

νοημα αυτης,—“corrupting, spoiling, destroying, the soundness of her understanding,” and of her memory too; and then she disbelieved God, and believed him who said, “Ye shall not surely die.” How much more is he able, by the same subtlety, to deceive any of the fallen children of men!

17. What follows you did not design for argument, but wit. “I cannot help thinking that Paul, with all his infirmities, might more reasonably be looked upon as an inspired Prophet than Mr. Wesley, though arrived, in his own imagination, to a sinless perfection.” I never told you so, nor any one else. I no more imagine that I have already attained, that I already love God with all my heart, soul, and strength, than that I am in the third heavens.

But you make me abundant amends for this by your charitable belief, that though I may now imagine things that are not, and be mistaken in many points, yet He who remembers I am but dust, will at last “forgive and reward me.” It is enough: The time of error and sin is short; for eternity is at hand.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth, we know, is not our place;
And hasten through the vale of woe,
And, restless to behold thy face,
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.

XLIV.—*To his Brother Charles.*

SAVANNAH, *April 20, 1736.*

I STILL extremely pity poor Mrs. Hawkins; but what can I do more, till God show me who it is that continually exasperates her against me? Then I may perhaps be of some service to her. There is surely some one who does not play us fair; but I marvel not at the matter. He that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there is that is mightier than they. Yet a little while, and God will declare who is sincere. Tarry thou the Lord's leisure and be strong, and he shall comfort thy heart.

XLV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

BRISTOL, *June 23, 1739.*

MY answer to them which trouble me is this: God commands me to do good unto all men; to instruct the

ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous. Man commands me not to do this in another's parish; that is, in effect, not to do it at all. If it be just to obey man rather than God, judge ye.

"But," say they, "it is just that you submit yourself to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake." True; to every ordinance of man which is not contrary to the command of God. But if any man, Bishop or other, ordain that I shall not do what God commands me to do, to submit to that ordinance would be to obey man rather than God.

And to do this, I have both an ordinary call and an extraordinary. My ordinary call is, my ordination by the Bishop: "Take thou authority to preach the word of God." My extraordinary call is witnessed by the works God doeth by my ministry; which prove that He is with me of a truth in this exercise of my office.

Perhaps this might be better expressed in another way: God bears witness in an extraordinary manner, that my thus exercising my ordinary call is well-pleasing in his sight.

But what if a Bishop forbids this? I do not say as St. Cyprian, *Populus a scelerato Antistite separare se debet*.* But I say, God being my helper, I will obey him still: And if I suffer for it, his will be done. Adieu!

XLVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

ISLINGTON, *September 21, 1739.*

A SCOTCH gentleman, who was present here, gave us a plain account of Mr. Erskine and his associates, the substance of which was this:—

Some years since, Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, preaching before the Assembly, reproved them for several faults with all simplicity. This was so resented by many, that in a following Assembly he was required to make an open recantation; and, persisting in the charge, the Assembly determined that he, with three other Ministers who spoke in his behalf, should be deprived, and their livings declared vacant. Four messengers were sent for this purpose; but they returned *re infectâ*; † fearing the people, lest they should stone them.

* It is the duty of the people to separate themselves from a wicked Bishop.
—EDIT.

† Without accomplishing their design.—EDIT.

In another Assembly, directions were given to the neighbouring Ministers to procure informations concerning the doctrine of Mr. Erskines and their adherents. Out of these informations an indictment was formed, to which they were summoned to answer in the next Assembly.

Here it was debated whether they should be suffered to come in ; and carried by a small majority, that they should. The Moderator then spoke to this effect : " My Reverend brethren, you are summoned to answer an indictment, charging you with erroneous doctrine and irregular practices ; but if ye will submit to the Kirk, and testify your amendment, we will receive you with open arms."

Mr. Erskine answered for himself and brethren (they were now increased to eight) to this purpose : " Moderator, both you, and those that are with you, have erred from the faith ; and your practices are irregular too : And you have no discipline : Therefore you are no Kirk. We are the Kirk, and we alone, who continue in her faith and discipline ; and if ye will submit to us, and testify your amendment, we will receive ye with open arms."

None answered a word ; so, after a short time, they withdrew. The Moderator then asked, " My Reverend brethren, what shall we do ?" One replied, " Moderator, I must answer you in our proverb,—' You have put the cat into the kirk ;' " (that is, the churn ;) " " and ye must get her out again how ye can.' "

Again silence ensued : After which, the Moderator asked, " Shall these men be excommunicated, or only deposed ? " Answer was made, " The question is not right. Let it be asked, ' Shall they be deposed or not ? ' " This was accordingly done ; and it was carried by five votes, that they should not be deposed. Having received help from God, they continue to this day ; declaring to all, that their congregation is the Kirk of Scotland ; that they, the Ministers, (now ten in all,) are the proper Presbytery ; and there is no other : Those commonly so called having " made shipwreck of the faith " and discipline once delivered to the saints.

Friday, Sept. 14, I expounded again at Islington ; but the house being too small for the company, I stood in the garden, and showed them how vainly they trusted in baptism for salvation, unless they were holy of heart ; without which their circumcision was actually become uncircumcision.

Afterwards I went to Fetter-lane, where I brought down the high looks of the proud, by an exposition of those words, "All things are lawful for me ; but all things edify not."

Saturday, 15, I expounded those words, on which the book opened at Lady H——'s, "The cares of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the desires of other things, choke the word ; and it becometh unfruitful." At Fetter-lane I was directed to those words, "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." Many were cut to the heart both here and at Mr. Exall's, where I enforced those words of our Lord, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Sunday, 16, I preached at Moorfields to about ten thousand, and at Kennington-common to between twenty and thirty thousand, on those words: "We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest ; for as concerning this sect, we know that every where it is spoken against." At both places I described, in very plain terms, the difference between true old Christianity, commonly called by the new name of Methodism, and the Christianity now generally taught. Hence I went to Lambeth, where I found our congregation considerably increased ; and exhorted them to cry mightily to our Lord, that he might say unto them, as unto the sick of the palsy, "Be of good cheer ; thy sins are forgiven thee." From our love-feast at Fetter-lane I went to Islington-house. Sufficient for this day was the labour thereof.

Pray give my love to brother Mitchell ; and let the leaden cistern be gone about. On Monday se'nnight I intend, God willing, to set out. Tuesday I hope to spend at Oxford. On Wednesday night let James Ellis meet me at Gloucester. Then I will lay out the three or four following days, as we shall agree, if God permit. I heartily thank our brothers Westall, Oldfield, Cross, Haydon, and Wynne ; and our sisters Deffel, Shafto, Oldfield, Thomas, Stephens, Mrs. Thomas, and Mrs. Deschamps. I wish any would write by the Wednesday post. Pray for us. Adieu.

Saturday night, Mrs. Exall's.

XLVII.—*To the Same.*LONDON, *April 21, 1741.*

It is not possible for me to set out yet. I must go round and glean after Mr. Whitefield. I will take care of the books you mention. My Journal is not written yet. The Bands and Society are my first care. The Bands are purged; the Society is purging; and we continually feel whose hand is in the work.

Send the new-printed Hymns immediately. We presented a thousand of Barclay to Mr. Whitefield's congregation on Sunday. On Sunday next I propose to distribute a thousand more at the Foundery.

I am settling a regular method of visiting the sick here. Eight or ten have offered themselves for the work, who are likely to have full employment; for more and more are taken ill every day. Our Lord will thoroughly purge his floor.

I rejoice in your speaking your mind freely. O let our love be without dissimulation!

I am not clear that brother Maxfield should not expound at Greyhound-lane: Nor can I as yet do without him. Our Clergymen have miscarried full as much as the laymen; and that the Moravians are other than laymen I know not.

As yet I dare in nowise join with the Moravians: 1. Because their whole scheme is mystical, not scriptural,—refined in every point above what is written, immeasurably beyond the plain doctrines of the Gospel. 2. Because there is darkness and closeness in all their behaviour, and guile in almost all their words. 3. Because they not only do not practise, but utterly despise and deny, self-denial and the daily cross. 4. Because they, upon principle, conform to the world, in wearing gold or costly apparel. 5. Because they extend Christian liberty, in this and many other respects, beyond what is warranted by holy writ. 6. Because they are by no means zealous of good works; or, at least, only to their own people. And, lastly, because they make inward religion swallow up outward in general. For these reasons chiefly I will rather, God being my helper, stand quite alone, than join with them: I mean, till I have full assurance that they will spread none of the errors among the little flock committed to my charge.

O my brother, my soul is grieved for you : The poison is in you : Fair words have stolen away your heart. "No English man or woman is like the Moravians !" So the matter is come to a fair issue. Five of us did still stand together a few months since ; but two are gone to the right hand, Hutchins and Cennick ; and two more to the left, Mr. Hall and you. Lord, if it be thy Gospel which I preach, arise and maintain thine own cause ! Adieu !

XLVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

May 17, 1742.

I AM in a great strait. I wrote to Lady Huntingdon, (just as I did to you,) "I am inclined to believe one of us must soon take a journey into Yorkshire." It was then in my mind to desire you to go first ; only I was afraid you would think, I shifted off the labouring oar. But on the receipt of your last I altered my design, and determined to think of it no farther yet. I sent word this morning to Brentford and Windsor of my preaching there on Thursday, in my way to Bristol : But within two or three hours I received a letter from Lady Huntingdon ; part of which is as follows :—"My dear friend, The very thought of seeing you here has filled us with great joy. Poor Miss Cowper is still living ; and it is very remarkable, in the beginning of her illness she said she should be glad to see one of you, just before she died. Her eyes were even overflowing with the loving-kindness of our Lord, who has a regard even to the desires of our hearts. I beg you will set out as soon as may be after you receive this ; as every day she has lived this last fortnight seems a fresh miracle, for some purpose which is not yet known."

She then tells me she has ordered a horse for John Taylor to go down with me. It seems to me I ought to go, and that without delay. I think of going early in the morning to Bexley, and correcting Mr. Piers's sermon ; and of setting out for Donnington on Wednesday. If you write thither as soon as you receive this, your letter will be there nearly as soon as me ; and I will either go on into Lincolnshire for a week, or go straight to Bristol, as you will. Let all the brethren pray for me. Adieu !

XLIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LEEDS, *April 23, 1745.*

IT was time for me to give them the ground at Newcastle, and to fly for my life. I grew more and more honourable every day: The rich and great flocking to us together, so that many times the room would not hold them. Iniquity, for the present, hath stopped her mouth; and it is almost fashionable to speak well of us. In all appearance, if I had stayed a month longer, the Mayor and Aldermen would have been with us.

On Easter Monday we met at half-hour after four; and the room was full from end to end, with high and low, rich and poor, plain and fine people. At nine I preached to almost as large a congregation in the street at Chester. All were quiet and still; for the hand of our Lord was in the midst of them. About six I preached at Northallerton, in the house; but it should have been (as I afterwards found) at the cross: For the people there are, most of them, a noble people, and receive the word with all readiness of mind. A gentleman of Osmotherley, east from Northallerton, telling me he wished I could have come and preached there, I took him at his word, set out immediately, and about ten at night preached at Osmotherley, in a large chapel which belonged, a few years since, to a convent of Franciscan Friars. I found I was got into the very centre of all the Papists in the north of England. *Commissatorem haud satis commodum!** This also hath God wrought.

The classes call me away. I must, for several reasons, see London before Bristol. One is, I shall go from Bristol to Cornwall; so that, if I come to Bristol now, I shall not be at London these three months. What I propose therefore, is, to go from Birmingham, through Oxford, (as I wrote before,) straight to London. You can send me word where you will meet me. All here salute you much. If you could come hither soon, (think of it,) Leeds would vie with Newcastle. I wish you could. O let us watch! Adieu.

* I did not feel myself to be a boon companion, exactly suitable for such society.—EDIT.

L.—*To the Same.*

NEWCASTLE, September 22, 1745.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE only just time to inform you, that since the account is confirmed by an express to the Mayor, that General Cope is fled, and his forces defeated, (all that did not run away,) the consternation of the poor people is redoubled. The townsmen are put under arms; the walls planted with cannon; and those who live without the gates are removing their goods with all speed. We stand our ground as yet, glory be to God, to the no small astonishment of our neighbours. Brethren, pray for us, that if need be, we may

True in the fiery trial prove,
And pay Him back his dying love.

Adieu!

LI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

YESTERDAY I was thinking on a *desideratum* among us, a *genesis problematica* on justifying faith. A skeleton of it, (which you may fill up, or any one that has leisure,) I have roughly set down:—

Is justifying faith a sense of pardon? *Negatur.**

1. Every one is deeply concerned to understand this question well: But Preachers most of all; lest they either make them sad whom God hath not made sad, or encourage them to say, Peace, where there is no peace.

Some years ago we heard nothing of justifying faith, or a sense of pardon; so that when we did hear of them, the theme was quite new to us; and we might easily, especially in the heat and hurry of controversy, lean too much either to the one hand or to the other.

2. By “justifying faith,” I mean that faith which whosoever hath not is under the wrath and the curse of God. By “a sense of pardon,” I mean a distinct, explicit assurance that my sins are forgiven.

I allow, (1.) That there is such an explicit assurance. (2.) That it is the common privilege of real Christians. (3.)

* It is denied.—EDIT.

That it is the proper Christian faith, which "purifieth the heart," and "overcometh the world."

But I cannot allow, that justifying faith is such an assurance, or necessarily connected therewith.

3. Because, if justifying faith necessarily implies such an explicit assurance of pardon, then every one who has it not, and every one so long as he has it not, is under the wrath and under the curse of God. But this is a supposition contrary to Scripture, as well as to experience.

Contrary to Scripture; to Isaiah l. 10: "Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God."

Contrary to Acts x. 34, 35: "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons; but in every nation he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

Contrary to experience; for J. R., &c., &c., had peace with God, no fear, no doubt, before they had that sense of pardon. And so have I frequently had.

Again: The assertion, "that justifying faith is a sense of pardon," is contrary to reason: It is flatly absurd. For how can a sense of our having received pardon be the condition of our receiving it?

4. If you object, (1.) "J. T., St. Paul, &c., had this sense:" I grant they had: But they were justified, or rather had justifying faith, before they had it. (2.) "We know fifteen hundred persons who have this assurance." Perhaps so: But this does not prove, they had not justifying faith till they received it. (3.) "We have been exceedingly blessed in preaching this doctrine." We have been blessed in preaching the great truths of the Gospel; although we tacked to them, in the simplicity of our hearts, a proposition which was not true. (4.) "But does not our Church give this account of justifying faith?" I am sure she does of saving or Christian faith: I think she does of justifying faith too. But to the law and to the testimony. All men may err. But the word of the Lord shall stand for ever.

LII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

ATHLONE, *August 8, 1752.*

I ALMOST wonder that I hear not one word from you since the trial at Gloucester. Either Mr. P'anson, or some one else, should have wrote by the next post. Does every one forget me, as soon as we have the sea between us?

Some of our Preachers here have peremptorily affirmed that you are not so strict as me; that you neither practise, nor enforce, nor approve of, the rules of the Bands. I suppose they mean those which condemn needless self-indulgence, and recommend the means of grace, fasting in particular; which is well nigh forgotten throughout this nation. I think it would be of use, if you wrote without delay, and explain yourself at large.

They have likewise openly affirmed that you agree with Mr. Whitefield, touching perseverance at least, if not predestination too. Is it not highly expedient that you should write explicitly and strongly on this head likewise?

Perhaps the occasion of this latter affirmation was, that both you and I have often granted an absolute unconditional election of some, together with a conditional election of all men. I did incline to this scheme for many years: But of late I have doubted of it more and more: First, because all the texts which I used to think supported it, I now think prove either more or less; either absolute reprobation and election, or neither. Secondly, because I find this opinion serves all the ill purposes of absolute predestination; particularly that of supporting infallible perseverance. Talk with any that holds it, and so you will find.

On Friday and Saturday next is our little Conference at Limerick. I hope my sister feels herself in a good hand, and that you can trust Him with her, and all things. We join in love.

LIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *October 20, 1753.*

I FIRMLY believed that young woman would die in peace; though I did not apprehend it would be so soon. We have had several instances of music heard before or at the death of those that die in the Lord. May we conceive that this is, literally, the music of angels? Can that be heard by ears of flesh and blood?

It was not possible for me to send Jane Bates's letter, before my return to London. I sent it last week to Ted Perronet. But whether he be now on earth or in paradise, I know not. He was believed to be dying some days since at Epworth, and vehemently rejoicing in God. William Briggs set out for Epworth last night, in order to see him, either alive or dead.

It is much easier for me to hope than to despair of any person or thing. I never did despair of John Hutchinson. For with God no word is impossible. And if he testifies a full and deep sense of his long revolt from God, I shall hope he will either live or die happy. But let me hear the particulars of your Journals, and I may have a stronger hope.

I came back from Bedford last night. I know not whether it was your will or no; (I believe not;) but I am sure it was God's will for you to call there. How do you judge whether a thing be God's will or no? I hope not by inward impressions. Let us walk warily. I have much constitutional enthusiasm; and you have much more.

Now I have neither more nor less faith in human testimony than I had ten or fifteen years ago. I could suspect every man that speaks to me, to be either a blunderer or a liar. But I will not. I dare not till I have proof.

I give you a dilemma. Take one side or the other. Either act really in connexion with me, or never pretend to it. Rather disclaim it; and openly avow you do and will not.

By acting in connexion with me, I mean, take counsel with me once or twice a year, as to the places where you will labour. Hear my advice before you fix; whether you take it or no.

At present you are so far from this, that I do not even know when and where you intend to go. So far are you from following any advice of mine; nay, even from asking it. And yet I may say, without vanity, that I am a better judge of this matter than either Lady Huntingdon, Sally Jones, or any other: Nay, than your own heart; that is, will.

I wish you all peace, zeal, and love.

LIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, October 31, 1753.

MY fever intermitted after twelve hours. After a second fit of about fourteen hours, I began taking the bark, and am now recovering my strength.

I cannot apprehend that such music has any analogy at all to the inward voice of God. I take it to differ from this *toto genere*,* and to be rather the effect of an angel affecting the auditory nerves, as an apparition does the optic nerve, or retina.

Ted Perronet is now thoroughly recovered. I had a letter from him a day or two ago.

You say, "that is not the will of God, which his providence makes impracticable. But his providence made my going to Bedford impracticable." Prove the minor, and I shall be content.

In journeying, which of us lays his plan according to reason? Either you move (quite contrary to me) by those impressions which you account divine; or, which is worse, *pro ratione voluntas*.†

You told William Briggs, that you never declined going to any place because my wife was there. I am glad of it. If so, I have hope we may sometime spend a little time together.

Why do you omit giving the sacrament in Kingswood? What is reading prayers at Bristol, in comparison with this? I am sure, in making this vehement alteration, you never consulted with me.

My love to my sister. Adieu!

LV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, June 20, 1755.

Do not you understand that they all promised by Thomas Walsh, not to administer, even among themselves? I think that an huge point given up; perhaps more than they could give up with a clear conscience.

They "showed an excellent spirit" in this very thing. Likewise when I (not to say you) spoke once and again,

* Entirely.—EDIT.

† Your own will, instead of reason.—EDIT.

spoke *satis pro imperio*,* when I reflected on their answers, I admired their spirit, and was ashamed of my own.

The practical conclusion was, "Not to separate from the Church." Did we not all agree in this? Surely either you or I must have been asleep, or we could not differ so widely in a matter of fact!

Here is Charles Perronet raving "because his friends have given up all;" and Charles Wesley, "because they have given up nothing;" and I in the midst staring and wondering both at one and the other.

I do not want to do anything more, unless I could bring them over to my opinion; and I am not in haste for that.

I have no time to write anything more till I have finished the Notes. Nor am I in haste. I stand open to the light.

Let it be worded anyway. I will give ten pounds between this and Christmas. This I think I can do, though I am just now saddled with Sukey Hare,† to pay for her board, as well as learning her trade. Why do not you send for the boy to Bristol? I do not object.

If Mr. Lampe's tunes are in print already, it is enough. I wish you had told me this six months ago, and the rest (which only we want) should have been printed before now. Pray send them by Michael Fenwick to me here. He will be in Bristol next week.

Cyprian is a terrible witness of the sense of the then church; for he speaks it not as his own private sense, but an incontestable, allowed rule. And by *Antistes* there, I really believe he means the Minister of a parish. That pinches me. Nevertheless, I think with you, till I see more light; though I should be hard set to defend myself against a skilful adversary. When I am convinced it is my duty, I will follow Cyprian's advice. The same say you, and no more. I do not fluctuate yet; but I cannot answer the arguments on that side the question. Joseph Cowley says, "For such and such reasons, I dare not hear a drunkard preach, or read prayers." I answer, I dare. But I cannot answer his reasons.

I can stay here four or five weeks. Then I purpose for Cornwall. Can you come hither when I go? My love to my sister. Adieu!

* With sufficient authority.—EDIT.

† A relation of the Wesleys.—EDIT.

LVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *June 28, 1755.*

LET G. St—— write and welcome. When we are both together, I trust we may read safely.

Go to Ireland, if you think so, and save Ireland. Wherever I have been in England, the societies are far more firmly and rationally attached to the Church than ever they were before. I have no fear about this matter. I only fear the Preachers' or the people's leaving, not the Church, but the love of God, and inward or outward holiness. To this I press them forward continually. I dare not, in conscience, spend my time and strength on externals. If, as my Lady says, all outward establishments are Babel, so is this establishment. Let it stand for me. I neither set it up, nor pull it down. But let you and I build up the city of God.

I have often desired our Preachers to bury a corpse at Wapping; I mean, to give an exhortation closed with prayer. I do not know that this is any branch of the sacerdotal office.

None of our societies have received James Wheatley yet. I suppose none will. Yet we may give a caution wherever we write.

Thomas Walsh (I will declare it on the house-top) has given me all the satisfaction I desire, and all that an honest man could give. I love, admire, and honour him; and wish we had six Preachers in all England of his spirit. But enough of this. Let us draw the saw no longer, but use all our talents to promote the mind that was in Christ.

"Not yet" is totally out of the question. We have not one Preacher who either proposed, or desires, or designs (that I know) to separate from the Church at all. Their principles in this single point of ordination I do not approve: But I pray for more and more of their spirit (in general) and practice.

I have talked with Mr. Graves, and shall do again.

Driving me may make me fluctuate; though I do not yet.

"When the Preachers in Ireland set up for themselves, must you not disown them?" I answer, "When."

If you can go to Cornwall in the end of July, it is soon enough. I wish you would see each of the country societies: And why not New-Kingswood too? Adieu!

LVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

COOLYLUGH, *June 23, 1760.*

WHERE you are, I know not; and how you are, I know not; but I hope the best. Neither you nor John Jones has ever sent me your remarks upon that tract in the late volume of Sermons. You are not kind. Why will you not do all you can to make me wiser than I am? Samuel Furly told me his objections at once: So we canvassed them without loss of time. Do you know what is done, anything or nothing, with regard to the small edition of the Notes?

Mr. Panson writes me a long account of the Sussex affair. It is of more consequence than our people seem to apprehend. If we do not exert ourselves, it may drive us to that bad dilemma, Leave preaching, or leave the Church. We have reason to thank God, it is not come to this yet. Perhaps it never may.

In this kingdom nothing is wanting but a few more zealous and active labourers. James Morgan, John Johnson, and two or three more, do their best: The rest spare themselves.

I hope Sally and your little ones are well. Where and how is my wife? I wrote to her on Saturday last. Adieu!

Where must the Conference be? at Leeds, or Bristol? If we could but chain or gag the blatant beast, there would be no difficulty.

LVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

REDRUTH, *September 21, 1760.*

I DO not apprehend that letter to be any proof of S. A.'s understanding. I believe you had not time to consider it. Do you really think she was the inditer? That she was the transcriber of it, I allow: But is not the hand of Joab in this? Did you not take knowledge, not only of the sentiments, but the very language, of honest James R.?

Your message by John Jones seems to supersede the necessity of my writing: Yet I think of sending a few civil lines, without entering into the merits of the cause. Is it not an excellent copy of our friend's countenance, to "beg leave to live apart?" *Quis enim negat?** If the unbeliever will depart, let her depart? But she will as soon leap into the sea.

* For who forbids this?—EDIT.

I speak everywhere of bribery and run goods. I suppose John Jones has sent you the Minutes of the Conference. On Friday se'nnight I hope to preach at Shepton-Mallet at noon, and at Bristol in the evening. *Vive hodie!**

I should think, if you was *solus cum solo*,† the point to be insisted on with John Gambold would be, "You went to the Moravians to find happiness. Have you found it? What have you gained by the exchange?" It is time enough, I suppose, for me to write: For you cannot go to London soon.

LIX.—*To the Same.*

PLYMOUTH-DOCK, September 28, 1760.

DEAR BROTHER,

I HAVE no objection to the bestowing another reading upon Mr. Law's Letters. But I think I have answered them *quantum sufficit*, by the letter in "Lloyd's Evening Post;"‡ only, if need be, it may be inserted in some of the monthly Magazines. Since I wrote that letter, I have procured (which I could not before) the "Address to the Clergy." It is amazing! Nothing is more plain, than that he has never read it. I doubt whether he ever saw it.

I care not a rush for ordinary means; only that it is our duty to try them. All our lives, and all God's dealings with us, have been extraordinary from the beginning. We have all reason, therefore, to expect, that what has been will be again. I have been preternaturally restored more than ten times. I suppose you will be thus restored for the journey; and that by the journey, as a natural means, your health will be re-established; provided you determine to spend all the strength which God shall give you in his work.

Cornwall has suffered miserably by my long absence, and the unfaithfulness of the Preachers. I left seventeen hundred in the societies, and I find twelve hundred. If possible, you should see Mr. Walker. He has been near a month at the Hot-Wells. He is absolutely a Scot in his opinions, but of an excellent spirit. Mr. Stonehouse's horse performs to a miracle. He is considerably better than when

* Live this day.—EDIT.

† Closed only with him.—EDIT.

‡ See Vol. III., p. 18, of the present edition of Mr. Wesley's Works.—
EDIT.

I had him. On Friday evening (if nothing extraordinary occur) I hope to be at Bristol between five and six. Probably I shall leave Shepton-Mallet at two. My love to Sally.

If John Fisher is at Bristol, pray desire him to send what Thomas Seccomb left (with an account) for his poor mother. Adieu !

LX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *September 8, 1761.*

OUR Conference ended, as it began, in peace and love. All found it a blessed time :

*Excepto, quod non simul esses, cætera læti.**

The Minutes John Jones can help you to, who sets out hence in two or three days. The right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.

Why should not Bath be supplied from Bristol? Order it so. I have no objection. They will by that means often have a more able Preacher than they would otherwise have. If he does not linger by the way, a Preacher may be at Bristol on Thursday night.

I do not at all think (to tell you a secret) that the work will ever be destroyed, Church or no Church. What has been done to prevent the Methodists leaving the Church, you will see in the Minutes of the Conference. I told you before, with regard to Norwich, *dixi*. I have done at the last Conference all I can or dare do. Allow me liberty of conscience, as I allow you.

My love to Sally. Adieu !

LXI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *December 26, 1761.*

SPEND as many hours in the congregation as you can : But exercise alone will strengthen your lungs ; or electrifying, which I wonder you did not try long ago. Never start at its being a quack medicine. I desire no other ; particularly since I was so nearly murdered by being cured of my

* This line from Horace is thus translated by Francis :—

“ Our minds with this exception gay,

That you, our friend, were far-away.”—EDIT.

ague *secundum artem*.* You should always (and I hope you do) write standing and sloping.

We are always in danger of enthusiasm: But I think no more now than any time these twenty years. The word of God runs indeed; and loving faith spreads on every side. Do not take my word, or any one's else; but come and see. It is good to be in London now.

It is impossible for me to correct my own books. I sometimes think it strange, that I have not one Preacher that will and can. I think every one of them owes me so much service.

Pray tell R. Sheen, I am hugely displeased at his reprinting the Nativity Hymns, and omitting the very best hymn in the collection,—

All glory to God in the sky, &c.

I beg they may never more be printed without it. Omit one or two, and I will thank you. They are namby-pambical. I wish you would give us two or three invitational hymns. We want such exceedingly. My love to Sally. My wife gains ground. Adieu!

LXII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, January 5, 1762.

YOU take me right. I am far from pronouncing my remarks *ex cathedrâ*. I only desire they may be fairly considered.

I was a little surprised to find Bishop Warburton so entirely unacquainted with the New Testament: And, notwithstanding all his parade of learning, I believe he is no critic in Greek.

If Thomas Maxfield continues as he is, it is impossible he should long continue with us. But I live in hope of better things. Meantime, *festina lentè*!†

I baptized two Turks two or three weeks ago. They seem to be strong in faith; and their story is very probable; but I am not sure it is true. I wait for farther evidence.

This week I have begun to speak my mind concerning five or six honest enthusiasts. But I move only a hair's breadth at a time; and by this means we come nearer and nearer to

* According to the rules of art.—EDIT.

† Hasten onward with caution.—EDIT.

each other. No sharpness will profit. There is need of a lady's hand, as well as a lion's heart.

Mr. Whitefield has fallen upon me in public open-mouthed, and only not named my name. So has Mr. Madan. But let them look to it. I go on my way. I have a sufficient answer as to George Bell; but I will not give it before the time.

We join in love to you both. My wife gains ground. Adieu!

LXIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *December 11, 1762.*

FOR eighteen or twenty days I heard with both ears, but rarely opened my mouth. I think I now understand the affair, at least, as well as any person in England.

The sum is this: 1. The meeting in Beech-lane, before I came to town, was like a bear-garden; full of noise, brawling, cursing, swearing, blasphemy, and confusion. 2. Those who prayed were partly the occasion of this, by their horrid screaming, and unscriptural, enthusiastic expressions. 3. Being determined either "to mend them or end them," I removed the meeting to the Foundry. 4. Immediately the noise, brawling, cursing, swearing, blasphemy, and confusion ceased. 5. There was less and less screaming, and less unscriptural and enthusiastic language. 6. Examining the society, I found about threescore persons who had been convinced of sin, and near fourscore who were justified, at these meetings. So that, on the whole, they have done some hurt, and much good. I trust they will now do more good, and no hurt at all. Seven persons had left the Society on this account; but four of them are come back already.

I bought the ground before Kingswood-school of Margaret Ward, and paid for it with my own money. Certainly, therefore, I have a right to employ it as I please. What can any reasonable man say to the contrary?

I have answered the Bishop, and had advice upon my answer. If the devil owes him a shame, he will reply. He is a man of sense; but I verily think he does not understand Greek!

I should be glad to see Mr. Nitchman. What is all beside loving faith? We join in love to Sally and you. Adieu!

LXIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *December 23, 1762.*

BUT how to come to the speech of the colliers is the question: as there are an hundred miles between us; and as this is too critical a time for me to be out of London.

I am satisfied with the learning of John Jones, (as there is no point of learning in debate between us,) and the judgment of John Matthews, Charles Perronet, and James Morgan. Yet, it is certain, his admirers will still think him unanswerable.

I believe several in London have imagined themselves saved from sin "upon the word of others:" And these are easily known. For that work does not stand. Such imaginations soon vanish away. Some of these, and two or three others, are still wild. But the matter does not stick here. I could play with all these, if Thomas Maxfield were right. He is *mali caput et fons*;* so inimitably wrong-headed, and so absolutely unconvincible; and yet (what is exceeding strange) God continues to bless his labours.

My kind love to Sally.

I shall soon try your patience with a long letter. Adieu!

LXV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *February 8, 1763.*

I THINK now the sooner you could be here the better; for the mask is thrown off. George Bell, John Dixon, Joseph Calvert, Benjamin Briggs, &c., &c., have quitted the Society and renounced all fellowship with us. I wrote to Thomas, but was not favoured with an answer. This morning I wrote a second time, and received an answer indeed! The substance is, "You take too much upon you. We will not come up."

I know all the history of the Turk. I must leave London on Friday to bury Mrs. Perronet. She died on Saturday morning.

The answer to the Bishop (who has broke his leg) is forthcoming. Mr. Madan wrote the Queries. I let him have the last word. I should not wonder if a *dying* saint were to prophesy. Listen to Sally Colston's last words!

Molly Westall died last week in huge triumph.

John Jones does good. James Morgan has lately been in

* The head and fountain of the evil.—EDIT.

a violent storm, and is scarce alive. I advise him to retire to Kingswood for a season. We need all your prayers. God is preparing thoroughly to purge his floor. O let us be instant in season, out of season!

We join in love to Sally. Adieu!

LXVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *February 26, 1763.*

I PERCEIVE, *verba fiunt mortuo* :* So I say no more about your coming to London. Here stand I: And I shall stand, with or without human help, if God is with us.

Yesterday Mr. Madan and I, with a few more, gave the full hearing to the famous Turk and his associate. He is an exquisite wretch; was originally a Spanish Jew; afterwards a Turk; then a Papist; then a Jew again; then a Protestant; and now at last (under Mr. Lombardi's wing) a zealous Papist! Concerning his companion we are still in doubt. We fear he is little better; though we cannot prove it.

Mr. Gaussen tells us, the stroke will come to-morrow evening: The rest say, not till Monday. Let us live to-day! I labour for peace; but they still make themselves ready for battle.

Peace be with you and yours! Adieu!

LXVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *March 6, 1763.*

TO-MORROW I set out for Norwich, which I have delayed as long as possible. I am likely to have rough work there: But the turbulent spirits must bend or break.

That story of T. M. is not true. But I doubt more is true than is good. He is a most incomprehensible creature. I cannot convince him that separation is any evil; or that speaking in the name of God, when God has not spoken, is any more than an innocent mistake. I know not what to say to him, or do with him. He is really *mali caput et fons*.†

I have scarce one hearty helper but La. Coughlan.

We join in love to you both. Adieu!

* Words are wasted on a dead man.—EDIT.

† For a translation of this passage see the preceding page.—EDIT.

LXVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *March 1, 1764.*

I READ Rollin's Belles Lettres several years ago. Some things I liked; some I did not. Mark in him what you admire, and I will give it a second reading, and a farther consideration.

You "have no thoughts of venturing to London before May!" Then I must indeed "do the best I can." So I must comply with the advice of the Stewards, as well as my own judgment, and insist upon John Jones's assisting me on Sunday. I have delayed all this time purely out of tenderness to you. Adieu!

LXIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

HADDINGTON, *May 25, 1764.*

Is there any reason why you and I should have no further intercourse with each other? I know none; although possibly there are persons in the world, who would not be sorry for it. I hope you find peace and unity in the south, as we do in the north: Only the Seceders and Mr. Sandeman's friends are ready to eat us up. And no wonder; for these, as well as Deists and Socinians, I oppose *ex professo*.* But how do Thomas Maxfield and his friends go on? quietly, or *gladiatorio animo*?† And how are John Jones, Downes, and Richardson? and my best friend, and yours?

The frightful stories wrote from London had made all our Preachers in the north afraid even to mutter about perfection; and, of course, the people on all sides were grown good Calvinists in that point. It is what I foresaw from the beginning; that the devil would strive by Thomas Maxfield and company to drive perfection out of the kingdom.

O let you and I hold fast whereunto we have attained; and let our yea be yea, and our nay nay! I feel the want of some about me that are all faith and love. No man was more profitable to me than George Bell, while he was simple of heart. O for heat and light united! My love to Sally. Adieu!

* Professedly.—EDIT.

† In the spirit and temper of prize-fighters.—EDIT.

LXX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *December 7, 1764.*

BE so kind as to show this to T. Lewis and M. Davis: So I may answer theirs and yours together.

What need of a formal petition? Would it not be just as effectual for me to write a letter to the corporation, in the name of all the Bristol Methodists, urging, first, Mr. Wither-
spoon's argument against the English theatre; secondly, the matter of fact, the actual mischief done thereby; and then gently and respectfully making the application? What think you? *Ecquid novisti rectius?** Send me word without delay.

S. Sukey was in huge agonies for five days, and then died in the full assurance of faith. Some of her last words (after she had been speechless for some time) were, "Jesus is come! Heaven is here!"

I am like Simonides. The more I think, the less able I am to answer the King's question: To prove the necessity, expediency, or propriety of an atonement, to an unconvinced sinner.

Indeed you ought to have said something to T. M.'s letter, had it been only what you say now. He is T. M. still. *Cerebrum non habet.*† Mr. Richardson is better and better.

James Wheatley (the jewel!) has given me warning to quit the Tabernacle in spring: So I am preparing to build at Norwich; for no place already built can be procured for love or money.

I think verily there is no need that you and I should be such strangers to each other. Surely we are old enough to be wiser.

Come, I will give you a little work. Translate for me, into good English, the Latin verses that occur in the Earnest Appeal: and why not those three Greek ones?

Η, και κνανεησιν επ' οφρυσι νευσε Κρονιων, &c.‡

I have answered poor Mr. Hervey's last tract, so far as it is personal. My love to Sally. *Vivamus!* Adieu!

* Do you know of any method which would be preferable?—EDIT.

† He has no brains.—EDIT.

‡ For the translation of this Greek, see Vol. VIII. p. 150.—EDIT.

You should send Charles Perronet's book immediately:
The Tax of the Apostolic Chamber.

LXXI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *December 20, 1764.*

I SUPPOSE it is of little consequence in whose hand this is transcribed. Let it be accompanied by prayer, and good must follow one way or the other. Let us work while the day is. Adieu!

To the Mayor and Corporation of Bristol.

GENTLEMEN,

BOTH my brother and I, and all who have any connexion with us, are extremely sensible of our obligations to you for the civility which you have shown us on all occasions; and we cannot but feel ourselves deeply interested in whatever we apprehend in any degree to concern your honour, or the general good and prosperity of the city of Bristol. This occasions my giving you the present trouble, which (whether it has any farther effect or no) you will please to receive as a testimony of the high regard which we shall ever retain for you.

The endeavours lately used to procure subscriptions for building a new play-house in Bristol have given us not a little concern; and that on various accounts: Not barely as most of the present stage-entertainments sap the foundation of all religion, as they naturally tend to efface all traces of piety and seriousness out of the minds of men; but as they are peculiarly hurtful to a trading city; giving a wrong turn to youth especially, gay, trifling, and directly opposite to the spirit of industry and close application to business; and as drinking and debauchery of every kind are constant attendants on these entertainments, with indolence, effeminacy, and idleness, which affect trade in a high degree.

It was on these very considerations that the Corporation of Nottingham lately withstood all solicitations, and absolutely forbade the building of a new theatre there; being determined to encourage nothing of the kind. And I doubt not but thousands will reap the benefit of their wise and generous resolution.

It does not become me, gentlemen, to press anything upon you; but I could not avoid saying thus much, both in behalf

of myself and all my friends. Wishing you the continuance and increase of every blessing,

I remain, gentlemen,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

LXXII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER, LONDON, *December 31, 1764.*

PRAY tell T. Lewis, I believe one I spoke to yesterday will make us a good housekeeper. She is selling off her things, and can come in two or three weeks.

John Matthews sent for me between two and three on Friday morning. One had a little before asked him how he found himself. He answered,

“The Lord protects, for ever near.”

When I came, he was perfectly sensible. I began to pray at three; and before I had spoken many words, his soul was set at liberty without a groan. Here is a subject for your pen. He has had “the witness,” in my sense, for several months: That is, he knew he was in the favour of God; and had no doubt of going to heaven.

I hope Goodwin is about three quarters printed.

You know Doctors differ. I could trust Dr. Turner as well as any.

I do not find anything on the atonement fit for a Deist. Pray inquire of your learned friends. My love to Sally. Adieu!

I have sent you, by Miss Billo, the preface to Goodwin, and the Appeals. You will English the Latin verses, and produce the neatest and correctest edition of them which has ever appeared. Adieu!

LXXIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER, LEWISHAM, *February 28, 1766.*

WE must, we must, you and I at least, be all devoted to God! Then wives, and sons, and daughters, and everything else, will be real, invaluable blessings. *Eia age, rumpe moras!** Let us this day use all the power we have! If we have enough, well; if not, let us this day expect a

* This passage from Virgil may be thus rendered:—

“Come, bestir yourself, and lay aside delay.”—EDIT.

fresh supply. How long shall we drag on thus heavily, though God has called us to be the chief conductors of such a work? Alas! what conductors! If I am (in some sense) the head, and you the heart, of the work; may it not be said, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint?" Come, in the name of God, let us arise, and shake ourselves from the dust! Let us strengthen each other's hands in God, and that without delay. Have *senes sexagenarii** (who would have thought we should live to be such!) time to lose? Let you and I, and our house, serve the Lord in good earnest. May his peace rest on you and yours!

I desire all the Society to meet me on Tuesday evening (March 11) after preaching. Adieu!

LXXIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

WHITEHAVEN, *June 27, 1766.*

I THINK you and I have abundantly too little intercourse with each other. Are we not old acquaintance? Have we not known each other for half a century? and are we not jointly engaged in such a work as probably no two other men upon earth are? Why then do we keep at such a distance? It is a mere device of Satan. But surely we ought not, at this time of day, to be ignorant of his devices. Let us therefore make the full use of the little time that remains. We, at least, should think aloud, and use to the uttermost the light and grace on each bestowed. We should help each other,

Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

I hope you are with Billy Evans. If there is an Israelite indeed, I think he is one. O insist everywhere on full redemption, receivable now by faith alone! consequently to be looked for now. You are made, as it were, for this very thing. Just here you are in your element. In connexion I beat you; but in strong, short, pointed sentences, you beat me. Go on, in your own way, what God has peculiarly called you to. Press the instantaneous blessings: Then I shall have more time for my peculiar calling, enforcing the gradual work.

We must have a thorough reform of the Preachers. I

* Old men that have attained to their sixtieth year.—EDIT.

wish you could come to Leeds, with John Jones, in the machine. It comes in two days: And after staying two days you might return. I would willingly bear your expenses up and down. I believe it would help, not hurt, your health. My love to Sally.

LXXV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

STOCKTON, *July 9, 1766.*

I SHALL judge of the Bands at Kingswood when I am there. They have not met tolerably for these dozen years.

Miss Lewen gave me a chaise and a pair of horses. You are a long time in getting to London; therefore, I hope you will do much good there. Yes, says William; "Mr. Charles will stop their prating in the Bands at London, as he has done at Bristol." I believe not. I believe you will rather encourage them to speak, humbly and modestly, the words of truth and soberness. Great good has flowed and will flow therefrom. Let your "knowledge direct, not quench, the fire." That has been done too much already. I trust you will now raise, not depress, their hopes.

One word more: Concerning setting perfection too high. That perfection which I believe, I can boldly preach; because I think I see five hundred witnesses of it. Of that perfection which you preach, you think you do not see any witness at all. Why, then, you must have far more courage than me, or you could not persist in preaching it. I wonder you do not, in this article, fall in plumb with Mr. Whitefield. For do not you, as well as he, ask, "Where are the perfect ones?" I verily believe there are none upon earth; none dwelling in the body. I cordially assent to his opinion, that there is no such perfection here as you describe: At least, I never met with an instance of it; and I doubt I never shall. Therefore I still think, to set perfection so high is effectually to renounce it.

Pray tell Mr. Franks, I have this moment received Mr. Pine's letter, and agree with every article of it.

I believe, the sooner S. Smith goes to Bristol the better. I wish you would advise and encourage her a little. Adieu!

LXXVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *February 12, 1767.*

WHAT I mean is, Bishop Lowth is sometimes hypercritical, and finds fault where there is none. Yet, doubtless, his is the best English Grammar that is extant. I never saw *Hermes*. The author of it is a rooted Deist.

I will not complain of your preaching too often at Bath. Pray take two things upon yourself: First, that punctual notice be given on Sunday, March 8, in the chapel, of my preaching there on Tuesday evening, March 10. Secondly, that notice be given at Bristol, on the same Sunday, of my preaching at the new room on Wednesday the 11th, at seven in the evening, and afterwards meeting the Society; at which I desire all who can to be present. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I purpose meeting the classes.

Pray take care that brother Henderson wants nothing. Sickness is an expensive thing.

You are not yet (nor probably I) aware of pickthanks. Such were those who told you I did not pray for you by name in public; and they are liars into the bargain, unless they are deaf.

The voice of one who truly loves God surely is,—

“’Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God alone.”

Such an one is certainly “as much athirst for sanctification as he was once for justification.” You remember, this used to be one of your constant questions. It is not now; therefore you are altered in your sentiments: And unless we come to an explanation, we shall inevitably contradict each other. But this ought not to be in anywise, if it can possibly be avoided.

I still think, to disbelieve all the professors amounts to a denial of the thing. For if there be no living witness of what we have preached for twenty years, I cannot, dare not, preach it any longer. The whole comes to one point: Is there, or is there not, any instantaneous sanctification between justification and death? I say, Yes. You (often seem to) say, No. What arguments brought you to think so? Perhaps they may convince me too.

Nay; there is one question more, if you allow me there

is such a thing : Can one who has attained it fall ? Formerly I thought not ; but you (with Thomas Walsh and John Jones) convinced me of my mistake.

Saturday morning.—The delay of sending this gives me occasion to add a few words. I have heard nothing of the love-feast ; but if I had, I could not go. On Monday I am to set out for Norwich. Divide the men and women at once : So we do in London. I shall not be in town again till this day fortnight.

O for a heart to praise my God !

What is there beside ? Παντα γελως και παντα κονις.*
Adieu !

LXXVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

ATHLONE, *June 21, 1767.*

For some time I have had many thoughts concerning the work of God in these kingdoms. I have been surprised that it has spread so far ; and that it has spread no farther. And what hindered ? Surely the design of God was, to “ bow a nation to his sway : ” Instead of which, there is still only a Christian here and there ; and the rest are yet in the shadow of death : Although those who would profit by us have need to make haste, as we are not likely to serve them long.

What, indeed, has hindered ? I want to consider this. And must we not first say, *Nos Consules ?* † If we were more holy in heart and life, thoroughly devoted to God, would not all the Preachers catch our fire, and carry it with them throughout the land ? Is not the next hinderance, the littleness of grace (rather than of gifts) in a considerable part of our Preachers ? They have not the whole mind that was in Christ ; they do not steadily walk as he walked. And therefore the hand of the Lord is stayed ; though not altogether ; though he does work still : But it is not in such a degree as he surely would, were they holy as He that hath sent them is holy.

Is not the third hinderance the littleness of grace in the generality of the people ? Therefore, they pray little, and with little fervency, for a general blessing ; and therefore

* All else is frothy laughter, and but dust.—EDIT.

† We who are the chiefs.—EDIT.

their prayer has little power with God. It does not, as once, shut and open heaven. Add to this, that as there is much of the spirit of the world in their hearts, so there is much conformity to the world in their lives. They ought to be both burning and shining lights; but they neither burn nor shine. They are not true to the rules they profess to observe; they are not holy in all manner of conversation. Nay, many of them are salt that has lost its savour; the little savour they once had. Wherewith then shall the rest of the land be seasoned? What wonder that their neighbours are as unholy as ever?

But what can be done to remedy this? I wish you would give an attentive reading to the Minutes of the last Conference, and see if it will not be worth our while to enforce them with all our might. We have weight enough, and can enforce them. I know not who can and will when we are gone. Let us now fix things on as firm a foundation as possible, and not depend upon seeing another Conference.

Richard Bourke, John Dillon, and one or two more in this kingdom, are truly devoted men; so are a few of the Preachers in England. *Si sic omnes!** What would be able to stand before them?

How go you on in London? How is Mr. Whitefield, and my Lady, and Mr. Madan, and Romaine, and Berridge? Do you converse with those that are most alive, and sparingly and warily with them that are dead while they live?

I hope Sally and your young ones are well. O what a work is it to train up children for heaven!

Peace be with you and yours! Ερρωσο.†

LXXVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *January 15, 1768.*

SIX or seven hundred pounds is brought to a Conference; of which five hundred at least pays the debt. Then extraordinary demands are answered. How much remains for law? I am now near three hundred pounds out of pocket, which I borrowed to pay Mr. Pardon. When I receive some more from Newcastle, I will send it to Bristol; probably very soon.

It is highly probable, one of the three will stand before

* O that the rest were like-minded!—EDIT.

† Farewell.—EDIT.

the Lord. But, so far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for these thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus*, *tritavus*, preaching the Gospel, nay, and the genuine Gospel, in a line. You know, Mr. White, sometime Chairman of the Assembly of Divines, was my grandmother's father.

Look upon our little ones at Kingswood as often as you can. A word from you will be a quickening to them. O how many talents are we entrusted with!

"But what account can thy bad steward make?" Indeed, we have need to gird up the loins of our mind, and run faster the small remainder of our race. "One thing!" Let us mind one thing only; and nothing great or small, but as it ministers to it!

Peace be with you and yours! Adieu.

LXXIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER, EDINBURGH, May 14, 1768.

It is well Sally R. is in peace. I have been long persuaded that if she continued to hinder him, God would, in mercy to them both, take her away.

I am glad Mr. Fletcher has been with you. But if the Tutor fails, what will become of our College at Trevecka? Did you ever see anything more queer than their plan of institution? Pray who penned it, man or woman? I am afraid the Visiter too will fail.

The archers here have sorely wounded Lord B——. But if Isaac stays with you in London, what have the Stewards in Bristol to do with him? They may, then, easily find his equal; for, with regard to them, he is equal to—nothing.

I am at my wit's end with regard to two things,—the Church, and Christian perfection. Unless both you and I stand in the gap in good earnest, the Methodists will drop them both. Talking will not avail. We must *do*, or be borne away. Will you set shoulder to shoulder? If so, think deeply upon the matter, and tell me what can be done. *Age, vir esto! nervos intendas tuos.** Peace be with you and yours! Adieu.

* This accommodated passage from Terence is thus translated by Colman :—

"Now you may show what kind of man you are ;

_____ and in a cause

Worthy the utmost reachings of your soul."—EDIT.

LXXX.—*To the Same.*NORTON, near STOCKTON, *June 14, 1768.*

DEAR BROTHER,

I REJOICE to hear, from various persons, so good an account of the work of God in London. You did not come thither without the Lord; and you find your labour is not in vain. I doubt not but you will see more and more fruit, while you converse chiefly with them that are athirst for God. I find a wonderful difference in myself when I am among these, and when I am among fashionable Methodists. On this account, the north of England suits me best, where so many are groaning after full redemption.

But what shall we do? I think it is high time that you and I, at least, should come to a point. Shall we go on in asserting perfection against all the world? Or shall we quietly let it drop? We really must do one or the other; and, I apprehend, the sooner the better. What shall we jointly and explicitly maintain, (and recommend to all our Preachers,) concerning the nature, the time, (now or by and by?) and the manner of it? instantaneous, or not? I am weary of intestine war; of Preachers quoting one of us against the other. At length, let us fix something for good and all; either the same as formerly, or different from it. Ερρωσο.*

LXXXI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *December 17, 1768.*

I THANK you for your reproof. There is reason in what you say. If there was not evil, there was the appearance of evil.

Matters have not been well carried on at Liverpool; but "what cannot be cured must be endured."

Why, you simpleton, you are cutting me out a month's work. Nay, but I have neither leisure nor inclination to write a book. I intend only, 1. To leave out what I most dislike: 2. To mark what I most approve of: 3. To prefix a short preface. And I shall run the hazard of printing it at Bristol. There you yourself can read the proof-sheets.

You do well with regard to my sister Emily. What farther is wanting I will supply. I hear nothing from or

of our friend at Newcastle. I have no time for Handel or Avison now.

Peace be with you and yours! Adieu!

I am now a mere Fellow of a College again.

LXXXII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

KINGSWOOD, *August 3, 1771.*

I WILL not throw away Thomas Rankin on the people of London. He shall go where they know the value of him.

We cannot put out what we never put in. I do not use the word "merit." I never did, neither do now, contend for the use of it. But I ask you, or any other, a plain question: And do not cry, Murder; but give me an answer. What is the difference between *mereri*, and "to deserve?" or between "deserving" and *meritum*? I say still, I cannot tell. Can you? Can Mr. Shirley, or any man living? In asking this question, I neither plead for merit, nor against it. I have nothing to do with it. I have declared a thousand times, There is no goodness in man till he is justified; no merit, either before or after; that is, taking the word in its proper sense: For in a loose sense, "meritorious" means no more than "rewardable."

As to reprobation, seeing they have drawn the sword, I throw away the scabbard. I send you a specimen. Let fifteen hundred of them be printed as soon as you please.

Nothing was ever yet expended out of the yearly subscription, without being immediately set down by the secretary. I never took a shilling from that fund yet.

What you advise with regard to our behaviour toward opposers exactly agrees with my sentiments. I am full of business, as you may suppose. So adieu.

LXXXIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

BIRMINGHAM, *March 17, 1772.*

THE more you are at the Foundery the better. It is a good spirit which rules in that Society.

You have done exactly right with regard to T. M——d. For the present, my hope of him is lost.

I am to-day to meet Mr. Fletcher at Billbrook. Part of the Third Check is printing. The rest I have ready. In this he draws the sword, and throws away the scabbard.

Yet I doubt not, they will forgive him all, if he will but promise—to write no more.

J. Roquet helped me at Bristol. I neither saw nor heard anything of G. Stonehouse. Jane Jenkins is in a right spirit. Affliction has done her good. Mrs. Reeves I had no time for.

I feared S. Marriott would not recover. Mr. B.'s heart is truly softened. But why is she afraid to receive the Lord's supper?

If Mr. F. does come, it will be for good. It does not follow, "You felt nothing; therefore, neither did your hearers." In haste. Adieu.

LXXXIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

CONGLETON, *March 25, 1772*

GILES BALL (as Oliver said) was a good man once! I hope we have no more of the sort. There is still a famous one in Bristol. Now I see why he could not join us. Poor Mr. B.! I used to conceive better things of him.

I find almost all our Preachers, in every Circuit, have done with Christian perfection. They say, they believe it: But they never preach it; or not once in a quarter. What is to be done? Shall we let it drop, or make a point of it?

O what a thing it is to have *curam animarum*!* You and I are called to this; to save souls from death; to watch over them as those that must give account! If our office implied no more than preaching a few times in a week, I could play with it: So might you. But how small a part of our duty (yours as well as mine) is this! God says to you, as well as me, "Do all thou canst, be it more or less, to save the souls for whom my Son has died." Let this voice be ever sounding in our ears; then shall we give up our account with joy. *Eia age, rumpe moras!*† I am ashamed of my indolence and inactivity. The good Lord help us both! Adieu! *Eppewθε.*‡

* The care of souls.—EDIT.

† For a translation of this quotation see page 129.—EDIT.

‡ Farewell to all of you —EDIT.

LXXXV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

PERTH, *April 26, 1772.*

I MEANT Mr. Buller. I have not been at Leeds; so I can give you no account of the matter.

I find by long experience it comes exactly to the same point, to tell men they shall be saved from all sin when they die; or to tell them it may be a year hence, or a week hence, or any time but now. Our word does not profit, either as to justification or sanctification, unless we can bring them to expect the blessing while we speak.

I hope Fox is in peace. But he had no business there. I am glad you have done justice to Mrs. B.'s memory.

I do not believe either brother Wildman or any other spoke those words. I cannot believe it, unless you or brother Mather heard them. Many tell you tales of that sort, which are not true at all.

Your business, as well as mine, is to save souls. When we took Priests' orders, we undertook to make it our one business. I think every day lost, which is not (mainly at least) employed in this thing. *Sum totus in illo.**

I am glad you are to be at Bristol soon. To whom shall I leave my papers and letters? I am quite at a loss. I think Mr. Fletcher is the best that occurs now. Adieu!

LXXXVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

DEWSBURY, *July 10, 1772.*

IF I can meet with Mr. Hill's book at Leeds to-morrow, perhaps I may write a little before the Conference. I am glad Mr. Davis has been with you; but he must not assist you for nothing. If he joins heart and hand, he should have seventy pounds a year.

I believe, if you had applied warm treacle to the bruised parts, you would have been well in eight-and-forty hours. Let us work to-day! The night cometh!

A little you will pick out of Dr. Boyce's fine music for the use of our plain people.

My sister Kizzy was born about March, 1710; therefore, you could not be born later than December, 1708; conse-

* I am entirely occupied with it.—EDIT.

quently, if you live till December, 1772, you will enter your sixty-fifth year.*

Peace be with you and yours! Adieu!

LXXXVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

COLCHESTER, *November 4, 1772.*

NAY, there was some ground for that report; for I did dream that I was robbed. True; it was twenty years ago; but you know that was all one.

The connexion is well proved in the Fourth Check. Mr. Knox's Letter is ready for the press. But give your dear friends a little time to chew upon Mr. Fletcher; else you may overload their stomach. There is no danger of my writing anything yet. I have just made my tour through Oxfordshire, Bedfordshire, Northamptonshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex; but Kent, Sussex, and Hertfordshire still remain to be visited. Only the visitation of the classes (a fortnight's work, which begins on Monday) must come between.

I have an exceeding loving letter from J. R., in answer to my plain one. So, if it did him no good, (but possibly it might,) at least, it did him no harm. If we duly join faith and works in all our preaching, we shall not fail of a blessing. But of all preaching, what is usually called Gospel preaching is the most useless, if not the most mischievous: A dull, yea, or lively, harangue on the sufferings of Christ, or salvation by faith, without strongly inculcating holiness. I see, more and more, that this naturally tends to drive holiness out of the world.

Peace be with your spirits! Adieu!

LXXXVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

SHOREHAM, *December 15, 1772.*

I HAVE scarce had a day yet in London, except Sundays, and the time of visiting the classes. Dr. Ford has never come near me; nor hardly near Billy Ley. I am afraid *evasit, erupit*.† I have wrote to Mr. Fletcher to-day. As Mr. Hill is to fall upon me next, Mr. Fletcher will have a little time to breathe; and probably a little more while Mr.

* Or, according to sister Martha's account, my sixty-second.—C. W.

† "He is vanished; he is escaped." Spoken by Cicero respecting Catiline.—
EDIT.

Hill is digesting my reply: For whom I think we shall, between us, find work for some time.

Why, you will not set shoulder to shoulder, or you could say something about the Church: But two are better than one. If we live till August, stand by me, and we will put the matter home.

I believe we can depend on the Captain concerning America. He has been long enough with you: Send him to us.

I often cry out, *Vitæ me redde priori!** Let me be again an Oxford Methodist! I am often in doubt whether it would not be best for me to resume all my Oxford rules, great and small. I did then walk closely with God, and redeem the time. But what have I been doing these thirty years? My love to all. Adieu!

LXXXIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

WHITEHAVEN, May 6, 1774.

WITH or without Mr. Southcote, which he has done in a hundred places.

I will give nothing, and spend nothing, out of it; not a shilling: And what is paid can but be repaid. Nothing is hereby embezzled.

Duty is all I consider. Trouble and reproach I value not. And I am by no means clear that I can with a good conscience throw away what I think the providence of God has put into my hands. Were it not for the Chancery suit, I should not hesitate a moment. My complaint increases by slow degrees, much the same as before. It seems I am likely to need a Surgeon every nine or ten weeks. Mr. Hey, of Leeds, vehemently advises me, never to attempt what they call a radical cure.

You did tell me, Mr. D. had accepted your mare. But surely there are more mares in the kingdom.

I never said a word of "publishing it after my death." I judged it my duty to publish it now: And I have as good a right to believe one way as any man has to believe another. I was glad of an opportunity of declaring myself on the head. I beg Hugh Bold to let me think as well as himself;

* This quotation from Horace is thus translated by Boscawen:—

"My former happy life restore."—EDIT.

and to believe my judgment will go as far as his. I have no doubt of the substance, both of Glanvil's and Cotton Mather's narratives. Therefore in this point, you that are otherwise minded, bear with me.

*Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.** Remember, I am, upon full consideration, and seventy years' experience, just as obstinate in my opinion as you in yours. Do not you think the disturbances in my father's house were a Cock-lane story?

Peace be with you and yours !

XC.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDONDERRY, *June 2, 1775.*

I THOUGHT it strange that poor S. F. should leave me nine hundred pounds in debt. But it is stranger still, that John Atlay should have paid sixteen hundred out of nine; and that I am an hundred and sixty pounds in debt notwithstanding !

Mr. Wathen's method of radical cure I shall hardly try. I am very easy, and that is enough.

I am persuaded Billy Baynes's eye is single ; therefore he will be useful. Our other friend should have known his own mind. We parted only for four pounds a year.

I am exceeding glad that T. Rankin does not print till his papers have passed through our correction. I was afraid he would not have been so patient. Just what I thought at first, I think still of American affairs. If a blow is struck, I give America for lost ; and perhaps England too. Our part is, to continue instant in prayer.

Sammy will not only be better, but quite well, if you do not kill him with kindness.

Has my friend taken an house at Bristol? Is Noah with her? What are they doing? Mr. Madan has behaved well. *Res ipsa reduxit in gratiam.*†

Preach as much as you can, and no more than you can. You never will be much stronger till you add change of air to exercise ; riding two or three hundred miles point blank forward. Now you have an opportunity. Meet me at Leeds, with honest John Murlin. When you are tired, you may

* Each of us in turn asks and grants indulgence.—EDIT.

† This quotation from Terence, as applied by Mr. Wesley, may be thus rendered. "This affair has brought him again into favour."—EDIT.

change places with him. You would return a stout, healthy man.

I purpose writing to Mr. Fletcher shortly. I do not remember that he has touched the corner-stone of their hypothesis,—“the covenant of redemption.”

One would not wish to be easy without it. Just here we must stop reasoning, or turn Calvinists. This is the very strength of their cause.

Peace be with you and yours! Adieu!

XCI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LEEDS, *July 31, 1775.*

I MUST not delay answering your important question,—“What can be done with William Pine?” If he still, after my earnest warning, “every week publishes barefaced treason,” I beg you would once more warn him in my name and in your own; and if he slights or forgets this warning, then give him his choice, either to leave us quietly, or to be publicly disowned. At such a time as this, when our foreign enemies are hovering over us, and our own nation is all in a ferment, it is particularly improper to say one word which tends to inflame the minds of the people.

My strength is gradually increasing. Except the shaking of my hand, I am now nearly as I was before my illness; but I hope, more determined to sell all for the pearl.

Peace be with you and yours! Adieu!

XCII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LEEDS, *August 4, 1775.*

THE Conference (a blessed one) was concluded this morning, and I am as strong as I was when it began. I do not advise you to accept of the invitation: I read a letter to-day which I do not like.

Nay, Mr. S. is “settled in Bristol;” that is, as a Local Preacher.

Such an Address to the Americans would be highly seasonable. Have you heard anything of the Africans?

I hope to be in London on Tuesday evening, and the Thursday in the following week at Brecon.

As matters are now, I let the Orphan-house alone, lest the remedy should be worse than the disease. I have likewise a good letter from T. Rankin. He and all our brethren expect

sufferings. Hitherto they have behaved extremely well. I must write by post to S. Castleman and my other Bristol friends. Peace be with you and yours! Adieu!

XCIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER, RAMSBURY-PARK, *October 19, 1775.*

It takes time to set people's heads right: But we must despair of nothing. I have cast my bread upon the waters, and should have been content though there had been no present fruit. Some hours this morning I devote to Americanus. What is material I shall endeavour to answer. It is well if I can give as good an account of everything else as of my change of judgment.

I find a danger now of a new kind: A danger of losing my love for the Americans: I mean, for their miserable leaders; for the poor sheep are "more sinned against than sinning." Especially since the amazing informations which I have received from James Ireland. Yet it is certain, the bulk of the people, both in England and America, mean no harm: They only follow their leaders, and do as they are bid, without knowing why or wherefore.

On Friday I hope to be in London, and to talk with the committee about building a new Foundry. This is a lovely spot, and a lovely family. It is pity but you could call here. It is four miles from Marlborough, and only a mile north of the London road. Peace be with you and yours! Adieu!

XCIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER, NEWBURY, *October 19, 1775.*

LAST night I received a curious anecdote from Mr. Merchant, the Independent Minister here. He told me, "Mr. Evans of Bristol (the elder) informed me that he dined with you (J. W.) at a merchant's in Bristol; that he asked you how you was affected when you read the answer to your late tract: And you answered, Not at all; for you had never read it, and never would: To which he replied, That was not fair."

Where lies the mistake? The answer to my late tract is dated October 2. But I left Bristol October 1. Consequently, no such conversation could exist. I fancy I have caught hold of the thread, and can unravel the whole: Last year a gentleman I did not know (who I suppose was Mr.

Evans) dined with me at Mr. Wraxall's; and probably he might speak to me (though I do not remember it) of some tract which I had then published. If so, there is only an harmless mistake of Mr. Merchant's, who misunderstood what Mr. Evans said.

But this makes it still more probable that his son is the author of the letter to me. It is pity! Some of our friends at Bristol should tell him that he has quite lost himself; that he has forgotten all decency and good manners; and writes like a pert, self-conceited young man. I think a man of sense, that could command his temper, would make him a little ashamed. Adieu!

XCV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, *October 28, 1775.*

I AM just returned from Bedford. I have not seen the King these dozen years. I do not know what you mean by Dr. Smyth's book. It was best to take no notice of the angry ones.

At Ramsbury-park, about a mile to the left of the high road, lives James Nind, Local Preacher, and general Steward for the Circuit, on a farm of five hundred pounds a year. His wife, Sally Nind, is one of the most amiable women I know. They mightily desire that you would spend a few nights with them.

I am just putting into the press a new edition of the "Address," corrected; in which my change is accounted for, and two of the questions fully answered. To the third, "Why did not the Parliament tax them before?" Mr. Madan answers, "Because they were wiser; they knew the mischief that would ensue." Dr. Johnson is in France.

I have not heard lately from Shoreham. If the worst comes, you must make shift at the Foundery for a week or two.

I do not think you are wise in destroying those papers. Some of them might have been useful to many.

When I was in Bristol I ordered that Hugh Saunderson should preach on Thursday night. None but you should take his place. Joseph Pilmoor may preach on Friday or Monday. Some much like, others much dislike, H. Saunderson; but his audience generally is not small. However, I will refer him to you; but I wish you would fix Thursday.

Mr. Fletcher would not be safe without you or me. I should like a conference with Mr. Madan. I have a second friendly letter from him to-day. Peace be with you and yours!

Pray give my love to T. Lewis, and tell him I thank him for his letter. If the persons now taken up are hanged, it may be the saving of the nation. Adieu!

XCVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LONDON, November 3, 1775.

THE proposals and preface will be sent on Monday. In the preface to the new edition of the "Address," (which I will send with the proposals,) there is, I think, a sufficient answer to Mr. Evans's letter. But Mr. Raikes is right: If it bears no name, it is not entitled to any answer.

No man is a good judge of his own cause. I believe I am tolerably impartial: But you are not (at least was not some time since) with regard to King Charles the First. Come and see what I say. If the worst comes, we can agree to disagree.

The History has been some time in the press. The first volume is nearly printed. The paper is good; so is the type; and, what is stranger, the execution too. So much for your first letter.

Still I know not whom you mean by Dr. Smyth; unless it be the young Clergyman in Ireland, who is a poet, but not of the first magnitude.

"Why were they not taxed for a hundred and fifty years?" How shockingly ignorant of the law are our Lawyers! yea, and the whole body of the Lords and Commons into the bargain! to let Lord Chatham, Mr. Burke, &c., &c., so long triumph in this *argumentum palmarium*! Why, it is a blunder from top to bottom. They have been taxed over and over since the Restoration, by King Charles, King William, Queen Anne, and George the Second. I can now point out chapter and verse.

I think Mr. Madan grows more and more loving. *Res ipsa jam reduxit in gratiam*.* I shall be right glad to see him. I hear nothing from Cornwall: And no news, you know, is good news.

* For a translation of this passage from Terence, see page 142.

Pray tell brother Southcote, I like his treatise well. I am writing something nearly on the subject. I am desired to preach at Bethnal-green church on Sunday se'nnight, and purpose to print my sermon. You may guess a little of the tenor of it by the text: "Lo, I have sinned and done wickedly: But these sheep, what have they done?"

I hope Sally is better. Peace be with you all! Adieu!

XCVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

June 8, 1780.

READ Bishop Stillingfleet's *Irenicon*, or any impartial history of the ancient church, and I believe you will think as I do. I verily believe I have as good a right to ordain, as to administer the Lord's supper. But I see abundance of reasons why I should not use that right, unless I was turned out of the Church. At present, we are just in our place.

Mr. Galloway's is an excellent tract. He is a clear writer. Shall I print it in the Magazine? or a separate pamphlet? Yet I can by no means agree with him, that taxation and representation are inseparable. I think I have fully proved the contrary. "But those who are taxed, without being represented, are under a despotic government." No: The will of the King is not their law, any more than it is ours.

I would not read over Dr. Watts's tract for an hundred pounds. You may read it, and welcome. I will not, dare not, move those subtle, metaphysical controversies. Arianism is not in question: it is Eutychianism, or Nestorianism. But what are they? What neither I nor any one else understands. But they are what tore the Eastern and Western churches asunder.

I am fully persuaded the Bishop will never meddle with us. He is a wiser man.

By this time you might understand me better. I use people whom I do not trust. I meant, I will not trust him to correct the next edition of the Hymn-book.

The Ecclesiastical History will be printed first. If I live a little longer, Hook may follow.

It is well I accepted none of Lord George's invitations. If the Government suffers this tamely, I know not what they will not suffer.

Mr. Collins is not under my direction; nor am I at all accountable for any steps he takes. He is not in connexion

with the Methodists. He only helps us now and then. I will suffer no disputing at the Conference.

Undoubtedly many of the patriots seriously intend to overturn the Government. But the hook is in their nose. Peace be with you all!

XCVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

THIRSK, *June 27, 1781.*

THIS is the last day of my seventy-eighth year: And (such is the power of God) I feel as if it were my twenty-eighth.

My Journal is ready for Joseph to transcribe. I wonder why it is, that we hear nothing from Madeley. Sure, prejudice has not stepped in, or Calvinism!

I find no fault with your answer to the gentlemen. But you must expect they will reply, (at least in their hearts,) *Hic nigræ succus loliginis!** “You are inclined to Popery!”

Next Saturday I expect to be at Epworth; the second, at Boston; the third, at Sheffield. I take the opportunity of a broken year, to visit those parts of Lincolnshire, which I have not seen before, but once, these twenty years.

From several I have lately heard that God has blessed your preaching. See your calling!

Cease at once to work and live!

Peace be with all your spirits!

XCIX.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

ALNWICK, *May 28, 1782.*

THE history of the matter is this: When I was at Dawgreen, near Birstal, the Trustees for Birstal house brought me a Deed, which they read over, and desired me to sign. We disputed upon it about an hour. I then gave them a positive answer that I would not sign it; and, leaving them abruptly, went up into my room.

About noon I preached at Horbury. In the evening I preached and met the society at Wakefield. At night, a little before I went to bed, the Trustees came again, got round and worried me down. But I think they cannot worry you. May not you very properly write to Mr. Valton? —“If the Trustees will settle the Birstal house on the

* Translated in Vol. X. p. 495.—EDIT.

Methodist plan, I will sign their Deed with all my heart; but if they build a house for a Presbyterian meeting-house, I will not, dare not, have anything to do with it."*

* Among the papers of Mr. Charles Wesley is the following copy of a letter, which he appears to have written at his brother's suggestion, and addressed to some person who was concerned in the erection of the chapel at Birstal. It shows the importance which he, as well as his brother, attached to the settlement of chapels upon the Methodist plan, so that they might never be alienated from the Connexion by the caprice of individuals, but always be used for the purpose of their original erection.—EDIT.

SIR,

LONDON, July 29, 1782.

I WAITED to see my brother before I could answer your very sensible letter.

You was informed that my brother *carefully perused* the Deed, and *attentively examined* and *considered* it, in the presence of several persons.

He did in the presence of several persons *hear it read*, but never read it himself, either before or after. Upon hearing it, he immediately and earnestly objected to it. A long and vehement debate ensued, at the close of which he rose up, and flatly declared he could not in conscience sign it. Therefore judge you, whether he was likely to say, that he "would not hesitate a moment after he had examined the Deed."

In the evening, after he had finished a hard day's labour, and was preparing for rest, some of them came again, and in truth *worried* him to sign it.

The case has not been fairly represented to you. You have been informed that "about thirty-one years ago, a *number of poor Methodists* purchased ground, and built a preaching-house." But how? At the instance of my brother, all the Methodists of the neighbouring societies contributed to the building; and this *in confidence* that it would be settled on the same plan as all our preaching-houses were. "But the founders had a right to settle it as they pleased." True; but the Trustees were not the *founders*; although they *lent* a considerable sum of money for the completing of the building; as many others have done in all parts of England, who yet never imagined, this gave them a right to appoint the Preachers! "Accordingly they settled it"—*They!* I know not who: Certainly not the original contributors—"on nineteen members of the society." And pray, who could give these nineteen such a privilege over the rest? It seems to me here is no good foundation. *All the society* were willing my brother should name Trustees: But who besides had any authority to name them, I cannot understand! But be this as it may, "The founders did not choose, that after Mr. Wesley's death a body of men whom they *knew not* should appoint their Preachers, but the Trustees." *The founders!* Who were they? The fifty or five hundred subscribers? These are the real founders; and nine-tenths of these did and do choose that all the Travelling Preachers should be appointed, not by the Trustees of any particular houses, but (after Mr. Wesley's death) by the General Conference, that the Methodists may be one body throughout the three kingdoms.

You yourself very properly observe, of the first Deed, that great inconveniences might follow from vesting nineteen Trustees with a power to choose one another, and to appoint and displace Preachers at their pleasure. But you think, "the present Trustees *could not* legally transfer any of their power to the Conference." Then how can they transfer any of their power to the Leaders? or indeed to any other persons whatever? "A body of men whom their neighbours had entrusted with their concerns"—*Their neighbours!* No; they knew nothing of the matter. They desire that the Conference, not the Trustees, after Mr. Wesley's

The beginning of Rodney's account is utterly unfashionable. I wonder how it entered into his head. We "get God on our side" by the continual prayer of thousands. You may send me Cicero, and Fabricius, and the American War, together with the next Magazines, to York. I expect to be ten or twelve days in and near Edinburgh, and about the 17th of June at Newcastle. Peace be with you all! Adieu!

death, may appoint and displace the Preachers. And if that bad Deed, which determines the contrary, cannot be *abrogated*, or, at least, so "modified as to consist with the intention of the real founders," by giving the Conference a *conditionate power* with the Trustees, they will protest against it with both their hands.

You add: "As long as the Conference appoints Preachers with candid impartiality, we doubt not their appointments will be acquiesced in by the Trustees and Class-Leaders." But, according to this Deed, the Conference has no more business than the Parliament to appoint Preachers at all.

From the beginning of Methodism till now, (to touch on one more point,) the Assistants appointed the Stewards in all societies: But this Deed gives the Trustees and Leaders this power; which they think is "*necessary* to insure the repayment of the three hundred and fifty pounds to be advanced for the building."

Necessary! Not at all. How many thousand pounds, advanced for buildings, have been paid within these forty years, though all the Stewards in England, Scotland, and Ireland, have been hitherto appointed by my brother or the Assistants!

You conclude your letter with a very just observation:—"The civil and religious rights of mankind have seldom been promoted by the assemblies of Ecclesiastics of any denomination: And they never will be, unless they are composed of men devoted to God, and dead to all the allurements of ease, and avarice, and ambition." This is undoubtedly true; and this, we humbly hope, is the real character of most (at least) of those persons that meet in our assemblies. We hope, likewise, that "their consultations will always be moderated by some wise and truly religious man;" otherwise, that God will sweep away the very name of Methodist from the earth.

Upon the whole, I cannot, I dare not, sign that Deed. I can have nothing to do with it.

If the house should nevertheless be built, and settled upon that plan, I apprehend the consequence would be this: 1. No Methodist Preacher would ever preach in it. If any did, the whole body would disclaim him.

2. My brother would immediately set a subscription on foot for buying ground and building another house. The Trustees then might do what they pleased with theirs.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant.

C.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

DUBLIN, *May 2, 1783.*

IN three or four days we hope to embark: When we land, you may hear further: But at a venture you may direct to Chester: And do not forget the verses.

I marvel Miss F. does not answer my letter. Surely she is not affronted at anything. We parted in much friendship. I think verily you will keep out of debt while I live, if you will give me a hint now and then.

We must positively let Mr. Abraham drop. Let his relations win him and wear him. I am in hopes T. M. will satisfy Dr. Coke. I suppose she loses her annuity if she owns her marriage.

I have not seen Mr. Barnard. We had an exceeding happy Conference, which concluded this morning. I wish all our English Preachers were of the same spirit with the Irish, among whom is no jarring string. I never saw such simplicity and teachableness run through a body of Preachers before.

Tell me all you know of the good Congress, the Loyalists, and the Colonies. Peace be with you and yours. Adieu!

CI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

DUBLIN, *April 11, 1785.*

I JUST write a line to let you know that we came to Holyhead on Saturday afternoon, and went on board about ten at night: But we had a dead calm till between ten and eleven in the morning, at which time I began the public service. After sermon I prayed that God would give us a moderate wind, with a safe, easy, and speedy passage. While I was speaking the wind sprung up, and carried us on at an average five miles an hour; so that we sailed from Holywell-Bay to Dublin-Bay in exactly twelve hours. The sea, meantime, was as smooth as a looking-glass; so that no creature in the ship was sick a moment. Does not God hear the prayer? All is quiet here. Love to all. Adieu!

CII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

CORK, May 12, 1785.

TWICE I have wrote to Dr. Coke concerning the Journal. I suppose one, if not two, of his letters have miscarried. I will not sentence him till he answers for himself.

All I can say, and all I will say, is, I do not intend ever to publish your picture in the Magazine.

At Dublin I was informed, Mr. Barnard, the present Bishop's son, is dead. In the north I may learn more.

I speak of myself, as of other men, with a single eye. I am glad you have been at Newgate. All we have heard in England, of danger from Ireland, is pure invention. We have been humbugged by the patriots. There is no more danger from Ireland than from the Isle of Man.

If Sally wants the sinews of war, give me a hint. John Atlay has not complained to me of poverty for above this month.

I am fully persuaded that the measure of peace which enables me to go on cheerfully in my work, and to employ all my time and strength therein, is not from Satan, nor from nature, but from God.

To save tenpence postage, I will write a few lines to Patty in your letter. Peace be with you all!

CIII.—*To the Same.*

KILLEMAN, near ARMAGH, June 2, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER,

So the good man will know pain no more! But I suppose he died without disclosing what his son Vincent charged him not to reveal till he came to die! If it had been of any consequence to the cause of God, he could not have died without disclosing it.

Pray talk with, as well as inquire concerning, the Clergyman you mention. Many times you see farther into men than I do.

I suppose you have before now received my Journal, as well as preceding letter. Probably the first ship that sails after the 6th of July will bring me to Holyhead. I hope to see Dr. Coke in London before the end of it.

About once a quarter I hear from Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher.

I grudge his sitting still : But who can help it ? I love ease as well as he does ; but I dare not take it while I believe there is another world.

The patriots here are nobody. They are quite scattered, and have no design, bad or good. All is still in Ireland ; only the work of God flourishes, spreading and deepening on every side. Peace be with all your spirits ! Adieu !

CIV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

DUBLIN, *June 19, 1785.*

I CAME hither (as I proposed when I set out) yesterday. This week I am to meet the classes. Next week we have our little Conference. The week following I hope to cross the Channel. The work of God, almost in every part of the kingdom, is in a prosperous state. Here is a set of excellent young Preachers. Nine in ten of them are much devoted to God. I think, number for number, they exceed their fellow-labourers in England. These in Dublin particularly are burning and shining lights.

I am glad you have paid them one more visit at Shoreham. What the poor people will do now, I know not : But the Great Shepherd knows, and will order all things well. But what becomes of Betsy Briggs ?

The letter from Rome is curious enough. Fine words ! And you know the Italians are famous for sincerity.

I should be sorry indeed if Sammy Tooth were a sufferer : But surely he knows his own business. Many here know and love you well. My love to all. Adieu !

CV.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

ATHLONE, *June 23, 1785.*

CERTAINLY you have heard from me ; for I sent you one, and intended to send you two, Journals : Only George Whitfield made a blunder, and directed the second to Henry Moore.

Several months since I wrote to Dr. Coke concerning the extract he had taken from your Journal. I will write to him again. But he must bring it, not send it by post. My letters to-day cost me eighteen shillings.

I promise you, not to publish your picture in the Magazine before midsummer, 1786. I think that is long enough to look forward.

Mr. Barnard is dead. I know nothing of M. F. Ireland is full as quiet as England; and our societies were never so much alive as they are now.

If Sally is ill, why does she not go into the country? Peace be with all your spirits!

CVI.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

MANCHESTER, *April 6, 1786.*

I AM glad you are again able to officiate at the chapels. Let us "manage wisely the last stake!" It is enough that John Davis finished his course well; and we are sure Nancy Sharland did so.

Sammy Bradburn thought of going farther with me. But the frost and snow drove him back. I believe, the loss of his wife will be one of the greatest blessings which he has ever met with in his life.

Mrs. Fletcher will not be in haste to remove from Madeley, though her light is there almost hid under a bushel. Mr. Ireland will give me no help with regard to writing Mr. Fletcher's life, "because he intends to publish it himself!" Let him do it, and I will follow him. Where is your *Elegy*? You may say, as my father in his verses on Mr. Nelson,—

"Let friendship's sacred name excuse
The last effort of an expiring muse."

Can you or I ever have such another subject! Melville Horne hopes to be ordained on Trinity Sunday.

Indeed I love the Church as sincerely as ever I did; and I tell our societies everywhere, "The Methodists will not leave the Church, at least while I live." I doubt I shall not half agree with our friends in Scotland: But I shall know more, and you will hear more, when I see them.

While I live, Dr. Coke and I shall go through Ireland by turns. He will have work enough this year with Edward Smyth. I doubt Edward "needs a bridle:" But who can put the bit into his mouth? I am not sorry your Concerts are come to an end. Remember your dream concerning Sammy! "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth!"

Mr. Pennant's I know, and Dr. Johnson's I know; but I know nothing of Mr. Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*. I should imagine it was worth reading. Peace be with all your spirits! Adieu!

CVII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

KEIGHLEY, *April 18, 1786.*

My fever lasted hardly three days, and then went away in a violent fit of cramp. So did a fever I had a year ago.

Eight or ten Preachers, it is probable, (but I have not met with one yet,) will say something about leaving the Church, before the Conference. It is not improbable many will be driven out of it where there are Calvinist Ministers. The last time I was at Scarborough I earnestly exhorted our people to go to church; and I went myself. But the wretched Minister preached such a sermon, that I could not in conscience advise them to hear him any more.

They will ordain no one without my full and free consent. It is not true, that they have done it already. As to the Scots, I have no hopes of winning them by fair means. If I see Scotland again, I shall fight with a flail. The work of God goes on gloriously in many places; and most of the Preachers are much devoted to God. Peace be with you and yours.

CVIII.—*To the Same.*

DEAR BROTHER,

LEEDS, *May 3, 1786.*

If there be a man in England, who understands Mrs. Horton's case, it is Dr. Wilson. I advise John Horton to find him out, if he be above ground.

I do not know that any one opens your letters. They come to me with the seal unbroken.

As you observe, one may leave *a* church, (which I would advise in some cases,) without leaving *the* Church. Here we may remain in spite of all wicked or Calvinistical Ministers.

Commonly, when I am in London, I am so taken up, that I cannot often spare time to go three miles backward and forward. That was the *πρωτον ψευδος*;* the getting you a house so far from me, as well as far from both the chapels.

I cannot help it if people have no *docity*. Seven guineas Patty has had from me within this month; besides ten or eleven which she has worried me to give Nancy Jervas this winter.

* The first and grand mistake.—EDIT.

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!

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