THE first entry in Wesley's Journal is that of October 14, 1735. But the following letter, which Wesley published with the first edition of his Journal, precedes it, as it describes the incidents which led to the formation of the Holy Club and to the social activities from which, as the Journal shows, Methodism has evolved.

The letter was written from Oxford in 1732 to Mr. Morgan, whose son is mentioned. It runs thus:

Wesley Begins his Work

In November 1729, at which time I came to reside at Oxford, your son [Mr. Morgan], my brother, myself, and one more, agreed to spend three or four evenings in a week together. Our design was to read over the classics, which we had before read in private, on common nights, and on Sunday some book in divinity. In the summer following, Mr. M. told me he had called at the gaol, to see a man who was condemned for killing his wife; and that, from the talk he had with one of the debtors, he verily believed it would do much good, if any one would be at the pains of now and then speaking with them.

This he so frequently repeated, that on August 24, 1730, my brother and I walked with him to the castle. We were so well satisfied with our conversation there,
that we agreed to go thither once or twice a week; which we had not done long, before he desired me to go with him to see a poor woman in the town, who was sick. In this employment too, when we came to reflect upon it, we believed it would be worth while to spend an hour or two in a week; provided the minister of the parish, in which any such person was, were not against it. But that we might not depend wholly on our own judgments, I wrote an account to my father of our whole design; withal begging that he, who had lived seventy years in the world, and seen as much of it as most private men have ever done, would advise us whether we had yet gone too far, and whether we should now stand still, or go forward.

Origin of the Holy Club

In pursuance of [his] directions, I immediately went to Mr. Gerard, the Bishop of Oxford's chaplain, who was likewise the person that took care of the prisoners when any were condemned to die (at other times they were left to their own care): I proposed to him our design of serving them as far as we could, and my own intention to preach there once a month, if the bishop approved of it. He much commended our design, and said he would answer for the bishop's approbation, to whom he would take the first opportunity of mentioning it. It was not long before he informed me he had done so, and that his lordship not only gave his permission, but was greatly pleased with the undertaking, and hoped it would have the desired success.

Soon after, a gentleman of Merton College, who was one of our little company, which now consisted of five persons, acquainted us that he had been much rallied the day before for being a member of the Holy Club;
Oct. 1735  WESLEY SAILS FOR AMERICA

and that it was become a common topic of mirth at his college, where they had found out several of our customs, to which we were ourselves utter strangers. Upon this I consulted my father again.

Upon [his] encouragement we still continued to meet together as usual; and to confirm one another, as well as we could, in our resolutions, to communicate as often as we had opportunity (which is here once a week); and do what service we could to our acquaintance, the prisoners, and two or three poor families in the town.

Wesley Sails for America

1735. Tuesday, October 14.—Mr. Benjamin Ingham, of Queen’s College, Oxford; Mr. Charles Delamotte, son of a merchant, in London, who had offered himself some days before; my brother, Charles Wesley, and myself, took boat for Gravesend, in order to embark for Georgia.

Our end in leaving our native country was not to avoid want (God having given us plenty of temporal blessings), nor to gain the dung or dross of riches or honour; but singly this—to save our souls; to live wholly to the glory of God. In the afternoon we found the “Simmonds” off Gravesend and immediately went on board.

Fri. 17.—I began to learn German, in order to converse with the Germans, six-and-twenty of whom we had on board. On Sunday, the weather being fair and calm, we had the morning service on quarter-jack. I now first preached extempore, and then administered the Lord’s supper to six or seven communicants.

Mon. 20.—Believing the denying ourselves, even in the smallest instances, might, by the blessing of God,
be helpful to us, we wholly left off the use of flesh and wine, and confined ourselves to vegetable food—chiefly rice and biscuit.

Tues. 21.—We sailed from Gravesend. When we were past about half the Goodwin Sands, the wind suddenly failed. Had the calm continued till ebb, the ship had probably been lost. But the gale sprang up again in an hour, and carried us into the Downs.

We now began to be a little regular. Our common way of living was this: From four in the morning till five each of us used private prayer. From five to seven we read the Bible together, carefully comparing it (that we might not lean to our own understandings) with the writings of the earliest ages. At seven we breakfasted. At eight were the public prayers. From nine to twelve I usually learned German, and Mr. Delamotte, Greek. My brother wrote sermons, and Mr. Ingham instructed the children. At twelve we met to give an account to one another what we had done since our last meeting, and what we designed to do before our next. About one we dined.

Life on Board

The time from dinner to four we spent in reading to those whom each of us had taken in charge, or in speaking to them severally, as need required. At four were the evening prayers; when either the second lesson was explained (as it always was in the morning), or the children were catechised and instructed before the congregation. From five to six we again used private prayer. From six to seven I read in our cabin to two or three of the passengers (of whom there were about eighty English on board), and each of my brethren to a few more in theirs.
At seven I joined with the Germans in their public service, while Mr. Ingham was reading between the decks to as many as desired to hear. At eight we met again to exhort and instruct one another. Between nine and ten we went to bed, where neither the roaring of the sea nor the motion of the ship could take away the refreshing sleep which God gave us.

Fri. 31.—We sailed out of the Downs. At eleven at night I was waked by a great noise. I soon found there was no danger. But the bare apprehension of it gave me a lively conviction what manner of men those ought to be who are every moment on the brink of eternity.

Sat. Nov. 1.—We came to St. Helen's harbour, and the next day into Cowes road. The wind was fair, but we waited for the man-of-war which was to sail with us. This was a happy opportunity of instructing our fellow travellers.

Sun. 23.—At night I was awaked by the tossing of the ship and roaring of the wind, and plainly showed I was unfit, for I was unwilling, to die.

Wed. Dec. 10.—We sailed from Cowes, and in the afternoon passed the Needles. Here the ragged rocks, with the waves dashing and foaming at the foot of them, and the white side of the island rising to such a height, perpendicular from the beach, gave a strong idea of "Him that spanneth the heavens, and holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand!"

1736. Thur. Jan. 15.—Complaint being made to Mr. Oglethorpe, of the unequal distribution of the water among the passengers, he appointed new officers to take charge of it. At this the old ones and their friends were highly exasperated against us, to whom they imputed the change.
Sat. 17.—Many people were very impatient at the contrary wind. At seven in the evening they were quieted by a storm. It rose higher and higher till nine. About nine the sea broke over us from stem to stern; burst through the windows of the state cabin, where three or four of us were, and covered us all over, though a bureau sheltered me from the main shock. About eleven I lay down in the great cabin, and in a short time fell asleep, though very uncertain whether I should wake alive, and much ashamed of my unwillingness to die. O how pure in heart must he be, who would rejoice to appear before God at a moment’s warning! Toward morning, “He rebuked the winds and the sea, and there was a great calm.”

**Memorable Atlantic Storms**

Fri. 23.—In the evening another storm began. In the morning it increased, so that they were forced to let the ship drive. I could not but say to myself, “How is it that thou hast no faith?” being still unwilling to die. About one in the afternoon, almost as soon as I had stepped out of the great cabin-door, the sea did not break as usual, but came with a full, smooth tide over the side of the ship. I was vaulted over with water in a moment, and so stunned that I scarce expected to lift up my head again, till the sea should give up her dead. But thanks be to God, I received no hurt at all. About midnight the storm ceased.

Sun. 25.—At noon our third storm began. At four it was more violent than before. At seven I went to the Germans. I had long before observed the great seriousness of their behaviour. Of their humility they had given a continual proof, by performing those servile offices for the other passengers, which none of the
English would undertake; for which they desired, and would receive no pay, saying, “it was good for their proud hearts,” and “their loving Saviour had done more for them.” And every day had given them an occasion of showing a meekness, which no injury could move. If they were pushed, struck, or thrown down, they rose again and went away; but no complaint was found in their mouth. There was now an opportunity of trying whether they were delivered from the spirit of fear, as well as from that of pride, anger and revenge.

In the midst of the psalm wherewith their service began, the sea broke over, split the mainsail in pieces, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if the great deep had already swallowed us up. A terrible screaming began among the English. The Germans calmly sung on. I asked one of them afterwards, “Was you not afraid?” He answered, “I thank God, no.” I asked, “But were not your women and children afraid?” He replied, mildly, “No; our women and children are not afraid to die.”

Fri. 30.—We had another storm, which did us no other harm than splitting the fore-sail. Our bed being wet, I laid me down on the floor, and slept sound till morning. And, I believe, I shall not find it needful to go to bed (as it is called) any more.

Sun. Feb. 1.—We spoke with a ship of Carolina; and Wednesday, 4, came within soundings. About noon, the trees were visible from the masts, and in the afternoon from the main deck. In the evening lesson were these words: “A great door, and effectual, is opened.” O let no one shut it!

Thur. 5.—Between two and three in the afternoon, God brought us all safe into the Savannah river. We cast anchor near Tybee Island, where the groves of pines,
running along the shore, made an agreeable prospect, showing, as it were, the bloom of spring in the depth of winter.

Wesley Arrives in Georgia

Fri. 6.—About eight in the morning, we first set foot on American ground. It was a small uninhabited island, over against Tybee. Mr. Oglethorpe led us to a rising ground, where we all kneeled down to give thanks. He then took boat for Savannah. When the rest of the people were come on shore, we called our little flock together to prayers.

Sat. 7.—Mr. Oglethorpe returned from Savannah with Mr. Spangenberg, one of the pastors of the Germans. I soon found what spirit he was of; and asked his advice with regard to my own conduct. He said, "My brother, I must first ask you one or two questions. Have you the witness within yourself? Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit, that you are a child of God?" I was surprised, and knew not what to answer. He observed it, and asked, "Do you know Jesus Christ?" I paused, and said, "I know he is the Saviour of the world." "True," replied he; "but do you know he has saved you?" I answered, "I hope he has died to save me." He only added, "Do you know yourself?" I said, "I do." But I fear they were vain words.

Sat. 14.—About one, Tomo Chachi, his nephew Thleeanouhee, his wife Sinauky, with two more women, and two or three Indian children, came on board. As soon as we came in, they all rose and shook us by the hand; and Tomo Chachi (one Mr. Musgrove interpreted) spoke as follows:

"I am glad you are come. When I was in England, I desired that some would speak the great word to me
and my nation then desired to hear it; but now we are all in confusion. Yet I am glad you are come. I will go up and speak to the wise men of our nation; and I hope they will hear. But we would not be made Christians as the Spaniards make Christians: we would be taught, before we are baptized."

I answered, "There is but One, He that sitteth in heaven, who is able to teach man wisdom. Though we are come so far, we know not whether He will please to teach you by us or no. If He teaches you, you will learn wisdom, but we can do nothing." We then withdrew.

Thur. 19.—My brother and I took boat, and, passing by Savannah, went to pay our first visit in America to the poor heathens.

Begins his Ministry at Savannah

Sun. March 7.—I entered upon my ministry at Savannah, by preaching on the epistle for the day, being the thirteenth of the first of Corinthians. In the second lesson (Luke xviii.) was our Lord's prediction of the treatment which he himself (and, consequently, his followers) was to meet with from the world. "Verily I say unto you, There is no man that hath left house, or friends, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come life everlasting."

Yet, notwithstanding these declarations of our Lord— notwithstanding my own repeated experience—notwithstanding the experience of all the sincere followers of Christ whom I have ever talked with, read or heard of; nay, and the reason of the thing evincing to a demonstration that all who love not the light must hate Him who is continually labouring to pour it in upon them;
I do here bear witness against myself, that when I saw the number of people crowding into the church, the deep attention with which they received the word, and the seriousness that afterwards sat on all their faces; I could scarce refrain from giving the lie to experience and reason and Scripture all together.

I could hardly believe that the greater, the far greater part of this attentive, serious people would hereafter trample under foot that word, and say all manner of evil falsely of him that spake it.

Mon. 15.—Mr. Quincy going for Carolina, I removed into the minister's house. It is large enough for a larger family than ours, and has many conveniences, besides a good garden.

Tues. 30.—Mr. Ingham, coming from Frederica, brought me letters, pressing me to go thither. The next day Mr. Delamotte and I began to try, whether life might not as well be sustained by one sort as by variety of food. We chose to make the experiment with bread; and were never more vigorous and healthy than while we tasted nothing else.

"I Waked under Water"

Sun. April 4.—About four in the afternoon I set out for Frederica, in a pettiawga—a sort of flat-bottomed barge. The next evening we anchored near Skidoway Island, where the water, at flood, was twelve or fourteen foot deep. I wrapped myself up from head to foot, in a large cloak, to keep off the sand flies, and lay down on the quarter-deck. Between one and two I waked under water, being so fast asleep that I did not find where I was till my mouth was full of it. Having left my cloak, I know not how, upon deck, I swam round to the other side of the pettiawga, where a boat was tied,
and climbed up by the rope without any hurt, more than wetting my clothes.

Sat. 17.—Not finding, as yet, any door open for the pursuing our main design, we considered in what manner we might be most useful to the little flock at Savannah. And we agreed: 1. To advise the more serious among them to form themselves into a sort of little society, and to meet once or twice a week, in order to reprove, instruct, and exhort one another. 2. To select out of these a smaller number for a more intimate union with each other, which might be forwarded, partly by our conversing singly with each, and partly by inviting them all together to our house; and this, accordingly, we determined to do every Sunday in the afternoon.

Mon. May 10.—I began visiting my parishioners in order, from house to house; for which I set apart (the time when they cannot work, because of the heat, viz.) from twelve till three in the afternoon.

Thur. June 17.—An officer of a man-of-war, walking just behind us, with two or three of his acquaintance, cursed and swore exceedingly; but upon my reproving him, seemed much moved, and gave me many thanks.

Tues. 22.—Observing much coldness in M. ——'s behaviour, I asked him the reason of it. He answered, "I like nothing you do. All your sermons are satires upon particular persons, therefore I will never hear you more; and all the people are of my mind, for we won't hear ourselves abused.

"Beside, they say, they are Protestants. But as for you, they cannot tell what religion you are of. They never heard of such a religion before. They do not know what to make of it. And then your private behaviour: all the quarrels that have been here since you came, have been 'long of you. Indeed there is
neither man nor woman in the town, who minds a word you say. And so you may preach long enough; but nobody will come to hear you.

He was too warm for hearing an answer. So I had nothing to do but to thank him for his openness, and walk away.

 Talks to the Indians

Wed. 30.—I hoped a door was opened for going up immediately to the Choctaws, the least polished, that is, the least corrupted, of all the Indian nations. But upon my informing Mr. Oglethorpe of our design, he objected, not only the danger of being intercepted or killed by the French there; but much more, the inexpediency of leaving Savannah destitute of a minister. These objections I related to our brethren in the evening, who were all of opinion, "We ought not to go yet."

Thur. July 1.—The Indians had an audience; and another on Saturday, when Chicali, their head-man, dined with Mr. Oglethorpe. After dinner, I asked the grey-headed old man, what he thought he was made for. He said, "He that is above knows what he made us for. We know nothing. We are in the dark. But white men know much. And yet white men build great houses, as if they were to live for ever. But white men cannot live for ever. In a little time, white men will be dust as well as I." I told him, "If red men will learn the good book, they may know as much as white men. But neither we nor you can understand that book, unless we are taught by Him that is above: and He will not teach, unless you avoid what you already know is not good." He answered, "I believe that. He will not teach us while our hearts are not white. And our men do what they know is not good: they kill
Aug. 1736 FEARLESS OF RAINS
	heir own children. And our women do what they
know is not good: they kill the child before it is born.
Therefore He that is above does not send us the good
book."

Mon. 26.—My brother and I set out for Charlestown,
in order to his embarking for England; but the wind
being contrary, we did not reach Port-Royal, forty miles
from Savannah, till Wednesday evening. The next
morning we left it. But the wind was so high in the
afternoon, as we were crossing the neck of St. Helena's
sound, that our oldest sailor cried out, "Now every
one must take care for himself." I told him, "God
would take care for us all." Almost as soon as the
words were spoken, the mast fell. I kept on the edge
of the boat, to be clear of her when she sunk (which
we expected every moment), though with little prospect
of swimming ashore, against such a wind and sea. But
"how is it that thou hadst no faith?" The moment
the mast fell, two men caught it, and pulled it into the
boat; the other three rowed with all their might, and
"God gave command to the wind and seas"; so that in
an hour we were safe on land.

Fearless of Rains and Deaws

Mon. Aug. 2.—I set out for the Lieutenant-Governor's
seat, about thirty miles from Charlestown, to deliver Mr.
Oglethorpe's letters. It stands very pleasantly, on a
little hill, with a vale on either side, in one of which is a
thick wood; the other planted with rice and Indian
corn. I designed to have gone back by Mr. Skeen's,
who has about fifty Christian negroes. But my horse
tiring, I was obliged to return the straight way to Charles-
town.

I had sent the boat we came in back to Savannah,
expecting a passage thither myself in Colonel Bull's. His not going so soon, I went to Ashley-Ferry on Thursday, intending to walk to Port-Royal. But Mr. Belinger not only provided me a horse, but rode with me himself ten miles, and sent his son with me to Cumbee-Ferry, twenty miles farther; whence, having hired horses and a guide, I came to Beaufort (or Port Royal) the next evening. We took boat in the morning; but, the wind being contrary, and very high, did not reach Savannah till Sunday, in the afternoon.

Finding Mr. Oglethorpe was gone, I stayed only a day at Savannah; and leaving Mr. Ingham and Delamotte there, set out on Tuesday morning for Frederica. In walking to Thunderbolt I was in so heavy a shower, that all my clothes were as wet as if I had gone through the river. On which occasion I cannot but observe that vulgar error, concerning the hurtfulness of the rains and dews of America. I have been thoroughly wet with these rains more than once; yet without any harm at all. And I have lain many nights in the open air, and received all the dews that fell; and so, I believe, might any one, if his constitution was not impaired by the softness of a genteel education.

**Desires to Go Among the Indians**

Tues. Nov. 23.—Mr. Oglethorpe sailed for England, leaving Mr. Ingham, Mr. Delamotte, and me, at Savannah; but with less prospect of preaching to the Indians than we had the first day we set foot in America. Whenever I mentioned it, it was immediately replied, "You cannot leave Savannah without a minister."

To this indeed my plain answer was, "I know not that I am under any obligation to the contrary. I never promised to stay here one month. I openly declared
both before, at, and ever since my coming hither, that I
neither would nor could take charge of the English any
longer than till I could go among the Indians." If it
was said, "But did not the trustees of Georgia appoint
you to be minister of Savannah?" I replied, "They
did; but it was not done by my solicitation: it was
done without either my desire or knowledge. Therefore
I cannot conceive that appointment to lay me under any
obligation of continuing there any longer than till a door
is opened to the heathens; and this I expressly de-
clared at the time I consented to accept of that appoint-
ment."

But though I had no other obligation not to leave
Savannah now, yet that of love I could not break
through: I could not resist the importunate request of
the more serious parishioners, "to watch over their
souls yet a little longer, till some one came who might
supply my place." And this I the more willingly did,
because the time was not come to preach the Gospel
of peace to the heathens; all their nations being in a
ferment; and Paustoobee and Mingo Mattaw having
told me, in terms, in my own house, "Now our
enemies are all about us, and we can do nothing but
fight; but if the beloved ones should ever give us to be
at peace, then we would hear the great word."

Wed. Dec. 23.—Mr. Delamotte and I, with a guide,
set out to walk to the Cowpen. When we had walked
two or three hours, our guide told us plainly, he did not
know where we were. However, believing it could not
be far off, we thought it best to go on. In an hour or
two we came to a cypress-swamp, which lay directly
across our way; there was not time to walk back to
Savannah before night; so we walked through it, the
water being about breast high.
By the time we had gone a mile beyond it, we were out of all path; and it being now past sunset, we sat down, intending to make a fire, and to stay there till morning; but finding our tinder wet, we were at a stand. I advised to walk on still; but my companions, being faint and weary, were for lying down, which we accordingly did about six o’clock; the ground was as wet as our clothes, which, it being a sharp frost, were soon froze together; however, I slept till six in the morning. There fell a heavy dew in the night, which covered us over as white as snow. Within an hour after sunrise, we came to a plantation; and in the evening, without any hurt, to Savannah.

Begins to Learn Spanish

1737. Fri. March 4.—I writ the trustees for Georgia an account of our year’s expense, from March 1, 1736, to March 1, 1737; which, deducting extraordinary expenses, such as repairing the parsonage house, and journeys to Frederica, amounted, for Mr. Delamotte and me, to £44 4s. 4d.

Mon. April 4.—I began learning Spanish, in order to converse with my Jewish parishioners; some of whom seem nearer the mind that was in Christ than many of those who call him Lord.

Tues. 12.—Being determined, if possible, to put a stop to the proceedings of one in Carolina, who had married several of my parishioners without either banns or licence, and declared he would do so still, I set out in a sloop for Charlestown. I landed there on Thursday, and related the case to Mr. Garden, the Bishop of London’s Commissary, who assured me, he would take care no such irregularity should be committed for the future.

Sun. July 3.—Immediately after the holy communion,
JULY 1737  WESLEY REPROVES

I mentioned to Mrs. Williamson (Mr. Causton's niece) some things which I thought reprovable in her behaviour. At this she appeared extremely angry; said she did not expect such usage from me; and at the turn of the street, through which we were walking home, went abruptly away. The next day Mrs. Causton endeavoured to excuse her; told me she was exceedingly grieved for what had passed the day before, and desired me to tell her in writing what I disliked; which I accordingly did the day following.

But first I sent Mr. Causton the following note:

"Sir,

"To this hour you have shown yourself my friend; I ever have and ever shall acknowledge it. And it is my earnest desire that He who hath hitherto given me this blessing, would continue it still.

"But this cannot be, unless you will allow me one request, which is not so easy an one as it appears: do not condemn me for doing, in the execution of my office, what I think it my duty to do.

"If you can prevail upon yourself to allow me this, even when I act without respect of persons, I am persuaded there will never be, at least not long, any misunderstanding between us. For even those who seek it shall, I trust, find no occasion against me, except it be concerning the law of my God."

"I am, &c.

"July 5, 1737."

Wed. 6.—Mr. Causton came to my house with Mr. Bailiff Parker and Mr. Recorder, and warmly asked, "How could you possibly think I should condemn you for executing any part of your office?" I said short, "Sir, what if I should think it the duty of my office to
repel one of your family from the holy communion?" He replied, "If you repel me or my wife, I shall require a legal reason. But I shall trouble myself about none else. Let them look to themselves."

Warrant for Wesley's Arrest

Sun. Aug. 7.—I repelled Mrs. Williamson from the holy communion. And Monday, 8, Mr. Recorder, of Savannah, issued out the warrant following:

"Georgia. Savannah ss.

"To all Constables, Tithingmen, and others, whom these may concern:

"You, and each of you, are hereby required to take the body of John Wesley, Clerk:

"And bring him before one of the Bailiffs of the said town to answer the complaint of William Williamson and Sophia, his wife, for defaming the said Sophia, and refusing to administer to her the sacrament of the Lord's supper in a public congregation without cause; by which the said William Williamson is damaged one thousand pound sterling; and for so doing, this is your warrant, certifying what you are to do in the premises. Given under my hand and seal the 8th day of August, Anno. Dom. 1737. Tho. Christie."

Tues. 9.—Mr. Jones, the constable, served the warrant, and carried me before Mr. Bailiff Parker and Mr. Recorder. My answer to them was, that the giving or refusing the Lord's supper being a matter purely ecclesiastical, I could not acknowledge their power to interrogate me upon it. Mr. Parker told me: "However, you must appear at the next Court, holden for Savannah." Mr. Williamson, who stood by, said: "Gentlemen, I desire Mr. Wesley may give bail for his
appearance." But Mr. Parker immediately replied: "Sir, Mr. Wesley's word is sufficient."

Thur. 11.—Mr. Causton came to my house, and, among many other sharp words, said: "Make an end of this matter; thou hadst best. My niece to be used thus! I have drawn the sword, and I will never sheath it till I have satisfaction."

Soon after, he added: "Give the reasons of your repelling her before the whole congregation." I answered: "Sir, if you insist upon it, I will; and so you may be pleased to tell her." He said, "Write to her, and tell her so yourself." I said, "I will"; and after he went I wrote as follows:

"To Mrs. Sophia Williamson.

"At Mr. Causton's request, I write once more. The rules whereby I proceed are these:

"'So many as intend to be partakers of the holy communion, shall signify their names to the curate, at least some time the day before.' This you did not do.

"'And if any of these have done any wrong to his neighbours, by word or deed, so that the congregation thereby offended, the curate shall advertise him that in any wise he presume not to come to the Lord's table until he hath openly declared himself to have truly repented.'

"If you offer yourself at the Lord's table on Sunday, I will advertise you (as I have done more than once) wherein you have done wrong. And when you have openly declared yourself to have truly repented, I will administer to you the mysteries of God.

"John Wesley.

"August 11, 1737."

Mr. Delamotte carrying this, Mr. Causton said, among many other warm sayings: "I am the person that am
injured. The affront is offered to me; and I will espouse the cause of my niece. I am ill-used, and I will have satisfaction, if it be to be had in the world.”

Which way this satisfaction was to be had, I did not yet conceive; but on Friday and Saturday it began to appear: Mr. Causton declared to many persons that “Mr. Wesley had repelled Sophy from the holy communion purely out of revenge, because he had made proposals of marriage to her which she rejected, and married Mr. Williamson.”

The Jury’s Charge against Wesley

Tues. 16.—Mrs. Williamson swore to and signed an affidavit insinuating much more than it asserted; but asserting that Mr. Wesley had many times proposed marriage to her, all which proposals she had rejected. Of this I desired a copy. Mr. Causton replied: “Sir, you may have one from any of the newspapers in America.”

On Thursday and Friday was delivered out a list of twenty-six men, who were to meet as a grand jury on Monday, the 22nd. But this list was called in the next day, and twenty-four names added to it. Of this grand jury (forty-four of whom only met), one was a Frenchman, who did not understand English; one a Papist, one a professed infidel, three Baptists, sixteen or seventeen others Dissenters, and several others who had personal quarrels against me, and had openly vowed revenge.

To this grand jury, on Monday, the 22nd, Mr. Causton gave a long and earnest charge, “to beware of spiritual tyranny, and to oppose the new, illegal authority which was usurped over their consciences.” Then Mrs. Williamson’s affidavit was read; after which,
Aug. 1737 THE JURY'S CHARGE

Mr. Causton delivered to the grand jury a paper, entitled:

"A list of grievances, presented by the grand jury for Savannah, this day of August, 1737."

This the majority of the grand jury altered in some particulars, and on Thursday, September 1, delivered it again to the court, under the form of two presentations, containing ten bills, which were then read to the people.

Herein they asserted, upon oath, "That John Wesley, clerk, had broken the laws of the realm, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, his crown and dignity.

"1. By speaking and writing to Mrs. Williamson, against her husband's consent.

"2. By repelling her from the holy communion.

"3. By not declaring his adherence to the Church England.

"4. By dividing the morning service on Sundays.

"5. By refusing to baptize Mr. Parker's child, otherwise than by dipping, except the parents would certify it was weak, and not able to bear it.


"7. By refusing to read the burial service over the body of Nathaniel Polhill.

"8. By calling himself Ordinary of Savannah.

"9. By refusing to receive William Aglionby as a godfather, only because he was not a communicant.

"10. By refusing Jacob Matthews for the same reason; and baptizing an Indian trader's child with only two sponsors." (This, I own, was wrong; for I ought, at all hazards, to have refused baptizing it till he had procured a third.)
Fri. Sep. 2.—Was the third court at which I appeared since my being carried before Mr. P. and the Recorder. I now moved for an immediate hearing on the first bill, being the only one of a civil nature; but it was refused. I made the same motion in the afternoon, but was put off till the next court-day.

On the next court-day I appeared again, as also at the two courts following, but could not be heard, because (the Judge said) Mr. Williamson was gone out of town.

The sense of the minority of the grand jurors themselves (for they were by no means unanimous) concerning these presentments may appear from the following paper, which they transmitted to the trustees:

*To the Honourable the Trustees for Georgia.*

"Whereas two presentments have been made: the one of August 23, the other of August 31, by the grand jury for the town and county of Savannah, in Georgia, against John Wesley, Clerk.

"We, whose names are underwritten, being members of the said grand jury, do humbly beg leave to signify our dislike of the said presentments; being, by many and divers circumstances, thoroughly persuaded in ourselves that the whole charge against Mr. Wesley is an artifice of Mr. Causton’s, designed rather to blacken the character of Mr. Wesley, than to free the colony from religious tyranny, as he was pleased, in his charge to us, to term it. But as these circumstances will be too tedious to trouble your Honours with, we shall only beg leave to give the reasons of our dissent from the particular bills. . . . .

Fri. Oct. 7.—I consulted my friends, whether God did not call me to return to England. The reason for which I left it had now no force; there being no possibility, as
yet, of instructing the Indians; neither had I, as yet, found or heard of any Indians on the continent of America, who had the least desire of being instructed. And as to Savannah, having never engaged myself, either by word or letter, to stay there a day longer than I should judge convenient, nor ever taken charge of the people any otherwise than as in my passage to the heathens, I looked upon myself to be fully discharged therefrom, by the vacating of that design. Besides, there was a probability of doing more service to that unhappy people in England, than I could do in Georgia, by representing, without fear or favour, to the trustees the real state the colony was in. After deeply considering these things, they were unanimous, "that I ought to go; but not yet." So I laid the thoughts of it aside for the present; being persuaded, that when the time was come, God would "make the way plain before my face."

**Why Wesley Left Georgia**

Thur. Nov. 3.—I appeared again at the court, helden on that day; and again, at the court held Tuesday, November 22. On which day Mr. Causton desired to speak with me. He then read me some affidavits which had been made September 15, last past; in one of which it was affirmed, that I then abused Mr. Causton in his own house, calling him liar, villain, and so on. It was now likewise repeated before several persons, which indeed I had forgot, that I had been reprimanded at the last court, for an enemy to, and hinderer of, the public peace.

I again consulted my friends, who agreed with me, that the time we looked for was now come. And the next morning, calling on Mr. Causton, I told him, I designed to set out for England immediately. I set up
an advertisement in the Great Square to the same effect and quietly prepared for my journey.

Fri. Dec. 2.—I proposed to set out for Carolina about noon, the tide then serving. But about ten, the magistrates sent for me, and told me, I must not go out of the province; for I had not answered the allegations laid against me. I replied, "I have appeared at six or seven courts successively, in order to answer them. But I was not suffered so to do, when I desired it time after time." Then they said, however, I must not go, unless I would give security to answer those allegations at their court. I asked, "What security?" After consulting together about two hours, the Recorder showed me a kind of bond, engaging me, under a penalty of fifty pounds, to appear at their court when I should be required. He added, "But Mr. Williamson too has desired of us that you should give bail to answer his action." I then told him plainly, "Sir, you use me very ill, and so you do the trustees. I will give neither any bond, nor any bail at all. You know your business, and I know mine."

In the afternoon, the magistrates published an order, requiring all the officers and sentinels to prevent my going out of the province; and forbidding any person to assist me so to do. Being now only a prisoner at large, in a place where I know by experience, every day would give fresh opportunity to procure evidence of words I never said, and actions I never did; I saw clearly the hour was come for leaving this place: and as soon as evening prayers were over, about eight o'clock, the tide then serving, I shook off the dust of my feet, and left Georgia, after having preached the Gospel there (not as I ought, but as I was able) one year and nearly nine months.
Sat. 3.—We came to Purrysburg early in the morning, and endeavoured to procure a guide to Port-Royal. But none being to be had, we set out without one, an hour before sunrise. After walking two or three hours, we met with an old man, who led us into a small path, near which was a line of blazed trees (that is, marked by cutting off part of the bark), by following which, he said, we might easily come to Port-Royal in five or six hours.

Lost in the Woods

We were four in all; one of whom intended to go to England with me; the other two to settle in Carolina. About eleven we came into a large swamp, where we wandered about till near two. We then found another blaze, and pursued it, till it divided into two: one of these we followed through an almost impassable thicket, a mile beyond which it ended. We made through the thicket again, and traced the other blaze till that ended too. It now grew toward sunset; so we sat down, faint and weary, having had no food all day, except a gingerbread cake, which I had taken in my pocket. A third of this we had divided among us at noon; another third we took now; the rest we reserved for the morning; but we had met with no water all the day. Thrusting a stick into the ground, and finding the end of it moist, two of our company fell a digging with their hands, and, at about three feet depth, found water. We thanked God, drank, and were refreshed. The night was sharp: however, there was no complaining among us; but after having commended ourselves to God, we lay down close together, and (I at least) slept till near six in the morning.

Sun. 4.—God renewing our strength, we arose neither
faint nor weary, and resolved to make one trial more, to find out a path to Port-Royal. We steered due east; but finding neither path nor blaze, and the woods growing thicker and thicker, we judged it would be our best course to return, if we could, by the way we came. The day before, in the thickest part of the woods, I had broke many young trees, I knew not why, as we walked along: these we found a great help in several places, where no path was to be seen; and between one and two God brought us safe to Benjamin Arieu's house, the old man we left the day before.

In the evening I read French prayers to a numerous family, a mile from Arieu's; one of whom undertook to guide us to Port-Royal. In the morning we set out. About sunset, we asked our guide, if he knew where he was; who frankly answered, "No." However, we pushed on till, about seven, we came to a plantation; and the next evening, after many difficulties and delays, we landed on Port-Royal island.

Wed. 7.—We walked to Beaufort; where Mr. Jones, the minister of Beaufort, with whom I lodged during my short stay here, gave me a lively idea of the old English hospitality. On Thursday Mr. Delamotte came; with whom, on Friday, the 9th, I took boat for Charles-Town. After a slow passage, by reason of contrary winds, and some conflict (our provisions falling short) with hunger as well as cold, we came thither early in the morning, on Tuesday, the 13th.

Farewell to America

Thur. 22.—I took my leave of America (though, if it please God, not for ever), going on board the "Samuel," Captain Percy, with a young gentleman who had been a few months in Carolina, one of
my parishioners of Savannah, and a Frenchman, late of Purrysburg, who was escaped thence with the skin of his teeth.

Sat. 24.—We sailed over Charles-Town bar, and about noon lost sight of land.

The next day the wind was fair, but high, as it was on Sunday, 25, when the sea affected me more than it had done in the sixteen weeks of our passage to America. I was obliged to lie down the greatest part of the day, being easy only in that posture.

Mon. 26.—I began instructing a Negro lad in the principles of Christianity. The next day I resolved to break off living delicately, and return to my old simplicity of diet; and after I did so, neither my stomach nor my head much complained of the motion of the ship.

1738. Sun. Jan. 1.—All in the ship, except the captain and steersman, were present both at the morning and evening service, and appeared as deeply attentive as even the poor people of Frederica did, while the word of God was new to their ears. And it may be, one or two among these likewise may "bring forth fruit with patience."

Mon. 2.—Being sorrowful and very heavy (though I could give no particular reason for it), and utterly unwilling to speak close to any of my little flock (about twenty persons), I was in doubt whether my neglect of them was not one cause of my own heaviness. In the evening, therefore, I began instructing the cabin-boy; after which I was much easier.

I went several times the following days, with a design to speak to the sailors, but could not. I mean, I was quite averse from speaking; I could not see how to make an occasion, and it seemed quite absurd to speak
without. Is not this what men commonly mean by, "I could not speak?" And is this a sufficient cause of silence, or no? Is it a prohibition from the good spirit? or a temptation from nature, or the evil one?

Sat. 7.—I began to read and explain some passages of the Bible to the young Negro. The next morning, another Negro who was on board desired to be a hearer too. From them I went to the poor Frenchman, who, understanding no English, had none else in the ship with whom he could converse. And from this time, I read and explained to him a chapter in the Testament every morning.

The Voyage to England

Fri. 13.—We had a thorough storm, which obliged us to shut all close; the sea breaking over the ship continually. I was at first afraid; but cried to God, and was strengthened. Before ten, I lay down: I bless God, without fear. About midnight we were awaked by a confused noise of seas and wind and men's voices, the like to which I had never heard before. The sound of the sea breaking over and against the sides of the ship, I could compare to nothing but large cannon, or American thunder. The rebounding, starting, quivering motion of the ship much resembled what is said of earthquakes.

The captain was upon deck in an instant. But his men could not hear what he said. It blew a proper hurricane; which beginning at south-west, then went west, north-west, north, and, in a quarter an hour, round by the east to the south-west point again. At the same time the sea running, as they term it, mountain-high, and that from many different points at once, the ship would not obey the helm; nor indeed could the steers-
man, through the violent rain, see the compass. So he was forced to let her run before the wind, and in half an hour the stress of the storm was over.

Tues. 24.—We spoke with two ships, outward-bound, from whom we had the welcome news of our wanting but one hundred and sixty leagues of the Land's-end. My mind was now full of thought; part of which I writ down as follows:

"I went to America, to convert the Indians; but O! who shall convert me? who, what is he that will deliver me from this evil heart of mischief? I have a fair summer religion. I can talk well; nay, and believe myself, while no danger is near; but let death look me in the face, and my spirit is troubled. Nor can I say, 'To die is gain!'

*I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore!"

"I think, verily, if the Gospel be true, I am safe: for I not only have given, and do give, all my goods to feed the poor; I not only give my body to be burned, drowned, or whatever God shall appoint for me; but I follow after charity (though not as I ought, yet as I can), if haply I may attain it. I now believe the Gospel is true. 'I show my faith by my works,' by staking my all upon it. I would do so again and again a thousand times, if the choice were still to make.

"Whoever sees me, sees I would be a Christian. Therefore 'are my ways not like other men's ways.' Therefore I have been, I am, I am content to be, 'a by-word, a proverb of reproach.' But in a storm I think, 'What, if the Gospel be not true? Then thou art of all men most foolish. For what hast thou given thy goods, thy ease, thy friends, thy reputation, thy country, thy life? For what art thou wandering over
the face of the earth?—A dream! a cunningly-devised fable!"

"O! who will deliver me from this fear of death? What shall I do? Where shall I fly from it? Should I fight against it by thinking, or by not thinking of it? A wise man advised me some time since, 'Be still and go on.' Perhaps this is best, to look upon it as my cross; when it comes, to let it humble me, and quicken all my good resolutions, especially that of praying without ceasing; and at other times, to take no thought about it, but quietly to go on 'in the work of the Lord.'"

Lands at Deal

We went on with a small, fair wind, till Thursday in the afternoon; and then sounding, found a whitish sand at seventy-five fathom: but having had no observation for several days, the captain began to be uneasy, fearing we might either get unawares into the Bristol Channel, or strike in the night on the rocks of Scilly.

Sat. 28.—Was another cloudy day; but about ten in the morning, the wind continuing southerly, the clouds began to fly just contrary to the wind, and, to the surprise of us all, sunk down under the sun, so that at noon we had an exact observation; and by this we found we were as well as we could desire, about eleven leagues south of Scilly.

Sun. 29.—We saw English land once more; which, about noon, appeared to be the Lizard-Point. We ran by it with a fair wind; and at noon, the next day, made the west end of the Isle of Wight.

Here the wind turned against us, and in the evening blew fresh, so that we expected (the tide being likewise strong against us) to be driven some leagues backward
in the night: but in the morning, to our great surprise, we saw Beachy-Head just before us, and found we had gone forwards near forty miles.

Toward evening was a calm; but in the night a strong north wind brought us safe into the Downs. The day before, Mr. Whitefield had sailed out, neither of us then knowing anything of the other. At four in the morning we took boat, and in half an hour landed at Deal: it being Wednesday, February 1, the anniversary festival in Georgia for Mr. Oglethorpe's landing there.

It is now two years and almost four months since I left my native country, and in order to teach the Georgian Indians the nature of Christianity: but what have I learned myself in the mean time? Why (what I the least of all suspected), that I who went to America to convert others, was never myself converted to God.* "I am not mad," though I thus speak; but "I speak the words of truth and soberness"; if haply some of those who still dream may awake, and see, that as I am, so are they.

In London Again

Wednesday, Feb. 1.—After reading prayers and explaining a portion of Scripture to a large company at the inn, I left Deal, and came in the evening to Feversham.

I here read prayers, and explained the second lesson to a few of those who were called Christians, but were indeed more savage in their behaviour than the wildest Indians I have yet met with.

Fri. 3.—I came to Mr. Delamotte's, at Blendon, where I expected a cold reception. But God had prepared the way before me; and I no sooner mentioned

* I am not sure of this.
my name, than I was welcomed in such a manner as constrained me to say: "Surely God is in this place, and I knew it not! Blessed be ye of the Lord! Ye have shown more kindness in the latter end than in the beginning."

In the evening I came once more to London, whence I had been absent two years and near four months.

Many reasons I have to bless God, though the design I went upon did not take effect, for my having been carried into that strange land, contrary to all my preceding resolutions. Hereby I trust He hath in some measure "humbled me and proved me, and shown me what was in my heart." Hereby I have been taught to "beware of men." Hereby I am come to know assuredly that if "in all our ways we acknowledge God, he will," where reason fails, "direct our path" by lot, or by the other means which he knoweth. Hereby I am delivered from the fear of the sea, which I had both dreaded and abhorred from my youth.

Hereby God has given me to know many of his servants; particularly those of the Church of Hernhuth. Hereby my passage is opened to the writings of holy men in the German, Spanish, and Italian tongues. I hope, too, some good may come to others hereby. All in Georgia have heard the word of God. Some have believed, and began to run well. A few steps have been taken towards publishing the glad tidings both to the African and American heathens. Many children have learned "how they ought to serve God," and to be useful to their neighbour. And those whom it most concern have an opportunity of knowing the true state of their infant colony, and laying a firmer foundation of peace and happiness to many generations.

Sat. 4.—I told my friends some of the reasons which
a little hastened my return to England. They all agreed it would be proper to relate them to the trustees of Georgia.

Accordingly, the next morning I waited on Mr. Oglethorpe, but had not time to speak on that head. In the afternoon I was desired to preach at St. John the Evangelist's. I did so on those strong words, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." I was afterwards informed many of the best in the parish were so offended, that I was not to preach there any more.

Mon. 6.—I visited many of my old friends, as well as most of my relations. I find the time is not yet come when I am to be "hated of all men." O may I be prepared for that day!

**Wesley Meets Peter Böhler**

**Tues. 7.**—(A day much to be remembered.) At the house of Mr. Weinantz, a Dutch merchant, I met Peter Böhler, Schulius Richter, and Wensel Neiser, just then landed from Germany. Finding they had no acquaintance in England, I offered to procure them a lodging, and did so near Mr. Hutton's, where I then was. And from this time I did not willingly lose any opportunity of conversing with them while I stayed in London.

**Wed. 8.**—I went to Mr. Oglethorpe again, but had no opportunity of speaking as I designed. Afterwards I waited on the Board of Trustees, and gave them a short but plain account of the state of the colony: an account, I fear, not a little differing from those which they had frequently received before, and for which I have reason to believe some of them have not forgiven me to this day.

**Sun. 12.**—I preached at St. Andrew's, Holborn, on: "Though I give all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not
charity, it profiteth me nothing." O hard sayings! Who
can hear them? Here too, it seems, I am to preach no
more.

Fri. 17.—I set out for Oxford with Peter Böhler,
where we were kindly received by Mr. Sarney, the only
one now remaining here of many who, at our embarking
for America, were used to "take sweet counsel together,"
and rejoice in "bearing the reproach of Christ."

Sat. 18.—We went to Stanton-Harcourt. The next
day I preached once more at the castle, in Oxford, to a
numerous and serious congregation.

All this time I conversed much with Peter Böhler,
but I understood him not; and least of all when he
said, "My brother, my brother, that philosophy of yours
must be purged away."

Mon. 20.—I returned to London. On Tuesday I
preached at Great St. Helen's, on: "If any man will
come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his
cross daily, and follow me."

Sun. 26.—I preached at six, at St. Lawrence's; at
ten, in St. Catherine Cree's church; and in the afternoon,
at St. John's, Wapping. I believe it pleased God to
bless the first sermon most, because it gave most offence;
being, indeed, an open defiance of that mystery of iniquity
which the world calls "prudence," grounded on those
words of St. Paul to the Galatians, "As many as desire
to make a fair show in the flesh, they constrain you to
be circumcised; only lest they should suffer persecution
for the cross of Christ."

Mon. 27.—I took coach for Salisbury, and had several
opportunities of conversing seriously with my fellow
travellers.

Tues. 28.—I saw my mother once more. The next
day I prepared for my journey to my brother at Tiverton.
But on Thursday morning, March 2, a message that my brother Charles was dying at Oxford, obliged me to set out for that place immediately. Calling at an odd house in the afternoon, I found several persons there who seemed well-wishers to religion, to whom I spake plainly; as I did in the evening both to the servants and strangers at my inn.

**Wesley’s Four Resolutions**

With regard to my own behaviour, I now renewed and wrote down my former resolutions.

1. To use absolute openness and unreserve with all I should converse with.

2. To labour after continual seriousness, not willingly indulging myself in any the least levity of behaviour, or in laughter; no, not for a moment.

3. To speak no word which does not tend to the glory of God; in particular, not to talk of worldly things. Others may, nay, must. But what is that to thee? And,

4. To take no pleasure which does not tend to the glory of God; thanking God every moment for all I do take, and therefore rejecting every sort and degree of it, which I feel I cannot so thank him in and for.

Sat. March 4.—I found my brother at Oxford, recovering from his pleurisy; and with him Peter Böhler; by whom, in the hand of the great God, I was, on Sunday, the 5th, clearly convinced of unbelief, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved.

Immediately it struck into my mind, “Leave off preaching. How can you preach to others, who have not faith yourself?” I asked Böhler whether he thought I should leave it off or not. He answered, “By no means.” I asked, “But what can I preach?” He
said, “Preach faith till you have it; and then, because you have it, you will preach faith.”

Accordingly, Monday, 6, I began preaching this new doctrine, though my soul started back from the work. The first person to whom I offered salvation by faith alone, was a prisoner under sentence of death. His name was Clifford. Peter Böhler had many times desired me to speak to him before. But I could not prevail on myself so to do; being still, as I had been many years, a zealous asserter of the impossibility of a death-bed repentance.

**Incidents on the Manchester Road**

**Tues. 14.**—I set out for Manchester with Mr. Kinchin, Fellow of Corpus Christi, and Mr. Fox, late a prisoner in the city prison.

About eight, it being rainy and very dark, we lost our way; but before nine, came to Shipston, having rode over, I know not how, a narrow foot-bridge, which lay across a deep ditch near the town. After supper I read prayers to the people of the inn, and explained the second lesson; I hope not in vain.

The next day we dined at Birmingham; and, soon after we left it, were reproved for our negligence there, in letting those who attended us go, without either exhortation or instruction, by a severe shower of hail.

In the evening we came to Stafford. The mistress of the house joined with us in family prayer. The next morning one of the servants appeared deeply affected, as did the ostler, before we went. Soon after breakfast, stepping into the stable, I spake a few words to those who were there. A stranger who heard me said, “Sir, I wish I was to travel with you”; and when I went into the house, followed me, and began abruptly, “Sir, I
believe you are a good man, and I come to tell you a little of my life." The tears stood in his eyes all the time he spoke; and we hoped not a word which was said to him was lost.

At Newcastle, whither we came about ten, some to whom we spoke at our inn were very attentive; but a gay young woman waited on us, quite unconcerned: however, we spoke on. When we went away, she fixed her eyes and neither moved nor said one word, but appeared as much astonished as if she had seen one risen from the dead.

Coming to Holms-Chapel about three, we were surprised at being shown into a room where a cloth and plates were laid. Soon after two men came in to dinner, Mr. Kinchin told them, if they pleased, that gentleman would ask a blessing for them. They stared and, as it were, consented; but sat still while I did it, one of them with his hat on. We began to speak on turning to God, and went on, though they appeared utterly regardless. After a while their countenances changed, and one of them stole off his hat, and laying it down behind him, said, all we said was true; but he had been a grievous sinner, and not considered it as he ought; but he was resolved, with God's help, now to turn to him in earnest. We exhorted him and his companion, who now likewise drank in every word, to cry mightily to God, that he would "send them help from his holy place."

Late at night we reached Manchester.

Companions on Horseback

Fri. 17.—Early in the morning we left Manchester, taking with us Mr. Kinchin's brother, for whom we came, to be entered at Oxford. We were fully determined to lose no opportunity of awakening, instructing, or
exhorting, any whom we might meet within our journey. At Knutsford, where we first stopped, all we spake to thankfully received the word of exhortation. But at Talk-on-the-hill, where we dined, she with whom we were was so much of a gentlewoman, that for near an hour our labour seemed to be in vain. However, we spoke on. Upon a sudden, she looked as one just awaked out of a sleep. Every word sunk into her heart. Nor have I seen so entire a change both in the eyes, face, and manner of speaking, of any one in so short a time.

About five, Mr. Kinchin riding by a man and woman double-horsed, the man said, “Sir, you ought to thank God it is a fair day; for if it rained, you would be sadly dirty with your little horse.” Mr. Kinchin answered, “True; and we ought to thank God for our life, and health, and food, and raiment, and all things.” He then rode on, Mr. Fox following, the man said, “Sir, my mistress would be glad to have some more talk with that gentleman.” We stayed, and when they came up, began to search one another’s hearts. They came to us again in the evening, at our inn at Stone, where I explained both to them and many of their acquaintance who were come together, that great truth—godliness hath the promise both of this life and of that which is to come.

Tues. 21.—Between nine and ten we came to Hedgeford. In the afternoon one overtook us, whom we soon found more inclined to speak than to hear. However, we spoke, and spared not. In the evening we overtook a young man, a Quaker, who afterwards came to us, to our inn at Henley, whither he sent for the rest of his family, to join with us in prayer; to which I added, as usual, the exposition of the second lesson. Our other
companion went with us a mile or two in the morning; and then not only spoke less than the day before, but took in good part a serious caution against talkativeness and vanity.

An hour after we were overtaken by an elderly gentleman, who said he was going to enter his son at Oxford. We asked, "At what college?" He said he did not know; having no acquaintance there on whose recommendation he could depend. After some conversation, he expressed a deep sense of the good providence of God; and told us he knew God had cast us in his way, in answer to his prayer. In the evening we reached Oxford, rejoicing in our having received so many fresh instances of that great truth, "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

Preaches in Oxford Castle

Thur. 23.—I met Peter Böhler again, who now amazed me more and more, by the account he gave of the fruits of living faith—the holiness and happiness which he affirmed to attend it. The next morning I began the Greek Testament again, resolving to abide by "the law and the testimony"; and being confident that God would hereby show me whether this doctrine was of God.

Mon. 27.—Mr. Kinchin went with me to the castle, where, after reading prayers, and preaching on, "It is appointed unto men once to die," we prayed with the condemned man, first in several forms of prayer, and then in such words as were given us in that hour. He kneeled down in much heaviness and confusion, having "no rest in" his "bones, by reason of" his "sins." After a space he rose up, and eagerly said, "I am now ready to die. I know Christ has taken away my sins;
and there is no more condemnation for me." The same composed cheerfulness he showed when he was carried to execution; and in his last moments he was the same, enjoying a perfect peace, in confidence that he was "accepted in the Beloved."

Sun. April 2.—Being Easter-day, I preached in our college chapel, on, "The hour cometh, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live." I preached in the afternoon, first at the castle, and then at Carfax, on the same words. I see the promise; but it is afar off.

Believing it would be better for me to wait for the accomplishment of it in silence and retirement, on Monday 3, I complied with Mr. Kinchin's desire, and went to him at Dummer, in Hampshire. But I was not suffered to stay here long; being earnestly pressed to come up to London, if it were only for a few days. Thither, therefore, I returned, on Tuesday, 18th.

**Talks with Böhler**

I asked P. Böhler again, whether I ought not to refrain from teaching others. He said, "No; do not hide in the earth the talent God hath given you." Accordingly, on Tuesday 25, I spoke clearly and fully at Blendon to Mr. Delamotte's family, of the nature and fruits of faith. Mr. Broughton and my brother were there. Mr. Broughton's great objection was, he could never think that I had not faith, who had done and suffered such things. My brother was very angry, and told me, I did not know what mischief I had done by talking thus. And, indeed, it did please God then to kindle a fire, which I trust shall never be extinguished.

On Wednesday 26, the day fixed for my return to
Oxford, I once more waited on the trustees for Georgia; but, being straitened for time, was obliged to leave the papers for them, which I had designed to give into their own hands. One of these was the instrument whereby they had appointed me minister of Savannah; which, having no more place in those parts, I thought it not right to keep any longer.

P. Böhler walked with me a few miles, and exhorted me not to stop short of the grace of God. At Gerard's Cross I plainly declared to those whom God gave into my hands, the faith as it is in Jesus: as I did next day to a young man I overtook on the road, and in the evening to our friends at Oxford. A strange doctrine, which some, who did not care to contradict, yet knew not what to make of; but one or two, who were thoroughly bruised by sin, willingly heard, and received it gladly.

In the day or two following, I was much confirmed in the "truth that is after godliness," by hearing the experiences of Mr. Hutchins, of Pembroke College, and Mrs. Fox: two living witnesses that God can (at least, if he does not always) give that faith whereof cometh salvation in a moment, as lightning falling from heaven.

Mon. May 1.—The return of my brother's illness obliged me again to hasten to London. In the evening I found him at James Hutton's, better as to his health than I expected; but strongly averse from what he called "the new faith."

This evening our little society began, which afterwards met in Fetter-lane.

Wed. 3.—My brother had a long and particular conversation with Peter Böhler. And it now pleased God to open his eyes; so that he also saw clearly what was
the nature of that one true living faith, whereby alone, "through grace, we are saved."

Thur. 4.—Peter Böhler left London, in order to embark for Carolina. O what a work hath God begun, since his coming into England! such an one as shall never come to an end, till heaven and earth pass away.

Sun. 7.—I preached at St. Lawrence's in the morning; and afterwards at St. Katherine Cree's church. I was enabled to speak strong words at both; and was therefore the less surprised at being informed, I was not to preach any more in either of those churches.

Sun. 14.—I preached in the morning at St. Ann's, Aldersgate; and in the afternoon at the Savoy Chapel, free salvation by faith in the blood of Christ. I was quickly apprised, that at St. Ann's, likewise, I am to preach no more.

Fri. 19.—My brother had a second return of his pleurisy. A few of us spent Saturday night in prayer. The next day, being Whitsunday, after hearing Dr. Heylyn preach a truly Christian sermon (on, "They were all filled with the Holy Ghost": "And so," said he, "may all you be, if it is not your own fault"), and assisting him at the holy communion (his curate being taken ill in the church), I received the surprising news that my brother had found rest to his soul. His bodily strength returned also from that hour. "Who is so great a God as our God?"

I preached at St. John's, Wapping, at three, and at St. Bennett's, Paul's-wharf, in the evening. At these churches, likewise, I am to preach no more. At St. Antholin's I preached on the Thursday following.
Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, I had continual sorrow and heaviness in my heart.

Wed. May 24.—I think it was about five this morning that I opened my Testament on those words, "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye should be partakers of the divine nature" (2 Peter i. 4). Just as I went out, I opened it again on those words, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." In the afternoon I was asked to go to St. Paul's. The anthem was, "Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice. O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it? For there is mercy with thee; therefore shalt thou be feared. O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption. And He shall redeem Israel from all his sins."

"I Felt my Heart Strangely Warmed"

In the evening I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.

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

After my return home, I was much buffeted with temptations; but cried out, and they fled away. They returned again and again. I as often lifted up my eyes, and He "sent me help from his holy place." And herein I found the difference between this and my former state chiefly consisted. I was striving, yea, fighting with all my might under the law, as well as under grace. But then I was sometimes, if not often, conquered, now, I was always conqueror.

Thur. 25.—The moment I awaked, "Jesus, Master," was in my heart and in my mouth; and I found all my strength lay in keeping my eye fixed upon him, and my soul waiting on him continually. Being again at St. Paul's in the afternoon, I could taste the good word of God in the anthem, which began, "My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord: with my mouth will I ever be showing forth thy truth from one generation to another." Yet the enemy injected a fear, "If thou dost believe, why is there not a more sensible change?" I answered (yet not I), "That I know not. But this I know, I have 'now peace with God.' And I sin not to-day, and Jesus my Master has forbid me to take thought for the morrow."

Wed. June 7.—I determined, if God should permit, to retire for a short time into Germany. I had fully proposed, before I left Georgia, so to do, if it should please God to bring me back to Europe. And I now
clearly saw the time was come. My weak mind could not bear to be thus sawn asunder. And I hoped the conversing with those holy men who were themselves living witnesses of the full power of faith, and yet able to bear with those that are weak, would be a means, under God, of so establishing my soul, that I might go on from faith to faith, and from strength to strength.”

[The next three months Wesley spent in Germany visiting the Moravians.]

Wesley Preaches in Newgate Gaol

Sun. September 17 (London).—I began again to declare in my own country the glad tidings of salvation, preaching three times, and afterwards expounding the holy Scripture, to a large company in the Minories. On Monday I rejoiced to meet with our little society, which now consisted of thirty-two persons.

The next day I went to the condemned felons, in Newgate, and offered them free salvation. In the evening I went to a society in Bear Yard, and preached repentance and remission of sins. The next evening I spoke the truth in love at a society in Aldersgate Street: some contradicted at first, but not long; so that nothing but love appeared at our parting.

Fri. Nov. 3.—I preached at St. Antholin’s: Sunday, 5, in the morning, at St. Botolph’s, Bishopsgate; in the afternoon, at Islington; and in the evening, to such a congregation as I never saw before, at St. Clement’s, in the Strand. As this was the first time of my preaching here, I suppose it is to be the last.

Sun. Dec. 3 (Oxford).—I began reading prayers at Bocardo (the city prison), which had been long discontinued. In the afternoon I received a letter, earnestly desiring me to publish my account of Georgia; and
another, as earnestly dissuading me from it, "because it would bring much trouble upon me." I consulted God in His word, and received two answers: the first, Ezek. xxxiii. 2–6: the other, "Thou therefore endure hardship, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."

Tues. 5.—I began reading prayers and preaching in Gloucester Green workhouse; and on Thursday, in that belonging to St. Thomas's parish. On both days I preached at the castle. At St. Thomas's was a young woman, raving mad, screaming and tormenting herself continually. I had a strong desire to speak to her. The moment I began she was still. The tears ran down her cheeks all the time I was telling her, "Jesus of Nazareth is able and willing to deliver you."

Mon. 11.—Hearing Mr. Whitefield was arrived from Georgia, I hastened to London from Oxford; and on Tuesday, 12, God gave us once more to take sweet counsel together.

Wesley Begins Field-preaching

1739. March 15.—During my stay [in London] I was fully employed; between our own society in Fetter Lane, and many others, where I was continually desired to expound; so that I had no thought of leaving London, when I received, after several others, a letter from Mr. Whitefield, and another from Mr. Seward, entreating me, in the most pressing manner, to come to Bristol without delay. This I was not at all forward to do.

Wed. 28.—My journey was proposed to our society in Fetter Lane. But my brother Charles would scarce bear the mention of it; till appealing to the oracles of God, he received those words as spoken to himself, and answered not again: "Son of man, behold, I take from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet shalt
thou not mourn or weep, neither shall thy tears run
down." Our other brethren, however, continuing the
dispute, without any probability of their coming to one
conclusion, we at length all agreed to decide it by lot.
And by this it was determined I should go.

Thur. 29.—I left London, and in the evening ex-
pounded to a small company at Basingstoke. Saturday,
31. In the evening I reached Bristol, and met Mr.
Whitefield there. I could scarce reconcile myself at first
to this strange way of preaching in the fields, of which
he set me an example on Sunday; having been all my
life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating
to decency and order, that I should have thought the
saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a
church.

April 1.—In the evening (Mr. Whitefield being gone)
I begun expounding our Lord's sermon on the mount
(one pretty remarkable precedent of field-preaching,
though I suppose there were churches at that time also),
to a little society which was accustomed to meet once or
twice a week in Nicholas Street.

Mon. 2.—At four in the afternoon, I submitted to
be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad
tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in
a ground adjoining to the city, to about three thousand
people. The Scripture on which I spoke was this (is it
possible any one should be ignorant, that it is fulfilled in
every true minister of Christ?) "The Spirit of the Lord
is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the
Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-
hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and
recovery of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that
are bruised, to proclaim the acceptable year of the
Lord."
Sun. 8.—At seven in the morning I preached to about a thousand persons at Bristol, and afterwards to about fifteen hundred on the top of Hannam-mount in Kingswood. I called to them, in the words of the evangelical Prophet, “Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; come, and buy wine and milk without money and without price.” About five thousand were in the afternoon at Rose-green (on the other side of Kingswood); among whom I stood and cried, in the name of the Lord, “If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water.”

Tues. 17.—At five in the afternoon I was at a little society in the Back Lane. The room in which we were was propped beneath, but the weight of people made the floor give way; so that in the beginning of the expounding, the post which propped it fell down with a great noise. But the floor sunk no further; so that, after a little surprise at first, they quietly attended to the things that were spoken.

Mon. May 7.—I was preparing to set out for Pensford, having now had leave to preach in the church, when I received the following note:

“Sir,—Our minister, having been informed you are beside yourself, does not care you should preach in any of his churches.”—I went, however; and on Priestdown, about half a mile from Pensford, preached Christ our “wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.”

Tues. 8.—I went to Bath, but was not suffered to be in the meadow where I was before, which occasioned the offer of a much more convenient place, where I preached Christ to about a thousand souls.
Wed. 9.—We took possession of a piece of ground near St. James's churchyard, in the Horse Fair, Bristol, where it was designed to build a room large enough to contain both the societies of Nicholas and Baldwin Street, and such of their acquaintance as might desire to be present with them, at such times as the Scripture was expounded. And on Saturday, 12, the first stone was laid with the voice of praise and thanksgiving.

The First Methodist Building

I had not at first the least apprehension or design of being personally engaged, either in the expense of this work, or in the direction of it, having appointed eleven feoffees, on whom I supposed these burdens would fall, of course; but I quickly found my mistake. First, with regard to the expense: for the whole undertaking must have stood still, had not I immediately taken upon myself the payment of all the workmen; so that before I knew where I was, I had contracted a debt of more than a hundred and fifty pounds. And this I was to discharge how I could; the subscriptions of both societies not amounting to one quarter of the sum.

And as to the direction of the work, I presently received letters from my friends in London, Mr. Whitefield in particular, backed with a message by one just come from thence, that neither he nor they would have anything to do with the building, neither contribute anything towards it, unless I would instantly discharge all feoffees, and do everything in my own name. Many reasons they gave for this; but one was enough, viz., "that such feoffees always would have it in their power to control me; and, if I preached not as they liked, to turn me out of the room I had built." I accordingly yielded to their advice, and calling all the feoffees D
together, cancelled (no man opposing) the instrument made before, and took the whole management into my own hands. Money, it is true, I had not, nor any human prospect or probability of procuring it; but I knew "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," and in his name set out, nothing doubting.

Sun. 13.—My ordinary employment, in public, was now as follows: Every morning I read prayers and preached at Newgate. Every evening I expounded a portion of Scripture at one or more of the societies. On Monday, in the afternoon, I preached abroad, near Bristol; on Tuesday, at Bath and Two Mile Hill, alternately; on Wednesday, at Baptist Mills; every other Thursday, near Pensford; every other Friday, in another part of Kingswood; on Saturday in the afternoon, and Sunday morning, in the Bowling-green (which lies near the middle of the city); on Sunday, at eleven, near Hannam-mound; at two, at Clifton; and at five on Rose-green. And hitherto, as my days, so my strength hath been.

Wesley's Living Arguments

Sun. 20.—Seeing many of the rich at Clifton church, my heart was much pained for them, and I was earnestly desirous that some even of them might "enter into the kingdom of heaven." But full as I was, I knew not where to begin in warning them to flee from the wrath to come till my Testament opened on these words: "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance"; in applying which my soul was so enlarged that methought I could have cried out (in another sense than poor vain Archimedes), "Give me where to stand, and I will shake the earth." God's sending forth lightning with the rain did not hinder about fifteen
hundred from staying at Rose-green. Our Scripture was, "It is the glorious God that maketh the thunder. The voice of the Lord is mighty in operation; the voice of the Lord is a glorious voice." In the evening he spoke to three whose souls were all storm and tempest; and immediately there was a great calm.

During this whole time I was almost continually asked, either by those who purposely came to Bristol to inquire concerning this strange work; or by my old or new correspondents, "How can these things be?" And innumerable cautions were given me (generally grounded on gross misrepresentations of things), not to regard visions or dreams, or to fancy people had remission of sins because of their cries, or tears, or bare outward professions. To one who had many times wrote to me on this head, the sum of my answer was as follows:

"The question between us turns chiefly, if not wholly, on matter of fact. You deny that God does now work these effects; at least, that he works them in this manner. I affirm both, because I have heard these things with my own ears, and have seen with my eyes: I have seen (as far as a thing of this kind can be seen) very many persons changed in a moment from the spirit of fear, horror, despair, to the spirit of love, joy, and peace; and from sinful desire, till then reigning over them, to a pure desire of doing the will of God. These are matters of fact, whereof I have been, and almost daily am, an eye or ear witness.

What I have to say touching visions or dreams, is this: I know several persons in whom this great change was wrought in a dream, or during a strong representation to the eye of their mind, of Christ either on the cross or in the glory. This is the fact; let any judge of it as they please. And that such a change was then
wrought appears (not from their shedding tears only, or falling into fit, or crying out; these are not the fruits, as you seem to suppose, whereby I judge, but) from the whole tenor of their life, till then many ways wicked; from that time holy, just, and good.

"I will show you him that was a lion till then, and is now a lamb; him that was a drunkard, and is now exemplarily sober; the whoremonger that was, who now abhors the very 'garment spotted by the flesh.' These are my living arguments for what I assert, viz., 'that God does now, as aforetime, give remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost even to us and to our children; yea, and that always suddenly as far as I have known, and often in dreams or in the visions of God.' If it be not so, I am found a false witness before God. For these things I do, and by his grace, will testify."

**Beau Nash Argues with Wesley**

**Tues. June 5.**—There was great expectation at Bath of what a noted man was to do to me there; and I was much entreated not to preach, because no one knew what might happen. By this report I also gained a much larger audience, among whom were many of the rich and great. I told them plainly, the Scripture had concluded them all under sin—high and low, rich and poor, one with another. Many of them seemed to be a little surprised, and were sinking apace into seriousness, when their champion appeared, and coming close to me, asked by what authority I did these things.

I replied, "By the authority of Jesus Christ, conveyed to me by the (now) Archbishop of Canterbury, when he laid hands upon me, and said, 'Take thou authority to preach the Gospel.'" He said, "This is contrary to Act of Parliament: this is a conventicle." I answered,
June 1739  Beau Nash and Wesley

"Sir, the conventicles mentioned in that Act (as the preamble shows) are seditious meetings; but this is not such; here is no shadow of sedition; therefore it is not contrary to that Act." He replied, "I say it is: and, beside, your preaching frightens people out of their wits."

"Sir, did you ever hear me preach?" "No." "How, then, can you judge of what you never heard?" "Sir, by common report." "Common report is not enough. Give me leave, Sir, to ask, Is not your name Nash?"

"My name is Nash." "Sir, I dare not judge of you by common report: I think it not enough to judge by."

Here he paused awhile, and, having recovered himself, said, "I desire to know what this people comes here for": on which one replied, "Sir, leave him to me: let an old woman answer him. You, Mr. Nash, take care of your body; we take care of our souls; and for the food of our souls we come here." He replied not a word, but walked away.

As I returned, the street was full of people, hurrying to and fro, and speaking great words. But when any of them asked, "Which is he?" and I replied, "I am he," they were immediately silent. Several ladies following me into Mr. Merchant's house, the servant told me there were some wanted to speak to me. I went to them, and said, "I believe, ladies, the maid mistook: you only wanted to look at me." I added, "I do not expect that the rich and great should want either to speak with me, or to hear me; for I speak the plain truth—a thing you hear little of, and do not desire to hear." A few more words passed between us, and I retired.

Mon. 11.—I received a pressing letter from London (as I had several others before), to come thither as soon
as possible; our brethren in Fetter Lane being in great confusion for want of my presence and advice. I therefore preached in the afternoon on these words: "I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." After sermon I commended them to the grace of God, in whom they had believed. Surely God hath yet a work to do in this place. I have not found such love, no, not in England; nor so childlike, artless, teachable, a temper, as He hath given to this people.

Yet, during this whole time, I had many thoughts concerning the unusual manner of my ministering among them. But after frequently laying it before the Lord, and calmly weighing whatever objections I heard against it, I could not but adhere to what I had some time since wrote to a friend, who had freely spoken his sentiments concerning it. An extract of that letter I here subjoin that the matter may be placed in a clear light.

"All the World my Parish"

"You say, you cannot reconcile some parts of my behaviour with the character I have long supported. No, nor ever will. Therefore I have disclaimed that character on every possible occasion. I told all in our ship, all at Savannah, all at Frederica, and that over and over, in express terms, 'I am not a Christian; I only follow after, if haply I may attain it.'

"If you ask on what principle I acted, it was this: A desire to be a Christian; and a conviction that whatever I judge conducive thereto, that I am bound to do; wherever I judge I can best answer this end, thither
it is my duty to go.' On this principle I set out for America; on this I visited the Moravian church; and on the same am I ready now (God being my helper) to go to Abyssinia or China, or whithersoever it shall please God, by this conviction, to call me.

"As to your advice that I should settle in college, I have no business there, having now no office, and no pupils. And whether the other branch of your proposal be expedient for me, viz., 'to accept of a cure of souls,' it will be time enough to consider when one is offered to me.

"But, in the meantime, you think I ought to sit still; because otherwise I should invade another's office, if I interfered with other people's business and intermeddled with souls that did not belong to me. You accordingly ask, 'How is it that I assemble Christians who are none of my charge, to sing psalms, and pray, and hear the Scriptures expounded?' and think it hard to justify doing this in other men's parishes, upon catholic principles?

"Permit me to speak plainly. If by catholic principles you mean any other than scriptural, they weigh nothing with me; I allow no other rule, whether of faith or practice, than the holy Scriptures. But on scriptural principles, I do not think it hard to justify whatever I do. God in Scripture commands me, according to my power, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, confirm the virtuous. Man forbids me to do this in another's parish; that is, in effect, to do it at all; seeing I have now no parish of my own, nor probably ever shall. Whom then shall I hear, God or man?

'I look upon all the world as my parish; thus far I mean, that, in whatever part of it I am, I judge it meet,
right, and my bounden duty, to declare unto all that are willing to hear, the glad tidings of salvation. This is the work which I know God has called me to; and sure I am that his blessing attends it. Great encouragement have I, therefore, to be faithful in fulfilling the work he hath given me to do. His servant I am, and, as such, am employed according to the plain direction of his word, 'As I have opportunity, doing good unto all men'; and his providence clearly concurs with his word; which has disengaged me from all things else, that I might singly attend on this very thing, 'and go about doing good.'"

Susanna Wesley and her Son

Wed. 13.—After receiving the holy communion at Islington, I had once more an opportunity of seeing my mother, whom I had not seen since my return from Germany.

I cannot but mention an odd circumstance here. I had read her a paper in June last year, containing a short account of what had passed in my own soul, till within a few days of that time. She greatly approved it, and said she heartily blessed God, who had brought me to so just a way of thinking. While I was in Germany a copy of that paper was sent (without my knowledge) to one of my relations. He sent an account of it to my mother, whom I now found under strange fears concerning me, being convinced "by an account taken from one of my own papers, that I had greatly erred from the faith." I could not conceive what paper that should be; but, on inquiry, found it was the same I had read her myself. How hard is it to form a true judgment of any person or thing from the account of a
prejudiced relater! yea, though he be ever so honest a man: for he who gave this relation was one of unquestionable veracity. And yet by his sincere account of a writing which lay before his eyes, was the truth so totally disguised, that my mother knew not the paper she had heard from end to end, nor I that I had myself wrote.

Thur. 14.—I went with Mr. Whitefield to Blackheath, where were, I believe, twelve or fourteen thousand people. He a little surprised me, by desiring me to preach in his stead; which I did (though nature recoiled) on my favourite subject, "Jesus Christ, who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption."

I was greatly moved with compassion for the rich that were there, to whom I made a particular application. Some of them seemed to attend, while others drove away their coaches from so uncouth a preacher.

Sun. 17.—I preached, at seven, in Upper-Moorfields, to (I believe) six or seven thousand people, on, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters."

At five I preached on Kennington Common, to about fifteen thousand people, on those words, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."

Mon. 18.—I left London early in the morning, and the next evening reached Bristol, and preached (as I had appointed, if God should permit) to a numerous congregation. My text now also was, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." Howell Harris called upon me an hour or two after. He said, he had been much dissuaded from either hearing or seeing me, by many who said all manner of evil of me. "But," said he, "as soon as I heard you preach, I quickly found what spirit you was of. And before you
had done, I was so overpowered with joy and love, that I had much ado to walk home.”

Sun. 24.—As I was riding to Rose-green, in a smooth, plain part of the road, my horse suddenly pitched upon his head, and rolled over and over. I received no other hurt than a little bruise on one side; which for the present I felt not, but preached without pain to six or seven thousand people on that important direction, “Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever you do, do all to the glory of God.”

**Talks with Whitefield**

Fri. July 6.—In the afternoon I was with Mr. Whitefield, just come from London, with whom I went to Baptist Mills, where he preached concerning “the Holy Ghost, which all who believe are to receive”; not without a just, though severe, censure of those who preach as if there were no Holy Ghost.

Sat. 7.—I had an opportunity to talk with him of those outward signs which had so often accompanied the inward work of God. I found his objections were chiefly grounded on gross misrepresentations of matter of fact. But the next day he had an opportunity of informing himself better; for no sooner had he begun (in the application of his sermon) to invite all sinners to believe in Christ, than four persons sunk down close to him, almost in the same moment. One of them lay without either sense or motion. A second trembled exceedingly. The third had strong convulsions all over his body, but made no noise, unless by groans. The fourth, equally convulsed, called upon God, with strong cries and tears. From this time, I trust, we shall all suffer God to carry on his own work in the way that pleaseth him.
Fri. 13.—On Friday, in the afternoon, I left Bristol with Mr. Whitefield, in the midst of heavy rain. But the clouds soon dispersed, so that we had a fair, calm evening, and a serious congregation at Thornbury.

Tues. 17.—I rode to Bradford, five miles from Bath, whither I had been long invited to come. I waited on the minister, and desired leave to preach in his church. He said, it was not usual to preach on the week days; but if I could come thither on a Sunday, he should be glad of my assistance. Thence I went to a gentleman in the town, who had been present when I preached at Bath, and, with the strongest marks of sincerity and affection, wished me good luck in the name of the Lord. But it was past. I found him now quite cold. He began disputing on several heads; and at last told me plainly, one of our own college had informed him, they always took me to be a little crack-brained at Oxford.

However, some persons who were not of his mind, having pitched on a convenient place (called Bear Field, or Bury Field), on the top of the hill under which the town lies; I there offered Christ to about a thousand people, for "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." Thence I returned to Bath, and preached on, "What must I do to be saved?" to a larger audience than ever before.

I was wondering the "god of this world" was so still; when, at my return from the place of preaching, poor R——d Merchant told me, he could not let me preach any more in his ground. I asked him why; he said, the people hurt his trees, and stole things out of his ground. "And besides," added he, "I have already, by letting thee be there, merited the displeasure of my neighbours." O fear of man! Who is above thee, but they who indeed "worship God in spirit and in truth?"
Not even those who have one foot in the grave! Not even those who dwell in rooms of cedar; and who have heaped up gold as the dust, and silver as the sand of the sea.

Press-gang Disturbs the Sermon

Sat. 21.—I began expounding, a second time, our Lord's sermon on the mount. In the morning, Sunday, 22, as I was explaining, "Blessed are the poor in spirit," to about three thousand people, we had a fair opportunity of showing all men, what manner of spirit we were of: for in the middle of the sermon the press-gang came, and seized on one of the hearers (ye learned in the law, what becomes of Magna Charta, and of English liberty and property? Are not these mere sounds, while, on any pretence, there is such a thing as a press-gang suffered in the land?), all the rest standing still and none opening his mouth or lifting up his hand to resist them.

Mon. Sept. 3 (London).—I talked largely with my mother, who told me that, till a short time since, she had scarce heard such a thing mentioned, as the having forgiveness of sins now, or God's Spirit bearing witness with our spirit: much less did she imagine that this was the common privilege of all true believers. "Therefore," said she, "I never durst ask for it myself. But two or three weeks ago, while my son Hall was pronouncing those words, in delivering the cup to me, 'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for thee,' the words struck through my heart, and I knew God for Christ's sake had forgiven me all my sins."

I asked whether her father (Dr. Annesley) had not the same faith; and, whether she had not heard him
preach it to others. She answered, he had it himself; and declared, a little before his death, that for more than forty years he had no darkness, no fear, no doubt at all of his being "accepted in the Beloved." But that, nevertheless, she did not remember to have heard him preach, no, not once, explicitly upon it: whence she supposed he also looked upon it as the peculiar blessing of a few; not as promised to all the people of God.

The New Name of Methodism

Sun. 9.—I declared to about ten thousand, in Moorfields, what they must do to be saved. My mother went with us, about five, to Kennington, where were supposed to be twenty thousand people. I again insisted on that foundation of all our hope, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved." From Kennington I went to a society at Lambeth. The house being filled, the rest stood in the garden. The deep attention they showed gave me a good hope that they will not all be forgetful hearers.

Sun. 16.—I preached at Moorfields to about ten thousand, and at Kennington Common to, I believe, near twenty thousand, on those words of the calmer Jews to St. Paul, "We desire to hear of thee what thou thinkest; for as concerning this sect, we know that everywhere it is spoken against." At both places I described the real difference between what is generally called Christianity and the true old Christianity, which, under the new name of Methodism, is now also everywhere spoken against.

Sun. 23.—I declared to about ten thousand, in Moorfields, with great enlargement of spirit, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." At Kennington I
enforced to about twenty thousand that great truth, "One thing is needful." Thence I went to Lambeth, and showed (to the amazement, it seemed, of many who were present) how "he that is born of God doth not commit sin."

Mon. 24.—I preached once more at Plaistow, and took my leave of the people of that place. In my return, a person galloping swiftly rode full against me, and overthrew both man and horse; but without any hurt to either. Glory be to Him who saves both man and beast!

An Accident and a Long Sermon

Thur. 27.—I went in the afternoon to a society at Deptford, and thence, at six, came to Turner’s Hall: which holds (by computation) two thousand persons. The press both within and without was very great. In the beginning of the expounding, there being a large vault beneath, the main beam which supported the floor broke. The floor immediately sunk, which occasioned much noise and confusion among the people. But two or three days before, a man had filled the vault with hogsheads of tobacco. So that the floor, after sinking a foot or two, rested upon them, and I went on without interruption.

Sun. Oct. 7.—About eleven I preached at Runwick, seven miles from Gloucester. The church was much crowded, though a thousand or upwards stayed in the churchyard. In the afternoon I explained further the same words, "What must I do to be saved?" I believe some thousands were then present, more than had been in the morning.

Between five and six I called on all who were present (about three thousand) at Stanley, on a little green, near
the town, to accept of Christ, as their only "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." I was strengthened to speak as I never did before; and continued speaking near two hours: the darkness of the night, and a little lightning, not lessening the number, but increasing the seriousness, of the hearers. I concluded the day by expounding part of our Lord's sermon on the mount, to a small, serious company at Ephi.

Wesley in Wales

Mon. 15.—Upon a pressing invitation, some time since received, I set out for Wales. About four in the afternoon I preached on a little green, at the foot of the Devauden (a high hill, two or three miles beyond Chepstow), to three or four hundred plain people, on "Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." After sermon, one who I trust is an old disciple of Christ, willingly received us into his house: whither many following, I showed them their need of a Saviour; from these words, "Blessed are the poor in spirit." In the morning I described more fully the way to salvation—"Believe in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved": and then, taking leave of my friendly host, before two came to Abergavenny.

I felt in myself a strong aversion to preaching here. However, I went to Mr. W—— (the person in whose ground Mr. Whitefield preached), to desire the use of it. He said, with all his heart—if the minister was not willing to let me have the use of the church: after whose refusal (for I wrote a line to him immediately), he invited me to his house. About a thousand people stood patiently (though the frost was sharp, it being after sunset), while, from Acts xxviii. 22, I simply described the
plain, old religion of the Church of England, which is now almost everywhere spoken against, under the new name of Methodism.

Fri. 19.—I preached in the morning at Newport on "What must I do to be saved?" to the most insensible, ill-behaved people I have ever seen in Wales. One ancient man, during a great part of the sermon, cursed and swore almost incessantly; and, towards the conclusion, took up a great stone, which he many times attempted to throw. But that he could not do.—Such the champions, such the arms against field-preaching!

At four I preached at the Shire Hall of Cardiff again, where many gentry, I found, were present. Such freedom of speech I have seldom had, as was given me in explaining those words, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." At six almost the whole town (I was informed) came together; to whom I explained the six last beatitudes: but my heart was so enlarged, I knew not how to give over, so that we continued three hours.

Sat. 20.—I returned to Bristol. I have seen no part of England so pleasant for sixty or seventy miles together as those parts of Wales I have been in. And most of the inhabitants are indeed ripe for the Gospel.

"A Terrible Sight"

Tues. 23.—In riding to Bradford I read over Mr. Law's book on the new birth. Philosophical, speculative, precarious: Behmenish, void, and vain!

"O what a fall is there!"

At eleven I preached at Bearfield to about three thousand, on the spirit of nature, of bondage, and of adoption.

Returning in the evening, I was exceedingly pressed
to go back to a young woman in Kingswood. (The fact I nakedly relate, and leave every man to his own judgment of it.) I went. She was nineteen or twenty years old; but, it seems, could not write or read. I found her on the bed, two or three persons holding her. It was a terrible sight. Anguish, horror, and despair, above all description, appeared in her pale face. The thousand distortions of her whole body showed how the dogs of hell were gnawing her heart. The shrieks intermixed were scarce to be endured. But her stony eyes could not weep. She screamed out, as soon as words could find their way, "I am damned, damned; lost for ever! Six days ago you might have helped me. But it is past. I am the devil's now. I have given myself to him. His I am. Him I must serve. With him I must go to hell. I will be his. I will serve him. I will go with him to hell. I cannot be saved. I will not be saved. I must, I will, I will be damned!" She then began praying to the devil. We began:

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake!"

She immediately sunk down as asleep; but, as soon as we left off, broke out again, with inexpressible vehemence: "Stony hearts, break! I am a warning to you. Break, break, poor stony hearts! Will you not break? What can be done more for stony hearts? I am damned that you may be saved. Now break, now break, poor stony hearts! You need not be damned, though I must." She then fixed her eyes on the corner of the ceiling, and said: "There he is: ay, there he is! Come, good devil, come! Take me away. You said you would dash my brains out: come, do it quickly. I am yours. I will be yours. Come just now. Take me away."
We interrupted her by calling again upon God: on which she sunk down as before: and another young woman began to roar out as loud as she had done. My brother now came in, it being about nine o'clock. We continued in prayer till past eleven; when God in a moment spoke peace into the soul, first of the first tormented, and then of the other. And they both joined in singing praise to Him who had "stilled the enemy and the avenger."

"Yonder Comes Wesley, Galloping"

Sat. 27.—I was sent for to Kingswood again, to one of those who had been so ill before. A violent rain began just as I set out, so that I was thoroughly wet in a few minutes. Just at that time the woman (then three miles off) cried out, "Yonder comes Wesley, galloping as fast as he can." When I was come, I was quite cold and dead, and fitter for sleep than prayer. She burst out into a horrid laughter, and said, "No power, no power; no faith, no faith. She is mine; her soul is mine. I have her, and will not let her go."

We begged of God to increase our faith. Meanwhile her pangs increased more and more; so that one would have imagined, by the violence of the throes, her body must have been shattered to pieces. One who was clearly convinced this was no natural disorder, said, "I think Satan is let loose. I fear he will not stop here." And added, "I command thee, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to tell if thou hast commission to torment any other soul." It was immediately answered, "I have. L—y C——r and S——h J——s." (Two who lived at some distance, and were then in perfect health.)

We betook ourselves to prayer again; and ceased not
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till she began, about six o'clock, with a clear voice and composed, cheerful look:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Sun. 28.—I preached once more at Bradford, at one in the afternoon. The violent rains did not hinder more, I believe, than ten thousand from earnestly attending to what I spoke on those solemn words: "I take you to record this day that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

Returning in the evening, I called at Mrs. J—'s, in Kingswood. S—h J——s and L——y C——r were there. It was scarce a quarter of an hour before L——y C——r fell into a strange agony; and presently after, S——h J——s. The violent convulsions all over their bodies were such as words cannot describe. Their cries and groans were too horrid to be borne, till one of them, in a tone not to be expressed, said: "Where is your faith now? Come, go to prayers. I will pray with you. 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'" We took the advice, from whomsoever it came, and poured out our souls before God, till L——y C——r's agonies so increased, that it seemed she was in the pangs of death. But in a moment God spoke: she knew his voice; and both her body and soul were healed.

We continued in prayer till near one, when S——h J——'s voice was also changed, and she began strongly to call upon God. This she did for the greatest part of the night. In the morning we renewed our prayers, while she was crying continually, "I burn! I burn! O what shall I do? I have a fire within me. I cannot bear it. Lord Jesus! Help!"—Amen, Lord Jesus! when thy time is come.
Tues. Nov. 27.—I writ Mr. D. (according to his request) a short account of what had been done in Kingswood, and of our present undertaking there. The account was as follows:

"Few persons have lived long in the west of England who have not heard of the colliers of Kingswood; a people famous, from the beginning hitherto, for neither fearing God nor regarding man: so ignorant of the things of God, that they seemed but one remove from the beasts that perish; and therefore utterly without desire of instruction, as well as without the means of it.

The Colliers of Kingswood

"Many last winter used tauntingly to say of Mr. Whitefield, 'If he will convert heathens, why does not he go to the colliers of Kingswood?' In spring he did so. And as there were thousands who resorted to no place of public worship, he went after them into their own wilderness, 'to seek and save that which was lost.' When he was called away others went into 'the highways and hedges, to compel them to come in.' And, by the grace of God, their labour was not in vain. The scene is already changed. Kingswood does not now, as a year ago, resound with cursing and blasphemy. It is no more filled with drunkenness and uncleanness, and the idle diversions that naturally lead thereto. It is no longer full of wars and fightings, of clamour and bitterness, of wrath and envyings. Peace and love are there. Great numbers of the people are mild, gentle, and easy to be entreated. They 'do not cry, neither strive'; and hardly is their 'voice heard in the streets'; or, indeed, in their own wood; unless when they are at their usual evening diversion—singing praise unto God their Saviour."
Jan. 1740

WESLEY'S CORRESPONDENTS

"That their children too might know the things which make for their peace, it was some time since proposed to build a house in Kingswood; and after many foreseen and unforeseen difficulties, in June last the foundation was laid. The ground made choice of was in the middle of the wood, between the London and Bath roads, not far from that called Two Mile Hill, about three measured miles from Bristol.

"Here a large room was begun for the school, having four small rooms at either end for the schoolmasters (and, perhaps, if it should please God, some poor children) to lodge in. Two persons are ready to teach, so soon as the house is fit to receive them, the shell of which is nearly finished; so that it is hoped the whole will be completed in spring or early in the summer.

"It is true, although the masters require no pay, yet this undertaking is attended with great expense."

Wesley's Correspondents

1740. Thur. Jan. 3.—I left London, and the next evening came to Oxford, where I spent the two following days in looking over the letters which I had received for the sixteen or eighteen years last past. How few traces of inward religion are here! I found but one among all my correspondents who declared (what I well remember, at that time I knew not how to understand), that God had "shed abroad his love in his heart," and given him the "peace that passeth all understanding." But who believed his report? Should I conceal a sad truth, or declare it for the profit of others? He was expelled out of his society, as a madman; and, being disowned by his friends, and despised and forsaken of all men, lived obscure and unknown for a few months, and then went to Him whom his soul loved.
Mon. 21. — I preached at Hannam, four miles from Bristol. In the evening I made a collection in our congregation for the relief of the poor, without Lawford’s gate; who, having no work (because of the severe frost), and no assistance from the parish wherein they lived, were reduced to the last extremity. I made another collection on Thursday; and a third on Sunday; by which we were enabled to feed a hundred, sometimes a hundred and fifty, a day, of those whom we found to need it most.

A Sermon and a Riot

Tues. April 1 (Bristol). — While I was expounding the former part of the twenty-third chapter of the Acts (how wonderfully suited to the occasion I though not by my choice), the floods began to lift up their voice. Some or other of the children of Belial had laboured to disturb us several nights before: but now it seemed as if all the host of the aliens were come together with one consent. Not only the court and the alleys, but all the street, upwards and downwards, was filled with people, shouting, cursing and swearing, and ready to swallow the ground with fierceness and rage. The mayor sent order that they should disperse. But they set him at nought. The chief constable came next in person, who was, till then, sufficiently prejudiced against us. But they insulted him also in so gross a manner, as I believe fully opened his eyes. At length the mayor sent several of his officers, who took the ringleaders into custody, and did not go till all the rest were dispersed. Surely he hath been to us “the minister of God for good.”

Wed. 2. — The rioters were brought up to the court, the quarter sessions being held that day. They began to excuse themselves by saying many things of me. But
the mayor cut them all short, saying, "What Mr. Wesley is, is nothing to you. I will keep the peace; I will have no rioting in this city."

Calling at Newgate in the afternoon, I was informed that the poor wretches under sentence of death were earnestly desirous to speak with me; but that it could not be; Alderman Beecher having just then sent an express order that they should not. I cite Alderman Beecher to answer for these souls at the judgment-seat of Christ.

Sun. Sept. 14 (London).—As I returned home in the evening, I had no sooner stepped out of the coach than the mob, who were gathered in great numbers about my door, quite closed me in. I rejoiced and blessed God, knowing this was the time I had long been looking for; and immediately spake to those that were next me of "righteousness, and judgment to come." At first not many heard, the noise round about us being exceeding great. But the silence spread farther and farther, till I had a quiet, attentive congregation; and when I left them, they all showed much love, and dismissed me with many blessings.

Preaching Incidents

Sun. 28.—I began expounding the sermon on the mount, at London. In the afternoon I described to a numerous congregation at Kennington, the life of God in the soul. One person who stood on the mount made a little noise at first; but a gentleman, whom I knew not, walked up to him, and, without saying one word, mildly took him by the hand and led him down. From that time he was quiet till he went away.

When I came home I found an innumerable mob round the door, who opened all their throats the
moment they saw me. I desired my friends to go into the house; and then walking into the midst of the people, proclaimed, "the name of the Lord, gracious and merciful, and repenting him of the evil." They stood staring one at another. I told them they could not flee from the face of this great God: and therefore besought them, that we might all join together in crying to Him for mercy. To this they readily agreed: I then commended them to his grace, and went undisturbed to the little company within.

Tues. 30.—As I was expounding the twelfth of the Acts, a young man, with some others, rushed in, cursing and swearing vehemently; and so disturbed all near him, that, after a time, they put him out. I observed it, and called to let him come in, that our Lord might bid his chains fall off. As soon as the sermon was over, he came and declared before us all that he was a smuggler, then going on that work; as his disguise, and the great bag he had with him, showed. But he said, he must never do this more; for he was now resolved to have the Lord for his God.

Wesley's Labour Colony

Tues. Nov. 25 (London).—After several methods proposed for employing those who were out of business, we determined to make a trial of one which several of our brethren recommended to us. Our aim was, with as little expense as possible, to keep them at once from want and from idleness, in order to which, we took twelve of the poorest, and a teacher, into the society-room, where they were employed for four months, till spring came on, in carding and spinning of cotton. And the design answered: they were employed and maintained with very little more than the produce of their own labour.
Fri. 28.—A gentleman came to me full of good-will, to exhort me not to leave the Church; or (which was the same thing in his account) to use extemporary prayer; which, said he, "I will prove to a demonstration to be no prayer at all. For you cannot do two things at once. But thinking how to pray, and praying, are two things. Ergo, you cannot both think and pray at once." Now, may it not be proved by the self-same demonstration, that praying by a form is no prayer at all? e.g. "You cannot do two things at once. But reading and praying are two things. Ergo, you cannot both read and pray at once." Q.E.D.

**Dispute with Whitefield**

1741. Sun. Feb. 1.—A private letter, wrote to me by Mr. Whitefield, having been printed without either his leave or mine, great numbers of copies were given to our people, both at the door and in the Foundery itself. Having procured one of them, I related (after preaching) the naked fact to the congregation, and told them, "I will do just what I believe Mr. Whitefield would, were he here himself." Upon which I tore it in pieces before them all. Every one who had received it, did the same. So that in two minutes there was not a whole copy left.

Sat. March 28.—Having heard much of Mr. Whitefield's unkind behaviour, since his return from Georgia, I went to him to hear him speak for himself, that I might know how to judge. I much approved of his plainness of speech. He told me, he and I preached two different gospels; and therefore he not only would not join with, or give me the right hand of fellowship, but was resolved publicly to preach against me and my brother, wheresoever he preached at all. Mr Hall (who
went with me) put him in mind of the promise he had made but a few days before, that, whatever his private opinion was, he would never publicly preach against us. He said, that promise was only an effect of human weakness, and he was now of another mind.

Mon. April 6.—I had a long conversation with Peter Böhler. I marvel how I refrain from joining these men. I scarce ever see any of them but my heart burns within me. I long to be with them; and yet I am kept from them.

Thur. May 7.—I reminded the United Society that many of our brethren and sisters had not needful food; many were destitute of convenient clothing; many were out of business, and that without their own fault; and many sick and ready to perish: that I had done what in me lay to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to employ the poor, and to visit the sick; but was not, alone, sufficient for these things; and therefore desired all whose hearts were as my heart:

1. To bring what clothes each could spare to be distributed among those that wanted most.

2. To give weekly a penny, or what they could afford, for the relief of the poor and sick.

My design, I told them, is to employ for the present all the women who are out of business, and desire it, in knitting.

To these we will first give the common price for what work they do; and then add, according as they need.

Twelve persons are appointed to inspect these, and to visit and provide things needful for the sick.

Each of these is to visit all the sick within their district every other day; and to meet on Tuesday evening, to give an account of what they have done, and consult what can be done farther.
Fri. 8.—I found myself much out of order. However, I made shift to preach in the evening: but on Saturday my bodily strength quite failed, so that for several hours I could scarce lift up my head. Sunday, 10. I was obliged to lie down most part of the day, being easy only in that posture. Yet in the evening my weakness was suspended, while I was calling sinners to repentance. But at our love-feast which followed, beside the pain in my back and head, and the fever which still continued upon me, just as I began to pray, I was seized with such a cough, that I could hardly speak. At the same time came strongly into my mind, “These signs shall follow them that believe.” I called on Jesus aloud, to “increase my faith,” and to “confirm the word of his grace.” While I was speaking my pain vanished away; the fever left me; my bodily strength returned; and for many weeks I felt neither weakness nor pain. “Unto thee, O Lord, do I give thanks.”

Wesley at Northampton and Nottingham

Mon. June 8.—I set out from Enfield Chace for Leicestershire. In the evening we came to Northampton: and the next afternoon to Mr. Ellis’s at Markfield, five or six miles beyond Leicester.

For these two days I had made an experiment which I had been so often and earnestly pressed to do—speaking to none concerning the things of God, unless my heart was free to it. And what was the event? Why, 1. That I spoke to none at all for fourscore miles together; no, not even to him that travelled with me in the chaise, unless a few words at first setting out. 2. That I had no cross either to bear or to take up, and commonly, in an hour or two, fell fast asleep. 3. That I had much respect shown me wherever I came; every one behaving
to me, as to a civil, good-natured gentleman. O how pleasing is all this to flesh and blood! Need ye "compass sea and land" to make "proselytes" to this?

Sun. 14.——I rode to Nottingham, and at eight preached at the market-place, to an immense multitude of people, on, "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live." I saw only one or two who behaved lightly, whom I immediately spoke to; and they stood reproved. Yet, soon after, a man behind me began aloud to contradict and blaspheme; but upon my turning to him, he stepped behind a pillar, and in a few minutes disappeared.

In the afternoon we returned to Markfield. The church was so excessive hot (being crowded in every corner), that I could not, without difficulty, read the evening service. Being afterwards informed that abundance of people were still without, who could not possibly get into the church, I went out to them, and explained that great promise of our Lord, "I will heal their backslidings: I will love them freely." In the evening I expounded in the church, on her who "loved much, because she had much forgiven."

Mon. 15.——I set out for London, and read over in the way that celebrated book, Martin Luther's "Comment on the Epistle to the Galatians." I was utterly ashamed. How have I esteemed this book, only because I heard it so commended by others; or, at best, because I had read some excellent sentences occasionally quoted from it! But what shall I say, now I judge for myself? now I see with my own eyes? Why, not only that the author makes nothing out, clears up not one considerable difficulty; that he is quite shallow in his remarks on many passages, and muddy and confused almost on
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all; but that he is deeply tinctured with mysticism throughout, and hence often dangerously wrong.

An Ox in the Congregation

Fri. July 10.—I rode to London, and preached at Short’s Gardens, on, “the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.” Sunday 12. While I was showing, at Charles’ Square, what it is “to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with our God,” a great shout began. Many of the rabble had brought an ox, which they were vehemently labouring to drive in among the people. But their labour was in vain; for in spite of them all, he ran round and round, one way and the other, and at length broke through the midst of them clear away, leaving us calmly rejoicing and praising God.

Sat. 25 (Oxford).—It being my turn (which comes about once in three years), I preached at St. Mary’s, before the University. The harvest truly is plenteous. So numerous a congregation (from whatever motives they came) I have seldom seen at Oxford. My text was the confession of poor Agrippa, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.” I have “cast my bread upon the waters.” Let me “find it again after many days!”

Wed. Aug. 26 (London).—I was informed of a remarkable conversation, at which one of our sisters was present a day or two before; wherein a gentleman was assuring his friends, that he himself was in Charles Square, when a person told Mr. Wesley to his face, that he, Mr. Wesley, had paid twenty pounds already, on being convicted for selling Geneva; and that he now kept two Popish priests in his house. This gave occasion to another to mention what he had himself heard, at an eminent Dissenting teacher’s, viz., that it was beyond
dispute, Mr. Wesley had large remittances from Spain, in order to make a party among the poor; and that as soon as the Spaniards landed, he was to join them with twenty thousand men.

Wesley at Cardiff

Thur. Oct. 1.—We set out for Wales; but missing our passage over the Severn in the morning, it was sunset before we could get to Newport. We inquired there if we could hire a guide to Cardiff; but there was none to be had. A lad coming in quickly after, who was going (he said) to Lanissan, a little village two miles to the right of Cardiff, we resolved to go thither. At seven we set out: it rained pretty fast, and there being neither moon nor stars, we could neither see any road, nor one another, nor our own horses' heads; but the promise of God did not fail; he gave his angels charge over us; and soon after ten we came safe to Mr. Williams's house at Lanissan.

Fri. 2.—We rode to Fonmon castle. We found Mr. Jones's daughter ill of the small-pox; but he could cheerfully leave her and all the rest in the hands of Him in whom he now believed. In the evening I preached at Cardiff, in the shire-hall, a large and convenient place, on, "God hath given unto us eternal life, and this life is in his Son." There having been a feast in the town that day, I believed it needful to add a few words upon intemperance: and while I was saying, "As for you, drunkards, you have no part in this life; you abide in death; you choose death and hell"; a man cried out vehemently, "I am one; and thither I am going." But I trust God at that hour began to show him and others "a more excellent way."
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Sun. Nov. 22 (Bristol).—Being not suffered to go to church as yet [after a serious fever], I communicated at home. I was advised to stay at home some time longer; but I could not apprehend it necessary: and therefore, on Monday, 23, went to the new room, where we praised God for all his mercies. And I expounded, for about an hour (without any faintness or weariness), on, “What reward shall I give upon the Lord for all the benefits that he hath done unto me? I will receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.”

I preached once every day this week, and found no inconvenience by it. Sunday, 29. I thought I might go a little farther. So I preached both at Kingswood and at Bristol; and afterwards spent near an hour with the society, and about two hours at the love-feast. But my body could not yet keep pace with my mind. I had another fit of my fever the next day; but it lasted not long, and I continued slowly to regain my strength.

A Curious Interruption

Mon. Dec. 7.—I preached on, “Trust ye in the Lord Jehovah; for in the Lord is everlasting strength.” I was showing, what cause we had to trust in the Captain of our salvation, when one in the midst of the room cried out, “Who was your captain the other day, when you hanged yourself? I know the man who saw you when you was cut down.” This wise story, it seems, had been diligently spread abroad, and cordially believed by many in Bristol. I desired they would make room for the man to come nearer. But the moment he saw the way open, he ran away with all possible speed, not so much as once looking behind him.

Sat. 12.—In the evening one desired to speak with me. I perceived him to be in the utmost confusion, so
that for awhile he could not speak. At length, he said, "I am he that interrupted you at the new room, on Monday. I have had no rest since, day or night, nor could have till I had spoken to you. I hope you will forgive me, and that it will be a warning to me all the days of my life."

Wesley's Congregation Stoned

1742. Mon. Jan. 25 (London).—While I was explaining at Long Lane, "He that committeth sin is of the devil"; his servants were above measure enraged: they not only made all possible noise (although, as I had desired before, no man stirred from his place, or answered them a word); but violently thrust many persons to and fro, struck others, and break down part of the house. At length they began throwing large stones upon the house, which, forcing their way wherever they came, fell down, together with the tiles, among the people, so that they were in danger of their lives. I then told them, "You must not go on thus; I am ordered by the magistrate, who is, in this respect, to us the minister of God, to inform him of those who break the laws of God and the King: and I must do it if you persist herein; otherwise I am a partaker of your sin."

When I ceased speaking they were more outrageous than before. Upon this I said, "Let three or four calm men take hold of the foremost, and charge a constable with him, that the law may take its course." They did so, and brought him into the house, cursing and blaspheming in a dreadful manner. I desired five or six to go with him to Justice Copeland, to whom they nakedly related the fact. The justice immediately bound him over to the next sessions at Guildford.

I observed when the man was brought into the house,
that many of his companions were loudly crying out, "Richard Smith, Richard Smith!" who, as it afterwards appeared, was one of their stoutest champions. But Richard Smith answered not; he was fallen into the hands of One higher than they. God had struck him to the heart; as also a woman, who was speaking words not fit to be repeated, and throwing whatever came to hand, whom He overtook in the very act. She came into the house with Richard Smith, fell upon her knees before us all, and strongly exhorted him, never to turn back, never to forget the mercy which God had shown to his soul. From this time we had never any considerable interruption or disturbance at Long Lane; although we withdrew our persecution, upon the offender's submission and promise of better behaviour.

Tues. 26.—I explained at Chelsea the faith which worketh by love. I was very weak when I went into the room; but the more "the beasts of the people" increased in madness and rage, the more was I strengthened, both in body and soul; so that I believe few in the house, which was exceeding full, lost one sentence of what I spoke. Indeed they could not see me, nor one another at a few yards distance, by reason of the exceeding thick smoke, which was occasioned by the wild-fire, and things of that kind, continually thrown into the room. But they who could praise God in the midst of the fires were not to be affrighted by a little smoke.

Mon. Feb. 15.—Many met together to consult on a proper method for discharging the public debt; and it was at length agreed, 1. That every member of the society, who was able, should contribute a penny a week. 2. That the whole society should be divided into little companies or classes—about twelve in each class. And 3. That one person in each class should receive the
contribution of the rest, and bring it in to the Stewards, weekly.

Fri. March 10.—I rode once more to Pensford at the earnest request of several serious people. The place where they desired me to preach was a little green spot, near the town. But I had no sooner begun than a great company of rabble, hired (as we afterwards found) for that purpose, came furiously upon us, bringing a bull, which they had been baiting, and now strove to drive in among the people. But the beast was wiser than his drivers; and continually ran either on one side of us or the other, while we quietly sang praise to God, and prayed for about an hour. The poor wretches, finding themselves disappointed, at length seized upon the bull, now weak and tired, after having been so long torn and beaten both by dogs and men; and, by main strength, partly dragged, and partly thrust, him in among the people.

A Bull in the Congregation

When they had forced their way to the little table on which I stood, they strove several times to throw it down, by thrusting the helpless beast against it, who, of himself, stirred no more than a log of wood. I once or twice put aside his head with my hand, that the blood might not drop upon my clothes; intending to go on as soon as the hurry should be a little over. But the table falling down, some of our friends caught me in their arms, and carried me right away on their shoulders; while the rabble wreaked their vengeance on the table, which they tore bit from bit. We went a little way off, where I finished my discourse, without any noise or interruption.

Sun. 21.—In the evening I rode to Marshfield, and on Tuesday, in the afternoon, came to London. Wed-
May 1742. First Watch Night

Wednesday, 24. I preached for the last time in the French chapel at Wapping, on "If ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed."

Thur. 25.—I appointed several earnest and sensible men to meet me, to whom I showed the great difficulty I had long found of knowing the people who desired to be under my care. After much discourse, they all agreed, there could be no better way to come to a sure, thorough knowledge of each person, than to divide them into classes, like those at Bristol, under the inspection of those in whom I could most confide. This was the origin of our classes at London, for which I can never sufficiently praise God; the unspeakable usefulness of the institution having ever since been more and more manifest.

Fri. April 9.—We had the first watch-night in London. We commonly choose for this solemn service the Friday night nearest the full moon, either before or after, that those of the congregation who live at a distance, may have light to their several homes. The service begins at half an hour past eight, and continues till a little after midnight. We have often found a peculiar blessing at these seasons. There is generally a deep awe upon the congregation, perhaps in some measure owing to the silence of the night, particularly in singing the hymn with which we commonly conclude:

"Hearken to the solemn voice,
The awful midnight cry!
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoices,
And feel the Bridegroom nigh."

Sun. May 9.—I preached in Charles Square to the largest congregation I have ever seen there. Many of the baser people would fain have interrupted, but they found, after a time, it was lost labour. One, who was more serious, was (as she afterwards confessed) exceed-
ingly angry at them. But she was quickly rebuked, by a stone which light upon her forehead, and struck her down to the ground. In that moment her anger was at an end, and love only filled her heart.

Wed. 12.—I waited on the Archbishop of Canterbury with Mr. Whitefield, and again on Friday; as also on the Bishop of London. I trust if we should be called to appear before princes, we should not be ashamed.

Wesley Was "the Better Mounted"

Mon. 17.—I had designed this morning to set out for Bristol; but was unexpectedly prevented. In the afternoon I received a letter from Leicestershire, pressing me to come without delay, and pay the last office of friendship to one whose soul was on the wing for eternity. On Thursday, 20, I set out. The next afternoon I stopped a little at Newport-Pagnell, and then rode on till I overtook a serious man, with whom I immediately fell into conversation.

He presently gave me to know what his opinions were: therefore I said nothing to contradict them. But that did not content him: he was quite uneasy to know whether I held the doctrine of the decrees as he did; but I told him over and over, "We had better keep to practical things, lest we should be angry at one another." And so we did for two miles, till he caught me unawares, and dragged me into the dispute before I knew where I was. He then grew warmer and warmer; told me I was rotten at heart, and supposed I was one of John Wesley's followers. I told him, "No, I am John Wesley himself." Upon which he would gladly have run away outright. But being the better mounted of the two, I kept close to his side, and endeavoured to show him his heart, till we came into the street of Northampton.
May 1742

AT NEWCASTLE

Thur. 27.—We came to Newcastle about six; and, after a short refreshment, walked into the town. I was surprised: so much drunkenness, cursing, and swearing (even from the mouths of little children), do I never remember to have seen and heard before, in so small a compass of time. Surely this place is ripe for Him who "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Sun. 30.—At seven I walked down to Sandgate, the poorest and most contemptible part of the town; and, standing at the end of the street with John Taylor, began to sing the hundredth Psalm. Three or four people came out to see what was the matter; who soon increased to four or five hundred. I suppose there might be twelve or fifteen hundred, before I had done preaching; to whom I applied those solemn words, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and by His stripes we are healed."

A Big Crowd at Newcastle

Observing the people, when I had done, to stand gaping and staring upon me, with the most profound astonishment, I told them, "If you desire to know who I am, my name is John Wesley. At five in the evening, with God's help, I design to preach here again."

At five, the hill on which I designed to preach was covered, from the top to the bottom. I never saw so large a number of people together, either at Moorfields, or at Kennington Common. I knew it was not possible for the one half to hear, although my voice was then strong and clear; and I stood so as to have them all in view, as they were ranged on the side of the hill. The word of God which I set before them was, "I will heal
their backsliding, I will love them freely.” After preaching, the poor people were ready to tread me under foot, out of pure love and kindness. It was some time before I could possibly get out of the press. I then went back another way than I come; but several were got to our inn before me; by whom I was vehemently importuned to stay with them, at least, a few days; or, however, one day more. But I could not consent; having given my word to be at Birstal, with God’s leave, on Tuesday night.

Wesley on his Father’s Tombstone

Sat. June 5.—It being many years since I had been in Epworth before, I went to an inn, in the middle of the town, not knowing whether there were any left in it now who would not be ashamed of my acquaintance. But an old servant of my father’s, with two or three poor women, presently found me out. I asked her, “Do you know any in Epworth who are in earnest to be saved?” She answered, “I am, by the grace of God; and I know I am saved through faith.” I asked, “Have you then the peace of God? Do you know that He has forgiven your sins?” She replied, “I thank God, I know it well. And many here can say the same thing.”

Sun. 6.—A little before the service began, I went to Mr. Romley, the curate, and offered to assist him either by preaching or reading prayers. But he did not care to accept of my assistance. The church was exceeding full in the afternoon, a rumour being spread that I was to preach. But the sermon on, “Quench not the Spirit,” was not suitable to the expectation of many of the hearers. Mr. Romley told them, one of the most dangerous ways of quenching the Spirit was by enthusiasm; and en-
larged on the character of an enthusiast, in a very florid and oratorical manner. After sermon John Taylor stood in the churchyard, and gave notice, as the people were coming out, "Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, designs to preach here at six o'clock."

Accordingly at six I came, and found such a congregation as I believe Epworth never saw before. I stood near the east end of the church, upon my father's tombstone, and cried, "The kingdom of heaven is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

"Let them Convert the Scolds"

Wed. 9.—I rode over to a neighbouring town, to wait upon a justice of peace, a man of candour and understanding; before whom (I was informed) their angry neighbours had carried a whole waggon-load of these new heretics. But when he asked what they had done, there was a deep silence; for that was a point their conductors had forgot. At length one said, "Why, they pretended to be better than other people; and besides, they prayed from morning to night." Mr. S. asked, "But have they done nothing besides?" "Yes, sir," said an old man: "an't please your worship, they have converted my wife. Till she went among them, she had such a tongue! And now she is as quiet as a lamb." "Carry them back, carry them back," replied the justice, "and let them convert all the scolds in the town."

Sat. 12.—I preached on the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. While I was speaking, several dropped down as dead; and among the rest, such a cry was heard, of sinners groaning for the
righteousness of faith, as almost drowned my voice. But many of these soon lifted up their heads with joy, and broke out into thanksgiving; being assured they now had the desire of their soul—the forgiveness of their sins.

I observed a gentleman there, who was remarkable for not pretending to be of any religion at all. I was informed he had not been at public worship of any kind for upwards of thirty years. Seeing him stand as motionless as a statue, I asked him abruptly, “Sir, are you a sinner?” He replied, with a deep and broken voice, “Sinner enough”; and continued staring upwards till his wife and a servant or two, who were all in tears, put him into his chaise and carried him home.

Sun. 13.—At seven I preached at Haxey, on, “What must I do to be saved?” Thence I went to Wroote, of which (as well as Epworth) my father was rector for several years. Mr. Whitelamb offering me the church, I preached in the morning on, “Ask, and it shall be given you”: in the afternoon, on the difference between the righteousness of the law and the righteousness of faith. But the church could not contain the people, many of whom came from far, and, I trust, not in vain.

At six I preached for the last time in Epworth church-yard (being to leave the town the next morning), to a vast multitude gathered together from all parts, on the beginning of our Lord’s Sermon on the Mount. I continued among them for near three hours, and yet we scarce knew how to part. O let none think his labour of love is lost because the fruit does not immediately appear! Near forty years did my father labour here; but he saw little fruit of all his labour. I took some pains among this people too; and my strength also seemed spent in vain; but now the fruit appeared.
Aug. 1742 DEATH OF HIS MOTHER

There were scarce any in the town on whom either my father or I had taken any pains formerly but the seed, sown so long since, now sprung up, bringing forth repentance and remission of sins.

Death of Wesley's Mother

I left Bristol in the evening of Sunday, July 18, and on Tuesday came to London. I found my mother on the borders of eternity. But she had no doubt or fear; nor any desire but (as soon as God should call) "to depart and be with Christ."

Fri. 23.—About three in the afternoon I went to my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: "Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God."

Sun. August 1.—Almost an innumerable company of people being gathered together, about five in the afternoon, I committed to the earth the body of my mother, to sleep with her fathers. The portion of Scripture from which I afterwards spoke was, "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their
works." It was one of the most solemn assemblies I ever saw, or expect to see on this side eternity.

We set up a plain stone at the head of her grave, inscribed with the following words:

Here lies the Body
of
MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY,
THE YOUNGEST AND LAST SURVIVING DAUGHTER OF
DR. SAMUEL ANNESLEY.

In sure and steadfast hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

True daughter of affliction, she,
Inured to pain and misery,
Mourn'd a long night of griefs and fears,
A legal night of seventy years.

The Father then reveal'd his Son,
Him in the broken bread made known,
She knew and felt her sins forgiven,
And found the earnest of her heaven.

Meet for the fellowship above,
She heard the call, "Arise, my love!"
"I come," her dying looks replied,
And lamb-like, as her Lord, she died.

Mrs. Wesley as Preacher

I cannot but further observe, that even she (as well as her father, and grandfather, her husband, and her three sons) had been, in her measure and degree, a preacher of righteousness. This I learned from a letter, wrote long since to my father; part of which I have here subjoined:

*February 6, 1711–12.*

"—— As I am a woman, so I am also mistress of a large family. And though the superior charge of the
souls contained in it lies upon you; yet, in your absence, I cannot but look upon every soul you leave under my care, as a talent committed to me under a trust, by the great Lord of all the families both of heaven and earth. And if I am unfaithful to him or you in neglecting to improve these talents, how shall I answer unto him, when he shall command me to render an account of my stewardship?

"As these, and other such like thoughts, made me at first take a more than ordinary care of the souls of my children and servants, so—knowing our religion requires a strict observation of the Lord's day, and not thinking that we fully answered the end of the institution by going to church, unless we filled up the intermediate spaces of time by other acts of piety and devotion—I thought it my duty to spend some part of the day, in reading to and instructing my family: and such time I esteemed spent in a way more acceptable to God, than if I had retired to my own private devotions.

"This was the beginning of my present practice. Other people's coming and joining with us was merely accidental. Our lad told his parents: they first desired to be admitted; then others that heard of it begged leave also: so our company increased to about thirty; and it seldom exceeded forty last winter.

"But soon after you went to London last, I light on the account of the Danish Missionaries. I was, I think, never more affected with anything; I could not forbear spending good part of that evening in praising and adoring the divine goodness for inspiring them with such ardent zeal for His glory. For several days I could think or speak of little else. At last it came into my mind, Though I am not a man nor a minister, yet if my heart were sincerely devoted to God, and I was
inspired with a true zeal for his glory, I might do somewhat more than I do. I thought I might pray more for them, and might speak to those with whom I converse with more warmth of affection. I resolved to begin with my own children; in which I observe the following method: I take such a proportion of time as I can spare every night to discourse with each child apart. On Monday, I talk with Molly; on Tuesday, with Hetty; Wednesday, with Nancy; Thursday, with Jacky; Friday, with Patty; Saturday, with Charles; and with Emily and Suky together on Sunday.

She Speaks to Two Hundred

"With those few neighbours that then came to me, I discoursed more freely and affectionately. I chose the best and most awakening sermons we have. And I spent somewhat more time with them in such exercises, without being careful about the success of my undertaking. Since this, our company increased every night; for I dare deny none that ask admittance."

"Last Sunday I believe we had above two hundred. And yet many went away, for want of room to stand.

"We banish all temporal concerns from our society. None is suffered to mingle any discourse about them with our reading or singing. We keep close to the business of the day; and when it is over, all go home.

"I cannot conceive, why any should reflect upon you, because your wife endeavours to draw people to church, and to restrain them from profaning the Lord's day, by reading to them, and other persuasions. For my part, I value no censure upon this account. I have long since shook hands with the world. And I heartily wish, I had never given them more reason to speak against me."
"As to its looking particular, I grant it does. And so does almost anything that is serious, or that may any way advance the glory of God, or the salvation of souls.

"As for your proposal, of letting some other person read: alas! you do not consider what a people these are. I do not think one man among them could read a sermon, without spelling a good part of it. Nor has any of our family a voice strong enough to be heard by such a number of people.

"But there is one thing about which I am much dissatisfied; that is, their being present at family prayers. I do not speak of any concern I am under, barely because so many are present; for those who have the honour of speaking to the Great and Holy God, need not be ashamed to speak before the whole world; but because of my sex. I doubt if it is proper for me to present the prayers of the people to God. Last Sunday I would fain have dismissed them before prayers; but they begged so earnestly to stay, I durst not deny them.

"To the Rev. Mr. Wesley,

"In St. Margaret's Churchyard, Westminster."

How the Wesleys were Brought up

For the benefit of those who are entrusted, as she was, with the care of a numerous family, I cannot but add one letter more, which I received many years ago:

July 24, 1732.

"Dear Son,—According to your desire, I have collected the principal rules I observed in educating my family; which I now send you as they occurred to my mind, and you may (if you think they can be of use to any) dispose of them in what order you please.
"The children were always put into a regular method of living, in such things as they were capable of, from their birth; as in dressing, undressing, changing their linen, &c. The first quarter commonly passes in sleep. After that, they were, if possible, laid into their cradles awake, and rocked to sleep; and so they were kept rocking, till it was time for them to awake. This was done to bring them to a regular course of sleeping; which at first was three hours in the morning, and three in the afternoon; afterward two hours, till they needed none at all.

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

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

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

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

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

"Conquer the Child's Will"

"In order to form the minds of children, the first thing to be done is to conquer their will, and bring them to an obedient temper. To inform the understanding is a work of time, and must with children proceed by slow degrees as they are able to bear it: but the subjecting the will is a thing which must be done at once; and the sooner the better. For by neglecting timely correction, they will contract a stubbornness and obstinacy which is hardly ever after conquered; and never, without using such severity as would be as painful to me as to the child. In the esteem of the world they pass for kind and indulgent, whom I call cruel, parents, who
permit their children to get habits which they know must be afterwards broken. Nay, some are so stupidly fond, as in sport to teach their children to do things which, in a while after, they have severely beaten them for doing.

"Whenever a child is corrected, it must be conquered; and this will be no hard matter to do, if it be not grown headstrong by too much indulgence. And when the will of a child is totally subdued, and it is brought to revere and stand in awe of the parents, then a great many childish follies and inadvertences may be passed by. Some should be overlooked and taken no notice of, and others mildly reproved; but no wilful transgression ought ever to be forgiven children, without chastisement, less or more, as the nature and circumstances of the offence require.

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

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

They had Nothing they Cried For

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

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

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

"None of them were taught to read till five years old, except Kezzy, in whose case I was overruled; and she was more years learning than any of the rest had been months. The way of teaching was this: The day
before a child began to learn, the house was set in order, every one's work appointed them, and a charge given that none should come into the room from nine till twelve, or from two till five; which, you know, were our school hours. One day was allowed the child wherein to learn its letters; and each of them did in that time know all its letters, great and small, except Molly and Nancy, who were a day and a half before they knew them perfectly; for which I then thought them very dull; but since I have observed how long many children are learning the horn-book, I have changed my opinion.

"But the reason why I thought them so then was, because the rest learned so readily; and your brother Samuel, who was the first child I ever taught, learned the alphabet in a few hours. He was five years old on February 10; the next day he began to learn, and as soon as he knew the letters, began at the first chapter of Genesis. He was taught to spell the first verse, then to read it over and over, till he could read it offhand without any hesitation, so on to the second, &c., till he took ten verses for a lesson, which he quickly did. Easter fell low that year, and by Whitsuntide he could read a chapter very well; for he read continually, and had such a prodigious memory, that I cannot remember ever to have told him the same word twice.

**Keeping the Wesley Children in Order**

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

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

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

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

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

"When the house was rebuilt, and the children all brought home, we entered upon a strict reform; and
then was begun the custom of singing psalms at beginning and leaving school, morning and evening. Then also that of a general retirement at five o'clock was entered upon; when the oldest took the youngest that could speak, and the second the next, to whom they read the Psalms for the day, and a chapter in the New Testament; as, in the morning, they were directed to read the Psalms and a chapter in the Old; after which they went to their private prayers, before they got their breakfast, or came into the family. And, I thank God, the custom is still preserved among us.

_Susanna Wesley's "By-laws"

"There were several by-laws observed among us, which slipped my memory, or else they had been inserted in their proper place; but I mention them here, because I think them useful.

"1. It had been observed, that cowardice and fear of punishment often lead children into lying, till they get a custom of it, which they cannot leave. To prevent this, a law was made, That whoever was charged with a fault, of which they were guilty, if they would ingenuously confess it, and promise to amend, should not be beaten. This rule prevented a great deal of lying, and would have done more, if one in the family would have observed it. But he could not be prevailed on, and therefore was often imposed on by false colours and equivocations; which none would have used (except one), had they been kindly dealt with. And some, in spite of all, would always speak truth plainly.

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

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

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

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

"6. That propriety be inviolably preserved, and none suffered to invade the property of another in the smallest matter, though it were but of the value of a farthing, or a pin; which they might not take from the owner without, much less against, his consent. This rule can never be too much inculcated on the minds of children; and from the want of parents or governors doing it as they ought, proceeds that shameful neglect of justice which we may observe in the world.

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

"8. That no girl be taught to work till she can read very well; and then that she be kept to her work with the same application, and for the same time, that she was held to in reading. This rule also is much to be observed; for the putting children to learn sewing before they can read perfectly, is the very reason why so few women can read fit to be heard, and never to be well understood."

Wed. December 1 (Newcastle).—We had several places
offered, on which to build a room for the society; but none was such as we wanted. And perhaps there was a providence in our not finding any as yet; for, by this means, I was kept at Newcastle, whether I would or no.

Sat. 4.—I was both surprised and grieved at a genuine instance of enthusiasm. J—— B——, of Tunfield Leigh, who had received a sense of the love of God a few days before, came riding through the town, hallooing and shouting, and driving all the people before him; telling them, God had told him he should be a king, and should tread all his enemies under his feet. I sent him home immediately to his work, and advised him to cry day and night to God, that he might be lowly in heart; lest Satan should again get an advantage over him.

Mr. Stephenson and Wesley

To-day a gentleman called and offered me a piece of ground. On Monday an article was drawn, wherein he agreed to put me into possession on Thursday, upon payment of thirty pounds.

Tues, 7.—I was so ill in the morning, that I was obliged to send Mr. Williams to the room. He afterwards went to Mr. Stephenson, a merchant in the town, who had a passage through the ground we intended to buy. I was willing to purchase it. Mr. Stephenson told him, "Sir, I do not want money; but if Mr. Wesley wants ground, he may have a piece of my garden, adjoining to the place you mention. I am at a word. For forty pounds he shall have sixteen yards in breadth, and thirty in length."

Wed. 8.—Mr. Stephenson and I signed an article, and I took possession of the ground. But I could not fairly go back from my agreement with Mr. Riddel: so I entered on his ground at the same time. The whole is
about forty yards in length; in the middle of which we
determined to build the house, leaving room for a small
courtyard before, and a little garden behind, the
building.

Mon. 13.—I removed into a lodging, adjoining to the
ground where we were preparing to build; but the
violent frost obliged us to delay the work. I never felt
so intense cold before. In a room where a constant fire
was kept, though my desk was fixed within a yard of the
chimney, I could not write for a quarter of an hour
together, without my hands being quite benumbed.

Newcastle's First Methodist Room

Mon. 20.—We laid the first stone of the house.
Many were gathered, from all parts, to see it; but none
scorned or interrupted while we praised God, and prayed
that He would prosper the work of our hands upon us.
Three or four times in the evening, I was forced to
break off preaching, that we might pray and give thanks
to God.

Thur. 23.—It being computed that such a house as
was proposed could not be finished under £700,
many were positive it would never be finished at
all; others, that I should not live to see it covered.
I was of another mind; nothing doubting but, as it
was begun for God's sake, He would provide what was
needful for the finishing it.

1743. Sat. January 1.—Between Doncaster and
Epworth I overtook one who immediately accosted me
with so many and so impertinent questions, that I was
quite amazed. In the midst of some of them, concerning
my travels and my journey, I interrupted him, and asked,
"Are you aware that we are on a longer journey; that
we are travelling toward eternity?" He replied instantly,
"O, I find you! I find you! I know where you are! Is not your name Wesley? 'Tis pity! 'Tis great pity! Why could not your father's religion serve you? Why must you have a new religion?" I was going to reply; but he cut me short by crying out in triumph, "I am a Christian! I am a Christian! I am a Churchman! I am a Churchman! I am none of your Culamites"; as plain he could speak; for he was so drunk, he could but just keep his seat. Having then clearly won the day, or, as his phrase was, "put them all down," he began kicking his horse on both sides and rode off as fast as he could.

Wesley Refused the Sacrament at Epworth

In the evening I reached Epworth. Sunday, 2. At five I preached on, "So is every one that is born of the Spirit." About eight I preached from my father's tomb on Heb. viii. xi. Many from the neighbouring towns asked, if it would not be well, as it was sacrament Sunday, for them to receive it. I told them, "By all means; but it would be more respectful first to ask Mr. Romley, the curate's leave." One did so, in the name of the rest; to whom he said, "Pray tell Mr. Wesley, I shall not give him the sacrament; for he is not fit."

How wise a God is our God! There could not have been so fit a place under heaven, where this should befall me first as my father's house, the place of my nativity, and the very place where, "according to the straitest sect of our religion," I had so long "lived a Pharisee!" It was also fit, in the highest degree, that he who repelled me from that very table, where I had myself so often distributed the bread of life, should be one who owed his all in this world to the tender love which my father had shown to his, as well as personally to himself.
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Tues. 22.—I went to South-Biddick, a village of colliers seven miles south-east of Newcastle. The spot where I stood was just at the bottom of a semi-circular hill, on the rising sides of which many hundreds stood; but far more on the plain beneath. I cried to them, in the words of the prophet, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord!" Deep attention sat on every face; so that here also I believed it would be well to preach weekly.

Wesley and the Cock-fighter

Wed. 23.—I met a gentleman in the streets cursing and swearing in so dreadful a manner, that I could not but stop him. He soon grew calmer; told me he must treat me with a glass of wine; and that he would come and hear me, only he was afraid I should say something against fighting of cocks.

April 1. (Being Good Friday.)—I had a great desire to visit a little village called Placey, about ten measured miles north of Newcastle. It is inhabited by colliers only, and such as had been always in the first rank for savage ignorance and wickedness of every kind. Their grand assembly used to be on the Lord's day; on which men, women, and children met together to dance, fight, curse and swear, and play at chuck ball, spanfarthing, or whatever came next to hand. I felt great compassion for these poor creatures, from the time I heard of them first; and the more, because all men seemed to despair of them.

Between seven and eight I set out with John Heally, my guide. The north wind, being unusually high, drove the sleet in our face, which froze as it fell, and cased us over presently. When we came to Placey, we could very hardly stand. As soon as we were a little
recovered I went into the square, and declared Him who
"was wounded for our transgressions" and "bruised
for our iniquities." The poor sinners were quickly
gathered together and gave earnest heed to the things
which were spoken. And so they did in the afternoon
again, in spite of the wind and snow, when I besought
them to receive Him for their King; to "repent and
believe the Gospel."

Wesley in Seven Dials

Sun. May 29.—I began officiating at the chapel
in West Street, near the Seven Dials, of which (by a
strange chain of providences) we have a lease for several
years. I preached on the Gospel for the day, part of
the third chapter of St. John; and afterwards adminis-
tered the Lord's Supper to some hundreds of communi-
cants. I was a little afraid at first, that my strength
would not suffice for the business of the day, when a
service of five hours (for it lasted from ten to three) was
added to my usual employment. But God looked to
that: so I must think; and they that will call it
enthusiasm may. I preached at the Great-gardens at
five to an immense congregation, on, "Ye must be born
again." Then the leaders met (who filled all the time
that I was not speaking in public); and after them, the
bands. At ten at night I was less weary than at six in
the morning.

Sun. July 10 (Newcastle).—I preached at eight on
Chowden Fell, on, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?"
Ever since I came to Newcastle the first time, my spirit
had been moved within me, at the crowds of poor
wretches, who were every Sunday, in the afternoon
sauntering to and fro on the Sandhill. I resolved, if
possible, to find them a better employ; and as soon as
the service at All Saints was over, walked straight from
the church to the Sandhill, and gave out a verse of a
psalm. In a few minutes I had company enough;
thousands upon thousands crowding together. But the
prince of this world fought with all his might lest his
kingdom should be overthrown. Indeed, the very mob
of Newcastle, in the height of their rudeness, have
commonly some humanity left. I scarce observed that
they threw any thing at all; neither did I receive the
least personal hurt: but they continued thrusting one
another to and fro, and making such a noise, that my
voice could not be heard: so that, after spending near
an hour in singing and prayer, I thought it best to
adjourn to our own house.

Wesley's Horses give Trouble

Mon. 18.—I set out from Newcastle with John
Downes, of Horsley. We were four hours riding to
Ferry Hill, about twenty measured miles. After resting
there an hour we rode softly on; and, at two o'clock,
came to Darlington. I thought my horse was not well;
he thought the same of his; though they were both
young, and very well the day before. We ordered the
hostler to fetch a farrier, which he did without delay;
but, before the men could determine what was the
matter, both the horses lay down and died.

I hired a horse to Sandhutton, and rode on, desiring
John Downes to follow me. Thence I rode to Borough-
bridge on Tuesday morning, and then walked on to
Leeds.

Mon. August 22 (London).—After a few of us had
joined in prayer, about four I set out and rode softly to
Snow Hill; where, the saddle slipping quite upon my
mare's neck, I fell over her head, and she ran back into
Smithfield. Some boys caught her and brought her to me again, cursing and swearing all the way. I spoke plainly to them, and they promised to amend. I was setting forward, when a man cried, “Sir, you have lost your saddle-cloth.” Two or three more would needs help me to put it on; but these, too, swore at almost every word. I turned to one and another, and spoke in love. They all took it well, and thanked me much. I gave them two or three little books, which they promised to read over carefully.

Before I reached Kensington, I found my mare had lost a shoe. This gave me an opportunity of talking closely, for near half an hour, both to the smith and his servant. I mention these little circumstances to show how easy it is to redeem every fragment of time (if I may so speak), when we feel any love to those souls for which Christ died.

Wesley Goes to Cornwall

Fri. 26.—I set out for Cornwall. In the evening I preached at the cross in Taunton, on, “The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.” A poor man had posted himself behind, in order to make some disturbance: but the time was not come; the zealous wretches who “deny the Lord that bought them” had not yet stirred up the people. Many cried out, “Throw down that rascal there; knock him down; beat out his brains”: so that I was obliged to entreat for him more than once, or he would have been but roughly handled.

Sat. 27.—I reached Exeter in the afternoon; but as no one knew of my coming, I did not preach that night, only to one poor sinner at the inn; who, after listening to our conversation for a while, looked earnestly at us.
Aug. 1743 WESLEY GOES TO CORNWALL

and asked, whether it was possible for one, who had in some measure known "the power of the world to come," and was "fallen away" (which she said was her case), to be "renewed again to repentance." We besought God in her behalf, and left her sorrowing; and yet not without hope.

Sun. 28.—I preached at seven to a handful of people. The sermon we heard at church was quite innocent of meaning: what that in the afternoon was, I know not; for I could not hear a single sentence.

From church I went to the castle; where were gathered together (as some imagined) half the grown persons in the city. It was an awful sight. So vast a congregation in that solemn amphitheatre! And all silent and still, while I explained at large, and enforced, that glorious truth, "Happy are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered."

Mon. 29.—We rode forward. About sunset we were in the middle of the first great pathless moor beyond Launceston. About eight we were got quite out of the way; but we had not got far before we heard Bodmin bell. Directed by this we turned to the left and came to the town before nine.

Tues. 30.—In the evening we reached St. Ives. At seven I invited all guilty, helpless sinners, who were conscious they "had nothing to pay," to accept of free forgiveness. The room was crowded both within and without; but all were quiet and attentive.

Wed. 31.—I spoke severally with those of the society, who were about one hundred and twenty. Near an hundred of these had found peace with God: such is the blessing of being persecuted for righteousness' sake! As we were going to church at eleven, a large company at the market-place welcomed us with a loud huzza:
wit as harmless as the ditty sung under my window
(composed, one assured me, by a gentlewoman of their
own town),

"Charles Wesley is come to town,
To try if he can pull the churches down."

In the evening I explained "the promise of the
Father." After preaching, many began to be turbulent;
but John Nelson went into the midst of them, spoke a
little to the loudest, who answered not again, but went
quietly away.

The Cornish Tinners

Sat. September 3.—I rode to the Three-cornered Down
(so called), nine or ten miles east of St. Ives, where we
found two or three hundred tinners, who had been
some time waiting for us. They all appeared quite
pleased and unconcerned; and many of them ran after
us to Gwennap (two miles east), where their number was
quickly increased to four or five hundred. I had much
comfort here, in applying these words, "He hath
anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor." One
who lived near invited us to lodge at his house, and
conducted us back to the Green in the morning. We
came thither just as the day dawned.

I strongly applied those gracious words, "I will heal their
backslidings, I will love them freely," to five or six hundred
serious people. At Trezuthan Downs, five miles nearer
St. Ives, we found seven or eight hundred people, to
whom I cried aloud, "Cast away all your transgressions;
for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" After dinner
I preached again to about a thousand people, on Him
whom "God hath exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour." It was here first I observed a little impression made on
two or three of the hearers; the rest, as usual, showing huge approbation, and absolute unconcern.

Fri. 9.—I rode in quest of St. Hilary Downs, ten or twelve miles south-east of St. Ives. And the Downs I found, but no congregation—neither man, woman, nor child. But by that I had put on my gown and cassock, about an hundred gathered themselves together, whom I earnestly called "to repent and believe the Gospel." And if but one heard, it was worth all the labour.

Sat. 10.—There were prayers at St. Just in the afternoon, which did not end till four. I then preached at the Cross, to, I believe, a thousand people, who all behaved in a quiet and serious manner.

At six I preached at Sennan, near the Land's End; and appointed the little congregation (consisting chiefly of old, grey-headed men) to meet me again at five in the morning. But on Sunday, 11, great part of them were got together between three and four o'clock: so between four and five we began praising God; and I largely explained and applied, "I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely."

We went afterwards down, as far as we could go safely, toward the point of the rocks at the Land's End. It was an awful sight! But how will these melt away, when God shall arise to judgment! The sea between does indeed "boil like a pot." "One would think the deep to be hoary." But "though they swell, yet can they not prevail. He hath set their bounds, which they cannot pass."

Between eight and nine I preached at St. Just, on the green plain near the town, to the largest congregation (I was informed) that ever had been seen in these parts. I cried out, with all the authority of love, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" The people trembled, and
were still. I had not known such an hour before in Cornwall.

In the Scilly Isles

Mon. 12.—I had had for some time a great desire to go and publish the love of God our Saviour, if it were but for one day, in the Isles of Scilly; and I had occasionally mentioned it to several. This evening three of our brethren came and offered to carry me thither, if I could procure the mayor's boat, which, they said, was the best sailer of any in the town. I sent, and he lent it me immediately. So the next morning, Tuesday, 13, John Nelson, Mr. Shepherd, and I, with three men and a pilot, sailed from St. Ives. It seemed strange to me to attempt going in a fisher-boat, fifteen leagues upon the main ocean; especially when the waves began to swell, and hang over our heads. But I called to my companions, and we all joined together in singing lustily and with a good courage:

"When passing through the watery deep,
   I ask in faith his promised aid;
The waves an awful distance keep,
   And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless their violence I dare:
   They cannot harm—for God is there."

About half an hour after one, we landed on St. Mary's, the chief of the inhabited islands.

We immediately waited upon the Governor, with the usual present, viz., a newspaper. I desired him, likewise, to accept of an "Earnest Appeal." The minister not being willing I should preach in the church, I preached, at six, in the streets, to almost all the town, and many soldiers, sailors, and workmen, on, "Why will ye die, O house of Israel?" It was a blessed time, so that I scarce knew how to conclude. After sermon I gave
them some little books and hymns, which they were so eager to receive, that they were ready to tear both them and me to pieces.

For what political reason such a number of workmen were gathered together, and employed at so large an expense, to fortify a few barren rocks, which whosoever would take, deserves to have them for his pains, I could not possibly devise: but a providential reason was easy to be discovered. God might call them together to hear the Gospel, which perhaps otherwise they might never have thought of.

At five in the morning I preached again, on, "I will heal their backslidings; I will love them freely." And between nine and ten, having talked with many in private, and distributed both to them and others between two and three hundred hymns and little books, we left this barren, dreary place, and set sail for St. Ives, though the wind was strong, and blew directly in our teeth. Our pilot said we should have good luck if we reached the land; but he knew not Him whom the winds and seas obey. Soon after three we were even with the Land's End, and about nine we reached St. Ives.

**Remarkable Service at Gwennap**

Tues. 20.—At Trezathan Downs I preached to two or three thousand people, on the "highway" of the Lord, the way of holiness. We reached Gwennap a little before six, and found the plain covered from end to end. It was supposed there were ten thousand people; to whom I preached Christ our "wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption." I could not conclude till it was so dark we could scarce see one another. And there was on all sides the deepest attention; none speaking, stirring, or scarce looking aside. Surely here, though
in a temple not made with hands, was God worshipped in "the beauty of holiness."

Wed. 21.—I was waked between three and four, by a large company of tinners, who, fearing they should be too late, had gathered round the house, and were singing and praising God. At five I preached once more, on, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." They all devoured the word. O may it be health to their soul, and marrow unto their bones!

We rode to Launceston that day. Thursday, 22. As we were riding through a village called Sticklepath, one stopped me in the street, and asked abruptly, "Is not thy name John Wesley?" Immediately two or three more came up, and told me I must stop there. I did so; and before we had spoke many words, our souls took acquaintance with each other. I found they were called Quakers: but that hurt not me; seeing the love of God was in their hearts.

A Mob at Wednesbury

Thur. Oct. 20.—After preaching to a small, attentive congregation (at Birmingham), I rode to Wednesbury. At twelve I preached in a ground near the middle of the town, to a far larger congregation than was expected, on, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." I believe every one present felt the power of God: and no creature offered to molest us, either going or coming; but the Lord fought for us, and we held our peace.

I was writing at Francis Ward's, in the afternoon, when the cry arose, that the mob had beset the house. We prayed that God would disperse them; and it was so: one went this way, and another that; so that, in half an hour, not a man was left. I told our brethren, "Now
is the time for us to go”; but they pressed me exceedingly to stay. So, that I might not offend them, I sat down, though I foresaw what would follow. Before five the mob surrounded the house again, in greater numbers than ever. The cry of one and all was, “Bring out the minister; we will have the minister.”

I desired one to take their captain by the hand, and bring him into the house. After a few sentences interchanged between us, the lion was become a lamb. I desired him to go and bring one or two more of the most angry of his companions. He brought in two, who were ready to swallow the ground with rage; but in two minutes they were as calm as he. I then bade them make way, that I might go out among the people.

As soon as I was in the midst of them, I called for a chair; and standing up, asked, “What do any of you want with me?” Some said, “We want you to go with us to the justice.” I replied, “That I will, with all my heart.” I then spoke a few words, which God applied; so that they cried out, with might and main, “The gentleman is an honest gentleman, and we will spill our blood in his defence.” I asked, “Shall we go to the justice to-night, or in the morning?” Most of them cried, “To-night, to-night”; on which I went before, and two or three hundred followed; the rest returning whence they came.

The night came on before we had walked a mile, together with heavy rain. However, on we went to Bentley Hall, two miles from Wednesbury. One or two ran before, to tell Mr. Lane they had brought Mr. Wesley before his worship. Mr. Lane replied, “What have I to do with Mr. Wesley? Go and carry him back again.” By this time the main body came up, and began knocking at the door. A servant told them Mr. Lane
was in bed. His son followed, and asked what was the matter. One replied, "Why, an't please you, they sing psalms all day; nay, and make folks rise at five in the morning. And what would your worship advise us to do?" "To go home," said Mr. Lane, "and be quiet."

Wesley in Danger

Here they were all at a full stop, till one advised, to go to Justice Persehouse, at Walsal. All agreed to this, so we hastened on, and about seven came to his house. But Mr. P—— likewise sent word, that he was in bed. Now they were at a stand again; but at last they all thought it the wisest course to make the best of their way home. About fifty of them undertook to convoy me. But we had not gone a hundred yards, when the mob of Walsal came, pouring in like a flood, and bore down all before them. The Darlaston mob made what defence they could; but they were weary, as well as outnumbered: so that in a short time, many being knocked down, the rest ran away, and left me in their hands.

To attempt speaking was vain; for the noise on every side was like the roaring of the sea. So they dragged me along till we came to the town; where seeing the door of a large house open, I attempted to go in; but a man, catching me by the hair, pulled me back into the middle of the mob. They made no more stop till they had carried me through the main street, from one end of the town to the other. I continued speaking all the time to those within hearing, feeling no pain or weariness. At the west end of the town, seeing a door half open, I made toward it, and would have gone in; but a gentleman in the shop would not suffer me, saying, they would pull the house down to the ground. However, I stood at the door, and asked, "Are you willing to hear me
"speak?" Many cried out, "No, no! knock his brains out; down with him; kill him at once." Others said, "Nay, but we will hear him first." I began asking, "What evil have I done? Which of you all have I wronged in word or deed?" And continued speaking for above a quarter of an hour, till my voice suddenly failed: then the floods began to lift up their voice again; many crying out, "Bring him away! bring him away!"

In the mean time my strength and my voice returned, and I broke out aloud in prayer. And now the man who just before headed the mob, turned, and said, "Sir, I will spend my life for you: follow me, and not one soul here shall touch a hair of your head." Two or three of his fellows confirmed his words, and got close to me immediately. At the same time, the gentleman in the shop cried out, "For shame, for shame! Let him go."

An honest butcher, who was a little farther off, said it was a shame they should do thus; and pulled back four or five, one after another, who were running on the most fiercely. The people then, as if it had been by common consent, fell back to the right and left; while those three or four men took me between them, and carried me through them all. But on the bridge the mob rallied again: we therefore went on one side, over the mill-dam, and thence through the meadows; till, a little before ten, God brought me safe to Wednesbury; having lost only one flap of my waistcoat, and a little skin from one of my hands.

His Presence of Mind

I never saw such a chain of providences before; so many convincing proofs, that the hand of God is on
every person and thing, and overruling all as it seemeth Him good.

The poor woman of Darlaston, who had headed that mob, and sworn, that no one should touch me, when she saw her followers give way, ran into the thickest of the throng, and knocked down three or four men, one after another. But many assaulting her at once, she was soon overpowered, and had probably been killed in a few minutes (three men keeping her down and beating her with all their might), had not a man called to one of them, "Hold, Tom, hold!" "Who is there?" said Tom: "what, honest Munchin? Nay, then, let her go." So they held their hand, and let her get up and crawl home as well as she could.

From the beginning to the end I found the same presence of mind, as if I had been sitting in my own study. But I took no thought for one moment before another; only once it came into my mind, that if they should throw me into the river, it would spoil the papers that were in my pocket. For myself, I did not doubt but I should swim across, having but a thin coat, and a light pair of boots.

The circumstances that follow, I thought, were particularly remarkable: 1. That many endeavoured to throw me down while we were going down-hill on a slippery path to the town; as well judging, that if I was once on the ground, I should hardly rise any more. But I made no stumble at all, nor the least slip till I was entirely out of their hands. 2. That although many strove to lay hold on my collar or clothes, to pull me down, they could not fasten at all: only one got fast hold of the flap of my waistcoat, which was soon left in his hand; the other flap, in the pocket of which was a bank note, was torn but half off. 3. That a lusty man just behind
struck at me several times, with a large oaken stick; with which if he had struck me once on the back part of my head, it would have saved him all farther trouble. But every time the blow was turned aside, I know not how; for I could not move to the right hand or left.

“What Soft Hair He Has”

4. That another came rushing through the press, and raising his arm to strike, on a sudden let it drop, and only stroked my head, saying, “What soft hair he has!”
5. That I stopped exactly at the mayor’s door, as if I had known it (which the mob doubtless thought I did), and found him standing in the shop, which gave the first check to the madness of the people. 6. That the very first men whose hearts were turned were the heroes of the town, the captains of the rabble on all occasions, one of them having been a prize-fighter at the bear-garden.
7. That from first to last, I heard none give a reviling word, or call me by any opprobrious name whatever; but the cry of one and all was: “The Preacher! The Preacher! The Parson! The Minister!”
8. That no creature, at least within my hearing, laid anything to my charge, either true or false; having in the hurry quite forgot to provide themselves with an accusation of any kind. And, lastly, that they were as utterly at a loss, what they should do with me; none proposing any determinate thing; only, “Away with him! Kill him at once!”

By how gentle degrees does God prepare us for his will! Two years ago a piece of brick grazed my shoulders. It was a year after that the stone struck me between the eyes. Last month I received one blow, and this evening two; one before we came into the
town, and one after we were gone out; but both were as nothing: for though one man struck me on the breast with all his might, and the other on the mouth with such a force that the blood gushed out immediately, I felt no more pain from either of the blows, than if they had touched me with a straw.

It ought not to be forgotten, that when the rest of the society made all haste to escape for their lives, four only would not stir, William Sitch, Edward Slater, John Griffiths, and Joan Parks: these kept with me, resolving to live or die together; and none of them received one blow, but William Sitch, who held me by the arm, from one end of the town to the other. He was then dragged away and knocked down; but he soon rose and got to me again. I afterwards asked him, what he expected when the mob came upon us? He said, "To die for Him who had died for us"; and he felt no hurry or fear; but calmly waited till God should require his soul of him.

Wesley's Defenders

I asked J. Parks, if she was not afraid when they tore her from me? She said, "No; no more than I am now. I could trust God for you, as well as for myself. From the beginning I had a full persuasion that God would deliver you. I knew not how; but I left that to Him, and was as sure as if it were already done." I asked, if the report was true that she had fought for me. She said, "No; I knew God would fight for His children." And shall these souls perish at the last?

When I came back to Francis Ward's I found many of our brethren waiting upon God. Many also whom I never had seen before came to rejoice with us. And
the next morning, as I rode through the town in my way to Nottingham, every one I met expressed such a cordial affection, that I could scarce believe what I saw and heard.

The Sleepy Magistrates' Proclamation

I cannot close this head without inserting as great a curiosity in its kind as, I believe, was ever yet seen in England; which had its birth within a very few days of this remarkable occurrence at Walsal.

"Staffordshire.

"To all High-Constables, Petty-Constables, and other of his Majesty's Peace Officers, within the said County, and particularly to the Constable of Tipton" (near Walsal):

"Whereas, we, his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the said County of Stafford, have received information that several disorderly persons, styling themselves Methodist Preachers, go about raising routs and riots, to the great damage of his Majesty's liege people, and against the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King:

"These are, in his Majesty's name, to command you and every one of you, within your respective districts, to make diligent search after the said Methodist Preachers, and to bring him or them before some of us his said Majesty's Justices of the Peace, to be examined concerning their unlawful doings.

"Given under our hands and seals, this day of October, 1743.

"J. Lane.
"W. Persehouse."

N.B.—The very justices to whose houses I was carried, and who severally refused to see me!
Sat. 22.—I rode from Nottingham to Epworth, and on Monday set out for Grimsby: but at Ferry we were at a full stop, the boatmen telling us we could not pass the Trent; it was as much as our lives were worth to put from shore before the storm abated. We waited an hour; but, being afraid it would do much hurt, if I should disappoint the congregation at Grimsby, I asked the men if they did not think it possible to get to the other shore: they said, they could not tell; but if we would venture our lives, they would venture theirs. So we put off, having six men, two women, and three horses, in the boat.

Wesley Nearly Drowned

Many stood looking after us on the river-side, in the middle of which we were, when, in an instant, the side of the boat was under water, and the horses and men rolling one over another. We expected the boat to sink every moment; but I did not doubt of being able to swim ashore. The boatmen were amazed as well as the rest; but they quickly recovered and rowed for life. And soon after, our horses leaping overboard, lightened the boat, and we all came unhurt to land.

They wondered what was the matter I did not rise (for I lay along in the bottom of the boat), and I wondered too, till, upon examination, I found that a large iron crow, which the boatmen sometimes used, was (none knew how) run through the string of my boot, which pinned me down that I could not stir; so that if the boat had sunk, I should have been safe enough from swimming any further.

The same day, and, as near as we could judge, the same hour, the boat in which my brother was crossing the Severn, at the New Passage, was carried away by
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the wind, and in the utmost danger of splitting upon the rocks. But the same God, when all human hope was past, delivered them as well as us.

Methodism on the Stage

Mon. 31.—We set out early in the morning, and in the evening came to Newcastle.

Wed. November 2.—The following advertisement was published:

FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. ESTE.

By the Edinburgh Company of Comedians, on Friday, November 4, will be acted a Comedy, called,

THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS;

To which will be added a Farce, called,

TRICK UPON TRICK, OR METHODISM DISPLAYED

On Friday, a vast multitude of spectators were assembled in the Moot Hall to see this. It was believed there could not be less than fifteen hundred people, some hundreds of whom sat on rows of seats built upon the stage. Soon after the comedians had begun the first act of the play, on a sudden all those seats fell down at once, the supporters of them breaking like a rotten stick. The people were thrown one upon another, about five foot forward, but not one of them hurt. After a short time the rest of the spectators were quiet, and the actors went on. In the middle of the second act, all the shilling seats gave a crack, and sunk several inches down. A great noise and shrieking followed; and as many as could readily get to the door, went out, and returned no more. Notwithstanding this, when the noise was over, the actors went on with the play.

In the beginning of the third act the entire stage suddenly sunk about six inches; the players retired
with great precipitation; yet in a while they began again. At the latter end of the third act, all the sixpenny seats, without any kind of notice, fell to the ground. There was now a cry on every side; it being supposed that many were crushed in pieces: but upon inquiry, not a single person (such was the mercy of God!) was either killed or dangerously hurt. Two or three hundred remaining still in the hall, Mr. Este (who was to act the Methodist) came upon the stage and told them, for all this he was resolved the farce should be acted. While he was speaking, the stage sunk six inches more; on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and the people as fast as they could out of the door, none staying to look behind him.

Which is most surprising—that those players acted this farce the next week—or that some hundreds of people came again to see it?

The First Conference

1744. Mon. June 18.—I left Epworth; and on Wednesday, 20, in the afternoon, met my brother in London.

Monday, 25, and the five following days, we spent in conference with many of our brethren (come from several parts), who desire nothing but to save their own souls, and those who hear them. And surely, as long as they continue thus minded, their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

The next day we endeavoured to purge the society of all that did not walk according to the Gospel. By this means we reduced the number of members to less than nineteen hundred. But number is an inconsiderable circumstance. May God increase them in faith and love!
Fri. Aug. 24.—(St. Bartholomew's day.) I preached, I suppose the last time, at St. Mary's [Oxford]. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul.

The Beadle came to me afterwards, and told me the Vice-Chancellor had sent him for my notes. I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading, if I had put it into their hands; but by this means it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the University.

Wesley's Chancery Bill

Thur. Dec. 27.—I called on the solicitor whom I had employed in the suit lately commenced in Chancery; and here I first saw that foul monster, a Chancery bill! A scroll it was of forty-two pages, in large folio, to tell a story which needed not to have taken up forty lines! and stuffed with such stupid senseless, improbable lies (many of them, too, quite foreign to the question) as, I believe, would have cost the compiler his life in any heathen court of either Greece or Rome. And this is equity in a Christian country! This is the English method of redressing other grievances!

1745. Sat. Jan. 5.—I had often wondered at myself (and sometimes mentioned it to others), that ten thousand cares, of various kinds, were no more weight and burden to my mind, than ten thousand hairs were to my head. Perhaps I began to ascribe something of this to my own strength. And thence it might be, that on Sunday, 13, that strength was withheld, and I felt what it was to be troubled about many things. One, and another, hurrying me continually, it seized upon my spiri
more and more, till I found it absolutely necessary to fly for my life; and that without delay. So the next day, Monday, 14, I took horse, and rode away for Bristol. Between Bath and Bristol I was earnestly desired to turn aside, and call at the house of a poor man, William Shalwood. I found him and his wife sick in one bed, and with small hopes of the recovery of either. Yet (after prayer) I believed they would "not die, but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord." The next time I called he was sitting below stairs, and his wife able to go abroad.

As soon as we came into the house at Bristol, my soul was lightened of her load, of that insufferable weight which had lain upon my mind, more or less, for several days. On Sunday, several of our friends from Wales, and other parts, joined with us in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. And every day we found more and more cause to praise God, and to give him thanks for His still increasing benefits.


**Wesley's Effective Letter**

Sun. March 3.—As I was walking up Pilgrim-street, hearing a man call after me, I stood still. He came up, and used much abusive language, intermixed with many oaths and curses. Several people came out to see what was the matter; on which he pushed me twice or thrice, and went away.

Upon inquiry, I found this man had signalized himself a long season, by abusing and throwing stones at any of our family who went that way. Therefore I would not lose the opportunity, but on Monday, 4, sent him the following note:
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"Robert Young,—I expect to see you, between this and Friday, and to hear from you, that you are sensible of your fault; otherwise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged to inform the magistrates of your assaulting me yesterday in the street.

"I am,
"Your real friend,
"John Wesley."

Within two or three hours, Robert Young came and promised a quite different behaviour. So did this gentle reproof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevent a multitude of sins.

Sat. April 6.—Mr. Stephenson, of whom I bought the ground on which our house is built, came at length, after delaying it more than two years, and executed the writings. So I am freed from one more care. May I in every thing make known my request to God!

Press Gang and Methodists

Wed. June 19 (Redruth).—Being informed here of what had befallen Mr. Maxfield, we turned aside toward Crowan church-town. But in the way we received information, that he had been removed from thence the night before. It seems, the valiant constables who guarded him, having received timely notice, that a body of five hundred Methodists were coming to take him away by force, had, with great precipitation, carried him two miles further, to the house of one Henry Tomkins.

Here we found him, nothing terrified by his adversaries. I desired Henry Tomkins to show me the warrant. It was directed by Dr. Borlase, and his father, and Mr. Eustick, to the constables and overseers of several parishes, requiring them to "apprehend
all such able-bodied men as had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance”; and to bring them before the aforesaid gentlemen at Marazion, on Friday, 21, to be examined, whether they were proper persons to serve his Majesty in the land-service.

It was indorsed, by the steward of Sir John St. Aubyn, with the names of seven or eight persons, most of whom were well known to have lawful callings, and a sufficient maintenance thereby. But that was all one: they were called “Methodists”; therefore, soldiers they must be. Underneath was added, “A person, his name unknown, who disturbs the peace of the parish.”

A word to the wise. The good men easily understood, this could be none but the Methodist Preacher; for who “disturbs the peace of the parish” like one who tells all drunkards, whoremongers, and common swearers, “You are in the high road to hell”?

When we came out of the house, forty or fifty myrmidons stood ready to receive us. But I turned full upon them, and their courage failed: nor did they recover till we were at some distance. Then they began blustering again, and throwing stones; one of which struck Mr. Thompson’s servant.

Fri. 21.—We rode to Marazion. (Vulgarly called Market-jew.) Finding the justices were not met, we walked up St. Michael’s Mount. The house at the top is surprisingly large and pleasant. Sir John St. Aubyn had taken much pains, and been at a considerable expense, in repairing and beautifying the apartments; and when the seat was finished, the owner died!

About two, Mr. Thompson and I went into the room where the justices and commissioners were. After a few minutes, Dr. Borlase stood up and asked, whether we had any business. I told him, “We have.” We
desired to be heard concerning one who was lately apprehended at Crowan. He said, "Gentlemen, the business of Crowan does not come on yet. You shall be sent for when it does." So we retired, and waited in another room, till after nine o'clock. They delayed the affair of Mr. Maxfield (as we imagined they would) to the very last. About nine he was called. I would have gone in then; but Mr. Thompson advised to wait a little longer. The next information we received was, that they had sentenced him to go for a soldier. Hearing this, we went straight to the commission chamber. But the honourable gentlemen were gone.

They had ordered Mr. Maxfield to be immediately put on board a boat, and carried for Penzance. We were informed, they had first offered him to a Captain of a man-of-war, that was just come into the harbour. But he answered, "I have no authority to take such men as these, unless you would have me give him so much a week, to preach and pray to my people."

**Reading the Riot Act**

**Sat. 22.**—We reached St. Ives about two in the morning. At five I preached on, "Love your enemies"; and at Gwennap, in the evening, on, "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

We heard to-day, that as soon as Mr. Maxfield came to Penzance, they put him down into the dungeon; and that the mayor being inclined to let him go, Dr. Borlase had gone thither on purpose, and had himself read the Articles of War in the court, and delivered him to one who was to act as an officer.

**Sat. 29.**—I preached at St. Just again, and at Morva and Zennor on Sunday, 30. About six in the evening,
I began preaching at St. Ives, in the street, near John Nance's door. A multitude of people were quickly assembled, both high and low, rich and poor; and I observed not any creature to laugh or smile, or hardly move hand or foot. I expounded the Gospel for the day, beginning with, "Then drew near all the publicans and sinners for to hear Him." A little before seven came Mr. Edwards from the mayor, and ordered one to read the proclamation against riots. I concluded quickly after; but the body of the people appeared utterly unsatisfied, not knowing how to go away. Forty or fifty of them begged they might be present at the meeting of the society; and we rejoiced together for an hour in such a manner as I had never known before in Cornwall.

Tues. July 2.—I preached in the evening at St. Just. I observed not only several gentlemen there, who I suppose never came before, but a large body of tinners, who stood at a distance from the rest; and a great multitude of men, women, and children, beside, who seemed not well to know why they came. Almost as soon as we had done singing, a kind of gentlewoman began. I have seldom seen a poor creature take so much pains. She scolded, and screamed, and spit and stamped, and wrung her hands, and distorted her face and body all manner of ways. I took no notice of her at all, good or bad; nor did almost any one else. Afterwards I heard she was one that had been bred a Papist; and when she heard we were so, rejoiced greatly. No wonder she would be proportionally angry, when she was disappointed of her hope.

Mr. Eustick, a neighbouring gentleman, came, just as I was concluding my sermon. The people opening to the right and left, he came up to me, and said, "Sir, I have a warrant from Dr. Borlase, and you must go with
me." Then, turning round, he said, "Sir, are you Mr. Shepherd? If so, you are mentioned in the warrant too. Be pleased, Sir, to come with me." We walked with him to a public-house, near the end of the town. Here he asked me, if I was willing to go with him to the doctor. I told him, just then, if he pleased. "Sir," said he, "I must wait upon you to your inn; and in the morning, if you will be so good as to go with me, I will show you the way." So he handed me back to my inn and retired.

Wesley Seized for Soldier

Wed. 3.—I waited till nine; but no Mr. Eustick came. I then desired Mr. Shepherd to go and inquire for him at the house wherein he had lodged; he met him, coming, as he thought, to our inn. But after waiting some time, we inquired again, and learned he had turned aside to another house in the town. I went thither, and asked, "Is Mr. Eustick here?" After some pause, one said, "Yes"; and showed me into the parlour. When he came down, he said, "O Sir, will you be so good as to go with me to the doctor's?" I answered, "Sir, I came for that purpose." "Are you ready, Sir?" I answered, "Yes." "Sir, I am not quite ready. In a little time, Sir, in a quarter of an hour, I will wait upon you. I will come to William Chenhall's."

In about three quarters of an hour he came, and finding there was no remedy, he called for his horse, and put forward towards Dr. Borlase's house; but he was in no haste; so that we were an hour and a quarter riding three or four measured miles. As soon as we came into the yard, he asked a servant, "Is the doctor at home?" upon whose answering, "No, Sir, he is gone to church"; he presently said, "Well, Sir, I have executed my
commission. I have done, Sir; I have no more to say."

About noon Mr. Shepherd and I reached St. Ives. After a few hours' rest, we rode to Gwennap. Finding the house would not contain one fourth of the people, I stood before the door. I was reading my text, when a man came, raging as if just broke out of the tombs; and, riding into the thickest of the people, seized three or four, one after another, none lifting up a hand against him. A second (gentleman, so called) soon came after, if possible, more furious than he; and ordered his men to seize on some others, Mr. Shepherd in particular. Most of the people, however, stood still as they were before, and began singing an hymn.

Upon this Mr. B. lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, "Seize him, seize him. I say, seize the Preacher for his Majesty's service." But no one stirring, he rode up and struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were bid. Perceiving still that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my servant taking his horse, he took me by the arm, and we walked arm in arm for about three quarters of a mile. He entertained me all the time, with the "wickedness of the fellows belonging to the society." When he was taking breath, I said, "Sir, be they what they will, I apprehend it will not justify you, in seizing me in this manner, and violently carrying me away, as you said, to serve his Majesty." He replied, "I seize you! And violently carry you away! No, Sir, no. Nothing like it. I asked you to go with me to my house, and you said you was willing; and if so, you are welcome; and if not, you are welcome to go where you please."
answered, "Sir, I know not if it would be safe for me to go back through this rabble." "Sir," said he, "I will go with you myself." He then called for his horse, and another for me, and rode back with me to the place from whence he took me.

**Dramatic Scenes at Falmouth**

Thur. 4.—I rode to Falmouth. About three in the afternoon I went to see a gentlewoman who had been long indisposed. Almost as soon as I sat down, the house was beset on all sides by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm. At first Mrs. B. and her daughter endeavoured to quiet them. But it was labour lost. They might as well have attempted to still the raging of the sea. They were soon glad to shift for themselves, and leave K. E. and me to do as well as we could. The rabble roared with all their throats, "Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?" (an unmeaning word which the Cornish generally use instead of Methodist).

No answer being given, they quickly forced open the outer door, and filled the passage. Only a wainscot-partition was between us, which was not likely to stand long. I immediately took down a large looking-glass which hung against it, supposing the whole side would fall in at once. When they began their work with abundance of bitter imprecations, poor Kitty was utterly astonished, and cried out, "O Sir, what must we do?" I said, "We must pray." Indeed at that time, to all appearance, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase. She asked, "But, Sir, is it not better for you to hide yourself? to get into the closet?" I answered, "No. It is best for me to stand just where I am." Among those without,
were the crews of some privateers, which were lately come into harbour. Some of these, being angry at the slowness of the rest, thrust them away, and, coming up all together, set their shoulders to the inner door, and cried out, “Avast, lads, avast!” Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room.

I stepped forward at once into the midst of them, and said, “Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me. To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? Or you? Or you?” I continued speaking till I came, bare-headed as I was (for I purposely left my hat that they might all see my face), into the middle of the street, and then raising my voice, said, “Neighbours, countrymen! Do you desire to hear me speak?” They cried vehemently, “Yes, yes. He shall speak. He shall. Nobody shall hinder him.” But having nothing to stand on, and no advantage of ground, I could be heard by few only. However, I spoke without intermission, and, as far as the sound reached, the people were still; till one or two of their captains turned about and swore, not a man should touch him.

Mr. Thomas, a clergyman, then came up, and asked, “Are you not ashamed to use a stranger thus?” He was soon seconded by two or three gentlemen of the town, and one of the aldermen; with whom I walked down the town, speaking all the time, till I came to Mrs. Maddern’s house. The gentlemen proposed sending for my horse to the door, and desired me to step in and rest the mean time. But, on second thoughts, they judged it not advisable to let me go out among the people again: so they chose to send my horse before me to Pentryn, and to send me thither by water; the sea running close by the back-door of the house in which we were.
I never saw before, no, not at Walsal itself, the hand of God so plainly shown as here. There I had many companions who were willing to die with me: here, not a friend, but one simple girl, who likewise was hurried away from me in an instant, as soon as ever she came out of Mrs. B.'s door. There I received some blows, lost part of my clothes, and was covered over with dirt: here, although the hands of perhaps some hundreds of people were lifted up to strike or throw, yet they were one and all stopped in the mid-way; so that not a man touched me with one of his fingers; neither was anything thrown from first to last; so that I had not even a speck of dirt on my clothes. Who can deny that God heareth the prayer, or that He hath all power in heaven and earth?

"I Am John Wesley"

I took boat at about half an hour past five. Many of the mob waited at the end of the town, who, seeing me escaped out of their hands, could only revenge themselves with their tongues. But a few of the fiercest ran along the shore, to receive me at my landing. I walked up the steep narrow passage from the sea, at the top of which the foremost man stood. I looked him in the face, and said, "I wish you a good night." He spake not, nor moved hand or foot till I was on horseback. Then he said, "I wish you was in hell," and turned back to his companions.

As soon as I came within sight of Tol carn (in Wendron parish), where I was to preach in the evening, I was met by many, running as it were for their lives, and begging me to go no further. I asked, "Why not?" They said, "The churchwardens and constables, and all the heads of the parish, are waiting
for you at the top of the hill, and are resolved to have you: they have a special warrant from the justices met at Helstone, who will stay there till you are brought." I rode directly up the hill, and observing four or five horsemen, well dressed, went straight to them, and said, "Gentlemen, has any of you anything to say to me?—I am John Wesley."

One of them appeared extremely angry at this, that I should presume to say I was "Mr. John Wesley." And I know not how I might have fared for advancing so bold an assertion, but that Mr. Collins, the minister of Redruth (accidently, as he said) came by. Upon his accosting me, and saying he knew me at Oxford, my first antagonist was silent, and a dispute of another kind began: whether this preaching had done any good. I appealed to matter of fact. He allowed (after many words), "People are the better for the present"; but added, "To be sure, by and by they will be as bad, if not worse than ever."

When he rode away, one of the riders said, "Sir, I would speak with you a little; let us ride to the gate." We did so, and he said, "Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say, that you have been a long time in France and Spain, and are now sent hither by the Pretender; and that these societies are to join him." Nay, surely "all the gentlemen in these parts" will not lie against their own conscience!

I rode hence to a friend's house, some miles off, and found the sleep of a labouring man is sweet. I was informed there were many here also who had an earnest desire to hear "this preaching," but they did not dare; Sir —— V——n having solemnly declared, nay, and that in the face of the whole congregation, as they were
coming out of church, "If any man of this parish dares hear these fellows, he shall not come to my Christmas-feast!"

Sat. 6.—I rode with Mr. Shepherd to Gwennap. Here also we found the people in the utmost consternation. Word was brought, that a great company of tippers, made drunk on purpose, were coming to do terrible things. I laboured much to compose their minds; but fear had no ears; so that abundance of people went away. I preached to the rest, on, "Love your enemies." The event showed this also was a false alarm, an artifice of the devil, to hinder men from hearing the word of God.

Wesley Pushed from a High Wall

Sun. 7.—I preached, at five, to a quiet congregation, and about eight, at Stithians. Between six and seven in the evening we came to Tolcarn. Hearing the mob was rising again, I began preaching immediately. I had not spoke a quarter of an hour before they came in view. One Mr. Trounce rode up first, and began speaking to me, wherein he was roughly interrupted by his companions. Yet, as I stood on a high wall, and kept my eyes upon them, many were softened, and grew calmer and calmer; which some of their champions observing, went round and suddenly pushed me down. I light on my feet, without any hurt; and finding myself close to the warmest of the horsemen, I took hold of his hand and held it fast, while I expostulated the case. As for being convinced, he was quite above it; however, both he and his fellows grew much milder, and we parted very civilly.

Mon. 8.—I preached at five, on, "Watch and pray," to a quiet and earnest congregation. We then rode on
to St. Ives, the most still and honourable post (so are the times changed) which we have in Cornwall.

Tues. 9.—I had just begun preaching at St. Just, when Mr. E. came once more, took me by the hand, and said, I must go with him. To avoid making a tumult, I went. He said, I had promised, last week, not to come again to St. Just for a month. I absolutely denied the having made any such promise. After about half an hour, he handed me back to my inn.

Riot Act and a Sermon

Wed. 10.—In the evening I began to expound (at Trevonan, in Morva), "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." In less than a quarter of an hour, the constable and his companions came, and read the proclamation against riots. When he had done, I told him, "We will do as you require: we will disperse within an hour"; and went on with my sermon. After preaching, I had designed to meet the society alone. But many others also followed with such earnestness, that I could not turn them back: so I exhorted them all, to love their enemies, as Christ hath loved us. They felt what was spoken.

Thur. 25.—I came back safe, blessed be God, to Bristol. I found both my soul and body much refreshed in this peaceful place. Thursday, August 1, and the following days, we had our second Conference, with as many of our brethren that labour in the word as could be present.

Pelted by the Mob at Leeds

Mon. Sept. 9.—I left London, and the next morning called on Dr. Doddridge, at Northampton. It was about the hour when he was accustomed to expound a
portion of Scripture to young gentlemen under his care. He desired me to take his place. It may be the seed was not altogether sown in vain.

Thur. 12.—I came to Leeds, preached at five, and at eight met the society; after which the mob pelted us with dirt and stones great part of the way home. The congregation was much larger next evening; and so was the mob at our return, and likewise in higher spirits, being ready to knock out all our brains for joy that the Duke of Tuscany was Emperor. What a melancholy consideration is this! that the bulk of the English nation will not suffer God to give them the blessings he would; because they would turn them into curses. He cannot, for instance, give them success against their enemies; for they would tear their own countrymen in pieces: he cannot trust them with victory, lest they should thank him by murdering those that are quiet in the land.

Great Excitement at Newcastle

Wed. 18.—About five we came to Newcastle, in an acceptable time. We found the generality of the inhabitants in the utmost consternation; news being just arrived, that, the morning before, at two o’clock, the Pretender had entered Edinburgh. A great concourse of people were with us in the evening, to whom I expounded the third chapter of Jonah; insisting particularly on that verse, “Who can tell, if God will return, and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not?”

Thur. 19.—The mayor (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town to meet him at the townhall; and desired as many of them as were willing, to set their hands to a paper, importing that they would, at
the hazard of their goods and lives, defend the town against the common enemy. Fear and darkness were now on every side; but not on those who had seen the light of God's countenance. We rejoiced together in the evening with solemn joy, while God applied those words to many hearts, "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified."

Fri. 20.—The mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now, also, Pilgrim-street gate was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for us, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in him.

I had desired all our brethren to join with us this day in seeking God by fasting and prayer. About one we met, and poured out our souls before him; and we believed he would send an answer of peace.

**Wesley's Letter to the Mayor**

Sat. 21.—The same day the action was, came the news of General Cope's defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling of the guard, and for walling up Pandon and Sally-port gates. In the afternoon I wrote the following letter:

"To the Worshipful the Mayor of Newcastle.

"Sir,—My not waiting upon you at the town-hall was not owing to any want of respect. I reverence you for your office' sake; and much more for your zeal in the execution of it. I would to God every magistrate in the land would copy after such an example! Much less was it owing to any disaffection to his Majesty King
George. But I knew not how far it might be either necessary or proper for me to appear on such an occasion. I have no fortune at Newcastle: I have only the bread I eat, and the use of a little room for a few weeks in the year.

"All I can do for his Majesty, whom I honour and love—I think not less than I did my own father—is this, I cry unto God, day by day, in public and in private, to put all his enemies to confusion: and I exhort all that hear me to do the same; and, in their several stations, to exert themselves as loyal subjects; who, so long as they fear God, cannot but honour the King.

"Permit me, Sir, to add a few words more, out of the fulness of my heart. I am persuaded you fear God, and have a deep sense that His Kingdom ruleth over all. Unto whom, then (I may ask you), should we flee for succour, but unto Him whom, by our sins, we have justly displeased? O, Sir, is it not possible to give any check to these overflowings of ungodliness? to the open, flagrant wickedness, the drunkenness and profane-ness, which so abound, even in our streets? I just take leave to suggest this. May the God whom you serve direct you in this, and all things! This is the daily prayer of, Sir,

"Your obedient servant, for Christ's sake,

"J. W."

Preaching under Difficulties.

Sun. 22.—The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Meantime our poor neighbours, on either hand, were busy in removing their goods. And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants.
Those within the walls were almost equally busy in carrying away their money and goods; and more and more of the gentry every hour rode southward as fast as they could. At eight I preached at Gateshead, in a broad part of the street, near the Popish chapel, on the wisdom of God in governing the world. How do all things tend to the furtherance of the Gospel!

All this week the alarms from the north continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would still stay without the walls: others told us we must remove quickly; for if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look how the cannons on the gates were planted; and I could not but adore the providence of God, for it was obvious, 1. They were all planted in such a manner, that no shot could touch our house. 2. The cannon on New-gate so secured us on one side, and those upon Pilgrim-street gate on the other, that none could come near our house, either way, without being torn in pieces.

On Friday and Saturday many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses, and arms. Among those who came from the north was one whom the mayor ordered to be apprehended, on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone he cut his own throat; but a surgeon coming quickly, sewed up the wound, so that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented.

Sun. 29.—Advice came that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach Newcastle by Monday evening. At eight I called on a
multitude of sinners in Gateshead, to seek the Lord while he might be found. Mr. Ellison preached another earnest sermon, and all the people seemed to bend before the Lord. In the afternoon I expounded part of the lesson for the day—Jacob wrestling with the angel. The congregation was so moved, that I began again and again, and knew not how to conclude. And we cried mightily to God to send his Majesty King George help from his holy place, and to spare a sinful land yet a little longer, if haply they might know the day of their visitation.

The Blasphemous Troops

**Tues. Oct. 8.**—I wrote to General Husk as follows:

"A surly man came to me this evening, as he said, from you. He would not deign to come up stairs to me, nor so much as into the house; but stood in the yard till I came, and then obliged me to go with him into the street, where he said, 'You must pull down the battlements of your house, or to-morrow the General will pull them down for you.'

"Sir, to me this is nothing. But I humbly conceive it would not be proper for this man, whoever he is, to behave in such a manner to any other of his Majesty's subjects, at so critical a time as this.

"I am ready, if it may be for his Majesty's service, to pull not only the battlements, but the house down; or to give up any part of it, or the whole, into your Excellency's hands."

**Sat. 16.**—I sent Alderman Ridley the following letter:

"**Sir,**—The fear of God, the love of my country, and the regard I have for his Majesty King George, constrain
me to write a few plain words to one who is no stranger to these principles of action.

"My soul has been pained day by day, even in walking the streets of Newcastle, at the senseless, shameless wickedness, the ignorant profaneness, of the poor men to whom our lives are entrusted. The continual cursing and swearing, the wanton blasphemy of the soldiers in general, must needs be a torture to the sober ear, whether of a Christian or an honest infidel. Can any that either fear God, or love their neighbour, hear this without concern? especially if they consider the interest of our country, as well as of these unhappy men themselves. For can it be expected, that God should be on their side who are daily affronting him to his face? And if God be not on their side, how little will either their number, or courage, or strength avail?

"Is there no man that careth for these souls? Doubtless there are some who ought so to do. But many of these, if I am rightly informed, receive large pay, and do just nothing.

"I would to God it were in my power, in any degree, to supply their lack of service. I am ready to do what in me lies, to call these poor sinners to repentance, once or twice a day (while I remain in these parts), at any hour, or at any place. And I desire no pay at all for doing this; unless what my Lord shall give at his appearing.

"Having myself no knowledge of the General, I took the liberty to make this offer to you. I have no interest herein; but I should rejoice to serve, as I am able, my King and country. If it be judged, that this will be of no real service, let the proposal die, and be forgotten. But I beg you, Sir, to believe, that I have the same
Nov. 1745 COMMOTION AT LEEDS

glorious cause, for which you have shown so becoming a zeal, earnestly at heart; and that therefore I am, with warm respect,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient servant."

Sun. 27.—I received a message from Mr. Ridley, that he would communicate my proposal to the General, and return me his answer as soon as possible.

Having now delivered my own soul, on Monday, Nov. 4, I left Newcastle. Before nine we met several expresses, sent to countermand the march of the army into Scotland; and to inform them, that the rebels had passed the Tweed, and were marching southward.

Bonfires Everywhere

Tues. 5.—In the evening I came to Leeds, and found the town full of bonfires, and people shouting, firing of guns, cursing and swearing, as the English manner of keeping holidays is. I immediately sent word to some of the magistrates, of what I had heard on the road. This ran through the town, as it were, in an instant: and I hope it was a token for good. The hurry in the streets was quashed at once—some of the bonfires indeed remained; but scarce any one was to be seen about them, but a few children warming their hands.

Thur. 7.—I rode to Stayley Hall, in Cheshire, after many interruptions in the way, by those poor tools of watchmen, who stood with great solemnity at the end of almost every village. I preached there on Mark i. 15, and rode on to Bradbury Green.

Fri. 8.—Understanding that a neighbouring gentleman, Dr. C., had affirmed to many, that Mr. Wesley was now with the Pretender, near Edinburgh, I wrote him a few
lines. It may be, he will have a little more regard to truth, or shame, for the time to come.

**Wesley and Faith-healing**

1746. Mon. March 17.—I took my leave of Newcastle, and set out with Mr. Downes and Mr. Shepherd. But when we came to Smeton, Mr. Downes was so ill, that he could go no further. When Mr. Shepherd and I left Smeton, my horse was so exceeding lame that I was afraid I must have lain by too. We could not discern what it was that was amiss; and yet he would scarce set his foot to the ground. By riding thus seven miles, I was thoroughly tired, and my head ached more than it had done for some months. (What I here aver is the naked fact: let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought, “Cannot God heal either man or beast, by any means, or without any?” Immediately my weariness and head-ache ceased, and my horse’s lameness in the same instant. Nor did he halt any more either that day or the next. A very odd accident this also!

Fri. May 30 (Bristol).—I light upon a poor, pretty, fluttering thing, lately come from Ireland, and going to be a singer at the play-house. She went in the evening to the chapel, and thence to the watch-night, and was almost persuaded to be a Christian. Her convictions continued strong for a few days; but then her old acquaintance found her, and we saw her no more.

Sun. July 6 (London).—After talking largely with both the men and women leaders, we agreed it would prevent great expense, as well of health as of time and of money, if the poorer people of our society could be persuaded to leave off drinking of tea. We resolved ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected
some difficulty in breaking off a custom of six-and-twenty years’ standing. And, accordingly, the three first days, my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half asleep from morning till night. The third day, on Wednesday, in the afternoon, my memory failed, almost entirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On Thursday morning my head-ache was gone. My memory was as strong as ever. And I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this.

Thur. 17.—I finished the little collection which I had made among my friends for a lending-stock: it did not amount to thirty pounds; which a few persons afterwards made up fifty. And by this inconsiderable sum, above two hundred and fifty persons were relieved in one year.

Wesley Encounters Severe Weather

1747. Tues. Feb. 10 (London).—My brother returned from the north, and I prepared to supply his place there. Sunday, 15. I was very weak and faint; but on Monday, 16, I rose soon after three, lively and strong, and found all my complaints were fled away like a dream.

I was wondering, the day before, at the mildness of the weather; such as seldom attends me in my journeys. But my wonder now ceased: the wind was turned full north, and blew so exceeding hard and keen, that when we came to Hatfield, neither my companions nor I had much use of our hands or feet. After resting an hour, we bore up again through the wind and snow, which drove full in our faces. But this was only a squall. In Baldock-field the storm began in earnest. The large hail drove so vehemently in our that we could not
see, nor hardly breathe. However, before two o'clock we reached Baldock, where one met and conducted us safe to Potten.

About six I preached to a serious congregation. Tuesday, 17. We set out as soon as it was well light; but it was really hard work to get forward; for the frost would not well bear or break; and the untracked snow covering all the roads, we had much ado to keep our horses on their feet. Meantime the wind rose higher and higher, till it was ready to overturn both man and beast. However, after a short bait at Bugden, we pushed on, and were met in the middle of an open field with so violent a storm of rain and hail, as we had not had before. It drove through our coats, great and small, boots, and everything, and yet froze as it fell, even upon our eye-brows; so that we had scarce either strength or motion left, when we came into our inn at Stilton.

We now gave up our hopes of reaching Grantham, the snow falling faster and faster. However, we took the advantage of a fair blast to set out, and made the best of our way to Stamford-heath. But here a new difficulty arose, from the snow lying in large drifts. Sometimes horse and man were well nigh swallowed up. Yet in less than an hour we were brought safe to Stamford. Being willing to get as far as we could, we made but a short stop here; and about sunset came, cold and weary, yet well, to a little town called Brig-casterton.

Wed. 18.—Our servant came up and said, "Sir, there is no travelling to-day. Such a quantity of snow has fallen in the night, that the roads are quite filled up." I told him, "At least we can walk twenty miles a day, with our horses in our hands." So in the name of God we set out. The north-east wind was piercing as a sword, and had driven the snow into such uneven heaps,
June 1747 PREACHING ON A TOMBSTONE

that the main road was unpassable. However, we kept on, a-foot or on horseback, till we came to the White Lion at Grantham.

Some from Grimsby had appointed to meet us here; but not hearing anything of them (for they were at another house, by mistake), after an hour's rest, we set out straight for Epworth. On the road we overtook a clergyman and his servant; but the tooth-ache quite shut my mouth. We reached Newark about five.

Preaching to the Lead Miners

Tues. March 24.—I rode to Blanchland, about twenty miles from Newcastle. The rough mountains round about were still white with snow. In the midst of them is a small winding valley, through which the Derwent runs. On the edge of this the little town stands, which is indeed little more than a heap of ruins. There seems to have been a large cathedral church, by the vast walls which still remain. I stood in the churchyard, under one side of the building, upon a large tomb-stone, round which, while I was at prayers all the congregation kneeled down on the grass. They were gathered out of the lead-mines from all parts; many from Allandale, six miles off. A row of little children sat under the opposite wall, all quiet and still. The whole congregation drank in every word with such earnestness in their looks, I could not but hope that God will make this wilderness sing for joy.

Wed. June 24.—We rode (from Bristol) to Beercrocomb, hoping to reach Tavistock the next day. So we set out at three. The rain began at four. We reached Colestock, dropping wet, before seven. The rain ceased while we were in the house, but began when we took horse, and attended us all the way to Exeter. While
we stayed here to dry our clothes, I took the opportunity of writing "A Word to a Freeholder." Soon after three we set out: but it was near eight before we could reach Oakhampton.

Fri. 26.—We came to Tavistock before noon; but it being market-day, I did not preach till five in the evening. The rain began almost as soon as we began singing, and drove many out of the field. After preaching (leaving Mr. Swindells there) I went on for Plymouth-dock.

**How Wesley Dealt with a Mob**

Within two miles of Plymouth, one overtook and informed us, that, the night before, all the Dock was in an uproar; and a constable, endeavouring to keep the peace, was beaten and much hurt. As we were entering the Dock, one met us, and desired we would go the back-way: "For," said he, "there are thousands of people waiting about Mr. Hide's door." We rode up straight into the midst of them. They saluted us with three huzzas; after which I alighted, took several of them by the hand, and began to talk with them. I would gladly have passed an hour among them; and believe, if I had, there had been an end of the riot. But the day being far spent (for it was past nine o'clock), I was persuaded to go in. The mob then recovered their spirits, and fought valiantly with the doors and windows; but about ten they were weary, and went every man to his own home.

Sat. 27.—I preached at four, and then spoke severally to part of the society. As yet I have found only one person among them who knew the love of God, before my brother came. No wonder the devil was so still; for his goods were in peace.
June 1747 MOB-LEADER PROTECTS WESLEY 151

About six in the evening, I went to the place where I preached the last year. A little before we had ended the hymn, came the Lieutenant, a famous man, with his retinue of soldiers, drummers, and mob. When the drums ceased, a gentleman barber began to speak: but his voice was quickly drowned in the shouts of the multitude, who grew fiercer and fiercer, as their numbers increased. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, perceiving the violence of the rabble still increasing, I walked down into the thickest of them, and took the captain of the mob by the hand. He immediately said, “Sir, I will see you safe home. Sir, no man shall touch you. Gentlemen, stand off: give back. I will knock the first man down that touches him.” We walked on in great peace; my conductor every now and then stretching out his neck (he was a very tall man) and looking round, to see if any behaved rudely, till we came to Mr. Hide's door. We then parted in much love. I stayed in the street near half an hour after he was gone, talking with the people, who had now forgot their anger, and went away in high good humour.

Sun. 28.—I preached at five, on the Common, to a well-behaved, earnest congregation: and at eight near the room, on, “Seek ye the Lord, while He may be found.” The congregation was much larger than before, and equally serious and attentive. At ten I went to church. Mr. Barlow preached an useful sermon, on, “God be merciful to me a sinner”; and a thundering one in the afternoon, on, “Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

Mon. 29.—I took horse between three and four, and reached Perranwell, three miles beyond Truro, about six. I preached to a very large congregation
at seven; and the word was as the rain on the tender herb.

Tues. 30.—We came to St. Ives before Morning Prayers, and walked to church without so much as one huzza. How strangely has one year changed the scene in Cornwall! This is now a peaceable, nay, honourable station. They give us good words almost in every place. What have we done, that the world should be so civil to us?

Wed. July 1.—I spoke severally to all those who had votes in the ensuing election. I found them such as I desired. Not one would even eat or drink at the expense of him for whom he voted. Five guineas had been given to W. C., but he returned them immediately. T. M. positively refused to accept any thing. And when he heard that his mother had received money privately, he could not rest till she gave him the three guineas, which he instantly sent back.

Thursday 2, was the day of election for Parliamentmen. It was begun and ended without any hurry at all. I had a large congregation in the evening, among whom two or three roared for the disquietness of their heart: as did many at the meeting which followed; particularly those who had lost their first love.

Thurs. Aug. 13 (Dublin).—We walked in the afternoon to see two persons that were sick near Phœnix Park. That part of it which joins to the city is sprinkled up and down with trees, not unlike Hyde Park. But about a mile from the town is a thick grove of old, tall oaks; and in the centre of this, a round, open green (from which are vistas of all four ways), with a handsome stone pillar in the midst, having a Phœnix on the top.

I continued reaching, morning and evening, to
many more than the house would contain, and had more and more reason to hope they would not all be unfruitful hearers.

Sun. Sept. 27 (London).—I preached in Moorfields, morning and evening, and continued so to do till November. I know no church in London (that in West-street excepted) where there is so serious a congregation.

Mon. 28.—I talked with one who, a little time before, was so overwhelmed with affliction, that she went out one night to put an end to it all, by throwing herself into the New River. As she went by the Foundery (it being a watch-night), she heard some people singing. She stopped, and went in; she listened awhile, and God spoke to her heart. She had no more desire to put an end to her life; but to die to sin, and live to God.

The Bargemen and their Clubs

Mon. Nov. 2.—I preached at Windsor at noon, and in the afternoon rode to Reading. Mr. J. R. had just sent his brother word, that he had hired a mob to pull down his preaching-house that night. In the evening Mr. S. Richards overtook a large company of bargemen walking towards it, whom he immediately accosted, and asked, if they would go with him and hear a good sermon; telling them, “I will make room for you, if you were as many more.” They said, they would go with all their hearts. “But neighbours,” said he, “would it not be as well to leave those clubs behind you? Perhaps some of the women may be frightened at them.” They threw them all away, and walked quietly with him to the house, where he set them in a pew.

In the conclusion of my sermon, one of them who used to be their captain, being the head taller than his
fellows, rose up, and looking round the congregation, said, "The gentleman says nothing but what is good; I say so; and there is not a man here that shall dare to say otherwise."

Remarkable Accident to Wesley

1748. Thur. Jan. 28.—I set out for Deverel Longbridge. About ten o'clock we were met by a loaded waggon, in a deep, hollow way. There was a narrow path between the road and the bank: I stepped into this, and John Trembath followed me. When the waggon came near, my horse began to rear, and to attempt climbing up the bank. This terrified the horse which was close behind, and made him prance and throw his head to and fro, till the bit of the bridle caught hold of the cape of my great coat, and pulled me backward off my horse. I fell as exact on the path, between the waggon and the bank, as if one had taken me in his arms and laid me down there. Both our horses stood stock still, one just behind me, the other before; so, by the blessing of God, I rose unhurt, mounted again, and rode on.

Sat. Feb. 6.—I preached at eight in the morning at Bath, and in the evening at Coleford. The colliers of this place were "darkness" indeed; but now they are "light in the Lord."

Tues. 9.—I met about sixty of the society in Bristol, to consult about enlarging the room; and indeed securing it, for there was no small danger of its falling upon our heads. In two or three days, two hundred and thirty pounds were subscribed. We immediately procured experienced builders to make an estimate of the expense; and I appointed five stewards (besides those of the society) to superintend the work.
Fri. 12.—After preaching at Oakhill about noon, I rode to Shepton, and found them all under a strange consternation. A mob, they said, was hired, prepared, and made sufficiently drunk, in order to do all manner of mischief. I began preaching between four and five: none hindered or interrupted at all. We had a blessed opportunity, and the hearts of many were exceedingly comforted. I wondered what was become of the mob. But we were quickly informed: they mistook the place, imagining I should alight (as I used to do) at William Stone's house, and had summoned, by drum, all their forces together, to meet me at my coming: but Mr. Mr. Swindells innocently carrying me to the other end of the town, they did not find their mistake till I had done preaching: so that the hindering this, which was one of their designs, was utterly disappointed.

However, they attended us from the preaching-house to William Stone's, throwing dirt, stones, and clods, in abundance: but they could not hurt us; only Mr. Swindells had a little dirt on his coat, and I a few specks on my hat.

A Shower of Stones

After we were gone into the house, they began throwing great stones, in order to break the door. But perceiving this would require some time, they dropped that design for the present. They first broke all the tiles on the pent-house over the door, and then poured in a shower of stones at the windows. One of their captains, in his great zeal, had followed us into the house, and was now shut in with us. He did not like this, and would fain have got out; but it was not possible; so he kept as close to me as he could, thinking himself safe when he was near me: but, staying a little behind—when I went up two pair of stairs, and
stood close on one side, where we were a little sheltered—a large stone struck him on the forehead, and the blood spouted out like a stream. He cried out, "O Sir, are we to die to-night? What must I do? What must I do?" I said, "Pray to God. He is able to deliver you from all danger." He took my advice, and began praying in such a manner as he had scarce done ever since he was born.

Mr. Swindells and I then went to prayer; after which I told him, "We must not stay here; we must go down immediately." He said, "Sir, we cannot stir; you see how the stones fly about." I walked straight through the room, and down the stairs; and not a stone came in, till we were at the bottom. The mob had just broke open the door when we came into the lower room; and exactly while they burst in at one door, we walked out at the other. Nor did one man take any notice of us, though we were within five yards of each other.

A Horrible Proposition

They filled the house at once, and proposed setting it on fire. But one of them, happening to remember that his own house was next, with much ado persuaded them not to do it. Hearing one of them cry out, "They are gone over the grounds," I thought the advice was good; so we went over the grounds, to the farther end of the town, where Abraham Jenkins waited, and undertook to guide us to Oakhill.

I was riding on in Shepton Lane, it being now quite dark, when he cried out, "Come down: come down from the bank." I did as I was bid; but the bank being high, and the side very near perpendicular, I came down all at once, my horse and I tumbling one over another. But we both rose unhurt.
Sat. April 9.—I preached in Connaught, a few miles from Athlone. Many heard; but, I doubt, felt nothing. The Shannon comes within a mile of the house where I preached. I think there is not such another river in Europe: it is here ten or twelve miles over, though scarce thirty miles from its fountain-head. There are many islands in it, once well inhabited, but now mostly desolate. In almost every one is the ruins of a church: in one, the remains of no less than seven. I fear, God hath still a controversy with this land, because it is defiled with blood.

Incidents in Ireland

Sun. 10 (Easter-day).—Never was such a congregation seen before at the sacrament in Athlone. I preached at three. Abundance of Papists flocked to hear; so that the priest, seeing his command did not avail, came in person at six, and drove them away before him like a flock of sheep.

Tues. 12.—I rode to Clara, where I was quickly informed, that there was to begin in an hour’s time a famous cockfight, to which almost all the country was coming from every side. Hoping to engage some part of them in a better employ, I began preaching in the street, as soon as possible. One or two hundred stopped, and listened a while, and pulled off their hats, and forgot their diversion.

The congregation at Tullamore in the evening was larger than ever before, and deep attention sat on every face. Toward the latter end of the sermon, there began a violent storm of hail. I desired the people to cover their heads; but the greater part of them would not; nor did any one go away till I concluded my discourse.

Fri. 15.—I rode to Edinderry. Abundance of people
were quickly gathered together. Having been disturbed in the night by Mr. Swindells, who lay with me, and had a kind of apoplectic fit, I was not at all well about noon, when I began to preach, in a large walk, on one side of the town, and the sun shone hot upon my head, which had been aching all the day; but I forgot this before I had spoken long; and when I had finished my discourse, I left all my weariness and pain behind, and rode on, in perfect health to Dublin.

Sat. 23.—I read, some hours, an extremely dull book, Sir James Ware's "Antiquities of Ireland." By the vast number of ruins which are seen in all parts, I had always suspected what he shows at large, namely, that in ancient times it was more populous, tenfold, than it is now; many that were large cities, being now ruinous heaps; many shrunk into inconsiderable villages.

I visited one in the afternoon who was ill of a fever, and lay in a very close room. While I was near him, I found myself not well. After my return home, I felt my stomach out of order. But I imagined it was not worth any notice, and would pass off before the morning.

Wesley Lives on Apple-tea

Sun. 24.—I preached at Skinner's Alley at five; and on Oxmantown Green at eight. I was weak in body, but was greatly revived by the seriousness and earnestness of the congregation. Resolving to improve the opportunity, I gave notice of preaching there again in the afternoon; which I did to a congregation much more numerous, and equally attentive. As I came home I was glad to lie down, having a quinsey, attended with a fever. However, when the society met, I made a shift to creep in among them. Immediately my voice was restored. I spoke without pain, for near an hour
together. And great was our rejoicing over each other; knowing that God would order all things well.

Mon. 25.—Finding my fever greatly increased, I judged it would be best to keep my bed, and to live awhile on apples and apple-tea. On Tuesday I was quite well, and should have preached, but that Dr. Rutty (who had been with me twice) insisted on my resting for a time.

I read to-day what is accounted the most correct history of St. Patrick that is extant; and, on the maturest consideration, I was much inclined to believe, that St. Patrick and St. George were of one family. The whole story smells strong of romance.

A Determined Preacher

Thursday, 28, was the day fixed for my going into the country: but all about me began to cry out, "Sure, you will not go to-day? See how the rain pours down!" I told them, "I must keep my word, if possible." But before five, the man of whom I had bespoke an horse sent word, his horse should not go out in such a day. I sent one who brought him to a better mind. So about six I took horse. About nine I called at Killcock.

Between one and two we came to Kinnegad. My strength was now pretty well exhausted; so that when we mounted again, after resting an hour, it was as much as I could do to sit my horse. We had near eleven Irish (measured) miles to ride, which are equal to fourteen English. I got over them pretty well in three hours, and by six reached Tyrrel's Pass.

At seven I recovered my strength, so as to preach and meet the society; which began now to be at a stand, with regard to number, but not with regard to the grace of God.
Fri. 29.—I rode to Temple Maqueteer, and thence toward Athlone. We came at least an hour before we were expected. Nevertheless we were met by many of our brethren. The first I saw, about two miles from the town, were a dozen little boys running with all their might, some bare-headed, some bare-footed and bare-legged: so they had their desire of speaking to me first, the others being still behind.

Zealous Protestants

Tues. May 3.—I rode to Birr, twenty miles from Athlone, and, the key of the sessions-house not being to be found, declared "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" in the street, to a dull, rude, senseless multitude. Many laughed the greater part of the time. Some went away just in the middle of a sentence. And yet when one cried out (a Carmelite friar, clerk to the priest), "You lie! you lie!" the zealous Protestants cried out, "Knock him down": and it was no sooner said than done. I saw some bustle, but knew not what was the matter, till the whole was over.

In the evening we rode to Balliboy. There being no house that could contain the congregation, I preached here also in the street. I was afraid, in a new place, there would be but few in the morning; but there was a considerable number, and such a blessing as I had scarce found since I landed in Ireland.

Sun. 15 (Dublin).—Finding my strength greatly restored, I preached at five, and at eight on Oxmantown Green. I expected to sail as soon as I had done; but the captain putting it off (as their manner is), gave me an opportunity of declaring the Gospel of peace to a still larger congregation in the evening. One of them, after listening some time, cried out, shaking his head,
"Ay, he is a Jesuit; that's plain." To which a Popish priest, who happened to be near, replied aloud, "No, he is not; I would to God he was."

Mon. 16.—Observing a large congregation in the evening, and many strangers among them, I preached more roughly than ever I had done in Dublin, on those awful words, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Wed. 18.—We took ship. The wind was small in the afternoon, but exceeding high towards night. About eight I laid me down on the quarter-deck. I was soon wet from head to foot, but I took no cold at all. About four in the morning we landed at Holyhead, and in the evening reached Carnarvon.

Fri. August 12.—In riding to Newcastle, I finished the tenth Iliad of Homer. What an amazing genius had this man! To write with such strength of thought, and beauty of expression, when he had none to go before him! And what a vein of piety runs through his whole work, in spite of his pagan prejudices! Yet one cannot but observe such improprieties intermixed, as are shocking to the last degree.

Wesley Protests Against Lawlessness

Thur. 25.—I rode with Mr. Grimshaw to Roughlee. At half-hour after twelve I began to preach. I had about half finished my discourse, when the mob came pouring down the hill like a torrent. After exchanging a few words with their captain, to prevent any contest, I went with him as he required. When we came to Barrowford, two miles off, the whole army drew up in battle array before the house into which I was carried, with two or three of my friends. After I had been detained above an hour, their captain went out, and I
followed him, and desired him to conduct me whence I came. He said, he would: but the mob soon followed after; at which he was so enraged, that he must needs turn back to fight them, and so left me alone.

A farther account is contained in the following letter, which I wrote the next morning—

Widdop, Aug. 25, 1748.

"Sir,—Yesterday, between twelve and one o'clock, while I was speaking to some quiet people, without any noise or tumult, a drunken rabble came, with clubs and staves, in a tumultuous and riotous manner, the captain of whom, Richard B., by name, said he was a deputy constable, and that he was come to bring me to you. I went with him; but I had scarce gone ten yards, when a man of his company struck me with his fist in the face with all his might; quickly after, another threw his stick at my head: I then made a little stand; but another of your champions, cursing and swearing in the most shocking manner, and flourishing his club over his head, cried out, 'Bring him away!'

"With such a convoy I walked to Barrowford, where they informed me you was; their drummer going before, to draw all the rabble together from all quarters.

"When your deputy had brought me into the house, he permitted Mr. Grimshaw, the minister of Haworth, Mr. Colbeck, of Keighley, and one more, to be with me, promising that none should hurt them. Soon after you and your friends came in, and required me to promise, I would come to Roughlee no more. I told you, I would sooner cut off my hand, than make any such promise: neither would I promise that none of my friends should come. After abundance of rambling discourse (for I could keep none of you long to any one
point), from about one o'clock till between three and four (in which one of you frankly said, 'No; we will not be like Gamaliel, we will proceed like the Jews'), you seemed a little satisfied with my saying, 'I will not preach at Roughlee at this time.' You then undertook to quiet the mob, to whom you went and spoke a few words, and their noise immediately ceased. I then walked out with you at the back-door.

**Beaten by the Mob**

"I should have mentioned that I had several times before desired you to let me go, but in vain; and that when I attempted to go with Richard B., the mob immediately followed, with oaths, curses, and stones; that one of them beat me down to the ground; and when I rose again, the whole body came about me like lions, and forced me back into the house.

"While you and I went out at one door, Mr. Grimshaw and Mr. Colbeck went out at the other. The mob immediately closed them in, tossed them to and fro with the utmost violence, threw Mr. Grimshaw down, and loaded them both with dirt and mire of every kind; not one of your friends offering to call off your bloodhounds from the pursuit.

"The other quiet, harmless people, who followed me at a distance, to see what the end would be, they treated still worse; not only by the connivance, but by the express order, of your deputy. They made them run for their lives, amidst showers of dirt and stones, without any regard to age or sex. Some of them they trampled in the mire, and dragged by the hair, particularly Mr. Mackford, who came with me from Newcastle. Many they beat with their clubs without mercy. One they forced to leap down (or they would have thrown
him headlong) from a rock, ten or twelve feet high, into the river. And when he crawled out, wet and bruised, they swore they would throw him in again, which they were hardly persuaded not to do. All this time you sat well-pleased close to the place, not attempting in the least to hinder them.

"And all this time you was talking of justice and law! Alas, Sir, suppose we were Dissenters (which I deny), suppose we were Jews or Turks, are we not to have the benefit of the laws of our country? Proceed against us by the law, if you can or dare; but not by lawless violence; not by making a drunken, cursing, swearing, riotous mob, both judge, jury, and executioner. This is flat rebellion against God and the King, as you may possibly find to your cost."

Defending Field Preaching

Between four and five we set out from Roughlee. But observing several parties of men upon the hills, and suspecting their design, we put on and passed the lane they were making for before they came. One of our brothers, not riding so fast, was intercepted by them. They immediately knocked him down, and how it was that he got from amongst them he knew not.

Before seven we reached Widdop. The news of what had passed at Barrowford made us all friends. The person in whose house Mr. B. preached, sent and begged I would preach there; which I did at eight, to such a congregation as none could have expected on so short a warning. He invited us also to lodge at his house, and all jealousies vanished away.

Sun. 28.—I was invited by Mr. U., the Minister of Goodshaw, to preach in his church. I began reading prayers at seven; but perceiving the church would
scarce contain half of the congregation, after prayers I went out, and standing on the churchyard wall, in a place shaded from the sun, explained and enforced those words in the second lesson, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

I wonder at those who still talk so loud of the indecency of field-preaching. The highest indecency is in St. Paul's Church, when a considerable part of the congregation are asleep, or talking, or looking about, not minding a word the preacher says. On the other hand, there is the highest decency in a churchyard or field, when the whole congregation behave and look as if they saw the Judge of all, and heard Him speaking from heaven.

Three Remarkable Shots with Stones

At one I went to the Cross in Bolton. There was a vast number of people, but many of them utterly wild. As soon as I began speaking, they began thrusting to and fro; endeavouring to throw me down from the steps on which I stood. They did so once or twice; but I went up again, and continued my discourse. They then began to throw stones; at the same time some got upon the Cross behind me to push me down; on which I could not but observe, how God overrules even the minutest circumstances. One man was bawling just at my ear, when a stone struck him on the cheek, and he was still. A second was forcing his way down to me, till another stone hit him on the forehead: it bounded back, the blood ran down, and he came no farther. The third, being got close to me, stretched out his hand, and in the instant a sharp stone came upon the joints of his fingers. He shook his hand, and was very quiet till I concluded my discourse and went away.