

# The CHRISTIAN HISTORY.

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This Volume follows on from *The Christian's Amusement, The Weekly History* and *An Account of the Most Remarkable Particulars Relating to the Present Progress of the Gospel*. *The Christian History* should not to be confused with the contemporary American revival accounts of the same name.

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FIRST PROOF-READING DRAFT

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THE  
**Christian History:**  
Or, a GENERAL  
**ACCOUNT**  
OF THE  
PROGRESS  
OF THE  
**GOSPEL,**

IN England, Wales, Scotland,

AND America:

**SO far as**

THE REV. MR Whitefield, HIS FELLOW LABOURERS, AND ASSISTANTS ARE  
CONCERNED.

*Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.* Luke  
ii. 10.

**LONDON:**

Printed and sold by JOHN LEWIS, in Bartholomew-Court,  
near West SmithfieLd. 1747.

Where may be had, All the Letters relating to the Progress of the Gospel,  
that have been printed since the last arrival of the Rev. Mr WHITEFIELD  
in England.

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THE  
**Christian History.**

**The copy of a letter from Brother Joseph Williams, to Brother  
Howell Harris, at Trevecka, near the Hay, Breconshire.**

Kidderminster Jan. 17, 1746.

My honoured brother, and dearly beloved in the Lord,

I HAVE now something to impart to you, which I am sure will rejoice your soul. Our dear Lord is visiting and watering his plantation here. I would hope your gleanings are better than all our harvest but after a long season of barrenness, we may well esteem the success God has already given, and is giving to dear Mr Fawcett's ministry, a joyful harvest of souls. The dear man was given to us twenty-two months ago, in answer to fervent incessant prayer; for which purpose, by the space of more than two years, (all which time our church lay in a distracted destitute state) many of us met twice a week in a corner. His way was clear'd to us by a train of providential interpositions, which I could trace in five or six remarkable instances, and which

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we esteemed a hopeful pledge, that as our dear Saviour sent him, so he would be with him. As soon, and as fast as he could, he visited his flock individually, consisting of more than two hundred and fifty families, putting close searching questions to their consciences, in order to awaken them to serious consideration. He gathered together the lambs of the flock, amounting to more than two hundred and fifty, whom he divided into six classes; all which he catechises once a month, distributing to each proper catechisms, and other books, by way of reward, as they arrive at such and such degrees of proficiency. He is instant in season and out of season, encouraging all our private meetings, for the purposes of godly edification, of young men by themselves, and young women by themselves, besides mix'd assemblies, many of which he animates by his presence and assistance. He preaches the Gospel of Christ with power, and more and more in the simplicity thereof, as he finds that is the preaching the Lord chiefly owns; and considerable numbers are taken in the gospel-net. He hath received to the Lord's table, after careful

examination, above sixty souls; many of whom received their first serious impressions under his ministry; and great numbers are ripening apace for the sacred supper.

Three remarkable drunkards, two of whom were abominable swearers, are, I trust, born again. They are become, in our Saviour's sense, like little children; and now spend those evenings they were wont to spend in tippling and carousing, in religious exercises. One poor woman I have heard of lately, a washer-woman, who hath wash'd for my family a great many years, owned to him, that whereas she had formerly accustomed herself to pray and read, and trusted in her duties to bring her to heaven, being pressed with poverty and anxious cares through the

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death of her husband, she had cast off fear, and refrained prayer before God, till whilst he was preaching on the jailor's question, she was awakened to see her sinful undone state; whilst he was preaching on the apostle's answer, she was enlightened to see what need she stood in of a Saviour; and whilst he was upon the Saviour's invitation, 'Come unto me,' &c. she was enabled to cast herself into his arms. One time, under perplexity and fear in her chamber, she heard a a voice, saying, 'Behold the Lamb of God that was, slain!' At another time, in like circumstances, she heard the same voice saying, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.' Formerly, when at work for us, my wife several times asked her to come in and join with us in family-worship, and she could not leave her business: but now, for some months past, she desires and embraces such opportunities.

This very week, going to speak with Mr Fawcett, I was told he was engaged; and when, after waiting a while, I went to him in his study, he told me a young man had been with him who discovers marks of a true penitent. He is an apprentice, and is used somewhat hardly by his master; but even with regard to that as well as other troubles, scriptures have from time to time been impressed upon his mind, which have afforded him sweet consolation.

My eldest daughter, who has been married some years, was, I trust, savingly wrought upon when she was not above fourteen or fifteen years old, at the death of her aunt, Mrs Hannah Houseman, who made a triumphant exit in the year 1735. I have now six young persons in my family; two daughters, three servants, and a young gentlewoman, the

only child of a pious father, who has boarded her at my house, at the distancce of more than one hundred

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miles from his own, purely for the sake of Mr Fawcett's excellent ministry: and I doubt not but the good man's pious intention, and prayers for the conversion of his daughter, are fully answered. I have also had for many months well-grounded hopes concerning the elder of my daughters, and all my three servants, but was still in doubt about my youngest. Several times I attempted to converse with her, but her excessive bashfulness, being about seventeen, would not suffer her to talk freely about her soul-concern. Whereupon some weeks ago I put a letter into her hand, in which, after an intimation of my hope that both her sisters were in Christ, and how desirous I was of equal hope concerning her, I said, 'Perhaps you cannot tell me in words what you have felt and experienced of a religious nature, but you can tell me in writing,' &c. It was some time before she could bring herself to write me an answer: however, last week she put a letter into my hand, which gave me so much delight that I can't forbear sending you a copy of it.

'Dear Papa,

'I am very sorry I have been so long in answering your letter, and I must own it is a great, fault in me: but I hope you will not think that I have been neglectful and thoughtless about it, for indeed it has occasioned me many anxious thoughts. And now I have begun to write, what shall I say? how, or in what manner shall I express myself? But I know I need not be over-concern'd about that, for as you have the tender concern of a father, you will overlook infirmities. My dear papa, you desire to know in what state I am; and I cannot but take great pleasure in reviewing the tender concern you shew for me. You tell me you hope that my sisters are in Christ; and it is

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'well for them: and O that you could say the same of me, that I am in Christ too! But, O I have a hard rocky heart to be softened, a stubborn will to be subdued, and a nature all depraved, corrupted, filthy and abominable in the sight of God, which can be cleansed only in the blood of Christ, in the precious blood of the Redeemer of lost sinners! And

O how shall I have an interest in this precious blood? I hope I do desire and pray for it with all my heart. I hope I do. But O my "heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked!" I find it so in a very great degree: and yet I cannot say I have felt nothing else besides a hard heart; for I have sometimes had my heart drawn out in love and desires after Christ and holiness. And thoughts and views of the felicity and glory in Christ's presence above has rapt up my soul! But O, I must take up my lamentation that it has not been more so with me! for it is my sins that have hindered Christ's presence, from my soul. O I long to be set free from sin, and to have Christ glorified in me! But I have not seen enough of my sins yet, I cannot yet detest and abhor them enough. But O my dear papa, go again and again to the throne of grace to intercede for me, for indeed I have great need of your prayers! O that the good God would smile upon you, and answer your prayers! which is the earnest desire of  
Your dutiful daughter. S. W.'

O how happy is my situation! to be at the head of a family, in every member of which there is found some good thing toward the Lord God of Israel! Dear sir, help us with your prayers, that I may be found faithful, and that the goodness of this and the other young ones may not be as the morning cloud, nor pass away as the early dew. And let me beg of you, my dear brother, to write to Mr Fawcett what God shall put into your heart.

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It may be of use to strengthen his hands in God. Tell him what God has wrought by your ministry, and by the ministry of your fellow-helpers in the Lord. He loves you, and loves Mr Whitefield, &c. and prays earnestly for you, and rejoices greatly in the increase of the kingdom of Christ, by whatsoever hands. Write to me upon a sheet of paper; and let one half sheet be for Mr Fawcett. Tell him I desired it. I am sure he'll take it kindly; and you don't know of how much service it may be; for alas! he's like a speckled bird among the neighbouring dissenting ministers, as you and Mr Rowland, Mr Davis, and others, are among the clergy of the establishment; and indeed many self-righteous ones among us look at him with an evil eye.

You desire to know how I find matters among the ministers in my travels. Alas, alas, the glory is departed! If you have seen what I wrote

to brother James, November 29, you'll see and lament the great and general decay of vital godliness. Arise, O God, thou, and the ark of thy strength! Ride forth Almighty Jesus! Ride forth in the chariot of thy everlasting gospel! Extend thy conquests throughout this island, thy victories unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

I blame myself that I have so long deferred writing to you, for indeed I love and honour you as a chosen vessel unto the Lord Jesus, to hear his name before multitudes. I am taking a journey into the north the beginning of next week, from which I can't expect to return before the 20th of February. Pray for me, as I also do for you; and give me some word of advice. Salute all the fathers and brethren in my name; and let me know when there will be another association within the reach of,

Dear Sir,

Your Unworthy brother i'th' best bonds,

Jan. 21.

JOSEPH WILLIAM.

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**The copy of a Letter from Mr Howell Harris, to Mr Thomas Adams.**

October 13, 1746.

Dear, dear Bro. Adams,

I Wrote to you by last Friday's post, and promised to send you a line again: and, blessed be God, I can say Wales is like the garden of the Lord: and though Satan would make inroads upon the Lord's vineyard, yet hitherto all his efforts have been in vain. Since I came home I have discoursed in several places, in part of three counties; and I never had so much power on my own soul: the spirit of praise and thanksgiving has been so poured down up. on us in several pnces, that We could not cease praising, rejoicing, and crying 'Hallelujah, and glory to Him that sitteth on the throne for ever,' for several times I felt what David said when he danced before the ark, and what the disciples when our Saviour rode to Jerusalem, and part of that joy which makes all the heavens ring with praises.

The brethren brought in comfortable news to the association from several counties; many are awakened; still fresh doors are opened; many are added to us, and many brought to liberty. All the ministers and exhorters go on heartily, and the presence and power of the Lord is still more manifest. Lord, what art thou doing! what am I, that mine eyes

should see these days! O Tabernacle happy society, rejoice! and let us go to the dust together, and there adore the inexhaustible Fountain, and cry, 'Worthy is the LAMB!' I find we do but begin to see his glory. Go on my dear, yea very dear brother and fellow-labourer! and remember me heartily to all particular friends, and to

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every branch of the society: and be assured I am more and more yours and theirs in our dear and precious JESUS,

H. HARRIS.

P. S. The following is the copy of a letter I had from our dear brother Whitefield since I came home; and another from a gentleman, friend of our Saviour, and us, at Kidderminster near Worcester, to one of our preachers here.

**From the *Rev. Mr WHITEFIELD*, on board captain Grant, bound from Charles-town to Philadelphia.**

May 2, 1746.

My very dear, dear Bro. Harris,

**H**OW do you find your heart there trying, sifting, purging times! I hope you are enabled to joy in God, and are made more than conqueror through his love. It has given me some concern that I could not write to you oftener: but Jesus knows my heart has been with you; and I have not failed to pray for the preservation of the tossed ark. Antinomianism, I find, begins to shew its head and stalk abroad: may the glorious Redeemer cause it to hide its head again, and prevent his children's spirits being imbittered against each other. I am glad to hear the Welsh brethren continue steady: and that amongst our English friends Antinomianism seems only to be Speculative, this is a great evil, but not so great as when it affects the Practice, and leads the people of God unwarily into licentiousness. The late outward troubles, I hope, will do good, and put a stop to

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the many disputes and various sects which, like so many Hydra's, always spring up when the Lord suffers false principles to abound. I expect to

hear that Jesus has made thee immovable like a wall of brass, as bold as a lion, but as meek as a lamb. Blessed be his name, he continues to be very kind to us: we have been six months in these parts, and are now going northwards for the summer season. The Orphan-house is in a promising way. My temporal affairs begin to be settled; and I am bless'd substantially to many souls. Jesus, I trust, has given me a more gospel heart; and causes many of my professed most embittered enemies to be at peace with me. I know you will help me to praise Him, and beg Him to continue to stand by a poor unworthy creature, who simply desires to spend and be spent for the good of precious and immortal souls. You'll remember me to your dear wife, and all our Welsh brethren, in the most endearing manner: we frequently talk of, and pray for them; and don't despair of seeing them once more in the flesh. My dear wife loves them exceedingly, and warms her heart often by reflecting on past times: wishing that grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied upon you all, I subscribe myself, my very dear brother,

Ever, ever thine in JESUS,

G. WHITEFIELD.

**From a gentleman of Kidderminster.**

My very dear Brother,

**I**AM just returned from a solitary walk I took in hopes to find Him whom my soul loveth. I was at the farthest part of my walk, and turning, perceived I had gained nothing; bells that

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were ringing so hurried my mind I could get no spiritual warmth: it was suggested to me, It is not what I can do for myself, but what the Lord works in me, which alone could give my soul any spiritual elevation; I then from broken meditations turned my thoughts to prayer: I called and cried to my Almighty Friend to shed down some quickening influences, some illuminating ray, some chearing warm beam from the Son of Righteousness: (he will not, he cannot long absent himself from the souls that seek him in sincerity) or, ever my soul was aware I was borne as in the chariot of Aminadab. His sheep know the voice of their shepherd: he kindly assured me he loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood. He impressed the sense thereof with such warmth as captivated all my soul, and turned my praying into joyful praising, and brought me home solaced with his love; love strong as death, love

which many waters cannot drown; love, far transcending all mortal loves, as his glorious Person transcends all mortal objects; love, which shall never cease, never be extinguished! No,

This spark shall rise up to a flame,

This seed become a tree;

My song shall rise, my praises shall

Loud Hallelujah's be.

I bless God (and thank you as an instrument) for putting it in my heart to take that journey into Wales, I wish I could have staid longer with the brethren there, and shall be glad of another season. I told you when at Trevecka what a glorious work the Lord had wrought upon and by the Reverend Mr G—— at Haworth in Yorkshire; in my late journey I took a bed at his house, and had

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sweet fellowship with him and another friend from six o' clock till two in the morning. I had breakfasted that day at Hallifax, and found my landlady one whose heart God had touched. She told me she went about Midsummer to spend a Sabbath with Mr G——, found a crouded church, which will at least contain a thousand, and almost as many without, for whom there was no, room within the walls. He spent two hours in expounding the Lord's-Prayer that morning; and his word came with power. She dined at an Inn with about an hundred strangers; but there was no idle unprofitable talk, but such as was good to the use of edifying. I learned from him, that the neighbouring clergy, envying his popularity, are, caballing and contriving how they might get him suspended; concerning which he is no way careful, but says as Luther in another place, 'I am not much concerned about it; let Christ see to it.' He seems determined, if they can carry their point, to go out in the high-ways and hedges immediately. The work of conversion still goes on under his ministry; and many are now under deep conviction, and are frequently coming to him for direction and comfort. One young man came while I was there, who, together with his new-married wife, are under such vail concern for their souls, that they scarce know how to apply themselves to their outward calling, till they have secured their immortal interest.

When I came to Caln, seven miles from Howarth, my landlord and one of my chapmen were very free in their censures of dear Mr G——. They said, 'He preaches damnation to such a degree, it is, insufferable;

that he had been preaching there not long before, and was two hours in his discourse, which was beyond all sense or reason: and furthermore,

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'thermore, he preaches in barns and private houses, and is a great encourager of conventicles.' 'Ay, said I, does Mr G—— preach in private houses?' 'Yes he does (said my chapman, in an angry tone), every week, and almost every day.' Why then, 'said I, he is almost: as bad as the apostle Paul, for he taught the people publickly, and likewise from house to house.' To this they answered not a word; but let the conversation drop.

Blessed be God, there is some stirring among us here; and dear Mr Fawcett waxes more and more bold in the Lord. An old sinner about fifty has lately been much with Mr Fawcett, freely confessing what no one living could have accused him of, acknowledging he had a long time been trusting in his own righteousness, though he was sensible he had none; but now he is convinced the Lord Jesus Christ must be his righteousness, or he is for ever undone; I hope it will end in a sound conversion.

I greatly rejoice to hear religion is still getting ground in Wales. O that every family and every soul were brought to see the loveliness of Jesus! and to embrace Him with all their hearts. I greatly rejoice in the love wherewith he hath loved you, and that he is making so many with you to walk in the light of his countenance.

Go on, my dear brother, and spread the sweet savour of his gospel, the triumphs of his cross! Commend me to dear Mr Howell Harris, that glorious western star, which he who walks in the midst of the golden-candlesticks holds, and will hold in his right hand. Commend me to every brother and sister in Christ: in the faith and patience of whose glorious kingdom, I am, with great respect,

Your brother and fellow-servant,

J. W.  
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**The copy of a letter from Mr Thomas Adams, to Mr James Relly.**

Very dear Bro. Relly,

I Hope this will find you arrived safe at London, with some good degree of bodily strength; but above all, strong in the Lord, and in the power

of his might; that you may, with the dear Tabernacle people, fight manfully the battle of the Lord, and drive out the Redeemer's enemies before you, viz. Unbelief, Self-righteousness, Lukewarmness, Carnal Reason, &c. for these have no right to IMMANUEL'S territories, ought not to be suffered to live on his ground, for they do great damage to his kingdom, and spread an evil report of our gracious and honourable King among all his subjects.

Let the dear Tabernacle friends gird on all their gospel armour, quit themselves like men, giving no quarter to the Redeemer's enemies; and let them all remember this for their encouragement, He that is Almighty will go forth with them, and set himself at the front of the battle; and be our enemies ever so numerous, or mighty, as He that is with us is Almighty, he will lead us on to a certain victory, and bring us off, not only conquerors, but more than conquerors; not only over the aforementioned enemies, but over the world, the flesh and the devil; and will at last crown us with immortal crowns of glory. Courage! courage! courage! then, my dear friends I and for Christ's sake, let not one of you draw back from the field of battle; for the Lord says of such, 'I have no pleasure in them.' If any of you have been laying down your arms, take them up again, and let no man take your crown. Why should any be faint-

hearted?

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hearted? our enemies are conquered already; and who will give such present pay and future rewards as the Prince and Lord of Glory? Who among you are with your whole hearts on the Lord's side? who are willing to spend and be spent for God? Methinks I hear a goodly company of you say, 'We are; and notwithstanding all the fiery trials we have met with in the Redeemer's service, we love our Master, and will not, through grace assisting us, depart from him: Amen: and may the Lord say, Amen.'

But methinks I hear you by this time asking me bow it is with the Redeemer's interest in the countries. Why, blessed be God, so far as I have been acquainted with it since I left London, I have reason to say, it is in a prosperous way. When I left you I was not without trouble of soul on various accounts, but I shall only mention one, which was, to think that I had done so little for my dear Master and you, while I was among you; but the Lord enabled me to cast my burden on Him, and sweetly refreshed my soul on the road.

After I had rode about twenty miles I was overtaken by a gentleman of Portsmouth; but I let him go by, for I found it best to be alone; but indeed I was not alone. Tuesday evening I reach'd Portsmouth, and was kindly received by brother and sister E——, and several other friends; and spent the evening comfortably, in conversing together concerning the things that pertain to the kingdom of God, and praying him to bless my coming among them. During my stay there, I preached four times in a barn at Gosport, twice in a house on the common, and once in Portsmouth town; and by the serious attention and tears of the people, I have good reason to hope the word did not return void. The congregations indeed were not so large as usual,

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but I imagine one great reason was, because the men did not leave work in the dock-yard till near eight o' clock at night: however there was a goodly company; and I trust the Lord has much people in those towns. There is also a little society gathered by one of our brethren, a soldier, at a place about seven miles from thence; and I am ready to believe that the gospel would be received in many of the adjacent towns and villages, if we could make a longer stay when we went among them; but we want more labourers, 'pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to send more labourers into his vineyard.' I was refreshed in spirit while I was there, to find several whom the Lord was pleased to call when I was there the time before; two in particular, I have all reason to believe, have found the Lord. O how is it that the Lord should own such a poor, bare, and unworthy creature as I am! but this he does to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory in his presence; but let them that glory glory in the Lord. Even so. Amen. And let all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity say, Amen.

Last Wednesday the Lord brought me safe here, where I joined in Prayer and singing Hymns to God, with my dear wife and several other friends; and our souls were sweetly refreshed together. Yesterday I preached twice from these words in the ninth of Isaiah, and at the sixth verse, viz. 'To us a child, is born, to us a son is given,' &c. and was much enlarged on that part of the text where He is called WONDERFUL; and indeed He appeared Gloriously WONDERFUL to me, and I believe to many more, with regard to his person, as being both very GOD and very Man. In

this light I saw him just such a Saviour as I need; but He is WONDERFUL in his grace also, in making us who were

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heirs of wrath, heirs of glory, and that too at the expence of his own blood! WONDERFUL in his providence, in calling, converting, comforting, and building up his people! O, Eternity will be short enough to pry into this glorious mystery! and to adore the author, our incarnate God for ever! O methinks, if I had ten thousand tongues, all should be employ'd to praise our glorious Redeemer, who hath shut the gates of hell, 'and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers;' it is He that has opened a new and living way into the holy of holies by his own blood; 'tis He that has brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, and has caused it to shine imo our hearts, so that we with open face, as in glass behold the glory of God: and indeed we may, and ought to say, that the New Jerusalem is in some measure come down to dwell with men: sure, my friends, if we should hold our peace the stones would cry out! Let us then who are of the church militant, join the church triumphant, in singing, 'Worthy is the LAMB that was slain (and He only) to receive honour and glory, for He has redeemed us to God by his own blood!' I doubt not but you and the dear Tabernacle people will join an hearty Amen. Indeed I want to love our Saviour more, and serve him better.

When you, my dear brother, and my friends with you, get near to the loving heart of JESUS, pray Him to remember me, who am your poor, finful, but most affectionate brother and fervant in CHRIST JESUS.

THOMAS ADAMS.

The

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**The copy of a Jetter from Mr James Relly, to Mr Howell Harris.**

Pembroke, Aprils, 1747.

Dear, dear Bro. Harris,

I Thought to have seen you ere now; but am now disappointed by some lawful providence which has thwarted my designs, and has hitherto continued my stay here; but not without such testimonies as makes me confident that my stay here hath not been in vain; neither do I see any appearance that it yet may be, for surely I have never known in these parts so much enquiry after the Lord of Nazareth, as now: the country

seems to be alarmed; and great are the assemblies that flock together from every corner of the land, to hear of IMMANUEL'S Blood and same; and several persons of distinction seem to be turning their faces Zion-ward; many strong-holds of Satan have been lately stormed by the soldiers of the LAMB; amongst which Pembroke, in all probability, is overcome by JESUS, and lies conquered at his feet: and many from the town of Laughorn have sent to me, desiring me to come there, being stirred up through the means of a great mortality raging amongst them, as it doth also in several other parts of the country: I intend to visit them in a few days, if our Saviour please; for surely, however weak and foolish I am, I find it my meat and drink, yea my exceeding great delight, to proclaim to poor sinners (though saintly) the pity, tenderness, love and glory of an incarnate God: verily a Saviour every way suitable to our several wants is the holy JESUS; the mystery of whose blood my soul eagerly aspires to know, intensely prying into his fulness, reaching and longing

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for ever to be swallowed up, hid, and covered eternally in the immensity of an incarnate God! Here would I stay, love and wonder, and for ever dwell upon the found!

Oh, my dear dear brother, many are the trials I have met with of late, through the insinuations of the enemy, sickness, opposition, &c. which were not at all joyous to sense, though faith beheld some glimmerings of beauty in them; but, blessed be God, in the most raging tempest we are safe, for JESUS stands at helm; all shall be well, yea, all is well; the word of God stands for ever sure. All things shall work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose. Verily He gives me to prove that all my trials are as inlets, through which the glory of our Saviour breaks in more fully on my soul, brighter are the discoveries of the glories and excellencies of his person, revealed from faith to faith, as so many steps, by which (through the power of his blood) I ascend, reaching after the prize, waiting to be swallowed up in his fullness; I prove it to be fully answerable to every deeper discovery of the mystery of iniquity in my nature, which keeps my soul in perfect peace, without murmuring or repining: eternal praise be ascribed unto Him!

Dear dear brother, I thought to have been at the association, but was hindered; neither am I without Questionings, whether I had best return

to England or not: I should be glad to know your mind concerning it, with the mind of the rest of the brethren, as soon as you can; because many have been, and yet are persuading me to go over to Dublin.

Pray give my kind love to all the brethren at the association. Dear brother, pray for me, who am

your

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your poor, sinful, and ever united brother in our Saviour God,

JAMES RELLY.

**From Mr Howell Harris, at Trevecka, near the Hay, in Breconshire, South Wales; To Mr Thomas Adams, at the Tabernacle House, near Moorfields, London.**

**My dear brother, and eternally happy fellow-labourer and fellow-sufferer!**

**L**AST night our Saviour brought us home, and made us on the way more than happy indeed! The last night I was so ill with a cold in my neck, that we could not reach to Chinner: but the next day I discoursed there, and many were stirred up and refreshed. In going through Oxon, I had much freedom to wrestle for the place, and had some hopes that the glory of the Lord should yet go from thence. At Gloucester I discoursed twice on Sunday, and at noon at Apperley, to a company of simple-looking affected souls; where our Saviour gave me much liberty to speak of his dying love, and mysterious blood; I wou'd they had such a spirit at Gloucester as here. Though we were obliged to travel every night, about three hours or more, in the dark, and had much rain, cold wind, &c. yet we are both well and happy, &c. Sure there are none so favoured as we are! 'O my soul, bless the Lord, and praise him for all his benefits!'

This Day I was in our parish church, to join in the prayers; and I had some freedom with the Lord; and I find some hope yet lest for this nation, that the

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the Lord will erect his standard here; and that his glory shall be manifested in the midst of us. I found much liberty to wrestle for king George; sure the Lord has great blessings in store for him. I found it much laid on my heart to cry for all our brethren and associated societies; that they may bring forth all the fruits of the Spirit, and may have deeper

and more rooted love, tenderness and compassion towards all; and may behave with more wisdom from above toward all in their various places.

At Gloucester I saw a letter from dear brother Whitefield, to brother G. H. It was dated in October last, and came there just as I was there. It had no particulars, only that the work of our Saviour continues to go on prosperously: and that he and his spouse were well, &c. I suppose you'll hear more by brother Sims.

I find our national trials have been hitherto great blessings; they have been instrumental in turning the hearts of many to the king; and the enmity against the Lord has been in some measure abated for some time.

I settle my rounds as fast as possible, that I may come to release you as soon as may be. I have now settled to visit part of four counties, which will take up above three weeks, 'till about our association.

I doubt not but our Saviour often inflames, and humbles, and animates your dear soul, by shewing you what an honour he has conferred upon you, by calling you to testify of Him and his glorious salvation! Go on, thou dear trumpeter! This last work He has laid on our shoulders, is a farther demonstration of His Distinguishing Love to us, poor, blind, weak, and worse than nothing worms: our gifts and graces, as well as our labours, works, sufferings, and trials, are all in his own hands.

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What then can be too hard for us! Let us then rejoice and triumph, and let Him carry on His work Himself.—'Tis enough, we are clay, and we will be no more; let HIM be ALL in All in preachers and labourers. Let Him by his own Spirit bring all together, and then the order will be glorious, and will stand. He has every Officer ready for his place. O wise Master-builder! why should we be employ'd at all! Let nothing discourage you: the Lord is still at your elbow: You shan't want wisdom or courage whilll he whispers, 'Fear not, I am here!' I have the more confidence in our engagement to the Lord's work, because it was altogether unthought of, and unsought for by us, laid upon us by the Lord, and I am persuaded the work will be a great blessing and reward to us.

Pray remember me heartily and kindly to all our dear fellow-labourers, to the Trust, to your dear spouse, to dear sister Wood, and to as many others as you shall meet, as may expect to hear from me. My wife joins with me most affectionately to all. I am yours most nearly for ever in our dear Saviour,

HOWELL HARRIS.

**From the Rev. Mr Whitefield, to Bro. Adams.**

Dec. 29, 1746.

My very dear brother Adams,

SINCE I wrote to you last from Maryland, I have received two or three kind letters from you, in which I have had a particular account how affairs stand in England—I bless God for the gracious assistance he has been pleased to afford you, and pray for a continuance and increase of it to your dear soul ever more and more—Oh my very dear brother, it is no small favour to be kept Heady and humbly bold for the glorious EMANUEL in a cloudy dark day—

This

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This honour the Lord Jesus has conferred on you—May his past goodness strengthen your faith, and encourage you to trust in Him amidst all future trials—I say future trials—for we must never expect an entire cessation of arms, till we bow down our heads and give up the ghost—Our trials will be changed in order to discover to us the remainder of corruption in the heart; but they will not, they must not be entirely removed—The captain of our salvation was made perfect through sufferings, and so must we be—Be strong therefore, my brother, in the grace which is in Christ Jesus—Endure afflictions—make full proof of thy ministry—Truth is great, and will prevail—Fail not writing—Other letters will acquaint you with particulars about me—Continue in prayer, and it may be, sooner than your expectations, you may see

Your very unworthy, but affectionate brother

And servant in JESUS CHRIST,

G. WHITEFIELD.

P. S. I wrote to Bro. Edwards from Charlestown. My dear yoke-fellow joins in sending most cordial salutations to you, yours, and all that love the Precious CHRIST.

Jan. 21. Since I wrote the above, I have been at Bethesda, and have had some sweet seasons. I intend staying here some days, and will redeem what time I can to write to friends— May grace, mercy and peace be multiplied upon them all. Amen and Amen—My dear wife and family are well—God willing, we move northward in the beginning of March.

Own his labours more and more;  
 Send him to our British shore;  
 Lo, for this we often pray—  
 Lord clear up thy servant's way.

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**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to Mr. HOWEL Harris.**

Anapolis in Maryland, Nov. 8, 1746.

My very dear dear brother,

**I**Just now received a wish'd-for packet from *England*, in which are two or three letters from you: My dear fellow pilgrim will exceedingly rejoice at the receipt of them.—She is gone forward with a *Boston* young lady towards *Georgia*.—I hear they traverse the woods bravely.—I wrote to you very lately.—I can only send you a few loving lines now.—I am just setting out.—Lately I have been in seven counties in *Maryland*, and preached with abundant success.—Our Lord gives me health, and his work (oh free grace!) prospers in my unworthy hands. I shall consider of the calls sent me to return to my native country.—My tender Love to all.—I am, my very dear man,

Ever yours whilst

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

1.

Lord stretch thine everlasting arm,  
 Unto the man beyond the sea;  
 Keep him from ill and every harm,  
 That he thy soldier still may be.

2.

Fighting the battles of the Lord,  
 Victorious in the Son of God:  
 Much of thy grace to him afford,  
 In preaching of a Saviour's blood.

D

From

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**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to a Friend at the *Tabernacle*,  
*London*.**

Anapolis, November 8, 1746.

My very dear brother,

**J**UST now I have received your kind letter with some others, but have not time to read them all, being just setting out upon my journey from this place. I shall consider of your *loud call*, and pray our Lord to direct me.—Poor *English* friends! May Jesus heal their divisions! Courage my dear brother—Land is in sight—Ere long we shall fall into the haven of eternal rest.—The harvest is great here.—I have lately been in seven counties in *Maryland*, and preached to great confluencies of people with great power.—I have now a journey of seven hundred miles before me.—My tender love to all; God willing, you shall hear again shortly from,

Ever yours in our triumphant Jesus,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to Brother HOWEL HARRIS,**

Hanover County, in Virginia, Nov. 16, 1746.

My very dear brother,

**A**Bout a week ago I had the pleasure of receiving a long letter from you, which I immediately answered at *Anapolis*.—That wrote to my dear wife is gone to her, and I suppose will rejoice her exceedingly.—She is well, and enjoys much of God.—I was glad to find that the *Tabernacle* was

given

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given up to your care.—Whether its breaches are yet repaired, or whether it be entirely fallen down, I know not.—I suppose when I come to *England*, I shall have all to begin again.—It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.—The account of dear brother *Howel's* trial affected me much; I rejoice that he comes bright out of the furnace of affliction.—I salute him and all my dear Friends most tenderly.—Sometimes affection works strong, and I almost determine to come over.—But the cloud does not seem to move that way as yet.—However, my eyes are to the Lord,—whenever his providence points out the way,

the language of my heart is, Lo I come.—I wrote to brother *Herbert Jenkins* and *Adams* lately, and since have received their kind letters.—I have lately been in seven counties in *Maryland*, and ere long think to preach in as many in this province.—There is a sweet stirring among the dry bones.—I have a thousand tender things to say, but time will not permit.—Well my dear dear man, heaven is at hand,—there we shall have talk enough.—Oh let us take as many souls with us to that blessed place as we can.—Blessed be God, my soul springs with fresh desires to hunt after poor straying sheep, which Jesus has purchased with his dear heart's blood.—Oh that I may begin now to do something for him, who hath done and suffered so much for me! But I can no more.—I am lost, I am quite overcome when I think of this—Lord, I believe and worship!—Pray remember me to *all* most tenderly.—Remember me before the Lord as *the chief of sinners*, but my very dear brother,

Ever, ever yours,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

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I.

Ten thousand thanks to thee,  
For all that thou hast done  
By thy dear servant there abroad,  
And here with us at home.

2.

Whilst thou dost keep him there,  
Him more than ever bless:  
But hasten his return again,  
To us in love and peace.

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to a Friend in London.**

Bethesda, December 24, 1746.

My dear brother,

I Thank you heartily for your very kind letter, which I now snatch a few moments to answer. The account you gave of things made me mourn that they were in so bad a situation, and at the same time I could not help rejoicing they were no worse: You and all that attended on my

preaching, and had opportunities to converse with me privately, cannot be ignorant how many hints I gave of what has happen'd. It might be foreseen and spoken of without a spirit of prophecy, and consequently did not so much surprize me when I found they came to pass; but I trust the storm is now blown over, and that the little flock will enjoy a sweet calm; oh that your eyes may be looking towards and waiting on the blessed Jesus, from him alone on come your salvation, he will be better to you than a thousand WHITEFIELDS.—I am afraid you are too desirous of having me with you, and indeed I long to see you and my other dear chri-

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man friends, but *America* seems to be my scene of action *for some time*; the harvest is great in many places, and the labourers are very few; I am resolved in the strength of Jesus to range more and more, hunting for souls is a delightful work, and I am ashamed that I do no more; oh my dear man pray for me, indeed I do for you and yours.—I am glad the Lord has appeared for you, he never fails those that put their trust in him; only remember *in* the world, and yet not *of* it, is the real christians motto.—That Jesus may continually lift up the light of his blessed countenance upon you, and give you and yours all peace and joy in believing, is the earnest prayer of, my dear man

Your very affectionate friend,  
And servant for Jesus sake,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

*P.S.* My tender tender love to all enquiring friends; my dear yokefellow joins heartily, we are happy in Jesus, and happy in one another.

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to Brother HERBERT JENKINS.**

Charles Town, Jan. 23, 1746-7.

My very dear brother,

**I**Owe you much love, and tho' I have wrote to you more than once, yet I look upon myself as indebted to you still.—I therefore now sit down to answer the kind letter which you sent my dear yokefellow.—She is now at *Georgia*, and having not as yet seen it, cannot answer it herself.—blessed

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be God she is well, and prospers both in soul and body—We talk of you often, and hope yet to live and have our hearts warmed with our *English* and *Welch* friends ere we go hence, and are no more seen. At present the cloud seems to hang over the *American* Parts—The Lord Jesus is pleased to give me great access to multitudes of souls, and I hope has withal given me as strong an inclination as ever, to go out and preach to them the unsearchable riches of his dying love. I lately came from *Bethesda*, and found my family well, happy in Jesus, and happy in one another—Our Lord bowed the heavens several times and came down among us, in the power of his eternal Spirit.—In the beginning of *March*, I purpose, God willing, to set out for the Northward again, and shall not fail any opportunity of writing that offers in my way. I am sorry to hear the leaven of *Antinomianism* is not yet purged out, and that animosities are not yet ceased.—I can say nothing at this distance, but pray that the God of peace and love may direct and rule all my dear friends hearts. You will remember me to all in the most tender manner.—Indeed I omit no opportunity of sending.—I pray for you all continually, and begging a continued interest in all your prayers, I subscribe myself,

My very dear brother,

Yours most affectionately,

In CHRIST JESUS,

G. WHITEFIELD.

From

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**From Mr. J—W—, to the Rev. Mr. BATEMAN, Rector of St. Bartholomew the Great, in LONDON.**

Kidderm. June 10, 1747.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

W<sup>I</sup>thin the two ends of my late journey, I had many a sweet conversation with here one, and there another, and in several places with many together of God's dear children; but I don't find so deep an impression, or so lasting, of any other, as of the conversation I had with you; particularly the relation you favour'd me with of the manner and method sovereign grace took with you, to bring you to his foot, and the steady courage and boldness you discover (yet join'd with a self-denying meekness) in the service of your great Lord. It did me

good to hear you pour out your soul in prayer before sermon, and to feel you bearing mine along with you to the mercy seat, as one animated with the spirit of grace and supplication. Prayer is the very breath of the new creature; and I am sure it is no good symptom, with respect to health, when we don't breath freely. Praying, as the divine *Herbert* observes, is the end of preaching. To bring persons to pray (not barely say a prayer) is a great thing, and a good point gained. Behold he prayeth—saith the Lord of *Paul*, a strict pharisee. Don't you preach to many who never pray'd in their lives? And is it enough to exhort them to pray with all prayer, without giving them examples thereof?

But what I have chiefly in view in writing to you is this. Your conversion, and your coming to *London*, in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel,

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pel, being the most remarkable events I met with in all my journey; I have great expectations therefrom, and am solicitous about the good fruits thereof, and many a fervent prayer I have put up for you on that account. I want to know whether God has touch'd, and Christ: has been reveal'd in any heart or hearts, by your ministry; that were untouch'd, and ignorant of Christ before. I imagine God hath not wrought this great, this saving change in you, at so ripe an age, meerly for your own sake, but for the sake of many. I persuade myself God hath much people in the great City yet to be called; and having called many by Mr. *Whitefield*, Mess. *Wesley*, and their fellow-helpers, hath now appointed to call many more by Mr. *Bateman*; many who perhaps would not come within hearing of any of the others; and I want to know if you have gather'd the first fruits already, as a pledge of a glorious harvest. And I want to know too how your parishioners, and others, particularly other clergymen, behave towards you. Will you not favour me with a letter? I trust you will. And let it be a long one. I love long letters from my fathers and brethren in Christ. Give me leave to present by you cordial salutations, and thanks, to Mess. C——, and their Sister, and and other lovers of Christ Jesus, in whom I am, with sincere love and veneration.

Dear Sir,

Your much obliged humble servant,  
And brother, in bonds indissoluble,

J—— W——.

Follow with wonted love,  
This chosen Child of thine;

Daily may he thy kindness prove,  
And grow in grace divine.

From

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**To a Generous BENEFACTOR unknown.**

Charles Town, March 15, 1746–7.

WHoever you are that delight to imitate the divine Beneficence in doing Good to your Fellow-creatures when they know not of it, I think it my Duty, in behalf of the poor Orphans committed to my Care, to send you a Letter of Thanks for your kind, generous and opportune Benefaction.—That God who has opened your Heart to give so bountifully, will as bountifully reward you.—I trust you have contributed towards the promoting an Institution, which has, and I believe will, redound much to the Redeemer's Glory.—Blessed be God, I hope I can say, that *Bethesda* was never in better Order than it is now, in all Probability taking Root downwards, and bearing Fruit upwards—Since my Arrival here this Winter, I have opened a *Latin* School, and have several Children of promising Abilities that have begun to learn.—One little Orphan who this Time Twelve-month could not read his Letters, has made a considerable Proficiency in his *Accidence*—The blessed Spirit has been striving with several of the Children's infant Hearts, and I hope ere long to see some Ministers sent forth from that despised Place call'd *Georgia*. It is true, the Constitution of that Colony is very bad, and it is impossible for the Inhabitants to subsist themselves without the Use of Slaves. But God has put it into the Hearts of my *South-Carolina* Friends, to contribute liberally towards purchasing a Plantation and Slaves in this Province; which I purpose to devote to the Support of *Bethesda*.—Blessed be God the Purchase is made.—I last week bought at a very cheap Rate, a Plantation of six Hundred and

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Forty

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Forty Acres of excellent Land, with a good House, Barn, and Out-houses, and Sixty Acres of Ground ready cleared, fenced and fit for Rice, Corn, and every Thing that will be necessary for Provisions. One Negroe has been given me.—Some more I purpose to purchase this Week.—An Overseer is put upon the Plantation, and I trust a sufficient Quantity of Provision will be raised this Year.—The Family at *Bethesda* consists

of twenty-six.—When my Arrears are discharged, I purpose to encrease the Number.—I hope that Time will soon come; and that He who has begun, will go on to stir up the Friends of *Zion* to help me, not only to discharge the Arrears, but also to bring the Plantation lately purchased to such Perfection, that if I should die shortly; *Bethesda* may yet be provided for.—As you have been such a Benefactor, I thought proper to give you this particular Account, that you may see it is not given in vain.—I could enlarge, but have only Room to subscribe myself,

Generous Friend,

Your most obliged Servant,

GEORGE WHITEFLELD.

I.

Prosper his Undertakings, Lord,  
Uphold him by thy Pow'r:  
Always victorious in thy Word,  
May he till Death endure.

2.

In thy own Time direct his Way,  
To us who long to hear,  
This Servant here again display,  
Our Saviour's Love and Care.

To

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**To the Society meeting at the *Tabernacle, near Moorfields.***

Bath, April 20, 1747.

My dear Brethren and Sisters,

**I** Trust you are all such as know God, or rather are known of him; such as have built your House, your Hope of eternal Life upon a Rock, even the Rock of Ages, that immoveable Rock, which is the same Yesterday, to Day, and for ever. If so, you are wise Builders; and because your Foundation cannot fail, therefore the Building will stand, though the Rain descend, and Floods come, and Winds blow, and beat upon that House. But other Foundation can no Man lay; *i. e.* if you build your Hopes on any other Foundation, such as Works of Piety or Charity, or the Goodness of your Frames; these are all changeable Things, and

building of your Hopes on any of there, will be like building a House upon the Sand; and your Hopes built thereupon will be liable to be overturned by every new Temptation. But if you build your Hopes upon Christ, upon his Merits, his Righteousness, his atoning Sacrifice; if you build upon his Promises, his Covenant, his Oath, your Hopes will never be shaken; and this because the former are perfect, they are of infinite Value, and they are made yours; and the latter are immutable and permanent; they are *yea* and *Amen*.

My dear Brethren, I greatly desire your Growth and spiritual Prosperity, your Establishment and Comfort, and that you may be daily feeding upon Christ, and not only now and then Sacramentally. I would have your Hearts to be daily kept warm with the Love of Christ, and rejoicing in Christ

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Jesus, daily eating the Flesh, and drinking the Blood of the Son of Man. This is the hidden Life of a Christian; this is the Life of Faith in the Son of God which the Apostle lived in the Flesh, and which every Believer, in Proportion to the Measure of his Faith, now lives. This would make you always ready prepared to every good Word and Work, wou'd fortify you against all Assaults of the Enemy, silence all your Fears, relieve all your Sorrows, steel your Brow against all Reproaches, support and cheer your Heart under all Afflictions and Distresses, and instead of trembling at the Apprehensions of approaching Death, wou'd make you desire to depart, and to be with Christ, as far better.

Some of you perhaps are ready to think—"O these are high Attainments, scarce one Believer in twenty reaches to this. I shall never have such a Measure of Faith and Love. I shall never have such a full Assurance of Faith. I thall never get such a compleat Victory over Death. As good I may never pretend to it, as seek after it." My dear Friends, if these Things were to be purchased with Thousands of Gold and Silver, then none but the Great and the Wealthy could hope to attain them; or if they were peculiar to Men of great Parts, distinguishing Penetration, or deep Erudition, then perhaps you might justly despair of ever attaining thereto; but now, on the contrary, God hath chosen the Poor of the World rich in Faith, &c. and hath hid these Things from the Wise and Prudent, and hath revealed them to Babes. A true Believer of the lowest Rank, or of the meanest Parts and Learning, is as dear to the Saviour as the richest,

or most noble, as the wisest or most learned. Christ hath paid as dear a Price for one as t'other, is as easy of Access to one as t'other; and the Treasures of his Grace,

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his unsearchable Riches, are unlock'd and open to all equally. It is not what you have, or what you do, so much as what Christ hath, and hath done, and is doing, in you and for you, that entitles you to this glorious Hope. Let me lay before you some Reflections I have lately had upon that Text—"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my Name: ask and ye shall receive, that your Joy may be full." The Occasion and Foundation of which, as well as many of the Remarks themselves, I borrowed from that Man of GOD, our dear Brother HOWELL HARRIS.

There are the Words of our Lord Jesus Christ to his Twelve Apostles, just before he enter'd upon the bloody Scene of his bitter Sufferings, when they had attended on his heavenly Doctrine three Years and a half. Can you believe they lived wholly without Prayer? No certainly. Our Lord don't say—ye have asked nothing. Or can you imagine he had not instructed them how ineffectual their Prayers would be if presented in their own Names? Certainly he had; and had let them know that he was the Way to the Father, and that thro' him alone they had Access to the Father: What then can be the Meaning of this Charge brought against them—"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my Name." Let us enquire what is meant by asking in the Name of Christ. The Apostles and others wrought many Miracles in the Name of Jesus Christ. By the Name of Jesus Christ of *Nazareth*, *Peter* and *John* told the Chief Priests and Rulers, the impotent Man had obtained that perfect Soundness in the Presence of them all. There the Name of Christ seems to mean the Power of Christ. Wherever two or three are gather'd together in his Name, &c. There, perhaps it means, in the Spirit and in the Love of Christ. But praying in the Name of Christ perhaps denotes

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somewhat further still, *viz.* that we have put on Christ. And what does that mean? It implies that we apply Christ by Faith to our Souls; Christ with all his Merits. It implies not only that we have done so in some former Instance, but that we do it then, in that very Act of Prayer. A Servant is sent to ask, or to buy something of another in his Master's

Name. The Servant in that Case puts on his Master. You all know the Meaning of that:

The Person he treats with, does not so much consider the Character of the Servant, as that of the Master who sent him, and gives according to the Regard he has for the Master, or sells to the Credit of the Master. The Person applied to, considers the Servant as invested in that Affair with the Master's Character. So here; if I ask in Christ's Name, I must put on Christ, I must believe his Righteousness mine, his Obedience mine, and the Virtue of his Sufferings and atoning Sacrifice mine. For me he was born; for me he was circumcised; for me he perfectly kept the whole Law; for me he fulfill'd all Righteousness; for me he was made Sin, *i.e.* he stood in the Place of me a Sinner; for me he suffered and died; for me he bore the Wrath of God, and made full Satisfaction to the Justice of God. It does not follow from thence, that I am Christ; or that, as the *Antinomians* say, I in Christ did and suffer'd these Things. But it follows, that Christ did and suffer'd these Things, not for himself, but for me. I therefore by Faith put on Christ, with all he has done and suffer'd as Mediator. Thus I am interested in all he has done and suffer'd; and going thus to the Throne of Grace, as the Father heareth him always, he will hear me always, If I ask for Things agreeable to his Will. This is asking in the Name of Christ, and this the Apostles had not yet done; *i.e.* comparatively they had

hitherto

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hitherto asked nothing in his Name. Their Faith in him was yet very weak. And indeed they had not then some of those Helps to Faith we have: Christ had not yet said—"It is finished." He had not yet bore our Sins in his own Body upon the Tree. Nor did they yet fully understand for what End he was come into the World. So that you cannot but see that our Lord might well say to them, in a comparative Sense—"Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my Name."

But methinks I hear some humble trembling Soul say,—Dear! I can never dare to take so much upon me as this. What! shall I, a poor sinful worthless Worm presume to apply to myself the perfect Righteousness of the holy Jesus, as if it were mine; and go to God with the same Confidence as if I myself had fulfill'd the Law? It would be the Height of Presumption, I dare not do it. My dear Brother or Sister, whoever you be, bear with the Harshness of what I am going to say. I tell you

then, in the Fear of God—this is being just as humble as the Devil would have you. The most inveterate Enemy you have in the World don't grudge you such Humility as this. Perhaps these Disciples might have Store of this kind of Humility. They did not yet know what they were in Christ. They could not yet say,—“My beloved is mine, and I am his.” But let me tell you, till you can say so, if you have Faith, it is but weak. Christ hath said,—“Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.” Do you believe this? And why then don't you believe that he hath received you, and is become yours? If you have not come to him, you have not yet believed in him; for so he himself explains it. And if you have come to him, how can you question whether he hath received you? Is not this Unbelief? Is not this calling in question the Truth of his Premise? Suppose you have a

Plaster

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Plaster which would infallibly cure any Pain; you are grievously pained, but yet you don't apply the Plaster. What Good then can it do you? So here, you believe Christ is able to save to the uttermost; but yet you dare not believe he will save you: You don't make his Merits yours by a believing Application of them to yourself. What the better then will you be for them? The Apostle saith,—“We are not under the Law, but under Grace. But while, thro' a mistaken Humility, or rather, a Remainder of Unbelief, you refuse to put on Christ with all his Merits, you are not under Grace, but under the Law. And you may well tremble to think what a sad State that is; for, as the Apostle saith, “As many as are of the Works of the Law, are under the Curse, for it is written, “Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all Things that are written in the Book of the Law to do them.”

By this Time, I hope, you plainly see, that as many as believe in Jesus Christ, as many as do indeed pray in the Name of Christ, have put on Christ. They have put on Christ in the same Sense that the Servant puts on his Master, when he asks, or buys any Thing in his Master's Name. And now, my dear Friends, give me Leave to ask,—Are there none among you to whom Christ may say, and say with an Air of Displeasure—“Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my Name.” Have you thus, at all Times, or at any Time, put on Christ in your solemn Approaches to God? I doubt not you have named the Name of Christ; but this you may do a thousand Times, without once putting on Christ by a lively

Faith. If you have put all Christ, you have Boldness to enter into the Holiest by this new and living Way, which he hath consecrated thro' the Vail, that is to say, his Flesh. Where, by his Flesh, I think

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is meant, all he merited or purchafed in the Day, of his Flesh. If you have thus put on Chrilt, you have Boldness, and humble Confidence, by the Faith of him, in praying for any thing according to his Will; as the Apostle *John* saith, you know that you have the Things you ask of him; even eternal Life, the greatest of all Blessings; and this because Christ hath purchased it for you; and therefore, if you put on Christ, you may, in his Name, humbly claim it as an Act of Justice in God, as well as Mercy, to give you that for which he hath received the full Price. Yea, God cannot deny it you, if you thus claim it in the Name of Christ; and if he cannot deny you the greatest of all Blessings, do you think he can deny you that which is less?

And now let me advice you, let me entreat you all (and the same Charge I would give my own Soul) be persuaded always to ask in the Name of Christ, and then you have his Promise that you shall receive. The Promise is not made to bare asking, but to asking in his Name. "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my Name;" ask and ye shall receive, *i.e.* ask in my Name, and ye shall receive. If therefore you have been asking and seeking any Thing according to his Will, and have not obtaine'd it, is it not because you have not asked in the Name of Christ? Or else it is because he is worse than his Word? I know, your Hearts rise with Indignation at such a Thought. Then certainly the former must be the true Cause. Well, it is not yet too late. What is it you would principally ask? Don't you want a sealed Pardon, Peace with God, a well-grounded Hope that Christ is yours, to have his Love shed abroad in your Hearts, and to have Joy in the Holy Ghost? When you ask there Things, be sure to ask them in the Name of Christ. Put on Christ when you

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ask for them. Vile and sinful as you are, both by Nature and by Practice; believe that Christ kept the Whole Law for you, and that the great Work of meriting these Blessings for you was finish'd at Mount *Calvary*. Plead therefore with God; and plead with Christ himself, "Lord, I now see that thou hast done my Work for me, for thou art the End of the Law

for Righteousness, and this Righteousness of thine I am humbly bold to apply to my sinful Soul. Lord Jesus! thou justifiest the ungodly, and by Faith in thee I am now justified in the Sight of a holy God. Thou Friend of Sinners. I cannot live without thee; here I give up all I have, and all I am, to thee. 'Tis indeed a mean and worthless Present, but, Lord, 'tis all that I can do, and 'tis what thou requirest of me. And now, in Virtue of thy Promise, dearest Lord, I humbly claim thee as mine, my King and my Lord, my Beloved and my Friend, my Strength and Righteousness, my Jesus and my All. This, Lord, is what I do most humbly and earnestly beg upon the bended Knees of my Soul. This also is what with humble Confidence I challenge in Virtue of my Covenant, and thy Oath; and I know thou wilt not, thou canst not deny me. O thou that sayest to every coming Soul—"According to your Faith be it unto you;" even thou, the Lord of Glory art mine, and I am thine. I now see the Prevelency of thy Name, and Glory in my Heart. I now see myself in thee, interested in all that is thine, and I rejoice in Hope of the Glory of God. How inexcusable, shall I be, my God, if ever I distrust thee again? O set me as a Seal upon thy Heart, and let thy Name be well impress'd all mine. Dear Lord, favour me now and then with a Glimpse of thy Face, a Glimpse of Heaven, whilst I am travelling thro'

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"this Wilderness, and often thou shalt hear from me, till thou hast brought me to my Father's House, where we shall meet, and never never part!"

O my dear Friends, let us go thus to the Throne of Grace, and then our Hearts and Minds shall be filled with the Peace of God which passeth all Understanding. Don't foolishly reject that Peace and Rest, that Comfort and Joy you might this Way obtain, and Can never obtain any other Way. Why should the Children of a King go mourning all their Days? Why should they say or think—it is Presumption in them freely to take and apply to themselves what their Saviour so dearly purchased for them? Believe me, my Friends, to object and say, that this News is too good to be true, is really spitting in the Face of God; it is really the Working, the Language of Unbelief; and it is doing manifest Wrong and Injury to your own Souls.

And now let me conclude this long Epistle with a Relation I pick'd up last Week at the *Bell Inn*, in *Painswick*. My Landlord there is a Brother,

whose Heart, as well as his late Wife's, was touch'd many Years ago by the Preaching of dear Mr. *Whitefield*. His Wife died, after a Month's Sickness, not very long after, and Mr. *Charles Wesley* visited her in her Confinement, and finding her penitent, but doubting and distrusting; told her, she had not yet received saving Faith, but encouraged her to go to Christ, with all her Sins and Fears about her, assuring her, he would thereupon manifest himself to her. Soon after, as she sat in an easy Chair, in a musing Posture for a while, she cried out with Joy—"O I have had a Sight of my Saviour!" and thereupon desired her Husband to move the Chair near the Door for the Benefit of the Air; Which he had no sooner done, than she

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fixed her Eyes; her Cheeks presently plump'd up, and for half an Hour she had on her Countenance such an Air of majestick Sweetness, Serenity and Pleasure as passes all Description. All about her were surprized, and some thought her dying. At last she broke out in the most rapturous Expressions of what glorious unutterable Sights she had seen, and in half an Hour more, or thereabouts, finishcd her Course with Joy. If we would thus die the Death of the Righteous, what Manner of Persons should we be in all holy Conversation and Godliness. And now, Brethren, I commend you to God, and the Word of his Grace, &., Pray, pray for,  
Your unworthy Friend and Brother,

J— W—.

Dear Brother *Adams*,

It was your Request that first put me upon thinking to write to the Society. I am afraid you'll think it quite too long. If so, you may leave out what you don't like, or may think least useful. Bear me much upon your Heart, as I assure you I do you, who am in the sweetest Bonds,

Your unworthy Brother,

In the adorable LAMB,

J. W—.

O Saviour of Mankind descend,  
And be thy Servant's constant Friend;  
Keep thou his Soul in Peace;  
Till he with us thy Family,  
Shall bow before thy Majesty,  
And reign in perfect Bliss.

From

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**From a Gentleman in *Boston*, to his Friend in *London*.**

Boston, May 16, 1747.

**M**R. *Whitefield* who has been greatly useful in *America*, is now in *Maryland*; where, and in *Virginia*, a wide and effectual Door has been opened, by his Ministry, for receiving the Gospel, in which I know you will rejoice. By his Letter this Post, he informs me, he is coming towards us, and, as he says himself, finds so much Success for Christ, that he is more and more determined to wear out that Carcase of his in his Employ.

**From Brother *J—s*, to the Society at the *Tabernacle*.**

My dear dear Brethren and Sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ,

**M**ETHINKS the Lord inclines my Heart to write unto you; tho' I know you not in the Flesh, yet I love you dearly in the Bowels of Jesus Christ. Oh happy you that are true Soldiers to King Jesus! You need neither fear Men nor Devils, for the Almighty Jehovah is your King: Therefore come on chearfully though your Enemies be strong, yet they are not able to stand before you, for Faith will blow Devils like Flies away. Glory, Glory be to our God, my dear Brethren and Sisters, beware of your disguised Enemies, for Unbelief goes about in the Cloak of Humility, and Lukewarmness in the Cloak of Solidity, but receive them not; but seek continually after the Power of Godliness; you that live in the Spirit, walk in the Spirit also; and as you have received

Jesus

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Jesus Christ the Lord, so walk in him. Remember, you are but Strangers and Pilgrims here; therefore travel on continually from this Wilderness, leaning on your Beloved; use all the Means of Grace, but rest not in any; may your Souls continually enjoy sweet Communion and Fellowship with the Blessed Jesus. Oh happy you that can say by Experience, that Jesus is your Beloved! Praise, oh praise him for his free Love! Consider how many Professors are quite Strangers to the Experience that you do enjoy; and biers God for his distinguishing Love. Oh remember where the Lord did and you, and where you shall be spending Eternity without rejoicing, if you can! Oh, who can think of being eternally with the dear, dear, dear Jesus, and not be filled with Joy; surely not I, no, nor

you neither, my dear Brethren and Sisters! Keep clore to God continually, be watchful against Sin; fear Motes as well as Camels, and abstain from all Appearance of Evil: May the Lord keep you always humble and poor in your Spirits, ever pressing forward to the Things before you; and may the Lord God bring you more and more unto the Knowledge of himself, and discover unto your Hearts more of the Mystery of his Kingdom; may your Souls be kept always under the Droppings of his Sanctuary, and spread over you the Wings of his Love. I intreat you in the Presence of God, to keep near unto your clear Beloved, for what have we to do here, but follow him, and live unto his Glory? Your Time is but short, therefore trifle it not away; and as you have great Privileges, may the Lord enable you to prize and improve them, that you may not be weary of the Manna, but that you may be true Patterns of Grace and Holiness. Amen, Amen.

The Work of God goes wonderfully on in many Places in *Wales*. Praise God for his tender Mer-

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cy towards us; we are very often brought into the Banqueting House; many Nights we have spent in praising and glorifying God, being so filled with Love and Joy, that we could not part: My dear, dear, dear Brethren and Sisters rejoice, rejoice! and if we do fed so much Joy here in this Wilderness; if it is unspeakable here, oh how shall we rejoice, when we shall see him whom our Soul loveth! Oh let us be faithful for a little Time, we shall e're long meet in Glory, to praise God thro' the Ages of Eternity! Oh happy Eternity! Oh delightful Eternity! Oh loving and glorious Eternity! Hasten, hasten, O Lord, the Time, for thy dear Name's Sake! Amen and Amen.

This from your unworthy Brother,  
In CHRIST JESUS.

J— J—.

E're long in the eternal Day,  
In Glory we shall shine:  
Our Hearts doth melt and leap for Joy,  
By thinking of the Time.

**From Brother H—y, to Brother S—l.**

*Tilbury, 13 Miles beyond Breda.*

Dear Brother S—l,

Now sit down to write to you, by the Permission of our dear Lord, wishing Grace and Truth may be multiplied to you, through the Knowledge of God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ. My dear Brother, tho' we are absent from each other in Body, I trust we are present in the Spirit, rejoicing in Christ Jesus, and having no Confidence in the Flesh. I think I can say by Ex-

perience,

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perience, I now feel more and, more of my own Nothingness and Helplessness, and am taught to depend upon the Sufficiency and Strength of my dear Saviour; who I find to be a present Help in every Time of need. This Morning as I was bemoaning myself of my Barrenness and Forgetfulness of the many Favours and Mercies the Lord had bestow'd upon me, the Chiefest of Sinners: He was pleased to break in on my Soul, and give me the repeated Assurance of his Loving-Kindness towards me, so that Tears of Love and Joy did run down, and I could truly say, that Place was a *Bethel* unto me, a Gate of Heaven indeed. Oh how did the Lord bring to my Remembrance what a State he found me in, wallowing in my Sins and Blood, and did chuse me from the Rest of my Companions in Sin, and did make me a Monument of his distinguishing Love: Well may I cry out, Why me, Lord, why me? Ah! my dear Brother, what a dear Saviour is here, that lov'd us even besure the World's Foundations were laid, and out of the Fulness thereof, hath paid the full Price of our Redemption, even the great Price of his own Heart's Blood! Then who or what can separate us from his Love, shall the World, or our devilish Nature, or all the Powers of Darkness? No, he has spoil'd Principalities and Powers, and has overcome the World, and every Enemy and Opposition that is in our Way. Oh then let us follow our conquering Lord and Head, though it were a Sea of Blood to pass thorough, and though the Way be rough and thorny, never let us be dismay'd, but keep the Words of our Saviour in our Minds, that "in this World we shall have Tribulations," and it is thro' much we shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Oh then, my dear Brother, go on courageously in the Work of the Lord, knowing that "your Labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." Fear not, tho' Trials

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of all Kinds beset you, the Work is the Lord's, and he will bring you on your Journey; not at your own Charges, but will abundantly supply your Wants out of the immense Fulness treasur'd up in himself. O my dear Brother, if the Lord has call'd you into his Vineyard, let not Satan, though he may endeavour by all means, discourage, or weaken your Hands; fear not, the God whom you serve has him in a Chain, and will shortly bruise him under your Feet, and give you a compleat Victory through the Blood of the Lamb: Remember, my dear Brother, what an honourable Cause you are engag'd in, even to carry a Message from the King of Kings to, precious Souls; and may the Lord *Jesus* give you to lie low in the Dust before him, on Account of the high Honour he has conferr'd upon you, and enable you to speak to his Honour and Glory, and the establishing and edifying of those you meet with; my dear Brother, remember me at the Throne of Mercy, whenever you meet together, that I may have Wisdom given me to speak and act to the Glory of God, and the Good of precious Souls, so that stubborn Sinners may be brought to the Feet of sovereign Grace, and be oblig'd to cry out, *What shall we do to be saved!* And may the Lord make me and Brother *M*— useful to thore unconverted Souls in the Army. O pray for us, that our Faces may be like Flints against all Opposition we may meet with from any Quarter; for we are amongst those that are bitter Enemies to the People of God; but blessed be God, he has the Hearts of all Men in his Hand, and I doubt not will in his own Time add unto us such as shall be saved. The Lord bless you, my dear Brother, and cause the Light of his Countenance to shine upon you, and give you many happy

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Meetings

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Meetings with his dear Children; and you, my dear Brethren and Sisters in the Class, whom I sincerely love in our dear Saviour, and with whom I have rejoiced many Times; whether ever I shall see you in the Flesh again is uncertain, this I believe, I shall meet many of your dear Souls in our Father's Kingdom, and I pray God that none of you may be wanting when *Christ Jesus* shall make up his Jewels. Oh my dear Friends, what has the Lord done for you, both in a publick and private Manner! and still continues to rain down the heavenly Manna Mornings and Evenings round about your Camp; why, why has the Lord thus favour'd you? was it because you were more deserving than others? no, in no

wise, for had the Lord dealt with us according to our Sins, we should now by this Time have been lifting up our Eyes in Torment; Oh then may his amazing Love excite and stir you up to improve every Opportunity; let not Trifles keep you from meeting the Children of God; remember how often the Lord has met you, and fill'd you with Joy and Comfort, that Strangers intermeddle not with; and you that are seeking the Lord sorrowing, fear not, for *Jesus* whom you seek will come suddenly to his Temple, and in due Time all will be well, if ye faint not; don't be discourag'd poor dear Souls, for ye shall know him, therefore lift up your Hands, with your Hearts, and praise God with the happy Throng for ever and evermore, *Amen*. My Love to all the Society, yourself, and Conference, concludes from

Your poor unworthy Brother,  
In *Christ Jesus*,

J. H—  
*Thy*

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*Thy every Messenger, O God,  
Do we rejoice to see,  
And every Message wash with Blood,  
For they are dear to Thee.*

**From Brother JAMES RELLY, to Brother EDWARDS.**

Bristol, June, 1747.

*My dearest Brother,*

**T**HY dear dear Letter I received, which the only wise GOD our SAVIOUR exceedingly blessed to my poor soul; insomuch, that whilst I read it, I was made as the Chariots of *Aminadab*; because it conveyed to my Mind brighter Discoveries of Emanuel's Glory: My dear Brother, I have taken the Hint in the Verse that you sung for me, and am conscious to myself of my Deficiencies, and short comings in my Love to the Brethren: But wo unto me, if I could not appeal from man unto God, and say, Thou knowest I have not desired the woful Day, and surely I prove it and enjoy it as my Privilege in the Work of God, to have a Conscience void of Offence toward God and Man. All my End, Aim, and Desire in preaching the everlasting Gospel, is to abase the Pride of Man, and to exalt the Blood and Righteousness of our incarnate God;

Flesh and Blood cannot away with this, therefore is it spoken against every where, but what shall I say, this I must declare, or be for ever silent,

*No other Gospel I'll impart,  
But that which came by Blood;*

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*In rushing torrents from the Heart  
Of our incarnate God.*

*'Tis this that bears my Spirits up,  
When every Comfort fails;  
When hard beset with Satan's Troop,  
Emanuel's Blood prevails.*

Oh my dear dear Brother, this Man shall be the Peace when the *Assyrians* shall come into the Land, and surely I prove it to be so to the eternal Comfort and Satisfaction of my Mind. Oh the unsearchable Riches of Christ! here let us wond'ring bow, and with Admiration sink into this deep profound and unfathomable Mystery, *God arrayed in Flesh!* Oh what an Eruption and Discovery is this, of that ancient, yea eternal Love, which came streaming thro' the eternal and unerring: counsel of JEHOVAH! Which under the older Dispensations of the Gospel was partly conceal'd; but now hath it fully broken forth, and discovered itself in that incarnate Mystery; now the old Night with all its dismal Scenes and horrid Shades is Red away: The Sun of the Gospel is risen in our Horizon; yea, the Son of Righteousness is risen in our Hearts: Glory, Glory, Glory in the highest to our EMANUEL, GOD with us! JESUS, my dear Brother, is the Life and Food of my Soul; and what daily causeth him to be more precious unto me, is a Sense of my own Worthlessness, which appears in my Ingratitude towards him who is the best of Friends; oh I could pen this down as an eternal Lamentation, that I am not more fruitful and more swallow'd up in the Fulness and Immensity of my precious Christ! but what causeth me with Admiration to adore him, is the Discoveries that I have, tho' but faint, of the Glory of his Godhead, and the Excellencies of his Person, proving him to be just such a SAVIOUR as I

want,

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want, just such an High Priest as becomes me.

*With Joy my raptur'd Soul can tell,  
IMMANUEL's fulness suits me well;  
Immensity unvail'd appears,  
In him forbidding all my Fears.*

*Whilst in this unexhausted store,  
I live, of Self-empty'd and poor;  
Lo then the legal War doth cease,  
Lo then I'm fill'd with perfect Peace.*

My dear Brother, I long to see you, but know not whether I shall, till I see you in our Father's Kingdom; his Will be done, I can well sympathize with you in all your Troubles: Surely Satan hates them that love JESUS, and therefore we must expect that he will use his utmost: Efforts to molest them, and discourage them; but by and by we shall both of us loudly shout, *Hosannah, we have overcome him by the Blood of the LAMB!* and by the word of our Testimony; I find my Soul nearly united to yours, and do not, nor cannot forget you, but am one with you in JESUS.

*Surely I love you in that God,  
Who put our Nature on;  
'Tis in his all-attoning Blood,  
Your Soul and mine are one.*

My dear Brother, the Cause of God goes on but slowly here, tho' there is certainly a better Appearance than what has been. The Congregations increase in publick Auditory, and the Brethren and Sisters seem to come up out of the Wilderness quickned afresh. Surely this Place hath been as a Furnace to me; however I would patiently wait. I examine the whole Society once a Week, the

Brethren

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Brethren on *Sunday* Evening, and the Sisters on *Wednesday* Evening; and surely our Saviour will bless it, and hath blest it to the quickning of many Souls. There seems also to be a good Prospect at *Bath*; many Souls come to hear the Word, and I have particular Freedom there. I hope the Lord will bless his Word amongst them: I have been inform'd that the Work of the Lord goes gloriously on at *London*; which doth

much rejoice my poor Soul; because I love them in the Lord *Christ*. Pray give my Love, my dear Brother, to such that I am not an Offence unto: Even to them who rightly love and worship the Lord *Jesus*; accepting the same yourself most heartily, tenderly and affectionately from your unworthy but eternally united Brother in our incarnate Lord and God,

JAMES RELLY.

*Almighty Jesus, Lord and God,  
How great thy Name, how rich thy Blood,  
Of this may he have deeper Views,  
And still proclaim the glorious News!  
'Till him and we ascend above,  
To dwell forever with our LOVE.*

**From Brother HERBERT JENKINS.**

Edinburgh, July 16th, 1747 •

*My very dear Brother,*

I Staid at *Dumfries* till the Return of the Post, expectng yours, which I did not receive. I lest *Dumfries* last *Wednesday* was Sen-night, because there was no one there I could freely talk with about the Things which pertain to the Kingdom of God; they have the Form of Godliness, but want

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the Power; pure Preaching, but very little of the Breathings of the Spirit upon the Hearers. Since I came here, 'tis as if I had got among a Set of good old primitive Believers, full of Faith, and of the Holy Ghost; many sweet Seasons have I enjoy'd under the Word, O it was very refreshing to my Pilgrim-Soul; and at the Sacrament at the Lord's Supper I was very richly entertain'd, a more solemn Season I have not enjoy'd a great while; I am sure it would have delighted your Soul to hear the Gospel-Exhortations that were given at the Table, together with the simple, primitive Manner in which the whole of the Solemnity was conducted; blessed be God that I ever had the Opportunity of coming to *Scotland*; surely it is of God, and I trust it will redound much to his Glory, for which may my Christ be praised by me here, and in Eternity. I have preach'd twice at the *Orphan-House*, where the dear Mr. *Whitefield* often preach'd. The first Time the Congregation was but small, few having heard of it; I was enabled to speak plain Truths to them with

Concern upon my own Soul; which I hope was useful to those that were present; the second Night the *Orphan-House* would hardly contain the prodigious Throng that attended the Word,—and this Night my Tongue was made as the Pen of a ready Writer, to speak of the Things that pertain to the King, the Lord of Life and Glory. The Hearers were very attentive, and our God was there with a good Gale of his Holy Spirit, all Praise and Glory be to his Name forever and ever; this Night I am to preach again, God willing, and O may the Sound of my Master's Feet be heard behind me. Last Night I was at a private Society, where we had a refreshing Season, as we had several other Times; to Night I am to visit one after Preaching, and To-morrow Night another. Last Night I conversed with three of the Clergy, who be-

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hav'd very kind and brotherly; but I believe they are afraid to let me preach in their Kirks, lest there may be too great a Mob: However, many of them are good Men, and very powerful Preachers; I see much, yea very much Need of Humility and Thankfulness in my Heart: O may my Soul for ever lay in the Dust, at the Footstool of sovereign and free Grace, and Love; and may I be sanctify'd throughout, in Body, Soul, and Spirit. I have hardly lest Room to ask you how you do. My kind Love to all Friends, accept the same yourself from, very cordially,

Yours in Haste,

HERBERT JENKINS.

P. S. Since I wrote the above, I have been to preach again at the *Orphan-House*, where the Congregation so increased, that very many were obliged to stand out of Doors. Indeed the Lord gave us a sweet Testimony of his Presence; this Night Abundance were melted into Tears, and my Soul was filled with Zeal and Life, and Concern for their immortal Souls. I am in great Hopes that Satan's Kingdom trembled this Night, and that King *Jesus* made Way into some poor Sinners Hearts.—I have met a very sweet and lively Society this Afternoon; my Soul was much delighted with the Opportunity, I find here are near 20 Societies in the City. I have Invitations to go and see Abundance of them, which I delign to do as soon as I can. Some devout Soldiers of *Barrel's* Regiment that behaved so bold at *Culloden*, have a Society here, and have this Night pressingly invited me

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me to go and see them, which God willing I design to do shortly. I am a Pilgrim upon the Earth, and so look on myself but a Stranger till I go Home; my kind Love to dear Brother *Relly*. The Lord be with you for ever, my dear, very dear Brother, Adieu.

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD.**

Bethesda, Dec. 24th, 1746..

*My dear Brother,*

**I**Must not let your kind Letter which I received a few Days ago lie long un-answered. And now what shall I say? why that I would have you comfort yourself with this Promise, *viz.* That all Things shall work, nay *do* work for Good to those that love God.—Blessed be God for that *little*, that great Word *all*.—Could we always act Faith upon that, nothing could move us.—It is this Promise that makes me now rejoice in the Midst of all the Tribulations that has befallen my dear *Tabernacle* Friends.—For ere long you shall sing,

— O happy Rod!

*That brought us nearer to our God!*

Courage, therefore, my Brother, Courage.—The Lord will yet uphold you with his right Hand.—Only live near to Jesus, and let the Language of your Heart be, *Lord let me know myself and Thee*. All trials are sent for these two Ends, *viz.* that we may be better acquainted with the dear Lord Jesus, and our own Wicked Hearts.—That you

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may increase in this Knowledge ever more and more, is the earnest Prayer of

Your affectionate Friend,

And Servant in Christ,

G. WHITEFIELD.

*P. S.* My dear Wife joins in sending hearty Salutations to all.—I must refer you to other Letters for News.

*His Soul dear Saviour do thou bless,  
To preach the Lord our Righteousness:  
Fast in thy Cause may he abide,  
Lord keep him near thy wounded Side.*

**From Brother J. EDWARDS, to Brother INGRAM.**

Birmingham, July 15th, 1747,

*My very dear Brother Ingram,*

**O**UR Saviour shall bless you for your Love to unworthy me. Lord, what am I that thou shouldst thus honour me with one of thy dear Sons and Servants to be my Friend and Companion thro this Wilderness!

The Day we lest you, I reach'd *Chinner* Time enough to gather the People together, and had a blessed Opportunity; all our Company came in before I had quite done, so that Brother *Harris* gave a Word of Exhortation after Sermon. I discoursed again next Morning to the Comfort of our Souls; we came here on *Sunday* Evening, Brother *Bateman*, Brother *Harris*, and I, have preach'd

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here. I am to preach here twice to Day. I have been to *Wednesbury* and preach'd twice, and verily King *Jesus* is getting himself the Victory. So much of the Glory of the Lamb I feel can't write it, but must tell you more when I see you Face to Face. *Thursday* I go to *Salop*, *Monday* to *Ludlow*, *Tuesday* to *Leominster*, *Wednesday* to *Hereford*, *Thursday* to *Faneoke*, *Friday* meet Brother *Harris* again at *Trevecka*, and stay there till after *Sunday*. Then, if our Saviour pleases, we turn back the same Rounds. I hope to hear from you at *Trevecka*, if not before. Fare you well, my dear Brother, be you faithful and bold in your dear dear Lord's Work: Preach that Blood in which

I am yours for ever and evermore,

J. EDWARDS.

*Louder still may he proclaim,  
Thy eternal balmy Name,  
Like a Comet let him fly,  
Telling how the Lord did die,  
How he hath Salvation bought,  
How he hath a Garment wrought,  
Us to cloath, to hide our Shame,  
Glory to his sov'reign Name.*

**From Brother J. EDWARDS.**

Ludlow, July 21, 1747.

*My dear Brethren in the Lord,*

**T**Hink you that I forget you? nay surely you will not harbour the Thought? Indeed I not only think of you, but love you dearly; because

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our great God *Jesus*, the Lord *Immanuel*, loves me freely, and you the same, and has bid us to love one another. I doubt not but the Shout of a King is amongst you at the *Tabernacle*. Go on Sowers and Reapers together, rejoicing to Heaven, for yonder stands *Jesus* beckening you all to come, and enter into the Joy of your Lord. O had I the Wings of a Dove, I would fly into the *Tabernacle*, and help you, look on you, kiss you, and flyaway again here, and to other Places, where there is such Scarcity of Gospel-Food, and so many Souls perishing for lack of Knowledge.—O that the Souls in *London* did but consider and bless God for all the Privileges they enjoy; above Thousands and tens of Thousands which have not the thousandth Part of their Mercies.

The Fields are white and ready to Harvest in many Places; all Glory be to our incarnate God. Dear Sister *W—n*, and I am just now come from *Shrewsbury*, where we had some sweet Seasons. Yesterday I met the young Children. I read dear Brother *Ingram*'s Letter to them, and discoursed, sung, and prayed with them about two Hours, and the Saviour of little Children was there; the tender *Lamb* smiling upon his Lambs, did kiss them kindly, they frequently meet and pray together, and for one another; it would melt a Heart of Stone to hear them wrestling with God to come down amongst them, they often (those who can) write to each other; many of their Letters came to my Hand, the Copy of Part of one I here send you.

My dear Sister,

*For so I think I may call you, since the Lord hath enlightened our Understanding a little, and given us a little of his Love. O let us daily pray for more, for it was the Love Christ had for poor*

*Sinners,*

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*Sinners, that made him come into the World to die. O that we may feel the Blood of the Lamb sprinkled upon our Souls daily.—Dear Sister, pray to the Lord for me that my Faith fail not. O that Sinners would come with all their Wants to the Saviour, then would they find a full Supply, for he saith, Ho ye*

*thirsty come and drink wine and milk, mingled for you without money and without price, &c. &c.*

Here we see, my dear Brethren, that out of the Mouths of Babes and Sucklings, God ordaineth Praise. O what a God have we, surely there is none like him; for he is a God and Saviour who is married unto us, and sets now on the Throne in our Nature, where we shall soon be also singing Salvation to God and the Lamb, while the heavenly Host break forth into *Allelujahs*.—Come, come, arise you Leaders of the Virgin-Train; arise, and speak to the People that they go forward; the Land flowing with Milk and Honey is before you and them; *Jericho's* Walls shall fall down at the Sound of the Ram's Horn, thro' the Power of our God, and we shall gain the Land, the the Country, the City and all! Methinks I hear you say, O brave! Hosannah unto our Lord and God, for ever and evermore, *Amen!*

J. EDWARDS.

From

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**From Brother THOMAS ADAMS, to Brother J. STEVENS.**

Hampton, July 25th, 1747.

*Very dear Brother Stevens,*

I Am not certain where you are, however I send you a Line at a Venture, as a Token of my unfeigned Love to you and Fellowship with you, not only as a Brother, but Fellow-Labourer also in the Kingdom and Patience of *Jesus Christ* our Lord and God, who indeed is the best of Masters, and will as he has said, supply all our Needs, not only as Christians, but Preachers also, according to his Riches in Glory; so that we need not be anxious about any Thing, but by Prayer and Supplication make known all our Requests unto him who giveth liberally, which I doubt not but my dear Brother *Stevens* happily experiences. I find nothing hurts me so much as Pride and Self-sufficiency; while I am nothing, and am willing to be nothing, and am kept limply hanging on the Lord, all is well; and his Service is then perfect Freedom. Oh my dear Brother, pray for me that I may be kept duly sensible of my own Nothingness, and may not seek to set off myself, or preach in any Shape myself, but *Christ Jesus* the Lord. Indeed I am weary of the various Workings of Self, and was it not for the open Fountain of the dear Redeemer's precious Blood, which washed for me, I could not lift up my guilty Head; 'tis

this is the Life of my Soul. The Archers have indeed shot sore at me lately; but thro' the Blood, the precious Blood, the invaluable Blood of the Lamb, I have been brought off Con-

queror.

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queror. Oh I cannot tell you how precious and weighty I have felt that Blood this Morning. I feel it to be the Blood of God, but sure never was so vile a Monster suff'er'd to have Access to so pure a Fountain before. Oh Grace! Grace! Grace! I dare not tell you how vile I am, and am yet out of Hell! Oh my God, for the Sake of *Jesu's* Agonies and bloody Sweat, his meritorious Death and bitter Passion, crucify in me the carnal Mind, that I may live unto thee. I trust the Work of the Lord is on the prospering Hand in this Country; the Lord seems to bless the Labours of Brother *John Relly* at *Hampton* very much, here is more attends the Word, and a greater Stir among the dry Bones than usual. I have been in *Wilts*, and I believe the Lord is reviving his Work there; it's a great Pity that they should be neglected. I am just now setting out to *Bristol*, I shall stay there till *Friday* next, if our Saviour please, and then go to the *West*. I shall be glad of a Line from you, or any of my dear Friends, my Wife joins in Love to you and Sister *Stevens*.

I am yours affectionately

In Christ Jesus,

THOMAS ADAMS.

P. S. Salute dear Brother *Relly*, Brother *Ingram*, Sister *Wood*, Sister *Warren*, &c. with a real Kiss of Charity; dear Brother *Cennick* if you see him, and all enquiring Friends. Adieu.

*Wherever he goes,  
Be with him, O Lord,*

*And*

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*And let all his Foes,  
Be slain by thy Sword:  
Of him be still careful,  
Thou Head of the Train,  
And keep him still mindful  
Of Christ, the Lamb slain.*

**From Brother JOHN RELLY, to Brother JAMES RELLY.**

Hampton, July 25th, 1747.

*My dear dear Brother,*

**M**y dear Lord doth continue his Presence with me in a wonderful Manner, for which I bow my Knee at the pierced Feet of our incarnate God; and thank him for that Love found in his Heart to me from all Eternity. It makes me to sink down in an eternal Maze at his Footstool, and silently adore his Name, for that distinguishing Love which found me out who am a Mass of Sin, and a Sink of Corruption. It is this Love that breaks my Heart, and melts my Affections as Wax before the Fire, ready to receive what Impression soever my precious Saviour will vouchsafe to stamp upon me; for I long to be resign'd to his Will entirely, and to be always in my Dear Redeemer's Hand, as Clay in the Hand of the Potter; for the more I am sensible of my own Unworthiness and Nothingness, the more am I taught the Fulness that is in Christ, which causeth me to cry out, O that I could be less than nothing, that I might live every Moment upon the eternal Fulness that is in *Christ Jesus* my Lord; proving that all the Fulness of the

Godhead

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Godhead dwells bodily in him; and by Experience I can say, all Glory be to God; that Christ has won my Heart, and that he is become the sole Object of my Love and Delight; and unto him shall all the Powers of my Soul be consecrated. For I experience him a faithful Shepherd, and that he will safely keep what I have committed unto him against that Day: *Oh my glorious Jesus, my incarnate God; who hath redeemed me by thine own Blood; and hath loved me freely with that unfathomable Love, which no Man can fathom. I would adore thee, my slaughter'd Jesus, from the very Bottom of my Heart; and shrink to nothing that thou mayst be all.*—My dear dear Brother, (not only so in the Ties of Nature, but in that Tie and Union also; which is far more sublime.) I long to hear from you; as soon as possible, being very uneasy at your Backwardness in Writing; but I look upon it as a Temptation of the Enemy, and am therefore enabled to look over it. The Lord is pleased to own and bless my Labours in *Gloucestershire*, I trust to many Souls; insomuch that the Congregation daily increases, and the Word hath much Effect upon many of them: So that I have great Reason to believe the Lord is carrying on his Work in this Place. Many Inroads are made in *Satan's* Kingdom. I am persuaded

that the Work begun shall not cease, until *Jerusalem* be made the Praise of the whole Earth; therefore soon shall we see the Headstone brought forth with Shoutings of *Grace! Grace!* unto it: Even to our God, who has loved us with an Everlasting Love, for that Blood is a Witness of his Eternal Love, which stream'd from his Heart on *Mount Calvary*.

*This is the Comfort of my Heart,  
That I from Christ no more shall part,*

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*He seal'd me this on Calvary,  
That where he is, I sure shall be.*

O my dear Brother, I am but weak in Body, yet Glory be to my incarnate God; for me to live is Christ, and to die is Gain; often am I eagerly longing for Eternity; crying, why are thy Chariot-wheels so long in coming, for then shall I behold the Face of my glorious *Jesus*, without the least Vail between; where nothing shall be wanting to the perfecting of my Joy. Pray remember my Love to all that love our Lord *Jesus*, and to Brother *Edwards*, tho' unknown,

I remain your Brother

In a two-fold Union,

JOHN RELLY.

1.

*Let him like a blazing Star,  
Spread thy Glory near and far,  
Like to John who was belov'd,  
Let him be by thee approv'd.*

2.

*May he prosper more and more,  
Feeling Jesu's quick'ning Pow'r,  
Let him lean upon thy Breast,  
There be his Eternal Rest.*

From

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**From Brother REYNOLDS to Brother ADAMS.**

Hampton, June 29, 1747.

*Very dear Brother Adams,*

I Received your kind Letters, for which I heartily thank you. I expected a Letter from you before, and had Thoughts of writing to you at *Exeter*.—I bless God that he continues to be with you, and that the Preaching of his everlasting Gospel is blest to poor Sinners, and tho' *Satan* rages, we are, and shall be more than Conquerors thro' him that has loved us with an everlasting Love.—Dear Brother *John Relly* has been with us some Time, the Lord has wonderfully blest him amongst us; he went to *Bristol*, return'd to us last *Wednesday*, and seldom preached but the Power of God was visibly to be seen in the Congregation, both to wound and to heal; so that the Carnal were obliged to own that God was with him of a Truth. In particular, one *Sunday*, at the *Mill*, all the People seemed to be in Floods of Tears, some panting for Remission of their Sins, crying for a Manifestation of Christ's Love to their Souls, whilst others were triumphing in God, trampling the World, the Devil, and all created Things beneath their Feet, longing for that Time when their Souls shall be swallow'd up in God's eternal Love; we have had many such Opportunities as we enjoy'd two or three Years ago. There was more People at the *Barn* Yesterday than ever I saw before. It was a very solemn Season; I believe the Word did not fall to the Ground.—Oh my dear Brother, pray for us that we may give God all the Glory, for surely it was the Lord that sent our

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dear Brother *Relly* amongst us. He has been made very instrumental in healing those Divisions that hung over us; for indeed we bepn to feel the ill Effects of encouraging such to come amongst us which were the Cause of Strife; neither can the Brethren see what good End it would answer, unless they held the same Doctrines, and preach'd one and the same Thing; even those blessed Truths that you and others of the dear Ministers of God, have been endeavouring to establish us in, which I trust we have experienced by the Light of the Spirit of God to be sweet Truths, such as *The Distinguishing Love of God*, that we were chosen in Christ before the Foundation of the World, that our dear Redeemer

wrought out a compleat Righteousness, and satisfied all the Demands of God's Justice for all that should believe on him, when he shed his precious Blood on *Calvary*. With that Soul-comforting Doctrine *Final Perseverance*; that we cannot fall finally, but are kept by the mighty Power of God thro' Faith unto Salvation; those blessed Truths may the dear Lord *Jesus* enable us to stand by to the last drop of Blood. The dear People of the *Societies* keep close to their Meetings, we seem to be united in Heart, and the God of Love is with us; we all most cordially and affectionately desire to be remember'd to you, dear Sister *Adams*, and all our Brethren in *London*.—They are often asking when our dear Brother *Adams* will come into *Gloucestershire*, hoping and believing the Lord will send you with some special Blessing to our Souls.—I and the dear People are glad to hear of your coming to us soon after the *Association*. We pray the Lord to incline you to stay with us a considerable Time, and dear Sister *Adams* with you.—My hearty Prayers for you is, that the Lord may be with you in your *Association*,

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guiding you by his unerring Spirit, and leading you into all Truth; shewing you what to do, as shall be most for his Glory, and the Good of precious Souls. My Wife and I joins in most hearty Love to you, dear Sister *Adams*, and Sister *Wood*. But how shall I conclude, I am sure I love you from the very Bottom of my Heart, and long to see you. Oh pray for me, and let Love cover all the Faults of

Your sinful, but  
Redeem'd Brother in *Jesus*,

THOMAS REYNOLDS.

*Lord feed thy Lambs in every Place,  
Where thou hast call'd them by thy Grace,  
The little Hills of Zion bless,  
With Peace, and Love, and Righteousness.*

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to Brother JAMES RELLY.**

New-York, June 28th, 1747.

*My dearest Brother,*

**T**Hanks be to God for revealing his dear Son in you.—Thanks be to his great Name for calling you to preach his Everlasting Gospel.—I give him all the Glory, and adore Him for making Ill and Hell-deserving

me, the happy Instrument of alarming and awakening your dead Soul.—  
Ere long I hope we shall meet in Eternity to sing endless Praises to Him  
who has redeem'd us unto

God

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God by his Blood, and made us Kings and Priests unto God, and  
enables us to reign over Death, Hell, and Sin, even whilst here on Earth.—  
I am sorry to hear the Account you give of certain Persons, and their  
Proceedings—I abhor all the bad Principles which you mention, and  
cannot join so as to labour in the same Place, and upon the same Plan  
with those that hold them.—However, let us behave with Meekness,  
my dear Brother, and we shall find by and by that every Plant that our  
heavenly Father hath not planted shall be plucked up.—*He that believeth  
doth not make Haste.*—Jesus reigneth.—Let our Eyes wait on Him.—All  
Things thall work, and even now are working, together for Good to all  
that love Him.—In due time you will see me.—Perhaps next Year.—I  
am as willing to hunt for Souls as ever.—I am not weary of my Master  
or his Work, tho' he might long ago have been weary of me—But his  
Name is LOVE.—Proclaim it my dear Man, proclaim it, 'till thou diest.—  
By the Strength of God I will.—My Love to *All*.—I can now write no  
more, being but lately recover'd from a great Illness. Continue to pray  
for

Your affectionate Friend,  
Brother and Servant in Christ,

G.W.

*P.S.* I send you cordial Love from my Wife now at *Philadelphia*.

From

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**From the same, to Brother JOHN STEVENS.**

New-York, July 5th, 1747,

*My dear Brother* Stevens,

**I** Have now before me two of your kind Letters—I thank you for them;  
and I thank the Lord of all Lords for the News contain'd in them.—  
I thought when I left *England*, you would not continue at *Plymouth*  
long.—Before this Time I trust the Lord Jesus by his Providence has let  
you hear a Voice behind you saying, *This is the Way walk you in it.*—Ere  
long I hope to owe no Man any Thing but Love.—If my dear Friends

forget me not at the Throne of Grace, I trust they will see me, God willing, next Year. I have wrote more particularly to dear Brother *Harris*.—You will thank all my kind Benefactors.—Jesus will reward them. I can now say no more being sick.—I have been Ill several Weeks past; the Lord is, I trust, fitting me for himself, or for fresh Work—Come Life, come Death, I am ready.—Both are ours—For we are Christ's.—To his tender Mercy do I commend you *all*—and beg the Continuance of your Prayers. From my dear Brother,

Yours most affectionately,

G.W.

*P.S.* My Love to your Spouse,—my dear Wife is at *Philadelphia*. Adieu.

From

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**From Brother HOWELL HARRIS, to Brother JAMES RELLY.**

Bristol, Aug. 29th, 1747.

*My dear Brother Relly,*

I Am in your Debt of *Love* and *Letters*, and I shall never be out of this Debt till I am *all, all, all* the Lord's, and yours, and his *Bride's*, without any Reserve.

Yesterday the Lord's little wicked Children and Witnesses met here, and the Friend of Sinners came among us, and made us love one another, and gave us a Token for Good, that he will yet use us and be with us, and made us humble ourselves before him; and we know, that *he that humbleth himself shall he exalted*, and if Pride will come in, to our great Comfort the whole Godhead comes against it; and if Need, he will summon Heaven, Earth and Hell together against it, and will ride over it, and deliver our Heaven-born Souls out of the *Tyranny* of Self-love, which is God's professed Enemy, and is Satan's Agent with us, and opens the Door, while we sleep, and lets in Legions of Enemies, who soon puts all to Disorder within us, and stops up the Course of our Love, and make us unfit for any Service. About 3 Weeks ago I was in *Pembrokeshire*, and I found the Lord was at Work in several Places and Ways; we had an Association at *Haverford-West*, and were happy together. O what a Privilege is it to be indeed nothing in our own Eyes, dead to ourselves, and to all Things about us, alive only to him that liv'd and dy'd, and lives for

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us for ever! O when shall we esteem all others better than ourselves, each indeed being the least in his own Eyes! O my Brother, pray, pray, pray for me, that this may be the abiding Language of my Soul.—O! if you have any Pity in you, pity me, that am oblig'd to dwell with a proud, self-loving Nature, which is ready to devour every Gift that is given me for the Use of the *Lamb's Bride*, and turn it to its own. O when shall I move and act, and use every Talent, and look, and wear, and eat, &c. simply, solely, and faithfully for the Lord, and his redeemed Throng. O when shall I indeed walk in the Dust, seeing myself, as I know I am, by far less than the least of all my Brethren.—I have heard of the Lord's being with you in *London*, and it humbled me in Praise and Love to find that he is with any of us, that he has not quite lest such wicked Wretches as we are.

I heard, to my Concern, of your being indisposed, but I trust that the sympathizing tenderhearted Jesus has renewed your Health and Strength, and you begin again to blaze abroad the Praises of that unfathomable incomprehensible MAN, yours and my eternal Friend; and as you could not come down, we agreed, unless it was contrary to your Mind, that you should as well for the Benefit of the Air, and the Souls Sakes, go a Journey to *Oulney*, if you could go, and thence to *Essex* and *Chatham*, &c.—Brother *Adams* comes up to release Brother *Jenkins* the latter End of next Month, and then if you have Freedom to go to *Gloucestershire* and *Wilts* till the Association, which is to be at *Gloucester*, on *Nov. 11.* whilst Brother *Jenkins*, if he is free, was agreed to go to *Portsmouth*, and the *West of England*, 'till the Association. O that we may heartily unite together as one Man, love, pity,

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bear with, and forgive each other, and then nothing can stand before us. Pray give my Love to all our Saviour's Friends the Way you go, for indeed I love them.—I am oblig'd to return to *Wales*, till the Association. Your Brother *John*, and Brother *Edwards* are by, and send hearty Love to you, and I desire you would accept of the same most affectionately, from

Your unworthy Brother,  
And Fellow-Labourer,

HOWELL HARRIS.

**From Brother THOMAS ADAMS to Brother JAMES RELLY.**

Exon, Aug. 5th, 1747.

*Dear Brother Relly,*

**I** Think you owe me a Letter, and indeed I should have been glad to have had a Line from you, and to have heard how you and the dear *Tabernacle* People do. But perhaps our Saviour did not bid you write, or you have been so engag'd in our Master's Business that you had not Time. However, be that as it will, all is well. And how does the dear Society go on, do their Hearts most cordially enflame with Love to our dear Saviour, who left his great ALL for Us, and lead a most suffering Life, and at last died a most shameful Death, yea shed his dear Heart's Blood to redeem our guilty Souls to God; do they gasp and pant to feel the Power of that Blood on their Hearts every Hour and every Moment,

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breaking the Power of Iniquity, and subjecting all to Christ, so that he reigns indeed King in their Hearts? Are their Consciences kept awake, and the Eyes of their Souls keen and quick to spy out the Redeemer's Enemies, and when they have found them do they crucify the Monsters and keep them under; whether it be Lukewarmness, half-Heartedness, trifling Conversation, needless Visits, worldly-Mindedness, want of Charity, impure Desires, Self-sufficiency, carnal Reason, Unbelief, &c.? Do they industriously seek after these Enemies, and when they have found them, beat them down and trample them under by Faith in *Jesu's* all-conquering Blood? and does his Blood freely circulate thro' all the Faculties of your Souls? if not; indeed you are withering Branches: Indeed, my dear Friends, I see more and more Need of a speedy Catching the foremention'd Enemies, like little Foxes, for if those be suffer'd to run about our Saviour's Vineyard, in vain we preach and profess the greatest Truth, for they will, in Spite of us, spoil the tender Vines. Oh how many promising and flourishing Vineyards have been spoiled, and ruined by them; therefore *watch*, and *pray*, and pray in Faith, for without Faith in Christ we can do nothing; Oh my dearly beloved, Religion is more than Talk, or bare Notions. I see we are but very little Children in our Saviour's School as yet, and what can be more dangerous than to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, the Rich are sent empty away, and the Lord seeth the Proud afar of; 'tis Self-sufficiency makes Christ, his Blood, his Merits, his Promises, &c. seem old and stale,

and as it were of little Worth; labour my dear Brethren for true Poverty of Spirit, so shall Christ, his Blood, &c. be ever new and precious to our Souls, it is a

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Sign we are greatly declining in spiritual Things, and going down instead of up the heavenly Ladder, when he is not so to our Souls. Oh 'tis sweet, nay it's never Right, but when we can retire out of the Things of the World and Self, and seek our all in God. I trust this is what the Lord is teaching me daily more and more. Indeed Jesus is precious to my Soul, and while I am speaking, I find a fresh Spring of Desire in my Soul after a fuller Conformity to, and Enjoyment of the Lord, and indeed his dear Blood is precious and weighty to my Soul. Brethren; I have not wrote these Things to upbraid you, or as tho' you was ignorant of them; but Love to your dear Souls, while I remain in this Tabernacle, constrains me to stir up your pure Minds by Way of Remembrance. Methinks I hear some of you say, this is our Experience. This is what we are panting after more and more; well, and shall not your dear Souls be satisfy'd? Yes doubtless they shall, for we have got our Saviour's Heart. He's our Friend to all Intents and Purposes, his precious, his wond'rous, his invaluable Blood is ours; his Promises, his Attributes, are all engag'd for us, Glory be to God, Hosanna! then Hosanna let us sing, loud Hosanna's, eternal Hosanna's! to the dear, the exalted Son of *David*. Methinks I hear your Voices as the Floods, or Noise of great Waters; saying Amen, even so Lord *Jesus*, our own Lord *Jesus*, Amen! Courage, Courage, Courage, then my dear Brethren, for Christ has led Captivity captive, and spoiled all our Enemies; the Battle is won, and we have nothing to do but share the Spoil, the World, and Death, and Christ, and all is ours, and all ours must and shall he his, aye and a poor All it is that we can give. But I feel now, that if I had a thousand Worlds, a thousand

Lives,

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Lives, thro' Grace assiting, my lovely *Jesus*, my best, my eternal, my only Friend should have all devoted to his Service. Oh pray for me, that I may never more flight him, but be more extensively useful in promoting his Glory; for I am sorry to my very Heart that I have done no more for so good a Master. O that I could be all Obedience, and be swallow'd up in the Soul of *Jesus*, and live, and at last expire and die in the pure

Flames of Love! O the Love of Christ! Lord let me ever enjoy thy Love, for thy Love is all I want; thy Love is the Life of my Soul; thy Love is Heaven; but where am I going? ah methinks I hear my dear Brother *Relly* say, why into the unfathomable Ocean of that Love, into which I am prying and sinking every Day, and you are saying no more than what I am founding in the dear *Tabernacle* People's Ears every Day; that I believe; well then, in the Mouths of two or three Witnesses shall every Word be established.

But methinks I hear you say, well, but how does the Work of the Lord prosper in the Country, where you have been? Why indeed I have not Time to tell you very particularly, but surely the Redeemer's Interest does get Ground, and I trust the Days are hastening on, when his Glory shall cover the Earth as the Waters the Sea; we had many sweet Opportunities in *Gloucestershire*, the Lord seems to own and bless your Brother's Labours there. There are a good many attend the Word, and Refreshings from the Presence of the Lord seems to be come amongst them. Our general Meetings of the Societies, was a Time never to be forgotten, indeed it was a Pentecost to our Souls. The Lord was much with us also at *Bristol*, and there seem'd a brave Shaking among the dry Bones; also at *Bath* we had a sweet Time,

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I find Matters have gone on but indifferent here for some Time. However the Lord has been with us here also, and I trust his Word shall run and he glorified as at the Beginning. I am going to meet the Society by themselves this Evening. I hear the Friends at *Plymouth* go on very comfortably, to *Jesus* be all the Glory! I hope to see them, God willing, Lord's Day next. I am persuaded you will pray for me; yea, and I beg an Interest in the Prayers of all the Society, to whom pray read there Lines, and assure yourself and them neither you, nor they, are forgotten in the Prayers of, dear Brother *Relly*, both

Yours and theirs

Most affectionately in *Christ Jesus*,

THOMAS ADAMS.

**From Brother HERBERT JENKINS, to a Brother in LONDON.**

Berwick upon Tweed, Aug. 9th, 1747.

*My very dear Brother,*

I Have been so very much engag'd for this last Fortnight, that I have had Time to write to but very few of my dear Friends; to whom I am extremely obliged for their Love and Respect.—On *Friday*, about Six in the Evening, I with much Difficulty left *Edinburgh*, where I had been for almost a Month, continually exercis'd in Preaching, and visiting Societies with vast Pleasure and Delight.—Last *Thursday* Evening I preached my

Fare-

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Farewell-Sermon in the *Park* to many Thousands, who attended with great Devotion, and many Tears.—So many weeping Eyes did I never behold before.—I really thought I should faint away as soon as I had done, by reason of the prodigious Multitudes that came to me Weeping, to wish me good Speed in the Name of the Lord. At last I was so pressed by the Multitude, that I was obliged by the Help of a Friend, privily to run into the *Orphan* Hospital, and so left my dear Friends full of Sorrow, perhaps in this World never to see them any more. I desire with all Humility to bless and praise the Lord for his great Goodness to ungrateful me, since I have been in *Scotland*. O may I never forget his Loving-Kindness and tender Mercies.

I am now thus far on my Road for *London*, but the Weather is so exceeding hot, and we travel so slow, that I suppose I shall not see you much untler a Fortnight's Time.—In the Interim, I beg you would pray for me, that I may be directed in all my Affairs to glorify God and to follow the Lamb, that Self may not influence me in the least, nor any By-End cause me to swerve from the Path of my Duty. I hope *Jesus* is still dearer to your precious Soul, and that you are more and more conformed to his Likeness. Follow on to know him, and always pray that you may be so happy as to glorify him in doing and suffering his whole Will, till with you Time shall be no more.

My hearty Love to your dear Sister, Miss *F*—, Brother *Relly*, and all that enquire for me, and accept the same yourself,

Most cordially from

Yours ever in *Christ Jesus*,

HERBERT JENKINS.

From

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**From Brother EDWARDS to Brother JAMES RELLY.**

Ludlow, Aug. 2. 1747.

*My dear dear Brother Relly,*

I Have heard by a private Hand that the Shout of a King is amongst you, which was greatly refreshing to my Soul; all Glory be unto King *Jesus*, the great Prince, *Emmanuel*, for honouring you my Brother, and the other dear Brethren with you, and also for vouchsafing to shew his Presence and Power amongst the dear Lambs at the *Tabernacle*. Surely there is no God like unto our God, nor no Saviour like unto the Lamb, nor no People has more Room to praise and adore him than the Children at *London*; for they have the Food sent them to their Doors; Morning and Evening rain'd down about their Tents, the Lord give them thankful Hearts, tinging Hosanna to the Son of *David*, &c.

O my dear Brother, I call on you to join with me in Songs of Praise and Adoration unto the *Wonderful, Counsellor*, the *mighty God*, the *ever loving Father*, the *Prince of Peace*, the humble Son of Man, for his loving Condescension and tender Care towards and over me the least of all Saints, a poor, vile, worthless Worm; indeed he doth display his wonderful Grace, and comes down and waters the dry and barren Land of poor Sinners Hearts. O what Times and Seasons have we had; Souls fired with the Love of God, and following the Word from Place to Place, Horse and Foot, like Men engaged in

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a War, determin'd to take the *City* by Force of Arms. *Jesus* delights to take Turns into the little Companies of his favourite Camp, Villages, and Country-Places. Hear the Sound of the Trumpet, and set out for the War; they come enquiring *for him that is born King of the Jews*, that he may be their Captain; one may see Joy and Sorrow mixt in their Faces, while the Tears run trickling down the Cheeks of Old and Young. The Lord is opening more Doors for the Gospel, O that those that were the first called may not be the last chosen, may not linger in the Way, and enter not in thro' Unbelief; while the new-call'd and gather'd Troops shall possess the Promise before them.

I went last *Wednesday* from *Hereford* to *Tewksbury*, where I met your Brother, we had a sweet Time together, the Lord I find is much with

him. He went the next Day to *Gloucester*, after I came here. I am to meet him again at *Tewksbury* next *Tuesday* Fortnight, God willing.

Glory be unto our great God, the humble Son of Man for what he has done, and is doing now, on the Earth; the very Mountains quake and tremble before him, and fly at his Presence; come, my Brother Soldier, gird on thy Sword, for there is none like it, the *Philistines* must fly or fall before the *little Davids* of the Camp of *Israel*, for tho' they are weak; yet they shall be stronger than *Goliah* himself; for the Battle is the Lord's, the God of Hosts, and he is on our Side; so we fear not all the Powers of the Armies of the Aliens, be they never so strong or mighty; thro' the Power of our GOD, we shall overcome them. The Land is before us, it lays East, West, North, and South; let us go over and take it, notwithstanding all the Spies shall

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say.

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say. Behold we are strong enough, God is on our Side, what have we then to fear; come, arise, speak to the People, and those that be on the Lord's Side, let them come into the Camp, and those that are not, till they are cured of the Leprosy, let them depart out, that the Children be not stopp'd in their Journey. Come let us break thro' all, and away to the Kingdom,

In which I am,

Your poor, little, weak younger Brother,

J. EDWARDS.

*P.S.* Pray salute in my Name, dear Brother *Ingram* and *Stevens*, all in the *New-House*, together with the whole Society.

Why won't you let me hear from you. I am going to *Salop*, till next *Monday* Week, then come back again here for one Night. I propose being at *Bath*, *Thursday* the 12th of *August* at *Hertford* the 14th; and at *Tewksbury* the 17th; before which you may hear again from me.—I am very weak in Body.

Dear Sister *W*— has accompanied me all round from *Shrewsbury*, thro' *Wales* into *Gloucestershire*, and in two or three Days we shall be back to *Shrewsbury* again.

From

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**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to Brother ADAMS.**

New-York, July 4th, 1747.

*My very dear Brother Adams,*

I Have just now been reading over your kind Letter, dated *November* 23d. the second or third Time.—It affected me much, and with the other Letters, have constrained me to set my Face towards *England*.—What is due in *America*, for the *Orphan-House*, I hope to discharge this Year.—I am of your Mind in respect to the Work in *England*, and therefore am willing so to settle my Affairs, that when I come over, I may stay with you for a long Season, if the Lord *Jesus* is pleased to give me Health and Strength.—At present I am very weakly, and scarce able to preach above once or twice a Week.—But if our Saviour hath further Work for me to do, he can make me young and lusty as an Eagle.—If not, I shall go to him whom my Soul loveth, and whom I long to see.—Blessed be his Name, that there are yet a few Names left in *Sardis*, that have not defiled their Garments, but have kept close to his Truths and Cause in a declining Day.—You will remember me to all most tenderly.—I pray for you continually, and whilst I am writing, it being *Friday*,\* comfort myself with this Consideration, that many are praying for me.—You will see my Letter to dear Brother *Harris*, and

excuse

• A stated weekly Day of Prayer, at the *Tabernacle, London*.

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excuse my being so short, because I am so weak.—Our Lord continues to deal graciously with me, and was I well, I have rather a wider Door than ever opened before me.—But our Thoughts are not as his Thoughts—For the present, Adieu!—I send man cordial Love to you, yours, and all, and am more than ever,

Yours, &c.

In the blessed Jesus,

G.W.

**From Brother HOWELL HARRIS to the Brethren and Sisters in  
Conference.**

ARE not you One? And I hcre write to you all separately, and yet One! O the Mystery of Oneness! Father, Son, and Spirit are *one God*!—The Head and the Body is One! And shall not all the Members be One? O *Universal Oneness*!—Hasten thy winged Motion.—O glorious Day, when I shall see *Paul* and *Barnabas*, *Luther* and *Calvin*, and all the dear Saints, joining one Song, not so much as remembering that they

ever differ'd?—And 'till that Day let us cause the unexperienc'd Christian to admire; and cry, *See how these Christians love one another.*—O my Brethren, see that the same Mind, the same General, Impartial, Free, Unconditional, and Unchangeable Love that you daily prove in your Head be found in each of you—Let this indeed be a Characteristick peculiar to the Tabernacle, *pure Catholick Love, and undissembled Simplicity.*—And whilst we live a Life of Faith—and Repentance—and walk with broken Hearts before the Lamb's Throne, we shall be exalted—Let Mercy and

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(85)

Compassion be the Girdle of your Loins, whilst Tenderness and Fellow-feeling sit on the Throne of your Hearts—Remember me most heartily to Brother *Jenkins*, and Brother *Adams* and his Spouse, if in Town.—Bro. *Stephens* also and his Wife, and to the various Bands and Classes; and tell Bro. *H*—, I am heartily thankful for his last, and would, but have no Time, answer it. I am my dear Brethren and Sisters, not only your Fellow-Sinner, and Fellow-Sufferer, but Partaker of your Joy, and in a compleat Saviour rejoicing with you, and remain

Yours in all Respects to all Eternity,  
In our Incarnate God,

HOWELL HARRIS.

**From the same to a Brother in Town.**

Oct. 2d. 1747.

*My very dear Brother,*

**Y**OURS I receiv'd *Sep.* 29. past, and I soon felt the Blessing of each Brother seeing his Place, and doing God's Work heartily, and would have immediately answer'd that, and your other kind Letter, but was, as I am continually, so hurry'd, that 'tis not without much Difficulty I steal a Moment at all to write a Line to my dear Brethren. But HE that knows me, and my Place, Trials, Labours, Corruption, &c. will answer for me, and excuse me to my dear Brethren.—'Tis no small Joy to me, to hear of your Prosperity in *London*, and see the Work

prosper,

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prosper, and no outward Opposition appears, only from our own Corruptions.—I received your Pacquet from dear Brother *Whitefield*,

wherein he speaks as having determin'd to cross the mighty Waters, and land either in *Scotland* or *England* next Spring; there being no Hindrance by that Time, but some outward Embarrassments, which I trust Providence will by that Time make easy.—I can do but little; but what I can, I shall see it my highest Privilege to do.—His Burthens I trust shall for ever be mine.

HOWELL HARRIS.

**From the same to another Brother.**

*My dear, dear Brother,*

**H**AVE you complain'd that you never had a Letter from me? I must also complain, that I am the ungratefulest Brother you have found. And if I shall boast in my Infirmities, I shall lead the Van, and cannot find a Match.—However, I learn by all to have less Confidence in myself; and sure soon I shall love myself less, and my Brethren more.—Can you forgive me? I know you do; and let me say this, that you, and each in your Family, are dear to me, because I am persuaded you are so to the Friend of Sinners.—Yours, to my dear Wife, added to the Obligation of Love you have ever laid on me. Oh let me for ever hide myself in thy Blood and Death, O incarnate Father, and leave myself, and Guilt, and Shame behind.—Indeed I want such a Saviour as I have found, I am poor, and blind, and naked; and deserve

all

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(87)

all temporal and eternal Punishments, and yet every Breath I draw is a Blessing! O Lamb of God! O incomprehensible Mystery! O unfathomable Abyss! O God incarnate, what am I before thee! What Love resides in thy Breast! It is enough, I am nothing, and thou art ALL. Oh let me have the Honour of being kept in the Dust, seeing it my highest Honour to wash thy Servants Feet!—Oh, my Brother, see to your Armour—Live by Faith—Cease from Man—Learn of the Lamb—I see more and more daily the Need of Moderation, strong Love, and Forbearance, else no Connexion can abide, and we must learn to love each other as Sinners, which I find no easy Matter.

I am honour'd here with being employ'd continually, and I trust am bless'd in some Sense perhaps more than ever—Lord what am I!—the Work here is still spreading, and I begin to conceive Hopes of some of our Town, which have been long barren, and as it were lest.—Brother *Edwards* and *Ingram* are both now in *Pembrokeshire*, and I hear are much

blest'd in several Places.—I have lately, (at their own Request) discours'd 3 or 4 Times before several Gentlemen—Ladies of Fashion—Some Magistrates—Counsellors—Attorneys—Doctors in Divinity, &c. and they behav'd well.

I have now been all round *South Wales*, and enabled (tho' my Body continues very infirm) to travel often 20, and sometimes 30 Miles a Day, and discourse twice, besides settling and conferring with the Societies every where.—I long to see you all again, but can't determine 'till we meet at *Gloucester*.—I am to visit *North Wales* and *South Wales* in the mean Time.—The Doors are opening a-pace here in every

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County, where the Opposition seem'd Invincible.—The Lord reigns, Let the Isles rejoice. Amen.

HOWELL HARRIS.

**From Brother EDWARDS to Brother T. B. in LONDON.**

Haverford-West, Oct. 3d. 1747.

*My dear Brother,*

**D**oubtless you will be glad to hear that there is the Sound of Abundance of Gospel Rain in the Countries far and near, and so much in many Places that would surprize you, were you to be present, and see and hear the Multitudes that flock to the Word, and the Hungrings and Thirstings there is for the Salvation of God in the Blood of our Great *Emmanuel*, and what enquiring there is after him who was born King of the *Jews*; his Standard is lifted up, his Banners are display'd, his Kingdom is come down, and the Gates are thrown open, while black, Hell-deserving Sinners fly to that Man who is our Peace; the Name that has been lost so long is found again, so that *Jesus* is the pleasing Theme: That Lamb that was slain without the Gates of *Jerusalem* has wash'd away all Sin and Wrath, tore down the Partition Wall of Enmity, and the strong Ramparts of Hell, and has proclaim'd an Everlasting Peace, which makes glad the *Sion* of the living and true God, while she stands believing and singing the Virgin's song, *Luke* i. 46, 47. Behold how the shines

forth

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forth in her Lord, and Bridegroom's Wedding Garments, a Vesture dipp'd in Blood, and claps her Hands saying,

*That World, and Sin, and Satan,  
In vain my March opposes,  
Thro' Christ shall break thro' them all,  
And sing the Song of Moses.*

So then nothing must stop King *Jesus's* Bride, for he has bore *all* her Sin and Shame, paid her Debt, adorn'd his Body, and she must ride in his own Chariot like a Queen, while all the heavenly Host bow down, adore with Wonder and Amazement, singing Allelujah to God and the Lamb.

Come, then, let us adore our Husband, that God in Flesh *Jesus*, that Man of Sorrows, the Virgin's Son, who is mighty to save, and by whose Stripes we are healed; that by so adoring and believing, we may rejoice in him with Joy unspeakable and full of Glory.—He, and He alone is worthy to receive all Honour, and Glory, and Praise.

*The Mighty God, the Lamb was slain,  
Was dead, but is alive again,  
And will to all Eternity,  
Appear a Lamb as slain for me.*

*For ever blessed be the Lamb,  
For I my Lord's Disciple am,  
The Son if Man hath set me free,  
The Lord's own Blood redeemed me.*

This is the Man, the Rock, the Name which shall for ever stand, on which our Names are inlaid by the Finger of Jehovah, that Earth nor

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Heaven,

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Heaven, Things present, nor Things to come, shall ever erase; and the Day draws nearer and nearer on, when the glorious Throng of the Redeem'd, shall see *Jesus*, our Fore-runner, with all their Names on the Breast-plate of his bleeding, torn, and open'd Heart, at the Right-Hand of the Majesty on High, where he is gone to prepare Places for us, and where he is, we shall be also, to sing Salvation to God and the Lamb, throughout the wide and endless Ages of Eternity; thither I trust my dear Brother's Face is set, and there I expect to meet you at the End of all your Cross's Labour and Toil, to set down at the Feet of our great and almighty Saviour *Jesus*, the risen God, *Emmanuel*. In his Death, Blood, and Wounds,

I am your affectionate Brother,

J. EDWARDS.

**D**ear Brother *Ingram*, and I, have been in the West Part of *Wales* about a Fortnight, hunting for Sinners to come to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb; I trust not without some good Success. My dear Brother *Ingram* is greatly bless'd indeed; he is setting by, and most heartily salutes you, &c. Pray tell dear Bro. *H*—— that I received the Packet of Mr. *Whitefield*'s, which he was so kind to send me, and thank him. Mr. *Whitefield* says, that he is determined in the Strength of the Lord, and by the Assistance of his Friends, to come over to *England* in the Spring.—We shall move East-ward in two Days.—Shall be at *Trevecka* in about 10 Days. Farewell.

From

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**From a Brother in London, to Brother ADAMS.**

*My very dear Brother Adams,*

**I**Received your kind and loving Letter, 'twas not want of Love that I had not wrote before; I was going to write to *Bristol*, but your great Master had just sent you away to some Place I did not know where. Your Letter made my Heart glad, it was refreshing to my Soul; yes, my dear Brother, you know my Wants very well, for sure our dear Lord's Person is glorious; I long that he may unveil himself more to me, for he is altogether lovely, in him is my All. I am the poorest, proudest, and weakest in all his Flock, but he is my Strength; I am all Darkness, but he is my Light; naked, but he cloaths me; Glory, all Glory be to his great Name; he is just such a Saviour, as I wanted.—What a King is he! ruling and governing in the Soul, by his Holy Spirit, conquering our stubborn Wills. How sweet is the Method he takes, shewing us the Uglyness of Sin, and the Need of his Righteousness, overcoming us by Love, setting a Crown on our Heads, purchased at so dear a Rate, as makes Heaven to wonder, and Hell to Envy; O that I may be as Clay in the Hands of the Potter. That a Prophet is He, who hath told us all Truth, and gives us Power to believe it: and what a Priest is He, that having once offer'd up himself, has made us compleat before God for ever, so that Justice is more than satisfy'd, and Hell confounded. O

that

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that precious Blood; methinks I see him standing on the Throne of God, a Priest after the Order of *Melchisedech*, and Sinners entering Heaven as white as Snow. He is my Shield against the fiery Darts of Satan; the Devil cannot withstand that Blood, my Saviour has got himself the Victory; O may he quicken me more and more, and grant more of his free Spirit; you know the Residue of the Spirit is with him. I rejoice to hear you are near our almighty condescending loving *Jesus*, and that the Work of the Gospel goes on in the Country. O may the Fame of *Jesus* spread from Sea to Sea. May he alone be exalted. The Lord seems to bless the Preaching at our Place; we are generally very full; we have both a Society and a Class meets in the Room below. All our Family is rejoiced to hear of your Welfare and Success. My Father has a great Respect for you: My Mother desires her kind Love to you and Mrs. *Adams*, and my Brothers and Sister send their sincere and affectionate Love to you both, and we all join in Prayer to Almighty God for your Safety and Success in the Gospel, we all desire your Prayers and long to see you in *London*.

I am, my very dear,

And honour'd Brother,

Yours, in the Lord,

G— G—.

*Bless all that Family, Oh gracious God!  
And let them feel the Power of Jesu's Blood,  
As Once the House of Obad-edom blest,  
So cause thine Ark within that House to rest.*

From

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**From a Sister to the *Tabernacle-Society* in LONDON.**

*My dear Brethren and Sisters,*

**A**RE not we brought up under the Doctrines of the Free-Grace of God, manifested thro' *Jesus Christ* to Sinners, who is very God over all, blessed for evermore. I have lived to see a Day in which *Jesus* and his Doctrines are preached in the Light of them, divine Record holds them forth. I am a Witness thereof; but the Lord knows with many such whore Pride in the bare Knowledge of the Doctrines, has taken such Place in the Hearts of God's own People, that the Fountain *Jesus* is so provok'd, as to withdraw his Blessing greatly from the Preaching of his

own Truths, namely, his Love, Faith, Grace, and Power to the Conversion of Souls, or to the increasing the Faith of Believers in the Life Christ as their Pattern and Law-Keeper, or his Death and Sufferings as their Attonement for their Souls. Oh that *Zion's* Sins were laid on the Hearts of those who are noting the Signs of the Times, not in Contention, but secret Watching and Prayer against the common Enemies; and O that the Lord would cement together all thore who are free from Bigottry, and make them stand as one Man between the Living and the Dead, and plead with him in the great Sacrifice for guilty *England*, and sinful *Zion*, before the Lord comes forth; and happily shall it be for every Soul who is found waiting on the Lord, and constantly praying him to guide them by his Spirit, or

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they will be at a Loss to find their Way in this Time of Temptation that is come on all the Churches of Christ; house in the Ark ye Children of God, and seek Peace. Oh don't be found quarrelling when the Lord comes.—Oh for *our* first Love.—I fear many will be caught off their Watch-Tower; let him that thinketh he standeth, not look abroad, but within, and take Care lest he Fall; for the Lord is come to search *Jerusalem* with Candles, and he will punish them that are settled on their Lees, the Hand of the Lord shall be upon each one that is proud, and lifted up to abase him; the Pride of Man shall be humbled, and the Haughtiness of Man shall be brought low, and the Lord alone shall be exalted in that Day; and his Eyes are as a Flame of Fire, and all his Churches shall know it is he which searches the Heart and trieth the Reins of the Children of Men. Oh what a Condition will the Lord find his *Zion* in when he cometh, dashing one against another, like the Potsherds of the Earth, quarrelling about Words, and losing the Substance; how many of the Lord's own Children will have their Knees smite one against another, for walking so trifling before him, amusing their Minds abroad, instead of seeking for the Life in their dear Souls. And now my dear *Tabernacle* Friends, I know we have all sinn'd, as have others, yet this I am assur'd of in my own Soul before the Lord, there are many of you who are weak in Faith, yet are truly seeking the Presence of *Jesus*, and Deliverance by him, who once prov'd him your Deliverer, be you found on the Watch-Tower; dying his spotless Dress for your Robe before the Throne.—Pray earnestly at his dear Feet,

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that you may have Grace to come, and by a living Faith wash your Garments in his precious Blood all Day long; O come to *Jesus* for Eye-salve, and his ever-blessed Spirit shall lead you safe thro' all the Storms, tho' a thousand should fall on your Right-Hand; I know it shall go well with you, I know you seek *Jesus*, and to you shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his Wings. This MAN, in whom all the Fulness of the Godhead dwells bodily, shall be your Hiding-Place from the Heat, and Covert from the Storm, in the Day of the Lord's Visitation; and when you are truly at *Jesus's* Feet, and by Faith behold him, I know you will not do as many, *Depise the Day of small Things*, but will look to the Pit from whence you was dug, and succour the tempted. I have often blest the Lord of late, when he has sifted you as Wheat before the general Storm comes, and has taught you by this to bear the Burden of *Zion* on your Hearts, that ye may be enabled to Hand in the Day of Battle. Indeed the Life of a Believer may well be call'd a hidden one, the World cannot see the Glory of *Jesus* among this feeble *Flock*, under the Rafters of this wooden House, nor the Children of *Zion* neither, no nor yourselves but darkly; but fear not, they that have gone forth weeping bearing precious Seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing; and in this Place, where it was said, ye are not, my Children, there shall ye be called the Children of the living God; for it is not against us that some have drawn out the Tongue, and shaken their Heads, but it is against the Lord's Workmanship, for we are God's Husbandry, we are his Building, *Zerubabel* laid the Foundation of this House, and his Hand will finish it also; let us therefore be watchful in

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Prayer,

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Prayer, for greater is he that is with us than they which are against us. With us is the Lord our God? let us then strengthen our Hearts in the Lord, and one another's Hands in our God; for the Cause is the Lord's. Have you been tempted? I have more, but as the Lord liveth, and your Souls live, there is a Blessing gone forth. Is there any tempted? let them look to him, he will surely succour you.—Now may the Grace of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, the Love of God the Father, the Communion of the Holy Spirit, our Comforter, be in the Midst of us, and bless us, and build

us up together in him, by whom all the Building is fitly framed, that Sower, and Reaper may rejoice together, for his Glory's Sake. *Amen.*

*So let us watch, and jointly pray,  
To stand prepar'd for that great Day.*

**From Mr. H——ll H—rr—s, to a Brother in London.**

Bristol, Aug. 29th, 1747.

*My dear Brother,*

I Received your last Week, and could not steal Time till now to answer it. Hitherto the Chiefest of all the sinful Worms, is honoured with having my Time filled up. And I hope my dear dear Brother will not think I slight him because I don't write to him.—I can't but love your honest and guileless Soul. O my Brother, what a Deliverance is it to be delivered

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from the proud, vain, resenting Spirit of this World. I feel an inward, real, loud Regard for you as a Brother, and this is increased by seeing your Readiness to do all you can to serve the Lamb's Bride, and by the Love you have shewn in serving one that all the Church will some Time or another honour; because he has been so honoured of the Lamb, and made so faithful to him indeed, especially in giving him his Glory, and being kept so poor in Spirit, in the midst of so many Temptations from Popularity, Success, Applause, &c. sure the Lord will take it kind of all those who will strengthen his Hands in the great Work committed to him.—Then the Work also will prosper, and convince all who is its Author, when each will see his Place and Talents, and be faithful to the Lambs in using our utmost: Efforts for him willingly and heartily. I thank you for all the Contents of yours, and for all your Observations; how sweet and edifying is it in Love and Simplicity to convey our Light to each other! You mention'd some Trials you met with, which I wish, if I cou'd contribute towards the removing of them, you would have mentioned them. But these are what we must be prepar'd for in the Discharge of every Duty and Office for the Lord, and we must in Patience and Courage bear up under them; look to him that bore all our Burthens in his own Body on the Tree. I rejoice to hear that Matters go so well on in *London*, I trust the Work will revive every where, and one good Token for it is, that the Preachers love one another. We all parted to Day very happily,

after a sweet Meeting Yesterday. I wrote to Bro. R——y now, and Bro. A——s wrote to Bro. J——s, and Bro. S——s, and I could write to them both, but am quite hurry'd as to Time.—Pray do you thank them both for their

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kind Letters to me, and tell them I shall write as soon as I can. I have lest myself no Room to enbrge, but to assure you again I love you indeed, and wish you all the Happiness spiritual, temporal, and eternal, that was intended for you in the Eternal Covenant, that was bought for you on *Mount Calvary*, and promised for you in the sacred Writings. And am your Fellow-Heir of that unfathomable Inheritance, and Fellow-Sinner, and Brother redeem'd in the spotless Lamb,

Yours to all Eternity,

H—— H——

P.S. Matters go on most happily and prosperouly in *Wales* every where; the Gospel still spreads itself farther and farther. Farewell.—God bless you for ever.

**From the same to the same.**

Trevecka, Oct. 16th, 1747.

*My dear Brother,*

I Received both yours last Post, (it being then I came from my Rounds) and I heartily thank you for them. This Week we had a Quarterly Association here, and the great Bishop of the Sheep was pleas'd to give us a Visit.—Things still appear here with a lovely Aspect, fresh Doors are Opening, and many are awaken'd and added to Us, and a Spirit of Love, Discipline, and Subordination runs through the whole.—We have settled *Friday, Nov. 6.* a Day

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of Prayer and Humiliation every where for our own, the Churches, and the Nations Sins, and if the Society in *London* joins us we shall be glad. Sure it is high Time to fly to the Lord for *poor England*. In two Days I begin a Round thro' *North Wales*, where I expect to be (if my Work is done) sent Home, or at least imprison'd; for 10 Days my Life will be in continual Danger.—Engage the Brethren to pray for me, and

remember me most affectionately to dear Bro. A——s, and all the Conference together, and be all assur'd that I am,

Theirs and Yours most affectionately,  
 In our GOD Incarnate,  
 For ever and ever,

H—— H——s.

P.S. Just now I had a most welcome Letter from dear Bro. A——s, which I would answer but can't, it being near 12 at Night, and I am quite weary; tell him I thank him in the sincerest Manner for thinking of me, and that I long to see him and all my *London* Friends.—My dear Friend farewell; In the Wounds of *Jesus* farewell, farewell.

*Shall any Danger harm the Man,  
 Whom Jesu's Arms uphold,  
 They threaten and oppose in vain,  
 Christ cares for all his Fold;  
 But more than all his Ministers,  
 Are Stars in his Riggt Hand,*

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*He safely on his Bosom bears,  
 Our Father, and our Friend!*

**From Mr. J——s R——y, to Mr. T——s A——s.**

Hampton, Oct. 15th, 1747.

*Very dear Brother A——s,*

**A** Few Lines I send to let you know how gracious the Lord hath been to me since I saw you. When I set out from *London* with Brother R——s, I found my Soul in exceeding great Heaviness, thro' manifold Temptations, which continued all my Journey down, and sometimes so weighty, that I could scarce support under them; which caused me to groan earnestly and long to be deliver'd; deep were the Discoveries I had of the Wickedness and Abomination of my own Heart; proving myself to be such a Monster of Iniquity, that I was even ashamed of myself before God; neither was Satan backward, nor wanting in his Assaults; representing Things in the grossest Light; and keeping his Perspective continually before my Eyes, through which every Mole-Hill appear'd as a Mountain; persuading me that the Hearts of the Friends

in *London* were shut against me; and that I had not been blest amongst them, and that I ought not to go to them again; putting me in Mind of my own Weaknesses, which the Lord knows are innumerable. But after all his Sifting, he could not rob me of the Testimony of a good Conscience; which witnesseth that

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my Heart hath been kept upright in the Work of the Ministry; and faithful according to my Light; being at this present, I thank our Saviour, void of Offence, both towards God and my Brethren: This Testimony have I brought out of *London* with me, in Spite of all the Powers of Hell; and as for all my Weaknesses, Glory be to God, I have free Access to the Blood of *Jesus*, which cleanseth us from all Sin. After I came here, my Burthen was removed, in some Measure; and still more as I became more willing to be nothing, that *Jesus* might be all. Alas my dear Brother, I find still that I am a poor helpless Creature; to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not; but Glory be to his Eternal Name, who is become such a suitable GOD, such an High Priest as becometh me; verily if it be the Devil's Aim to darken the Free Grace of God in my Soul, he misseth it; for I prove that neither his politick Persuasions, nor fierce Assaults, can effect it, but rather in the End verifieth that Saying of the Holy Ghost, that *all Things work together for Good*. Oh, my dear Brother, I find the Word of the Lord is precious in these Days, when there is no open Vision. Since I have been in this Country, I have preached every Day, and thrice on the Lord's Day, and the Master of Assemblies is amongst us, yea the Lord of Hosts, the GOD of *Israel*. For the most Part, I find the Friends here to be quite honest and simple, hungering after the Bread of Life. The Lord is their Shepherd, they shall not want. I have as much Freedom, and of our Saviour's Presence, as such a wretched Worm can expect, when I consider my Unfruitfulness, Wanderings, and Rebellions, but looking to his Promise, I still expect more;

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yea until I am every Moment swallow'd up in his Love. For this I wait, knowing that he hath promised it unto me, and he is faithful.—The greatest Want I labour under at present, is to be entirely dead to Self, and all its Productions; that I may have no Name, Character, or Life to

care for; nor none to be applauded, nor beloved, but to be always where I ought to be, even in the Dust, at the Feet of *Jesus*; for if I yet seek to please Men, I cannot be the Servant of Christ,—I should have gone next Week to *Wiltshire*, but I am told Mr. *G——n* is there.—Therefore I purpose, God willing, to go next Week for *Gloucester, Tewksbury, Shrewsbury, &c.* and to be at *Hampton* at the general Meeting, which is the 5th of *November*.—Pray write to me there as soon as you can.—My Love to dear, dear Bro. *J——s*, if in Town, to dear Sister *A——s*, Sister *W——d*, and all enquiring Friends, accepting the same yourself, most heartily, cordially, and affectionately from him who is ever

Yours in Christ Jesus,

*J——s R——y.*

*Prosper our Brother in thy Word,  
His each Temptation spoil,  
Support him in thy Arms, O Lord,  
In all his Griefs and Toil.*

From

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**From a Gentleman at Plymouth to Mr. *J——n S——v——s.***

*My very dear Friend S——s, whom I greatly love in the Lord Jesus Christ our blessed Saviour and Redeemer.*

I Desire to praise my God for inclining you to write at last: O did you know how good and gracious my dear Saviour has been, and continues to be to me, surely you and your House, and all the Redeemed of the Lord among you, would join with me in praising and adoring this infinite Lover of my precious and immortal Soul, who has loved me a dead, lost, and rebellious Sinner; who has loved me a backsliding, ungrateful Sinner, and who has followed me with Mercy and Lovingkindness, till at last he has made me willing to give up my all unto him, who is worthy of all, for he has purchased me with a great Price, even the Price of his precious Blood; 'tis a Sense of this Love that wounds my Heart, and melts it into Love: O my dear Friend, how precious is Christ now to my sin-sick Saul; why he is altogether lovely, and the chiefest of ten Thousands, I cannot live a Moment without him: Indeed if my Lord absents himself it is for good, for then he enables me to seek after him, and then again returns with everlasting Loving-kindness; therefore is not my dear Lord worthy of all Praise, who is so gracious, loving, and

kind to me who have abused him, and so long resisted his tender Calls, and grieved his holy Spirit, even after I had known him? O base Ingratitude! but O

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free and distinguishing Love, free indeed! to me, dear Soul, I want the Tongue of an Angel to proclaim his Fame, and to let the World know what he has done for me! I would desire never to be silent, for indeed it behoves me above any of his Creatures to speak of what my Lord has done for me; why he loved me when I was dead in Trespasses and Sins, and made me willing in the Day of his Power to follow him thro' evil Report and good Report; this is an infinite Power indeed, never to be forgotten, and I trust my Lord will never suffer me to be silent wherever I am permitted to be in this Vale of Tears.—O my dear Friend, I desire to rejoice with you in what the Lord has done for you, and that he has been pleased to make you willing to proclaim the Freeness of his Love to poor lost Sinners; may the divine Power accompany you in all your Goings out and Comings in, to the Honour and Glory of his great Name, and the Good of precious and immortal Souls; may you go on prospering in the Work I trust our dear Lord has called you to, and may you be a blessed Instrument in our Saviour's Hands to bring many Thousands of Souls to the Knowledge of saving Truth, and may he guide you by his divine Spirit, and lead you in the Way everlasting.—O my dear Friend, this is a great Honour and a glorious Privilege to be call'd to be a Winower of Souls; O may you be blessed with a double Portion of his spiritual Blessings, and when you go out in his Name may he go with you, and be in you, and be made a Blessing to all those that hear you, for his own Honour Sake: This is my sincere Desire for you, and if our Lord would be pleas'd to permit you to come this Way, I should rejoice to see you once more in the Flesh, and to hear you proclaim the Fame of my dear Lord and Master, who is more precious

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to me than ten thousand Worlds; then should we rehearse together our dear Lord's Love and Kindness to us ever since we have been absent from one another: I trust it would be to the Honour and Glory of his great Name, and the Comfort of our precious Souls. Indeed, my dear Friend, the Remembrance of our past Conversation is Subject of Praise

for me, to have met at such a Time so faithful a Friend; blessed be my dear Lord's Name for that Mercy among all the rest, they are all fresh Instances of Praise, even the Remembrance of them: O when shall we behold him Face to Face, and employ an Eternity together to recount the Wonders of our Lord, in delivering of us from the mighty Power of our spiritual Enemies, and giving us to see those Things that tend to our eternal Peace, before they were hid from our Eyes: May all Honour, Glory and Praise, be given to him that fitteth on the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever, who has purchased and redeemed us with his precious Blood, and paid so dear a Price for us, who were Enemies unto our GOD, but has brought us nigh by the Blood of his Cross: O precious Blood, may our Souls be wash'd in this Laver, which was open'd for Sin and Uncleaness; 'tis this cleansing Blood which heals all my Wounds made by Sin, and gives me Peace, even that Peace which surpasses all Understanding.

Last Evening I faw your dear little Child, I desired the Nurse to bring her here this Morning, Mrs. D—— accompanying her: The Nurse tells me she is made up of Love; you can't think how my Soul is led to love her, and to pray for her, that she may be one of those for whom Christ died; I have been enabled to offer her up to my dear Lord.

Blessed be our Lord's Name, the Work goes on

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very comfortable at the *Tabernacle*, here and the Power of our GOD seems at Times to be among his People: I have Reason to praise him for what he has and does do for me, and I hope many dear Souls meet him whom their Souls longeth after.—I have been absent from *Plymouth* about ten Weeks, and as soon as I return'd I was visited with Illness; but blessed be my dear Lord's Name, who is always a present Help to me in Time of Need: O what Reason have I to love this compassionate Lord, who is so good to me that all his Dealings towards me are in Love; O *praise the Lord O my Soul, and all that is within me praise his holy Name: Praise the Lord O my Soul, and forget not all his Benefits; who forgiveth all thy Sins, and healeth all thine Iniquities; who saveth thy Life from Destruction, and crowneth thee with Mercy and Loving-kindness.* O who has more experienced his Love and Kindness, and long Forbearance, than I, none this Side the Grave; 'tis I that am a Monument of his Mercy and long-suffering Patience: O my dear Friend, how does my Soul long to be

deliver'd from this Body of Sin, and to enjoy the Presence of my Beloved, who is the Life of my Soul, and the Center of all my Happiness; I desire to praise him that the World is dead to me, and I to it, but my Flesh makes me cry out often, who will deliver me from it? but then I am enabled to thank GOD, for JESUS CHRIST my blessed Saviour, who has overcome for me; therefore 'tis in him I rest, and desire to be found cloath'd in his Righteousness.

My Love to dear Mr. *Adams* and his Consort; may our dear Lord prosper his Labours more and more, and make him instrumental to the bringing home to the saving Knowledge of our dear Lord and Master, many Thousands of precious Souls: I have great Reason to bless my Lord for

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sending his faithful Ministers in there Parts; O might they be spread throughout the whole World, and be a Blessing to every Soul wherever they go. Pray my Love to them all, and to the Faithful among you; and I pray you and them to remember me at the Throne of Grace, that I may be more and more strengthen'd in the Inward Man.

May the GOD of Love be with you, and your dear Wife, and accompany you in all your Doings! may his Spirit be your Director and Guide, till we meet one Day to praise him for evermore, is the Desire of him who is,

Your sincere Friend and Brother,  
In the Lord *Jesus Christ*,

J— M—.

*O Jesus display,  
The Depths of thy Grace,  
And let thy kind Ray,  
Attend him always.  
In Health and in Sickness,  
O fill him with Zeal,  
In all of his Weakness,  
Thy Power reveal.*

**From a Friend at Oulney to the same.**

*My very dear Brother,*

**I** Readily embrace this Opportunity of writing to you these few Lines, and pray they may find you near to the ever-loving *Jesus*, who is a Friend to undone Sinners, such as you and I.

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O my dear Brother, I often think of you, I think I can say, I can thank our dear Saviour in every Remembrance of you, that he should send you with such glorious Truths to my Soul. I believe they will never be forgotten in Time nor in Eternity, especially your last Discourse; I shall praise God for that Sermon, amongst all other Blessings, to the endless Ages of Eternity. O may he still go on to bless you, wherever you go; fear not, my dear Brother, but go on in good Courage, the Lord will go before you, only abide near to him, and it shall be well with you; and whenever you are in fiery Temptations, be they of what Kind soever, don't stand to reason and perplex yourself about them, but fly to the bloody Wounds of *Jesus*, and remember that he took Part of all your Temptations, and all your Sorrows, and likewise that he has gotten the Victory over all of them, and this will quiet your distressed Mind. O that the Lord would enable us every Moment to look to him, let what will befall us, then should we be continually happy, but alas, instead of that, when any of the least Temptations beset us, how do we strive this Way and the other, instead of flying to the dear Lamb of God. But, my dear Brother, fear not, be of good Courage, though Men and Devils strive to break your Peace, yet mind them not, the Lord has call'd you I am satisfied to this great Work, even to stand between God and his People. Here are many that can witness this Truth with us, and O may the Lord make it plain to you; Day by Day give no Room to the Tempter, he will be striving to break your Peace continually, and much more if you set in with him, therefore leave all your Concerns with *Jesus*. I thank our dear Saviour, from the Bottom of my Heart, that he

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has call'd you to labour in the Gospel: Be not discouraged at any Thing that you may meet with on this Account, as long as you are made of Use to the poor weak Children of God. Be willing to bear any Reproach for the Sake of our dear Saviour, so that he may be glorify'd, and poor Sinners edify'd; he will abundantly reward you. Pray my dear Brother, don't have one Thought of drawing back from the Ministry, for I know

the Lord will never let you; you must speak of the great Things which the Lord has made known unto you. It was for this Purpose that he revealed them unto you, that even you should declare them to poor wandering Sinners. O may our dear Saviour keep you every Moment looking to him, and then will you be happy. O that my Eyes were fix'd upon him, but alas I am the greatest Wanderer that ever our Saviour redeem'd by his precious Blood. O that the Lord may give me a greater Sense of my own Unworthiness daily. I want to lie in the Dust before him hourly. Please to remember me before the Lord; I trust I shall never forget you, tho' you are absent in the Body, yet are you with me in the Spirit. All Friends join in Love to you, the Sisters that are with me give their tender Love to you. I hope our Saviour will again cast your Lot amongst us. I with many more should thank him for you, but I must conclude:

I am your poor, weak,  
Unworthy loving Sister,

A— T—  
Fulfil

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*Fulfil our Sister's Pray'r,  
And make our Brother strong,  
Baldly may he thy Grace declare,  
Nor mind the cens'ring Throng.*

*Approve himself to God,  
Regardless of his Foes,  
And preach thy Righteousness and Blood,  
Where'er he preaching goes.*

**From a Brother in the Country to a Friend in LONDON.**

*My dear Sister,*

Oct. 2. 1747.

**T**HESE are to inform you I got safe down, and the Lord was much with me, and wonderfully favour'd me in my Journey. After I had been a Fortnight in the Country, in a very private Manner, I went into my own Dale; the Lord open'd a Door in publick, where I spake to about 20 or 30 People; and since that I have discours'd in a publick Way every Night; 'tis but five Nights since I first began, and we can scarcely find a House large enough for our Assemblies. I believe on *Sunday*

Evening next, we shall be more than any House here will well hold. The poor Souls seem to hear with a most solemn Awe and Reverence, and tho' the Ways and Weather be very bad, they come several of them two or three miles, old Men and Women. The Parson and some others begin to murmur, but surely the Lord is surprisngly with us. Pray, my dear Sister, that the Lord may go on to a-

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waken poor Sinners, and that I may be kept humble, under a Sense of my own Deficiencies:—Oh pray for me,

Your unworthy Brother,

J— B—

*O let our Brother know thy Mind,  
Be to thy sov'reign Will resign'd,  
If mov'd by thee, his GOD obey,  
And humbly tread th'appointed Way.*

**From a Brother at Plymouth, to Brother T— A—s.**

Plymouth, Oct. 16th, 1747.

*My very dear and honoured Brother,*

**I**Receiv'd yours last Lord's Day, and thank you for kindly remembering me; may the God and Father of our Lord *Jesus Christ* abundantly bless you, with a greater Sense and Manifestation of his Love, and give you brighter Discoveries of that great Redemption which is in the precious Blood and compleat Righteousness of our incarnate God. May that great and unfathomable Mystery of Godliness be unveil'd to your dear Soul, that all the Affections and Desires thereof may be satisfy'd in the Enjoyment of God. Since I wrote to you last, dear Brother R—y hath been with us, and I hope his Labours have not been in vain; so that our Saviour did not engage me among his People till last Lord's Day, when a great Num-

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ber of Souls were assembled together, and I sat about reading one of Mr. *Whitefield's* Sermons as usual, but before I had scarce ended one Page, the Lord open'd my Mouth to speak of my own Experience, and just what he gave me I deliver'd to the People; so that our Saviour's Glory seem'd to break forth, and his Power to be manifested amongst

them; many were comforted, and my own Soul was much refresh'd. O my dear Brother, when I solidly consider it, and look into myself, what a poor ignorant Creature I am, it astonisheth me, and makes me cry out, Lord what am I! or what is my Father's House, that I am thus honour'd!— At this Time my Zeal being warm, I publish'd as usual, going to *Dock*, a *Tuesday*, which I did, but alas! how dark was I before I came amongst the People. Yet, O amazing! here our dear Lord more sensibly assisted and visited me than before.—Surely I can say in the Lord have I Wisdom and Strength. By the Account or some, the Lord was present with the People. Pray, my dear Brother, that God would shew me his Will, and that my Will may be swallow'd up in him.

I am Yours,

A—— K——  
From

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**From a Sister at Inworth to the same.**

Inworth, Oct. 26. 1747.

*Dear, dear Bro. A——s.*

I Have had it much on my Mind to write to you, and hearing you are now in *London*, I take the Opportunity to send you a few Lines, desiring and intreating your great Master, that he would send you down into *Essex*. Our dear Friends long to see you; pray let not Trifles hinder your Coming. The Lord sent you with a Message to one Soul in particular, when you was here last, and I believe to the Advantage of many others. Pray do your Endeavour to come shortly. Dear Brother *J——s* could not stay to preach but once with us; so that our Friends were griev'd. The Souls seem'd ready to embrace the Word. There was more People at the *Barn* than usual; and amongst them several Strangers. When you come down to us, let us have a Letter, that we may apprise the People of it. May the Lord send you in the mighty Power of his Eternal Spirit, with a Message to poor Souls, is the sincere Prayer of

Your unworthy Sister,

M—— B——  
From

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**From Brother M—— to Brother A——s.**

*My very dear Brother A——s.*

I Design'd writing to you before, but as you were moving from one Place to another, after I slipp'd the first Opportunity, I knew not where to send.—I now send you the joyful News that *Jesus* is mine. In vain Unbelief thou attempts to dissuade me from it, I will not hearken to one Word thou sayest.—Long have I dishonour'd my God by listening to thy false Voice, but for evermore be silent.—Whilst I behold my bleeding God, my Soul is drown'd in Joy; and Unbelief is vanquish'd. Oh! what do I behold! the God of Eternity loving me, such a vile ungrateful Wretch as I am! Oh amazing Love! that he who was God over all, blessed for evermore, perfectly happy in his own Perfections, should stoop so low as to behold and pity a poor fallen rebellious Race, but that I should be one of them is to me still more wonderful. Oh I find myself lost in this Immensity of Love. My Heart is full, but I can't tell how to express myself. I find the Devil saying, this will not hold long with thee, *Judas* was a brave Professor, but what became of him? why he is damn'd; what then Satan, if *Judas* did betray the Lord of Glory, what's that to me?—Glory to God in the highest, that it was so, for by this I find my Soul is establish'd in my God; because without Shedding of Blood there is no Remission. It's plain and evident, therefore, that Christ must needs die. No thou great Enemy here I defy thee, because he dy'd for my Sins,

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and rose again for my Justification, and I know that he can't forget me. No, the Marks are too deeply engraven on his dear Hands and Heart; and as he can't forget me, so I am sure that nothing shall be able to pluck me out of his Hands.—Oh, my dear Brother, here would I bow down my Soul to my God, and even be willing to shrink to the Degree of the meanest Creature, to exalt my once bleeding, dying, but now glorify'd *Jesus*.—Oh what a Heart have I, that I should ever sin against this loving, tender, sympathizing incarnate God.—Lord *Jesus* thou knowest I would be wholly thine. Oh I long, I pant to live every Moment of my Time to the Glory of my precious, precious Saviour. My dear Brother, pray for me, that my Soul may be more and more established in God. And that the Work of our dear Redeemer may prosper in your Hand, is the sincere Desire of

Your poor sinful Brother,

S— M—

*Strengthen thy Servant, gracious Lord,  
Subdue his Sins thro' Jesu's Blood.  
And when he would from thee depart,  
Oh bind him, Jesus, to thy Heart.*

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to Mr. H-w-l H-rr-s.**

Philadelphia, May 30th, 1747.

*My dearest Brother,*

**H**AD I Strength equal to my Will, you should now receive from me a very long Letter, but at present I have such a Fever upon me that I can scarce send you a few Lines—How-

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ever I will try—Your dear Letters dated in *August* last came to my Hands on Lord's Day—They variously affected me, and put me on the Search, whether I had neglected writing to my very dear Brother: Upon Enquiry I found that I had wrote to you about the same Time I wrote to Mr. J—s, and four if not five Times since—No, blessed be the God and Father of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, I am not suffered to forget old Love and old Friends—Indeed you are very dear to me, all of you very dear to me still—I thank you ten thousand Times for all Expressions of your tender Love, and your Steadiness in the Truths and Cause of Christ; and hope sometimes that your Prayers will draw me to *England* more speedily than I imagine. But what shall I say, my dear Man? Here are Thousands and Thousands in these *American* Parts, who, as to spiritual Things, know not their Right Hand from their Left, and who are notwithstanding ready to hear the Gospel from my Mouth—I have since my Coming this Time from *Georgia*, within these four Weeks, been a Circuit of 400 Miles, and every where found the Fields white ready unto Harvest—No body goes out scarcely but myself—As you are in *England* and *Wales*, the Power of Religion I trust will be kept up, and tho' my Coming should be delayed some Time longer, when I am sent I trust it will be with a greater Blessing—I am daily finishing my outward Affairs, and shall think my Call clearer home, when I have provided for the Support of the Orphan-House—The generous Benefactor's\* Letter pierced my Heart, and made me shed Tears of Love, and put up many Prayers for him.—I have sent him a † Letter from *Charles-Town*.

\* An unknown Person, who gave 100*l.* to be apply'd to the Use of the *Orphan-House*.

† Which Letter was printed in the *Daily Advertiser*.

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I am glad you have publish'd my Letter to the *Litchfield* Clergy, and want to know what Effect my Sermon on the Rebellion has had—Our Lord has blessed it much in these Parts—Oh, my dear Man, I could write all Night, but am so giddy by hard Riding, and Preaching daily in the Heat of the Day, that I must defer being more particular till another Opportunity—I hope my dear Wife will supply my Deficiencies—Remember me in the tenderest Manner to All—Bid them pray me to *England*—And in the mean while assure them they are not forgotten by my very dear Brother,

Yours most affectionately in *Christ Jesus*,

G. W.

Have you seen my last Volume of five Sermons?★ I hope the Gates of Hell will never prevail against the *Tabernacle*—*Amen*, and *Amen*.

**From Mrs. WHITEFIELD, to the same.**

Philadelphia, May 30, 1747.

*My very dear Father and Friend,*

WHAT shall I say to him I so much love and honour? I will tell him that while I have any Life in my Soul I cannot forget the Instrument wisely made use of by God, yea wisely; when I think of those many cross Ways the Lord taught you to use, I must admire and adore the Goodness of our dear Redeemer for them, teaching you how to bring down my stubborn Will in *any* Measure, conformable to his blessed and holy Will.

★ These Sermons are publish'd, and to be had for 1s. stitch'd, and 1s. 3d. bound.

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I thought when I heard you complain of not hearing from my dear and honoured Master it grieved me, but much more when I heard you also complain of her that has scarce slipt one Opportunity of writing to you, and many of my dear very dear *Welsh* Friends, as has my dear Master in *June* last; surely my dear Friends in *England* at the *Tabernacle*, and in *Wales*, can never be forgotten by me; how have I made the Hearts of many to burn by talking of *Strodseen* Journies, and the sweet Times we enjoyed in our *Welsh* Societies; and when I think how happy you are, and I have been at *Tabernacle*, oh how I long to be with you there;

but when I think of the particular Goodness of God to us poor *Welsh* People, in keeping out Error, &c. I praise him; but oh when I hear he is still watering with the Dew of his Holy Spirit; and making his Glory yet more glorious in fresh awakening in so many Counties, it makes me bow before the God and Father of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, and say, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, worthy art thou to receive Honour, and Power, and Majesty, to Thee be Glory for ever and evermore, *Amen*, and *Amen*. The Lord is very good to us poor weak dying Worms, Christ is our Strength, he has done great Things for and by my very dear Master, there has been great Numbers of precious Souls brought from Darkness to Light in the Six Provinces since last *October*, our dear *Immanuel* has subdued the Hearts of many of his most bitter Enemies, and melted them into Love. Last Night my Dear came here from a 400 Miles Journey in less than a Month, and preach'd about thirty Times. We left *Charles-Town* the 21st of *March*, and came to *Bohemia* in *Maryland* the 27th of *April*, and preach'd al the Way, which has very much fatigued him, and  
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now he has a great Fever upon him; may the Lord remove it if it be his Will, and give him a better State of Hcalth! I beg my best Love to your very dear Spouse, Mother, and all our Friends; and am, ever, ever,

Yours in the best Bonds,

*E. W.*

*P.S.* Since I wrote the above, the Lord has been very graciously pleas'd to fill the *New Building* with his Presence, and to enable my very dear Master to preach a most moving Discourse upon growing in Grace; and the Lord shone upon many Souls in different Manners, tho' I thought it would had been impossible for his Strength to have held out.

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD to the same.**

New-York, June 27th, 1747.

*My very dear, dear Brother,*

**I**T is with much Pleasure I now sit down to answer your kipld and welcome Letters, dated *April* 11th and 13th. And to keep you no longer in Suspence, I would inform you, that they have had such an Effect upon me, that God willing, I am dctermin'd to embark for *England* or *Scotland* early next Spring.—'Till *Christmas* I am already under indissoluble

Engagements, and am making a strong Effort, in Dependance on the great Head of

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the Church, to get free from, my outward Embarrasments.—I thank my dear *English* Friends for what they have done for me in this Respect, and must beg you my dear and faithful Brother, still to do what you can further. The Lord *Jesus* seems to assure me that the Time of my Deliverance is at Hand.—I hope before this Year is out, to stock my new Plantation in *South-Carolina* as a visible Fund for the *Orphan-House*, and upon News of something more being done in *England*, (so that my poor Heart may no more be oppress'd as it has been for many Years by outward Embarrasments) my Answer shall be, Lo! I come once more to see my dear, very dear Friends on the other Side of the mighty Waters. 'Till then, I shall as it were count the Hours, and long for them to glide away a-pace. My dear Yoke-fellow now at *Philadelphia* is like-minded, being exceedingly desirous to see her dear Friends once more. May *Jesus* grant it, if it be agreeable to his holy Will! Indeed I have lately thought I should never see you any more. For some Weeks past, I have been exceedingly indisposed. God has been pleased to bring my Body to the very Brink of the Grave by Convulsions, Gravel, nervous Cholick, and a violent Fever. But as Pain and Afflictions abounded, Consolations much more abounded, and my Soul longed to take its Flight to *Jesus*. For this Week past I have not preached, but since my leaving *Philadelphia*, about three Days ago, I seem'd to have gather'd Strength, and hope, once more, to Morrow, to proclaim amongst poor Sinners, the unsearchable Riches of *Jesus Christ*. From hence I purpose to go to *Boston*, and return by Land so as to reach *Charles-Town*, by *November*.—Glad shall I be to receive an Answer to this, about that Time there.—For upon that in a great Measure

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will depend my coming to you, or staying longer in these Parts. Blessed be the Lord of all Lords, the Door is yet open here, and I am exceedingly rejoiced to find it is kept so sweetly open at Home. I can easily guess how my dear Man has been tried. I find more and more that thro' much Tribulation we must enter into Glory, and by Sufferings be prepar'd for farther Usefulness here below.—Oh that Patience may have its perfect

Work in our Hearts. Oh that underneath thee may be the Everlasting Arms, and that by happy Experience thou mayst daily prove the Strength of *Jesus* to be thine. I intend, God willing, to write to Brother *J—k—s*, &c. I rejoice that Brother *E—w—s* still continues in his Place.—It is a Token for Good. You will return my most humble and dutiful Respects to good Lady *H—g—n*, the Marquiss, and Mrs. *E—n*. If possible I will write to them.—I sent Letters to the Marquiss, Lord *L—n*, and Lord *R—a*, about *October* last, but suppose they have miscarried.—I leave my Affairs to you, and depend on you, under God, to transact them all.—The Trouble is great, but *Jesus* will support and reward thee.—Near forty Pounds yearly were subscribed in *England* to the *Orphan-House*, but I have received I think not above five.—I have rather more Confidence in you, if possible, my very dear Man, than ever. May *Jesus* reward thee for all thy Works of Faith, and Labours which have proceeded of Love!—I wish you Joy of your little One, and most heartily salute your dear Wife, and all the Lovers of the blessed *Jesus* every where. I wrote to you about a Month ago in extreme Weakness, and shall neglect no Opportunity of sending to you.—I beseech you to continue to pray me over, and assure your—

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self none of you are forgotten by, my very dear dear Brother,  
Yours most affectionately In *Christ Jesus*,

G. W.

### An Abstract from the *New-England Gazette*.

Boston, 1747.

**A**s in our *Gazette* of *July* 14th, we informed our Readers, that the *Representation of Mr. Whitefield's Case (at New-York)* lest some Hopes of his coming this Way, for the Gratification of his numerous Friends; we would farther inform, That thro' the remarkable Smiles of God on the Advice of the *Rev. Mr. Whitefield's* Physicians, his Journey Northward has been a Means so far of restoring him, as to enable him to come in a private Manner to the Seat of his Friend, *Isaac Royal, Esq;* at *Charles-Town*, on *Tuesday* Evening, *July* 21st; where on the next Day several Gentlemen of Note from *Boston*, went and paid him a friendly *Visit*. *Mr. Whitefield* thought best to travel farther still to the Northward, 'till he recover'd a greater Measure of Strength, before he began to preach in publick, and accordingly next Morning set out for *Portsmouth*, where

he arrived on *Friday*, and, that Evening began to preach in publick there to a crowded Audience, with as great Acceptance as ever. Thence he was invited to dine with Sir *William* and his Lady

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at *Kittery*, who entertain'd him with their usual great Politeness and Generosity. Thence he went and preach'd at *York*; the Rev. Mr. *Moody* and his People receiving him with the most hearty Welcome. Thence he return'd to *Portsmouth*, where he preach'd again; and where there was no Contention but a perfect good Humour, Peace and Quiet, all People treating him with gentleman-like Civility, for which they are noted among the *Provinces*.—Thence on *Wednesday, July 29th*, he came and preach'd at *Newbury*; and would have come on to visit his many Friends at *Boston*, but was so earnestly sollicitated to go back and preach, in hopes of doing some Good at *Exeter* and *Durham*, that he could not refill the Importunity. In a Letter of his from *Newbury*, we learn, that he would have told his Friends the Time of his coming to *Boston*, but that he desired to come as privately as possible.

From Mr. J—s I—g—m, [[James Ingham]] to a Brother in  
*London.*

Haverford- West, Oct. 3d, 1747.

Very dear Brother B—,

I Have often thought of writing to you, but have been prevented by One Thing or another which came in my Way, either bodily Illness or Trouble of Mind; but now, by God's Help, I will proceed to say something. And first, I would ask, Where are you! In Heaven or upon Earth! Truly, my Brother, 'tis well for us to be like *Noah's Dove*" *i.e.* finding no Rest below,

no,

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no, not for the Soles of our Feet. *Wo be to the Inhabitants of the Earth and the Seas.* The best Creature or Thing the whole World can afford us, is altogether Vanity, yea lighter than Vanity. All that short-sighted Reason can see or comprehend will vanish like Smoke before the Wind, or melt as Wax before the burning Fire. For the World and all that therein is shall be burnt up. But blessed be our Saviour we are not of the World,

but of God. I doubt not but a Sense of this, wasts your redeem'd Soul to the Bosom of Jesus.

—*There keep, and thou, O Man of God,  
Shalt be for ever blest!*

Howbeit, although we are Children, so far as we take, or seek, or think of a Rest upon Earth, among the Creatures, we shall be surely disappointed—for the Language of our Saviour is, I remember, and God grant I may never forget it, *This is not your Rest*. No, he has in tender Compassion appointed and prepared a better by far, for his Doves, in the Clefs of the Rock of Ages—in the Wounds of a *smitten God!* yes, and, according to the Prophet, *His Rest shall be glorious!* and faith experienc'd Paul, *We that Believe Do enter into Rest*. And as for us, dear Brother B——e, let us scorn to live or act beneath our heavenly Birth and Christian Dignity, *i. e.* by Fancy; for so they live who live upon the Creature; but let us live by Faith in Jesus, upon Jesus, and to Jesus—there, I trust, you are—Well, there remain and be happy, uninterruptedly so, in Time and to Eternity. Again, How are you? The Answer to this Query depends much, you know, upon that to the former. Do you live in God—

are

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are you in the Clefs of the Rock—are you crept above the Noise, Flatteries, Frowns, and Varieties of the World—and do you abide there by Faith? why then, of Consequence, it must be well with you. Alas! whence comes such Complaining as these in our Streets? *viz.* oh it is not with me as in Months past! I have no Access to God—I am dead in Prayer—my Heart is cold and barren—I feel more evil Tempers prevail, such as Prejudice, Pride, Lust, Vain-glory, Hypocrisy, Love of the World and Creatures, and what not! Why surely all these Complaints come from Unbelief—from a Want of knowing God, and of living upon Him by Faith—from a Deficiency of that Faith that apprehends the glorious, all-sufficent, self-sufficent, bountiful, free, benign, loving faithful and wonderful Saviour—The crucify'd Jesus—The Mystery of Godliness.—But as for my Brother, methinks I hear him say—“Why, blessed be God, I am taught the Way to be happy, tho' a black Creature in myself, *viz.* by *holding the Mystery of Faith in a pure Conscience*; I am happy in Jesus, my federal Head, by Faith, and consequently comfortable in my Heart.”—But again, *What are you?* and here I rejoice that your Answer is ready—I *am a Christian*—What! a Christian my Brother—How great's the Title!

how great and manifold the Privileges belonging to such a Title—To be a Member of Christ, a Child of God, and an Inheritor both of the Kingdom of God's Grace, and that of Glory!—To be interested in all those great and gracious Promises which in Christ Jesus are yea and *Amen*, to the Glory of God the Father. To have a Heaven by Faith here, and the Vision and Fruition of the great God hereafter. Oh amazing Grace! the Lord be praised that his

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Delights are with the Sons of Men—adored be Jesus the God, without whom we had never been or subsisted as Men—but for ever and ever ador'd be Jesus the God-Man, without whom we have never been Christians—O Incarnate Love! Blessing Dying Love! that made my Brother a Christian, and especially that made such a vile Wretch as me so!—Had I Time I would in the next Place ask, what are you doing—but having no Time, and knowing also that you are labouring in the Vineyard, Offering your Service to Jesus's Sheep and Lambs—I only ask, how the poor dear Lambs do prosper, both those whom you more immediately inspect, and others belonging to our Lord's Fold at the *Tabernacle*. Our Saviour can bear Witness, that my Desire and Prayer to God for that part of *Israel* is, that they may be Cw'd, even to the uttermost—I am persuaded there are some as dear and precious Children there as I know of any where—and it's no strange Thing to me that the Devil bears a Grudge to them. But oh Lord God save thy Redeem'd from all his Craft and Subtilty, from all his Rage, Malice and cruel Intrigues. Save 'em, oh Jesus! from the Worst and the Flesh, as well as from the Devil; by thy Circumcision save 'em; by thy Groans and Cries, and streaming Tears save 'em; by thy racking Pain upon the Cross, and shedding of thy Heart's Blood save, oh save 'em; by thy living on the Throne to make Intercession for 'em, dearest, sweetest Jesus, save 'em. Well,

Now I must conclude, whether I will or no, begging my Love to dear Brother *J*— *C*—*x*, and His, and then to all the Lambs, particularly those

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*Jan.*

1748.

those who may be dispos'd to enquire for so worthless a Worm. So I remain.

Your poor Brother,  
In the Clefts of the smitten Rock,

J— I—

P.S. I have had the Pleasure for about a Month past, to accompany dear Bro. E—s thro' several Counties in *Wales*, and some in *England*, where he has preached the Gospel at the Blood of *Jesus* with much Success, and to the People's great Satisfaction.—He salutes you heartily, with all the Conference.

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD to Mr. H—b—t J—k—s.**

Boston, July 21st, 1747.

*My dear Brother J—k—s,*

**L**ately I have wrote to many of my dear *Elijah* Friends from *New-York*.—Being come hither from thence last Night (tho' in much Weakness I now fit down to write to you.—Blessed be our God for continuing to Work by your Hands.—I hear the glorious *Emmanuel* has prosper'd the Work of your Hands upon you at *Plymouth*, and elsewhere.—May he bless and prosper you, and the rest of my dear Brethren more and morc.—I hope you will live in Unity together, and let Satan get no Advantage over you—*Divide and Destroy*,

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is the Devil's Motto. - *Force united*, is the Christians.—Oh that when I come and see you, I may see you walking in Love.—Perhaps that may be next Year.—I have wrote particularly to dear Bro. H—s.—I expect to leave *New-England* in about three Weeks.—Forget not to pray for, my dear Man,

Ever yours in *Christ Jesus*,

G.W.

**From the same to Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s.**

Boston, August 9th, 1747.

*My very dear Brother,*

**I** wrote to you at large from *New-York*, by a Ship bound for *London*.—I can now being very weak and busy, drop you but a few Lines.—I trust you will see me, God willing, some Time next Year.—I have been here near three Weeks.—The Lord is with me.—Congregations are as

great as ever.—I could gladly stay in *New-England* some Months, but I must return to the Southern Provinces.—Tho' faint, I am still pursuing, and in the Strength of Jesus hope to die Fighting.—I believe all your late Letters have come to Hand.—I have answer'd everyone that hath wrote to me.—Oh that Jesus may bless us if we should see each other in the Flesh once again!—I believe he will.—My dear Man, pray for me, as I do for you and yours, and all the dear Followers of the

Lamb.

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Lamb.—I salute you all most heartily, and am, if possible, more than ever,

Yours most affectionately

In *Christ Jesus*,

G. W.

1.

*O let him as the Rising Sun,  
Emergent o'er the rapid Main,  
Of fiercest Trials still march on,  
'Till endless Victory he shall gain.*

2.

*Still may he range o'er Heathen's Ground,  
And found th' Eternal Trump of God,  
'Till Miriads view the Depth profound,  
Of Jesu's Life, and Death, and Blood.*

3.

*Bring, Lord, with Speed to our own Land,  
The Man to Georgia sent by Thee,  
Bid many join him Heart and Hand,  
All move in true Tranquility.*

**From Mr. T—m—s A—s, to Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s.**

Bristol, Dec. 9th, 1747.

*Fery dear and hlmoured Brather,*

YOUR kind and welcome Letter I received, and thank you for it; for indeed it was blessed to my Soul on several Accounts.—I cannot but wonder to think you should at all think of and love

R 2

so

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so worthless a Worm as I am. Sure I may say this Love is like our Saviour's, quite undeserved and free; but alas! I have not learnt this Lesson as I ought; I cannot distinguish, as I should between poor Sinners and their Sins, and love them heartily and cordially, and at the same Time hate their Sin; but I know I shall be better taught, as I get more and more acquainted with *Jesus*, for we must be taught of God. I am not only wanting in this, but every Grace; and will not my dear Brother pity and pray for me, yes I am persuaded he will; and indeed according to the Grace given me, I do not forget you. I see you are called to a great Work, and you have and shall have great Trials, but the great *Immanuel* is with you, and will bring you off more than Conqueror. I am persuaded he has and will make you a great Blessing to his Church in general, and I am sure you are a Blessing to me in particular, for which I bow my Knee to our Incarnate God, from whom every good and perfect Gift cometh; but I must tell you I feel an inseparable Union with you, and you are dearer to me than ever for your Works Sake, your steady Faith, Pilgrim Heart, unwearied Diligence, Faithfulness, &c. but alas! I am asham'd to think what a poor Proficiency I have made in the School of Christ; indeed I have done nothing, comparatively speaking, for my dear Master, I have hardly begun to love him, I have talk'd a great deal of him, but ah! how little do I know of him yet! how loth have I been to deny my fleshly Part! what little Resolution to crucify the Old Man, and take up my Cross daily and hourly, and follow the Lamb! "Oh my dear Saviour, pray forgive me, and wash away all my vile Ingratitude in thy precious Blood. Oh my lovely, ever-loving Lord, in whom the Fulness of the Godhead dwells bodily, and who art full of

Grace,

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Grace, inable me to live the lively Exercises of Faith, whereby my Conscience may be purg'd continually from dead Works, that I may rightly serve thee, the living God, and have thy full Image stamp'd on my Soul; then shall it be my Meat and Drink to do thy good Will and Pleasure; and have my whole Will swallow'd up in thine O God; indeed

how impossible soever this may seem to carnal Reason, or contrary to Flesh and Blood, I see the Saints of Old did in a great Measure experience it; and blessed be God I have tasted a little of it, and do believe I shall more, *Lord help my Unbelief!* Alass! without this, what is all but bodily Worship, and resting in mere Speculation. I see more than ever the Necessity of Faith and looking continually to Christ, but then there is something more in this than many are aware of; for if we believe rightly, we shall overcome the World and ourselves, and be enabled to live unto God; for Christ our Head is full of Grace, and that to be communicated to us the Members, so as to change us into his own Image more and more; this is what my Soul is panting after, and I know the more I drink into it, the more extensively useful I shall be to the Church that the Lamb has redeem'd with his own Blood.

I rejoice to hear the Lord is with you, and the dear *Tabernacle* People; may he fill you with all his Fulness and bless you more and more. I need not mention Particulars of our Saviour's Cause in the Countries where I have been, because Brother S——s and V——e has inform'd you already; only I would say thus much, that the Cause in general seems on the prospering Hand, especially in *Gloucestershire*. Many attend the Word, and the Shout of a King is in the midst of them; surely the Lord is about a great Work, may he keep us all alive in our Souls, and cloath us

with

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with Humility, and enable all that name the Name of *Jesus* to depart from Iniquity, and to cleave to him with full Purpose of Heart, without the least Reserve. The Lord grant that this Mind may be in us all, so shall the Mouths of Gainsayers be stopped, and we shall see Prejudice and Bigottry, and dead Profession, as well as open Profaneness subside and give Way, and the Lord alone shall be exalted, and glorious Things spoken of *Zion*, the City of God. Which is the Prayer of

Your poor, sinful, but

Ever united Brother,

And little Fellow-Labourer in *Jesus*,

T—m—s A——s.

**From Mr. J—m—s R—ll—y, to Mr. J——n E—w—s.**

*Dear, Dear Brother E—w—s,*

A Few Lines I write to let you know that our Saviour deals very tenderly with me a wretched Sinner; giving me, notwithstanding all my Pollutions, every Day, yea every Moment, free Access to that flowing Stream, which sprang from his wounded Heart. Oh my dear Brother, his Blood is Drink indeed; never did the Glory and Beauty of a God incarnate, wounded and torn for my Sin, overcome my Soul so much as now. Many awful Methods doth the Everlasting Spirit take, to keep me naked, divorced from Self, that I may wholly live upon the Blood and Fulness of the Second

Man

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Man, who is the Lord from Heaven; yea God over all blessed for ever. In my Soul I prove the mystick Union, and such Oneness with the wounded Lamb, (who before the Throne looks as tho' he had been newly slain, wearing his Wounds and Scars, the Testimonials of his boundless Love) that his very Life there is mine; being a Member of his Flesh and of his Bones; tempted with him, suffering with him, crucified with him, dead with him, to all that he died unto, risen with him, ascended with him, enter'd into the Holiest of all with him, welcom'd there with him, with universal Shouts, and repeated by the heavenly Choir, living with him, triumphing with him, reigning with him, standing or falling with him; in short, my Life is swallow'd up, and hid with the Man Christ *Jesus*; in the Fulness of the eternal Godhead: Oh the Wisdom, the Love, the boundless Grace, and unsearchable Mystery; my Soul plunges, and rolls with Delight here; amazing, amazing! Glory, Glory, Glory, and Praise be given by every Power in Heaven and Earth, to the Mighty God, the Prince of Peace, the Everlasting Father, the Desire of Nations, the Wonderful Counsellor, our wounded Lord and God, *Emmanuel*. Oh his Love, the Glory and Fulness of his Blood and Death: Oh, my dear Brother, be bold for *Jesus*; for he hath few Friends in the World; Faithfulness in declaring the Glory of his Righteousness and Blood, is almost grown out of Fashion, in this unbelieving and degenerate Age.—But sooner let me be shamefully silent, yea sooner let me sink to eternal Burnings, than either by the Frowns or Flatteries of Man; (for Fear of their Anger, or to gain their Favour) I be drawn to derogate from the Honour and Glory of our Saviour in the least; by giving up one Point that he hath join'd his Honour with, or which serves

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to shew forth the Fulness and Glory of that bloody Sacrifice, the Body of *Jesus* offered up, that glorious Nail fasten'd in a sure Place; that upon it is hung all the Glory of his Father's House; none but *Jesus*, none but *Jesus* must and shall be evermore my Cry: Oh, my dear Brother, what an evil Day are we in! How many that once appear'd fast Friends of *Jesus*, now begin to turn their Backs upon him, judging it more convenient to follow the more fashionable Religion of the Times; some perhaps with a View to amass the shining Dust of this World; others to gain popular Applause; others that they may lord it over God's Heritage; and others, more honestly, tho' not less hurtful, legally judge it the safest Way to promote Holiness, and therefore stick not to give up precious Gospel Truths, that points out Emmanuel's Glory, or else they are silent concerning them; perhaps they will say it is to reconcile Differences amongst Professors, and to purchase Love and Union; I know, in some Measure, what it is to esteem Love and Union; but I have never learn'd to esteem it so much, as to purchase it at the Expence of Eternal Truth; and I heartily pray our Saviour I never may. I am persuaded, my dear Brother, of the Honesty of your Soul, and that the Testimony of a good Conscience is so precious unto you, that neither the Frowns nor Favours of Men shall draw that from you, nor cause you to part with what you neither received of, nor was taught by Man, but of the Holy Ghost: Therefore let us be content to follow our great Master, bearing his Reproaches: If our own Mother's Sons smite us, let us in our Patience possess our Souls; *Jesus* was wounded in the House of his Friends; let every Man be faithful to the Light he hath received. So prays the Vilest of our Saviour's Children,

*J—m—s R—y.*

From

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**From Mr. E—w—d G—w—n, to Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s.**

Portsmouth, Nov. 23, 1747.

*Dear and honoured Brother,*

**A**Midst all my Corruptions, I have always esteemed you as a Father in *Israel*, and loved you I am persuaded with a Love stronger than Death: GOD can witness this is the Language of my Heart, therefore I embrace this Opportunity of begging I may be frequently favour'd with

a Line from you. I can hardly say how Things are here; but I trust that good Provision that GOD laid on our Hearts at our Association, to make for this Place, will be abundantly bless'd. Surely 6 or 7 Weeks scattering of the Seed, some shall fall on good Ground.—I am receiv'd with all imaginable Love and Respect, and our Congregations are very large, especially last Night. Our Barn at *Gosport* was well fill'd, and God has given me an open Door to the Hearts of many; you will pray for me that I may not abuse any of the Talents I am intrusted with. As for myself I can say my Heart too is open to the Chief among Ten Thousand, and though I know none can be more proud and corrupt, GOD does let me know he has call'd me, and will own me.—I wish I was more and more dead to Self:

*When shall the Monster gasp his last,  
And all my Passions die,  
I long to see the Fiend expire,  
And all Corruptions fly;*

S

*I know*

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*I know the mortal Wound is giv'n,  
Jesus hath struck the Blow,  
The Spirit hath the Blood apply'd,  
And gasping lies the Foe.*

Give me Leave, then, to express my Triumph, for I am persuaded I shall prevail through the Blood of the Lamb. Pray give my Love to all, and if any Thing lays on your Heart about *Portsmouth*, write a Line to me before I leave it.

I remain heartily, and  
For ever yours

E. G—w—n.

**From a Brother, (a Soldier in the Foot-Guards) to his Brother in  
London.**

Breda, Nov. 12th, 1747,

*Very dear Brother,*

**O**UT of the Love that I find in my Heart to wards rou, and all my Relations and Friends in our dear Lord and Saviour, I now fit down to write unto you: And how does my dear Brother do? I hope on

the Stretch after God, with a Soul full of holy Breathings and heavenly Desires, sinking deeper in the profound Mystery of Redeeming Love; admiring and adoring Free Grace and distinguishing Love, that you should be the happy Object thereof; that you should be one of those that was found of God, when you sought him not,

this

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this is wondrous Grace indeed! even such that Angels desire to pry into the Mystery of: And shall those that have tasted this Love grow cold and indifferent? O Lord quicken and stir up our drowsy Spirits, revive thy Work afresh in our Souls, that we may love and praise Thee more, and serve Thee better. Well, my dear Brother, go on, and the Lord increase the heavenly Flame: Remember how many Mercies and Blessings you enjoy, both temporal and spiritual; O! what a Blessing is it to be under the Gospel Sound, and to have the Company and Conversation of the People of God, those that can sympathize with you in all your Afflictions, Trials and Temptations, where you may open your Minds to each other, and tell what God has done for your Souls; O 'tis such a Blessing, that sad Experience teaches me more of the Worth by the Want of them. O, my dear Brother, improve those precious Opportunities you enjoy, prize them highly, and praise the Lord for them. I think for some Months past, the Lord has been trying me by Afflictions and Troubles, both inward and outward: The Loss of the Company and Conversation of dear Brother *M—k* has been a grievous and sore Tryal, which I mention'd in a Letter I sent to you presently after the Battle; but lest that did not come to Hand (which I fear it did not) I would now give you a brief Account of the Affair: The very Beginning of the Battle poor Brother *M—k* had his Foot shatter'd to Pieces by a Cannon Ball, I was oblig'd to march by him two or three Times, and his Groans did pierce my Heart, being unable in the least to help him, not daring to go out of my Rank; I have heard nothing of him since by Word nor Letter, which makes me fear he died in the Field of Battle; true it is that one Event in this Life happens

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alike

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alike unto all, both to the Righteous and to the Wicked: The Lord has since deprived me of all my spiritual Companions by Sickness, so that now I have not one I can speak to of the Things of God, who can relish

what I say; I am wholly shut up among those that fear not God, whose Mouths are filled with bitter Oaths and Curses, which sounds so irksome in my Ears, that I am ready to wish the Lord would hide me in the silent Grave. I am so much among Noise and Hurry, that I could find no Time to write but at Midnight, when all was asleep. Indeed I may say, *Wo is me that I must dwell in Mesech, and have my Habitation in the Tents of Kedar.* Satan is shooting his fiery Darts at me; telling me, where is my large Hopes and Expectations now, you see you are left alone. Though he is thus tempting, and desiring to have me, that he might sift me as Wheat, yet, blessed be the Lord, I have a Saviour who is praying for me, that my Faith fail not. O what a tender Saviour is Jesus! one who knows the Wants of all his little ones, and does sympathize with them in all their Afflictions. Many times the Lord gives me free Access unto him, and then I tell him all my Wants and Burdens, and I find him kindly speaking Peace and Pardon to my Soul; so that I am amazed und confounded that He should love such an ungrateful and rebellious Wretch as me. O my dear Brother, I beg yours and all the Brethrens Prayers, that every thing I meet with might wean me from this World, and make me long to be where the Wicked cease from Troubling, and our weary Souls shall be at Rest.

I am, yours,

J. H—LL—Y.

I. *This*

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1.

*This Soldier by the Lord preserv'd,  
Saw one belov'd of God,  
In Pain ineffable; nor dar'd  
To help him in his Blood.*

2.

*None but the Lamb could bear him up  
In such a trying Hour,  
When hearing from the madden'd Troop,  
The thundering Cannons roar.*

3.

*Amidst the Sulphur, Smoak and Fire,  
And dying Groans they bear;  
Preserve thy Lambs, Eternal Sire,  
From ev'ry sordid Fear.*

4.

*Bow down the Skies thou great I AM,  
And bid the Wicked cease:  
End thou the War; and let thy Name  
Proclaim Eternal Peace.*

**From Mr. J—s R—ll—y, to Mr. H—b—t J—k—s.**

Tewksbury, Dec. 21st. 1747.

*Very dear Brother J—k—s,*

**I**Have expected for some Time a Letter from you: But forasmuch as  
my Waiting and Expectation hitherto hath prov'd in vain, I send  
you

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you a few Lines, as a Token of my unfeigned Love unto you; greeting my dear and united Brother in the Name of our eternally dear and precious Lord JESUS, in the Bond of whose everlasting dear uniting Love I find my Spirit one with you. Since I saw you I have been my Rounds, fix'd upon at the Association; an Account of which Journey, Progress of the Gospel State of Souls, in all the Societies we called on until we came to *Shrewsbury* (as far as I was capable of discerning) I wrote to Brother *H—s*: Since which I have been at *Wednesbury*, where I found a People hungry after the Word of Life, and my own Heart enlarged, every Time I opened my Mouth to testifie of the Salvation of JESUS amongst them; as also when I communed privately with them: Concerning the State of their precious immortal Souls, and Things pertaining to our Father's Kingdom, they are at present much confused; for want of that Order which is in other Societies: However, there seems to be a good Prospect of a gathering of Souls to the Lord JESUS there. From thence I went to *Birmingham*, where my poor Soul, that had been sifted many ways (during the Time of my being on this Journey) was exceedingly refreshed; not only in the publick Administration of his Word and Doctrine, but more especially when we met together to speak one to another of what GOD hath done for our Souls; of which most present

had such a divine Sense, that it brought them to the Feet of Jesus; admiring of the Riches of that Grace, which snatch'd them as Brands from the Burning. At their earnest Desire, and after waiting upon the Lord for Direction, I form'd them into a Society, to the Number of 20 or more; and in examining of them I was quite satisfied of the Spirit of Grace working in all their Hearts: Some

sweetly

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sweetly proved and experienced the Effects of GOD's Righteousness, viz. Peace, Joy, Love, Assurance, &c. whilst others, deeply sensible of their own Wretchedness and Depravity, also of the Insufficiency, yea Sinfulness of their own Righteousness, cry mightily after Jesus; hungering to be cloathed upon with him as the Lord their Righteousness; whose Cry the Lord God of Sabbaoth will surely hear and regard. It was with much Regret I left them, committing them to the Care of the great Shepherd of *Israel*; and, in Company with Brother *I—m* and other Brethren, came on my Way to *Tewksbury*, but coming to *Bromsgrove*; we were received by a Disciple of *Jesus*, who entertain'd us kindly, and they being at present without a Minister, I preached that Evening in their Meeting, they being Independants, and simple loving Souls. As the Lord gave me Utterance, so I spake, and I trust the Word did not fall to the Ground; they intreated me much to abide with them over Lord's Day; but Preaching being publish'd at *Tewksbury*, I could not, however Bro. *I—m* abode with them, and I came forward to this Place, where I arrived on *Saturday* Evening; and Yesterday many Souls assembled to hear the Word of the Lord, but we were assaulted by such a furious Mob, that all was turned into Confusion: I strove many Ways to silence them, first by reasoning the Matter coolly with them, but alas they acted far below Brutes, being not only void of Reason, but desperately outrageous; I then endeavour'd to lay before them the Justice, Holiness, and Purity of God, with the Infallibility of his Word; which hath declar'd that none such as they shall enter into his Kingdom; but they being void of Consideration, would not hear it: I was then led to entreat and earnestly beseech them in the Name of our dear Lord *Jesus*,

and

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and for the Sake of their own precious Souls, to forsake the Evil of their Way, and turn and be reconciled to GOD; but they blasphemed so

much the more, and with greater Violence disturbed the Auditors, by slapping of Tables, stamping on the Floor, pushing the People, Hollowing, Swearing, Cursing, Laughing, Pricking with Pins, Throwing Handfuls of Snuff, and Brickbats and Dirt: I continued to discourse about one Hour; but the Noise still increasing, I lest off:—At last they began to withdraw, breaking the Windows of the House as they went. This Day the Brethren apply'd for a Warrant, in order to bring some of the Chief of them to Justice, the House where I preach'd being licensed; but no Justice for Methodists is to be had here, the Justices of the Peace peremptorily refusing to sign any Warrant against them; therefore it is thought expedient by some Friends, that an Information should be lodg'd in the *King's Bench* against the Disturbers: Many of our Dissenting Friends are willing to exert themselves in Conjunction with us, in procuring the peaceable Enjoyment of *that* Liberty the Law allows us. Thus, my dear Brother, I have given you a short Account of the Progress of the Gospel, as also of the ill Treatment we receive from the Hands of an ill-natur'd World; which serves to crucifie us more fully unto the same: Through Grace my Soul proves it thus beneficial, whilst my weary Spirit cries, Quickly come, Lord JESUS come quickly: Farewell my dear, dear Brother, farewell. Remember my Love to those who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; accept the same yourself most cordially and affectionately from your unworthy but eternally united Brother in our precious Christ,

J—s R—y.  
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Feb.

1748.

**An Extract of some Account of the Progress of the Gospel, by the Protestant Missionaries, at Tranquebar, in the East-Indies, to a Friend in London.**

Tranquebar, Oct. 5. 1746.

WHEN we consider the Mercies of God which has brought us so far, and has attended his Servants in the Work of the Mission, we can never praise the Lord enough for the Blessings he has beltowtd upon the Labours of his poor Servants.—The Mercy of the Lord is all that we have to acknowledge, which is every Day renew'd to us. 'Tis now 40 Years ago, when the Lord was pleas'd to begin to settle a Million in the *East-Indies* for the Conversion of the idolatrous Heathen.—Since

that Time the Lord has receiv'd into the Bosom of the Church 7477 Souls, 855 of the *Portuguese* Congregation, 2559 of the *Malabarian* Congregation, belonging as well to the City of *Tranquebar*, as those in the Country. This very Year the *Portuguese* Congregation has been augmented with 22 Souls; 297 present living Members, which are daily instructed by two Missionaries and two Catechisms.

In the *Portuguese* School are 24 Male Children, taken Care of by a Missionary and a Schoolmaster; as to the Female Children there are 18 taken Care of by a Schoolmistress, which are instructed in the Christian Religion.

The largest Boys and Girls learn to knit Stockings and to sew.

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In the *Portuguese* Printing-Press are three Labourers, one Book-binder, one Journeyman, and two Apprentices, which are chosen from the greatest Boys at School.

The *Malabarian* Congregation of the City, has been augmented by 109 Persons since the last Year, *viz.* 50 *Roman* Catholicks, 5 Heathenish Children, and 54-grown Heathens; and its Number is at present 1427, which are attended by 4 Missionaries, and which preach by Turns- in the new-erected *Sion's* Church in the Country. This Congregation is constantly attended with one Catechist, 3 under Catechists, and 2 to teach the Boys, and 3 the Girls to pray. 140 Children are now in the School, 89 Boys and 51 Girls, amongst which many are maintain'd by the Benefaction in *Europe*. The *Malabarian* School-boys are taught to read, write, and cast Accompts, also Divinity, and the Grounds of Church History, and Geography, and some are taught the *German* and *Portuguese* Languages. The Girls learn to spin, to make Mats, and knit Stockings, one Woman to buy in Rice and Victuals, and 6 Cooks to prepare their Victuals. They have at present one Missionary of the *Indian* Nation, the other Missionary of their own Nation. The Sick and Poor receive the Charity of the *European* Benefactors.

The *Malabarian* Country Congregation is increas'd this Year with 73 Persons, 60 Christian Children, 9 grown Heathens, and 4 *Roman* Catholicks. The present Number of Members in the Country *Malabarian* Church are 3023.

These Congregations in their several Districts are attended by the *Indian* Preacher of their own Nation. One Master or Head Catechist,

and 4 Under-Catechists, 6 Helpers or Assistants to them, and two Persons that teach the Children and ignorant grown Persons to pray. The Schools erected

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in the Country contain 57 Children.—A Gentleman from *England* supplies several of the Children out of his Benevolence to their Relief. There is one that makes the Letters to the Printing-Press, and orders them for Printing.

1.

*For these amazing Things we bear,  
We praise; O Lamb! thy Wounds and Blood,  
And Thee our sole Supreme revere,  
Who dy'd upon th' accursed Wood.*

2.

*Call from the Ends of this vile Earth,  
The Heathen; lo! 'tis thy Design,  
And shew to all thy Blood and Death,  
'Till all the World shall call thee mine.*

3.

*From East and West, and North and South,  
We bless thy Name, thou'rt calling Home,  
The Seed of Abram, Abram's Faith  
Reveal; and let thy Kingdom come.*

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s.**

Philadelphia, Sept. 11th, 1747.

*My very dear, dear Brother,*

I Have wrote to you within these few Months from this Place, *Boston* and *New-York*.—My last Letters were to inform you, that, God willing, some Time next Year I purpose to see *England*. I have good News from *Georgia*, and from

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my new Plantation in *South-Carolina*. Many Negroes are brought under Conviaion. We saw great Things in *New-England*. The Flocking and Power that attended the Word, was like unto that 7 Years ago. Weak as I was and have been, I was enabled to travel eleven hundred Miles, and preach daily.—I am now once more going to *Georgia*, to settle all my Affairs, and get ready to embark as soon as I receive Letters from you. I have been waiting for Death daily. Few have expected my Life, but at present I seem to be getting Strength. By the Grace of God it shall all be employed in the dear Redeemer's Service. I hope Matters go on well with you. Indeed I remember you daily, and pray that you all may be fill'd with all the Fulness of God. I am here travelling thro' a Wilderness, but I trust leaning on my Beloved.—Jesus is my Rock, my Stay, my God, and my All. Various are the Scenes I Pass through; various are the Comforts and Supports I meet with. Sometimes the Lord feeds me as it were by the Ravens, and teaches me daily that Man's Extremity is his Opportunity to help and fuccour. Oh my dear Brother, if ever we meet in this World, how much have we got to say to one another concerning the Loving-Kindness of the Lord! But when we meet in Heaven—I am lost at the Thought. What!

*Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown.*

O *Jesus!* Thy Love is indeed immense, unsearchable; shed it abroad in the dear Man's Heart to whom I am writing, and the Hearts of all with whom he is concern'd, and of all thy dear Children. Even so Lord *Jesus, Amen!* My Heart is almost too full to subscribe myself,

Ever yours,

G. W.

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**From Mr. J—s I—g—m, to Mr. J—n E—w—s.**

Birmingham, Dec. 16, 1747,

*My very dear Brother and best Friend,*

I Walk'd from *Wednesbury* here to Day, thinking to meet with a Letter from you; but being disappointed, I again put Pen to Paper to enquire after him who is worthy of my Regard, tho' I am not of his; don't you think I attribute your Silence to any Want of Love; no, by no Means, I

heartily wish I had behav'd so to God and my Friend as you have. Howbeit this I can say, that in its Degree my Love is sincere.

Last *Friday*, Brother *R*—*y* and I came from *Salop* to *Broad*; and I return'd by Sabbath-Day to *Salop* to preach Mrs. *H*—'s Funeral Sermon. She lived and died happy in the Lord; she well knew the Sting of Death was taken away, nor had it any formidable Appearance in her Sight. No; she welcomed that conquer'd Enemy as her second best Friend. Her Sickness (you know) was tedious, and her Patience wonderful. Lord let me die like her.—I trust her Sickness and Death had some good Effect upon her Sister Mrs. *H*—, for she seems now bent for Heaven.—My Soul was very happy in the Lord at the Burial and in Preaching. Two Baptist Ministers were present, and Brother *A*—*n*'s People. I visited her while at *Salop*, and was with her about two Hours before she departed unto her Death. I ask'd her if she saw all clear between her Soul and the eternal World, she answer'd, Yes, yes, all was well, &c. until

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she had lost her Speech, and fell asleep in the Arms of her beloved Saviour, the Lord *Jesus*. Oh my dear Brother, perhaps she may be one of the first happy Saints that may congratulate our happy Arrival upon *Salem*'s blissful Shore.

The Word of the Lord runs sweetly, and his Power is amongst the People, which I have not Time now to be particular in relating; and as I expect to be soon with you in *London*, I shall then enjoy the Privilege to tell you, and converse with my dear Brother about many Things. Mean while give my Love to all Friends,—and continue to pray much for

Your truly affectionate Friend,  
And (thro' Christ) happy and eternal Brother,

*J*—*s* *L*—*g*—*m*.

**From a Friend in Scotland, to Mr. H—b—t J—k—s.**

Edinburgh,

*Dear Sir,*

**A**CCORDING to promise, after a long Delay, I sit down to write you a few Lines, as the Lord shall direct and assist.—I was refresh'd to hear by yours to Mr. *M*—*y*, that you got safe to *London* after a long and severe Journey, it, being, it seems, very hot Weather; it gave you, no doubt, a sensible Joy to see your good Friends on your Arrival, as it

would rejoice them to have you again restored to them. These Joys could not be so well known, if you had not experienced them; and al-

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low me to add, it is pretty much the Case, tho' the Affection is different, to part with an agreeable Acquaintance, did not the Hopes of seeing him, if not in this World, in a far better, comfort under the Sorrow that may arise from the Parting; this has frequently comforted me when parting with any of the Friends of *Jesus*, that there's a glorious Gathering-Time coming, when the great God will say, *Gather my Saints together unto me*; with this, Sir, I would comfort myself, that I shall meet with you upon Mount *Zion*, should I never see you in this World (which I have yet Hopes of) and there our Sorrow shall be turned into Joy. However it is very pleasant and comfortable that we may converse by Letters while so far distant from one another.

It will be agreeable to you to hear that your Labour of Love in the *Hospital Park* has been more generally refreshing to God's Children here than was known to me before you lest this Place. Your so soon leaving us was much lamented, and your Return earnestly desired. Several of our good Friends have gone to their Father's House since you left us. We have had many refreshing sacramental Occasions since you left us, at which I hope God's dear Children have got large Draughts of Consolation, so as to make them go from Strength to Strength till they shall appear before God in *Zion*.

I shall be glad to hear how you have been since your Absence, and how your good Brethren at the *Tabernacle* do, and particularly your Brethren in the Ministry. If you have got any good Accounts from your different little Societies thro' *England*, I should be glad to hear them. Some Weeks ago, a Gentleman here had a Letter from his Son at *Philadelphia*, which mentioned Mr. *Whitefield* being there Preaching, but that his Voice was broke; possibly you have had later

Accounts

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Accounts from him, and how Religion goes on in those Places, which if you have, you'll please to write. If I can serve you any Way here you may command me. Mean Time I would desire you'll not forget poor sinful *Scotland*, tho' absent in Body; sinful and wicked as we are, there are many of the Friends of *Jesus* among us, many that prefer *Zion* to

their chiefest Joy. Pray therefore for us that the Number may increase more and more. Let the Communion of Saints be kept up. I'm persuaded it will be a very agreeable and delightsome Part of the Happiness of the Higher House, and methinks should be more generally improved here than it is. Christians will that Day be ashamed of the Strangeness that they have shewn to one another, for very unworthy Reasons, while here below. There are several Duties the Members of *Jesus Christ* owe to one another while in this imperfect State, that there will be no Occasion for among the Spirits of just Men made perfect; such as Sympathy with one another, bearing each other's Burdens, exhorting one another, watching over, and in a friendly Way reprovng one another. There is another, I'm afraid not duly attended to, *viz.* Christians, in a humble cautious Way, telling what God has done for their Souls. If these Duties were rightly practiced, it would be better for us; and I can't see why they may not, notwithstanding the many different Opinions among Christians, about the Externals of Religion, not so clearly reveal'd; if they All hold the Head *Jesus Christ*, why ought they not to obey his repeated Injunctions about this Matter; they have all one faith, one Baptism, one Hope of their Calling; are walking the same Road, having their Faces to the same Home; what great Pity 'tis they should so fall out by the Way, as to neglect Christ's last, great, and new Commandment. But

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this *Duty*, dear Sir, I need not inculcate on you. You have not so learn'd Christ as to neglect *one* so necessary. You know that the dear Redeemer who loves you, says to you, *See that ye love one another*; and if this Love be true and genuine, it will influence all the other Duties of one Christian towards another; but I'm afraid I shall tire you, therefore will only add, that I hope you'll mind what I said above, while lifting up your Hand with your Heart unto God in the Heavens for your own Land, forget not the Duty you owe to the Body of Christ, so as to remember this Corner of the Vineyard, that needs much to be water'd with the Dew of Heaven. We say to you as *Paul* in another Case, *Brethren pray for us*; and let our Prayers and yours meet at God's Throne of Grace. For my own Part, I desire to pray to God daily for you all, especially you in the Ministry, that he would fulfil the many gracious Promises he has made towards you, and that among the rest, *Jer. xxxi. 14. And I'll satiate the*

*Soul of the Priests with Fatness, and my People shall be satisfy'd with my Goodness, saith the Lord,*

I am yours in JESUS,

W.P.

**From a Friend in Wales to Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s.**

Tregare,

Dear Bro. H—rr—s,

I know not how to slip any Opportunity of sending you a Line, tho' I am so weak that I can hardly hold the Pen, having been confin'd to my

U

Bed

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Bed for three Weeks with a violent Fever, besides other Illness, so that all who saw me, expected I should have gone to Eternity; in which Time, after some sharp Skirmishes from the Enemy, I was carry'd as on Eagle's Wings to rejoice in Hope of the Glory of God, seeing him who is invisible, and longing that Faith should be turn'd into Vision. O the admirable, unfathomable Mystery of Godliness! O free Grace! how near are we, the Worms of the Dust, related to God, as to be one Spirit with him! O how ought this to raise our Souls, to look with a holy Contempt on the Frowns, and Flatteries of conquer'd Enemies, which must all obey that *Man*, who has ascended up on High. Even that GOD who bled on *Mount Calvary*, that *Man* that fills both Earth and Heaven, and governs them all with his Nod.—Yea that GOD who lay in a Manger, and all for us Men, and for our Salvation. The Devils know much of this Paradox, but are never the better, but he is made of God unto us every Thing, he suits us every Way, and answers all our Wants, and has done, is doing, and will do ALL for his People, till he brings them to the End of their Race. O what a sure Covenant have they established on better Promises, even unconditional as to Creatures. O that we could see more of the Stability and unchangeable Love of God, then should all Idols fall before it, and it would animate our Souls—with fresh Courage, to take the whole Armour of God, and to watch and pray; as Grace, and Growth in Grace, are all bound up in the Covenant; Wisdom to adorn the Gospel, and to fill our Places; and Strength, Patience, Diligence, and Faithfulness, to go thro' the Work unwearied, and to bear the Weight and Heat of the Day; so that the Christians *all* is laid up in Christ, to be imputed and imparted in the Fulness

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of Time, all provided by the infinite Love of God, all purchased by the infinite Merit of the precious Blood of Christ; all applied by the Irresistable Operations of the Spirit, in his own appointed Time, which is all order'd by infinite Wisdom, to the Praise and Glory of his free boundless Grace, so that no Creature might glory in his Presence, but he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord, &c. But where am I going, 'tis but little I can say of these great Things, I shall be enabled to speak more plain by and by, but I would say something, and I trust shall while here. Last Night I was enabled to keep a little private Society, and Jesus made our Souls as a water'd Garden. He has more work yet for me his poor worthless, and very unthankful Child; the work seems to be still getting Ground, and so it shall whilst our dear Lord is thus getting himself the Victory by subduing the Hearts of Sinners to the Scepter of his Grace; there are many weary of their *Egyptian* Bondage, crying for the Breast of the sincere Milk of the Gospel; others for the Bread of Life, yet more abundantly; some break their Way thro' all Difficulties, going on from conquering to conquer; disputing about controverted Points, is light Bread to them that can't away with it; I hope that there Cries have first reach'd Heaven, then your Heart, and may incline you to come soon, not forgetting our *Wednesbury* Friends in your Way.—I am so weak that I must conclude with my Love to you and yours. I long to see you, and have much more to say to you.

*I am Yours,*

T—— J——.

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From

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**From Mr. A——w K——n, to Mr. H——t J——s.**

Plymouth, Dec. 27, 1747.

*My very dear Brother,*

**Y**OUR kind Letter I duly receiv'd, and praise the Lord on your Behalf, that he was graciously pleas'd to preserve you on your Journey. I trust e're this reaches you, our dear Lord hath banish'd all your Complaints, and that you are now rejoicing in the God of your Salvation, beholding, by an Eye of Faith, the Glory and Power of our precious Redeemer, who hath promised to you, that you shall be more

than Conqueror over all your Enemies. Indeed, my dear Brother, I can say, thro' rich, free and matchless Grace, that at Times I thus behold him; 'tis then, and then only I am well; my Soul thirsts and longs to live in the Enjoyment of my Beloved; but with you, and that good old Prophet you mention'd, by woful Experience from Day to Day I find, *that* Treachery and Falseness, *that* Hardness and Unbelief in my Heart, that makes me grieve and go on heavily; O for one Spark of heavenly Fire to quicken my Soul, then shall I run and not weary in the Paths of Righteousness; I trust our compassionate Master will deliver you from every Chain, and make you as a Flame of Fire amongst the Dear *Tabernacle* People; a may our Saviour display his Power and Glory among you! May he come down and cause his glorious Gospel to run and be glorified; blessed forever blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he hath not lest himself without

Witnesses,

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Witnesses, but openeth the Mouths of Babes to speak of his Fame, and declare the Power of his precious Blood. Brother *H—ys* hast this Evening preached in the *Tabernacle*, and the Lord was with us; I have not seen so many Souls there for same Time; I trust he hath not labour'd in vain; indeed I felt an uncommon Power on my Soul, and the Redeemer's Glory seem'd to fill the Place; O may the good Seed be water'd with the Dew of Heaven, that it may bring forth much Fruit to the Praise and Glory of God, Amen and Amen. On the Morrow, if our Saviour please, we shall go to *Tavistock*, and then *Brother H—ys* sets out for *Exon*; I hope my dear Brother will not forget to pray that I may have Strength and Wisdom from above, to go on in his and your Absence, till the Lord send some other to declare of the great Salvation: Indeed the Weight of this Work bows down my Soul, and makes me cry out, Lord, spare me, for who is sufficient to speak in the least of thy Glory to precious and immortal Souls; I would gladly at Times leave it; but when I am employ'd in the Work (tho' very small to yours and the Ministers of the Gospel) methinks I could gladly spend and be spent in my dear Master's Service, tho' 'tis often with much Heaviness, Sorrow and Burden of Soul I approach the Presence of God, and stand up before the great Congregation, yet in general every Cloud is seen dispers'd, and I experience, and see it not only to be a great Honour, but my highest Priviledge to speak for my God, to declare to my Fellow-Sinners and Travellers what

I know of the Road to Glory, and of the Beauty, the wonderful Love and Power of the Prince Immanuel; and now, while I have been writing those few, free and brotherly Lines, I can say as *David* did when meditating perhaps on some of the same Matters; the fire hath kind-

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led, and my Soul longs to glorify, to set forth the Praise, and speak of the wonderful Goodness of my loving, ever-lovely Jesus; but I must conclude, for Time and Paper is spent, therefore abruptly subscribe myself,

Yours in our dear Lord Jesus,

A. K.

**A brief Account of a great Tumult that happened at the *Tabernacle* in *Plymouth*, on *Sunday the 29th of November 1747*; occasioned by a *Man of War's Crew* coming with *Fury*, and disturbing the *Congregation* met together to worship God there.**

**A**T Five o'Clock in the Evening, when we were met together to worship the Lord God of our Fathers, being in Number about 1000; after I had sung and pray'd, and gone over the first Head of my Discourse in Peace with Pleasure and Freedom in my own Soul, and whilst the People seemed to give a most close Attention, with an Appearance in their Countenances that the Word reach'd not only their Ears but their inmost Souls; a strong Party of Sailors belonging to the *Windsor Man of War* came in amongst us, whose first Appearance look'd as if they had a Design to disturb us in our Devotion. They entered in and continued with their Hats on, staring about them upon the People; promising by their angry Looks that their Purposes were far from being to attend upon the Word with Seriousness, and to seek Instruction for their Souls. In a little Time

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four of them came up and stood just under the Pulpit, looking very stedfastly in my Face, plainly betraying by their Looks and Sneers that they had a Mind to put me out of Countenance; but I was enabled not to regard them at all, and so went on in preaching the Word of Truth with Boldness. In about 15 Minutes they began to stamp and swear most bitterly near the Door, and made such a confused Noise, that no one

could hear me speak, that stood nigh them: Some of our Friends intreated them very mildly either to be still and quiet in the Place, or else to go out peaceably: But so far from taking their kind Advice, that they laid the Weight of their heavy Bludgeons with unspeakable Fury upon the poor People's Heads, and other Parts of their Bodies. Now the Confusion began, and the Hearts of many sunk with Fear; the Cries and Groans of the poor Women and Children were very striking and affecting, many of whom thought they should neither see their Children and Parents upon Earth any more. There was but one Door to go out at, and that was guarded by a Company of very resolute Persons, who swore that the first who attempted to make their Escape, should have their Brains blown out by a Pistol: This hindered the People from making their Escape, and fill'd them with the most dreadful Apprehensions of what would follow. Then the Sailors beat down the Candle sticks, and blew out the Candles to darken the Place; but Providence so order'd it, that one of our Friends had Presence of Mind to push up one of the Branches, that hang'd by a Pully, so that we had a little Light preserv'd. At this Time the Fury of our Foes seem'd greatly to increase, many were knock'd down, and had their Heads broke; the Windows also were dash'd to Pieces, and the Benches taken up as Weapons to

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lay upon all that came in the Way. When I perceived they were advancing towards the Pulpit, and mowing down the People before them, they not hearkening to Reason, I intreated our Friends to march from every Corner of the Place, and endeavour to take up some of them: This was done in a small Time, and three of them being secur'd, the rest fled as fast as they could. We concluded the Sabbath with Prayers and Thanksgivings.

H—B—T J—K—S.

**From Mrs. A—n D—tt—n, to Mr. H—b—t J—k—s.**

Great Gransden, near Caxton, Huntingdonshire.

*My dear and honour'd Brother,*

**I** Thank you for your last, I embrace the first Leisure to send you a Line. I am glad to hear that the Lord's Work prospers in the Hands of dear Mr. *Whitefield*, and that he thinks of returning soon. O may the Lord bring him to us, as a greater RIDling than ever. That you go on well at the *Tabernacle* is my Joy. May the Gospel of Christ in its Power and Purity be there preach'd, and run and be glorify'd. It glads my Heart,

and is Matter of Thanksgiving unto God, that he was pleas'd to use my Letter to Mr. C—*w*—*h*, to confirm and strengthen you in his Truth exceedingly. May he bring you thro' the Waters of the Sanctuary, the living Waters of his Free Grace, which flows thro' the slain Lamb for the Salvation of Sinners. The Lord make you a skilful, faithful, successful Minister of the New

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*March.*

1748.

Testament; great is the Trust that is committed by Christ to his Servants in the Gospel, in that they are stil'd Stewards of the Mysteries of God; and of Stewards we are told, it is requir'd that they be found faithful. O my Brother, you have but one Master, be faithful to the Trust he hath repos'd in you, to the Light he hath given you in the Truths of his Gospel (as Glory to his Name you have hitherto been) and to that Experience he hath blest you with, as to their Energy on the Heart and Life of a Believer. And unto you at last he will say, *Enter thou into the Joy of thy Lord*. These Things, *viz.* the Work of the Holy Ghost, in the Renovation and Sanctification of our Nature, and in the personal Holiness of a Believer's Life, in Conformity to the holy Law of God, given us by Christ in the Gospel, are no little Things, that may be advanced or neglected; but are important Truths of the blessed Gospel, and belong to the Essentials of that Faith that was once deliver'd to the Saints; which ought to be always preach'd up, and whenever oppos'd, to be earnestly contended for; our very Salvation, in the applicatory Part of it, consists therein. For Persons to talk of being sav'd in Christ, as to Justification, merely by what he hath done for us, without feeling the Heart and Life-changing Influence thereof, unto Sanctification within us, is a mere Chimera, an empty Notion of being sav'd, which leaves the Person destitute of the Salvation of his Soul; and manifestly destroys the End of Gospel-Tidings. For when our Lord sends his Servants to preach the Gospel to poor Sinners, it is, *to open their Eyes, to turn them from Darkness to Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God; that they may receive Forgiveness of Sins, and Inheritance among them that are sanctify'd by Faith that is in Christ*, Acts xxvi. 18. That Faith, then, which

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some speak of, which is not attended with, nor productive of personal Sanctification, that hath not for its Concomitant, a saving Soul-Change, a Turn from Darkness to Light, and from the Power of Satan unto God, is not true Gospel Faith; it is not that Faith in Christ, which receives the Forgiveness of Sins, and the Inheritance of the Sons, and unto which these are annexed. It is a Bastard Faith, and not the Faith of Children, It is not the Heart-purifying Faith of the Sons of God; and for any to say, that we reject Christ, and exalt ourselves, when we speak of the Necessity and rejoice in the Privilege, of what our Lord doth, and will do for us in ourselves, to save us influentially, upon the Bottom of what in himself he hath done for us mystically; is, I think, as great a Piece of the Subtilty of *Satan*, convey'd thro' Men of corrupt Minds, to exclude the Saviour and his Salvation, as ever sprang from the Gates of Hell: But blest be our Lord, the strong Rock of the Church! against her, as built upon him, the Gates of Hell shall not prevail; totally and finally they never shall; nor in Part and for a Time shall they be suffer'd so to do, but what shall be over-rul'd for their further Confusion, and for the Church's Salvation; to the Glory of the infinite Kingdom and Grace, Power and Justice, of God our Saviour, who is, and will be, of the Devil, and his Works, the Destroyer. And now, my dear Brother, let me say to you, as the Apostle *Paul* to his Son *Timothy*, *But thou, O Man of God, flee these Things, and follow after Righteousness, Godliness, Faith, Low, Patience, Meekness. Fight the good Fight of Faith, lay hold on Eternal Life; whereunto thou art also call'd, and hast profess'd a good Profession before many Witnesses,* 1 Tim. vi. 11, 12. and again, If thou put the Brethren in Remembrance of these Things, thou shalt be a good.

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Minister of Jesus Christ, *nourish'd up in the Words of Faith, and of good Doctrine, whereunto thou hast attain'd*, Chap. iv. 6. and to this End, may the Love of God our Father, the Grace of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost be with you!

So prays, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Friend and Servant,

In our Great LORD,

A— D—

**From Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s to the Conference at the Tabernacle in  
London.**

Exon, Jan. 8th, 1747-8.

*My dear happy Brethren and Sisters in Conference.*

**I**Embrace this Opportunity to send you a Line. And blessed be God I can tell you that whoever and whatever is against us, we may be quiet; there is enough for us—Infinite Love smiles on me—Infinite Blessings and Kindnesses surround us!—Infinite Wisdom guides us!—Infinite Power supports and defends us!—And blessed be the Eternal I AM, there is no other Supreme above our dear Father and God: The Incomprehensible Father, the Incomprehensible Son, and the Incomprehensible Spirit: The only one Living and True God, our own God! We are called by his Infinite Grace, and brought to his Infinite Treasure, and we are call'd to wear the Infinite Honour of

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his Reproach, and have the Infinite Privilege of waiting on his Infinitely glorious Bride—O let Infinity be writ on all he says, and on all he does, and on all that belongs to him!—O Infinity and Eternity itself, who can speak of Thee! But Infinite Blood can atone for Infinite Evils.—O let us see that all our short Comings are Transgressions against the Infinite Father, Son and Spirit, and calls for Infinite Satisfaction, then shall we prize the great Attonement indeed. O my Brethren and Sisters what Infinities meet in that Babe! Infinite Wisdom, Infinite Justice, Infinite Love, and Infinite Power! O Infinite Babe! a Infinite Condescension! Let thy Glory break forth indeed over all Lands, and thy Name alone be exalted. Whilst others see no Comeliness in thee, let thy Bride adore Thee, and let thy Praises fill the Christian and Heathen Lands.

Since I lest *London* I have been very happy. I met the Brethren at *Gloucester*, and we were happy together. I reach'd *Ross* about One in the Morning, and by a particular Providence got Admittance at a Publick-House, when we were like to have laid in the Street all Night, being oblig'd to come there that Night, in order to shorten the next Day's Journey. At *Fair-Oak, Trevecka, Errwd, Builth, Lann St. Fread, Kavenwedwest, Cwmnda*, and *New-Inn* in *Monmouthshire*, our Saviour came and made himself known to many that were come from far to see him, having seen his Star, and they adored their great God in the Manger—This is the Stone which the Builders refused, and 'tis become the Head Stone

in the Corner indeed. I discoursed at *Bristol* and *Bath*, and saw a good deal of old Love kept alive. I came here last Night, and hope I shall be made a Blessing to the scatter'd Flock. About this Day

Se'nnight)

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Se'nnight, if not sooner, I intend to be at *Plymouth*. I hope the Infinite Blood and Spirit preaches itself among you in publick and private, and cements the whole. If I am try'd, methinks I hear you Eccho *so are we*: Blessed be God. Let us pledge one another round in our Saviour's own Cup. Must not we be conformable to him in all Things? and follow him to *Gethsemane* and *Golgotha* as well as to Glory? O recommend the Cross in the Preaching of it, the Living on it and under it, and in bringing forth its good Fruits every where.

Oh how safe are we, while we listen to the Shepherd's Voice, every where. I need not intreat you to put him in Mind of me, and to think of me in the Number of such as most stand in need of his Infinite Pity, and momentary Supplies of Strength, Wisdom, and Prudence. I am perswaded he does lay me on your Hearts, and that my Burthens are indeed your Burthens.

If you can't send by this Day Se'nnight to meet me at *Plymouth*, or against the 20th Instant here, pray let me hear from you at the Association. In the mean Time tell all the Flock, and all particular Friends that I am (the higher I go out of Self to Dust and Nothingness) more and more

Theirs and Yours to all Eternity,

In the dying, living Saviour.

H. H——s.

From

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**From the same to a Brother in London.**

Plymouth, Jan. 14th, 1747–8.

*My dear, dear Brother,*

I Wrote this Week from *Exon*, inclos'd in one to Brother *Edwards*, a Line to all the Conference. And now I find Freedom to use a few Moments to tell you and the Society what occur'd since my last. On *Sunday* Night we had a most refreshing comfortable Meeting indeed: The Shepherd of the Sheep came down, and they heard his Voice. And as there was a general weeping and Mourning, and the Voice of Brokenness

heard at the returning of the Prodigal, so we partook indeed of old Love and Joy which had been almost totally extinguished in this Place—O praise the Lord all that is within me. I parted with them very happy indeed; and lest God's little Family (I trust) in a little better Order than it had been there for some Time. I came to *Kingsbridge* on *Monday* Night late, and discours'd there twice the next Day, and once Yesterday at Seven in the Morning, to a Company of simple-Hearted loving Baptists, whom with their Minister I love in my inmost Soul; because I believe they not only belong to our Saviour, but are (so far as I know them) what I wish I could have Room to speak of all Denominations wherever I go; (then they should soon be convinced whether I am led by a Party-Spirit,) these I say are of a truly teachable, simple, loving Spirit, unprejudiced and unbiggotted, wanting only to know *One Thing indeed* in their Hearts) *Christ Jesus*, and him crucify'd. Oh

that

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that this was once the united Cry of all Sects; the would we soon all unite against the common Enemy.—When I came here last Night, I found, a Company or Souls full of Love, receiving me with hearty Welcome indeed; and I enjoy'd much of a divine Unction (O stand amaz'd at this) in setting forth a little of the infinite Glories of that Man who laid down his infinite Life, to buy *us* infinite Blessings; (Us! O how sweet it is to dwell in Love!) This Day was an extraordinary Day to my Soul! I don't remember a Day wherein so many divine Lessons were taught me, and so many spiritual Discoveries of the spiritual invisible Kingdom of our Saviour were made to me! I was led so to behold his Glory as indeed to sink to Nothing before him! O, when he indeed appears, all appears infinite! the Fall and the Recovery. The Wound and the Balm. The Sin and the Redemption. And then, that Mercy which we see freely extended to us, we also shew to others.

Here also I was refresh'd with the sweet Account of one Mr. *H—d—e*, a *Lutheran* Minister, from *Hall* in *Saxony*, who was there for a considerable Time, and is now gone over to preach the Gospel in *Pensilvania*. O, how does our Saviour send forth his Heralds into all Lands; Lord, what art thou doing in our Day, and shall we be rebellious notwithstanding! He gave most ravishing Accounts of our Saviour's Kingdom in *Saxony*; where Two Years ago dy'd a Duke, a most excellent Disciple of *Jesus Christ*. There are 24 gracious Ministers train'd up and sent forth; all preach

*extempore*, as the Spirit of God gives them Utterance! and the Light of the Glory of God shines in those Regions in a bright Manner! One whole Town was converted by the Means of an Idiot Woman, that received her spiritual and natural Understanding, by the Preaching of the Gospel there! Lord in-

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crease our Faith, and let us see thee nue in Triumph thro' all Lands! He attended the Preaching here continually, and not without the Honour of some Persecution, tho' a Stranger, and fueh an eminent Man. All that will confess thee, O Lord, in all Stations, and in all Lands, thou seest are hated. Stand by thy Witnesses then. O Lord!—He was in the *Tabernacle* here, the Night when the Mob came in, and threatned Death so apparently to all, (as I suppose you have heard before) and tho' he did not expect it, nor yet ever saw the like before, he was not mov'd nor hurry'd! But turn'd his Face from them, and continued in Prayer for them, till the Lord did, beyond all outward Hopes, scatter them.

The Suppression of this Riot affords me farther Matter of rejoicing, not only that the Rioters were scatter'd, without being suffer'd to do any extraordinimry Hurt, farther than breaking the Windows, and spilling some Blood; but that the next Day, the Ring-leader being secured, they were obliged to give Security for their future good Behaviour, by the kind and truly laudable Interposition of the Recorder, who stood earnestly for Justice; and well observ'd, that if we broke the Laws, the Law was open to them in a lawful Manner; but that the Law was not committed to the Hands of the Mob.—This worthy Gentleman is a Descendant of that eminent Martyr, Mr. *John Rogers*, who made such a glorious Confession in *Smithfield*, in Queen *Mary's* Days! and seems to be, not an entire Stranger to that Man's good Spirit!

I was again enflam'd with Love and Praises, in hearing by a Merchant of this Place, whom the Lord has call'd, after backsliding from him for several Years; and now for about three Years fill'd him so incessantly with Love and Gratitude,

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that he uses all the Income of his Estate, to carry on the Cause of God among all that he sees faithful to him. And in all Company he goes to without any Shame, testifying of our Saviour, and what he has done for

his Soul! Oh that *Great Britain* were bless'd with ten Thousand of his Spirit! Lord, thou canst, for the Residue of the Spirit is with thee! By him I say I was enflam'd in hearing or the Revival now in *Mountaubau* in *France*; where, notwithstanding the Tyranny of *Babylon*, there was very lately two Ministers from *Geneva*, for a whole Month, preaching to about 30 thousand Souls, who came 30 Leagues round, which is 90 *English* Miles. They were hid in the Night-time, and in the Day there Numbers were so great, that they could not be taken; and they went away at last safe; tho' two Years ago, a Preacher was taken up there, and hanged before the People, and many other Barbarities, as we had an Account in a printed Pamphlet! O praise God, my Brother, and let us be instant in Prayer for them. I have but just Room to tell you, the People at *Plymouth* are more alive than they were. The Lord has bless'd the Ministry of Bro. *H—p—ys* much. And I trust some good Effects will follow the Chief of all Sinners. Here is a large *Tabernacle* built, and our Saviour shews his Love to dear Mr. *Whitefield's* first Coming. I must now condude, with hearty Affection to each in the Conference, and to all the Society, and am  
Theirs and Yours eternally,

H— H—

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From

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**From Mr. J—s—h S—th, to Mr. J—n E—w—ds.**

Oulney, Jan. 22d. 1747,

*Dear Brother,*

**H**AVING an Opportunity, I write to let you know somewhat of the Progress of our Saviour's Gospel in there Parts; I came to this Town *Saturday* was Se'nnight, Brother *S—v—s* had been here some Time before me, and much bless'd to the People; there has been much Deadness and Lukewarmness among them, but I hope and believe there will be now a greater Revival than ever; I have preach'd at some Places where our Brethren have not been a great while; the first was at *Emerton*, then at *Northampton*, at the *College-Lane* Meeting-House; and at *Tocester*, a Market-Town, 60 Miles from *London*, at each of there Places two Sermons; and I hope they were not in vain. They desire for the future to be supply'd with Ministers by Mr. *Whitefield's* Brethren, and once I preach'd at *Sherrington*. I was about 9 Days in *Essex* before I came here, and there seems to be some Revival. I preached there at one fresh Place, and 3 Times at *Coggeshall*, where our Brethren have not been much as yet; but

I believe these are but the Beginnings of glorious Gospel-Days; we should not despise the Day of small Things, but pray and act Faith in Expectation of greater Things, and O may our glorious *Emanuel* hasten it in his Time, causing the Kingdom of *Satan* every where to fall down, that his own may be lifted up in its Room, and may he therefore send by whom he will send, so his Spirit and power do but attend them.

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But I would not omit one Thing very remarkable, and should be marvellous in our Eyes. Last Sabbath-Day, after Preaching in the Morning at *Oulney*, I with three more rode to hear one Mr. *H—v—y*, a young Minister of the Church of *England*, who preach'd at *Collingtrove*, 8 Miles from *Oulney*, and to my great Surprize, as well as Satisfaction, having never seen such a Thing before, in Prayer-Time, instead of singing Psalms, they sung two of Dr. *Watts's* Hymns, the Clerk giving them out Line by Line after Prayer; without going out of the Desk, the Minister put off his Surplice, and turn'd to the 15th of *Matthew*, which was the second Lesson for the Day, and told the People what Pleasure had occur'd to his Mind, whilst reading the Parable of our Saviour's feeding four Thousand Men, besides Women and Children, with Seven Loaves, and a few little Fishes; he then spake in a plain simple Manner about it, and afterwards spiritualized it by observing what great Things the Lord sometimes does by small Means, and weak Instruments; and then, without going up into the Pulpit, he turn'd to the 5th Chapter of the *Ephesians*, and read the 25th, 26th, and 27th Verses, and very sweet and dear he spoke from them; shewing the Meaning of thore Words in the Creed, *I believe in the Holy Catholick Church*, wherein he observ'd, they do not believe in the Church, as in God Almighty, and in his Son *Jesus Christ* our Lord; but the Meaning he observ'd was, I believe God has a Holy Catholick Church; and the Word *Catholick* signifies *Universal*; that there always was, now is, and will be, a Church of Christ; he then from the Word *Holy*, shew'd who were the Members of this Church, such as were cleans'd, wash'd, or justify'd from their Sins in the Blood of our Lord *Jesus Christ*, &c. and here he spake very closely to

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the People, and told them that *All* were not of, or in this Church, which he compar'd to *Noah* and his Family; in the Ark being safe, when

all the rest were drowned in the Deluge. In like Manner he shew'd, notwithstanding their Coming to that Place or Building, if they were not Members of that Church he had been defcribing, by being united to *Jesus Christ* by Faith, they as the People out of the Ark, must perish at last; and as he had been telling them who were the Members of this Church, he spake in an humble Way of himself, as being an unworthy Member thereof; and now having shewn what was meant by the Church, and who were the Members thereof, lastly he shew'd from the Words he had read, what was the Church's Privileges, and first, Christ loved the Church; secondly, he gave himself for it, and at last, to crown all, he would present it to himself a glorious Church, not having Spot or Wrinkle or any such Thing: Thus far I have been particular, for such a Way of Proceeding in the Church of *England*, seems wonderful to me; but what shall we say, God is no Respector of Persons, neither of Places; Oh that others of his Brethren, the Clergy, may go and do likewise; and I am not without Hope that many will. I was with him a little after he had done Preaching, and he spake of two more of the Clergy, who are coming, on much in the same Way, and live down lower in the Country, near *Daventry*, and another who came out of *Huntingdonshire* some Time ago, on Purpose to see him, and since has wrote a Letter to him. O let us from hence be encourag'd, and pray that the little Leaven may be a Means to leaven the whole Lump, and may our gracious Lord to this Prayer, say *Amen*. This Mr. *H—v—y* expounds every *Wednesday* Night at the same

Church,

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Church; preaches twice on the Sabbath-Day; catechizes the Children, and meets some People on *Tuesdays* and *Thursdays* in, or near the Parish where his Father preaches; but I must conclude, O may the Lord give us, and all his Witnesses, to take Courage afresh, and make us more willing to spend and be spent for his Glory's Sake. O my Brother, let us not say, yet four Months and then cometh the Harvest, but remember our Saviour's Words and believe them, behold I say unto you, lift up your Eyes, and look on the Fields, for they are white already unto Harvest. I desire your Prayers for me, with all the dear *Tabernacle* Friends; charge them, as the Apostle doth, Brethren pray for us; but especially that the Word of the Lord may every where run and be glorified, which is the Prayer of

Your unworthy Brother in the Gospel of  
Our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*,

J— S—

**From Mr. E—w—d G—w—n, to a Brother in London.**

Paulperro, Jan. 18th, 1747–8.

Dear Bro. Blake,

I Write to you from a Place I suppose you never heard of, it is a little Fishing-Town of about 150 Houses, surrounded by exceeding lofty Rocks, except a little Opening to the *British Channel*,

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where two Stone Piers being built, the Fishing-Boats lay in the Town, and are lest dry at the Ebb of the Tide. It is in *Cornwall*, 3 Miles from *Lieu*, a Corporation Town.

I came here from *Plymouth* the Day before Yesterday, leaving dear Brother *H—rr—s* there. Soon as I reach'd the Town, tho' there was no Possibility of their having any previous Notice, I was told, to my great Surprize, the People were assembled together, so I went to the most convenient Place in the Street, where Bro. *J—n R—y* had once preach'd (which I suppose is all the Preaching that has been in the Town upwards of 200 Years) I found a large Congregation of simple and attentive People, and expounded the Lord's Prayer with as much Silence as in any Church, and gave Notice of Preaching by Eight the next Morning, but as there was no Service in either of the two next Parishes in the Morning, and for the People's Conveniency I staid till Nine and found some Hundreds; in the Afternoon I went with the People near two Miles to their nearest Church, and at my Return found many Hundreds gather'd from all round the Country, and I believe God was with us, and he made me to believe, if I now saw not the Effect, yet by his Holy Spirit he would bring to their Remembrance when on the silent Deep, in their retired Employ, some of those weighty Truths I had been delivering. Methinks the Thought elevates my Brother's Soul, and he lifts up his Hands in Faith, shouting *Amen* and *Amen!* Well, after I had preach'd I knew not how to leave the hungry Souls, so gave them Notice of meeting by Eight again, and there was as many came as the House could hold, and again To Day Morning I discoursed to a crowded Congregation. Now tho' I hardly dare say here are Five awaken'd Souls

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in the Place, yet I am sure their true Love, true Sincerity, and the Thirstiness of the People, yea their Desire after the sincere Milk of the Gospel, makes me write that surely they are under the merciful Drawings of the Father. It wins one's Heart to hear them confess their Nothingness, and speak their Esteem of the Preaching of the Gospel. O Sir, (say they) if we could have one of you always, we should be quite good! When will you come again? do tell another Brother to come; we are poor, 'tis true, but you are welcome to any Thing we have as our own selves. O my Brother, how much more ready do these poor Souls receive the Gospel than Scribes and Pharisees. I saw something of this Pharisaiical Spirit among the wise Ones of *Lieu*, they could not help saying, what did we go to so ignorant a Place as *Paulperro* for. O may my Saviour give me a Heart to go to Heathens and Publicans. I am sure I am viler than the vilest; they hear not, they know not the Mind of God, but O my Brother I know my Master's Will, and do it not. I know the Love of *Jesus*, and yet oft turn away from it. My Heart is deceitful, and above all Things desperately wicked. I know it to be a Cage of Uncleaness. O pray for me, that God may more effectually engage my vile Heart. I must conclude because in Haste on my Journey.

Yours in Ours,

E—— G——  
From

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**From Mr. J——n S——s to his Wife.**

Portsmouth, Jan. 29th, 1747–8.

*My dearest Love,*

**C**ontrary to my Expectations, the Lord by his Providence has detain'd me here; where I have proved many repeated Favours; and the our Lord *Jesus* I trust has in some Measure blest my unworthy Labours to the comforting and quickning of some of the tender Lambs; and I also hear of a young Gentlewoman, who came to the *Barn* out of Curiosity, that was never there before, who was greatly alarm'd, and under some Sort of Convictions; and I am told is under great Concern that her Friends restrain her from Coming; the dear Lord *Jesus* fasten the Nail in a sure Place. I have never before met with so much Opposition at *Gosport* as now, neither was the like ever there before. We cannot get a

peaceable Meeting, Lord's Day, nor others, but the rude Men of the King's Dock, or the profane Sailors, comes into the Barn, and makes great Disturbances, sometimes pelting with Eggs, others with Dirt, and Stones, which several Times very narrowly escaped my Head; and Satan has raged, with so much Fury, that I have indeed wonder'd no Harm has been done. One Night when we had so much Mobbing and Noise, that my Voice was almost drown'd, a very gay Gentleman (I suppose an Officer in the Army or the Navy) in a most insulting Manner broke thro' the People, and with that daring and intrepid Fierceness in his Countenance which made the Hearts

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*April.*

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of many tremble, he at last got near me, with an Intent, I imagin'd, to have stopt my Preaching, but the Lord made him attend as one in Surprise, till he pull'd off his Hat and sat down with his Face in his Hands; presently after Satan rallied his Force again, and like one as would brave it out, the Gentleman put on his Hat again; but still his Attention was commanded, till the Tears trickled down his Cheeks, and once more off came his Hat, and he remain'd in a convicted Posture; till the tumultuous Mob, as it were, forced him out to silence them, which he did.—So that I escap'd without any Hurt to my Body.—I saw no more of him, perhaps our wonder-working God may follow him in Spirit; however, we may see how he makes every Thing obey and answer his own Purpose. Oh! his Ways are all composed of infinite Wisdom, as well as infinite Love. I last Night came Home from a little Journey to the City of *C—ch—r*, where the Lord Jesus taught me many Lessons: I found all the Professors there quite sunk into Arminianism, more deep than any I ever met with before; I did not think the Church of Christ was in so much Danger, nor that he had so many Enemies in the House of his Friends, nor I never saw so much need of itinerant Preaching before. Oh! how is the Gold become dim, and how is the fine Gold changed, who is on the Lord's Side, who? this Sight made me cry out, Lord Jesus if thou wilt accept my poor, and very weak Endeavours, I will not forsake thy Cause, and if thou wilt help, I will fight till I die. Oh! did some of our dissenting Brethren but see how the Cause of God and Truth is undermin'd in secret, they would then see wherefore God has thus wonderfully risen up, and as wonderfully owned the man unlikely Instruments in the Defence of

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these Truths which he saw was decaying, and which they themselves account dear. Sure did all the faithful Ministers of Christ see the true degenerate State of the Churches all over the Land, they would turn out with their Lives in their Hands, in the Defence of Christ's injur'd Honour, or at least strengthen those that do so; but the Cause is the Lord's, to his Care we commit it; in him I am

Your affectionate Husband,

J—n S—v—s.

**From a Brother at Plymouth to Mr. J—n S—v—s in London.**

Plymouth, Dec. 1747.

*Dear, Dear Brother,*

NOT having seen you of a long Season, I could not let slip this Opportunity, (by dear Brother J—s) and not enquire how it is with you and yours.—Tho' I once counted your Life Madness, yet through rich Grace, I love you in the Lord now.—Our Saviour who saw you in the Market, and said, go you likewise into my Vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give thee; I trust will give you abundant Success, and make you instrumental for the Conversion of many Souls, to be your Crown of rejoicing in the Day of our Lord *Jesus Christ*. Go on then my dear Brother, and blaze abroad *Immanuel's* Fame,—his Love is not to be parallel'd—he has had tender Compassion towards me a Rebel!—Stupendous

Love!

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Love!—his Ways are past finding out—I am as black as Hell—yet *Jesus* loves me; amazing Grace! Bow down my Soul, and adore the unfathomable Ocean of everlasting Love. We are at present, my dear Brother, far distant; we shall meet by and by. O! the pleasing, transporting, Soul-ravishing Reflection; there Sin and Sorrow shall no longer disturb us, there the Wicked shall cease from troubling us, and our weary Souls shall enjoy an eternal Rest.—I shall always be thankful for a Line from you. My kind Love attends yourself and Spouse, each of your Fellow-Labourers by Name, and the dear Society in general.

The Lord bless you all, be with you, guide and govern all Things for you and in you; even so Lord *Jesus*. Amen. So prays the unworthiest of all God's Children, who was lost, but am found, and through Grace

Your Brother and Servant in Christ Jesus,

W—m P—k.

**From the Revd. Mr. Geo. Whitefield, to Mr. J—n E—w—ds.**

Charles Town, Dec. 28, 1747.

*My very dear Brother E—w—ds,*

I Have but just Time to send you a few Lanes of Love, the Purport of them is to inform you, that I wait for Answers to my last Letters from dear Brother *H—rr—s* and you, in order to be

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determin'd about my Coming over to you. My Affairs here are brought under Foot, if Friends at Home exert themselves, I may be freed from all outward Embarrassments. The Lord is yet with me, and causes my Rod to bud and blossom, all is well at *Bethesda*, and my new Plantation: My dear Yoke Fellow is at the Orphan House, the Redeemer is exceeding kind to us, we are always praying for you *All*; in a few Days I intend, God willing, to write a long Letter to dear Brother *H—rr—s*; you will deliver the inclos'd to Brother *J—k—ns*. The Lord be with you; my warm Hearts Love to *All*; that we may keep an eternal new Year in the new *Jerusalem* in *Jesu's* Kingdom, is the hearty Prayer of, my very dear Man,

Ever yours whilst

*G. Whitefield.*

**From Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s to Mr. J—n E—w—ds.**

Maesynnonni, Carmarthenshire, Feb. 4, 1747-8.

*My dearest Brother,*

I Received yours at *Bristol*, and was refresh'd, and nothing but an uninterrupted Scene of Hurry, would have prevented my answering it sooner.—And now, blessed be the universal Monarch! The Lord! The Lord God our Father; the Honour of being fully employ'd is still continued. My dear Brother, I am so encompassed with good News, that I know not where to be—

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gin.—This Day our *Welch* Association broke up, where the Servants of the great King waited round the Table, while He himself sat in the Midst, and taught many Lessons, revealed his Glory, and gave each a fresh Commission to go forth against the Dragon.—In reading the Accounts which the various Superintendents brought of the Souls which they look after, in their several Societies, your Heart would have been enflam'd to hear how some Scores have been added since our last Association; fresh Doors still have been open'd, several new Societies settled, and some gone up to Glory, to the upper House, in that triumphant Manner, as becomes the Redeemed of the Lord. O, happy *Wales!* how has the Lord exalted thee on High!—The Lord indeed rides amongst us.—Yesterday several Thousands heard, whilst the Glory and Mystery of that God that lay in the Manger, and gave his Life for us; was displayed before them.—At *Builth* last Sunday, the new House we have built there, was crowded as full as it could hold, both above and below, and a great Number without, whilst the Lord (I trust) commanded many Prodigals to return, and indeed comforted the Hearts of his chosen Ones; and at the monthly Association there, as also at *Trevecka* the Day before, the great Bishop was present.—I hear of nothing now in several Parts of *Breconshire*, and *Glamorganshire*, but of the Lord's Triumphs; continuing to enlarge the Borders of his Kingdom, by increasing the Number of Hearers, awakening the unconcern'd, and so revealing the Glory of his own great Name in the Hearts of his believing Children, that they are quite overcome with the Views of his Grace and Love; some melted down for Hours together at the very mention of it, so that silent Tears and

Smiles

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Smiles of holy Joy, prove the Virtue of the heavenly hidden Food they eat, whilst others have their Mouths filled with singing and Praise.—As the Names of several Places here are not known at *London*, 'tis needless now to mention where our Saviour rides thus in especial Triumph; but perhaps He may call us some Time or other (either on Letter Day, or some other Way) to give a particular Account of the Societies every where.—O Lamb of God, what hast thou done, and what art thou doing! Let us forever bow down before thee, and sink to nothing at thy Feet.—I am now going on my Rounds to *Pembrokeshire*, *Carmarthenshire*,

*Glamorganshire*, and *Monmouthshire*; and have to Night begun collecting towards the Orphan House; but as we have built a House in *Builth*, and are building 2 Houses in *Carmarthenshire*, which will stand in above 240*l.* and as we raised last Year 40*l.* towards the Law Suit we were engag'd in, I can't expect such Encouragement as I should otherwise have had; especially, as Satan's Chain having been lately lengthen'd in *North Wales*, so that 80*l.* has been rais'd there on the poor People by violent Hands—Some are quite ruin'd, as having lost their little All, the cruel Enemy in taking away their Goods, did not leave them so much as a Pillow under the poor Infant, but robb'd them of every Individual, and these we are endeavouring to assist to keep them from starving.—And as we think it our Duty, after laying this Matter before our Saviour, to appeal once more to *Cæsar*, so we are gathering all we can so defray the Expence of suing for Justice.—Such is the Influence of that great Man who is our Adversary, that Preaching is now entirely stopt in two Counties in *North Wales*, and 'tis expected, that other Gentleman, by his Example, will be incited

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incited to act in the same Manner.—Before this Contagion therefore overspread the Country, we think it right and our bounden Duty, to use all lawful Efforts for the Gospel's Sake, and our Success herein will at once declare God's Voice to the Land, whether Field Preaching shall be continued or no.—At this Crisis it is become necessary for all to be stirred up to do what they can, and who knows but this is the Means and Time to bring the Gospel to Court, by being obliged to draw up a Petition either to his Majesty or the Lord Chancellor. It happens favourable that our Antagonist is well known at Court, so that in all Probability, our Loyalty will the more clearly appear, and perhaps Mr. *Whitefield's* Thanksgiving Sermon may not be out of Date on such an Occasion.—If Roman Catholicks are bore with under the present mild Government, tho' not countenanced by any Law; is it not a cogent Argument for Protection to such of his Majesty's Subjects, who are not only known to be peaceable, and conformable to the established Church; but also well known to be more than common animated with ardent Affection, Duty, and Loyalty to his Majesty King *GEORGE*, and the present Family; and also, under God, to have done eminent Services among the common Sort of People, both as to spiritual and political Considerations, by reforming the Principles and Manners of many Thousands?—As all the

Societies in *England* are equally concerned in this *Affair*, the *Way* being laid open (if this be not disputed) for all *Magistrates* effectually to step our *Meetings*; and as the present mild *Government* is one of the *Millions* of *Privileges* that were bought on *Calvary*; let us, being dead to all *Means*, yet use them in *Faith*, and then if our *Saviour* says, “*You must be stript of all and suffer Death,*”

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thro’ *Grace* we all will cry—“*Lo we come, dear Lord, to thee.*”

I am so hurry’d that I have hardly *Time* to lay my *Head* down, and shall be for a *Month* or six *Weeks*.—I think, that as the above-mention’d *Affair* is of such great *Moment*, it is well that a *Day* be set apart to lay it solemnly before our *Saviour*, and as He shews us, He would have it be so, *Friday, March 11.* is settled for that *Purpose*—I have wrote of this to *Bristol*, and shall write of it to all the other *Societies*.—Oh! let us with one *Heart* plead the *Cause* of the *Bride* to the sympathizing *Husband*.—In Him, and in the *Service* of his *Royal Bride*, you know I am

Yours indeed to all *Eternity*,

H—— H——s.

*We thank thee for our gracious King,  
For GEORGE let every Briton sing  
Eternal Thanks to God.  
He is the Power the Lord ordains,  
We glad embrace his silken Chains,  
Or spend for him our Blood.*

*May all who make, or guard our Laws,  
Assert the Glory of thy Cause,  
And keep their Conscience clear;  
Punishing Vice of every Kind,  
Reforming all the human Kind  
By their religious Care.*

*Restrain*

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*Restrain the proud and violent,  
Who persecute, and seem quite bent  
Thy Children to destroy.*

*Maintain the Honour of thy Blood,  
Us save and let them know thou'rt God,  
And cause them to repent.*

**From Mr. W—l—m H—p—hs, to Mr. H—b—t J—k—s.**

*Dear Brother J—s,*

I Hope this will find your dear Soul nigh to God—May you always see His Glory in the Sanctuary, and the Out-pouring of his Spirit on your dear Heart; may you taste God in the Word you preach, and hear the Sound of your Master's Feet behind you—I hope, my dear Brother, your Labours are greatly owned and blessed, and that you are sweetly satisfied with seeing the Travail of Christ's Soul, and the Fruit of your Labours in his Vineyard.—I trust the Lord enables you to give everyone his Portion of Meat in due Season, so that you be clear of the Blood of all Men, declaring the Whole Counsel of God, that you may rejoice in the Day of our Lord Jesus Christ,==Then shall your Faithfulness over a few Things meet a happy Reward; you shall be made Ruler over many Things, and enter into the Joy of thy Lord.

I left the *Society* at *Plymouth* very happy, all seem to be fully bent for God.—Surely they are a People highly favoured!—The Lord is with them of a Truth! and makes them to walk worthy of

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his Gospel.—I have reason to hope he did not send me there in vain.—I have been at several other Places, and the Fields are white, ready to Harvest; the general Cry is, *What shall we do to be saved?*—I hope, my dear Brother, the Lord will keep us humble at his Feet, giving him all the Glory to whom all is due.—Oh may we be on the Stretch for God, for now is the only time; let us work therefore while it is Day, the Night cometh when no Man can work.—O how little do we do for him, who hath done so much for us! what Honour hath he conferred upon us, to give and commit unto us the Word of Reconciliation! May he therefore keep us in Love, and help us to preach the Word in Season and out of Season. May the dear Jesus be with you, and cause the Souls to flourish under your Ministry, is the Prayer of

Your unworthy Brother,

In the Dear LORD JESUS,

*W— H—s.*

**From Mrs. A—— D——n, to Mr. J—— S——s.**

Great Gransden, Huntingdonshire.

*My dear and Honour'd Brother in Christ,*

**I**Return my hearty Thanks for your kind Care, in sending me the Parcel, which I received safe: The Lord reward your Labour of Love herein, of his infinite Grace! It is a Privilege, Brother, in outward Things, in the Affairs of this momentary Life, to have a Friend that loves us,  
that

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that will not forget our Case, when we need his Assistance, but employ his Power to serve us. And to have an agreeable Answer from such a Friend, about a Favour we hoped for from him, how pleasant is it! And on the other Hand, if a Friend fail us in Time of Need, if he prove a Staff of Reed, that won't bear the Weight of our Dependance on him, but break and pierce us, how grieving is it! There Things we know somewhat of, while travelling thro' this weary Wilderness, with the Saints, our dear Companions. Which shou'd engage us to shew Brotherly Kindness unto each other, and espccially, as our Lord accounts every Thing done to the least of His, whether it be kind, or unkind, respecting Soul, or Body, as done to himself.—But a how transcendent is the Privilege, to have a Friend in Heaven, JESUS our Intercessor and Advocate with the Father, whose Love engageth his Power and Interest for our Advantage, in all Things that concern our spiritual and eternal Life, aye, and our natural Life too, as subservient to our Salvation! This is a Friend, well worth the having! Well worth the prizing! Ne'er another such a Friend in both Worlds! JESUS, Emanuel, God with us, is the Friend of Sinners. He was our Friend, when we were Enemies. He is our Friend, notwithstanding all that Enmity which remains in our vile Hearts against him, and all those Acts of Rebellion we are guilty of; when we rise up against the Prince of Peace, as if we were his Enemies: And he will be our Friend for ever. Greater Love hath no Man than this, that he lay down his Life for his Friend. But so great was the Love of Christ to us, that he laid down his Life for us, when we were his Enemies! He for our Enmity was slain, to stay in us the Enmity. He lov'd and

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dy'd, lov'd and rose, He loves and lives at God's Right Hand, to make, to keep us Friends; to begin, increase, and maintain an everlasting Friendship between him and us. Our Enmity against him, was and would have been our Death; his Love to us, in staying our Enmity, and making us Friends, is and will be our Life, spiritual and eternal. And never will JESUS our Friend, forget us. The Infinity of his Love, the Omnipotence of his Power, the Immensity of his Wisdom, and the Eternity of his Life, are all engag'd for us, to be display'd in a Way of Friendship to us, in a firm, inviolable, and unchangeable Friendship. This Friend of Sinners, took and takes all his Motives from within himself, to do us Good. And therefore they must needs be strong and substantial, and cannot fail, so long as Jesus Christ, who is Yesterday, To-day, and forever the same, endures!

Then, Brother, let us come to this our Friend, in all our Times of Need. We shall be no more bold, than welcome. His Ear is open unto our Cry; his Heart is inexpressibly touched with a Feeling of our Miseries; and thence he will supply all our Wants from his Fulness, according to his tender Mercies.—And since JESUS our Friend, hath cast upon us the Honour of calling us Friends unto him, and hath bid us shew our Friendship by keeping his Commandments, that his Joy might remain in us, and our Joy be full; let us be earnestly concerned about a friendly Behaviour unto Christ, in all the Changes that pass over us. Let us think and speak well of him, and of all his Dealings. Let us trust in him when he seems to slay us, as well as rejoice in him when he manifestly favours us. Let us gladly spend our bought Lives, our redeemed Souls and Bodies, for

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his Honour and Pleasure; which will be also unto our Happiness and Glory, present and eternal. Let us tell of the Glories of his Person and Fulness, of his Love and Grace unto others; and by every Duty, in all Manner of holy Conversation, let us commend unto them his Ways, which are all Peace and Pleasantness: To win those who at present are Enemies unto this our Friend, who receives all to the uttermost, and casts out none that come unto him, let this be your Work, Brother, in an especial Manner. And God grant you Grace to be faithful! and of his Grace make you successful! Having your Loins girt about with Truth,

Hand, Brother, as a Witness of Christ's Gospel before all, and especially bear your Testimony for those Truths that are most oppos'd. O never let go the applicatory Part of Salvation, nor cease bearing Witness for this Truth, that Jesus the Friend of Sinners, saves his People from, and not in their Sins; that he makes a Change on their Souls, by Grace, and so prepares them for Glory."—Great Grace be with you! Pray for me. I am,  
Very affectionately,

Dear Sir,

Yours in the Lord Forever.

A—— D——

From

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**From a Friend to Mr. J——n E——d——s.**

Bromsgrove.

*Kind and worthy Sir,*

I Received your kind and agreeable Letter, and return you many Thanks for the same.—Alas, who, or what am I, that I should be thus favoured! I who am surely the least of all Saints to whom this Grace is given.—O methinks I cannot help Caying, *Why me, Lord, why me?* O why is it me that this Grace of thine is given to? It is not because I was holier than others, but it was Free Grace, and unmerited Love to a poor perishing Sinner, who was in the Gall of Bitterness, and Bond of Iniquity! Yea, the Leprosy was so deep in my Soul, that nothing less than the Blood of the only begotten Son of God could make me clean. And blessed be his glorious Name, that dear Fountain was open'd freely, and it is not shut up, neither will it.—It is ever flowing, and never dry!—O for ever blessed be his precious Name, that who soever will may come and drink of the Water of Life freely—Methinks my Soul cries out,

*Stream thro' the Bottom of my Heart,  
Blood of the Son of God,  
And take away whate'er in me  
Hath thee so long withstood.*

*Drink up my Nature's active Fire,  
Drown up my useless Strife;  
And let my Soul for nothing thirst  
But thee, the well of Life.*

*Here*

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*Here let me drink, forever drink,  
Nor ever once depart:  
For what I taste, makes me to cry  
Fix at this Spring my Heart.*

And if a Taste here be so sweet, oh how much more to feast for ever on his Love! O then shall we tell over Redeeming Grace and Dying Love! then shall we have Tongues to tell Redeeming Love in higher Strains! Now we know but in Part, but shortly, the happy Hour comes, when the great Mystery of Mysteries shall be unfolded! Now we see thro' a Glass darkly, and the Eye of Faith is dim; but then shall Faith be turn'd into Sight, and Hope to Fruition, the Glass shall be taken away, and we shall see him Face to Face!

Blessed be our God, that this Body of Sin and Death, which is now a Burden to the Children of God shall be taken off, their great Surety has procur'd them a glorious and incorruptible Body!—What can poor Sinners desire more than his Love? Many Waters cannot quench it! neither can Floods drown it;—But O what little Love do I find going out after this loving Jesus!—Oh that I could say with *Peter, Lord, thou knowest all Things, thou knowest that I love Thee!* But alas, my Love is so faint and cold that I am afraid to use his Words. But this I can say with all my Heart, Lord, thou knowest I desire to love thee, and am griev'd that I love thee no more! I want to have my cold frozen Heart burn, yea, flame with Love to thee; for thou hast lov'd me to the Death; and now thou art exalted at the Father's Right Hand, thou dost not forget to love!—I wish I could say as a young Woman once upon her Death-bed to her Father and Mother.—*I love you dearly.—But when compared with the Love I have to the Lord Jesus Christ, I love you not at all.—But*  
after

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after all, I am afraid, lest my Love is too much on the Creatures, and too little on the Creator; who should be loved above, and beyond all Things.

*There's no dividing of my Love,  
Jesus must have the Whole.*

*Let it be so,—And now resolve  
Thou wilt be his, my Soul.*

Our Love must not be divided, as our Lord says, *ye cannot serve God and Mammon.*—*My Son give me thine Heart*, is his just Demand; and shall I dare to with-hold it from him! O, methinks my Heart should readily say, “Lord, here it is, venomous as it is, thou shalt have it;—tho’ it be a Cage of unclean Birds, as thou art pleas’d to call for it, I willingly give it to thee: Thou canst mould it a-fresh,—hard as it is thou canst soften it—stubborn as it is thou canst bend it to thy Will,—and cold as it is, thou canst inflame it, by shedding abroad thy Love therein.”—I would beg, dear Sir, that you would remember me when you get near to Jesus; for I do indeed stand in need of your Prayers that I may be careful to adorn the Doctrine of God my Saviour in all things! And as I have enlisted my self to be a true and, faithful Soldier under his Banner, so I stand in need of Strength from my Great Captain General, to support and carry me through, till my Warfare is accomplish’d. I must conclude myself

Your much oblig’d,  
Tho’ your unworthy Friend,  
In the best Bonds,

A.—T—  
From

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May

1743

**From Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s to Mr. J—n E—w—ds.**

Trevecka, March 3. 1747–8.

*My dearest and eternal Brother,*

**I**Just now received yours, with the Copy of dear Brother *Whitefield’s*, and your other at *Waterford* came also to Hand. Your Love to Me confounds me! I think I am sure of one Thing, that I bless the dear, the precious, the Compassionate Friend of Sinners, that ever such a Man as Brother *E—w—ds* was born; and that ever it enter’d to his dear and eternal. Mind to bring me acquainted with him! If so little Faithfulness; and Truth, and Love, growing among so many Bryars, &c. is so sweet and amiable, and, so attracts our Hearts and Esteem! Oh, my dear Man, what will it be to dwell for ever where no other Tempers appear in us, or any of our Companions, to all Eternity!—I am sure I long to be there,

to be all Eyes to see the eternal Mystery, *Three in One*,—Immanuel, Father, Word and Spirit.—One God in my own Nature! Oh long'd for Moments, hasten thy winged Motion! What have I to do here! I am indeed a Stranger here below, I long to be at Home.—Oh, come Lord *Jesus*, come quickly! When shall I see thee without a Vail between! Without a Body of Sin and Clay.—And canst thou love indeed, and delight too in such a deformed Worm! To nothing then let me sink that thou mayst be All in All! Oh, thy Glory! Oh, thy Name! Oh, thy Beauty! Oh, that all the World did know thee!

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What hast thou done for me! What Millions of long Scores hast thou blotted out! How hast thou brought my Feet into a large Room. My dear Brother, bear with me.—Your dear Letters and Care always about our, dear Saviour's Cause, prov'd a Means thus to fill me with Love and holy Confusion.—Go on my dear and eternal Brother, and by the Help of our crucified exalted God incarnate, I will follow thee as fast as I can.

Blessed be our Immanuel, all goes on well in *Wales*, since I left *London*, Dec. 20th.—I have been enabled to travail about 1000 Miles, and to Discourse, two, three, and four Times a Day. I am come Home just now from a Round about five Counties, and I can solidly assure you, that *Jesus* carries all before Him. He awakens the Careless, He heals the Backsliders, and brings many stray'd Sheep to his little Folds.—He reveals his own Glory clearer and clearer to those that have Eyes.—He makes still fresh Inroads in the Enemies Kingdom; the sincere, humble, close Followers, are fed indeed with rich Dainties. He honour'd you by leaving Blessings behind you in many Places, if not all, you visited. At our Quarterly Association, we had a sweet Time, and so in most of our general Meetings of the Preachers and People. 'Tis too much to begin to give you Particulars.—Many enquire heartily after you. Brother *D—v—s* has been very ill, but is now on the Recovery. The Preachers, I trust, all grow, and are bless'd. A Spirit of Love, Diligence, and Zeal for the Lord of Hosts, prevail in most Places. Oh, my Brother! What are we, to be born in a Land and Age wherein the Son of Man comes to give a Visit to his fallen Churches. Oh, distinguishing Love indeed; we

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are snatch'd as Firebrands out of the Burning, when so many Millions are left behind.

Oh, my Brother, to the Dust let us go, to nothing let us fall, and be willing indeed to be the Servants of all Men for his Sake, who, tho' God over all, became the Servant of, all for us! Oh, how do we evcp forget this Love! But where am I going.—I had another Letter this Week from dear Brother G——n, which I beg you would heartily thank him for, and I hope to have Time to Answer him next Week.—I am now going out again for some Days round *Radnorshire*, and *Breconshire*, and so am in Haste; therefore, my dear Brother, excuse me, and be assur'd, that as vile as I am, I am oblig'd to have a sincere Friendship for you, and would ever approve myself indeed,

Yours in all Respects in *Jesus* the Lord,

H——l H——s.

*We bless thee Jesus for thy Care,  
Of thine own Blood bought Bride,  
In England, Wales, and every where,  
Oh, keep her near thy Side.*

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From

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**From Mr. J——s R——ll——y, to Mr. T. A——d——s.**

Pembroke, March 8, 1748.

*My very dear Brother,*

I Expected a few Lines from you before now, giving me to know in what Degree our Saviour affords his Presence with you, and with his Houshold at *London*; but find I must at present be satisfied with my Disappointment, perhaps our Saviour did not bid you write; but let me tell you, he is very gracious to me, insomuch that all his Dealings are Love; true it is he hath afflicted me, and that sorely; nevertheless all is well, I cannot, dare not, must not be without it; his Rod is become such a Witness to my Soul, of the Loving Kindness of his Heart, that every Power and Faculty of my Mind, unanimously agree and consent to bid it welcome, to Me it surely bringeth good Tidings; therefore, again I say, all is well, my Spirit repines no more, I calmly sit beneath the Shade of my Master, the Tree of Life, and prove his Fruit to be sweet, yea, inexpressibly sweet to my Taste. Oh, my Brother, I eagerly Feast with Wonder, on the

Glories of the Second Man, the Lord from Heaven, the incarnate Spirit, God manifested in the Flesh; in the Discoveries of his Brightness, I have unspeakable Peace, a joyful Rest, and full of Glory; the carnal Mind will eternally spurn at the Glory of that Man: Oh, my Brother, that *Jewish* Spirit and Temper of Mind is still amongst Professors; for a good

Work,

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Work, say they, we stone thee not, but for Blasphemy, in that thou being a Man makest thyself God, *John* x. 33. and all those to whom he hath unvail'd his Glory, who must necessarily make Mention of it, must not expect to have any better Treatment.

*With Rage, Contempt, and Scorn they view  
The poor despis'd, but happy few,  
Who stoutly stem the Torrent Flood,  
Being bold Asserters that the Lamb is God.*

But let it be, I am content on this Account, to bear all the Rage of Men and Devils, calmly making this Request, *Jesus give me thy Presence*. Oh! the amazing Power and Virtue of his Royal Blood, it heals my distemper'd Mind, and rectifies every Disorder there. I sink beneath the eternal Weight thereof, crying out, *I am overcome; Jesus, Jesus*, my Soul adores that Almighty Name. Oh! my Brother, let us for ever abide here, this is our Element, in the Holy Blood of the Lord of Life and Glory; all Glory be to his Name, all my Desire is to be more fully swallow'd up in his Glory and Fulness, that I might eternally cease from self and Sin, and be All, All in God, turning and moving every Moment in his Will; for surely so long as there is in me a self-seeking Desire to be somewhat, so long shall Sorrow, anxious Care, accompanied with ill-boding Fear surround and perplex my Mind, but when I am nothing, all is well; I find more and more the Annihilation of Self terminate in my Rest, and undisturb'd Tranquility: Lo then I prove the Riches of his infinite Blood, and admitting at the exceeding Greatness of his Mercy,

*Beneath*

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*Beneath Loves torrid Zone I faint,  
Astonisht at the Sound  
Of Love, which stills my rash Complaint,  
Spoke by his every Wound.*

Here I'll rest until the Day of God; what I have more to say, my dear Brother, I trust will rejoice your dear and honest Soul. In my last I hinted to you of some Differences amongst us in a County where I've been, concerning which at first I knew not how to act; but now I have the Pleasure to tell you, that the Storm is blown over; our Saviour has conferred a greater Honour on me than ever, in making me a Peace-Maker, which he hath done in such a Manner, that his Witnesses are again of one Heart, and are brought to understand one another well in such Things which was before the Cause of their Difference; the Lambs which were stray'd abroad, are gathered together again, insomuch that great is the Peace of his Children, and his Cause is more flourishing there than ever; believe me, my dear Brother, this hath pleas'd me better than if he had given me Thousands of Gold and Silver, insomuch, that being elevated and rais'd from the Dust, I am enabled with double Power to found the Glory and Fame of *Emmanuel's* noble Blood. Oh! blessed be his Name for all his Goodness: Glory, Glory, Glory be to God on High, on Earth Peace, and Good-will towards Men: Eternal Praise await his Majesty on the Throne for ever. *Amen.*—Pray give my unfeigned Love to all our Friends at the *Tabernacle*; I am theirs and yours for ever, my Brother, in the infinite Blood of the mighty Saviour,

J—s R—ll—y.  
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*Let this thy Servant found thy Fame,  
Still prove the Mystery of thy Name,  
And of thy holy Blood:  
Upbeld by God's Almighty Hand,  
May he undaunted, fearless stand,  
And shout the Lamb is God.*

**From a Friend at *Tewksbury* to Mr. J—s R—ll—y.**

Tewksbury, April 8, 1748.

*Dearly beloved Brother,*

**Y**Ours to your Spouse I had the Pleasure to read, and found a Blessing attend it to my Soul, and indeed Gratitude to my God prompts me to say, you are continually blest to me.—You desire a large Letter from me.—O! that what I may say may not be as sounding Brass or a tinkling Cymbal! God grant if it should be a large Letter, it may be a pithy one.

Shall I speak of the Things of God with an unaffected Heart? I chuse rather to be silent: But, while I am musing the Fire burneth. O! where shall I begin, or how shall I describe, or speak of the solid Peace that flows continually to my Soul, thro' the God-Man *Christ Jesus*? O, my God! my God! I feel my Sins wou'd separate me from God, if it were possible, shou'd I give Way in the least to that Monster, Unbelief; then Sin wou'd lie on my Conscience, and I shou'd be sunk just where the Devil wou'd have me: O, the Distress that wou'd seize my Soul cou'd I not

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go to God, as my God! no sooner shou'd I question my Interest in *Jesus* my Covenant, but my Heart wou'd be Enmity itself against the mighty Jehovah. Unbelief! thou Hell of Hells! 'tis this, and this alone, that keeps poor Souls in Carnality and Bondage. But, as astonishing Grace! I dare amidst my Filth and all my Abominations, go to God, as my God; and in the Strength of the mighty Jehovah, I am resolv'd to take the Advice of good old *Paul*, and stand fast in the Liberty wherewith Christ has made me free. God has promised, sworn, declared, bled and died, whence can arise a Fear? One Doubt, one Fear justly deserves eternal Separation from God. It now appears something very odd to me, that a Person should believe To-day, that he is included in the Covenant, and To-morrow question it.

*Since there no Change in God can be,  
Our Troubles to ourselves we owe:  
'Tis God that sets the Sinner free,  
Therein his Glory deigns to show.  
Shall I suppose he loves me less  
Of late, than e'er he did before;  
Or Pleasure takes in my Distress,  
While I his wanted Grace implore?  
Can Truth itself inconstant prove;  
And Love itself forget to love?  
Earth from its Center may be toss'd,  
The spacious Heavens together furl'd;  
Their Order in Confusion lost,  
And Time dissolve a tottering World:  
But God's firm Cov'nant never moves,*

*And wham he once, he always loves.*

Hallelujah.

'Tis

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'Tis true, many who are given to Doubts, don't question the Unchangeableness of God; but they question whether *ever* they were Objects of his Love; they fix mostly on such Words of Grace as these, 'I love them that love me,' and come unto me all ye that Labour, &c. Ho, everyone that thirsteth, &c. and then they conclude, that their Love, hungering, and thirsting, and the like, are Conditions necessarily preceding their closing with Christ; and therefore we shall hear Come Ministers (who on other Accounts are worthy our Esteem) proclaim Salvation with *an if* you are weary, heavy laden, and the like; The Lord increase their Light. It is contrary to the Purity of the Gospel, and it mars the Glory of *Emmanuel*, to construe such Passages as conditional Promises; Salvation is absolute, and unconditional: The free Gospel is this, *I am thy God*, I have cast thy Sins behind my Back, and will remember them no more, they are buried as in the Depths of the Sea, they are removed as far from thee as the *East* is from the *West*; and tho' thou shouldst be cast down and burden'd with Sin, come to me I will ease thee, in me thou shalt have Rest; tho' thou shouldst be a thirst, I am a Fountain of living Waters, and will revive thee; in short, the Word of Grace holds forth thus much, that Christ's Blood is a Fountain open for Sin and for Uncleaness; and it appears past Doubt to me, that all Manner of abominable Sinners should have free Gospel proclaim'd, Salvation thro' the Blood and Righteousness of God incarnate, for All and All Manner of Wretches, tho' as black as Hell, should be the Cry: What, if *Pharisees* do grumble, who can help that? If the Law ought to be preach'd, it ought to be to them who think to go to Heaven with their Patches and Fig-Leaves; 'tis the Gospel only that is the Power of God to

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Salvation, and that to *every one* that believes it, mark, tis *every one*.—I find Light dart into my Soul while I am writing; the Prophet *Isaiah*, Chap. lviii: 1. says, *Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy Voice like a Trumpet, and shew my People their Transgressions*; now you know this Passage is quoted by some, to prove it right to preach the Law to poor unconverted Sinners, but mark the Prophet, he saith, and shew *my People their Transgressions*;

hence, I conclude, 'tis quite right and agreeable to God's Word, to rebuke, reprove, &c. and that sharply, the professing People of God when there is Occasion; but, for poor Souls that are without, with their Wounds, and in their Blood, there's nothing can effect their Cure but the Wounds and Blood of *Jesus*, the mighty God; 'tis this, and only this, that heals poor filthy and abominable Sinners. But some would be ready to say, they must be convinc'd of Sin, before they can be thus healed; to which I would answer, that a Gospel Sight and Sense of Sin cannot necessarily precede Faith; for such a Sight and Sense of Sin, comes only from some Sight of Christ and Sense of Pardon; and as to any other Convictions of Sin, Men's natural Consciences convince them, and I think the Law has not Power to convince of any Sin beyond natural Conscience, but as it's spiritually discovered by the Light of the Gospel; 'tis true, by the Law is the Knowledge of Sin, but then I would enquire, by what is the Knowledge of the Law? That I sweetly experience is by the Light of the Gospel; when I had believing Views of *Emmanuel*, then, and not till then, did I see what Sin is. It is in his Light I see Light, and by beholding his Glory, it is by that I expect to be changed more and more into his Image. It is by hearing of *Jesus*, the Object of Faith, that the Spirit is given, and 'tis

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the Spirit that is said to convince of Sin. But my Paper forces me to draw towards a Conclusion. May you, my dear Brother, be led into the profound Depths of Gospel Mysteries, and to continue this Cry, your Warfare is accomplish'd, your Sin is pardon'd. May you be taught continually to publish Salvation to polluted Sinners, and may you resolve in the Strength of God; to blow the Gospel Trumpet; so that if Sinners will go to Hell, they may go thither with Salvation thro' the Lamb's Blood sounding in their Ears. The free Gospel will have the Effects that is design'd it, it will prove a Saviour of Life, or send Souls to Hell with a double Vengeance. If the Gospel be hid, 'tis hid to them that are lost, 'tis hid to them who cannot see thro' the Man *Jesus*, the mighty *Jehovah*: He, and He alone, is God over all, blessed for evermore. My Soul doth praise the Lord, my Spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour. I am, my very dear Brother, yours sincerely in the Lamb that was slain, who has redeemed us by his Blood.

S. W.

**From a Friend at Bristol, to Mr. J —s R—ll—y.**

Bristol, March 18th, 1748.

*My very dear and Honour'd Father in Christ.*

I Am more than ever oblig'd to acknowledge you as such in *Christ Jesus*, the Lord of Glory, I am both God's and your unworthy Child; I am under Ten Thousand Obligations to you for your

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dear Letter; I am, and ever shall be deeply indebted to you; I can only pray the Lord to reward you for all your Labours of Love towards such a poor vile Wretch as me; but I know that your Reward is with your God, and that he will ere long give you a Crown of Glory; you shall shortly with your Master see the Travail of your Soul, and be satisfied; I know I shall be Part of your Crown of rejoicing. Your Letter has been much blest to the Peace and Satisfaction of my troubled Mind, I can truly say it came not in Word only, but in Power, and in the Spirit of Truth, I prove it so, for I hear the Sound of your Master's Feet behind, most gladly, therefore, do I bow you to the Sceptre of his Free Grace, and accept of him (as you have recommended) as my God, my Saviour, my All in All; in deep Amazement *I fall* down at his pierced Feet, admiring the Wonders of his dying Love to me, the most rebellious Wretch that ever drew Breath; to be always in the Dust at *Immanuel's* Feet is my only Happiness, there do I long to abide every Moment; but, O my wandering Feet, how apt are they to turn aside; O, that I may never more remove from this Place till I go to the *New Jerusalem*; methinks I never before knew what a broken Heart was, I feel my Spirit sinking into Wonder and Astonishment, my Silence must adore and praise my God, having not a Word to speak myself; a little bodily Pain lately hath been a great Blessing to me, for it hath led me to contemplate on Death, Judgment, and eternal Glory, the Thoughts of so near an Approach of Happiness, as to see my God Face to Face, without a Veil, hath almost caus'd my Body to crumble into Dust: Oh, I greatly rejoice at the Thoughts of meeting you in the Kingdom of Glory, when I shall

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join with you to sing the, Wonders of Free Grace: blessed be God for Eternity, O the eternal Sabbath my weary Soul waits for; but while I

tarry here below I earnestly desire to be still a Follower of you, even as you are of Christ; which that I may, you still continually pray; for my Enemies both without and within wait my halting; but what shall I say, I know this is their Hour, their Diligence teaches me to be more watchful, so that amidst all Sorrows, my Comfort is, that nevertheless in my Flesh I shall see God; and that for myself, which is a Mystery I long to pry more into, as yet I know but little of it, but blessed be God, he has not left me in total Darkness concerning, it.—Permit me to tell you again, I never can forget you, neither am I ashamed to confess, that in the Hand of the Lord, you have been the Instrument from first to this present Time, of promoting my Peace and Tranquility: I remember you from *Pharaoh's* Court, when I was under his hard Bondage, being tempted with his Honours and Pleasures there to abide, 'twas then the, Lord, through you, wrought Wonders for my Deliverance; how often have I been fed under your Preaching, when I, together with my unbelieving Friends cry'd out, we shall perish in the Wilderness; I often find the Remembrance of it sweet to my Soul, not that 'tis a resting Place for me; No, for it causes me to admire the Son of God, for the Wonders he hath wrought for my Deliverance; and so encourages me to press forwards.—I know my dear Father, you are not fond of being honour'd by Man, neither have I given you more than Duty binds me too? for indeed I am far too short in acknowledging how highly God has blessed you to me; alas! what am I to be thus graciously dealt with, far below  
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the Pity and tender Mercy of the great and awful God, far below the Regard of his Ministers, or respect of any Creature! wonderful indeed are the Dealings of the Lord with my Soul, I know of a Truth he is no Respector of Persons.—O! what shall I say to you of the Love of *Jesus*, I am quite overcome by it, never did I know what it was to look on him whom I have pierc'd, and mourn, till now; O, my Soul mounts up to God with eager Longings to depart, and to be with Him; how shall I stay longer here? Well, I must and will be resign'd to his holy Will, I know I shall at last be with Him; but what are you saying? is it not your Language, O Lord God hasten thy Coming? Well then I must join my Petition with yours, *Amen*; even so come Lord *Jesus*. But while we wait for that brighter Morning to appear, do you, O Man of God, go boldly on to testify of the Blood and Fame of our crucified and exalted God.

O tell our *London* Friends that he is not here, he is risen! tell my fellow Sinners what a never failing Friend he is.—O! may the great Jehovah be a Mouth unto you, may he stand by you when you speak of him to the People, may the Angel of his Presence accompany you Night and Day wherever you go, is the Prayer of your unworthy Child.—Surely this is no Time for Heaven-born Souls to stand idle, and yet this is my Case; when, O when shall I be employ'd with the Saints above? O, that I could cease from sinning, and praise him as they do.—There are many sincere Prayers put up to God for your Return once more to *Bristol*, and I believe they are wash'd in the Blood of *Jesus*, and presented before the Throne; I trust you will find that you must needs go thro' this Place, for here are more Souls than one, yea many longing to

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see you once more in the Flesh; but while you are absent in Body, be present in Spirit, and pray for us that we may not err.

I am,

My dear Father in Christ, &c.

**From another Friend at *Bristol* to Mr. J——s R——ll——y.**

Bristol, 1748.

*Dear Father in the Land,*

**F**Orgive my long Silence, which has hinder'd me communicating to you the Riches of Free Grace, made known to me thro' your Preaching. God who is rich in Mercy, and willing to pluck Firebrands out of the Burning, at first mov'd me to hear you preach, which I did only out of Curiosity; but some Time after you was made the Instrument of shewing me my Misery and lost Condition, without an Interest in the Merits of his Son; which made me go on heavily, till the Lord at the appointed Time, fet my Soul at Liberty by hearing you from these Words, *I will give thee for a Covenant*; at which Season I was enabled to receive *Jesus Christ* as a Saviour, suitable to all my Wants, and to bless the Lord that ever my Ears heard of free Salvation through the Wounds of a dying and bleeding Saviour; may eternal Praise fill my Mouth, may Salvation to God Echo

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thro' the Heavens, let Angels rejoice, and Saints sing and triumph in their conquering King. But alas! Shame covers my Face when I consider the continual Backsliding of my deceitful Heart from God; but blessed be his Name, the Covenant nevertheless standeth sure: What am I! I am unworthy of the least Mercy. Pray for me, and send me two or three Lines containing some Instructions how to fight the good Fight of Faith.—Hoping to see you once more in the Body, concludes,

From your Son in the Gospel,

And Brother in the Lord *Jesus*,

*W. A.*

**From Mr. R. Williams in *Wales*, to Mr. J—n E—w—ds.**

*Wales*, 1748.

*Dear Brother E—w—ds,*

**Y**OUR kind Letter I receiv'd, and am very glad to hear of your safe Arrival in the City of *London*—and of the Grace of God which shines in your inward Man.—Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that hath giv'n you such a Poverty of Spirit, as to how at his Footstool—and to say all Glory to his tremendous Name for all the Acts and tender Compassion to vile unworthy me.—I find a Longing in my Soul to be made more humble, and poor in Spirit, then I know *Jesus Christ* will do  
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*June*

1748.

great Things for my Soul—I do but begin to see Men as Trees walking—May the Lord reveal *Jesus* clearly in my Soul—I see the Necessity of being wash'd in his Blood; and of going as a poor vile Sinner at all Times to *Jesus* the Redeemer.—I can't but rejoyce to behold the lively Mark of God's Children in you, whose Property is to think more lowly of themselves than of any other: Such a broken Heart is a pleasant Sacrifice to God. O that I had the like contrite Spirit.—God mollify my stony Heart, which is not humbled in this wife for my former nor present detestable Sins.—The Work of God goes on sweetly in *Wales*—*Jesus* rides in Triumph, and the Devils tremble before him—We hope to see glorious Things—The Devil loses Ground in my poor Parish—Seven have join'd the Society since you left *Wales*, and one of them a Child about Eleven Years of Age—Pray, pray; that the Lord of the Harvest

would bless my feeble Labours to the Conversion of Sinners, and to build the Walls of decay'd *Jerusalem*.—The Spirit of the Lord guide you in and out, rising and sitting; cover you with the Shadow of his Wings from all the Assaults of the Enemy, and bring you happily unto the Port of eternal Felicity, where all Tears shall be wiped away, and you shall always abide with the Lamb. May the God of all Grace abundantly bless and prosper you exceedingly in the glorious Gospel of his eternal Son, is, and shall be the sincere Desire

Of your most affectionate Brother

R——W——

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From

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**From the Rev. Mr. George Whitefield, to Mr. H—w—ll H—rr—s.**

*Charles-Town, Feb. 28. 1747–8.*

*My dear Brother, whom I love much in the Lord,*

**M**AN appoints but God disappoints—By this Time I was in Hopes to have been on my Voyage to *England*, but my having received no Answers to the Letters I sent you from *New York* and elsewhere, together with other concurring Providences, have induced me to believe it is my Duty to go to the Island of *Bermudas*; whither I am bound, God willing, in a few Days.—My dear Yokefellow stays behind in these Parts, and I purpose to return to her very early in the Fall—In the mean while I expect to hear from you; and, if my Way seems clear, I do not despair of seeing you before, next *Christmas* yet.—Think not hard of me, my dear Man, for thus deferring to come unto you—I suppose it will only serve to make my Continuance with you the longer, if it should, please the Lord of all Lords to bring me once more to my native Country—I am just now risen from my Knees; and have wrote to my honoured Mother, and been thinking of the dear Flock in *England, Wales* and *Scotland*. I could not help wishing my Way might be made clear unto you by the Will of God—But why should I be impatient, who have so often found God's Way and Time to be the best? Well, I will trust upon the Lord, and stay my self upon my God—Oh, for a Blessing upon the Islands!—Oh for a large Draught of Fishes!—I hope this is what you meet with in *England* and *Wales*—May the Lord

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cause it to be very great, for blessed be God there is no fear of the Net's breaking.—Oh my very dear Man, I have much to tell thee of the Redeemer's Goodness to me and mine when we meet together. He still is pleased to make my poor Labours very acceptable, and causes Prejudice to fall now every where—I hope now I have got very near a Sufficiency for the future Support of *Bethesda*—If my Friends with you help me, I hope my Arrears will be paid, and my Heart free from a Load which has lain on me for some Years—If not the Friend of All will help me—on Him my Eyes wait, and in Obedience to Him I go once more upon the mighty Waters—My dear Wife will have a Trial in my being absent so long; but I find by her Letters, that *Jesus* feeds her with his fat Things: Oh remember us both, as we do you, and fail not writing to, my very dear Brother,

Yours most affectionately,  
and eternally in *Christ Jesus*,

G——W——

**From the same to the same.**

***On board the Ann, Capt. Tucker, bound from Charles-Town to  
Bermudas, March 6, 1747–8.***

*My very dear, dear Brother,*

**H**OW wondrous are the Works of God! surely his Ways are past finding out! A few Days ago, I wrote you a Letter—Just as I was coming on board, yours, dated *October 16*, was

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put into my Hands—I have just now been reading it, and am apt to believe I shall see *England* sooner than I expected yet—I have a great Mind to come to you from *New England*—But what will *Sarah* say? I have left her now behind me in the Tent; and should I bring her to *England*, my two Families must be left without a Head—Should I go without, and unknown to her, I fear the Trial will be too hard for her—But if the Lord calls, I can put both her and myself into his All-bountiful Hands—Oh pray for me, my dear, dear Man, that I may not err on the right Hand, or on the left—Glory be to his great Name, I can yet say, my Heart is athirst for his Glory—I am now going on a fresh Embassage to *Bermudas*, after having had a profitable Winter in these Southern

Parts—Congregations in *Charles-Town* have been rather greater than ever, and *Jesus* has help'd me to deliver my Soul—I am willing to spend and be spent for *Jesus*—Had I ten thousand Lives he should have them, all—Oh my dear, dear Man, how much have I to say to thee when I see thee? I am afraid of thinking of *England, Wales* and *Scotland*, lest I antedate my Bliss, and meet with Disappointment—But surely we shall have a Heaven upon Earth when we once more see each other in the Flesh—Surely God will protect thee from the raging of Mobs, and me, ill helldeserving me, from the raging of the Waters—The Prayers of my dear Friends at home will certainly draw me—Lord *Jesus* only shew me thy Will, and here I am, come Life, come Death, do with me as seemeth good in thy Sight—But how shall I express my Gratitude, to those who have be eo so much my Friends, as to chearfully assist in my weighty Concerns! *Jesus* knows their Names, and so shall I when I meet them at the Day of Judgment—Oh happy Day, how shall I then

rejoice,

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rejoice that I was poor to make others rich! That I had nothing, and yet possessed all Things in *Jesus* my Lord and my God! My dearly beloved Brother my Soul is on fire, surely *Jesus* is with me in the Ship—Go on my dear Man, let us go through Fire and Water for Him, who went thro' such a continued Series of Trials for thee and me. Exhort all to continue stedfast to the great Captain of our Salvation—Thro' Him strengthening me, if ever I see my native Country, I'll rejoice to be in the Front of the Battle, and once more see what can be done in *England*—Oh that we may hug the Cross! Oh that we may despise all Shame, endure any Pain, knowing that we are shortly to fit at the right Hand of God! My deart very dear Brother, let us have this always in View, and then we shall go on our Way rejoicing.—Excuse this Scribble—I am just come on board—My Heart is full—out of the Abundance of it my Pen writes—My tender, tender, tender Love and Thanks to all—Continue to pray; and it may be you may unawares see

Yours eternally in Christ *Jesus*,

G——W——

**From Mr. H—w—LL H—RR—S to Mr. J——N R—LL—Y.**

*O my Brother,*

WHAT an Honour is conferr'd upon us! What a Work is committed to us! What a Trust are we set in! What Affairs of Moment have we in Hand! What Jealousies over our own

Hearts

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Hearts should we carry within us! What a continual loathing of ourselves are we call'd to! What continual looking indeed to the Lord *Jesus* for Wisdom and fresh Teachings, lest we follow our selves instead of him, and lest we bring our own Minds, instead of his, to the People—How weighty an Affair is it to wait on the Lamb's Bride! And to have to do with unfolding the Mysteries of an everlasting Kingdom! to be the Mouth of God the Eternal *Jehovah* to his People! to be Stewards in a Place of such Consequence! Oh my Brother! I know not what to say, or where to go, but to stand amaz'd, and to cry, why me Lord, why me! and to determine by his Grace to lye in the Dust, to be the Servant, of all Men, to be willing to be in the Eyes of all Men the off-scouring of the People, to endeavour to be faithful in the little entrusted to me, and to cry insatiably that I may be counted worthy to be made a Blessing to all my dear Brethren and Fellow-Labourers to fill the Flocks among whom I labour, and to all others that don't immediately join with us— Oh let us overcome all with Love and Simplicity—'Tis enough if we be counted worthy of the meanest Office and Place in the House of the great Monarch of the whole World, even *Jesus* that despis'd Man, that exalted God, that has called us, the meanest of all the People, to be Doorkeepers in his House; let us strive who shall indeed lye lowest before him, and esteem all others better than ourselves, seeing each his own Place, and the Place of his Brethren, and study to strengthen each other's Hand in Faith—Then shall we be terrible to our Enemies indeed. May this Mind run thro' the whole Flock—*Amen* and *Amen*.

*I am my dear Brother, thine for ever,  
in our crucify'd Saviour,*

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**From Mr. J—N R—LL—Y to his Brother Mr. J—S R—LL—Y.**

Bristol, May 2, 1748.

*My very dear, dear Brother,*

I Hope there will find your dear Soul at the Feet of our blessed Master, the holy *Tree of Life*, feeding upon the Fruits of that Tree, which is the Flesh and Blood of our *Immanuel*, who hung naked on the accursed Tree to the open View of all the Beholders, out of Love to you and me! I trust that you are made a Blessing to the happy Flock at *London*—Oh that they may drink deeper and deeper into God's vast Immensity, which is so exceeding large that no Man can limit it, neither has it any Bound or Shore! Verily my poor Soul is brought to wonder at the Length and Breadth, the Depth and Height of God's eternal and distinguishing Love, that found out such a Monster as me! Oh that I could, whilst here below, fall down at the Feet of the Majesty on high, and silently adore the Lord *Jehovah*, that ever he should condescend to love, oh! to love and pity me, who am the most wicked Child in our Father's Family, by reason of Ingratitude, to my dearest Lord that hath done so much for me, yea for vile unworthy me, who can do nothing for him—I am but just beginning to be a Christian, even to follow the, Lamb of God, for I know but little of the Mind of God as I ought to know, yet he makes me to be resign'd to his Will; oh that I were daily taught by Him as a Child by his Father, that I might preach, pray, and walk to the Glory of God all the Days of my Life!

My greatest Grief at present is to see the Church fallen from her first Love, and Iniquity running down our Streets, and very few laying it to Heart;

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to see the Watchmen leave the Walls, and keep Silence while Hell prevails—Oh that the Almighty God would bow the Heavens, and make known his Power on the Earth, tint Hell might quake, and Devils tremble, while God's Favourites are gather'd Home; for surely I long to see the Nations bow to Christ's Sceptre, that we may hear nothing but Hallelujah and Hosanna through the Camp of God.

I have heard from *Pembrokeshire*; they complain very much of the Scarcity of the Gospel amongst them, which is Matter of Grief to my poor Soul.

I go from hence to *Bath* once a Week, and the Lord seems to revive his Work among his People there—by all Accounts there was a Gentlewoman convinc'd last Week—and on *Thursday* many People of Fashion heard me, and were affected with the Discourse; indeed the Word seems to

run and be glorified among them, oh that it may take deep Root in all their Hearts! Satan rages much, but he is a conquer'd Enemy.

There seems also to be a Shaking among the dry Bones at *Bristol*, I trust the Scales will fall from their Eyes shortly—The little Flock at *Kingswood* begins to spread its Wings, and flee away towards *Jesus*—I found God amongst them these two Sabbath Days in a glorious Manner!—Go on my dear Brother, for God has got himself the Victory!

Pray give my kind Love to the dear Society at *London*.

*I rest yours, &c.*

J— R—

From

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**From a Friend at Bristol to Mr. J—S R—LL—Y.**

*My very dear Brother, May 2, 1748.*

I Think it a long, while since I saw you, and have long'd to sit down to hear you found the Trumpet of the everlasting Gospel, declaring to Sinners the Compleatness of that—Redemption wrought out by our incarnate God: But when I recollect that you are not your own, and that you are labouring in other Parts of Christ's Vineyard, all is well. Oh happy Day, when we shall all meet in the Kingdom of our Father, to celebrate his Praises, and to adore free, distinguishing, electing, unparallell'd Love, to all Eternity; then we shall need neither preaching nor praying, but shall all join in one united Theme, even the Song of *Moses*, and the Lamb, for ever and ever; oh happy Time, come Lord *Jesus*, come quickly. Whilst we are travelling on the Way, let us remember, that here we have no continuing City; but let us by our Conversation prove, to all around us, that we seek one to come: Blessed be God, our Treasure is in Heaven, let our Hearts be there also. Surely *Jesus* deserves abundantly more from us than we can give; oh that I may be enabled to devote my little All to his Service: When I consider who he was that shed his Blood for me, it makes me asham'd to think what Ingratitude remains in my Heart, that I do so little for him who has done so much for me.

Your dear Brother is here with us; and I am persuaded, the Sound of his Master's Feet is heard behind him; the Brethren seem to be much quickned. Last *Monday* Night, in private, was a Time never to be forgotten; for surely the Lord condescended

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to rain down a Shower of his Love on our barren parched Hearts: Oh happy Time, if God would return amongst us, the unworthiest of all Christ's Flock! Yet certainly dead as we are, we are some of his little Flock, therefore let us not fear; he will bring us to his Kingdom, because our Lives are hid with Christ in God—Courage, my Brother, Land is in Sight, we thall get safe to Shore; indeed it will be happy Landing out of these Waves of Temptations and Billows which over-run our Souls. *Jesus* is our Captain, we are sure to get the Field; it is well for us that we have such a General, who always orders all Things well.

Mr. R—l—d from *Wales* was here last Week, and said, the Lord gets himself the Victory in a wonderful Manner in *Wales*, especially in *Glamorganshire*, many are added to the Lord, even such as will be saved.  
*I remain yours, &c.*

C— B—

**From Mr. J. B—M—T to a Friend in London.**

*My dear Brother,*

April 14, 1748.

**Y**esterday I received your, kind Letter:—I thank you for reproving me, for being so remiss in Writing to you, &c.—Our Saviour knows, it is not for want of Love to you as one of his peculiar Family; nor out of any Disregard to you as his chosen Vessel, to bear Witness of Him in this World. Whatever Pride may rise in my Breast at any Time, (I believe I am

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more proud than any of the Servants of my Lord) yet this I can say, that in the general, I love, honour and cstem you, and others of the Brethren, as those that are far before me, in the Kingdom and Patience of our suffering *Jehovah*. I don't see any so vile as I see my self, when I view my dying GOD.—'Tis the Beatific Vision of his Life and Death, that dethrones Pride, or me from the slippery Top of Pride.—Thrice happy you and others, that see much of the three and thirty Years Toil and Grief, that our Lord God went through, to redeem us miserable Sinners; doubtless, you are more like the humble *Nazarene* than worthless me. I hope you'll pray for the five hundred Pence Sinner, that I may press on towards the Prize of my high Calling of God, in *Christ Jesus* my Lord. I really think, there's none that grieves the Lamb so much as

I do—none that runs so often from his bleeding Feet—none that gives Him so much Trouble—none so proud of what He does for Him—none so prone to backslide—none so unwilling to serve Him—in short, there's none so unlike Him in every Thing, as ungrateful me. Black I am; but blessed be God for unmeritted Grace, that shews me my Blackness, and also my Comeliness in the Righteousness of GOD. I daily wait and pray for more transforming Views of the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant.—And blessed be his unchanging Name, I and He is teaching me my old Name *Nothing*—and leads me to see the Happiness of being a simple Child at his pierced Feet.—But this is my Misfortune; I often rise from the silent State of *Nothingness*, to be something in my own fallen Esteem: And then I err and stray like a lost Sheep; but Grace *follows* me, and finds me out; and mildly leads the Wanderer Home.,—O free Grace!—

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Who

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*Who can declare, the boundless Deep?  
Or sound the healing Pool?  
Thither a Sinner poor, I creep,  
To wash my spotted Soul.*

Many would be glad to see you in there Parts—your Labours have been bless'd to the awakening of several:—All Glory be to Grace!

Last *Tuesday* Mr. *H—rr—s* and I preach'd in the new House at *Builth*, to a large Auditory—Many seem'd much affected, and drop'd their briny Showers like grateful Dew upon *Hermon's* Top. Our Lamb did rise in the Hearts of many with healing in his Wings; and they went away thankful, speaking good of *His* Name—

*In which I rest yours,*

J—s B—T.

**From Mr. J—N S—v—s to Mr. J—E—w—DS.**

Hereford, April 28, 1748.

*My dear, dear Brother,*

I Received your kind and welcome Letter; and tho' I strain'd and hurt myself much some Days ago, yet blessed be the Name of my great Master he still blesses me, and enables me to preach the Word to the few Souls here, which seem to hunger after it. I can't find that the Gospel is preach'd clearly or powerfully in this City; oh how should the Souls in *London* prize it, who have

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it as the early and latter Rain. Since I have been at *Bristol* the Lord has strengthened my Hands in his Work, and shews me he does bless me. At *Bath*, he was pleased to bring one to a Caving and solid Acquaintance with himself. The first Sermon I ever preached there, among the many that came in, I saw one Person for whose Soul I was much concern'd, more than for any in the Place; and that very Time God met her, and took such hold of her Heart, as not to let her go, till he had bless'd her indeed; this was before *Christmas* last; I left it with our Saviour, knowing that Conviction is not Conversion. But at my Return this Journey, I find the Lord has given her solid Faith, and many sweet Teachings; and I am persuaded is making Use of her in her Place, which is to wait on a Lady, who is a sober moral Person, and has brought her to hear, and with great Civility behaved when I was at her House; and I really believe she is also under the kind Workings and Movings of the Lord *Jesus*. Oh how few of the Genteel and Polite will admit of the despised Name of *Jesus* to be the Subject of their Tea-table Talk; but blessed be God there are a few who not only talk of him, but feel his Blood to be the best of Ointments.

I beg my kind Love to all the Brethren in Town, and to the whole Society; I subscribe my self, with great Sincerity,

*Yours, very affectionatly,*

*In Jesus our exalted Head,*

J— S—s.

From

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**From Mr. WW—LL—M V—s to Mr. J—N E—w—Ds.**

Morton-Hill-Farm, April 30, 1748.

*My very dear Brother,*

**M**AY the Grace, Mercy, Love and Peace of the dear precious Lamb, be multiplied upon you abundantly.

I heartily thank you for the few Lines you sent me; I was ready to wonder you writ so few; but truly I am not worthy of one. Oh, my dear Brother, I am a Mixture of I know not what; verily it is, and must needs be, Beast and Devil. Indeed I am Black, but the Lamb is my Comeliness; I am unrighteous, but *Jesus* is my Righteousness; I am every thing that

is bad, but the Saviour is every thing that is good; so in that precious, precious Man divine, I am rich, and happy.—what then can harm us? Can Men or Devils, can Earth or Hell, can Sin or Corruption; no none of these Things shall ever be able to separate us from him that loveth us; all Things shall be instrumental to drive us nearer the Lord, and faster to Heaven; so I can bless the Lord for all Things; for he knows Tryals are useful for me, or I should not have them: I am here in the Land of the Living, quite dead and yet alive, miserable and yet happy, naked and yet cloath'd; and that with a Garment dipt in Blood; I am down in the Dust with the Serpent, and yet up with God the LAMB, and with Saints and Angels—Oh the Mystery of Godliness; God manifest in the Flesh for us. I see that by his Death a full Conquest and compleat Victory is obtain'd over Death, Hell and the Grave; so by Faith in what

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He has done, I have Victory, and am more than Conqueror over every Enemy, Glory be to God! Let the whole Church of God sing Praises to the dear Lamb on my Behalf, for what he has done for my Soul.

The Work is on the Encrease hereabouts; the Lord is reviving us again: I was at *Ester* in *Wiltshire*, and the dear Lord is surely amongst them there, since that, Brother *H—ph—s* and *H—g* has been there; and they give a sweet Account of God's being among them in a peculiar Manner. I was at *Stratton*, our Lamb has a few Sheep there, that love him, and you for his and your Works Sake, they heartily salute you in Love as do many here.

*I am your poor Brother*

*In the precious Man-Divine,*

W—M V—S.

**From a Friend in Pembrokeshire, to Mr. J— E—w—DS.**

Landshiping

*My dear, very dear Friend,*

**T**HIS I can say, that I love you dearly, and thank our Saviour and you a thousand and a thousand Times for your kind Letter.—My Soul praise the Lord for glvmg me so dear a Friend—oh that we could live and die together talking of *Jesus*. I live in Hopes of seeing you here again soon—but what shall I say to you now—why I must tell you, the Lord is very gracious in

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shewing me so much of the Nature of my Corrupt self, and in preventing my going down the broad Way to Destruction to the Gates of Hell, and shutting them against me, when I should have infallibly dropt in, had he not made bare his Almighty Arm. Glory, Glory for ever be unto the dear, dear Saviour, who has also given me a Heart to put my Trust in Him; in Him I live and move, and have my Being; so have no Room to doubt, for none but He has begun the good Work in my Soul, and He will carry it on till the Day of Redemption; therefore I shall wait on Him; for his Promise is, "I shall not wait in vain." He has bought me with a Price, so that the Language of my Heart is, "None but Christ, none but Christ;" for all that I am and have is our Saviour's; to whom be Glory for ever and ever. *Amen.*

My dear Friend, your remembering me before the Throne of Grace; your Advice and Admonitions; your Exhortations and often writing to me, makes me prize you more than ever.—We all long for those golden Days, and blessed Opportunities to return, as we enjoy'd when you were among us; in short, there, is a Voice gone out for you, the Hearts of all the People here desire you; but I must conclude with assuring you

*I am, my very dear Brother,*

*Yours most affectionately,*

J— L—

From

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*July*

1748.

**From the Rev. Mr. WHITEFIELD, to the Rev. Mr. — of Boston,  
giving a short Account of his late Visit to *Bermudas.***

Bermudas, May 17th, 1748.

*Reverend and dear Sir,*

**N**INE Weeks ago I arrived here from *Charles-Town*, and e'er now I thought to have had the Pleasure of seeing you and my other dear Friends in *New-England*. This was the Reason why you have not heard from me before.—But as Providence seems to appoint me another Course, I cannot omit this Opportunity of sending you a short Account of my late Excursion to *Bermudas*. I suppose you have heard of our safe and pleasant Passage. We were but 9 Days I think on board, and I do not remember that I heard one single Oath from Land to Land.—As we

went round the West part of the Island, in order to come into the Harbour, I was very much struck with the Variety or agreeable Prospects and Landships it afforded. The Scene was quite new, and different from any I had ever beheld before; and tho' I have been here so long, yet it appears very delightful to me still. Immediately upon my Arrival, several received me in a plain, artless, free Manner; and desired me to expound the very first Evening.—I readily complied, and continued so doing for several Days, and was so pleas'd with the Heartiness and Attention of the People, and Pleasantness of the Island, that I could not help thinking I was got among my Friends in some Part of *South-Wales*, or the Clothiers Country in *Gloucestershire*, in *England*. One Mr. *Holyday*, a Clergyman of the Church of *England*, received me with open Heart and Arms.

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The first Lord's Day after my Arrival, I read Prayers and Preached in two of his Parish-Churches, and the longer I staid, the more kindly he behaved to me. The two other Church-Clergy chose to keep at a Distance. But one Mr. *Paul*, an aged *Presbyterian* Minister, was very free to let me have the Use of his Meeting-House, which being pretty large, and lying in a central Part of the Island, I preached in it to very large Auditories, for eight Lord's Days successively.—His Excellency, the Governor, was pleas'd to come and hear me when I preached in Town, with most of the Council, and principal Gentlemen of the Island; he treated me with great Respect, and invited me more than once to dine with him. I have now preached near seventy times in all. On the Week-Days chiefly at Private Houses up and down in different Parts of the Island, sometimes within, sometimes without Doors, to larger Assemblies, as they tell me, than were ever seen upon any Occasion in the Island before.—The longer I continued here, the larger the Auditories grew. The Word was frequently attended with a divine Power, and many have been brought under promising Convictions, which I trun will issue in sound and saving Conversions. When I preached my Farewell-Sermon last Lord's Day, we had a most solemn Season. It much resembled the Appearances that we had sometimes at Mr. *Webb's*, and the other Meeting-Houses, 7 or 8 Years ago in *Boston*. Tho' I have been used to such Partings, yet the People's weeping almost unmanned me. Since then I have received many Tokens of their Love, and am furnish'd with a Variety of Stock for my Sea-Store. God willing, I have promis'd to visit them once more; for

indeed *Bermuda's* People are dear to me. I have spent nine happy Weeks among them, and was never so little oppos'd, during so long a Stay, in anyone fresh

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Place where I have been, since my first coming out into the World. Indeed many I hear were prejudiced against me before I came. But what cannot God do! He has the Hearts of all in his Hands, and when our Ways please him can make our Enemies be at Peace with us.—My being at *Bermudas* has been also in some Measure blessed to the restoring my bodily Health.—The Air, particular to a Stranger, is quite salubrious; at least I have found it to be so. You know in what a weak State I was when I lest *Boston*. Blessed be God I can preach daily; and tho' I think when I lay my Hand upon my Stomach, I can say, *hic-hæret lethalis arundo*; yet I am as well as a worn-out Pilgrim can expect to be on this Side Eternity.—In a few Days I hope to embark in the Brig. *Betsy*, Capt. *Eastern*, bound for *England*.—Letters from thence inform me of the spread of the Gospel. Thither I think the Providence of God calls me, tho' I hope to return in God's Time to my beloved *America* again. 'Till then, farewell dear *Bermudas!* farewell all my dear Friends on the different Parts of the Continent.—Follow me, oh follow me with your Prayers.—Hold up your Hands in my Behalf, and by the Grace of God I will go on fighting.—Oh that I may die in the Field! At present this is the Language of my Heart,

*A cheerful, and submissive Mind,  
That Life, and all Things casts behind,  
Springs forth obedient at thy Call;  
A Heart that no Desire can move,  
But still t' adore, obey, and love;  
Give me my Lord, my Life, my All.*

You, Reverend Sir, I am persuaded, will not be unmindful of me, as the Lord enables you; and

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all my dear Friends shall ever be remember'd by Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate,

Tho' unworthy younger Brother,  
And Fellow-Labourer in our common Lord,

G. WHITEFIELD.

**From Mr. T. A—D—MS, to Mr. H. H—RR—S.**

Portsmouth Common, June 12th, 1748.

*My dear and Elder Brother and Fellow-Labourer,*

I Am conscious to myself that I have been faulty, in not writing to you and others of my Fellow-Labourers oftner than I have; but I do assure you, tho' I have not wrote, my Heart is with you and them, to labour, to suffer, and to rejoice together, in Time, and in Eternity. And how does my dear Brother, and the dear *Tabernacle* People do? Why, methinks I hear you say, all is well, for he who is our never-failing Friend, has all Power in Heaven and in Earth, and all is engag'd for us, who then shall make us afraid! he orders all Things well, brings Good out of Evil, and Order out of Confusion. And the more we are afflicted, the more we grow! What have we then to do, but to bow down to the Dust, and adore, to watch and pray, and stand still, and see the Salvation of our God! This I am sure of, that while we feelingly know our own Nothingness, and give up

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our *whole* Hearts to God; seeking alone to honour him, he will honour us, and carry us thro' the Opposition of Men and Devils, whether they appear in their native Colours, or disguise themselves in Angelick Robes, and oppose and under-mine under the specious Pretences of Zeal for Religion, &c. yet all shall fall before us, as *Dagon* fell before the Ark, while our Eye is indeed single, and we do all, not in our own Power or Wisdom, but in the Power and Wisdom of the Holy Ghost, for the Weakness of God is stronger than Man, and the Foolishness of God is wiser than Man! Lord hasten that Time, when thy Glory shall be so unveil'd to thy Ministers and People, that we may every Moment abhor ourselves in Dust and Ashes, and from our inmost Souls cry, let the Lord *alone* be exalted; then shall the Enemies of the Lord fall before us; Religion shall not be asham'd to walk about our Streets in open Day, and Vice, and mere Formality, shall blush for Shame, and hide themselves in Corners: Blessed be the Name of the Lord, the Day seems hastening on, the Lord whose Eyes are as a Flame of Fire, who searches the Heart and, trieth the Reins of the Sons of Men, who sees thro' the most artful

Disguises, will not bear any Thing but Heart-Religion. This incarnate Jehovah seems already to have taken his Fan in his Hand, and he will throughly purge his Floor, and we shall easily be able to discern between the precious and the vile! Let those who have only Gospel-Heads, but unbelieving, legal, worldly Hearts see to it, and shake themselves from their Idols and Sloth, and take Hold, fast Hold on the Redeemer's Righteousness and Strength, and purge their Consciences from dead Works, by the infinite Blood of the Lamb that was slain, or they will never be able to stand the Test another Day! Happy, happy those who are indeed in the inner Court, tho' they

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are accounted the Off-scouring of all Things, and are dragg'd thro' Clouds of Temptations, and are exercis'd with many fiery Trials, they shall be brought thro' all as pure Gold, and thereby crucify'd the more to the World, and to themselves, and take deeper rooting in the Son of God! I have been led much of late to speak of the Believer's Union with Christ, and to insist upon it, and to stir up the People also to a Life of Faith in him, and not to content ourselves with what we have known of him in Years or Months past; but to see that the Intercourse be kept clear between his Blood and our Hearts from Day to Day, and to see that we are complete in him, to be going out of ourselves, and living on him from Moment to Moment. But many cry out, these are hard Sayings, who can bear them, and so they are gone back; I find there are but few, comparatively speaking, Who are willing to be search'd and try'd, as *David* was, and to see if there is any evil Way in them; no, they connive at Sin, and would have us prophesy smooth Things, for they like best to have it so! and it appears plain to me, that tho' they profess to believe the Gospel, yet they are Infidels in their Hearts! for they seem surpriz'd and startled when we insist upon it they are the Truths of God, and are all *Yea* and *Amen*, and shall undoubtedly be come the comfortable Experience of them that believe, tho' we bring a Cloud of Witnesses, both from the Old and New Testament, to confirm this Truth, Glory be to God that we have the Experiences of so many Thousands of the dear Saints of God, to corroborate our Witness; but above all, blessed for ever blessed be our God, that we have in this deistical Day, the Scriptures of Truth on our Side, which to every unprejudiced Mind, carry their own

Evidences with them, and leave so deep a Stamp of their divine Origin on the Heart of every experienc'd Christian, that Man nor Devils

cannot

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cannot erase: Christ is the Sum and Substance of the Scriptures, they all testify of him, and we have found it so, and he is in us the Hope of Glory.—Let the Redeemed of the Lord rejoice, and shout aloud, and do you, my dear *Tabernacle* Friends, sing Hosanna to the exalted Son of *David*, for he is very God of very God, his Dominion is over all, even Sin and Satan bow before him: Glory, Glory be to our Incarnate God for ever and ever! On this Rock we are built, and tho' the Gates of Hell may assault us, yet they shall not prevail against us; we *are* passed from Death unto Life, we *are* come to the Mount *Sion*.—O let us bow in the Dust before the Lord, and magnify his Name together! O that the whole Earth may be filled with his Glory, is the Prayer of

Yours, T. A.

**From Mr. G—MB—D, an Exhorter and School-master in  
Haverford-West, South-Wales, to Mr. H. H—RR—S.**

June 13th, 1748.

*Dear Father and Brother in Christ,*

I Have of late often thought of writing to you, but by Reason of the Slowness of my Spirits, and Lack of Time, I have delay'd till now; tho' my Thoughts, when permitted to rove, often pay you a Visit, and travel *England* over very frequently; and sometimes I should be glad to follow my Thoughts, but whether ever it shall be so, I gladly refer to him who sits on the Throne, and rules all Things well. However, I am constrain'd to

pray

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pray for the Peace of *Jerusalem* more and more daily; and to long for, and expect a glorious Revival of Religion; that all Shadows may flee away. I am taught of late to look upon *Emmanuel* as one very near a-kin to my whole Humanity. That God has taken a whole Manhood, and come to near Oneness to my Soul, Body, and Spirit; that my very Body is indeed Flesh of his Flesh, and Bone of his Bone: That as a Christian, I cannot look on myself as a Person, but only a Member, having no Life in myself, nor Grace, nor Strength, but only by momentarily Derivation

(if I may so say) from him, who is my Head, my Heart, my Life, my Heavcn, and my *All*; and that my Body is as truly his, bought by the same Price as my Soul; and as both are his, so is he the sufficient Portion of both; on whom alone I am to live happily, in Soul, Body, and Spirit, in Time and Eternity; in whom there is *Fulless divine* of all Things I possibly can need. I am also glad to think that he took all our Infirmities on himself, and also all our Chastisements; and as all, and every Power of Soul and Dody were corrupted by Sin, and consequently under the Curse, he bore the Punishment due to it in every Faculty of Soul, and Part of Body; and I am strongly inclin'd to think, that of all the Distempers and Pains of Body, and Afflictions of Mind, that ever was incident to Mortals, he bore them, even to the Height, when, he made himself an Offering for Sin; whence I am taught to infer, that there is not so much as a Joint, nor Member, nor Hair of my Body, but is dear bought, and is his just Due; and likewise that now no Curse remains on any Part or Member, but Peace and Happiness, and a sanctifying Virtue, sweetly flows and over-spreads the whole; and all my very Diseases, and Temptations, Death itself not excepted, like Bees, have lost their Stings, by

stinging

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stinging him; like Vipers, whose Poison is taken away, they serve for Food and Physick. I am likewise very glad to think that this same Person is over all God blessed for ever, and remains the very same Yesterday, To-day, and for ever. That he is the Sovereign of all Men and Angels, and of all created Beings in Heavcn, in Earth, and under the Earth; this is he I want to know more and more daily, and be found in him every Moment, and commend and love without ceasing. I am persuaded you will wish me good Specd in the Name of the Lord; and I believe my dear Brother will not despise what I have wrote, altho' belonging to the Day of small Things, comparatively, for indeed I am a Fool, and know nothing. An Ideot that can learn nothing, were not the Teacher divine; having an evil Heart of Unbelief, ready to depart from the living God; loth to depart from *dead ones*. A stupid Spirit, like Clay, inclining downward always. An Heart attracted by, and attracting Evil continually; prone to err; keeping open House, and ready Entertainment for the Devil and his Messengers always, if not prevented from above. But this I am glad of, *God is greater than my Heart and blows all Things*. Our Societies here are peaceable and simple. I strive to persuade them that it is high Time

to awake out of Sleep. I hope many believe me. We should be glad to see and hear you, if God point out your Course this Way. Yet his Will be done.

Being tired of War, we willingly embrace Peace. I with brotherly Love may be more and more established among us; it is good to be out of the Noise of Firing.—I should be glad you would take the Time and Trouble to write to me, tho' I know not how to desire it.—

G g

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All Friends in the Country are well:

I remain, with hearty Respects,

To your Spouse, and all other Friends,

Lovers of the LAMB, yours sincerely,

G—— G——

**From Mr. H. D—v—s, a Clergyman in Wales, to Mr. H. H—RR—S.**

Prendergast, June 27th, 1748.

*My very dear and honoured Brother,*

**M**AY this find you exceeding happy *John*-like, leaning on the Bosom of the ever-blessed LAMB. We are never in our right Element, but when we are there viewing his Glory, bathing in his Blood, and feeding comfortably on his eternal and unsearchable Fulness.—And so long as we there abide, our Hearts will be inditing a good Matter, and our Tongues will be as Pens of ready Writers, speaking with Sweetness the Things that appertain to the Kingdom of God. Here would I always dwell, but alas! I must confess, that I carry such a Body of Death with me, which weighs me down, and draws me too too often from my Resting-Place, to listen to the Voice of strange Lovers.—I believe such a Heart cannot be found among all the Inhabitants of the Rock.—Oh my Leanness, my great Ungratefulness! Surely the Lord hath dealt bountifully with me. He hath

given

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given me to behold him fairer than the Sons of Men, the Standard-Bearer among ten Thousand, altogether lovely.—My rich Vine, in whom my Fruit is found, and my chief Corner-Stone, on whom the Weight of my Soul, and the whole Building lies. And are there the Returns of Love I pay him for all his Tenderness? Still grieving his Spirit! Oh

wretched Worm that I am! Wo is me that I dwell in *Mesech*! My dear Brother pray for me, that I may have more Power to walk simply with the Lord at all Times, and in all Places; for I am persuaded we are no longer solid Blessings in our Place, than so long as we continue cloath'd with the real Simplicity of the LAMB, abiding in the Wounds of his Heart. In respect of our Master's Work among us, I think 'tis on the Increase; tho' we have some that have fallen from their former Zeal and Simplicity, yet in most Places their Growth is visible—The Lord Jehovah reigneth in them of a Truth—His Glory is seen more than ever—And we still have some here and there added to us, blessed be his Name.—Since we parted at the Association, I have been a Round in *Glamorganshire*, and some had a very sweet Time of it; and as for myself, I long to go there again soon, for surely God is with them. As for my going to the North, I am thinking 'tis too tedious for me, still continuing weak and sickly; but, however, I am resolv'd to try, if I was to die on the Way—I have a great Drawing in me to come to *London*.

Yours, &c.

H— D—

Dear Brother, please to favour me with a few Lines as soon as possible.

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From

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**From Mr. W. R—H—D, an Exhorter in Cardigan, South-Wales, to  
Mr. H. H—RR—S.**

*Dear Brother H—RR—S,*

I Have not much to write at present about the Societies, but as far as I can understand, they grow daily in the Knowledge of the Lord! and are humbled, and made more Vile in their own Eyes! tho' we have that Viper *Self*, too, too often to contend with.—I need not give you his character, because you knew him before I did. But this I can say, that it is the Root of all Evil, a Fountain of Filth and Corruption, a Disturber of Peace, the Father of Contention and Error: It is well for poor *Sion*, that JESUS CHRIST is GOD. Tho' some may look upon it as needless, to make any Mention of Sin, but I never can find the whole to have any Value for the Physician; nor those that are clean to have any Regard to the Fountain that was open'd for the House of *David*, &c. but find the Sinfulness of Sin to make many a proud Heart to stoop low at the Feet of *Jesus*, and to marvel at that Sin-cleansing Blood! which I beg the Lord may reveal more, and more to the lost Race.—All the, Brethren here

salute you, and beg that you would give them a Visit the first Time you come to the Country. Bro. *S. P—w—ll*, of *Newcastle* slept last *Sunday* about Two in the Even: He lay ill about a Fortnight, and very sweet all the while.—Most of his Discourse was employ'd to exalt his Christ, and speak of his Righteousness, and to shew the Nothingness of the Righteousness of Man to stand before God in Judgment.—All of us had much of the Lord in conversing and praying with him. I remain yours, W—— R——

From

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From Mr. J. I—G—M, to Mr. H—RR—S.

Hereford, July 12th, 1748.

Dear Brother H—RR—S,

I Came here last Night, and found poor Brother *W——rs* mourning for the Loss of his Wife, who departed this Life Yesterday Morning.—I find it very agreeable to me to be in the House of Mourning—it is much better than the House of Laughter.

She enjoy'd much of God in her last Hours, and her favourite Topick was—“*God is Love.*” The poor little Society, and even those who were her Enemies in her Life-time, seem too, universally concern'd. She plac'd great Hopes in seeing dear Mr. *Whitefield* at *Hereford*; but while the Creature appoints, God, who is the wise Disposer of all Events, disappoints. Howbeit, her Exit may be somewhat like *Samson's*; I think she has slain more of her, and our Lord's Enemies at her Death than she did in her Life-time. What with her Zeal for God, and her affectionate Way of addressing poor Sinners, &c. (which they can't help reflecting on, now *she is no more*) and what with her Patience, while reproach'd wrongfully by Gainsayers, as well as under her bodily Affliction, has, and I believe will bring much Glory to our Saviour. God often works by Contraries.

I believe God has a Work to carry on at the *Hay*, at *St. Wennards*, &c.—and perhaps my Call may be pretty considerable in there Parts—but that I can't determine; Lord dispose of me where

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and how thou wilt. Two Women, who came to hear at the *Hay*, are under the greatest Distress of Soul of any I have ever convers'd with. Lord undertake for them!

As to my own Soul, I can truly say, with more Propriety than ever, "*I am Black;*" but oh can it be, that I am also *comely!* Amazing! Astonishing! What a wonderful Method is this to exalt the Saviour and debafe the Sinner! I remain,

Yours, &c.

J—I—M.

**From Mr. J. J—s, an Exhorter and Schoolmaster, at Trevecka, to  
Mr. H. H—RR—S.**

June 23, 1748.

*My very dear Father in Christ,*

**I** Write you there few Lines to let you know how the School goes on—  
The Lord is among us, especially at Prayers, very often; (and I believe that some of the Children shall be effectually called, may the Lord hasten the Time, *Amen*) There have been from Time to Time 51 at School; but not at once. Now I have 42 Scholars, 20 of them pay; the rest are on the Charity.

Brother *W. R—m—y*, of *Dolygare*, slept in the Lord last *Saturday* Morning; being full of Assurance, singing and praising the Lord, saying, I know that my Saviour liveth, with many such Expressions, &c. Glory, Glory be to our dear Lord, for his tender Dealings towards his poor Pilgrims.

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As for us at *Trevecka*, we live in much Peace and Unity, being very happy in the Lord. O pray much for us, that we may be kept always in the Dust, watching over one another, and bearing each other's Infirmities. Oh happy we, that can say, *Jesur* is our Beloved, that he is our All in All. O! who can express how much our Happiness is even in this World! we that are admitted often to his Banqueting-House, and e'er long shall be with him, whom our Souls loveth, and shall be made like unto him! O wonderful Exaltation, that we who were Children of Wrath, are now Heirs of Glory! that we who were One with *Satan*, are now the Bride of *Jehovah!* Oh the infinite Value of the Blood of the Lamb, by whom alone we are thus exalted. Farewell, my dear Brother, the God of Peace be with you.

J—J—

***FINIS.***

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On *Monday Night, July 3.* the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield* came to *London* from *Bermudas*, and has preach'd once every Day since, except *Saturdays*.—On *Wednesday Evenings*, and *Sunday Mornings*, he read Prayers and preached, and on *Sunday Mornings* administer'd the Sacrament at *St. Bartholomews the Great*, in *West-Smithfield*, and on *Sunday Evenings* preach'd at *Five o'Clock* in *Moorfields* to many Thousands, with great Power and Freedom.—A new Face appears on Things; and we have abundant Reason to believe, that the Lord has return'd him to his native Country, for the great Good of many Souls.

*Note:* This is the last Number of the *Christian History* that will be now printed, so that the whole may be bound together in One Volume.