

It is a bad dog that is not worth whistling for. In the times I have been at Bedford, Mr. Barham never owned me, much less invited me to his house. I do not know him, if I meet him. Perhaps he loves me—at a distance. Peace be with you and yours!

CIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,                      *Near EDINBURGH, May 18, 1786.*

So sister Horton is in peace! This may be a blessed visitation for Mr. Horton. Perhaps it will prove in the event one of the greatest blessings which he ever received in his life. I hope you have wrote to Mr. Durbin. Alas, what do riches avail him!

Certainly Providence *permitted* injudicious men to thrust you three miles from me, who should rather have been always at my elbow.

I doubt whether there be not an anachronism in the case of John Price; whether they do not now impute to him what was done long ago.

My Journal should have been sent several days since; but Joseph Bradford trusted another person to transcribe it. This society flourishes much. I hope to be here again on the 30th instant. Peace be with you all!

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CX.—*To the Reverend George Whitefield.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,                      *March 20, 1739.*

Would you have me speak to you freely? without any softening or reserve at all? I know you would. And may our loving Saviour speak to your heart; so my labour shall not be in vain. I do not commend you with regard to our brothers Seward and Cennick. But let me speak tenderly; for I am but a little child. I know our Lord has brought good out of their going to you: Good to you, and good to them: Very much good; and may he increase it a thousand-fold, how much soever it be! But is everything good, my brother, out of which He brings good? I think that does not follow. O my brother, is it well for you or me to give the least hint of setting up our will or judgment against that of our whole society? Was it well for you once to mention a desire which they had all solemnly declared they thought

unreasonable? Was not this abundant cause to drop any design which was not manifestly grounded on a clear command of our Lord? Indeed, my brother, in this I commend you not. If our brother R——, or P——, desired anything, and our other brethren disapproved of it, I cannot but think he ought immediately to let it drop. How much more ought you or I? They are upon a level with the rest of their brethren. But I trust you and I are not: We are the servants of all. Thus far have I spoken with fear and much trembling, and with many tears. O may our Lord speak the rest! For what shall such an one as I say to a beloved servant of my Lord? O pray that I may see myself a worm and no man! I wish to be

Your brother in Jesus Christ.

CXI.—*To the Same.*

*April, 1741.*

WOULD you have me deal plainly with you, my brother? I believe you would: Then, by the grace of God, I will.

Of many things I find you are not rightly informed; and others you speak what you have not well weighed.

The society-room at Bristol, you say, is adorned. How? Why, with a piece of green cloth nailed to the desk; two sconces for eight candles each in the middle; and—nay, I know no more. Now, which of these can be spared I know not; nor would I desire either more adorning or less.

But “lodgings are made for me or my brother.” That is, in plain English, there is a little room by the school, where I speak to the persons who come to me; and a garret, in which a bed is placed for me. And do you grudge me this? Is this the voice of my brother, my son, Whitefield?

You say further, “that the children at Bristol are clothed as well as taught.” I am sorry for it; for the cloth is not paid for yet, and was bought without my consent or knowledge. “But those of Kingswood have been neglected.” This is not so, notwithstanding the heavy debt which lay upon it. One master and one mistress have been in the house ever since it was capable of receiving them. A second master has been placed there some months since; and I have long been seeking for two proper mistresses; so that as much has been done, as matters stand, if not more, than I can answer to God or man.

Hitherto, then, there is no ground for the heavy charge of perverting your design for the poor colliers. Two years since, your design was to build them a school, that their children also might be taught to fear the Lord. To this end, you collected some money more than once; how much I cannot say, till I have my papers. But this I know, it was not near one half of what has been expended on the work. This design you then recommended to me, and I pursued it with all my might, through such a train of difficulties as, I will be bold to say, you have not yet met with in your life. For many months I collected money wherever I was, and began building, though I had not then a quarter of the money requisite to finish. However, taking all the debt upon myself, the creditors were willing to stay: And then it was that I took possession of it in my own name; that is, when the foundation was laid; and I immediately made my will, fixing my brother and you to succeed me therein.

But it is a poor case, that you and I should be talking thus. Indeed, these things ought not to be. It lay in your power to have prevented all, and yet to have borne testimony to what you call "the truth." If you had disliked my sermon, you might have printed another on the same text, and have answered my proofs, without mentioning my name: This had been fair and friendly.

You rank all the maintainers of universal redemption with Socinians themselves. Alas! my brother, do you not know even this, that the Socinians allow no redemption at all? that Socinus himself speaks thus: *Tota redemptio nostra per Christum metaphora?*\* and says expressly, "Christ did not die as a ransom for any, but only as an example for all mankind?" How easy were it for me to hit many other palpable blots in that which you call an answer to my sermon! And how above measure contemptible would you then appear to all impartial men, either of sense or learning! But I spare you; mine hand shall not be upon you. The Lord be judge between me and thee! The general tenor both of my public and private exhortations, when I touch thereon at all, as even my enemies know if they would testify, is, "Spare the young man, even Absalom, for my sake."

\* The whole of our redemption by Christ is a metaphor.—EDIT.

CXII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,            LEWISWAM, *February 21, 1770.*

MR. KEEN informed me some time since of your safe arrival in Carolina; of which indeed I could not doubt for a moment, notwithstanding the idle report of your being cast away, which was so current in London. I trust our Lord has more work for you to do in Europe, as well as in America. And who knows, but before your return to England, I may pay another visit to the New World? I have been strongly solicited by several of our friends in New-York and Philadelphia. They urge many reasons, some of which appear to be of considerable weight: And my age is no objection at all; for I bless God, my health is not barely as good, but abundantly better in several respects, than when I was five-and-twenty. But there are so many reasons on the other side, that as yet I can determine nothing: So I must wait for farther light. Here I am: Let the Lord do with me as seemeth him good. For the present I must beg of you to supply my lack of service, by encouraging our Preachers as you judge best; who are as yet comparatively young and inexperienced; by giving them such advices as you think proper; and, above all, by exhorting them, not only to love one another, but, if it be possible, as much as lies in them, to live peaceably with all men.

Some time ago, since you went hence, I heard a circumstance which gave me a good deal of concern; namely, that the College or Academy in Georgia had swallowed up the Orphan-house. Shall I give my judgment without being asked? Methinks, friendship requires I should. Are there not then two points which come in view? a point of mercy, and a point of justice? With regard to the former, may it not be inquired, Can anything on earth be a greater charity, than to bring up orphans? What is a College or an Academy compared to this? unless you could have such a College as perhaps is not upon earth. I know the value of learning, and am more in danger of prizing it too much, than too little. But still, I cannot place the giving it to five hundred students, on a level with saving the bodies, if not the souls too, of five hundred orphans. But let us pass on from the point of mercy to that of justice: You had land given, and collected money, for an Orphan-house: Are you

at liberty to apply this to any other purpose? at least, while there are any orphans in Georgia left? I just touch upon this, though it is an important point, and leave it to your own consideration, whether part of it, at least, might not properly be applied to carry on the original design? In speaking thus freely, on so tender a subject, I have given you a fresh proof of the sincerity with which I am

Your ever affectionate friend and brother.

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CXIII.—*To the Reverend James Hervey.*

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, *November 29, 1758.*

A WEEK or two ago, in my return from Norwich, I met with Mr. Pierce of Bury, who informed me of a conversation which he had had a few days before. Mr. Cudworth, he said, then told him, that he had prevailed on Mr. Hervey to write against me, who likewise, in what he had written, referred to the book which he (Mr. Cudworth) had lately published.

Every one is welcome to write what he pleases concerning me. But would it not be well for you to remember, that, before I published anything concerning you, I sent it to you in a private letter; that I waited for an answer for several months, but was not favoured with one line; that when at length I published part of what I had sent you, I did it in the most inoffensive manner possible,—in the latter end of a larger work, purely designed to preserve those in connexion with me from being tossed to and fro by various doctrines? What, therefore, I may fairly expect from my friend, is, to mete to me with the same measure: To send to me first, in a private manner, any complaint he has against me; to wait as many months as I did; and, if I give you none or no satisfactory answer, then, to lay the matter before the world, if you judge it will be to the glory of God.

But whatever you do in this respect, one thing I request of you: Give no countenance to that insolent, scurrilous, virulent libel, which bears the name of William Cudworth. Indeed, how you can converse with a man of his spirit, I cannot comprehend. O leave not your old, well-tryed friends! The new is not comparable to them. I speak not this because I am afraid of what any one can say or do to

me. But I am really concerned for you: An evil man has gained the ascendant over you, and has persuaded a dying man, who had shunned it all his life, to enter into controversy as he is stepping into eternity! Put off your armour, my brother! You and I have no moments to spare: Let us employ them all in promoting peace and good-will among men. And may the peace of God keep your heart and mind in Christ Jesus! So prays

Your affectionate brother and servant.

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CXIV.—*To the Reverend John Fletcher.*

DEAR SIR,

BIRMINGHAM, *March 20, 1768.*

I WAS told yesterday, that you are sick of the conversation even of them who profess religion; that you find it quite unprofitable, if not hurtful, to converse with them three or four hours together; and are sometimes almost determined to shut yourself up, as the less evil of the two.

I do not wonder at it at all; especially considering with whom you have chiefly conversed for some time past; namely, the hearers of Mr. — and Mr. —. The conversing with them I have rarely found to be profitable to my soul. Rather, it has damped my desires, and has cooled my resolutions: And I have commonly left them with a dry, dissipated spirit.

And how can you expect it to be otherwise? For do we not naturally catch their spirit with whom we converse? And what spirit can we expect them to be of, considering the preaching they sit under? Some happy exceptions I allow; but, in general, do men gather grapes of thorns? Do they gather the necessity of inward and outward self-devotion, of constant, universal self-denial, or of the patience of hope, or the labour of love, from the doctrine they hear? Do they gather from that amorous way of praying to Christ, or that luscious way of preaching his righteousness, any real holiness? I never found it so. On the contrary, I have found that even the precious doctrine of salvation by faith has need to be guarded with the greatest care, or those who hear it will slight both inward and outward holiness.

I will go a step further. I seldom find it profitable to converse with any who are not athirst for full salvation;

and who are not big with earnest expectation of receiving it every moment. Now, you find none of these among those we are speaking of; but many, on the contrary, who are in various ways, directly or indirectly, opposing this blessed work of God; the work, I mean, which God is carrying on throughout this kingdom, by unlearned and plain men.

You have for some time conversed a good deal with the genteel Methodists. Now, it matters not a straw what doctrine they hear, whether they frequent the Lock, or West-street, if they are as salt which has lost its savour; if they are conformed to the maxims, the spirit, the fashions, and customs of the world. Certainly, then, if you converse much with such persons, you will return less a man than you were before.

But were either the one or the other of ever so excellent a spirit, you conversed with them too long. One had need to be an angel, not a man, to converse three or four hours at once to any good purpose. In the latter part of such a conversation, we shall be in great danger of losing all the profit we had gained before.

But have you not a remedy for all this in your hands? In order to converse profitably, may you not select a few persons who stand in awe of Him they love; persons who are vigorously working out their salvation; who are athirst for full redemption, and every moment expecting it, if not already enjoying it?

Though it is true, these will generally be poor and mean, seldom possessed of either riches or learning, unless there be now and then one of higher rank; if you converse with such as these, humbly and simply, an hour at a time, with earnest prayer for a blessing; you will not complain of the unprofitableness of conversation, or find any need of turning hermit.

Do you not observe that all the lay Preachers who are connected with me are maintainers of general redemption? And it is undeniable, that they are instrumental of saving souls. God is with them, and he works by them, and has done so for near these thirty years: Therefore, the opposing them is neither better nor worse than fighting against God.

I am

Your ever affectionate brother,

CXV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

January, 1773.

WHAT an amazing work has God wrought in these kingdoms, in less than forty years! And it not only continues, but increases, throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland; nay, it has lately spread into New-York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland, and Carolina. But the wise men of the world say, "When Mr. Wesley drops, then all this is at an end!" And so it surely will, unless, before God calls him hence, one is found to stand in his place. For, *ουκ αγαδον πολυκοιρανιη. Εις κοιρανος εσω.\** I see more and more, unless there be one *προεσως,†* the work can never be carried on. The body of the Preachers are not united: Nor will any part of them submit to the rest; so that either there must be one to preside over all, or the work will indeed come to an end.

But who is sufficient for these things? qualified to preside both over the Preachers and people? He must be a man of faith and love, and one that has a single eye to the advancement of the kingdom of God. He must have a clear understanding; a knowledge of men and things, particularly of the Methodist doctrine and discipline; a ready utterance; diligence and activity, with a tolerable share of health. There must be added to these, favour with the people, with the Methodists in general. For unless God turn their eyes and their hearts towards him, he will be quite incapable of the work. He must likewise have some degree of learning; because there are many adversaries, learned as well as unlearned, whose mouths must be stopped. But this cannot be done, unless he be able to meet them on their own ground.

But has God provided one so qualified? Who is he? Thou art the man! God has given you a measure of loving faith; and a single eye to his glory. He has given you some knowledge of men and things; particularly of the old plan of Methodism. You are blessed with some health, activity, and diligence; together with a degree of learning. And to all these he has lately added, by a way none could

\* It is not good that the supreme power should be lodged in many hands; Let there be one chief governor.—EDIT.

† A person who presides over the rest.—EDIT.

have foreseen, favour both with the Preachers and the whole people. Come out in the name of God! Come to the help of the Lord against the mighty! Come while I am alive and capable of labour!

*Dum superest Lachesi quod torqueat, et pedibus me  
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.\**

Come while I am able, God assisting, to build you up in faith, to ripen your gifts, and to introduce you to the people. *Nil tanti.*† What possible employment can you have, which is of so great importance?

But you will naturally say, "I am not equal to the task; I have neither grace nor gifts for such an employment." You say true; it is certain you have not. And who has? But do you not know Him who is able to give them? perhaps not at once, but rather day by day: As each is, so shall your strength be. "But this implies," you may say, "a thousand crosses, such as I feel I am not able to bear." You are not able to bear them now; and they are not now come. Whenever they do come, will He not send them in due number, weight, and measure? And will they not all be for your profit, that you may be a partaker of his holiness?

Without conferring, therefore, with flesh and blood, come and strengthen the hands, comfort the heart, and share the labour, of

Your affectionate friend and brother.

CXVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, *November 24, 1783.*

THERE is not a person to whom I would have wished Miss Bosanquet joined besides you. But this union, I am thoroughly persuaded, is of God; and so are all the children of God with whom I have spoken. Mr. Bosanquet's being so agreeable to it, I look upon as a token for good; and so was the ready disposing of the house and the stock, which otherwise would have been a great incumbrance. From the first day which you spend together in Madeley, I hope you will lay down an exactly regular plan of living; something like

\* This quotation from Juvenal is thus translated by Gifford:—

"While something yet of health and strength remains,  
And yet no staff my faltering step sustains."—EDIT.

† Nothing is of equal consequence with this.—EDIT.

that of the happy family at Leytonstone. Let your light shine to all that are round about you. And let sister Fletcher do as much as she can for God, and no more. To his care I commit you both, and am, my dear friends,

Your very affectionate brother.

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CXVII.—*To Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell.\**

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, *August 23, 1739.*

I HAVE not had half an hour's leisure to write since I received yours of the fourteenth instant, in which the note for £15. 11s. was enclosed.

\* It is to be regretted, that no biographical account of this very excellent man was ever published; and so many years have now elapsed since his death, that few particulars of his personal history can be recovered. He was a principal partner in a banking establishment in Lombard-street, London; and had a country residence at Lewisham, in Kent, a few miles from the metropolis. For many years he was the intimate and cordial friend of Mr. Wesley; as the following letters, and numerous passages in Mr. Wesley's Journal, abundantly testify. To Lewisham Mr. Wesley was accustomed to retire when writing for the press; and from that place, it will be observed, many of his sermons and other works are dated. Here he found an asylum during his serious illness in the year 1754, which was expected to terminate in his death; and from this place he was removed to the Bristol Hot-wells. Considerable sums of money were intrusted by Mr. Blackwell to Mr. Wesley for distribution among the poor; and some of the letters addressed to him show in what manner his bounty was applied. Mrs. Hannah Dewal and Mrs. Blackwell, so often mentioned in this correspondence, were women of exemplary piety, and both died in the Lord. Among the manuscripts left by Mr. Charles Wesley are two excellent hymns, of considerable length, on the death of these Christian ladies. Mrs. Blackwell died March 27, 1772. The second Mrs. Blackwell was the niece of Bishop Lowth. Her father was also a Clergyman. The late Mr. Charles Wesley, so justly celebrated for his musical talents, who was intimately acquainted with the family, stated to the writer of this note, that the Bishop once dined with Mr. Wesley by appointment at Lewisham; on which occasion he refused to sit above Mr. Wesley at table; and in declining that honour, to which his rank in the Church entitled him, said to Mr. Wesley, "May I be found at your feet in another world!" Mr. Wesley, as might be supposed, still manifested considerable uneasiness; and the Bishop ended the dispute by requesting as a favour that he might sit below Mr. Wesley, inasmuch as he was deaf on one ear, and wished not to lose one word of Mr. Wesley's conversation. Under the date of July 24, 1782, Mr. Wesley says, in his Journal, "My brother and I paid our last visit to Lewisham, and spent a few pensive hours with the relict of our good friend Mr. Blackwell. We took one more walk round the garden and meadow, which he took so much pains to improve. Upwards of forty years this has been my place of retirement, when I could spare two or three days from London. In that time, first Mrs. Sparrow went to rest; then Mrs. Dewal; then good Mrs. Blackwell; now Mr. Blackwell himself. Who can tell how soon we may follow them?" Among the manu-

The Captain's journey to London, as he owns it was the happiest, so I believe it was the most useful, one he ever had. His resolution was a little shaken here; but he now appears more settled than before. Satan hath indeed desired to have us, that he may sift us as wheat; but our Lord hath prayed for us; so that the faith of few has failed. Far the greater part of those who have been tempted has come as gold out of the fire.

It seems to be a plain proof that the power of God is greatly with this people, because they are tempted in a manner scarce common to men. No sooner do any of them begin to taste of true liberty, but they are buffeted both within and without. The messengers of Satan close them in on every side. Many are already turned out of doors by their parents or masters; many more expect it every day: But they count all these things dung and dross, that they may win Christ. O let us, if His name be called upon us, be thus minded!

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ.

CXVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, *January 26, 1746-7.*

OUR number of patients increases here daily. We have now upwards of two hundred. Many have already desired to return thanks, having found a considerable change for the better already. But we are at a great loss for medicines; several of those we should choose being not to be had at any price in Bristol.

I have been sometimes afraid you have suffered loss for want of a frank acknowledgment of the truth: I mean with regard to the gay world. If we openly avow what we approve, the fear or shame generally lights on them; but if we are ashamed or afraid, then they pursue, and will be apt to rally us both out of our reason and religion.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

script poems of Mr. Charles Wesley is a hymn entitled, "For Mr. Blackwell Departing, April 21, 1782;" and another, entitled, "On the Death of Mr. Ebenezer Blackwell, April 21, 1782." In the latter of these compositions Mr. Blackwell is described as a man of Christian piety, who devoted a large proportion of his increasing property to the relief of the poor.—EDIT.

My best respects attend Mrs. Blackwell, and Mrs. Dewal.  
I hope you strengthen each other's hands.

CXIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

SHEFFIELD, *May 14, 1747.*

ARE you not yet weary and faint in your mind? Do you continue to strive for the mastery? It is a good though painful fight. I am sometimes afraid of your turning back before you conquer. Your enemies are many, and your strength is small. What an amazing thing it will be, if you endure to the end!

I doubt you will sometimes be in danger by a snare you are not aware of: You will often meet with persons who labour till they are delivered of all they know, and who (perhaps, "with very good intent, but little wit") will tell you abundance of things, good or bad, of the Society, or any member of it. Now, all this is poison to your soul. You have only to give an account of yourself to God. O may you do it with joy, and not with grief!

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

CXX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

ST. IVES, *July 18, 1747.*

ARE you not yet weary and faint in your mind? weary of striving to enter in at the strait gate? I trust you are not; and that you never will, till you enter into the kingdom. Many thoughts of that kind will probably rise in your heart; but you will have power to trample them under your feet. You have nothing to do with the things that are behind: The prize and the crown are before you. So run, that you may obtain; desiring only to apprehend that for which you are apprehended of Christ Jesus.

A great door and effectual is opened now, almost in every corner of this country. Here is such a change within these two years as has hardly been seen in any other part of England. Wherever we went, we used to carry our lives in our hands; and now there is not a dog to wag his tongue. Several Ministers are clearly convinced of the truth; few are bitter; most seem to stand neuter. Some of the gentlemen (so called) are almost the only opposers now; drinking, revelling, cursing, swearing gentlemen who neither will

enter into the kingdom of heaven themselves, nor suffer any others, if they can prevent it. The most violent Jacobites among these are continually crying out, that we are bringing the Pretender; and some of these worthy men bear His Majesty's commission, as Justices of the Peace.

My best wishes attend Mrs. Blackwell, who, I hope, measures step for step with you in the way to the kingdom.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

I set out for Bristol on Thursday.

CXXI.--*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, *August 13, 1747.*

I HAVE found a home in this strange land. I am at Mr. Lunell's just as at the Foundery; only that I have not such attendance here; for I meet the people at another part of the town. For natural sweetness of temper, for courtesy and hospitality, I have never seen any people like the Irish. Indeed, all I converse with are only English transplanted into another soil; and they are much mended by the removal, having left all their roughness and surliness behind them.

They receive the word of God with all gladness and readiness of mind. The danger is, that it should not take deep root; that it should be as seed falling on stony ground. But is there not the same danger in England also? Do not you find it in London? You have received the word with joy; and it begins to spring up; but how soon may it wither away! It does not properly take root till we are convinced of inward sin; till we begin to feel the entire corruption of our nature. I believe, sometimes you have found a little of this. But you are in the hands of a good Physician; who, if you give yourself up to his guidance, will not only wound, but also make whole.

Mr. Lunell and his family desire their best respects to Mrs. Blackwell and you. His daughter can rejoice in God her Saviour. They propose to spend the winter in England.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

I cannot forget Mrs. Dewal, whether I see her or not.

CXXII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, *February 2, 1747-8.*

I HAVE received the second bill of exchange which you was so kind as to send by Saturday's post. As we do not intend to build immediately, the money will be payable before we want it.

I do not question but Mrs. Dewal and you will be serviceable to each other. God has given her an advisable spirit; and where that is, there will be every good and perfect gift.

Poor Mr. Hall, when I was at Salisbury, furnished me with a sufficient answer to those who speak of the connexion between him and us. He could not have set the matter in a clearer light, than by turning both me and my sister out of doors.

Both in Ireland, and in many parts of England, the work of our Lord increases daily. At Leeds only, the Society, from an hundred and fourscore, is increased to above five hundred persons. And shall you have no part in the general blessing? I believe better things. You will fight and conquer; take up the cross till you receive the crown. You have both been enabled to set your faces heavenward; and you shall never look back. You are to strengthen each other's hands in God till you come to Mount Zion, and to the general church of the first-born.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and servant.

CXXIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, *March 15, 1747-8.*

I HAVE inquired of several, but cannot yet hear of any such merchant as Mr. John Warr in Dublin. A gentleman informed me this morning that there was one of that name, but he has been dead for many years. I suppose this cannot be the same person to whom Mr. Belchier's letter is directed.

We have not found a place yet that will suit us for building. Several we have heard of, and seen some; but they are all leasehold land, and I am determined to have freehold, if it is to be had in Dublin; otherwise we must lie at the mercy of our landlord whenever the lease is to be renewed.

I find the engaging, though but a little, in these temporal affairs, is apt to damp and deaden the soul ; and there is no remedy, but continual prayer. What, then, but the mighty power of God can keep your soul alive, who are engaged all the day long with such a multiplicity of them? It is well that his grace is sufficient for you. But do you not find need to pray always? And if you cannot always say,—

“My hands are but employ'd below,  
My heart is still with thee ;”

is there not the more occasion for some season of solemn retirement, (if it were possible, every day,) wherein you may withdraw your mind from earth, and even the accounts between God and your own soul? I commend you and yours to His continual protection ; and am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

I suppose my brother will be with you almost as soon as this.

CXXIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, *April 20, 1748.*

I AM persuaded, God has taught both Mrs. Blackwell and you to say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord.” Shall not all these things work together for good? Perhaps God was jealous over you, lest your heart should lean to any of the things of earth. He will have you to be all his own ; to desire nothing but Him ; to seek Him and love Him with your whole heart. And He knows what are the hinderances, and what means will be most effectual toward it. Then let him work according to the counsel of his own will. It is the Lord ! let Him do what seemeth him good.

O what a pearl, of how great price, is the very lowest degree of the peace of God ! A little measure of it, I doubt not, you will find in the most trying circumstances. May God increase it a thousand-fold in both your hearts !

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant.

CXXV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

NEWCASTLE, *August 14, 1748.*

I TRUST you do not grow weary or faint in your mind; although you cannot but find a thousand temptations. Business itself, when it comes in such a flood upon you, must needs be one of the greatest temptations; since it naturally tends to hinder your waiting upon God (as you would desire always to do) without distraction. And when our mind is hurried, it is hardly possible to retain either the spirit of prayer or of thankfulness. But still, with God no word shall be impossible. He has called you by his providence to this way of life; and he is able to preserve you in the midst of the world as well as in a desert. And I cannot doubt but He will, because you appear to be sensible of your danger. Walk then through the fire; you shall not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon you. Come unto Jesus, upon the waves of the sea: The floods shall not run over you.

I have had some thoughts of printing, on a finer paper, and with a larger letter, not only all that we have published already, but, it may be, all that is most valuable in the English tongue, in threescore or fourscore volumes, in order to provide a complete library for those that fear God. I should print only a hundred copies of each. Brother Downes would give himself up to the work; so that whenever I can procure a printing-press, types, and some quantity of paper, I can begin immediately. I am inclined to think several would be glad to forward such a design; and, if so, the sooner the better; because my life is far spent, and I know not how soon the night cometh wherein no man can work.

I commend you, and dear Mrs. Blackwell, and Mrs. Dewal, to the grace of God; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and servant.

I leave this place on Tuesday, and propose to spend ten or twelve days about Leeds.

CXXVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

KINGSWOOD, *March 28, 1749.*

LAST week I received a letter from my brother, which lays me under some difficulty. He gives me a short account

of what had passed between Mr. Meriton and you, and then desires that I would write concerning him. But what can I say? Not much of what is good; because I can say no more than I think; and I scarce know what to think. I am greatly at a loss what judgment to form concerning him. What I hope is this: That he is an honest, though weak, man; one that has the fear of God, but with a small measure of understanding. His behaviour with us has, in general, been good: What was otherwise, I impute to folly, not malicious wickedness.

I trust Mrs. Blackwell and you are still panting after God, if not walking in the light of his countenance. May he enable you to turn your faces against the world, being ashamed of nothing but sin; and to preserve a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards man.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

CXXVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

WHITEHAVEN, *October 2, 1749.*

MRS. BLACKWELL and you have been much upon my mind to-day; and I trust you do not wholly forget me. Are we not running the same race? pressing on to the same prize of our high calling? Abundance of hinderances indeed lie in the way; yet He that calls us shall make straight paths for our feet. In the mean time, we have need of patience, that, when we have done and suffered the will of God, we may attain the promises.

My coming hither was utterly unexpected. I thought of nothing less, till I received some letters from hence, giving an account of such a work as we have not seen before in England for several years; and it increases daily. Open wickedness is not seen; nor have I heard one oath since I came to Whitehaven. I preach in the market-place morning and evening. Most of the grown persons in the town attend; and none makes any noise, none laughs, or behaves indecently.

One evening, when Mr. Perronet preached in my absence, a crew of sailors procured a fiddle, and made an attempt to interrupt; but they met with small encouragement. A company of colliers turned upon them, broke their fiddle in pieces, and used those of them they could overtake so

roughly that they have not made their appearance since. Sir James Lowther, likewise, sent and took down the names of the chief rioters.

To-morrow we are to leave this place. But we have a long round to go ; so that I am afraid we shall not move much southward till toward the end of this month. I commend you, and those that are with you, to Him who has hitherto helped you ; and am,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

CXXVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

LONDON, *December 18, 1749.*

I HAVE known Eliz. Miller for many years. She has been always remarkably honest and industrious. I do not know in all London a more proper object of charity ; for she now, through age and weakness, is very ill able to procure for herself the necessaries of life. I am

Your affectionate servant.

CXXIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

*February 4, 1750-1.*

THE money you left in my hands was disposed of as follows :—

	£.	s.	d.
To the Lending Stock . . . . .	02	02	00
To Eliz. Brooks, expecting daily to have her goods seized for rent . . . . .	01	01	00
To Eliz. Room (a poor widow) for rent . . . . .	00	05	00
Toward clothing Mary Middleton and another poor woman, almost naked . . . . .	00	10	00
To John Edger, a poor weaver, out of work . . . . .	00	05	00
To Lucy Jones, a poor orphan . . . . .	00	02	00
To a poor family, for food and fuel . . . . .	00	05	00
To Christopher Brown, out of business . . . . .	00	02	06
To an ancient woman in great distress . . . . .	00	02	06
Distributed among several sick families . . . . .	00	10	00

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05 05 00

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

CXXX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, *March 5, 1751.*

AFTER an extremely troublesome day, I reached Chippenham last night, twenty miles short of Bristol; and came hither between ten and eleven this morning, at least as well as when I left London.

The note delivered to me on Sunday night, which ran in these words, "I am not determined when I shall leave London," convinces me that I must not expect to see the writer of it at our approaching Conference. This is indeed deserting me at my utmost need, just when the Philistines are upon me. But I am content; for I am well assured the Lord is not departed from me. Is it not best to let all these things sleep? to let him do just what he will do; and to say nothing myself, good or bad, concerning it, till his mind is more cool and able to bear it?

I persuade myself, neither Mrs. Blackwell, nor Mr. Lloyd, or you, will be wanting in your good offices. And will you not likewise advise and comfort her who is now likely to stand in need of every help? You see how bold a beggar I am. I cannot be satisfied yet, without asking you to do more for,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant.

CXXXI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

MANCHESTER, *April 7, 1751.*

YOU must blame yourself, if your never denying me anything makes me ask more and more. But I am not assured whether it is proper to comply with what I am going to mention now. If it is, I know you will do it, although it will not be a pleasing task.

Mr. Lloyd thinks it absolutely needful, that a friend or two of my wife should meet Mr. Blisson and a friend or two of his, in order to persuade him, if it can be done, to come to an account as to what remains in his hands. If Mr. Lloyd and you would take this trouble on yourselves, I do not doubt but the affair would end well.

We have hitherto had a very rough, but a very prosperous, journey. I only want more time; there being so many

calls to various parts, that I cannot possibly answer them all between this and Whitsuntide. O what reason have we to put forth all our strength! For, what a Master do we serve! I trust we shall never be weary of his service. And why should we ever be ashamed of it?

I am persuaded Mrs. Blackwell and you do not forget me, nor her that is as my own soul.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your affectionate servant.

CXXXII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

LEEDS, *May 14, 1751.*

I AM inclined to think Mr. Lloyd has hit upon the expedient which, if anything can, will induce Mr. Blisson to come to an amicable conclusion. I have wrote such a state of the case as he advised, and hope God will give a blessing to it.

I am much obliged both to Mrs. Blackwell and you, on my own and on my wife's account. She has many trials; but not one more than God knows, and knows to be profitable to her. I believe you have been, and will be, a means of removing some. If these outward incumbrances were removed, it might be a means of her spending more time with me; which would probably be useful as well as agreeable to her.

As the providence of God has called you to be continually engaged in outward things, I trust you will find Him continually present with you, that you may look through all, and

Serve with careful Martha's hands,  
And loving Mary's heart.

I am glad Mrs. Dewal has not forgotten me. I hope you all remember, at the throne of grace,

Dear Sir,  
Your most affectionate servant.

CXXXIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, *July 3, 1751.*

BEFORE I left London I wrote to Mr. Butterfield, informing him of two families which are in great distress. As I have heard nothing since, I suppose the letter miscar-

ried ; unless my ominous name prevented its meeting with success. However, I have done my part, and it is only a little labour lost. Nay, in one sense it is not lost ; for if we only desire to help one another, the willing mind cannot lose its reward.

My brother left us on Saturday. He designed to be at Worcester to-day, and then to proceed slowly towards Scotland. His mind seemed to be altogether changed before he went. He was quite free and open to us, and pressed us much to make use of his house in his absence, just as if it were our own. There is a fair prospect on every side. The people of Bristol, in general, are much alive to God ; and they are so united together, that the men of false tongues can make no impression upon them.

Do you know what is the matter with John Jones ? I suppose he will speak freely to you. He seems to be much troubled at something, and, I doubt, offended. I know if you can remove that trouble, it will be a pleasure to you to do it. We join in good wishes both to Mrs. Blackwell and you.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

CXXXIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

EPWORTH, *April 16, 1752.*

AFTER taking a round of between three and four hundred miles, we came hither yesterday in the afternoon. My wife is at least as well as when we left London : The more she travels, the better she bears it. It gives us yet another proof, that whatever God calls us to, he will fit us for ; so that we have no need to take thought for the morrow. Let the morrow take thought for the things of itself. I was at first a little afraid she would not so well understand the behaviour of a Yorkshire mob ; but there has been no trial : Even the Methodists are now at peace throughout the kingdom. It is well if they bear this so well as they did war. I have seen more make shipwreck of the faith in a calm than in a storm. We are apt in sunshiny weather to lie down and sleep ; and who can tell what may be done before we awake ?

You was so kind as to say (if I did not misunderstand you) that you had placed the name of Richard Ellison among

those who were to have a share of the money disposed of by Mr. Butterfield. Last night he called upon me. I find, all his cows are dead, and all his horses but one; and all his meadow-land has been under water these two years; (which is occasioned by the neglect of the Commissioners of the Sewers, who ought to keep the drains open;) so that he has very little left to subsist on. Therefore the smallest relief could never be more seasonable than at this time.

I hope my brother puts forth all his strength among you, and that you have many happy opportunities together. Our best service attends both Mrs. Blackwell and you. We are now going round Lincolnshire, and hope to be at York in less than ten days. Have we any time to lose in this span of life?

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

CXXXV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

NEWCASTLE, *May 23, 1752.*

I WANT your advice. T. Butts sends me word, that after our printers' bills are paid, the money remaining, received by the sale of books, does not amount to a hundred pounds a year. It seems therefore absolutely necessary to determine one of these three things:—Either to lessen the expense of printing; (which I see no way of doing, unless by printing myself;) to increase the income arising from the books; (and how this can be done, I know not;) or to give up those eighty-six copies which are specified in my brother's deed, to himself, to manage them as he pleases. Now which of these ways, all things considered, should you judge most proper to be taken?

I receive several agreeable accounts of the manner wherein God is carrying on his work in London; and am in hopes both Mrs. Blackwell and you partake of the common blessing. My wife set out for Bristol last week. I hope her fears will prove groundless, and that all her children will live to glorify God. Anthony, I hear, is recovered already.

The people in all these parts are much alive to God, being generally plain, artless, and simple of heart. Here I should spend the greatest part of my life, if I were to follow my own inclinations. But I am not to do my own will, but the will of Him that sent me. I trust it is your continual

desire and care, to know, and love, and serve Him. May  
He strengthen you both therein more and more !

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate servant.

CXXXVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, *July 20, 1752.*

FINDING no ship ready to sail, either at Bristol or  
Chester, we at length came back to Whitehaven, and  
embarked on Monday last. It is generally a passage of four-  
and-twenty hours; but the wind continuing contrary all the  
way, we did not reach this place till Friday evening. My  
wife and Jenny were extremely sick, particularly when we  
had a rolling sea; but a few days, I trust, will restore their  
strength. They are already much better than when they  
landed.

Last month a large mob assaulted the new house here,  
and did considerable damage. Several of the rioters were  
committed to Newgate. The bills were found against them  
all, and they were tried ten days since; but, in spite of the  
clearest evidence, a packed jury brought them in, Not  
guilty. I believe, however, the very apprehension and trial  
of them has struck a terror into their companions. We now  
enjoy great quietness, and can even walk unmolested through  
the principal streets in Dublin.

I apprehend my brother is not at all desirous of having  
those copies transferred to him. I cannot easily determine  
till I have full information concerning the several particulars  
you touch upon, whether it be expedient to make such an  
alteration, (though it would ease me much,) or to let all  
things remain just as they are. Therefore, I believe it will  
be best to take no farther step till I return to London.

I am fully persuaded, if you had always one or two faithful  
friends near you, who would speak the very truth from  
their heart, and watch over you in love, you would swiftly  
advance in running the race which is set before you. I am  
afraid you was not forwarded by one who was in town lately;  
neither was that journey of any service to his own soul. He  
has not brought back less indolence and gentle inactivity  
than he carried to London. O how far from the spirit of a  
good soldier of Jesus Christ, who desires only "to be flead

alive, and to conquer!" Our best wishes attend both Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Dewal, and yourself.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant.

CXXXVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

YORK, *May 16, 1753.*

FOR some time I have had a desire to send you a few lines. I have often observed, with a sensible pleasure, your strong desires to be, not almost only, but altogether, a Christian. And what should hinder it? What is it that prevents those good desires from being brought to good effect? Is it the carrying a right principle too far? I mean, a desire to please all men for their good. Or is it a kind of shame? the being ashamed, not of sin, but of holiness, or of what conduces thereto? I have often been afraid lest this should hurt you. I have been afraid that you do not gain ground in this respect; nay, that you rather go backward, by yielding to this, than forward by conquering it. I have feared that you are not so bold for God now, as you was four or five years ago. If so, you are certainly in great danger. For in this case, who knows where he shall stop? The giving way in one point naturally leads us to give way in another and another, till we give up all. O Sir, let us beware of this! Whereunto we have attained, let us hold fast! But this can only be, by pressing on. Otherwise, we must go back. You have need of courage and steady resolution; for you have a thousand enemies: The flattering, frowning world; the rulers of the darkness of this world; and the grand enemy within. What need have you to put on the whole armour of God, that you may be able to withstand in the evil day! I often tremble for you. And how few will honestly and plainly tell you of your danger! O may God warn you continually by his inward voice, and with every temptation make a way for you to escape!

My wife joins me in wishing all blessing both to Mrs. Blackwell and you.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

If you favour me with a line, you will please to direct to Leeds.

CXXXVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BIRSTAL, *May 28, 1753.*

YOUR speaking so freely encourages me to write once more. Ever since I had the pleasure of knowing you, I have observed in you a real desire to please God, and to have a conscience void of offence. But, at the same time, I have observed you had many enemies. Perhaps one was, a natural cheerfulness of temper, which, though in itself it be highly desirable, yet may easily slide into an extreme. And in this case, we know too well it may hurt us extremely. It may be, another hinderance in your way has sometimes been a kind of shame, which prevented your executing good and commendable designs. Was it not owing to this, that you who had received such blessings by means of field-preaching, grew unwilling to attend it? But is there any end of giving way to this enemy? Will it not inroach upon us more and more? I have sometimes been afraid that you have not gained ground in this respect for these two or three years. But the comfort is, that in a moment God can repair whatever is decayed in our souls, and supply whatever is wanting. What is too hard for him? Nothing, but our own will. Let us give up this, and He will not withhold from us any manner of thing that is good.

I believe the harvest has not been so plenteous for many years as it is now in all the north of England; but the labourers are few. I wish you could persuade our friend to share the labour with me. One of us should in anywise visit both the north and Ireland every year. But I cannot do both; the time will not suffice, otherwise I should not spare myself. I hope my life, rather than my tongue, says, I desire only to spend and to be spent in the work. Our love and service always attend Mrs. Blackwell and you.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

CXXXIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, *January 5, 1754.*

IF I write to my best friends first, I must not delay writing to you, who have been the greatest instruments, in God's hands, of my recovery thus far. The journey hither

did not weary me at all: But I now find the want of Lew-  
 isham air. We are (quite contrary to my judgment, but  
 our friends here would have it so) in a cold, bleak place,  
 and in a very cold house. If the Hotwell water make  
 amends for this, it is well. Nor have I any place to ride,  
 but either by the river-side, or over the downs, where the  
 wind is ready to carry me away. However, one thing we  
 know,—that whatsoever is, is best! O let us look to Him  
 that orders all things well! What have we to do, but to  
 employ all the time he allots us, be it more or less, in  
 doing and suffering his will? My wife joins in tender  
 love both to Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Dewal, and yourself,  
 with,

Dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate servant.

CXL.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BRISTOL, *September 24, 1754.*

ALTHOUGH I hope to see you in about a fortnight, yet  
 I could not be satisfied without sending you a few lines  
 first. Since I left London, I have had many thoughts  
 concerning you; and sometimes uneasy ones. I have been  
 jealous over you, lest you should not duly improve the  
 numerous talents with which God has intrusted you; nay,  
 I have been afraid lest your very desire of improving them  
 should grow weaker, rather than stronger. If so, by what  
 means is it to be accounted for? What has occasioned this  
 feebleness of mind? May it not partly be occasioned by  
 your conversing more than is necessary (for so far as it is  
 necessary it does not hurt us) with men that are without  
 God in the world; that love, think, talk of earthly things  
 only? partly by your giving way to a false shame, (and that  
 in several instances,) which the more you indulge, it  
 increases the more? and partly by allowing too large a  
 place in your thoughts and affections even to so innocent an  
 enjoyment as that of a garden? If this leaves you fewer  
 opportunities of hearing the word which is able to save your  
 soul, may not you even hereby grieve the Holy Spirit, and  
 be more a loser than you are sensible of? I know both  
 Mrs. Blackwell and you desire to please God in all things.  
 You will therefore, I know, receive these hints as they are

intended; not as a mark of disesteem, but rather of the sincerity with which

I am, dear Sir,  
Your ever affectionate servant.

CXLI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

MANCHESTER, *April 9, 1755.*

I HAVE another favour to beg of you,—to procure Mr. Belchier's leave for me to inclose my proof-sheets to him. Mr. Perronet sends them down to me in franks; then I correct and send them back to him. The next week I am to spend at Liverpool. Toward the end of the week following I hope to be at Haworth, near Keighley, in Yorkshire.

God has blessed me with a prosperous journey hither, though the roads and the weather were rough. I hope both Mrs. Blackwell and you are making the best use of all things both rough and smooth. That is the part of a good soldier of Jesus Christ,—

To trace his example, the world to disdain,  
And constantly trample on pleasure and pain.

I am, dear Sir,  
Your very affectionate servant.

CXLII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

KEIGHLEY, *near LEEDS, April 29, 1755.*

WHAT a blessing it is to have these little crosses, that we may try what spirit we are of! We could not live in continual sunshine. It would dry up all the grace of God that is in us. I doubt not but Mrs. Blackwell and Mrs. Dewal find advantage both from bodily weakness, and every other trial. Let us fight the good fight of faith together, and more resolutely lay hold on eternal life!

I am, dear Sir,  
Your affectionate servant.

CXLIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

REDRUTH, *August 31, 1755.*

EXPERIENCE confirms your advice both ways. In my last journey into the north, all my patience was put to the proof again and again; and all my endeavour to please, yet without success. In my present journey I leap, as broke

from chains. I am content with whatever entertainment I meet with, and my companions are always in good humour, "because they are with me." This must be the spirit of all who take journeys with me. If a dinner ill dressed, a hard bed, a poor room, a shower of rain, or a dirty road, will put them out of humour, it lays a burden upon me, greater than all the rest put together. By the grace of God, I never fret. I repine at nothing: I am discontented with nothing. And to have persons at my ear, fretting and murmuring at everything, is like tearing the flesh off my bones. I see God sitting upon his throne, and ruling all things well. Although, therefore, I can bear this, also,—to hear his government of the world continually found fault with; (for in blaming the things which He alone can alter, we, in effect, blame Him;) yet it is such a burden to me as I cannot bear without pain; and I bless God when it is removed.

The doctrine of a particular providence is what exceeding few persons understand: At least, not practically; so as to apply it to every circumstance of life. This I want, to see God acting in everything, and disposing all, for his own glory, and his creature's good. I hope it is your continual prayer, that you may see him, and love him, and glorify him with all you are and all you have! Peace be with you all!

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

I shall be in or near St. Ives till the 13th of September.

CXLIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

ST. IVES, *September 12, 1755.*

IT seems there was a remarkable providence in this, that Michael Fenwick was so often hindered from settling in business, because God had other work for him to do. He is just made to travel with me, being an excellent groom, *valet de chambre*, nurse, and upon occasion a tolerable Preacher. We have hitherto had an extremely prosperous journey: Almost everything has been just as we desired; and I have no care upon my mind, but what properly belongs to me,—to feed and guide the flock of Christ.

Charles Perronet being out of town last Saturday, my packet, directed to him, fell into other hands. This has raised a violent storm; for it contained a few lines which I

writ to Mrs. Lefevre, in answer to a letter she sent me the week before concerning Mr. Furly. It is pity! I should be glad if I had to do with reasonable people. But this likewise is for good.

A wonderful odd circumstance has fallen out here: A young gentleman, nephew to the present Mayor, began some time since to attend our preaching, and last week fell raving mad. This incident (so deep is the wisdom of God!) has opened me a way into the Mayor's family, brought me much acquainted with his wife, who is not easy if I do not call once or twice a day, and alarmed the whole town with such a concern for their souls as was never known here before. The particulars I hope to send to Mr. Perronet in my next Journal. Who is so wise a God as our God? I trust you will have him more and more in your thoughts and in your affections.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate servant.

In about ten days I hope to be at Bristol.

CXLV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

DUBLIN, *April 19, 1756.*

WHILE you in England are under I know not what apprehensions, all here are as safe as if they were already in paradise. We have no fortifying of sea-ports; no military preparations; but all is in absolute peace and safety. Both high and low seem fully persuaded that the whole talk of an invasion is only a trick to get money.

I dined at Mrs. Moreland's last week, and promised to drink tea with her this evening. She has been at the preaching several times, and desires much to be remembered to Mrs. Blackwell and you. She seems to have a liking to the Gospel. It may sink deeper. There is nothing too hard for God.

I hope Mrs. Blackwell and you are improving to the utmost these days of tranquillity. I purpose going to Cork directly; and after two or three weeks turning back toward the north of Ireland. If it please God that troublous times come between the design and the execution, I shall go as far as I can go, and no farther. But I take no thought for the morrow. To-day I am determined, by His grace, to do the

work of Him that sent me. I find encouragement so to do; for all the people here are athirst for the word of life.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

Do you at London believe that the danger of an invasion is over?

CXLVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

WHITEHAVEN, *May 28, 1757.*

DOES the rule still hold, "Out of sight, out of mind?" I am afraid it does with poor Miss Freeman; as she does not give me one line in answer to the long letter I wrote from Liverpool. I was in hopes we might have interchanged several letters in less than six weeks' time. As for you, I presume you are full of business; and yet not so full of temporal business as to exclude the thoughts of higher concerns; business that will endure when earth and the works of it are burned up. Were anything temporal even to damp or lessen (though not destroy) our care and zeal for things eternal, what could countervail the loss? What could make us amends for the damage thereby sustained? Sometimes, indeed, we may go through abundance of business, and yet have God in all our thoughts. But is this the case always? Are not even lawful, nay, necessary, things, at other times a grievous hinderance; especially when we undertake them without any suspicion of danger, and, consequently, without any prayer against that danger? In this respect, as in many others, I have lately had peculiar reason to be thankful. In every place people flock about me for direction in secular as well as spiritual affairs; and I dare not throw even this burden off my shoulders, though I have employment enough without it. But it is a burden, and no burden; it is no incumbrance, no weight upon my mind. If we see God in all things, and do all for him, then all things are easy.

I think it is fourteen or fifteen days since my wife wrote to me. I am afraid she is not well. If any letters for me come inclosed to Mr. Belchier, I will be obliged to you if you will direct them to me at Newcastle, where I hope to be in a few days. Wishing all grace and peace to you and yours,

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate servant.

I breakfasted at Keswick last Tuesday.

CXLVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

CASTLEBAR, *June 5, 1758.*

I HAVE learned, by the grace of God, in every state to be content. What a peace do we find in all circumstances, when we can say, "Not as I will, but as thou wilt!"

I have now gone through the greatest part of this kingdom: Leinster, Ulster, and the greater half of Connaught. Time only is wanting. If my brother could take care of England, and give me but one year for Ireland, I think every corner of this nation would receive the truth as it is in Jesus. They want only to hear it; and they will hear me, high and low, rich and poor. What a mystery of Providence is this! In England they may hear, but will not. In Ireland they fain would hear, but cannot. So in both, thousands perish for lack of knowledge. So much the more blessed are your ears, for they hear; if you not only hear the word of God, but keep it.

I hope you find public affairs changing for the better. In this corner of the world we know little about them; only we are told that the great little King in Moravia is not swallowed up yet.

Till near the middle of next month I expect to be at Mr. Beauchamp's in Limerick. I hope you have a fruitful season in every respect. My best wishes attend you all.

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

CXLVIII.—*To the Same.*BANDON, *July 12, 1758.*

IN a week or two I shall be looking out for a ship. You people in England are bad correspondents. Both Mr. Downing, Mr. Venn, and Mr. Madan are a letter in my debt; and yet I think they have not more business than I have. How unequally are things distributed here! Some want time, and some want work. But all will be set right hereafter. There is no disorder on that shore!

Wishing all happiness to you, and all that are with you,

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately.

CXLIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

NORWICH, *March 12, 1759.*

You have entirely satisfied me, as to what I was afraid of. We are at present upon pretty good terms; and I am not without hope that this good understanding will continue for some time longer. I am sure it will, if He who has the hearts of all men in his hand sees it to be expedient to me.

You have never spoken to me with more freedom than was agreeable to me. Your freedom is the best proof of your friendship. There are not many that will deal freely with me; nor indeed are there many from whom I would desire it, lest it should hurt themselves without profiting me. But I do desire it of you; and do not doubt but it will profit me, as it has done in time past.

I know not, if, in all my life, I have had so critical a work on my hands, as that wherein I am now engaged. I am endeavouring to gather up those who were once gathered together, and afterwards scattered, by James Wheatley. I have re-united about seventy of them, and hope this evening to make up an hundred. But many of them have wonderful spirits; having been always accustomed to teach their Teachers; so that how they will bear any kind of discipline, I cannot well tell.

At Colchester the case is far otherwise. About an hundred and sixty simple, upright people are there united together, who are as little children, minding nothing but the salvation of their souls; only they are greatly distressed for a larger house. What we could have done last Sunday, I know not, but that, the day being mild, I took the field, and preached on St. John's Green. I see but one way,—to build a commodious house; and I desired them to look out for a piece of ground. It is true, they are poor enough; but if it be God's work, He will provide the means.

Wishing an increase in all grace, both to Mrs. Blackwell, Mrs. Dewal, and you,

I remain, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

CL.—*To the Same.*

SIR,

MANCHESTER, *March 17, 1760.*

THE humanity which you showed, during the short time I had the pleasure of conversing with you at Lewisham, emboldens me to trouble you with a line, in behalf of a worthy man.

I apprehend, the Collector at Northwich, in Cheshire, has informed the Honourable Board, that "Mr. James Vine is a Preacher at Northwich, and makes disturbances in the town." That he attends the preaching of the Methodists, is true; but it is not true that he is a Preacher. It is likewise true, that the rabble of Northwich have sometimes disturbed our congregations; but herein Mr. Vine was only concerned as a sufferer, not an actor. I know him to be a careful, diligent officer, and a zealous lover of King George. Wishing you all temporal and spiritual blessings,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant.

CLI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

NEWRY, *April 26, 1760.*

I HOPE your lameness is now at an end, but not the benefit you have reaped from it. May we not, in every trial, great and small, observe the hand of God? And does He send any sooner than we want it, or longer than we want it? I found the inflammation which I had in my eyes last month came just in the right time. The danger is, that anything of this kind should pass over before the design of it is answered.

Whether Miss Freeman should make use of Lough-Neagh, or Lough-Leighs, (forty miles nearer Dublin,) I suppose she is not yet able to determine, till I can send her some farther information; and that I cannot do to my own satisfaction till I am upon the spot. For though Lough-Neagh is scarce fifteen miles from hence, yet I can hardly find any one here who knows any more of the circumstances of it than if it lay in the East Indies.

Hitherto I have had an extremely prosperous journey; and all the fields are white to the harvest. But that the labourers are few, is not the only hinderance to the gathering

it in effectually. Of those few, some are careless, some heavy and dull; scarce one of the spirit of Thomas Walsh. The nearest to it is Mr. Morgan: But his body too sinks under him, and probably will not last long.

In a few days I expect to be at Carrickfergus, and to hear, from those on whose word I can depend, a full account of that celebrated campaign. I believe it will be of use to the whole kingdom. Probably the Government will at last awake, and be a little better prepared against the next encounter.

When you have half an hour to spare, I hope you will give it me under your own hand, that Mrs. Blackwell and you are not only in good health, but labouring more than ever after an healthful mind, and trampling the world and the devil under your feet.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate servant.

The week after next I shall spend mostly at Sligo.

CLII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

BRADFORD, *July 16, 1761.*

METHINKS it is a long time since I saw or heard anything of you. I hope, however, that Mrs. Blackwell and you are not only alive, but more alive than ever; seeking and enjoying something more than King George is likely to find either at his wedding or his coronation. And can you likewise give me a comfortable account of Miss Freeman, both as to her health and her spirit? I often think of her, and sometimes have a mind to send her another letter; though she is one in my debt already.

Mr. Venn was so kind as to come over hither yesterday, and spend the evening with us. I am a little embarrassed on his account, and hardly know how to act. Several years before he came to Huddersfield, some of our Preachers went thither, carrying their lives in their hands, and with great difficulty established a little, earnest society. These eagerly desire them to preach there still; not in opposition to Mr. Venn, (whom they love, esteem, and constantly attend,) but to supply what they do not find in his preaching. It is a tender point. Where there is a Gospel ministry already, we do not desire to preach; but whether we can leave off preaching because such an one comes after, is

another question; especially when those who were awakened and convinced by us beg and require the continuance of our assistance. I love peace, and follow it; but whether I am at liberty to purchase it at such price, I really cannot tell.

I hear poor Mr. Walker is near death. It seems strange, that when there is so great a want of faithful labourers, such as him should be removed: But the will of God is always best; and what He does, we shall know hereafter! I have been for some days with Mr. Grimshaw, an Israelite indeed. A few such as him would make a nation tremble. He carries fire wherever he goes. Mr. Venn informs me, that Mr. Whitefield continues very weak. I was in hope, when he wrote to me lately, that he was swiftly recovering strength. Perhaps, Sir, you can send me better news concerning him. What need have we, while we do live, to live in earnest!

I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate servant.

If you have not a mind for me to write again, you must not write yourself. For about a fortnight I shall be at or near Leeds.

CLIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

NORWICH, *August 15, 1761.*

As you are encompassed with a thousand temptations, and some of them of the most dangerous kind, it is an unspeakable blessing that you still continue with your face heavenward. And if you have resolution to break through a thousand hinderances, and allow some time every day for private prayer, I doubt not but you will receive every Gospel blessing in this world and in the world to come.

Mr. Venn and I have had some hours' conversation together, and have explained upon every article. I believe there is no bone of contention remaining; no matter of offence, great or small. Indeed, fresh matter will arise, if it be sought; but it shall not be sought by me. We have amicably compromised the affair of preaching. He is well pleased that the Preachers should come once a month.

That story was one of those which we cleared up. But Mr. Oddie (the person of whom it was told) will be in town next week, and can himself give you full satisfaction concerning it. On this day se'nnight I hope to be in town, and

to-morrow se'nnight at West-street chapel. With sincere love to Mrs. Blackwell and Mrs. Dewal,

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

I thank you for sending me the letters.

CLIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

LIVERPOOL, July 14, 1764.

My brother informs me that you have been so extremely ill, that your life was hardly expected. I really am under apprehensions lest that chariot should cost you your life. If, after having been accustomed to ride on horseback for many years, you should now exchange a horse for a carriage, it cannot be that you should have good health. It is a vain thing to expect it. I judge of your case by my own. I must be on horseback for life, if I would be healthy. Now and then, indeed, if I could afford it, I should rest myself for fifty miles in a chaise; but without riding near as much as I do now, I must never look for health.

In the mean time, I trust both Mrs. Blackwell and you are looking for health of a nobler kind. You look to be filled with the spirit of love, and of a healthful mind. What avails everything else? everything that passes away as an arrow through the air?

The arrow is flown! The moment is gone!

The millennial year

Rushes on to the view, and eternity's here!

You want nothing more of this world. You have enough, and, by the peculiar blessing of God, know you have. But you want a thousand times more faith. You want love; you want holiness. The Lord God supply all your wants from the riches of his mercy in Christ Jesus!

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate servant.

Next week I shall set my face toward Bristol.

CLV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR SIR,

SUNDERLAND, May 6, 1766.

WILLIAM MATTHEWS writes me word, that he has quitted the school at the Foundery, and begs me to speak to you in his behalf. I should be glad to serve him in any-

thing that was in my power, either for his late brother's sake or his own. I judge him to be a right honest man; one that may be trusted in every respect; and one that would perform, with all diligence, whatever he undertook, not so much for gain as for conscience' sake.

I am not yet quite free from the effects of the fall which I had at Christmas, and perhaps never shall in this world. Sometimes my ankle, sometimes my knee, and frequently my shoulder, complains. But, blessed be God, I have strength sufficient for the work to which I am called. When I cannot walk any farther, I can take a horse, and now and then a chaise; so that hitherto I have not been hindered from visiting any place which I purposed to see before I left London.

The fields in every part of England are indeed white for the harvest. There is everywhere an amazing willingness in the people to receive either instruction or exhortation. We find this temper now even in many of the higher rank, several of whom cared for none of these things. But surely the time is coming for these also; for the scripture must be fulfilled, "They shall all know me, from the least even to the greatest."

We who have lived more years have need of more earnestness and vigour in running the race which is set before us, or some of those that come after us will get before us in the way. Many of those who have lately set out run well. Grey heads stand upon green shoulders.

They make their morning bear the heat of day.

Let us mend our pace! What is there here that is worth lingering for? A little while, and this world of shadows will vanish; and all will be boundless, bottomless eternity!

My wife, who has been very ill, but is much better, joins with me in wishing Mrs. Blackwell and you every blessing which is purchased for you with the blood of the covenant.

I am, dear Sir,

Your ever affectionate servant.

CLVI.—*To certain Proprietors of East-India Stock.*

*To all who have had East-India Stock lately transferred to them, in order to qualify them for voting at the Election for Directors on Wednesday next.*

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

[Without date.]

Do you know what the oath is which you are to take before you will be admitted to vote? It is as follows:—  
“I, A. B., do swear that the sum of five hundred pounds, or more, of the capital stock of the United Company of Merchants of England trading to the East Indies doth at this time belong to me in my own right, and not in trust for any other person or persons whatsoever. So help me God.”

Do not you hereby call upon God, either to help you, or to send down his curse upon you, as your oath is true or false?

If you consider this, can you take a false oath? can you call God to witness to a lie?

Are you not doing this, if the stock standing in your name is not your real and true property?

Have you not given a note of your hand for it, which is to be returned upon your re-transferring the stock?

Are you either benefited or hurt by the rise or fall of the stock? If not, can you say you are proprietor at all?

Does it alter the case, though a third person lend you the money to pay for that stock which you are so to re-transfer? Still you neither gain nor lose by the rise or fall of the stock: A plain proof that you have no property therein.

Weigh this in time; and do not, to oblige a friend, bring the guilt of perjury on your own soul.

CLVII.—*To Mr. John Downes.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *November 7, 1751.*

YOUR first hinderance is easily removed. Most of the Preachers have now all they want. So might you have had, if you had spoken to the Stewards, or, in case of their neglect, to me.

As to your second, bodily weakness is a good reason for a temporary retirement.

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Your third observation, that the people in general do not practise what they hear, is a melancholy truth. But what then? Is this a sufficient cause why either you or I should leave them? why we should give them up to their own hearts' lusts, and let them follow their own imaginations? In nowise. Especially while there are some among them whose conversation is worthy of the Gospel of Christ.

I grant, also, some of the Preachers themselves do not adorn the Gospel. Therefore we have been constrained to lay some of them aside, and some others are departed of themselves. Let us that remain be doubly in earnest.

You should make an excursion (as to Alnwick) now and then. Is not John Fenwick a proper person to relieve James Tucker at Whitehaven? If you think he is, pray send him thither forthwith. My love to your father and mother.

I entreat you, tell me without reserve, what you think of C. Skelton? Is his heart with us, or is it not? Peace be with you. Adieu!

CLVIII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR BROTHER, LONDON, *November 28, 1751.*

I THINK you write to me, as if you did not care to write. I am glad you went to Alnwick. The method you took of talking with each person in the Society apart, I hear, has been greatly blessed to them. I do not see how you could have dealt more favourably with T— G— than you did. If he will leave the Society, he must leave it. But if he does, you are clear.

I know not what to do more for poor Jenny Keith. Alas, from what a height is she fallen! What a burning and shining light was she six or seven years ago! But thus it ever was. Many of the first shall be last, and many of the last first.

How are you employed? from five in the morning till nine at night? For I suppose you want eight hours' sleep. What becomes of logic and Latin? Is your soul alive and more athirst for God?

I am

Your affectionate friend and brother.

CLIX.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR BROTHER, LONDON, *December 10, 1751.*

I THANK C. Herrington for his letter. He should not fail to write, whenever he sees occasion. If you are straitened for Preachers, could not you make use of George Atchinson, from Stockton, for a time? I suppose James Tucker also is now with you. He is, I verily believe, honest of heart; but a little too wise in his own eyes. Speak plainly to him, if you should ever hear that anything is amiss in his preaching or conversation.

Brother Reeves will be here in a day or two. But he cannot return into the north yet. I wish you would regulate a little at a time, as you find your health will permit. But you must carefully guard against any irregularity, either as to food, sleep, or labour. Your water should be neither quite warm (for fear of relaxing the tone of your stomach) nor quite cold. Of all flesh, mutton is the best for you; of all vegetables, turnips, potatoes, and apples, (roasted, boiled, or baked,) if you can bear them.

Take care you do not lose anything you have learned already, whether you learn more or not. You must needs be here (if alive) the first of March, at our Conference. None will be present but those we invite.

How apt is the corruptible body to press down the soul! But all shall work together for good.

Now you can sympathize a little with me. We must expect no thanks from man. Evil for good will be our constant portion here. But it is well. The Lord is at hand.

I am

Your affectionate friend and brother.

CLX.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR BROTHER, LONDON, *December 28, 1751.*

YOUR letter is the picture of your heart. It is honest and upright. I believe a journey to London will do you good. If you could borrow a horse to Leeds, you may take my mare from thence, which is in C. Shent's keeping. As you ride slow, and not many miles a day, I suppose she would bring you hither very well; and when you are here, we can easily find means to supply your other wants.

I think it is ill husbandry for you to work with your hands, in order to get money; because you may be better employed. But, if you will work, come and superintend my printing. I will give you forty pounds for the first year, and it will cost me nothing so to do. Afterwards, if need be, I will increase your salary; and still you may preach as often as you can preach. However, come, whether you print, or preach, or not. Peace be with your spirit.

I am

Your affectionate friend and brother.

CLXI.—*To Miss Furdy, afterwards Mrs. Downes.*

December 22, 1756.

It is a happy thing, if we can learn obedience by the things which we suffer. Weakness of body, and heaviness of mind, will, I trust, have this good effect upon you. The particular lesson which you have now to learn, is, to be faithful in comparatively little things; particularly in conversation. God hath given you a tongue: Why? That you may praise him therewith; that all your conversation may be, for the time to come, "meet to minister grace to the hearers." Such conversation, and private prayer, exceedingly assist each other. By resolutely persisting, according to your little strength, in all works of piety and mercy, you are waiting on God in the old scriptural way. And therein he will come and save you. Do not think he is afar off. He is nigh that justifieth, that sanctifieth. Beware you do not thrust him away from you. Rather say,

"My heart would now receive thee, Lord:  
Come in, my Lord, come in!"

Write as often, and as freely and fully, as you please to  
Your affectionate brother and servant.

CLXII.—*To the Same.*

BIRSTAL, May 18, 1757.

THE great point is, to pick out in Bristol, as in all places, such acquaintance as have a deep fear of God, a continual consciousness of his presence, and a strong thirst after his whole image. Such I take most of the Leaders

of bands to be; and such are many of the poor in the Society: But extremely few of the rich or honourable Methodists are of that number. My dear sister, I have been in pain for you on their account. When I talked with you last, you could relish the simplicity of the Gospel: You were athirst for all the mind that was in Christ, and wanted to walk just as he walked. O let none persuade you, either by example or advice, to make any, the least, deviation from that good way. Make no abatement: Do not soften the plain, rough Gospel: Do not

Measure back your steps to earth again.

Be not, either inwardly, or outwardly, conformed to this world; but be a Christian altogether.

Health you shall have, if health be best. And He that gives it, will give a blessing with it; an increase of spiritual as well as of bodily strength: But it is strength to labour, not to sit still. And this strength will either increase or decrease, in the same proportion with your sense of His love. You may lose this sense either, 1. By committing sin. Or, 2. By omitting duty. Or, 3. By giving way to pride, anger, or any other inward sin. Or, 4. By not watching unto prayer; by yielding to indolence, or spiritual sloth. But it is no more necessary that we should ever lose it, than it is necessary we should omit duty or commit sin. Mr. Law, therefore, speaking on this head, betrays deep ignorance both of the Scripture and the inward work of God. You are more liable to receive hurt from his late writings, than from any others which I know. I shall write to Sammy this morning: It would not have been amiss if you had spoken freely to me concerning him. Why should not you, now you have, in some measure, broke that natural shyness, speak all that is in your heart to,

Dear Miss Furdy,

Your truly affectionate friend and brother.

CLXIII.—*To the Same.*

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, *June 14, 1757.*

You have reason to praise God for what he has done, and to expect all that he has promised. Indeed, if it were required that you should work this in yourself, your impotence might be a bar to your expectations; and so might

your unworthiness, if God required any merit of yours, in order to his working in you. But what impotence in you can be a bar to the almighty power of God? And what unworthiness can hinder the free love of God? his love in and through Christ Jesus? So that all the promises lie fair before you. The land flowing with milk and honey, the Canaan of his perfect love, is open. Believe, and enter in!

It is an observation of one of the ancients, that it is far easier not to desire praise, than not to be pleased with it. A bare conviction that it is, generally speaking, deadly poison, may prevent our desiring it; but nothing less than humble love filling the heart, will prevent our being pleased with it: For the sense of honour is as natural to man as the sense of tasting or feeling. But when that which is spiritual is fully come, this which is corruptly natural shall be done away.

Whatever enemies you have, it is enough that you have a Friend who is mightier than them all. O let Him reign in your heart alone! Do not spare to speak with all freedom to,

Dear Miss Furdy,

Your affectionate brother and servant.

CLXIV.—*To the Same.*

June 18, 1757.

I AM the more jealous over you, because I know you are liable to be much influenced by fair words; especially when they are spoken by persons of sense, and in an agreeable manner. And flesh and blood are powerful advocates for conformity to the world, particularly in little things. But, blessed be God, we have an unction from the Holy One ready to teach us of all things. O let us attend to this inward teaching, which indeed is always consonant with the word. Then the word, applied by the Spirit, shall be a light in all our ways, and a lamp in all our paths.

Fight on, and conquer! Change of place, as you observe, is but a little thing. But God has, in some measure, changed your heart, wherein you have great reason to rejoice. And, having received the first fruits of the Spirit, righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, patiently

and earnestly wait for the great change, whereby every root of bitterness may be torn up.

You may profitably converse with even those honourable Christians, if you watch and pray that they do not infect you, 1. With Mystical notions, which stand in full opposition to plain old Bible divinity. Or, 2. With their odd, senseless jargon of a catholic spirit, whereby they have themselves suffered great loss. The spirit of the world, I think you are aware of already; and indeed there is danger in every approach to it.

I have heard from both Mrs. Gaussen and Miss Bosanquet. There is a poor, queer old woman in Bristol (if she is not gone to paradise) with whom it might do you good to talk. John Jones knows her. Her name is Elizabeth Edgecomb. Peace be with your spirit.

I am, dear Miss Furdy,

Your affectionate brother and servant.

CLXV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR MISS FURLY,

YORK, July 1, 1757.

I CANNOT write to you now so fully as I would; but I must send a few lines. Mere temptation certainly does not weaken without yielding to temptation. Yet a heaviness and soreness may remain upon the spirit till there is a fresh discovery of the love of God.

A jealous fear of offending God is good. But what have you to do with any other fear? Let love cast it all out; and at the same time, make you tenfold more afraid of doing anything, small or great, which you cannot offer up as an holy sacrifice, acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.

All who are without this fear (and much more all who call it legal; who revile the precious gift of God, and think it an hinderance to "the growing up in Christ") are Antinomians in the inmost soul. Come not into their secret, my dear Miss Furdy; but pray for more and more of that "legal spirit," and you will more and more rejoice

Your affectionate servant.

CLXVI.—*To the Same.*

TREMENEARE, September 6, 1757.

WHY you should be afraid, on account of anything you said to me, I do not know. Certainly if you had said what-

ever was in your heart, it might have been a means of lessening your burden, and not of increasing it. I believe you have often a desire, and almost a resolution, of saying a great deal to me; but when you come to write or speak, your heart fails. Why should it? Why should you repress yourself? I should not despise but love you for your openness. It is the fruit and the proof of an honest heart. I know you are weak; I know a little of your particular weaknesses. But so much the more am I concerned for you, as a tender, sickly flower. Away then with this reserve: It answers no end, but to trouble and embarrass you. Tell me, freely and plainly, any difficulty you meet with; any enemy against whom you want help. Use me as a friend; as I hope you will use sister Crosby; and you will find it a blessing to your soul. It will again bring the promise of holiness near; which indeed always seems to be far off, when we give way to any known sin; when we anyway grieve the Spirit of God. There may be some rare cases wherein God has determined not to bestow his perfect love till a little before death; but this I believe is uncommon: He does not usually put off the fulfilling of his promises. Seek, and you shall find; seek earnestly, and you shall find speedily. Lift up the hands that hang down; deny yourself; take up your cross, whether that of meeting your class, or any other. Fight on, and victory is at hand!

I am, dear Miss Furdy,

Your affectionate servant.

CLXVII.—*To the Same.*

ST. AUSTLE, CORNWALL, *September 25, 1757.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

It is a rule with me, to take nothing ill that is well meant: Therefore you have no need ever to be afraid of my putting an ill construction on anything you say; for I know you mean only to save your soul. In most genteel religious people there is so strange a mixture, that I have seldom much confidence in them. I love the poor; in many of them I find pure, genuine grace, unmixed with paint, folly, and affectation. But I think Mrs. Gausson is upright of heart; and perhaps you may find one or two gentlewomen like her.

It is plain God sees it best for you frequently to walk in

a thorny path. By this means He aims at destroying your pride of heart, and breaking your stubborn will. You have had large experience, that there is no substantial or lasting happiness but in Him. O be true to yourself, and to your own experience! Do not seek it where it cannot be found. Hew out to yourself no more broken cisterns; but let all the springs of your happiness be in Him.

You cannot be too careful to keep out of the way of anything that has been the occasion of sin. And it is very possible to show civility and moderate respect to any person, without coming in the way of danger. All private conversation may be avoided, and ought to be, at all hazards. Do not run yourself into temptation; and God will deliver you from evil.

Nature and the devil will always oppose private prayer; but it is worth while to break through. That it is a cross, will not hinder its being a blessing: Nay, often the more reluctance, the greater blessing.

I think it was not you who advised poor Sam to be a mere regular Clergyman, unconnected with the Methodists. Certainly this is the best way to preferment: But it is not the best way to heaven, or to do good upon earth. When it is too late, the awakened Clergy will probably see this.

I am

Your affectionate brother.

CLXVIII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

BRISTOL, *October 21, 1757.*

God will do his own work in his own manner, and exceeding variously in different persons. It matters not, whether it be wrought in a more pleasing or painful manner, so it is wrought; so nature is subdued, pride and self-will dethroned, and the will of God done in us and by us. Therefore, trouble not yourself about the experience of others: God knows you, and let him do with you as he sees best.

I judge your late distress to be partly the effect of disease, but chiefly preternatural. In the Third Journal, there is a case nearly parallel; only the symptoms were more severe. For, in a moment, Lucretia Smith felt such a cloud spread over her, that she could not believe there was a God, or an after-state. You did right to pray, as you could pray; and

this is the best method which can be taken, in heaviness or darkness of any kind. Then, if sin be the cause, it will be discovered. But take care that you do not refuse any help: Even rough speakers may be of service. Only spread what they say before the Lord, and he will turn it to good.

I am

Your affectionate brother.

CLXIX.—*To the Same.*

LEWISHAM, *February 9, 1758.*

UNDOUBTEDLY you may arise now, and receive power from on high. You are hindered chiefly by not understanding the freeness of the gift of God. You are perpetually seeking for something in yourself, to move him to love and bless you. But it is not to be found there; it is in Himself, and in the Son of his love. He did then give you a proof of this, in that fresh evidence of pardon: And he is ready to give it you again to-day; for he is not weary of well-doing. But even after this, you may or you may not use the power which attends that peace. And if you ask for more power, it shall be given you; for you have an Advocate with the Father. O cast yourself upon him; learn more of that lesson,—

Thy salvation to obtain,  
Out of myself I go:  
Freely thou must heal my pain,  
Thy unbought mercy show.

How much of it may you find in this hour! Look up, and see redemption near!

I am

Your affectionate brother and servant.

CLXX.—*To the Same.*

DUBLIN, *April 13, 1758.*

BUT if you find such a surprising alteration at Bonner's Hall, what need have you of removing to Bristol? Perhaps a lodging there might answer the purpose of health full as well as one at Clifton; and the purpose of religion considerably better. There are few in that neighbourhood from whom I should hope you would receive much profit, except Sarah Ryan. If she abides in her integrity, she is a

jewel indeed: One whose equal I have not yet found in England.

You ought not to drink much tea; and none without pretty much cream (not milk) and sugar. But I believe, were you to drink nettle-tea for a few mornings, it would do you more good than any other. It seems best for you to have frequent returns of weakness: It may be needful to fix seriousness upon your spirit, by a lasting impression, that there is but one step between you and eternity. But sickness alone will not do this; no, nor even the near approach of death. Unless the Spirit of God sanctify both, a man may laugh and trifle with his last breath.

You will overcome trifling conversation, and the fear of man, not by yielding, but by fighting. This is a cross which you cannot be excused from taking up: Bear it, and it will bear you. By prayer you will receive power so to do, to be a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But it is more difficult to resist hurtful desire: I am most afraid you should give way to this. Herein you have need of all the power of God. O stand fast! Look up, and receive strength! I shall be glad to hear that you are more than conqueror, and that you daily grow in the vital knowledge of Christ. Peace be with your spirit.

I am

Your affectionate servant.

CLXXI.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

*December 28, 1758.*

I THOUGHT it long since I heard from you; but I imputed it to your illness. And I did not desire you should do anything which would put you to pain, or increase your bodily weakness.

When you seemed confident of receiving the promise in a few days, I did not judge it needful to say anything to the contrary; both because I was persuaded that expectation would be a quickening to your soul, and because I knew you had one near you, who was able to advise you in any emergency. See that your desires do not cool, and you shall not be ashamed of this confident expectation. So long as it is tempered with resignation, it can do you no disservice. And what else is there worthy of a desire? Health you shall have, if health be best, even bodily health. But

what is that in comparison of a healthful mind? And this you are sure to have.

I scruple S. R.'s drinking tar-water, because it is so extremely nauseous. Neither will it profit, if it occasion costiveness, unless stewed prunes be taken every second or third night instead of it. I rather wish she would resume the medicine I formerly prescribed; only taking care not to catch cold with it. Perhaps in a few days you may see

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

NORWICH, *March 6, 1759.*

I SHALL always be glad to hear from you, when you can write without hurting yourself. But I am almost afraid to write, for fear of tempting you to answer whether you can or not.

Since you left Kingswood, I hope you use the water at the Hot-Wells as often as possible. If anything medicinal profit you, probably it will be this. But perhaps God will not suffer you to be healed by outward medicines. It may be, he is determined to have all the glory of his own work. Meantime, he designs, by this weakness of body, to keep your soul low, as a weaned child. There is a wonderful mystery in the manner and circumstances of that mighty working, whereby he subdues all things to himself, and leaves nothing in the heart but his pure love alone.

I have no doubt but God will give you the answer to that prayer,

“Let me thy witness live,  
When sin is all destroy'd!  
And then my spotless soul receive,  
And take me home to God!”

I am, my dear sister,

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXIII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

LONDON, *August 19, 1759.*

THE observing that rule might prevent abundance of mischief: I wish others would observe it as well as you. Thomas Walsh was a good and a wise man; yet there were some circumstances, not commonly known, which easily

account for the darkness he went through before he went to paradise.

I hope you have talked with Cornelius Bastable, as well as heard him preach. He is an uncommon monument of the power of grace; strengthening the understanding, as well as renewing the heart. For, so weak a head, and so bad a temper, as he once had, I do not know among all our Preachers.

Probably the difference between you and others lies in words chiefly. All who expect to be sanctified at all, expect to be sanctified by faith. But, meantime, they know, that faith will not be given but to them that obey. Remotely, therefore, the blessing depends on our works; although, immediately, on simple faith.

Enjoy, while you may, the advantage which I had once; and shall have again, when God sees best.

I am

Your affectionate brother.

Certainly you may say to me whatever you have a mind, either by writing or speaking.

CLXXIV.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

ATHLONE, *June 1, 1760.*

I AM persuaded, it is not a little thing which will make me angry at you. I hope your thinking evil of me would not; for you may have many reasons so to do.

Try: Perhaps by prayer and a little resolution, you may avoid hearing those disputes about holiness. It implies no more than this: If John Jones, or any other, begins a discourse concerning the errors or sins of absent persons, tell him, "I beg you would say no more on this head: I dare not, and I will not, hear, unless those persons were present." If one begins any caution of that kind, stop him, only with mildness and good humour; say, "I believe you speak out of kindness: But I must not hear; it both distresses and hurts my soul. Therefore, if you really wish my welfare, be silent; or let us call another cause." Where you see good, you may add, "I consulted Mr. Wesley on this head; and this was the advice he gave me."

No one ever "walked in the light as God is in the light," (I mean, in the full sense of the expression,) till "the blood of Jesus Christ had cleansed him from all sin." "If we

are perfectly saved, it is through his blood." This is the plain meaning of the text : And it may be fulfilled in you, before you sleep. God is Sovereign, in sanctifying as well as justifying. He will act when as well as how he pleases ; and none can say unto him, What doest thou ?

When the lungs are ulcerated, cold bathing not only does no hurt, but is the most probable cure. Sammy is a letter in my debt. I do not know but he is providentially called to this kingdom. I have now finished more than half my progress, having gone through two of the four provinces. Who knows whether I shall live to go through the other two ? It matters not how long we live, but how well.

I am, my dear sister,

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXV.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

NORWICH, *January 18, 1761.*

I HAVE sometimes wondered that not one of all the Clergymen we have known should ever cleave to me, for God's sake ; nor one man of learning, which would ease me exceedingly. Tommy Walsh designed it ;

But death had quicker wings than love.

Perhaps it was not best ; because I am so immeasurably apt to pour out all my soul into any that loves me.

It is well for sister Clarke, that she is landed safe. And it is well for us, who are still amidst the waves, that He is with us, whom the winds and the seas obey. He is steering you to the haven, where you would be. You may well trust your soul with him, and let him do with you as seemeth him good.

Certainly nothing can be of greater importance than the behaviour both of those who are renewed, and of those who are known to be pressing after it. You have need to weigh every step you take. When and where do you meet now ? And who are they that meet ? Pray send the inclosed to your neighbour ; and let all of you love and pray for

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXVI.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER, ST. IVES, *September 15, 1762.*

WHEREUNTO you have attained, hold fast. But expect that greater things are at hand; although our friend talks as if you were not to expect them till the article of death.

Certainly sanctification (in the proper sense) is "an instantaneous deliverance from all sin;" and includes "an instantaneous power then given, always to cleave to God." Yet this sanctification (at least, in the lower degrees) does not include a power never to think an useless thought, nor ever speak an useless word. I myself believe that such a perfection is inconsistent with living in a corruptible body: For this makes it impossible "always to think right." While we breathe, we shall, more or less, mistake. If, therefore, Christian perfection implies this, we must not expect it till after death.

I want you to be all love. This is the perfection I believe and teach. And this perfection is consistent with a thousand nervous disorders, which that high-strained perfection is not. Indeed, my judgment is, that (in this case particularly) to overdo, is to undo; and that to set perfection too high, (so high as no man that we ever heard or read of attained,) is the most effectual (because unsuspected) way of driving it out of the world.

Take care you are not hurt by anything in the "Short Hymns," contrary to the doctrines you have long received. Peace be with your spirit!

I am

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXVII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER, LONDON, *July 16, 1763.*

1. So far as I know what will make me most holy and most useful, I know what is the will of God.

2. Certainly it is possible for persons to be as devoted to God in a married as in a single state.

3. I believe John Downes is thoroughly desirous of being wholly devoted to God; and that, if you alter your condition at all, you cannot choose a more proper person.

I am, my dear sister,

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXVIII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,                      LEWISHAM, *December 15, 1763.*

IT has seemed to me, for some time, that God will not suffer Cornelius Bastable to live at Cork. He may starve there, but he cannot live. The people are not worthy of him.

Salvation from sin is a deeper and higher work than either you or S. Ryan can conceive. But do not imagine (as we are continually prone to do) that it lies in an indivisible point. You experienced a taste of it when you were justified: You since experienced the thing itself, only in a low degree; and God gave you his Spirit, that you might know the things which he had freely given you. Hold fast the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end. You are continually apt to throw away what you have, for what you want. However, you are right in looking for a farther instantaneous change, as well as a constant gradual one. But it is not good for you to be quite alone: You should converse frequently, as well as freely, with Miss Johnson, and any other that is much alive. You have great need of this.

I am, my dear sister,  
Your affectionate brother.

CLXXIX.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,                      EDINBURGH, *May 28, 1764.*

CERTAINLY it would be right to spend some time in setting down both the outward providences of God, and the inward leadings and workings of his Spirit, as far as you can remember them. But observe withal, you are called to be a good steward of the mammon of unrighteousness. You must therefore think of this too in its place; only without anxiety. Otherwise, that neglect of your calling will hinder the work of God in your heart. You are not serving mammon by this, but serving Christ: It is part of the task which he has assigned you. Yet it is true your heart is to be free all the time; and see that you stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free.

I thought your name had been altered before now. In a new station you will have need of new watchfulness. Still

redeem the time; be steadily serious; and follow your own conscience in all things.

I am, my dear sister,

Your affectionate brother.

In my return from the Highlands, I expect to spend a day at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the 18th or 19th of June.

CLXXX.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

LONDON, *August 2, 1776.*

I KNOW not that you differ from me at all. You are certainly in your place at present; and it seems one providential reason of your ill health was, to drive you thither. Now, use all the ability which God giveth, and he will give more: Unto him that hath shall be given, and he shall have more abundantly; it is the hand of the diligent that maketh rich. If you can persuade honest Alice Brammah to be cleanly as well as gentle, she will be tenfold more useful; and so will Billy Brammah, if he will be teachable and advisable; otherwise there is a fly in the pot of ointment. You are sent to Leeds chiefly for the sake of those that enjoy, or thirst after, perfect love. Redeem the time! Go on in His name! And let the world and the devil fall under your feet!

I am, my dear sister,

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXXI.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER,

*October, 1776.*

You have abundant reason to praise God, who has dealt so mercifully with you, and to encourage all about you never to rest till they attain full salvation.

As to the question you propose, if the Leader himself desires it, and the class be not unwilling, in that case there can be no objection to your meeting a class even of men. This is not properly assuming or exercising any authority over them. You do not act as a superior, but an equal; and it is an act of friendship and brotherly love.

I am glad you had a little conversation with Miss Ritchie. She is a precious soul. Do her all the good you can, and incite her to exert all the talents which God has given her.

I am

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXXII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER, LONDON, *December 1, 1781.*

NEVER be afraid that I should think your letters troublesome: I am never so busy as to forget my friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher made an excellent beginning, and I trust they will increase with all the increase of God. Now, let all of you that remain in the neighbourhood arise up and supply her lack of service. Be instant in season, out of season; that all may know you have caught her mantle!

But pray do not suffer my poor Miss Ritchie to work herself to death. Let her do all she can, and not more than she can.

I am

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXXIII.—*To the Same.*

MY DEAR SISTER, *Near LONDON, November 21, 1783.*

THROUGH the blessing of God, I find no difference at all between the health and strength which are now given me, and that which I had forty years ago. Only I had then many pains which I have not now.

You are enabled to give a very clear and standing proof that weakness of nerves cannot prevent joy in the Lord. Your nerves have been remarkably weak, and that for many years: But still your soul can magnify the Lord, and your spirit rejoice in God your Saviour!

Your affectionate brother.

CLXXXIV.—*To Dr. Robertson.*

DEAR SIR, BRISTOL, *September 24, 1753.*

I HAVE lately had the pleasure of reading Mr. Ramsay's "Principles of Religion," with the notes you have annexed to them. Doubtless he was a person of a bright and strong understanding, but I think not of a very clear apprehension. Perhaps it might be owing to this, that, not distinctly perceiving the strength of some of the objections to his hypothesis, he is very peremptory in his assertions, and apt to treat his opponent with an air of contempt and disdain.