her consent*, if I could answer for £100 a year.

Fri., December 9th. I prayed and wept over my dear Miss Becky, in great pain. She begged me not to leave them to-morrow.

Sat., December 10th. Mr. Philips called me, whom I mildly put by. I preached the next day, with great utterance and emotion. I talked once more with Mrs. Gwynne, entirely open and friendly. She promised to tell me if any new objection arose, and confessed, "I had acted like a gentleman in all things."

Mon., December 12th. I took a cheerful leave, and set out with Harry and Mr. Philips, somewhat milder. His only concern now was for the people. Them, also, I told



him, my brother and I had taken into the account, and I had taken no one step without my brother's express advice and direction. We lodged at Usk.

Tues., December 13th. I rejoiced with my Christian friends in Bristol.

Thur., December 15th. I preached at Bath, in my way to London.

Fri., December 16th. Soon after four I set out with Mr. Jones, in thick darkness and hard rain. We had only one shower; but it lasted from morning till night. By half-hour past eight we got, in sad plight, to Calne; 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 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 an 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 Woolhampton by seven.

Sat., December 17th. I took horse at four, by starlight. Such cheerfulness of heart, such a sense of joy and thankfulness, I have seldom known. For five hours I quite forgot my body. T. Hardwick met me at Maidenhead, with a post-chaise, and carried me to Brentford, when my last reserve of strength was gone. By four I found my brother at the Foundry, and rejoiced his heart with the account of my prosperous journey.

He had advised me to make the experiment directly, by going to Garth, and talking with Mrs. Gwynne. Her negative (or his, or Sally's) I should have received as an



absolute prohibition from God. But hitherto it seems as if the way was opened by particular Providence.

Mon., December 19th. So my wise and worthy friend \* at Shoreham thought, when I communicated to him the late transactions. As to my own judgment, I set it entirely out of the question, being afraid of nothing so much as of trusting my own heart.

Wed., December 21st. I talked with Mr. Blackwell, who very freely and kindly promised to assist in the subscription of £100 a year. I thought it better to be obliged for a maintenance to ten or a dozen friends, than to five hundred or five thousand of the people.

In the morning I discoursed on Thomas's confession, "My Lord, and my God;" and in the evening on the divine testimony, "This is my beloved Son," &c. Great life and power accompanied and applied the word.

Fri., December 23d. I visited our brother White, who has again found mercy on his death-bed, which is to him a triumphal chariot.

Christmas-day. We rejoiced in the glad tidings, "To us is born a Saviour;" and yet more in the sacrament were filled with all peace and joy in believing.

Tues., December 27th. One received the pardoning love of God under the word this morning.

Fri., December 30th. I met Mr. Blackwell with my brother, who proposes £100 a year to be paid me out of the books.

Sat., December 31st. The more I pray, the more assured I am, God will not suffer the blind to go out of his way. He was with us at his own table, in solemn power. My ministrations were never more lively, never more blessed to my own and the people's souls.

I married T. Hardwick and Sally Witham. We were all in tears before the Lord.

I rejoiced to hear of our brother White's translation. I described it in the following hymn :—

"O what a soul-transporting sight  
Mine eyes to-day have seen,  
A spectacle of strange delight  
To angels and to men!

\* The Rev. Vincent Perronet.—EDIT.

Nor human language can express,  
Nor tongue of angels paint,  
The vast mysterious happiness  
Of a departing saint!

“ See there, ye misbelieving race,  
The wisdom from above !  
Behold in that pale, smiling face  
The power of Him we love.  
How calmly through the mortal vale  
He walks with Christ his guide,  
And treads down all the powers of hell,  
And owns the Crucified !

“ Where is the King of terrors ? where  
The pomp of deadly pain ?  
A child of God his frowns can dare,  
And all his darts disdain :  
‘ The King of fears,’ he gently cries,  
‘ Can never frighten me,  
Who grasp through death the glorious prize  
Of immortality.

“ ‘ The life which in my spirit dwells  
He never can destroy ;  
And all the pain my body feels  
Is swallow’d up in joy.  
Jesus doth all my burdens bear :  
And gladly I commend  
The objects of my latest care  
To my eternal Friend.

“ ‘ Whate’er ye ask, whate’er ye want,  
My Lord shall richly give :  
The blessing of a dying saint  
On all your souls I leave.  
Come, follow to that happy place,  
Our Master’s joy to see ;  
For O ! in one short moment’s space,  
Ye all shall rest with me.

“ ‘ Rejoice, my friends, I go before,  
To meet my happy doom,  
And tell them on the heavenly shore,  
Ye all are hastening home.  
For me my Father’s chariot waits,  
I see the flaming steeds,  
And lo ! the everlasting gates  
Lift up their pearly heads !

“ ‘ The blessed messenger is sent,  
To lead me to the throne,  
Above that starry firmament,  
Above that glimmering sun.

The angel beckons me away,  
To fairer worlds on high :  
And let me now the call obey,  
And lay me down, and die.

“ ‘ At this thrice welcome time of grace,  
When God for me was born,  
Made ready for his kind embrace,  
My spirit shall return.  
To-day I shall with rapture see  
The Child to mortals given,  
And kiss the’ incarnate Deity,  
And keep the feast in heaven.

“ ‘ Even now the earnest he reveals  
Of my eternal rest,  
The’ immeasurable comfort swells  
This weak, transported breast :  
My body fails, my soul wants air,  
And gasps for its remove,  
So much of heaven I cannot bear,  
I am too full of love.’

“ Thrice happy soul ! by special grace  
So highly favour’d here,  
To sound in death the Saviour’s praise,  
And breathe the Comforter :  
On earth to’ enjoy the blissful sight  
To dying Stephen given,  
And see the Lord enthroned in light,  
And see his opening heaven.

“ That heavenly bliss, when language fails,  
His every look displays,  
And every smile divinely tells  
The raptures of the place :  
The glory, while he lays it down,  
Shines through the sinking clay,  
And lo ! without a parting groan,  
The soul ascends away !

“ Without a groan the Christian dies !  
But not without a word :  
On *me*, on *me*, he loudly cries,  
To meet our common Lord.  
He calls me by my worthless name,  
My soul he beckons home ;  
And lo ! in Jesu’s hands I am,  
And lo ! I gladly come !

“ Witness my undissembled tears,  
If here I wish to stay,  
Or rather to shake off my fears,  
And corruptible clay :



Witness the Searcher of my heart,  
Whose absence I bemoan,  
And pine and languish to depart,  
And struggle to be gone.

"Lord, if thou didst indeed inspire  
Thy servant's dying breast,  
And fill him with thine own desire,  
That I with thee might rest;  
Thine own desire in me fulfil,  
And perfect love dispense,  
And freely my backslidings heal,  
And now transport me hence."

Tues., January 3d, 1749. My brother wrote as follows to Mrs. Gwynne. I enclosed it in my own, and sent both letters, after offering them up to the divine disposal.\*

I buried Alexander White, and preached on, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course," &c. We were all partakers of His joy.

Mon., January 9th. I visited sister Smith, sick and in pain; but her pain was swallowed up in love. "Were I to choose," said she, "I should choose death: but let my Lord choose for me. I want nothing but his love."

Fri., January 13th. I read, undisturbed, a letter from Mrs. Gwynne, dissatisfied with my brother's proposal. I visited Mr. Perronet the next day. He has indeed acted the part of a father: another proof whereof is this letter of his to Mrs. Gwynne:—

"Shoreham, January 14th, 1749.

"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. Mr. Charles Wesley be of God, neither of you will suffer any objections, drawn from this world, to break it off. Alas, Madam! what is all this world, and the glories of it? How little does the world appear to that mind, whose affections are set on things above! This state

\* A blank space is here left in the original manuscript, but the letter is not inserted. From subsequent statements it appears that it contained Mr. John Wesley's proposal to Mrs. Gwynne, that he would secure to his brother Charles the sum of one hundred pounds *per annum*, from the profits of their books.—EDIT.

is what I trust 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 two 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 still 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 with 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,

"VINCENT PERRONET."

Mon., January 23d. I received letters from Garth, consenting to our proposals.

Sat., January 28th. I married William Briggs and Eliz. Perronet; who seem quite made for each other.

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Tues., January 31st. I found life and comfort in the small remnant at Deptford.

Tues., February 14th. I was assisted to preach twice a day, the last fortnight; and pitied an unhappy friend for her confident assertion, that the Lord is departed from me. Let the rest of her words and actions be buried in eternal oblivion.

At four this morning I set out for Garth, with my brother and Charles Perronet. At Kensington my horse threw me. My foot hung by the spur. My company were gone before; when a servant flew to my help, and I rose unhurt.

Wed., February 15th. I dined at the Rector of Lincoln's. I waited on our Dean and others; all extremely civil.

Fri., February 17th. Our wanderings through the bogs, &c., ended at eight in the evening. Sally met me, before I entered the house, with news that her brother was come, and very vehement against the match; yet he received us with great courtesy.

Sat., February 18th. Mrs. Gwynne was extremely open and affectionate; has fought my battles against her own relations, particularly her son, who has behaved very violently towards her. Miss Becky told him, he might think it a great honour done him by my proposal. Mrs. Gwynne, my brother, and I, had a conference. He repeated his proposals, and agreed to make them good; being entirely reconciled to the settlement, for which Mr. Gwynne and Mr. Perronet were to be the Trustees.

Sun., February 19th. I returned to Garth from the sacrament at Maesmynis. Mr. H. Gwynne was very obliging. I drove his father to church, where we heard a good sermon. I had a conference with my brother and Sally. She promised to let me continue my vegetable diet and travelling.

Mon., February 20th. Mr. H. Gwynne was now as affable as the rest; said he had nothing to object, and behaved as if his heart was entirely turned towards us.

Tues., February 21st. My brother and Charles Perronet left us. I stayed a week longer, preaching twice a day.

Sun., February 26th. Mrs. Gwynne assured me, she should not change; talked freely of our marriage, and



would have got me to promise not to go again to Ireland. But Sally would not let me, saying, she should be glad herself to visit the many gracious souls in that country.

Mon., February 27th. I commended them once more to God, and took horse with Harry. It rained all day, yet we reached Usk by night; and the next morning breakfasted at Bristol.

Fri., March 3d. I met George Whitefield, and made him quite happy by acquainting him with my design.

Mon., March 6th. I mentioned it to the select band, desiring their prayers, not their advice.

Fri., 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.

Thur., March 16th. I rode with Charles Perronet, in a day and an half, to London. I expounded, in bodily weakness, Hab. iii.: "Though the fig-tree shall not blossom," &c. The power of the Lord was present, and great love we felt towards each other.

Sat., March 18th. Returning from Shoreham, I narrowly escaped being crushed to death by a dray on London bridge.

Sun., 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*.

Easter-day, 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 in my intentions. Surely, both Jesus and his disciples are bidden.

Wed., March 29th. Having, by the help of Mr. Lloyd and his Lawyers, settled everything to Mrs. Gwynne's wish, I set out at three, with Charles Perronet, for Bristol, in my way to Wales. I lodged the first night at Oxford.

Thur., March 30th. I 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.

Fri., 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 Murray and Davey, who joined us in prayer and joyful thanksgiving.

Sat., 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.

Sun., 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 wrote our friends notice, that I should be at Cardiff to-morrow, and on Tuesday or Wednesday at Garth. But I found my brother had appointed to preach in several places till Friday; which I did not take kindly.

Mon., April 3d. He seemed quite averse to signing his own agreement: yet at five we set out with an 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.

Tues., 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 an 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.

Wed., April 5th. I lodged with him at Lanttrissent.

Thur., April 6th. I was his hearer at five, and nine, and twelve, in Aberther church. By seven we got to Brecknock. An hour after, Mr. James came. I waited with him on Mr. Williams, the Surrogate, for a licence. He was extremely civil; refusing his fees from a brother Clergyman.

Fri., April 7th. I rose at four, and got an hour for prayer and the Scripture. That word in particular came with power to my heart, "Thus saith the Lord, If my covenant be not with day and night, and if I have not appointed the ordinances of earth and heaven; then I will cast away the seed of Jacob, and David my servant,—for I will cause their captivity to return, and will have mercy upon them."

I came to Garth by nine; found them at breakfast; 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.

Sat., April 8th.

"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 an half in prayer, or singing, with my brother, with Sally, 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. At the church-door I thought of the prophecy of a jealous friend, "that if we were even at the church-door to be married, she was sure, by revelation, that we could get no farther." We both smiled at the remembrance. We got farther. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me (under God): my brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love! Never had I 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.

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" Now the veil of sin withdraw,  
Fill our souls with sacred awe,—  
Awe that dares not speak or move,  
Reverence of humble love.

" 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 intermeddled not with our joy, said, " It looked more like a funeral than a wedding." My brother seemed the happiest person among us.

Sun., April 9th. We all partook of the Lord's supper ; and our souls were satisfied with his comforts. I spent good part of the day in writing letters : heard my brother at night.

Mon., April 10th. At four my brother took his leave of us. I passed the day in prayer, chiefly with my dearest friend. In the afternoon Mr. Gwynne, of Glanbran, came to visit them. He took no notice of me, or I of him. I explained at night the happiness of religion from Prov. iii., and invited them to partake of it.

Tues., April 11th. I rode with Mr. Phillips to Builth. The Lord applied his most precious promise, "I will pour out the Spirit of grace and supplications."

I discoursed at Garth, with delightful enlargement, on "the one thing needful."

Sun., April 16th. I preached constantly the last week at Garth; only once at Lansaintfraid. I carried my beloved Sally to Maesmynis. We had sweet fellowship in the sacrament and in prayer. I rode on to Lansaintfraid, and preached a third time at Garth, with a close application on watching unto prayer.

Mon., April 17th. The Lord was never more with me, than he was at Builth, while I spake from those words, "These are they that came out of great tribulation." All the hearers were in tears : but it was a blessed mourning.

Thur., April 20th. I took my leave of Garth in those words of our Lord, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Fri., April 21st. I took horse with Sally, Betsy, and my father. We slept at Abergavenny.

Sat., April 22d. 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. I was glad to go to bed, as soon as I came in.

Sun., April 23d. Dr. Middleton sweated, blooded, vomited me. Yet on Monday I attempted to preach ; but my body failed.

Wed., April 26th. I received strength to urge my hearers to come boldly to the throne of grace. The word was quick and powerful. I had a second blessing among the bands.

Thur., April 27th. I had prayer for a blessing upon the word this day, and God heard and answered, while I expounded John xvii. There was scarce a soul present that was not broken down.

Fri., April 28th. Some letters from Garth brought life with them. I prayed and wept over the beloved writers.

In the evening I proceeded in my exposition of John xvii. And still our Lord owned the words for his.

Sat., April 29th. "They that seek me early shall find me." This word was made good to the morning audience.

Sun., April 30th. We had a solemn, joyous sacrament in Kingswood. At Conham I thundered, "O ye dry bones, hear ye the word of the Lord."

Mon., May 1st. Never, since I preached the Gospel, have I been more owned and assisted of God, than now. He is always with me in the work of the ministry; therefore I live by the Gospel.

Thur., May 4th. I preached at Cirencester and Oxford, in my way to London; which I reached on Saturday afternoon.

Sun., May 7th. At the chapel my subject was, "The end of all things is at hand;" 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.

Mon., May 8th. I found a blessing in examining the classes. I left out a careless girl; and her mother came abusing me with horrid oaths and curses. Satan, I perceived, did not like our work.

I heard, in the evening, that old Mr. Adams had brought two Constables for me. The poor men were hugely civil and hugely frightened; said, they would not see me, but I might send bail. J. Healey had threatened him in the morning, if he forced his way into the house again, to put him in the bathing-tub. I had shut the door upon him. Justice Fielding had very wisely granted him a warrant against me.

I chose to have a hearing of it directly, and went with Mr. Perronet, Hoy, Windsor, Briggs, and John, to the next Justice, Mr. Withers. He received us with great civility; said, "I am sorry, gentlemen, this has happened; but assure you, you shall have no farther trouble, only your bail." On mentioning Adams, "What!" cried he, "that



old man who makes disturbance in the streets? I saw him yesterday raising a riot, and he commanded me to attend him in the name of the Lord. I wonder my brother Fielding would grant a warrant to such a madman. He did not consider the consequence." After ten Mr. Adams came. The Justice examined the warrant particularly, and showed it was no assault; asked, "Did they threaten your life?" "No; but Healey threatened to duck me," said the old man; abused the Justice, told him I had bribed him, and would have been sent to Newgate for so saying, had we not interposed.

The Justice assured us he would take care of him, if ever he molested us more ; made the Clerk give back his fees ; marked the warrant, " Litigious, malicious, vexatious, false ;" discharged the bail, and promised us all the assistance in his power on all occasions.

Fri., May 12th. I waited on him again, hearing Adams had got me presented at Hick's-hall. The Justice said I need give myself no trouble about it: he should be there himself. The next day the bill was thrown out.

Whitsunday, May 14th. I preached the promise of Christ and the Father, with the demonstration of that Spirit; and received it *partly* with the sacrament. Our brother Thompson partook with us, and declared "he was in heaven!"

Tues., May 16th. A woman, in baptism, received both the outward visible sign, and the inward spiritual grace.

Fri., May 19th. I joined in the Lord's supper with our happy dying sister Kempthorn.

Mon., May 22d. I left London at two in the afternoon, and came to Bath on Tuesday evening.

Thur., May 25th. My exhortation was blessed to the Society at Bristol. On mention of the persecution in Cork, a spirit of sympathy ran through all our hearts.

Sat., May 27th. I hired a small house, near my worthy friend Vigor's, such an one as suited a stranger and pilgrim upon earth.

Sun., May 28th. We had a glorious time at Kingswood, never better.

Mon. afternoon, May 29th. At Mrs. Dicken's in Bath, I met Miss Stonehouse, the sister of my old friend. Shall I

ever meet my poor dear George again? I preached to a very fine audience, whom I did not spare.

Fri., June 2d. I took horse at two, and got to Hereford by one. At half-hour past three my beloved Sally, with Mrs. Gwynne and her sister Peggy, found me at the Falcon. We sang, rejoiced, and gave thanks till Mr. and Mrs. Hervey came. After dinner we drank tea at their house, and went to see the cathedral. I wanted work; but there was no door opened.

Sat., June 3d. I carried my companion to Ludlow, to which 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.

Sun., 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, and believe the Gospel."

Mon., June 5th. With more enlargement, and to a better behaved congregation, from, "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh," &c. I stood at the door; got one stone at last.

Tues., 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.

Thur., June 8th. I preached at the market-place in Leominster, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?" All appeared quite eager to hear. I exhorted about forty serious people in an house at Ludlow to work out their salvation; and the blessing of the Lord was with us.

Fri., June 9th. I rode with Sally to Leominster, and expounded Isai. lv. in the market-place. The Minister was there again: all serious, some visibly affected. Dr. Young entertained us till we got to Coleford, late at night. It was fair-time. With difficulty we got a private lodgings.

Sat., June 10th. We came by noon to our dear M. Vigor's. The Lord welcomed us there, and at night among the Leaders, with the blessing of peace.

Sun., June 11th. I preached first in the streets, and then at Kingswood. My partner and all present rejoiced in the Consolation of Israel.

Tues., June 13th. I felt every word I spoke this morning. What comes from the heart usually goes to the heart.

Wed., June 14th. I threw away some advice on an obstinate Preacher ; (J. Wh. ; ) for I could make no impression on him, or in any degree bow his stiff neck.

Thur., June 15th. I spoke in conference with a woman admitted lately among the witnesses of pardoning love. At night I preached "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Most of the congregation were in tears; many cried after Him; some even fainted under the sense of his love.

Mon., June 19th. I found much life in the select band. J. Jones was carried out in fervent prayer for my partner and me.

I carried her to Captain James, where Miss Burdock helped to increase our joy in the Lord.

Fri., June 23d. I expounded Moses's wish at the watch-night; and the Lord came down into many faithful hearts.

Sat., June 24th. We waited on Dr. Middleton, who received us very cordially. All look upon my Sally with my eyes.

Wed., June 28th. I read the Society an account of the persecution at Cork. All were inflamed with love, grief, pity. We parted in the spirit of prayer.

Thur., June 29th. I carried my companion by Bath, to  
Seen. Many listened to the word of grace.

Fri., June 30th. We lodged six miles short of Marlborough.

Sat., July 1st. She was quite spent with heat and fatigue, when J. Healy and T. Hardwick met us at Salt-hill, with two chaises. Between eight and nine we got to our lodgings in Moorfields. Who should wait at M. Boults to receive us, but Mrs. — ? as if she came to atone for her past misbehaviour, like cursing Shimei meeting David.

Sun., July 2d. The chapel was excessively crowded, while our Lord applied his own saying, "Behold, I stand



at the door, and knock," &c. Many heard, and testified that they heard, His voice. Satan came with the sons of God, in the shape of an old perjured enthusiast. I ordered him (Mr. Adams) to be taken quietly out of the church whenever he appeared to disturb the work of God. Colonel G—— was weak enough to be offended, and went out too ; but the Lord did not depart.

He was with us again in his word, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself;" and at our feast of love.

Wed., July 5th. God, by his word this morning, ministered strong consolation to those in the wilderness.

Thur., July 6th. I disowned J. Healy before the Society, for beating the poor old madman.

Sat., July 8th. Mr. Perronet having come to see my partner, to-day we returned with him to Shoreham. There I left her with such as knew her value, and hastened back to meet the penitents.

Sun., July 9th. I closed the busy, blessed day with Dr. Young and faithful John Downes.

Mon., July 10th. I dined with the Preachers, and was troubled at J. Wh.'s obstinacy. He is gone to the north, expressly contrary to my advice. Whither will his wilfulness lead him at last?

Thur., July 13th. I fetched my feeble companion from Shoreham.

Fri., July 14th. Returning from the watchnight, I found her extremely ill.

Wed., July 19th. I gave the sacrament to our old sister Batchelor, rejoicing in pain and sickness. I found brother Pike still happier, because nearer the haven where he would be.

Thur., July 20th. At Ned Perronet's I met Mrs. Vazeille, a woman of a sorrowful spirit.

Sun., July 23d. I preached a funeral sermon over sister Bouquet and brother Pike, departed in the Lord ; and added a seasonable word at their graves.

Mon., July 24th. I was riding over Hounslow-heath with my wife behind me, when an highwayman crossed the road, passed us, and robbed all the coaches and passengers behind us. By Wednesday evening God blessed our coming in to Bristol.

Sat. afternoon, July 29th. Mr. B——n, with a troop of his friends, came to visit us at our lodgings in Stokescroft. Poor N. S.,\* at the sight of so many predestinarians, fell into a transport of passion and grief. I tried to pacify her with counsel and prayer. At night we were honoured with a crowd of the great vulgar; between forty and fifty of them in their coaches.

Sun., July 30th. Our worthy brother Grimshaw assisted at Kingswood, and partook of our feast.

I preached, in a field near Lawrence-hill, the word of power and truth and reconciliation.

At the Society we seemed filled with the spirit of love and of prayer.

Thur., August 3d. Our conference this week with Mr. Whitefield and Mr. Harris came to nought; I think, through their flying off.

Fri., August 4th. I kept a watchnight; but dismissed the people at ten, as an alarm was gone forth of the colliers rising.

Sat., August 5th. I gave the sacrament to a dying sister, unjustified till very lately; now ready for the Bridegroom: then to Sarah Perrin, desiring neither life nor death, but that God might be magnified.

Sun., August 6th. With my partner, and all our Kingswood children, I was exceedingly comforted at the Lord's table, my mouth being opened in strong exhortation and fervent prayer.

Mon., August 7th. At six I took horse with Sally for Ludlow; and T. Butts, and Captain James, my brother, and Grace Murray overtook us before we reached the Passage. Near nine we took up with a sorry lodging two miles short of Hereford.

Tues., August 8th. I dined with our hospitable friends in Ludlow.

Wed., August 9th. Several of the gentry listened to my brother at night.

Thur., August 10th. My brother having signed the settlement, set out at four with Grace Murray and James Jones. T. Butts and I took horse at six. It rained all day. I preached at Evesham with much life; the next

\* Nancy Stafford, the sister of Mrs. Vigor.—EDIT.



evening met my brother and G. M., who came through Birmingham to Oxford ; and on

Sat., August 12th, I attended him to London.

Tues., August 15th. We had the satisfaction of two hours' conference at Mr. Watkins's, with that loving, mild, judicious Christian, Dr. Doddridge.

Tues., August 22d. I preached at Evesham with great effect.

Wed. afternoon, August 23d. I rejoiced to find Sally and the rest well at Ludlow. I continued with them a week, preaching the Gospel with little fruit.

Wed., August 30th. At nine I set out with Sally, Becky, Betsy, and Peggy. I preached in Leominster, from *Isai. lxi.*, with a blessing, even the blessing of the Gospel. We lay at Hereford ; whence Becky returned home.

Thur., August 31st. We lodged at Thornbury.

Fri., September 1st. By eleven we saluted our friend Vigor. I saw my house, and consecrated it by prayer and thanksgiving. I spent an hour at the preaching-room in intercession. I began the hour of retirement with joint prayer. 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 an useful hour with us. I preached on the first words I met, *Rom. xii. 1* : "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice," &c. The power and blessing of God was with us. Half-hour past nine I slept comfortably in my own house, yet not my own.

Sat., September 2d. We had family prayer at eight. I began the New Testament. I passed the hour of retirement in my garden, and was melted into tears by the divine goodness.

Sun., September 3d. Sally accompanied me to our feast in Kingswood. Poor Betsy was kept away by illness.

Mon., September 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.

We 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.

Thur., September 7th. As often as I minister the word, our Lord ministers his grace through it. He blessed me also in private, as well as family, prayer, and conference with my Christian friends ; in a word, whatsoever I do prospers.

Sun., September 10th. There was a multitude of guests at our Lord's supper ; and none of them, I would hope, sent empty away.

Fri., September 15th. My throat grew worse and worse, so that I could not preach in the evening.