

An Account of the Most Remarkable
Particulars Relating to the Present
Progress of the Gospel.

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AN
A C C O U N T
Of the Most
Remarkable Particulars
Relating to the
PRESENT PROGRESS
OF THE
G O S P E L.

L O N D O N :
Printed and Sold by JOHN LEWIS, in
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M D C C X L I I I .

Religion; but the *Blessed Liberty* that remains for the Children of God, is still hidden from me: I believe you pray for me. God grant you may prevail! I wish I could skip and leap over all Mountains of Pleasures and Laziness, Hard-heartedness, Unbelief, &c. and rest upon the Breast of the Beloved, and never, never-enough-praised-JESUS! O blessed Time, when all Prisoners of Hope shall be released, and enter into the Rest of their dear IMMANUEL! I don't doubt but your Soul joins with me to say, *Amen, Amen.*

I've been now of late in *Montgomeryshire*; had great Power there to convince and to build. Persecution increases. Some of the Brethren were excommunicated. I hope you will consult with the Brethren in *London*, and send us what is best to do. Afterwards at *Brecknock* in several Churches and Houses I preach'd with Uncommon Power. I heard since that I am put into the Court for discoursing at an Alehouse there. Your Sentiments about this too wou'd be very servicable. Brother *W—s*
is

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is put in too for not living in the Parish where he officiates, &c.

The last Week I have been in *Car-marthenshire*, and *Glamorgan*, and brave Opportunities indeed they were: whole Congregations were under Concern; and such crying out that my Voice could not be heard. Some Persons of Quality did entertain me with uncommon Respect. O what am I, that my Ears and Eyes should hear and see such Things! O help me to bless the God of Heaven! I hope his Kingdom begins to come. O Satan, be packing! Fly, fly, with Trembling, left the God of *Israel* come at thee! O Lord chastise him, *Amen*. Lord down with him. Let his Kingdom shatter, and let him be trampled under the Feet of thy Children! How long shall he domineer over thy little ones? My dear Brother, up with your Arms: Yield not an Inch! That God whom you serve, *Can*, yea and *Will*, deliver us! In His Might we shall win the Field! Don't you hear all the Brethren in *Wales* crying out loudly, *Help! Help! Help! Help!* Brother *Harris!* Thou

A 3

bold

bold Champion, where art thou? What! in *London* now, in the Day of Battle! What! Has not *London* Champions enough to fight for her? Where are the great *Wesley's*, *Cennick?* &c. Must poor *Wales* afford an Assistant to *England*? Oh poor *Wales!* 'tis thy Ingratitude altogether has been the Cause of all this. Good Lord pity poor *Wales*. Send our dear Brother among us with thy Power, and in the Fulness of thy Blessing; and let the Devil tremble before him. *Amen, Amen.*

My poor Flock do increase daily; they would be heartily glad to see and hear you. Brother *W——s* was here last *Sunday*, and a sweet Day it was; I love him more and more, because of his simple, honest, plain way of Dealing with the People. His Parishioners are highly incensed against him. I trust we shall have him out before long.

Methinks I hear you enquiring after *Carnarvonshire: B——n T——s* is there. They come by thousands to hear. Brother *H——ll D——s* promised to go there; what detains him I know not. I can't possibly go this Winter, for want
of

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of one to supply my Room at my Churches. The next Week I promis'd to be at *Pembroke*, and the *lower Part* of *Carmarthen*, shortly after at *Colvil*, &c. Dear Brother, never fail to intercede for me, who am your loving Friend, Well-wisher, and unworthy Brother,

Daniel Rowland.

Another Letter from the Rev. Mr. Daniel Rowland, to one of his Flock in London.

My dearly Beloved,

I know I can be justly reprov'd by you for my Negligence in writing. 'Twas not for want of Love, but Excess of Business prevented my doing it. I hope you all thrive in the Lord, and that you are still pressing forward to the Mark. I thought of coming to *London* this Year, but it seems the Lord does not call me as yet; but he only knows how soon he may. Religion flourishes now in our Parts. Thousands flock to hear the Word. Great Part of them are under such Agonies as is enough

nough to pierce the hardest Heart! Some made it their Business to chide them; and now they are overcome themselves with the Power of God, and cry out, *What shall they do to be saved?* You would be amazed at what we daily see and hear. As for my Part I can say, I never saw, nor had such Power as I now have every Day, mostly: (may the Lord continue it) Most of the Dissenters do attend Divine Service every *Sunday*, so that Ministers are compell'd to alter the Time of their Meeting. Many that were Enemies to my Way of preaching, do now experimentally understand it (blessed be JESUS for it) Some confess'd that they went out with an Intent to go to another *Place* of Worship, yet were they carried there, they knew not how. Oh that you would help me to praise the lovely JESUS! The more the Lord blesses my weak Endeavours, the more sinful and ungrateful I am! Oh when shall I see myself freed from this Body of Sin and Death! Good Lord hasten that Time! Methinks I hear your Soul saying, *Amen*. Oh what shall I say to strengthen your Hands,
and

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and to drive you on in the Ways of God? Shall I say that God loves you? nay, that *Jesus Christ* died for you? What! does the Blessed Saviour now plead for you at the Throne of Mercy! Does his tender Heart bleed for you, and can you sin by being light and carnal? No, my deaf Brother, you can't do it! His Love constrains you to plead Day and Night: It constrains you to be more and more holy. Pray keep under a powerful Preaching. Let some sound Preacher water that Seed that has been sown in your Heart. Give my tender Love and Respects to my dear, dear Brother *Howell Harris*. And remember to pray for your poor weak Brother,

Daniel Rowland.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Herbert Jenkins (an Exhorter) in Wales, to Brother P. in London.

Dear Brother,

IBelieve you excuse my not writing before: It was for want of Time. My Brother, I never thought there was such

such Sweetness in CHRIST as now I feel, blessed be God! a what am I (I am less than the least of all Saints; I am not worthy to be counted among the Number of God's Children) to be thus favoured of the Lord JESUS as now I feel! O that I may be kept in the Dust, at the Feet of JESUS! May I be *nothing*, and CHRIST be ALL! O the Fulness and Loveliness, Faithfulness and Tenderness of CHRIST! when we think he is gone, then he looks on us with an Eye of Pity and Compassion: Oh the Love of CHRIST! Last Night I received Brother *Harris's* Letter, which the Lord bless'd to me. It is a Wonder that any of the Favourites of Heaven should take Notice of poor me! I wrote a Letter to Brother *J--n L---s*, giving some Account how the Lord has been with me in a Visit in *Glamorganshire*.

Last *Monday* I went to *Llyffen*: Great was the Congregation. Most of them poor ignorant Souls. And there were many of Brother *Wesley's* People, who behaved very civil and loving. I discoursed on *Rom. v. 1.* and sweet was the Power
of

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of God. The Lord gave me to speak about the lost and miserable State of unjustified Souls, and to warn them from taking false Peace, before the Lord by his Spirit should give it them: And indeed I hope the Lord did seal this on their Hearts: All Glory to Him alone! The Lord has enabled me to discourse ten Times in three Days, and did not leave me to myself. Now what shall I say? *His Service is perfect Freedom! His Love is sweeter than Honey, and stronger than Wine:* O praise him for it! I hope your dear Soul is on the Stretch for God. Oh, my dear Brother! beware of Lightness of Mind, and trifling away the precious Time, but rather redeem it. Now you may say, *Physician heal thyself.* O me! 'tis my great Grief that I am not more close with God, and keeping an Acquaintance with JESUS continually. Let us strive who shall love the lovely JESUS most: And *contend for the Faith once delivered to the Saints.* Salute all the Lambs of CHRIST at *the Tabernacle*, in my Name. Farewel Brother F——k.

Herbert Jenkins.

3 Song

*SONG of a Soul just enter'd upon Hea-
ven. By a Gentleman in Scotland.
Order'd to be printed by Brother CENNICK.*

1. WHY was Unbelieving I
Trembling, so afraid to die?
Now my Feet in Safety stand,
Here within the promis'd Land.
2. Oh what wond'rous Grace is here!
Now I'm safe from ev'ry Fear;
Sin and Doubts are ever gone;
Sighing shall no more be known.
3. Henceforth neither Grief nor Pain.
Here successive Pleasures reign:
All Things our *Hosanna's* raise;
O the Glory of this Place!
4. O ye perfect happy ones!
Let me try to join your Tunes;
Come let us exalt the LAMB,
Singing ever to his Name.
5. Oft in *Kedar's* Tents I try'd,
When my God his Face did hide,
With his Friends to raise this Song,
But it languish'd on my Tongue.
6. JESUS here unveils his Face;
Now I sing of wond'rous Grace!
Fill'd with Love, incessant cry,
To his Praise in Raptures high!
7. O my trembling Friends below,
Did you half this Glory know,
Daily wou'd ye stretch the Wing,
Here to fly, and thus to sing!

Hallelujah!
The

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*The Copy of a Letter from a Friend in
the Country, to the Rev. Mr. WHITE-
FIELD in Scotland.*

Sept. 29, 1742.

*My very Dear and Reverend Brother,
Grace unto you, and Peace be multiplied,
from God our Father, and our Lord
Jesus Christ, by the Blessed Com-
forter.*

THE acceptable Favour of your
last, gave me much Pleasure;
for which I give humble Thanks. In-
deed I long'd to hear from you, but I
knew your Work too well to conceive
any Offence given in that you wrote
no sooner. I am exceeding unworthy
of your Notice, and esteem it a pecu-
liar Favour, that God puts it into your
Heart ever to remember poor *me*.
CHRIST takes it kindly, my dear Bro-
ther, that you now and then cast a
Glance of Favour upon the least of His.
HE well knows, with what Difficulty
you redeem Time for that Service. HE
knows, not only your Love to Him
and His, but the Labour of it also:
And not only your Works, but the
I B Labour

Labour you are at to perform them. And none of your Labours of Love, even to the least Part of it, shall in any wise lose its Reward. CHRIST will lose nothing, none of your Services, but a full Reward shall be given you of the Prince of Love, according to *His* abundant Grace. It much delights our dear Lord, to see us love one another. He sees with Pleasure, the Union and Communion of Saints, as the Fruit of his Blood. He died to make us one with Himself, and with each other; and if we are twain, if we don't love as Brethren, as united in the LAMB'S Blood, we don't walk as the Redeemed of the Lord. Oh the Glory of the Unity we shall one Day enjoy, when we are made perfectly one with the innumerable Multitude of the saved Ones, and one in the *Son*, and in the *Father*, by one and the same *Spirit*! No more Discord then among the Saints, no more separate Interest, no more Diversity of Worship, nor Distance of Place; but all the vast Number of the whole Elect, gathered together from the four Winds, brought up into the
Unity

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Unity of the Faith, and the Knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect Man; shall together in one august Assembly, in one living Temple, under one and the same Display of Divine Glory, with one Heart, Soul and Voice, worship ONE GOD, as their ALL IN ALL unto Ages without End!

“They all are one, in One they all agree:
“One is their ALL, which makes all
“one to be.”

Lord, hasten the Glory-Day! It *comes!* it *comes*, my Brother! Don't you see the Day dawn? the Morning Star appear? What labour you so hard for in Christ's Gospel? Is it not to make ready a People prepared for the Lord? Is it not to espouse many unto one Husband? whom you may present as a chaste Virgin unto CHRIST? Oh glorious Work! And don't you *see* how the Bridegroom cometh? what haste he makes! what mighty Steps he takes! Behold, he comes quickly! leaping on the Mountains, and skip-
B 2 ping

ping on the Hills! He sheweth himself through the Lettice; by and by we shall see him Face to Face, and be bless'd with the full and eternal Vision of his Glory! Mean Time, labour hard in the Lord's Work; Do all you can according to his Working, to get the Bride ready for the Marriage-Glory with her Royal Bridegroom! Oh dear Man of God, the Attendance you give to this Work, and the Diligence you shew in it, doth as it were forbid me to press you forward, to bid a winged Flame, *Fly!* But CHRIST *flies*, and You *must fly*, The winged Flame of His Love, brings Him sweetly, swiftly, graciously, to save His Bride! Enkindled then with this Fire of God, this Flame of JEHOVAH, Fly after Him; the LORD is gone out before you; wing the Way; run through Oppositions; lick up the Waters of Affliction, and *always abound in the Work of the Lord*, for as much as you know that *your Labour is not in vain in the Lord*, Amongst his Children he has chosen *you*, that Multitudes by your Mouth should hear the Word of the Gospel,

Salvation, are but the Transcript of His Eternal Decrees, the opening, or unfolding of His manifest Wisdom and Grace, in the Eternal Council of His Will concerning them, And *Think*, my dear Brother, when the Eternal Omniscient GOD, with one View beheld all the Creatures He resolved to make, in the Glass of his own Decrees, how *freely* he lov'd *you*, in that he chose *you* unto Eternal Life, and to such eminent Service, while *thousands* were pass'd by! This was *Free Love* indeed! And behold, it is as *Rich* as it is *Free*! Oh, can you count up a thousandth Part of those exceeding Riches of Grace which God's Free Love hath laid out upon you through *Jesus Christ*! Are not Love's Riches unsearchable! Oh how great is that Goodness which he has laid out *upon you*! And yet, behold! He has Goodness, an Immensity, and Eternity of Goodness laid up *for you*! God's Love, like HIMSELF, knows no Decay, Change, or End! And this LOVE of GOD, this GOD of LOVE, through the Once-Bleeding LAMB, will

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will be an exuberant, inexhaustible, and eternal SEA of Bliss unto *you!* O *Love* the LORD therefore! you have nothing else to do but to love him. Love Him in *Doing*; Love Him in *Suffering*. You *see* how He loves you into, and through both, and every Way crowns you with His Loving-kindness! How goodly is your Heritage! how pleasant is your *Place!* how extensive is your Border! How does it press on from one Place to another! from Privilege to Privilege! And O the Immensity of that Love, which drew the Line of its Verily, your Time-Lot is exceeding Large, and your Eternal Lot INEFFABLE!

Oh Man, greatly beloved! my Heart rejoiceth with you, in all your Joy. I rejoice to *hear*, while you *see* such glorious Days of the Son of Man. O may you pass on from Glory to Glory, and frill *see greater Things than these!* And since you are so highly favoured, don't think it a strange Thing, to meet with Opposition from every Quarter. If you are for *Christ*, you must have Earth
and

and Hell against you. Never was any great Work done for God, but It and Its Instruments met with great Opposition: which only served as a Foil, to illustrate the Glory of the Power which bears down all before it, *In vain the Heathen rage, and the Kings of the Earth set themselves, and the Rulers take Counsel together again) the LORD, and against His Anointed,* For yet he has set his King upon his holy Hill of Zion. Since the Strength of JESUS is yours, fear no adverse Power. None of the Powers of Darkness are a *Match* for Omnipotence. The LORD is on your Side, live in Him, and to Him; and fear not what Men, or Devils can do unto you, The LORD on High is mightier than many Waters, than the mighty Waves of the Sea, Since you have glorious Consolations, you must have close Trials to poize you. A Thorn in the Flesh is given you, the Messenger of Satan to buffet you, lest you should be exalted above Measure. But the Grace of CHRIST is sufficient for you, and His Power shall rest upon
on

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on you. Into His Arms I commit you.
Forget not before Him:

In Him, Dear Sir, I am

Your most Affectionate

Humble Servant, &c.

*An Abstract of a Letter from Brother
Humphreys, to Brother Howell Har-
ris, when in London.*

My dear Brother,

THE Lord has enabled me to
speak plain Truths lately. I trust
the good Spirit will be with me more
and more. At present I seem to have
nothing clog me, but through His
Grace to be ready for my Lord's
Service, any-where, or any-how. We
have a very pretty Congregation, both
Morning and Evening and for a Con-
stancy larger than usual. Mr. J--n
W----y and I are more free. I will en-
deavour to *hope all Things*. Our little
Companies in Band increase daily; and
I believe indeed it is an Ordinance for
Good. I am sure we have often enjoy'd
our Lord's Presence. I am glad to hear
by

by Brother *B—m*, that the Lord is with you in *London*, and that all Things are peaceable. Pray remember my tender Love to all the Flock in *London*. I deserve no other than to be despis'd by them. I am glad to hear you visit poor dear *Deptford*. That Handful is much upon my Heart of late. O remember me to them in the Bowels of *Jesus Christ*.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Thomas Adams of Hampton, to Brother J. G—e, in London.

THE Morrow after your Letter came, I return'd from *Kingswood* to *Hampton*; where I heard the Mouths of the People were opened against me, and fill'd with Threatnings, on the Account (as they said) of my taking a Nurse from thence, to my dear Brother at *Somerford*, which they said was on Purpose to bring the Distemper there. Now, the most of my Wife's Business lies in the Town; and when I heard this News, I was something deserted of the
Lord;

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Lord; therefore it had the more Effect upon me: But after a few Minutes I was enabled to look to my dear Redeemer, and say, *The Will of the Lord be done*. And in reading your kind Letter I was abundantly refresh'd; so that by this Time all the former Heaviness was fled away, and I could say, *Nothing shall happen but to my eternal Good*. Indeed I wonder at my dear Redeemer's Love, to incline you to write so affectionately to me, a poor unworthy Worm! Indeed it is his Goodness, otherwise he would not so sanctify it unto me. O pray for me, my dear Brother, that I may love our Saviour more abundantly, and speak good of his Name from Day to Day; for indeed he is worthy! being the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely! I find I love him, but not so much as I would: I want it to break forth into one continual Flame, that I might be as a burning and shining Light before the Lord, while I stay with this crooked and perverse Generation. And that the Lord would make me instrumental to turn many from the Paths of

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Sin

Sin and Wickedness, to the high and streight Way to Holiness! But alas, I have but a very foolish and stammering Tongue! But my dear Saviour is pleased to make use of me, to call precious Souls from Banishment, to their native *Canaan*, that the Excellency might appear of God, and not of Man, as it is written, *By the Foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe.* Indeed the Hand of Jesus is visibly with me! O! it would rejoice your Soul to see how mightily the Kingdom of our dear Saviour increaseth, and Satan's seems to fall to the Ground daily! Multitudes of dear Souls flock to the Word, as Doves to their Widows! O pray to God on Behalf of the People of *Gloucestershire*, and in my Behalf in particular. Indeed our dear Saviour is exceeding kind to me! I lie every Day as it were in his Bosom, and he sweetly feeds me out of the Breasts of his Consolation! I think at this Time I cou'd say much of my dear Master, if Time would permit. He is now feeding me with hidden Manna! But I have as it were stolen Time to write this. I must away to the dear
Lambs

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Lambs of *Chalford*. O my dear Brother, pray that the Lord would continually keep me humble at his Feet. In whose Blood, I am

*Your every sinful
and poor Brother,*

THOMAS ADAMS.

P. S. My tender Love to all the Society.

The USE of Fervent Prayer recommended to the Children of God, as a Motive to encourage them to pray for their unconverted Relations.

The Kingdom of Heaven suffereth Violence, and the Violent take it by Force, Matt. xi. 12.

And the Prayer of Faith shall save the Sick.

James v. 15.

The effectual fervent Prayer of a righteous Man availeth much, *Ver. 16.*

—That whatsoever you ask of the Father in my Name, he may give it you, *John xv. 16.*

MR. *James Janeway*, in the Life of his Brother, Mr. *John Janeway*, has the following remarkable Account of his wonderful Success in this great Duty of Prayer, which I
I C hope

hope the Reader will observe with the most serious Attention.

‘He was (says he) mighty in
 ‘Prayer, and his Spirit was often-
 ‘times so transported in it that he
 ‘forgot the Weakness of his own
 ‘Body, and of others Spirits: Indeed,
 ‘the Acquaintance that he had with,
 ‘God was so sweet, and his Converse,
 ‘with him so frequent, that when he
 ‘was engaged in Duty, he scarce
 ‘knew how to leave that which was
 ‘so delightful and suited to his Spi-
 ‘rit. His constant Course for some
 ‘Years was this: He pray’d at least,
 ‘three Times a Day; twice a Day in
 ‘the Family, or College: And he
 ‘found the Sweetness of it beyond,
 ‘Imagination, and enjoy’d wonder-
 ‘ful Communion with God, and tast-
 ‘ed much of the Pleasantness of an
 ‘heavenly Life: And he could say
 ‘by Experience, that the Ways of
 ‘Wisdom were Ways of Pleasantness,
 ‘and all her Paths Peace. He knew
 ‘what it was to wrestle with God,
 ‘and was come to that Pass, that he
 ‘could scarce come off his Knees
 ‘without

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‘without his Father’s Blessing. He
 ‘was used to converse with God with
 ‘a *holy Familiarity* as a *Friend*, and,
 ‘would upon all Occasions run to him
 ‘for Advice, and had many strange
 ‘immediate *Answers* of Prayer. One,
 ‘of which I think it not impertinent,
 ‘to give the World an Account of.

‘His honoured Father, Mr. *William*
 ‘*Janeway*, Minister of *Kilshall* in
 ‘*Hertfordshire*, being sick, and being
 ‘under somewhat dark Apprehensions,
 ‘as to the State of his Soul, he would
 ‘often say to his Son *John*: O Son!
 ‘*this passing upon Eternity is a great*
 ‘*thing! This dying is a solemn Busi-*
 ‘*ness, and enough to make one’s Heart*
 ‘*ache that hath not his Pardon sealed,*
 ‘*and his Evidences for Heaven clear!*
 ‘*And truly, Son, I am under no small*
 ‘*Fears, as to my own Estate, for another*
 ‘*World. O that God would clear his*
 ‘*Love! O that I could say chearfully, I*
 ‘*can die, and upon good Grounds be a-*
 ‘*ble to look Death in the Face, and ven-*
 ‘*ture upon Eternity with well-grounded,*
 ‘*Peace and Comfort!*

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‘His

'His sweet and dutiful Son made,
 'a suitable Return at present; but,
 'seeing his dear Father continuing,
 'under Despondings of Spirit (tho'
 'no Christians that knew him but had
 'a high Esteem of him for his Up-
 'rightness) he got by himself, and,
 'spent some Time in wrestling with
 'God upon his Father's Account, ear-
 'nestly begging of God, that he
 'would fill him with Joy unspeak-
 'able in believing, and that he would
 'speedily give him some Token for
 'Good, that he might joyfully and
 'honourably leave this World to go
 'to a better. After he was risen from
 'his Knees, he came down to his
 'sick Father, and asked him how he
 'felt himself. His Father made no
 'Answer for some Time, but wept
 'exceedingly (a Passion that he was
 'not subject to) and continued for
 'some considerable Time in an extra-
 'ordinary Passion of Weeping, so
 'that he was not able to speak. But
 'at last having recovered himself,
 'with unspeakable Joy he burst out
 'into such Expressions as these: O

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' Son, now it is come! it is come! it is
 ' come! I bless God I can die: The Spi-
 ' rit of God hath witnessed with my Spi-
 ' rit that I am his Child: Now I can
 ' look up to God as my dear Father, and
 ' Christ as my Redeemer; I can now
 ' say, This is my Friend, and this my Be-
 ' loved. My Heart is full, it is Brim-
 ' full! I can hold no more! I know now
 ' what that Sentence means, the Peace of
 ' God which passeth Understanding; I
 ' know now what that White Stone is
 ' wherein a new Name is written, which
 ' none know but they which have it.
 ' And that Fit of Weeping which you saw
 ' me in, was a Fit of over-pouring Love
 ' and Joy so great, that I could not for
 ' my Heart contain myself; neither can I
 ' express what glorious Discoveries God
 ' hath made of himself unto me! And
 ' had that Joy been greater, I question
 ' whether I could have borne it, and whe-
 ' ther it would not have separated Soul
 ' and Body. Praise the Lord, O my Soul,
 ' and all that is within me bless his holy
 ' Name, that hath pardoned all my Sins,
 ' and sealed the Pardon! He hath healed
 ' my Wounds, and caused the Bones which

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*'he hath broken to rejoice. O help me to
'bless the Lord! He hath put a new Song
'into my Mouth: O bless the Lord for
'his infinite Goodness and rich Mercy!
'O now I can die! it is nothing; I bless
'God I can die! I desire to be dissolved,
'and to be with Christ. You may
'well think that his Son's Heart was
'not a little refreshed to hear such
'Words, and see such a Sight, and
'to meet the Messenger that he had
'sent to Heaven returned back again,
'so speedily. He counted himself a
'Sharer with his Father in this Mercy,
'and it was upon a double Account
'welcome, as it did so wonderfully
'satisfy his Father, and as it was so
'immediate and clear an Answer to
'his own Prayers, as if God had from
'Heaven said unto him; Thy Tears
'and Prayers are heard for thy Fa-
'ther: Thou hast like a Prince pre-
'vailed with God; thou hast got the
'Blessing; thy fervent Prayers have
'been effectual; go down and see
'else.*

*'Upon this, the precious young
'man broke forth into Praises, and
even*

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'even into another Extasy of Joy,
 'that God should deal so familiarly
 'with him; and the Father and Son
 'together were so full of Joy, Light,
 'Life, Love and Praise, that there
 'was a little Heaven in the Place.
 'He could not then but express him-
 'self in this Manner: *O blessed, and*
 '*for ever blessed be God for his infinite*
 '*Grace! O who would not pray unto*
 '*God! Verily he is a God that heareth*
 '*Prayers, and that my Soul knoweth*
 '*right well.'* And then he told his
 'joyful Father how much he was af-
 'fected with his former Despondings,
 'and what he had been praying for
 'just before, with all the Earnestness
 'he could for his Soul, and how the
 'Lord had immediately answered
 'him. His Father hearing this, and
 'perceiving that his former Comforts
 'came in a Way of Prayer, and his
 'own Child's Prayer too, was the
 'more refreshed, and was the more
 'confirmed that it was from the Spi-
 'rit of God, *and no Delusion.* And
 'immediately (his Son standing by)
 'he fell into another Fit of triumph-
 'ing

ing Joy, his weak Body being al-
'most ready to sink under that great,
'Weight of Glory that did shine in
'so powerfully upon his Soul. He
'could then say, *Now let thy Servant*
'*depart in Peace, for mine Eyes have*
'*seen thy Salvation.* He could now
'walk through the Valley of the Sha-
'dow of Death, and fear no evil. O
'how sweet a Thing it is to have
'one's Interest in Christ cleared, how
'comfortable to have our Calling and
'Election made sure! How lovely is
'the Sight of a smiling Jesus when
'one is dying! How refreshing is it,
'when Heart, and Flesh, and all are
'failing, to have God for the Strength
'of our Heart and our Portion for
'ever! O did the foolish unexperi-
'enced World but know what these
'Things mean, did they but under-
'stand what it is to be solaced with
'the believing Views of Glory, to
'have their Senses spiritually exerci-
'sed, could they but taste and see
'how good the Lord is, it would
'soon cause them to disrelish their
'low and brutish Pleasures, and
'look

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'look upon all worldly Joys as infi-
 'nitely short of one *Glimpse of God's*
 '*Love!* After this his Reverend Fa-
 'ther had a sweet Calm upon his Spi-
 'rits, and went in the Strength of
 'that Provision, that rich Grace laid
 'in, 'till he came within the Gates of
 'the *New Jerusalem*: having all his
 'Graces greatly improved, and shew-
 'ed so much Humility, Love to, and
 'admiring of God, Contempt of the
 '*World*, such Patience as few Chri-
 'stians arrive to, especially his *Faith*,
 'by which with extraordinary Confi-
 'dence he cast his *Widow* and *eleven*
 '*Fatherless Children* upon the Care of
 'that God who had fed them with
 'this Manna in his *Wilderness-state*:
 'The Benefit of which *Faith* all his
 'Children (none of which were in
 'his Life-time provided for) have
 'since to Admiration experienced.
 'And is scarce to be imagined how
 'helpful this his precious Son *John*
 '*Janeway* was to his Father by his
 'heavenly Discourse, humble Advice,
 'and Prayers. After a four Months
 'Conflict

‘Conflict with a gainful Consumption, and Hectick Fever, his honour’d Father sweetly slept in JESUS.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother James Beaumont, an Exhorter in Wales, to Brother Howell Harris in London.

Aug. 2, 1742.

Dear dear Brother Harris,

SINCE I saw you last I have gone through great Trials; I have been dragg’d through a little Hell of Temptation, being surrounded by Legions of Devils Night and Day, for some Time past; and, like *Jonah*, in the Belly of Hell. Then I pray’d unto the Lord my God, and cry’d by reason of mine Affliction unto the Lord, and he heard. Out of the Belly of Hell cry’d I, and the Lord heard my Voice. I was cast into the Deep of Corruption, and in the Midst of the Seas of Temptation. The Floods of Wickedness compassed me about; their Billows and Waves, the Water of wicked Thoughts, came even

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even like a Flood to my Soul; their Depth closed me round about, yet hast thou brought up my Life from Corruption, *My Lord and my God!* I believe there's not such a vile Creature upon Earth as I am; I daily crucify the Son of God afresh by my Pride, Lust, Bitterness and Carnality: Did the Children of God but know what a Creature I am, sure they wou'd be ready to stone me. Surely may I safely say, *I am the Chief of Sinners!*

I have been of late like one full of Malediction, when I was under Conviction with such Accursedness and Bitterness: I was much troubled, but little did I think I should have a Renewal of those Things. I could freely open all my Heart to you, knowing you are able to bear it, but very few that I meet with can bear my Sayings. Whose Words have been often brought to my Mind, *They will not receive thy Testimony:* My Sayings are so hard, and my Experience is terrible, it seems to affright some. Lord give me Wisdom from
above,

above, and break my Heart: Let my Sorrows bleed with undissembled Woe, for I have sinned against Thee.

*A thousand Lusts in me survive,
Yet still the Lord does me preserve,
Like Moses' Bush, to mount the higher,
And flourish unconsum'd, in Fire.*

I was lately at *Builth*, being the Fair-Day. Many of the Children of God were there, and desired me to discourse; accordingly I did, and in a little Time I had a large Auditory. There also came to hear me three Ministers of the Church of *England*, and one Candidate for Orders: Two of them seemingly heard with Attention: The other two mock'd at the Things of God. After a while they withdrew some Distance from us, discoursing about some Things that I spake; Sister *W—ms* of *Builth* being near, the Lord opened her Mouth to confirm what was spoken, from the Word of God, and the Articles of our Church, insomuch that they were soon put to Silence,
and

Truth, it being near the Church-Warden's, he and his Family came to hear. Many seem'd to be much affected. The Church-Warden invited me to his House. I went with him. When I came there, I saw a Table of Mercies spread before me. Those blessed Streams were a Means of drawing me nearer to the Fountain, even to *Jesus Christ* the Fountain of Life, both spiritual and temporal, in whom is all Nature-Fulness, Grace, and Glory-Fulness. How then can we lack anything that is good? since our Friend (yea our everlasting Friend) stands possess'd of these Things; likewise of Kingdoms, Crowns, and Glories; and is willing to distribute to all those who feel their Wants and Poverty. I feel I want more of the Meekness and Gentleness that is in CHRIST. Lord let thine Image shine in me more and more! Surely you will heartily say, *Amen*.

This Morning the Lord opened my Mouth, and in a little Time the Lord also touch'd the Church-Warden's Heart; he sat down, and began

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gan to cry out; several of his Family were likewise in Tears. May each of them go on their Way weeping, bearing forth precious Seed; so that at the last they may return with Joy, to enter into the *New Jerusalem*, where the LAMB shall for ever feed them; and God shall wipe away all Tears from their Eyes, *Rev. vii. 17.*

The Lord has dealt very graciously with me amongst the *Radnorians*. Two of my Brothers, and my little Sister walk humbly and solidly before the Lord; likewise the two young Lads at the *Gore*. How is this Scripture fulfilled in me, *The first shall be last; likewise the other Part in them, The last shall be first.* Some of our Society (I believe) are oft on *Pisgah's* Top, while vile wretched sinful I am dwelling in the Tents of *Kedar*. *I will bear the Indignation of the Lord because I have sinned, until he plead my Cause, and execute Judgment for me. He will bring me forth to the Light, and I shall behold his Righteousness.* Lord hasten the Time, even so, Lord Jesus.

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Amen.

Amen. I long to see you, and to tell you how many Wounds I have had in the Field of Battle since I parted with you. But there is a comfortable Promise in the seventh Chapter of *Deuteronomy*: *The Lord your God shall drive out the Nations before you by little and little.* My dear Brother, go on in the Work of the Lord and prosper. May the Lord make you a *Jonathan*, and give you Power to bear the Spirit's Sword, and to finite the *Philistines* of Wickedness. I am in Desire, according to your Wish, willing to be a Servant to the Servants of my Lord. May the Spirit of God be our Guide, and his dear Son our Pattern. May we have Power to look to our glorious Captain continually, who wounded the Head of the Serpent, and gained a Dominion over all our Soul's Enemies, and blow'd up the Gates of Hell and Death, when his Body was bath'd in his own Heart's Blood. View the lovely LAMB blushing in Blood! closing his Eyes to shew that which *Philip* desired, eyen the Father
ther

you, with the dear Lambs of CHRIST: Hoping these will find you in the Wounds of our dear SAVIOUR, fill'd with His Love, and guided by His Spirit: Which is the Desire of a poor blind sinful Worm,

James Beaumont.

The Copy of a LETTER from the Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD, to the Rev. Mr. WILLISON of Dundee in Scotland; giving his Sentiments about the Oath of Supremacy, a Catholick Spirit, &c. and shewing upon what Terms the Associate Presbytery were willing to retrieve him into their Communion, &c. &c.

Cambuslang, Aug. 17, 1742.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

I Heartily thank you for your Concern about unworthy *me*. Tho' I am not very solicitous what the World say of me, yet I would not refuse to give any one, much less a Minister of *Jesus Christ* (and such a One I take you to be) all reasonable Satis-

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Satisfaction about any Part of my Doctrine or Conduct. I am sorry that the *Associate Presbytery*, besides the other Things exceptionable in the Grounds of their late Fast, have done me much Wrong. As to what they say about the *Supremacy*, my Sentiments, as to the Power and Authority of the Civil Magistrate as to Sacred Things, agree with what is said in the *Westminster Confession of Faith*, *Chap. 23. Parag. 3, and 4.* And I do own the Lord JESUS to be the Blessed HEAD and KING of his Church.

The *Solemn League and Covenant* I never abjured, neither was it ever proposed to me to be abjured. And as for my *Missives*, if the *Associate Presbytery* will be pleased to print them, the World will see that they had no Reason to expect I would act in any other Manner than I have done. What that Part of my Experience is, that favours of the grossest *Enthusiasm*, I know not, because not specified; but this one Thing I know, when I conversed with them, they were

were satisfied with the Account I then gave of my Experiences, and also of the Validity of my Million. Only when they found I would preach the Gospel promiscuously *to All*, and *for every Minister* that would invite me, and not adhere only to them; One of them particularly said, 'That, 'they were satisfy'd with all the other Accounts which I gave of myself, except of my Call to *Scotland* 'at that Time.' They would have been glad of my Help, and received me as a Minister of *Jesus Christ*, had I consented to have preached only at the Invitation of them and their People: But I judged that to be contrary to the Dictates of my Conscience, and therefore I could not comply. I thought their Foundation was too narrow for any high House to be built upon. I declared freely when last in *Scotland* (and am more and more convinced of it since) that they were building a *Babel*. At the same Time they knew very well, I was very far from being against all Church Government (for how can any Church
submit

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subsist without it?) I only urged, as I do now, that, since Holy Men differ so much about the outward Form, we should bear with, and forbear one another, tho' in this Respect we are not of one Mind. I have often declared in the most publick Manner, that I believe the Church of *Scotland* to be the best-constituted National Church in the World. At the same Time I would bear with, and converse freely with, all others who do not err in Fundamentals, and who give Evidence that they are true Lovers of the Lord JESUS. This is what I mean by a Catholick Spirit: Not that I believe a *Jew* or *Pagan*, continuing such, can be a true Christian, or have true Christianity in them. And if there be any Thing tending that Way in the late* Extract which I sent you, I utterly disavow it; And I am sure I observed no such

* *This Extract was published in the 55th and 56th Numbers of the Weekldy History; the whole Volume of which is to be sold by John Lewis Printer in Bartholomew-Close, near West- Smithfield, London.*

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Thing in it when I published it; tho' upon a closer Review, some Expressions seem justly exceptionable. You know, *Rev. and dear Sir*, how strongly I assert all the Doctrines of Grace as held forth in the *Westminster* Confession of Faith, and Doctrinal Articles of the Church of *England*.—These I trust I shall adhere to as long as I live; because I verily believe they are the TRUTHS of GOD, and have felt the Power of them in my Heart. I am only concerned that good Men should be guilty of such Misrepresentations: But this teaches me more and more to exercise Compassion toward all the Children of GOD, and to be more jealous over our own Hearts, knowing what fallible Creatures we all are. I acknowledge that I am a poor blind Sinner, liable to err; and would be obliged to an Enemy, much more to so dear a Friend as you are, to point out to me my Mistakes, as to my Practice, or unguarded Expressions in my Preaching or Writing; at the same Time I would humble myself before my MASTER for any thing I may say
or

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or do amiss, and beg the Influences and Assistance of his Blessed Spirit, that I might say and do so no more. I am just about to print a farther Account of the *Orphan-house* in *Georgia*; and, having many other Affairs of Importance before me, can only now intreat the Continuance of your Prayers, and beg Leave to subscribe myself,

Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most Affectionate Brother,

And Servant in JESUS CHRIST,

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

N. B. *This Letter shou'd have been printed several weeks ago; but thro' Inadvertency it was forgot.*

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Thomas James, an Exhorter in Wales, to Brother Howell Harris, in London.

Oct. 9, 1742.

My very dear dear Brother,

YOURS I receiv'd justnow, dated the 5th of this Instant: May this find you triumphing in the Love

of God, and trampling Sin and Satan under your Feet (against whom we have proclaimed War) being at last made Conqueror through Him that loved you.—Last Post I directed a Letter to you from Brother *Beaumont*. Yours came to my Hand directed to Brother *J*— of *Gerwood*. May our dear Lord reward your Labour of Love. O praise him for me, and pray that my Heart may be daily enlarged towards him, to *set forth his praise, not only with my Lips, but in my Life*. But O how do I continually grieve his Spirit, and wound him by Pride, Unbelief, and carnal Reason! walking in my own Spirit! yet still I see my good God loves me, and is my Portion for ever. For when Sin did much abound, Grace did much more abound. O my Brother, pray for me! I long to be with you to tell you my whole Heart. I am much confin'd from being abroad among the Lambs, although much call'd. I have been at a private Society, and hearing their Experience, I found the Lord had own'd me to call one at *Llanvihangel's* Wake last Year, being
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a very sweet Soul: which was a Call for me to go there this Year also, but the Devil did roar terribly, threatening to kill me if I came there: So the Devil endeavoured to hinder me by all Means. Many came to me, endeavouring to perswade me with carnal Reason; others endeavouring to terrify me with their Threatnings: And many of the weak Lambs, out of Love to my Person, would perswade me by Arguments: Some Reason wou'd rise in my own Heart: then would Fear come upon me; all discouraging me: But the Lord did much strengthen me from his Word, and enabled me to go with my Life in my Hand. One Passage in particular was: *And when they could not prevail with him; they said, The Will of the Lord be done.*

I was put upon examining my Motives and Ends; and also the Ground of my Salvation, Death being so near. When we were in Sight of the Place, they did begin to shout with a great Noise. Then was all Fear taken away. When we came to the Place,

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before

before we began, came the Alehouse-keeper, and with fair Speech desired me not to make any Disturbance, and that he would be glad to see me any other Time. I told him I would make no Disturbance at all; but that it was my Business to stand up against the Kingdom of the Devil: that I would speak against nothing but Sin: And if he stood up for Sin, I must oppose him. Many being come together by this Time; there came a Woman full of the Devil, and rushed me down; and said it was her Ground we stood upon. Well, said I, We'll stand on the High-way. But when we went to the High-way, and began to put out the Hymn, the Man swore we shou'd not stay there: and call'd to the Boys to get the Stones ready. Then were almost all of them full of Slaughter in their Faces, beginning to rush us before them, crying, *The High-way is free*; some with cloven Stakes, others with Staves; but as far as I can remember we were not at all afraid of them. There was a Fire in my Heart all the while, but did

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did not speak much, and shou'd not stand in one Place, being push'd from one Place to another, expecting to be knocked down every Moment. But surely in all this the Lord made my Forehead as Adamant, and my Brow as Brass before them. Then the Lord loosed my Tongue in the midst of them, and I desired Silence whilst I spake to one of the Ring-leaders of the Mob. But when I took him aside out of the Crowd, he was so weak that he could not bear the Power of the Words I spake. Then he went a way immediately; and then we stood in one Place. And when we were settled we sung an Hymn, and went to Prayer: But whilst we were singing and praying, they beat us with Dung and Clay, and flung Sticks at us; but none were hurt: Only the Book and our Cloaths were dawbed. Brother *W*—*in E*—*ns* had much of the Dung thrown in his Face.

I believe I discoursed the Space of an Hour and an Half on these Words;
On this Rock will I build my Church,

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and

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and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it, with uncommon Power convincing and strengthening the Lambs. And in the End of my Discourse was fill'd much with Love to my Enemies, and inviting them to come to JESUS: And shew'd His Will and Power to receive and save them to the uttermost: The Man that did rave and rage at the Beginning, would fain have me come and eat before we went away. Not unto us, Lord, not unto us; but unto THEE ONLY, BE ALL THE PRAISE!

*I am your poor Brother
In our dear LORD,*

THOMAS JAMES.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Cennick, to Brother Howell Harris.

Nov. 9, 1742.

— **O**UR dear Saviour has been very good to me. I can't tell you how tenderly I am carried by him Day by Day. His Hand has indeed

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indeed been visible in settling our Societies in *Brinkworth* and *Foxham*. We have agreed to buy a House in this Parish for a Society-Room, and with great Opposition we have got nigh into it. Many of the Inhabitants have shewed great Bitterness against us, especially one old Man, who vehemently threatned that if ever I came there he would throw a Chamber-pot-full of Filth upon me: And soon he was seized with so violent a Purging, that those about him despaired of his Life: This was many Days ago, nor is he yet recovered.

Another young Man coming from the *Devises* with one of our Friends, and as he rode, cursing of *us* and *this Way*, presently his Horse stumbled and threw him. His Horse never rose again, but died there; and he had never rose, had not the other took Courage to put his Knees to his Shoulders, and pull his Head with all his might; and so by this Means set his Neck, which was supposed to be disjointed some way, because by his Fall he was Black in the Face, and foam'd at the Mouth.

Last Night one of the Brethren of *Clack* told me, a Farmer not far distant (who also is one of the most bitter Enemies we have) in the Beginning of the Year, told the People as they came to hear the Word, If they came over his Pease he would cut off their Legs (though it was a lawful Way). At the coming up of the Grain he seem'd to have the finest Crop in all the Country, but after his unholy Threatnings a Blight came upon all his Pease, so that he had not enough off of about twenty Acres to pay for bringing them in. The Eyes of the common People in the World see these Things, and are afraid to open their Mouths against us. Well may this Generation say, *What has God wrought?* I am sure I am amazed at the Goodness of HIM whom we serve! The Heathen World cannot but own, *Great is the GOD of the Christians, yea Great is the Christians GOD!* In Him I am yours for ever and ever (even in the Lord JESUS)

J. Cennick:
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*The Copy of a Letter from Brother Humphreys, to the
Rev. Mr. Whitefield.*

Gloucester, Nov. 12, 1742.

My dear Brother,

I Came to this City last Night to visit the Society here; and blessed be God I had the Lord's Presence while I was discoursing. I trust I am enabled to speak plain Truths, and that in Love. Some do bear Witness that the Lord has certainly sent me here this Time.

I received your last, and am glad to hear the Lord is joining us together in a more close Union than ever. I do not find there is any Likelihood of Mr. *Cole's* Congregation giving me a Call: And I am very well satisfy'd with that Way of going on in which the Lord at first called me out. Brother *Harris* and I had a Day of sweet Communion together. I find I love him sincerely. We had a choice Love-feast yesterday Morning by 5 'o Clock, before I came out. People are mightily enquiring after your coming here; and I hope it will not
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be long, my dear Brother, before we see you at *Bristol*.—I find daily a wretched Heart; a wandering, hard, self-willed, changeable, blind, and unbelieving Heart: But I cannot say I am in Bondage by it, because I see JESUS. I trust our dear Lord is with you, and fills you with his Presence and Love. I have often Liberty to pray for you: that by you the Savour of CHRIST may every where be made known. Indeed I respect you, and think it a great Honour to be so familiar with you.—My Heart has been much enlarged lately to pray for the Down-pouring of the Holy Ghost. I believe it has been but a Day of small Things yet, to compare to what it will be. O who are we! However, What am I, that I should be counted worthy to put the least Finger to the Gospel Plough in these Days! Indeed I have more Pleasure in that little Service I do for the Lord JESUS, than in all the Treasures of Egypt. I could not help writing this to you in Token of my affectionate Love; and I am (my
dearest

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dearest Friend and Brother, Yours
in the crucify'd Lord,

Joseph Humphreys.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Thomas Adams, at Hampton, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, in London.

Nov. 15, 1742.

Dear, Dear Brother Whitefield,

METHINKS I cannot but use the Familiarity of calling you so, though to be sure I am the most unworthy, being the poorest and least of all my Father's Children: Which I hope will not cause you to slight me, but so much the more to pray for me.

Indeed, as I now hear of your being in London, I am constrained to tell you how graciously the Lord JESUS has been at Work amongst us since you was in the Country. Many, yea, very many dear Souls have been brought, thro' the Grace and Mighty Power of God, out of the Kingdom of the Devil, into the Kingdom of our Lord *Jesus Christ*.—Our Society

ciety is above as large again as when you was there, notwithstanding some are fallen away.—And I trust I can say to the Glory of Rich Grace, we are not only increased in Number, but in some Measure strengthened in the Grace of our Lord *Jesus*. For many who were then under the Spirit of Bondage to Fear, have now received the Spirit of Adoption, whereby they continually cry, *Abba, Father*. Indeed our Saviour is exceeding kind to us.—O what a sweet Love-feast had we last *Wednesday* Night! The Room was full of the Power of God.—And I believe there was scarce a Soul but was filled with the Spirit, and rejoiced with Joy unspeakable and full of Glory.—O dear Sir, Praise God all our Behalf! and pray that I may be kept humble at our dear Saviour's Feet.—But this is not all: For besides the Society that is in my House, I am settling another at Chalford.—I have already examined about sixteen Souls who give a good Account of the Work of God upon them; and most of them have had
many

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many sweet Discoveries of our dear Saviour's Love, though they are as yet but weak in the Faith.—But this is but the first examining. We expect many more to join with them. I shall be there again this Evening, if the Lord permit. O that my dear dear Master may go with me; for alas, without Him I can *nothing!*—But, blessed be God, the Work does not stop here, for I believe there is an *effectual* Door open'd in a dozen Places round about for the Preaching of the Gospel, and Multitudes of precious Souls flock to hear. And what is more, the Word preached does not seem to be in vain; for I think I may say not a Week passes, but I hear of some brought under Soul-concern, and crying out, *What shall we do to be saved!* Neither is there scarce a Week but I have fresh Invitations to fresh Places. I am going *Sunday* next below *Dursley*, if the Lord permit. But, alas, what am I, a poor Worm, yet a very Fool, a Babe in CHRIST, and so quite unfit for so great a Work! Neither do I think that the Lord is
making

making Use of me but for a Season, till some more able and more faithful is raised up and sent among us. And O that the Lord would send one!

Dear Sir, in Compassion to our weakness come and see us—Pray make my House your Home—I shall take as a *great Favour*. Indeed the Lord delights to work by you in this Country.

I have found many of your spiritual Children. And when I did but mention your coming to *London*, the People asked *When?* leaped for Joy, and joined heartily with me in praying that the Lord would send you amongst us, if it should be for the Glory of his Great Name, which I verily believe it will, if the Lord should so incline you. I remember you said these Words followed you when you was here last,—*Speak, and keep not Silent, for I have much People here*—But I believe if you was here now, you'd feel them with double Weight—O that our dear Saviour may incline you to come, and also
fill

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fill you continually with his Spirit,
and preserve you to his everlasting
Kingdom. O dear Sir, pray for me,
who am

*Your poor little sinful Brother
in the Bleeding JESUS,*

Thomas Adams.

*The Copy of a Letter from a Friend in the
Country, to Brother Howell Harris
in London.*

Oct. 15, 1742.

My very dear and much honour'd Brother,

Grace unto you, and Peace be
multiplied.

IHumbly thank you for your dear
Letters: They refreshed my Bow-
els in the Lord. Your inward Affec-
tion to me; that Fellowship you have
with me in the Truth; and that Wil-
lingness which is in your Heart, to
suffer a Child to cry, *Hosanna to the
Son of David!* and especially the Hints
you gave of the Corning of our Lord's
Kingdom, did much comfort my
Soul. O my dear Brother, your Ac-
ceptance of my weak Labours, and
1 F Readiness

Readiness to help me to serve my dear Lord JESUS, did very much affect me! God's Kindness in yours, struck my Heart, and made me say with *David*, *Is this after the Manner of Men, O Lord God?* Oh, not after the Manner of Men hath the Lord dealt with me, but according to his own Heart, hath he done all these great Things!

As to myself, my dear Brother, I am a poor Sinner, saved by God's Free Grace, according to its own Riches! O what Wonders has God's Free-Grace wrought in me! How has he delighted to love me! But, O my Unkindness to my kind Father, breaks my Heart! I am pained at the very Soul, to feel the Workings of Sin in my corrupt Nature; and even surprised to see such a Depth of Iniquity in my vile Heart, after so long an Acquaintance with JESUS, and such abundant Displays of Grace that I have been favour'd with! And under this I am frequently tempted to think that God will cast me off as to Usefulness' (and use such a vile
Sinner

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Sinner no more) unto any of his dear Children. And I am sure *that if he was not God, the LORD that changeth not*, he would do it. And under the Views of my own Vileness, I also find an Aptness to sink into Dejection of Spirit: I find it exceeding difficult to take in, and keep up a due Sight and Sense of Sin, without sinking into an unbelieving Heaviness, at such Times when my Soul is not sensibly under those full and overflowing Tides of Love and Grace, which bear down all before them. O this Sin of Sins, Unbelief! It is the Womb from whence all our Sin springs, and the Gulph into which all Sin flows! Satan stirs up the Corruption of the Heart, all seated as it were in Unbelief, and tempts God's People to Sin: And by the Motions of other Sins stirring, or yielding to, either more inwardly, or outwardly, he tempts them to Unbelief. And this is the worst Sin of all: Inasmuch as the Soul hereby, so far as it prevails, casts the highest Dishonour upon the Grace of God, and the Fulness

of Christ: As if there was not enough in the infinite Grace of JEHOVAH, in the infinite Merit of CHRIST'S Blood and Righteousness, and the infinite All-sufficiency of his Fulness to answer the Soul's Wants, and even infinitely exceed them! Oh, this Sin of Unbelief! This staying at Home in Self-wretchedness, instead of going out to Christ, and to God in Him, so far as it prevails, is a tacit rejecting of the SAVIOUR, and of all the Grace exhibited in HIM by the glorious Gospel, for the Chief of Sinners! Happy should we be, if upon every Conviction of our own Emptiness and Vileness, we pass'd the next Moment: out of ourselves, into CHRIST, and there closed with the glorious Remedy provided for our miserable helpless Souls! Oh what a God-honouring, Soul-nourishing, and comforting Life is a Life of Faith on the Son of God! All Glory be to God's Free-Grace, This, in the Main, is *the Life I now live in the Flesh!* But yet to my Grief, I feel the Workings of Unbelief in my Soul, and that I
am

me to appear for Him in the Work He calls me to, with an holy Boldness in his own Strength and Worthiness, notwithstanding all that Vileness and Unworthiness which I see in myself; and that Satan objects against me. O my Brother, I see the Whole of my Salvation, from first to last, in all and every of its Parts, stands alone upon God's *Rich, Free, and Sovereign Grace*, Reigning in glorious Triumph through a crucify'd JESUS! This Grace began my Salvation in quickening me, when I was dead in Sin! This Grace has maintain'd, and increased my new Life hitherto, through a thousand Deaths and Dangers! and this same Grace will carry me safe thro' a World of Sin and Sorrow, into the World of Glory, in its own Everlasting Arms! O help me to bless and praise my God for his great Grace unto me!

I rejoice much in our Lord's Kindness to you, in that he increaseth you with all the Increase of God: In that he strengthens you with all Might by his Spirit in the inward Man; making
you

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you valiant for his Truth upon the Earth, laborious in his Service, and abundantly successful in your Labours. Go on, my dear Brother, in the Lord's Strength to serve him! Your Service is acceptable to your great Master, profitable to his dear Children, and delightful to your own Soul. Your Work is honourable and sweet; and your Reward will be Great and Glorious. O labour hard for CHRIST, according to his Working, in your little Inch of Time: An Eternity of Rest awaits you in His, and in his Father's Bosom! The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your Spirit. I forget you not before the Throne of Grace. Pray for,

Dear Sir,

Yours Affectionately

in our Glorious HEAD.

Abstract

Abstract of a Letter from Brother Humphreys, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Bristol, Nov. 9, 1742.

My dear Brother,

I Believe there are many ripe here for receiving the Tidings of the BLOOD of JESUS—O hasten down by the Will of God—Several that have sat a good while dead under the Word, are brought to feel experimentally their Need of a SAVIOUR, And I have great Faith to believe, that your coming among us will be greatly blessed—I am very backward in giving Heed to outward Emotions—But this Afternoon surely I never beheld a Person in greater Agony than a Woman crying out aloud with trembling, and all possible Gestures of Earnestness for the Application of the BLOOD of JESUS—And the Word in general has seemed to come with an uncommon Power lately—Last Fast-Day my Mouth was hardly ever more opened—We had exceeding large Congregations. And I was enabled to speak very plain Truths.

The

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The Copy of a Letter from Brother Humphreys, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Whitney, Dec. 6, 1742.

My very dear dear Brother,

YOUR unexpected and kind Letter I received last Night, just as I came into *Burford*—I have been at an Abundance of Country Places round about: At some of which I hardly had greater Power in my Life-time.—Last *Thursday* I was at *Chedworth* by *Cirencester*—We had a sweet Evening—I visited a young Man there, who is supposed to be decaying in a consumptive Way. He received his first Impressions under you at *Cirencester*; and since then has been brought to a Discovery of *Jesus Christ* as his only Saviour.—On Sabbath Day I preached twice at *Burford* in my Father's Meeting-house. In the Evening I preached at another Place in the Town; and our Saviour bowed the Heavens and came down amongst us. The Lambs were fed, and made to rejoice in God my Saviour—I have been often invited and pressed to come hither. At last the
Lord

Lord has opened the Door: O that it may be effectual!—I have found a little Knot that seem to be sweet Souls here—They keep a little Society to themselves; but have no Minister to visit them.—The Dissenting Minister, with some Reluctance, did give me the Leave of his Meetinghouse here Yesterday at Noon. There was a great Company of Church People, Presbyterians and Quakers. The Lord enabled me to speak plain Truths: by telling them that unless they ate the Flesh and drank the Blood of the Son of Man they had no Life in them. In the Evening I gave Notice to be in a certain private Room. The Place was prodigiously throng'd, and I trust the Lord was with me of a Truth. I have discoursed two, three, or four Times a Day almost ever since I have been out. Blessed be the Name of my dear Master, I have, for the main Part, found myself exceeding vigorous through this Journey. In *Gloucestershire* the People press after the Word exceedingly. At *Chalford* Meetinghouse one Evening we had

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had a glorious Congregation. If it were pollible, my dear Brother, I wou'd have you pay a Visit to these Parts that I am now in: Could you not make it in your Way to come through *Oxfordshire*, and so through *Wiltshire*, as you go to *Bristol*. Indeed if you can by any Means, I believe you would find it very useful. I wou'd have you preach here, and at *Ailworth*, and at *Burford*: they are five Miles asunder: And each of these Places would take in the whole Country. Then you will be but twelve Miles from *Wiltshire*. Indeed here are some secret hidden Lambs about, which ought to be fed. I am glad I have been here to bear my Testimony. Pray consider of this Call. I am going by the leave of JESUS to *Burford* To-day, and *Burtown* To-morrow; *Bibury* and *Barnesley* on *Thursday*; and on *Friday* at *Hampton*. Brother *Jenkins* and I and Brother *Adams*, and Brother *J. Chapman* have appointed a Meeting there at twelve o' Clock. *Saturday* I go to *Littleton*, and so away to *Bristol*. I hope

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hope it will not be long before I see you Face to Face. May the Lord direct our Spirit in every Thing. I must now leave off; the People wait below Stairs to hear the Word of God. My Love to all dear Friends, particularly your dear Yoke-fellow, and Brother G——. I am most unfeignedly Yours in the Bleeding JESUS,

Joseph Humphreys.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Cennick to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Foxham, Nov. 19, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

I Have not wrote so often as I would since you came to *London*, because the Lord for many Days has humbled me under a deep Sense of my own Nature; and I thought, *Why shalt I write? my Words will now be insipid and barren to him who is carried aloft as in the Arms of God!* I think the LAMB of GOD hath greatly blessed
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sed me in these Countries, since my last coming especially; and, left I should be exalted above Measure, He gives me to see myself without Him, poor and bare, and viler than the Dunghil. *I must bear the Indignation, of the Lord because I have sinned. Yea I am content to do it, O my God!*

Last *Tuesday* at *Longley* several Men came, threatning to disturb us; and began speaking aloud, and hollowing to one another; and then threw up large Stones to the Window-shutters; and finding all fail to do their End (for the Lord gave the People sweetly to attend the Word and Prayer) they blamed each other for Fools, for not taking the Courage to rush through the midst of the Assembly, and drag me out of the Pulpit, and then pull it to Pieces. At last they laboured very hard in gathering up Dirt, Cow-dung, &c. and this they threw in till we broke up. And not being content with this, they laid wait in the Fields and Lanes, and there pelted us with Cow-dung as we paired. One *T—k* of that Place,
 I G with

with his Company, joined with some of the Society in the Road, as if they had been Friends; and as they went on talking together, they cut their Cloaths with Scissars, and used them very unhandsomely, besides striving to push them into the Ditches and Rivers. *How many Ways does the Devil invent to worry the Lambs of the Lord JESUS, and yet labour in vain!*

On Sunday about Two in the Afternoon, after the Society at *Brinkworth* was done, I preached in the new House at Tiverton; and though many threatned us, if we came thither, the Lord so held them, that we enjoy'd Peace all the Time. I believe near a thousand People came to hear—Great Part of them were Strangers. O may the Lord give them to be Fellow-Citizens with us in the *House not built with Hands, eternal in the Heavens!*

The Enemy seems to be more awaked in the Villages round us than before. The Ministers of *Bremble, Segery, Longley*, and many others, have strictly forbid

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forbid the Church-wardens and Overseers to let any of the *Cennicks* have any Thing out of the Parish; and they obey them: And tell the Poor, *If they cannot stop them any other Way, they will famish them.* Several of the Poor who have great Families (to my Knowledge) have already been deny'd any Help for this Reason—*Because they follow this Way.* Some of the People have, out of Fear, deny'd they ever came; and others have been made to promise they will come no more; while the most Part come, at the Loss of Friends and all they have. When the Officers had threatned some to take away all their Pay—they answered, *If you starve us we will go; and rather than we will forbear, we will live upon Grass with the Kine.* Surely the Cries of this distressed People have already entered the Ears of the Lord of Sabaoth! and how dreadful will those appear by and by before the Judge, who have by Fraud or Force kept back the Poor from their Right! I am amazed at the Kindness of our dear

Saviour, in that he suffers none to hinder our meeting in Peace in every Place (save *Longley*) and there also had we no Disturbance last Night. We greet all the Society with you. When you stand before the King, remember the Royal Seed, the Brethren with me. And O, don't forget the least among the Captives of *Israel*,

J. Cennick.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother James Beaumont in Wales, to Brother J. G——ce, in London.

Trevecka, Nov. 29, 1742.

Dear dear Brother G——ce,

THE Reading of your Letter was very refreshing to my poor, yea very poor Spirit. This Day our Saviour has blessed me, and loves me, I cannot say why—I am a Wonder to myself! and that because I know I deserve a thousand Hells, yet Heaven, yet CHRIST is mine! I long to be swallowed up in the Love of *Christ*, as you and Brother *Harris* are; but

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but the Lord knows I am a proud Fellow, and therefore in his Love He keeps me very low. May I be always kept as a poor Sinner at the Feet of *Jesus*, for He is a Sinner-loving Lord.—I know he loves the chief of Sinners, and that is me.—I can hardly think there is one so wretched as me in the whole World. I am *black indeed*, yet *comely* in CHRIST. He has done *All for me*. O the Depths of the Abomination that is in the Heart of Man! I see a little of the Evil of my Heart. I wondered why I so easily fell into some Sins in Times past, and was so soon overtaken by them: It was in my wicked and deceitful Heart that many Murderers and Thieves have lodged. But the Lord has sent more Light into this dark and polluted Den, and discovered them unto me; and the one has betray'd the other; and have been at War together. O thou Sin-subduing Lord, let not one of thy Enemies live in my Soul!

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I long to see you, and open my whole Heart to you; as I have taken this Freedom in Writing to you—so I could take the same if I was with you, and tell all that I know of myself to you. I believe I am the blackest of all my Father's Children: yet he deals very tenderly with me, a little prattling Fool, that knows nor how to speak as I ought: yet does my dear Saviour open my mouth at some Times in such a Manner as makes the Devil quake and tremble. I was lately in *Brecknockshire*, *Herefordhire*, and *Glamorganshire*. Wonderfully does the Work of God go on in some Places. In *Glamorganshire* God was with me in a wonderful Manner. The Devil's Kingdom is seemingly tumbling down. Sinners are made to quake and tremble, and cry out.

Never had I such a Journey before, blessed be my dear Saviour. I was lately at a Country Wake: The Minister of the Parish came and laid hold on me in order to put me in the Stocks. When he told me he would
put

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put me there, I answer'd, that I had been once in such a Place on the same Account, and was willing to go there again. They did not put me in the Stocks; but kept me with them for some Time, till the Lord deliver'd me out of their Hands: And I went to a House a little Way from the Place, and discoursed to the poor Souls that followed me from the Place where they took me as a Prisoner.

'Tis no Wonder the Devil roars in those Parts, for I believe he has lost many a precious Soul from his Service, praised be our God!

The Lord is very gracious to the poor *Radnorians*. He opens their Mouths in Markets and Fairs in a wonderful Manner. The little Boy in the House where I sometimes reside, was reproving his Schoolfellow for Swearing—He told him it was good to swear—He bid him put his Hand into the Fire, and try it he could endure the Flames; and if, says he, you cannot bear this, how can you bear eternal Fire?—

A

A seasonable Reproof to all Swearers—the Boy is not yet six Years old—a very young Preacher! Dear Brother *Harris* is weeping in private. I believe he makes Mention of dear Brother G—*ce.* I long to overtake him. He is upon the full Stretch for God.—The Lord has much blessed his Word since he came into the Country.—My dear Brother, may you think of nothing, speak of nothing, nor desire to know anything else but *Jesus Christ*, and Him crucified. May you now sink down into the Wounds of a dying God. My Love to all the Lambs of *Christ*. Accept the same yourself. And may this find you full of God. When you are favour'd at the Throne of Grace with God's Presence, remember poor sinful

James Beaumont.

*On the present WORK of GOD in Scotland.
By a Gentltman of Edinburgh.*

THO' oft when threat'ning Clouds prevail,
Thy *Zion's* Gifted Comforts fail;
Tho' while thou vails thy quick'ning Face,
Our Holy *Hallelujah's* cease;

Yet

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Yet sure accord:ng to thy Word,
 Praise waits for Thee in *Zion*, Lord:
 For in our Hearts thy Hand inlays,
 A Disposition still to praise.

And now thy Grace our Souls proclaim,
 O *Zion's* GOD, we shout thy Name!
 Since thou her Walls began to build,
 And turn her to a fruitful Field.

Long ran the Promise under Ground,
 And few its quick'ning Virtue found;
 Now forth it bursts, and largely flows,
 Sov'reign subduing thousand Foes.

Bold haughty Souls are struck with Fear,
 The Dead thy Voice alarming hear;
 Thy dreadful Vengeance from on high,
 Ready to strike, the blind espy.

Trembling they stand to open View,
 Amaz'd! enquiring what to do;
 Servants of God, O kindly shew
 How to escape th' impending Blow.

Behold the Man polite and kind,
 Of blameless Life, and Soul refin'd;
 Peaceful his forty Years he spent,
 Nor dream'd he needed to repent.

See now he looks with deep Surprise!
 And strange Amazement in his Eyes!
 His former Course, his Heart within,
 Appear all Wretchedness and Sin!

Quench not the Thought, but patient fit
 At the *Almighty Healer's* Feet;
 Deep tho' he strike, 'tis all in Love,
 All-Gracious shall the Issue prove.

Hark,

Hark, how the tender Lambs bewail
 Their base, their vile Original!
 In youthful Tears their Grief express,
 Complaining so of Soul-Distress.

Dear little Babes! see how they run
 To Corners; and all Comfort shun;
 In moving Words and melting Air,
 Their Hearts are quite dissolv'd in Pray'r.

Go on, ye tender feeble Race:
 Go on to seek the Saviours Face;
 For He has promis'd, *Ye shall find*:
 His Word is sure, His Heart is kind.

But whence these sad Complaints and Groans?
 This slirring 'mongst the wither'd Bones?
 This new, this Sweet repenting Cry?
 Is not the God of *Jacob* nigh?

Sure it is He! Let Earth resound
 His Pow'r that mighty is to wound;
 And ev'ry Tongue his Mercy tell,
 That no less mighty is to heal.

For lo, his Voice that calms the Wind,
 Speaks Pardon to the guilty Mind,
 Pow'rful commands their Grief to cease,
 Commands the Conscience into Peace.

That God, from whom was all their Fears,
 Now their eternal Joy appears,
 Justice that loud for Vengeance cry'd,
 Now pleads as loudly on their Side.

From Day to Day new Wonders rise.
 New Mercy opens to their Eyes;
 Their Names they read in Heav'n's Record,
 By resting on JEHOVAH's Word.

Oh how their Souls transported sing
 The Conquests of their Glorious King!
 Who trav'ling in Almighty Strength,
 Their stubborn Hearts subdu'd at length.

Forever reign Victorious LORD,
 Worthy in Heav'n to be ador'd!
 Worthy their highest Notes to raise!
 Worthy on Earth of all the Praise!

Thine own essential Glories shine,
 With brightest Lustre all Divine;
 And what created Tongue can tell
 Thy Glory, as IMMANUEL?

GOD in our Nature, Wond'rous Theme!
 GOD dying, Sinners to redeem!
 Dying, our guilty Souls to save!
 Dying, that such as we might live!

Ye who surround the Throne above,
 Exalt this high mysterious Love!
 Help us in Praises to reveal
 The Love we share, the Grace we feel.

Take up the Song, ye waving Trees,
 And join ye solemn roaring Seas;
 Let universal Nature bring
 Her loudest Voice, and chearful song.

The Great Eternal WORD adore,
 And glory in his conq'ring Pow'r;
 Boast ye of His victorious Name,
 And shout the Triumphs of the LAMB.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Lately Published,

JUSTIFICATION by Faith only; and the Sinfulness of Man's Natural Will before Justification: According to the Gospel, and the Articles of the Church of *England*.—By *Robert Barnes*, D. D. Who was burnt in *Smithfield*, in the Year 1541.—To which is prefixed, Some Account of the Life and Death of the Author: Extracted from the *Book of Martyrs*.—*To him that worketh not, and Believeth on HIM that justifieth the ungodly, his Faith is counted for Righteousness*, Rom. iv. 5.—*And is of his own Nature inclined to Evil*—Art. ix.

London, Printed and Sold by *John Lewis* in *Bartholomew-Close*, near *West-Smithfield*.

(Price 6d. stitch'd, or 9d. bound.)

ON *Sunday* the 2d of *January*, the Printer's House was attempted to be robb'd; whereby he has (as he supposes) lost the Book, with all the Subscribers Names to the Rev. Mr *Whitefield's* Sermons: Therefore he desires that all those who have subscribed, would be pleas'd to send in an Account of their Names and Places of Abode, over again; and they shall speedily be served with the full Number, which is now ready to be deliver'd by

J. Lewis.

Note, *This Edition (well printed) will cost no more than Two Shillings and Two pence (in Sheets) to the Subscribers, at Two pence a Week.*

AN
A C C O U N T
Of the Most
Remarkable Particulars
Relating to the
PRESENT PROGRESS
OF THE
G O S P E L.

Behold, I bring you good Tidings of great Joy, which shall be to all People, Luke ii. 10.

Number II.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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Bartholomew-Close, near West-Smithfield.

MDCCLXIII.

AN
A C C O U N T
 OF THE
 Most Remarkable Particulars
 relating to the Present Pro-
 gress of the Gospel.

*The Copy of a Letter from Brother Tho-
 mas James (an Exhorter in Wales)
 to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, in
 London.*

Builth, Dec. 4, 1742.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

YOURS to Brother R. J. came
 into my Hands, and also one
 to Brother B. C. I have sent the one
 safe, and am waiting an Opportunity
 of sending the other. I feel my
 Soul united to you in an especial
 Manner; and greatly long to be
 more acquainted with you, to tell
 2 A 2 you

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you all that is *in* my Heart, if our dear Saviour gives me Power. Indeed He is a tender Master: He is daily teaching me (poor and vile as I am) some new Lessons; and does often shew the Riches of Love and Grace that is in his tender Heart: Yet I want to learn more daily. O pray that I may be brought out of my *own Self* to seek All my Righteousness, All my Strength, and All my Peace and Joy from *Jesus Christ*, in believing; and always lie as a poor Sinner in the Wounds of Him *who was made Sin for me, who knew no Sin, that I might be made the Righteousness of God in Him*. O pray that I may lie as a little Child in the Embraces of my Heavenly Father; and that I may not be hasty to run before, or flow to follow, my dear Lord wherever He calls me, be it ever so contrary to my Self-will and Nature. I have many Things to tell you had I but Power and Opportunity. Our dearest Lord, who knows how to bless the Meanest Things, seems to use me to take Care of, and feed
His

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His Lambs; and does put His Love in my Heart sometimes, and makes me willing to spend and be spent—when I am abroad the Lord blesses me with uncommon Power, both to convince and to build; and my Soul is kept in great Liberty: But when I am confin'd at home, my Soul is kept more barren and dry. There seems to be a fresh Effusion of the Spirit poured on our Societies now; and much of the Spirit of Love and Tenderness among the Exhorters towards the dear Lambs: And our dear Lord seems to be coming in the Midst of us, wherever we are gathered. He seems to be anointing the Wheels of our Souls: and they are like the Wheels of *Aminadab's* Chariot: And the frozen Hearts begin to be melted with the glorious Rays of the Sun of Righteousness. And there are many open Doors, especially in *Radnorshire*.

Surely JESUS is doing Wonders in our Day! I have great Power to pray that His Gospel may run and be glorified, and that the Kingdom

of *Antichrist* may be taken down, and that the Kingdoms of the Earth may become the Kingdoms of the Lord *Jesus!* O, I hope that the dear LAMB will incline your Heart to go through *Walea*, before you embark; and that He has some Work for you to do here also.

I believe the coming of Brother *Harris* into *Wales* at this Time, was of God: And that He is teaching him that Wisdom which is from above. Last *Sunday* he and Brother *Beaumont*, and many Brethren and Sisters were together in *Radnorshire*. He discoursed three Times. Great was the Power, the Love, Peace, and Solidity we did enjoy, as if we had been in the Arms of our dear Lord, sitting under his Shadow, and indeed it was with great Delight. And his Fruit was sweet to our Taste; nay, indeed we drank abundantly of his Love!

O how shall I give over yet! I would not tire you; for I fear you have not Time to read over one half of the Letters that are sent you. It rejoices

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rejoices my Soul to hear that you are made so happy in your Yoke-fellow. May you be more and more happy daily—O pray that I may be a *loving* Husband, and tender Father, in the Bowels of our Lord *Jesus Christ*; and make me a faithful Steward of the manifold Grace of God, to walk circumspectly in all manner of Conversation, whilst passing thro' this howling Wilderness, where there are so many Enemies to beset us—We ought therefore always to watch, having on the whole Armour of God, and kept out of ourselves to abide in Him. It is when we are in our own Spirits that we corrupt our Conversation, and our Doctrine, and grieve the SPIRIT of GOD. When we are in our own Wisdom, we cast *Jesus Christ* out of his Office, and we are under the Power of Unbelief, and carnal, and so are in Bondage. I hope our dear Lord will set the Societies at Liberty shortly, and bruise Satan under our Feet, with all his subtil Stratagems.

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O come, dear Mr. *Whitefield*, come amongst us: We greatly want you. Many of the dear Lambs are desiring me to write to you. May our dear Lord crown your Labours here and elsewhere with abundant Success. And cover your Head in the Day of Battle: And keep you under the Shadow of his Wings. May the Lord direct all your Consultations at your meeting the Brethren in *Wales*.

My kind Love to Brother G——ce, though unknown; yet I love him, because I am satisfy'd he loves our dear LORD: In whom I am your poor, sinful Brother,

Thomas James.

The Copy of a Letter from a Friend in the Country, to a young Gentleman, who desired some advice for the Good of his Soul.

Oct. 15. 1742.

My dearly beloved Brother in CHRIST,

GLAD was I of the Line you sent me, which signity'd your Desire to hear from me. Much have
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I wanted to know whether you receiv'd my last Letter; and also how your Soul prospereth. Verily I have not forgot you; but as you did not write to me, I knew not where to direct, nor how to convey a Letter to you. And now my Time allow'd me to write, is very short, and I am unacquainted with your present Frame. But in the general, I find you want GOOD. Let me therefore say unto you, as *Eliphaz to Job*, *Acquaint now thyself with Him*, (with GOD in CHRIST) *and be at Peace: thereby God shall come unto thee*. Oh thou tender Lamb of CHRIST's Fold! thy Shepherd's Heart is concern'd for thee, His Bowels yern towards thee; and in boundless Compassion, with everlasting Kindness will he gather thee by the Strength of his Arm, and carry thee safe in his Bosom, thro' a Land of Pits and Snares, and fiery flying Serpents, unto the Land of Rest; where Sorrow and Sighing shall flee away, and everlasting Rest be upon thy Head! Thy Weakness, Sickness, and Diseases, shall never
turn

turn away the Heart of thy tender Shepherd from thee: But having loved thee with a Free, Infinite Love; his Love towards thee, will draw out the Compassions of his Soul, so much the more to help, relieve, and save thee to the uttermost. *The Whole* (says he) *need not a Physician; but those that are sick.* Oh, *Jesus Christ* has a special Regard to his sick Children; and takes a peculiar Delight in healing their Souls, and binding up their Wounds! If *Christ* lose one of his Sheep, if one of them be driven from his Fold and expos'd to imminent Danger; such are his infinite Bowels towards it, that he doth as it were leave the ninety and nine, and goeth after that which is lost until he find it. And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his Shoulder, and bringerh it home rejoicing. Oh my Brother, if such were your Case, that there was no Pity for you in any of the Creatures; you have Tenderness enough in CHRIST'S Heart, a boundless, endless Store, of Love, Grace and Mercy, to relieve
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and solace you in your greatest Miseries! Come, try the Compassions of JESUS! The GODHEAD is in Him! His Bowels are infinite! His Mercies are tender Mercies; that are easily touch'd with the Feeling of your Miseries! Tender, to sympathize with you in them, to relieve you under them, and to save you from them! Oh, *Christ* hath a tender Heart, and a tender Hand to bind up wounded Spirits! Your Miseries can be but finite; but the Compassions of CHRIST are infinite! They know neither Bound, Change, nor End! But spread themselves in glorious Triumph over all!

Oh come, cast your Soul, put your Trust under the Shadow of his Wings, until all your Calamities may be overpast! He will not frown you away: but open his Arms, his Bosom, and let you into all his Grace! And lo, The Father himself loveth you! It will please the Father well, to see you come unto Him by *Jesus Christ*! He delighteth in Mercy, in exercising Loving Kindness to the most
Mise-

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Miserable and Unworthy! The FATHER'S Love is Great, Free, Unchangeable and Eternal! And tho' the Crucify'd, Risen, and Ascended SAVIOUR, He will display his Mercy, Love and Grace, in its exceeding Riches, unto Ages without End! God's Design in Saving Sinners by *Jesus Christ*; is to magnify his Mercy, to glorify his Grace, to commend his Love, and set it off in all its native Glories before all intelligent Beings! And therefore where Sin has abounded, Grace doth much more abound. Oh the infinite Fulness of Grace! the Glory of this *much* more. Grace triumphs over Sins, over Miseries, over Wants innumerable; in the Salvation of Sinners unto Life eternal! It fills Valleys, covers Mountains, and like a mighty Deluge, prevails in its infinite Strength, and spreads its immense Glories over All!

It rises, see, it drowns the Hills!

'T has neither Shore nor Bound:

Now if we search to find our Sins,

They can no more be found!

Oh

nothing, and Vanity. It hath pleased the FATHER, that in Him all Fulness should dwell. The Members of *Christ's* Body, in and of themselves, are *empty*, mere *Vacuities*. But the Fulness of the Head, *filleth all in all!* And tho' I am the most unworthy, the least and last, yet the Fulness of CHRIST *fills me!* It fills me notwithstanding my great Emptiness, and greater Unworthiness, and flows thro' me, *little me*, into the other and *greater Members* of the Body! All Glory to my LORD, the Filling Head, for all that satisfying Joy, with which thro' me he has filled any, and so many of his dear Members! It was Grace unknown! that put me, *vile me*, among the happy, blessed Number! that keeps me in the Body, and under the Influence of the HEAD, makes me of some Use to my dear Fellow-Members; so that the Superior cannot say to inferior Me, *We have no need of thee!* O infinite Grace! *It is the LORD's Doing, and Marvellous in my Eyes!* The Heavens will praise Him for the Wonders of his Grace, towards
me

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me, such a Hell-deserving Sinner!—My Desert was, to have gone down to the lowest Pit, to have sunk beneath the Weight of Sin, and GOD's almighty Wrath, into the Abyss of eternal Misery! But Oh behold, I am Redeemed by the LAMB's BLOOD! The Lord of Life gave Himself to Death for my Ransom! JESUS, the SON of GOD, took my Nature, and Law-place, sustain'd my Person, bore my Sin and Curse, and endur'd that infinite Vengeance, which was my Desert! And having drank up the Cup of Wrath, finish'd Sin, and swallow'd up Death in Himself; when He dy'd for *me* upon the Cross; Himself, in the Immensity of his own Love and Life, as my Risen Glorify'd HEAD upon the Throne, is become the Lord of Life, the Giver of eternal Life unto *Me*, in all its glorious Beginnings, and never-ending Fulness!—And amidst the glorious Flows of Love and Life upon *Me*, I esteem my Lord's using me as an Instrument in his Hand, to feed his dear Lambs, a very rich one!

Oh the Grace, the exceeding Riches of Grace, which the GOD of all Grace displays herein! Never was a poor Sinner so *unworthy*, to be made of any Use, to anyone Soul, as *vile me*. But Grace Reigns, through the BLEEDING LAMB, in the State and Majesty of GOD! of JEHOVAH! and displays its Glories in making the Chief of Sinners, Objects of the choicest Mercy! And while Free-Grace, lays out its Riches, and calls abroad its Rays upon *Us*; let us bow down before it, adore its infinite Greatness, live joyfully under its sweet Influence, and humbly and thankfully praise this Grace, in *Heart, Lip, and Life!* And wherein we *fail*; let us get by Faith to the Foot of the Cross, Look again to the SAVIOUR whom we have pierced, Mourn and be in Bitterness for Him, Wash in the Fountain of his Blood, and from new Life suck'd out of *Christ's* Death, let us go forth afresh, in all manner of holy Conversation, to honour Free-Grace, more than ever! And thus, with increasing Brightness,

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ness, let us labour to praise Free-Grace, in the present Time; until bless'd Eternity comes on, and then, all-in-Tune, we'll warble out its Praises, and shout its Glories, in Life and Love, endless and unknown!

I rejoice with you, my Dear Brother, that the Lord has given you a Heart to love Him; a new Nature, to which *Christ*, his People, his Cause and Work is Precious. What distinguishing Grace is this, That has given *you* to see your own Misery as a Sinner, and the Excellency of CHRIST as a SAVIOUR; while *Thousands* round about you, neither Know their deadly Disease, nor the glorious Remedy! That CHRIST should be *the chief of ten thousand* unto *you*, while *others* see no Beauty in the fairest of all *Fairs*, the altogether Lovely JESUS! It's wondrous Grace to *you*, that hath made *Christ's* People, to be in your Esteem, the Excellent of the Earth; while the *World* knoweth them not! How is it likewise that the rising Cause of the dear Redeemer, should be *your Glory and Joy*; while *Thousands*

sands despise and oppose it! And that *Christ's Work* should be *your Delight*, your Freedom, your glorious Liberty; while so *many* will have none of Him for their Master, but are the willing Slaves of Sin and Satan!—I know you say, *It is all of Grace! Free-Grace*, that maketh *me* to differ from *another*! And this Grace, my Brother, that hath *begun* your Salvation, will *finish* it, with Power omnipotent, unto Glory compleat! You have experienced much of the Loving-kindness of the LORD; and He hath but *begun* to love you. There are Ages to come, even the endless Ages of Eternity, in which he will shew the exceeding Riches of His Grace, in his Kindness towards you, through CHRIST JESUS!—Wherefore go on chearfully, to *love* and *serve* the Lord, thro' your little Inch of Time. The *more* you do for CHRIST, the *sweeter* will be His Work to you in this World; and the *greater* will be your Reward, your Crown of Glory in the World to come.

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I rejoice to hear, that your Work, in publishing the Progress of CHRIST'S *Gospel*, is so exceeding Delightful to you. The Lord make it, still more and more, a rich Means of your Increase in Grace, and Preparation for Glory!—Unto the tender Care of our great Shepherd, I commit you; and requesting your Prayers for the least of His; am,

Dear Sir,

Yours Affectionately
in, CHRIST JESUS,

— — — .

ORDER for a Thanksgiving to Almighty GOD, for having put an End to the Spanish Invasion of Georgia.

A Proclamation.

ALmighty GOD has in all Ages shewn his Power and Mercy, in the marvellous and gracious Deliverance of his Church, and in the Protection of righteous and religious Kings

Kings and States, professing his holy and eternal Truth, from the open Invasion, wicked Conspiracies, and malicious Practices of all the Enemies thereof: He hath by the Manifestation of his Providence delivered us from the Hands of the *Spaniards*: They with forty Sail of small Gallies, And other Craft, came into *Cumberland Sound*; *But Fear and Terror from the Lord came upon them, and they fled.*

The *Spaniards* also with another Mighty Fleet of thirty-fix Ships and Vessels, came into *Jekyl-Sound*, and after a sharp Fight, became Masters thereof; we having only four Vessels to oppose their Force; *and God was the Shield of our People*: since in so unequal a fight, which was stoutly maintain'd for the Space of four Hours, not one of ours was killed, though many of theirs perished, and five were killed by one Shot only. They landed Four-thousand-five-hundred Men upon this Island, according to the Account of the Prisoners, and even of *Englishmen*

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men who escaped from them. The first Parry marched up through the Woods to this Town, and was within Sight thereof, *when GOD deliver'd them into the Hands of a few of ours.* They fought, and were soon dispersed, and fled. Another Party which supported them, also fought, but were soon dispersed. *We may with Truth, say that the Hand of the Lord fought for us;* for in the two Fights more than Five-hundred fled before Fifty; and yet they for a Time fought with Courage; and the Grenadiers particularly charged with great Resolution; *but their Shot did not take Place,* insomuch that none of ours were killed; but they were broken, and pursu'd with great Slaughter; so that by Report of the Prisoners since taken, upwards of two-hundred Men never return'd to their Camp. They also came up with their Half Gallies towards the Town, and return'd without so much as firing one Shot: *And then Fear came upon them from the LORD, and they fled,* leaving behind them

them some Cannon, and many Things they had taken.

Twenty-eight Sail attack'd *Fort-William*, in which were only fifty Men: And after three Hours Fight, went away and left the Province: they having been pursu'd as far as *St. John's*. So that by this whole Expedition, and great Armament, no more than two of ours were taken, and two killed. *Therefore with Truth we may say, That the LORD hath done Great Things for us, who hath delivered us out of the Hands of so numerous an Enemy, who had already swallowed us up in their Thoughts, and boasted, that they would torment and burn us: But the LORD was our Shield, and we of a Truth may say, that it was not our Strength or Might that delivered us, but that it was the LORD!* Therefore it is meet and fitting that we should return Thanks unto GOD our DELIVERER.

*H*AVING taken the Premises into Consideration, I do hereby Order, That Sunday the *Twenty-fifth Instant,*

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Instant, be Observed as a Day of Publick Thanksgiving to ALMIGHTY GOD for his Great Deliverance, in having put an End to the Spanish Invavion: And that all Persons do solemnize the same in a Christian and Religious Manner, and abstain from Drunkenness, and any other wicked and dissolute Testimonies of Joy.

Given under my Hand and Seal,
 this Twenty-fourth Day of
July, at *Frederica* in *Georgia*,
Anno Domini One thousand
 Seven hundred and Forty-two.

Signed by

James Oglethorpe

By His EXCELLENCY's Command,
Francis Moore.

Note, *At the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's express Desire, this Proclamation is inserted here.*

The

The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell Harris in Wales, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield in London.

Llangetho, Dec. 5, 1742.

My dearest and Elder Brother,

THIS Day I heard dear Brother Rowland; and such a Sight mine Eyes never saw! I can send you no true Idea thereof. Such Light and Power was in the Congregation as can't be expressed. By hundreds the People went from one Parish Church to another? three Miles, singing and rejoicing In GOD; and so having communicated of the Lord's-Supper, came so many Miles back again to hear me at Night: And I was enabled with Power (very uncommon to me) to discourse in the Highway 'till Eight o'Clock to Two thousand, I believe; and such was the Rejoicing in Christ, and washing his Feet with Tears of a broken Heart, as I believe their Eyes seldom saw more. Some or other of the carnal Professors, who had built upon the Sand, come daily under Convictions. The

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Lambs grow, and many walk in glorious Liberty: Sin and Satan being bruised under their Feet. A Fire of GOD's Love takes Place in many Hearts; and GOD seems like a Flame amongst them indeed. Sure the Lord is going to do great Things! *Good News* of the same Nature I hear from *Pembrokeshire* from Brother *Howell Davies*. They meet here every Night in Societies; and such is the *Power* among them in Prayer often, that they are struck with an awful Silence; and often the Speaker has his Voice drown'd by the loud Cries of broken Hearts. To-night you might hear most melodious Musick indeed—the Name of JESUS adored and praised by Companies here and there in the Fields. Brother *Rowland* sends his tenderest Love to you, and longs to see you, and so do all the Brethren. I believe we shall have a joyful Meeting. I trust we are all of one Mind. I find the Work is going sweetly and solidly on every where. You will see more Particulars in the inclos'd to Brother *H——t*.

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*The Copy or another Letter from Brother
HOWELL HARRIS, to Brother H——t.*

My dear dear Brother,

Do not I hear you complaining,
Brother Harris has forgot me?
But I am mistaken! The new Creature makes an Excuse; but soon we shall walk in perfect Love, and abide in GOD; then we shall not forget each other at all: In the mean Time let us pity each other. I see a glorious Liberty before me, and for some little Time I experience what it is to be in it; and when Self is destroy'd, and I am made as a little Child, as Clay in my Lord's Hands, I shall abide out of my *Self*, in GOD; in the mean Time the Cry of my Soul is, *O deliver me wholly from my Self, and from my own Will, from working or reasoning, from loving or trusting in, or obeying, or serving my Self:* And methinks I hear you say, *And that is the Language of my Heart too.* I can't call myself happy, or *free indeed*, 'till I spiritually live, move, speak, look, and act in GOD; delivered from my
Self

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Self and my own Thoughts, and from all Bondage and Subjection to the Creature, by slavish Fear or sinful admiring it. When I am near GOD I am near you at *London*.

Since I came to *Wales* the Lord has been with me much, and strengthened me much in the inward and outward Man. There is a general Revival every where: But such Accounts I never heard as here with Brother *R—d!* The Power that is with him is uncommon indeed! His Voice is generally drown'd by the Cries of the People; and among his Congregation, when they meet themselves to pray, such is the Power that falls on them, that some are really taken out of themselves, and some are taken up as dead. Most of the Spiritual Dissenters about him come to him to Church.—I had the Favour of Brother *B—t's* Company for some Days. And amazingly has the Lord owned him indeed, and wonderful was the Power I felt with him at *Brecon* (our Country Town) this Week. Such a solid Soul I hard-

ly know. His Walk is close with God, and much blessed. Some are daily added to the Church through him.—Brother *T—J—s*, another Exhorter in our Country, grows sweetly indeed—Last Sabbath-Day was indeed one of the Days of the *Son of Man*. He rode in Triumph in the Congregations.—Sure He is going to do great Things on the Earth!—This Morning I parted with Brother *W—ms*, Curare of *Ll—d*—With him likewise is amazing Power. He burns with Love and Zeal. *Praise the Lord, O my Soul, and all that is within me praise his holy Name!*

To-morrow I hear Brother *R—d*, and to-morrow Se'n-night Brother *R—d D—s*, who I find is most gloriously own'd in *Pembrokeshire*; and to-morrow Fortnight I trust I shall hear the laborious old Soldier, Mr. *Griffith Jones*, who has been owned to batter Satan's Strong-holds near thirty Years, and still holds on, and is wonderfully owned in his Ministry, especially in propagating the *Circulating Welch Schools*: by which Means

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in a few Years many Thousands have been taught to read, which before were like mere Heathens, as you may see in some *English Tracts*, called, *Welch Piety*, which I believe you may have at Brother *Hutton's*.—In the last he gives a gentle Rebuke *to us*; but there was need, there having been some Irregularities amongst some.

Against to-morrow three-weeks I hope to be near Home, to hear another sweet Church Minister, Mr. *Thomas Lewis* of *Brecon*. He has been much bless'd of the Lord indeed, and grows sweetly. I saw him the last Night I was at Home. O bless the Lord for the Love and Harmony we have here too.

The *Sunday* following I hope to hear one of the most solid experienc'd Ministers I ever heard, another old Church Minister, Mr. *Jones* of *Coomehoy*; and from thence I intend going to meet dear Brother *Whitefield*, and the rest of the Brethren at the Association in *Glamorganshire*; where that our Lord may come, I am perswaded you will earnestly pray. In that

Neighbourhood there is another Minister, Mr. *Hodges*, who with his Curate, Mr. *Thomas*, are sweet and heavenly Souls. He gives the Sacrament every *Sunday*; and catechises every *Sunday* Afrernoon; and keeps a Society in the Church every *Sunday* Night—Near this there is also another sweet, broken, humble, loving Soul, a Minister, one Mr. *Powel*.—Two more Ministers I have Hopes of me coming after JESUS.—I know this News will inflame your heaven-born Soul; and perhaps will incline you to send me a Line to *Treveck*a against *Christmass-Day*. Beg of the dear Lambs not to be offended at my not writing to them all particularly; 'tis owing to my great Hurry. I have been already in Part of eight Counties since I came to *Wales*; and am now in great Haste. Tell them they are not forgotten by your and their Poor Unworthy Brother and Servant in and for CHRIST,

Howell Harris.
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The Copy of a Letter from Brother Cennick to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Clack, Dec. 4, 1742.

My dear Brother,

ON *Saturday* last in my Way hither, at *Littleton*, I met dear Brother *Humphreys* and *Adams*—We took sweet Counsel together indeed, and believe were refreshed with each other's Company. When we parted Brother *Humphreys* went for *Bristol*, Brother *Adams* for *Hampton*, and I for *Longley*; where we enjoy'd entire Peace; not a Dog moved his Tongue against us. On *Sunday* I preached at the new House at *Tetherton*, to a great attentive Auditory; and afterwards met the Society, and expounded in the Evening. The Devil had not Power to disturb us under the Word, but invented other Ways of Mischief—As the People went home in the Dark, they dawbed the Styles with Coom, &c. that as the Women came over them they might spoil their Cloaths; and in this they succeeded, for not a few spoiled their Cloaths before they were aware. Last Night
also,

also, as Brother *B*—*k* was expounding there, they threw Stones, and broke the Windows, but were not able to hinder the Worship at all, blessed be God.

There are abundance of Poor in these Parishes. We have had some Thoughts of keeping a School at *Tetherton*, and so let the poor Children be taught freely—What does our dear Brother think of this? I like your ordering of the Bands as you wrote to me in your last. I hope that I shall always see that you are led by the Greater Leader and Commander of the People; and approve of all you do in the Houshold of God. I believe you are as *Moses*, faithful in our Father's House.

When you make it in your Way to *Bristol*, if you please, order it to stay here three Days. I verily believe it is our Saviour's Will. You can't tell how the Brethren press me to invite you. It is like the Man of *Macedonia* speaking to *Paul*, saying, *Come over and help us*. I have many Things to say to you, but I reserve them till

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I see you. Greet all the Society in my Name. And cease not to pray for Barren and very Ungrateful,

J. Cennick.

The Copy of a Letter from a Merchant in New-York, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Dec. 11, 1742.

My Dear Brother,

I Have been long expecting to receive a Letter from you, but as yet am deprived of it. The Saviour's Time is best. I have been pleased to find by the *Weekly History*, that your Soul increases more and more so partaking of the glorious Liberties of the LAMB'S Followers. But, alas, for it, in this Countrey with most it is thus.

*Reason frowns, and can't believe,
Sinners with Christ so sweetly live.*

Yea so deeply rooted are some Persons in their Judgment, that no other
Life

Life is to be bad in Time than Bondage in a great Measure; that if any walk at Liberty, and are helped to maintain a close and intimate Fellowship with the Saviour, they are *look'd* upon as under a Delusion. But, my dear Brother, through rich Grace you know they are mistaken. Since my last I have been privileged with near and sweet Communion and Fellowship with the dear LAMB—I find all I want in Him; so that I cannot think of leaving Him.—He is pleased graciously to discover to me more and more of my own Emptiness, but at the same Time gives me to cleave to Him for Supplies, and I find my God can and will supply all my Wants.—Our SAVIOUR surely is no hard Master, as many give Cause to the World to think. Was my dear Brother advised with by a Soul, how they might enjoy Happiness in Time, would you not tell them to seek for a real Union with our dear LAMB; and assure them, that when once they have attained it, they will never want Happiness so long as they
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keep close Fellowship with HIM? I lately received a Letter from Brother *Habersham*; but does not write any thing remarkable.—They were well, and had met with needful Supplies for their Bodies.

I somewhat question this meeting with you in *England*, therefore shall not enlarge.

I am

Your poor Brother,
But the LAMB's Spoil,

*The Copy of a Letter from the Reverend
Mr. Dulton, to the Reverend Mr.
Whitefield.*

Leominster, Nov. 12, 1742.

My very dear dear Brother,

JUST now my hard Heart is somewhat soften'd and melted by reading your Letters from *Scotland*, which I received this Morning. I desire to glorify God in you; and I hope I can say, *My Spirit does rejoice in God my Saviour*, who is surely fulfilling the Prophecies of the Latter-Day-

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Day-Glory—what the Church of Christ has pray'd for these 1700 Years, by her Lord's Direction, *viz.* 'Thy Kingdom come; thy Will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.' Surely God's dear Children, who see this, *their Hearts must rejoice, and their Bones flourish as an Herb, &c.* Isa. lxvi. 14, 15, 16. If this be the Time appointed, we may expect to hear of and see new Wonders every Day, both in the Church of *CHRIST*, and Kingdom of *Antichrist*. May we all dwell in Love, and be swallowed up in the Will of God, and be kept waiting for His coming and Kingdom. Here continues some Shaking among the dry Bones. I have still greater Encouragement both at Home and Abroad than when I wrote last to you; and have greater Things in Expectation, Blessed be God! I am glad to hear you intend to visit *Wales*. Many, very many in there Parts are exceeding desirous to have a Visit from you, which if you please to recollect you are under some Promissory Obligation to. I pray God to bring you
among

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among us *in the Fulness of the Blessing of the Gospel of CHRIST*, and to make you the Instrument of delivering many precious Souls out of Satan's Kingdom. I am glad to hear God is pleased to watch over your Family abroad. I trust He will *see and provide*. I hope you will not disappoint our Expectations of seeing you in these Parts.—May the Lord make you a Blessing to all wherever you come; and by you shed abroad His everlasting Blessing upon Thousands; which is the hearty Desire of one of the least, and unworthiest of all our dear LORD's Servants, &c.

John Oulton.

The Copy of a Letter from a Clergyman of the Church of England, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

YES, dear Sir, with Pleasure I send you a second Letter.—I rejoice to find that you remember me. I am thankful that you have not renounced a Correspondence made o-

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dious by so much Ingratitude.

You are pleased to ask me how the Holy Spirit convinced me of Self-Righteousness? Indeed, Mr. *Whitefield*, I cannot precisely tell.—The Light was not Instantaneous, but Gradual.—It did not flash upon my Soul, but rose like the Dawning Day.—A little Book wrote by *Jenks*, upon Submission to the Righteousness of CHRIST, was made serviceable to me. Your Journals, dear Sir, and Sermons,—especially that sweet Sermon upon, *What think ye of CHRIST?* were a Means of bringing me to the Knowledge of the Truth. And another excellent Piece has been, and hope will be as so much precious Eye-salve to my dim and clouded Understanding: I mean *Marshall's* Gospel Mystery of Sanctification.

These, blessed by Him who is a Light to them that sit in Darkness, have in some Degree convinced me of my former Errors—I now begin to see I have been labouring in the Fire, and wearying myself for very Vanity, while I have attempted to
establish

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who has *saved* me. I would glorify Him *before Men*, who has justify'd me *before GOD*. I would study to please Him in Righteousness and True Holiness all the Days of my Life. I seek this Blessing, not as a Condition, but as a Part, a choice and inestimable Part of that complete Salvation which *JESUS* has thus purchased for me.—Now if at any Time I am fervent in Devotion, seem to be in a gracious Frame, or am enabled to abound in the Works of the *LORD*, I endeavour to put no Confidence in there *bruised Reeds*, but rest upon the *ROCK* of *AGES*. *Not in these, O Blessed JESUS, but in the Robes of thy Righteousness let me be found! when GOD calls the Heavens from above, and the Earth that He may Judge the People.*——When, on the other Hand, I feel myself most deplorably dead and deficient———when I am apt to sigh for my Unprofitableness; and cry out with the Prophet, *My Leanness, my Leanness!* I no longer comfort myself with saying, *Be of good cheer, Soul—*
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the LORD only requires sincere Obedience: And perhaps to-morrow may be better than this Day, and more abundantly in Works of Holiness JESUS is now become my Salvation, and this my Song in the House of my Pilgrimage—Why art thou heavy, O my Soul, tho' imperfect in thyself, thou art complete in thy HEAD; though poor in thyself, thou hast Riches in thy Divine Surety. The Righteousness of thy Obedience, O Lord my Redemer, is everlasting! O grant me all Interest in this, and I shall live!—If overtaken by Sin, or overcome by Temptation, I dare not, as formerly, call to Mind my righteous Deeds, and so think to commute with Divine Justice; or quit Scores for my Offences, by my Duties. I do not, to ease my Conscience, or to be reconciled to God, promise stricter Watchfulness, more Alms, and renewed Fastings.—No, in such unhappy Circumstances, O my Soul, turn neither to the right Hand nor to the left, but fly instantly to HIM whom GOD hath set forth as a Propitiation; hide in His wounded Side, and be safe;

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wash in His streaming Blood, and be clean. If in these, or other Points, I am otherwise minded than what corresponds with the *Gospel of Truth*, cease not to pray, dear Sir, that *God may reveal even this unto me.*

But why won't my dear Friend come amongst us? Why won't he drop his Word towards the West? Many in these Parts long for your Arrival—Many long to hear the Gospel sound from your Lips. Many, I am sure, would hail my dear Brother with that Acclamtion, *How beautiful are the Feet of him that bringeth Glad Tydings! that bringeth Glad Tydings of Good Things.* O that it would please the Divine Providence to direct your Way unto us! Come, dear Sir, come with *the Fullness of the Blessing of the Gospel of Peace!* Come amongst longing Multitudes that will be attentive to hear you. And come once more into the Arms of one who dearly loves you.

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The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell Harris in Pembrokeshire, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield in London.

Fish-gate, Dec. 14, 1742.

My Dearest Dearest Brother.

THOUGH it is past Twelve at Night, yet I can't help writing you a Line, which I suppose shall find you at *London*. I wrote to you the 5th *Instant*, and since that Time I can give you but a small Account indeed of the many Things that my Eyes have seen, and my Ears have heard of the Coming of our LORD's Kingdom in these Parts. Last Week I have been enabled to Discourse generally three Times a Day, and travel, as usual, eight or twelve Miles, and have been obliged to be out in the Air in most Places, for the great Crouds that flock'd to hear every where; and I observed a great Power followed the Word in all Places.

Amazing Accounts I hear of the Power with Brother *Howell Davies*, and more especially among the *English*

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lish in this County (the one half whereof is *English*). The Power is also such among the Societies, that sometimes when they go to say Grace before Meat, the Spirit of Prayer falls on them one after the other, that they are kept in Prayer near three Hours—Many so ravished with the Love of CHRIST in singing, that they faint away. Last *Saturday* Night, where I lay, some by the Power of Faith, and rejoicing in Christ, kept all Night prailing the LAMB. *Sunday* Night, as I sat up till Three in the Morning to write Letters, I was greatly surprised with the most harmonious Musick I ever heard—the Dove-like Mourning of three little broken-hearted, female believing Mourners. It would have broke your Heart to hear them mourn over the Greatness, Aggravation, and Multitude of their Sins, and praising GOD for, and admiring Him in CHRIST. In this County they are (in the general) mostly mourning, and coming up solidly out of Unbelief, and the old Covenant, and walk
very

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very serious and humble, and broken, and meek.—And in *Cardiganshire* there is much of this to be seen—but there are many there rather rejoicing in CHRIST, and in great Liberty, and have vast Fire and Life among them. The Door is open'd wider and wider every where, and fresh Life given. Last *Sunday* I preached in Brother *Howell Davies's* Parish (He being among the *English*, I have not seen him yet) to, I believe 5000 at least, one of the greatest Auditories I ever saw in *Wales*. There is but little Opposition. I believe many are at a Stand about us. And I am perswaded when the Lord will give us more Pity, Divine Wisdom, True Love, and Tenderness towards all, many will yet come who now oppose, as having indeed much Cause now, thro' the Want of those holy Tempers in many of us. Many under the Colour of Zeal being carried very far to their own Spirits (you know who went farthest this Road): Others, under Colour of (or wrong-guided) Love, would be carried quite into the
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the *Pharisee's* Spirit of despising others; but many are daily humbled for these Things.

One glorious Soul Brother *Howell Davies* met with among the Heathenish *English*, who had it revealed to him in Spirit these two Years, that some such as him would be sent of God into these Parts.—He was most amazingly taught of the Lord, and illiterate too.—I believe you will find your Call very clear at least to come to this Country, and to our Towns. Every where is open for the Word; People are thirsting and crying for it. I discoursed with sweet Power in *Cardigan Town* last Week. And to-morrow I go to *St David's*: But having so many Places to go to before our Society at *Waterford*, I can stay but little here or any where else. But there is a loud Cry every where for me to stay a Month in a certain Place among the neighbouring Societies. Next *Sunday* I hope I shall see the faithful and laborious Mr. *Griffith Jones*—He grows most sweetly I hear. Many that once
thought

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thought ill of communicating in their Parish Churches have changed their Thoughts, and met the Lord there; and see the Motive arose from Self, mistaken Conscience, Want of Love, and Conversation with such as have a Party more at Heart than the Common Cause of CHRIST.

I have great Faith given me that we shall see great Things even in this poor benighted Church. I have uncommon Prayers wrought by the Lord in my Heart for it. I see more and more Need daily of being cautious every Step we take. 'Tis the Enemy hurries to make haste.

Your dear Spouse, with yourself and Companion, have a deep Share in my Heart indeed.—Many may expect my Writing to them; but I trust you will excuse me to them: Preaching so often, travelling, and spending some Time in private Conversation, takes up all my little Strength and Time. But I hope against next *Letter-Day* to have Time to write to the whole Society, an Account of the Church here, when I shall have returned

turned home at *Christmas*. In the mean Time I am persuaded that neither you nor them are unmindful of your Sinful, but indeed Happier and Happier Brother in the SPOTLESS LAMB,

Howell Harris.

The Copy of another Letter from Brother Howell Harris in Wales, to Brother C——ch.

Trevecka, Dec. 25. 1742.

My dear dear Brother,

I AM just now returned home from my Journey round a great Part of *South Wales*. But where to begin to relate how the Work of God is going on in most Places, is what I can't tell. There is a general Revival every where among the Ministers and People. Very many come under Convictions in several Places. Others are built up, and grow sweetly in Love and Fellowship together in God. There seems to be more solid Faith and pure Fire of Love and Zeal than I ever saw. In some
Places

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Places I am sure there were upwards of five thousand Hearers at least.—I believe our Lord is going to do a great Work indeed!

Last *Sunday* I heard that old and eminent Man of God Mr. *Griffith Jones*, who hath laboured with uncommon Power and Success in the Ministry upwards of thirty Years, I believe.—In receiving the Sacrament there then, I think I never had before such a Discovery of my dear Master, who notwithstanding all my Provocations, continues to be far better and better to me every Day—The Evening before I had a sweet Conference in Private with the laborious Mr. *Howell Davies*, a young Church Minister settled in *Pembrokeshire*, where there is much such another Work going on as that in *Scotland* and *America*; and so it is in *Cardiganshire*, by the Ministry of dear Mr. *Rowland*, who grows amazingly indeed every Day.—With Mr. *Jones* was a young Minister assisting at the Ordinance that seems under sweet Convictions. And last Night there was to hear me an-

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other Curate, who I trust is savingly touch'd by the Grace of God. And though I travell'd yesterday fifteen *Welch* Miles (which is generally my Stage) and discoursed four Times, and lost my Sleep the Night before; yet I was enabled to sit up with another young Minister (Mr. *Thomas Lewis* in this County near *Brecon*) And sweet was the Fellowship we had indeed in telling each other what the Lord had done for our Souls, and how He brought us to the Knowledge of his dear SON. This Morning at Five I heard a most glorious Discourse from him indeed, praising our dear Immanuel.

But 'tis not right to serve the Table with so much Meat without any Sauce.—When I came home was welcom'd with the News that our Minister has actually turned out of Communion some as came among us; with that my Soul was solidly rejoicing in CHRIST, being assured that this should work for good.—However I went myself to him, and he said he did exclude us; and did
forbid

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forbid my coming there, for Reasons which he another Time would give. And in his Sermon he said, *Such as did not attend Divine Service in their Parish Churches were guilty of Schism, and pierced Christ's Sides as the Soldiers did, &c. as did all that heard elsewhere.* The Lord was exceeding good to my Soul: He kept me solid, sweet, tender, loving, and full of true Pity to him and the People. I had great Peace too, because I had not run before the Lord, and drawn this upon myself. I was glad to see the Lord pointing the Way so clear; but am not fully determin'd what to do, till we shall find if this was done by Consent of the Bishop—if so, let us expect a general Exclusion from every where. All Sects concur against us. May the Lord humble us, and give us to move on gently, and with great Fear, lest we run before the Lord.

I have wrote as many Letters as I had Time, and would more but for my extraordinary Hurry; having travelled since this Day seven-weeks

(the Time I left *London*) near seven hundred computed Miles, above a thousand measured, and discoursed about one hundred and twenty Times, and often in the open Air (no House being able to contain the Congregations) through great Winds, Rain and Frost; and yet I am not worse in Body than when in *London*. 'Tis sweet to be on the full Stretch for God.—He is setting me more and more free from my own Will and Wisdom, Righteousness, Workings and Reasoning. And till I am utterly freed I am not happy.—When I am in GOD no Evil can come nigh me, to hurt me: And when I am in His Love and his Glory, no Temptation can allure me. I shall then fear Him, and Him alone: I shall love, trust in, seek to please, and admire HIM alone, even in every *individual Look, Word and Action*, as in the greatest. Then we shall move *even and safe*, when we are *nothing*, and GOD in CHRIST is ALL in ALL; when we are delivered from that *something* which we desired to be
when

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when we fell from GOD to *Self*. 'Till then we shall not be free from Evil-surmisings of some or another of the Family, nor glorifying our God in all, nor build up each other. When we cease from our own Works and Reason, and Will, we shall agree harmoniously in GOD in JESUS, walking together in the same SPIRIT, building together the Temple of the LORD.—

I know you will pardon what you see of *Self* or *Nature* in poor, proud, and yet through Free-Grace, your happy, yea very happy Brother in JESUS,

Howell Harris.

The Copy of a Letter from the Reverend Dr. Colman, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Boston, June 3, 1742.

Rev. and dear Sir,

OUR good Brother Mr. *Prince* tells me, that in a Pacquet, he

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has receiv'd from you this Day; you complain of my Neglect in not writing to you. The whole Reason of which was (if you will allow it to pass for any Reason at all) that I imagined you was on your Voyage to *Georgia* near the Times, when I received your kind Letters, the last of which was on board the Vessel on your Way to *Scotland*. The Rev. Mr. *Willison* of *Dundee*, has lately refreshed me with a most brotherly Letter, respecting your first Visit into *N. Britain*, and congratulating me on the good Spirit, he thinks I have testified in my Sermon on the Doves, towards you, and I find he bears the same humble fervent Mind to you, which he would find and love in me. He tells me that since your Visit to their Kingdom, Religion begins to look with another Face in some of their principal Cities; but he wants to see the Colleges & Students impress'd, as many of ours were. I hint to let you know that ours impress'd at *Cambridge* and *Boston*, have gone on in their Studies, and come forth into
Service

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Service since, in a happy Manner of Spirit: One of whom is now first with Mr. *Webb*. But at *New-haven* Things have not proceeded with the like Prudence, calmness and Modesty; and there has been too much Division and Animosity among the Ministers and Churches in *Connecticut*. The fervent, pious Mr. *D—t*, and Mr. *C—ll*, have been too much under the Impressions of a heated Imagination, and no doubt often preached under actual Fevers, judging and censuring the spiritual State of Ministers and People; who could not go into the Way and Length, of singing thro' the Streets to and from the House of God, and favouring Exhorters of no Gifts, or Prudence for publick Speaking. Some very young Students also, I hear have taken upon them, to go about exhorting, and one of them has lately visited from *Northampton* down to us, and gone from hence to *Portsmouth* in *New-Hampshire*.—He preach'd for Mr. *P—e* several Times; but Dr. *S—* and Mr. *C—* told me he needed more to be at his Studies.

Studies. I look upon him to be greatly spirited to serve Souls, but wanting Furniture. We have advised our own Students not to rush forth so unprepared, but to be waiting upon God for Gifts, Grace, and holy Zeal. Mr. *Willison* bewails much the envious and uncharitable Divisions and Separation in *Scotland* for smaller Matters, as if they could not allow Good to be done by those who are not of their own Persuasion and Party in all Respects; and it is with a surprizing Pain, on account of the Messrs *Erskines* and associate *Presbytery*, their Weakness, when I read, that even they should be ready almost to disown you; because you would not confine yourself to them; but ministred equally (and I hear with equal Acceptance and Success) with the established Pastors, and in their Assemblies: I heartily joy (my dear Brother) that you acted with this Catholic Spirit among them, and will not be ingrossed by any Party.

You have seen Mr. *Parsan's* Letter from *Lyme* in our *Connecticut* to me;
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for I see it printed from *London*: God is yet wonderfully owning his Ministry among his People, and has graciously prevented him from running, into Impulses, after the Example of Mr. *D—t* of *Long-Island*, whom he greatly emulated once, and left among his People, to the damaging the great and good Work, that had been singular among them: But it is revived and grown; and in the neighbouring Towns of *Stonytoun*, to *Gaoton*, & about *New-London*, and at *Farmington*, among the *Mokeag*, *Pequot*, *Niantick*, and other Tribes of the obstinate infidel *Indians*, a general Concern hath come upon them for their Souls Instruction and Salvation, and the Ministers in the Neighbourhood are wonderfully assisted to serve them, and see the good Fruits of their Labours. Also the People of *Freetown*, *Tiverton*, and the Borders of *Dartsmouth* (Families who would by no Means receive the Ministry and Ordinances of the Gospel from the first Settlements of those Towns) are now desirous of having Ministers come among

mong them, and *Freetown* has lately sent to us for one who is gone among them, and we are told, that there is scarce a Family of the Quakers in those Parts, but their Children will come to hear the Word.

Mr. *Habersham*; refreshed us all with his Letters same Time since, and I wish we could have sent him more for the Use of his dear Family; but the Necessaries of Life have bore such an excessive Price, that our Poor have called for more than we could find for them. Mr. *Cooper's* eldest Son has been at *Bethesda*, and wrote his Father a most pleasant Account of your Orphanhouse.

Wherever you are our Prayers will follow you, and yours reach us daily (I trust) in the most blessed Effects and Fruits; for I am satisfied *New England* is much upon your Heart, it will add much to your Joy and Crown in the Day of CHRIST. To-day I have a Letter from dear and Rev. Dr. *Watts*, dated *April 16*. He tells me, You go on labouring beyond the *Power* of Mortality. His
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own Inability to preach at present, more than two Half Hours in a Month, I suppose gives him the *Phrase*. He thinks God has greatly honoured you, and commands him to do it for that Reason, and heartily pray for your Success. He wishes not your going over to the Dissenters, because he thinks you are like to do much more good in your visible Relation to the Church of *England*, and so do I too. You must think that some of the Dissenting Ministers appear but your *cooler Friends* for this Reason, altho' some of them are truly to be so accounted, I doubt not, from a Want of that Esteem or Opinion of your Way or Principles, which others of us have: But your Work, Success, and Reward, and Judgment is with your God. I have only to add, That the Work of God goes on yet calmly at *Boston*. The overboiling Zeal of some from far visiting *Charlestown*, has not served the Interest of Religion there. They threaten to visit us a Month hence, and if they do,

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do, I fear the Alienation of some from me whom I heartily love, for their true and earnest Love to God; but I must submit to it, if God calls me to this Grief. Help me by your Prayers, that I may please God, and not wilfully offend any of his People. Mercy, Grace and Peace be multiplied unto you. *I am, Reverend and Dear Brother,*

Your Affectionate Fellow-Servant

To the Kingdom of GOD,

BENJAMIN COLMAN.

The Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman in the Shire of — — to Mr. Robe, Minister of Kilsyth.

Nov. 2, 1742.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

THIS comes from one who is
 intirely a Stranger to you, but
 the Soul-rejoicing Work which you
 are

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are honour'd to carry on, makes me long, long for an Acquaintance and Correspondence with you; I have indeed the Pleasure to see and peruse your *Narratives*, yet my Mind is not satisfy'd till I write to you; I desire to rejoice with you, that God has begun to call back *Zion's* Bondage; now God is filling the Mouths of his People with Laughter, and their Hearts with Melody; now, these great Things God is doing for you, will make the carnal formal World, and those that never felt any Thing of the Power of Religion, stand wondering! Glory to God, he has not left poor *Scotland* yet, notwithstanding our great Provocations, but is still giving some kindly Hints, that he will make our *Zion* yet a *Praise through the whole Earth*. O let the Daughters of *Zion* rejoice, for behold, their King is coming in a merciful, and peaceable Way; tho' some prophesied, That he would first come in a Way of Wrath and Judgment. Blessed be his Name, His Thoughts are not as our Thoughts,

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nor His Ways as our Ways! &c. He is now come at a Time we look'd not for, and in a Way we did not expect, to make his Sovereign Free Grace appear the more illustrious and remarkable! Proud Man would be for carving out Ways for the Almighty All-wise to act in, Ways to pour down his Grace and Spirit by, *and say*, If God comes not this Way, 'tis a Delusion, a Satanical Delusion: Strange! how Worms dare set Limits to the Holy One of *Israel!* But now He is bringing to nought the Wisdom of the Wise, and letting us see the Folly of those who exalt their Wisdom above God's, in prescribing Channels for his ever, an overflowing Grace to run down in. Now our King is riding prosperously in State: Now his Arrows are piercing the Hearts of his Enemies: O blessed Time! Satan's Kingdom weakening, this grand Usurper beat off his Throne, his Territories invaded, his Country laid Waste, his strong Forts and Holds battefield down, and he made to quit the Fields! Now,
now

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now ye are dividing the Spoils with the Strong, and are the happy Witnesses and Instruments of Christ, carrying Triumphs of Victory over his Enemies: No wonder Satan storms and rages, when such fatal Strokes, such effectual Overthrows are given to his Kingdom and Interest: Can it be imagined he can behold all these Desolations on his Kingdom, and his Malice and Power not be more bitterly inflamed, and more furiously exerted than ever it was; no, to be sure he will do his utmost to stop it; Variety of Arguments shall not be wanting, to put into the Minds of Men to disapprove it; Misinformations, Misrepresentations, shall be hurried about to blacken it, and many such like. He was never at a great Loss how to oppose a good Work; we must not expect but he will muster up all his Forces, and embolden them with a *Now or never*, when he is about to be cast out of his Kingdom, and beat off his Throne; so really, I look upon it,

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Reverend Sir, as a good Sign, that there is so great malicious Opposition made against it; only, I am sorry, that those I take to be good Men, should be Satan's Tools in this; should suffer themselves to be his Workmen; yet it appears the less surprising, when I consider he made use of *Peter*, to hinder, if he could, the best and greatest Work that ever infinite Power and Goodness brought about: Rev. Sir, I long'd greatly to see what I now have seen, an Abstract of the Cases of some of your People, I greatly approve of your publishing some of them, and heartily wish, yea beg, you would publish more of them. I am perswaded by doing so, you would do great Service to the whole Work in general, and many other Christians in particular: And further, I think it will do much to removing the Prejudices of many, that are taken by Misreports, who are in a doubtful Hesitation and Suspence about it; I am sensible of my Weakness for giving Advice to you, being but a
young

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young Scholar in Christ's School; but yet will not that Share of Usefulness that falls to everyone of Christ's Members, and to which they may lawfully claim as such (though little of it I may claim) yet I say, may it not atone for my Boldness, in offering you according to my Power and Ability my Advice, for helping forward the good Work? therefore, I beg you again to go on in publishing more Abstracts of the Cases of your People. I have another Request to ask, Rev. and dear Sir, That you now would employ your Interest at the Throne of Grace in Behalf of poor me; and this poor carnal secure Country the —— O let us pray and wrestle with God, that the Cloud may spread over *Scotland* and *England*, yea, over the whole World, that these plentiful Showers of heavenly Blessings may not be restrained 'till we be watered richly with them too; surely these are the Beginnings of glorious Days! O shall we be passed by, and others visited! shall we be left to pine away

in Formality! and others serving God with Liveliness and Activity! How long, how long shall the Lord tarry from us? Now, Reverend Sir, I shall trouble you with no more; but expect the Pleasure and Joy of a few Lines from you, to inform me of the further and further Progress of this blessed Work, how far it is extending, and whether it is still as remarkable as at first; because some here are beginning to alledge it's not what it was, already; true indeed, it's not to be expected to continue always in such a remarkable Way as at first, in the converting of such great Numbers so suddenly; yet, for all that, the Work of God may be carrying on in the further Advances the then converted make in Holiness and good Works; so hoping for an Answer as soon as your Time will allow you. I add no more, but beg to be esteem'd

*Your assured Well-wisher,
And Most Humble Servant,*

The

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*The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell
Harris in Wales, to the Rev. Mr.
Whitefield in London.*

Waterford, Jan. 25. 1742-3.

My Dear and Elder Brother,

LAST Night I had yours; and how has my dear Lord blessed it to me! My Soul indeed blesses and loves my dear JESUS for his Tenderness to you, and for going to do greater and greater Things for you, and for making my Letter to give you any Pleasure. How should I love Him that He works in me, so that I can feel it wrought in me, that because he loves and honours you, I do so too. Indeed you are dear to me in and for JESU's sake. I have seen more of the Wisdom of God in this His Work than ever.—What Ways he chuses to lead us on to unite us, to empty us of ourselves, to teach us, and fit each for his Work! As soon as we were in the least capable of a little Discipline and Order He brings us together. Oh 'tis sweet to see the Work all his own,
and

and be able to see where He places *us* in it, and to give it all up to Him!

I have seen and settled most of the Societies in *Brecnockshire*, *Monmouthshire*, and *Glamorganshire*: And every where the Lord was remarkably with us, teaching and feeding us in each Society. We have seeded Stewards and Visitors, and some to feed them with the sincere Milk of the Word; and to watch over them, and bring us their Account of them. At first we must expect Trials and Matters of Bearing and Forbearing, as you observed. But I believe the Beginning is right; and as Self and Nature shall be more and more crucify'd, the Spirit of Love and Order will bring us all to a more still, solid and humble walking together as becometh Saints. I trust against next Assembly, to have seen and seeded, at least most of the Societies, if not all, every where. To-morrow I shall begin my Way towards Brother *Rowland's*, who with the rest of the Brethren that way to-morrow Sen'night
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are to meet in *Carmarthenshire*; and so I shall settle the Lambs that Way. In several Places many come under Convictions; and here and in *St. Nicholas*, many are added to us lately. Last Night Brother *P—ce* was telling me of his eldest Daughter (about seven Years old) the other Night her Mother was talking to her about the LORD JESUS, what a Friend he was, &c. She began to weep, and then went to Prayer herself, and there she cry'd bitterly for CHRIST: That she was willing that Moment to give herself to CHRIST, and that she would give the whole World for Him: And when her Mother charged her to see what she said, lest God should strike her, if she said what was not in her Heart. She then said, God knows all. At this her Mother asked her if it was Love to Christ made her long for Him, or Fear of Hell? She said, It was Love to Him. She asked her, When had she that Love? She said, It was a little before.—When her Mother asked her if she had it—She said,

said, she had not, and did not know whether she should have Him or not. And so continued sighing till she went to Bed. And then singing Hymns, &c.

The next *Sunday* Night the Lord reveal'd himself to her in an amazing Manner, and for some Hours was so wrapt up in His Spirit, that we knew not where she was—Sinking to Nothing in the Discovery of His Majesty and Glory in JESUS CHRIST her eternal Portion. And by the uncommon Earnestness the SPIRIT gave her to wrestle for the Churches, the thought that an uncommon Work will be wrought on the Earth. Many such Instances of the Out-pouring of the SPIRIT have we among us.

I am

Most tenderly Yours,

in JESUS,

Howell Harris.

The

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*The Copy of another Letter from Brother
Howell Harris in Wales, to the
Reverend Mr. Whitefield in Lon-
don.*

*Swanzy, a Seaport Town
in Glamorganshire.*

My dearest dearest Brother,

How can I with-hold my
Pen, when my Soul is so
nearly united to you? Why, I can't
tell; but the HOLY SPIRIT gives me
an uncommon Union with you.—I
now did cast my Eyes on one of your
Journals, and though I made three
Attempts to read it, I could not, but
was drawn up to our dear FATHER
in Groans unutterable for you; bles-
sing God for you; being assured he
has something uncommon yet to do
by you; and even now my Soul is so
full that 'tis ready to burst. O that
I could be honoured to wash your
Feet! But I am so vile and barren,
I cumber the Ground. I long to go
to the silent Grave and rest in JESUS.
I am sure God is going to do great
Things among us. I wrote to you
last

last Week, and still I have more and more good News. The Time seems to be come for our Towns to receive the Gospel. I have discoursed in *Cardiff* Gaol to a great Auditory last Week; and some of the Gentry that opposed Brother *Wesley*, heard quietly, attentively, and seriously indeed; and the Society received me tenderly. There is an open Door for you there.

Friday Evening I discoursed at *Neath* (a Seaport Town) where I never discoursed before; and the thronged Multitude received the Word seriously and affectionately greedy, without any Disturbance. I discoursed there again the next Day, both Times in the open Street.

Yesterday I discoursed just by this Town to about two thousand, most were very serious, and many wept sore. I had a Call to the Town today—Some of the better Sort heard, and were somewhat affected. In the Morning I discoursed at a Burial, before the Corpse went out; and heard one of the best Sermons I ever heard, as to found Doctrine, on, “*If any*
“*Man*

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“*Man be in Christ, he is a new Creature,*” by a Church Minister, one Mr. P—ce of *Llangyfalach* Church. I afterwards dined with him, and we had very savoury Discourse. I am called to another Seaport Town near here as soon as I can come, where I never was before. And such Accounts I never heard of before from Brother *Rowland*, of the Power now with him—And the Place almost rent by the Power and Presence of God. Many so cut and wounded, that they are obliged to carry them out, there being so much Weeping among the People—and also himself so weeping (which was not usual with him) as is enough to melt a Heart of Stone. Such News I hear likewise from *Pombrokeshire*. And last Night I talked with one who heard old Mr. *Griffith Jones*; and he said, with what uncommon Power, Light, and Life, he preached too. Shewing how forgiving Love must flow naturally out of our Souls like a River, &c.

I have seen and settled some Societies since my last; and the Lord in-

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clines the dear Lambs to enter into Fellowship sweetly every where. 'Tis easy to do the outward Work when the Spirit of God has united the Hearts. I am led mostly every where to discourse on Poverty of Spirit; and to search and cut Self-righteousness, the secret Bane of Christianity, and the chief Root of all our Sins. To-night I hope to settle three Societies more; and then to meet dear Brother *Rowland* and the rest of the Brethren. I am wonderfully helped in my Body, and grow happier and happier in my Soul, notwithstanding this Nature that never ceases from Sin. This Morning I discoursed to an affected Auditory near this Town; and at Noon in the Town to a great Congregation, and all were serious and affected. My tenderest Respects to all the dear Lambs. You know that I am Yours for ever in JESUS,

Howell Harris.
The

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*The Copy of a Letter from Mr. J——n
B——s, a Soldier in Lord M——’s
Company of Foot-Guards at Ghent in
Flanders, to his Wife in London.*

My Dear,

I Desire you will acquaint Mr. *Whitefield*, that his Prayers are desired for me, and some small Number more of us, who meet every Day and instruct each other in the Fear of our God, as far as we are able: But as we meet together, and make our Prayers and Supplications, that His Spirit may enable us to obey and do his heavenly Will; Also we pray and desire those of his faithful Hearers to pray for us, that Almighty God would add more to our Faith; and that God would be pleased to bring us to our native Country, where we may hear the pure Gospel of *Jesus Christ*, as it is plainly set forth in those blessed Places where the faithful Ministers so lovely preach. Also that he will be pleas'd to send me some Directions, which may enable me with God's Blessing, to pray as I ought to do;

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for

for our Meeting is commonly twice a Day; but we have not the Gift of Prayer as we desire. But as God was pleased thro' his Preaching, for me to see my lost Condition by Nature, so I doubt not but by his Direction Almighty God will hear us, and give us those Things that we stand in need of I beg that Mr. *Whitefield* would send me a Prayer suitable to be used at our first meeting; also one to be used at parting, which will be most acceptable to us. Pray, my Dear, fail not, but shew Mr. *Whitefield* this our Desire and humble Request, which is our hearty Desire, from his Well-wishers in the Lord. Also from me, his reformed Well-wisher,

J. B.

Mr. Lewis,

IN your next be pleas'd to insert the following Paragraph.

Monday, Feb. 14. was the Monthly Letter-Day at the *Tabernacle*; where Letters were read from many Correspondents concerning the Success of the
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the Gospel in various Parts, and a Verse or two sung at the End of each Letter. The Reverend Mr. *WHITEFIELD* read the Letters; and begun, and conduced with an Exhortation suitable to the Occasion, and was exceedingly drawn out in Prayer and Intercession. The Power of the LORD was present in a glorious Manner. After the Letters were read, the following HYMN was sung.

An HYMN of Intercession and Thanksgiving for the Progress of the Gospel in various Parts of the World.— To be sung in the Assemblies of the Saints.—

I.

CHRIST, thy churches' light
 and rock,
 View and help thy little flock:
 Make her glorious all within,
 From each spot and wrinkle clean:
 Let each member fully share
 Thy peculiar love and care:

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Give

Give each heart thy blood-bought
 peace;
 Give each face a chearfulness.

II.

See thy little flock thro' grace
 Gladly would to ev'ry place
 Bring the tidings of thy blood;
 Help them all, thou Son of GOD:
 LORD, the plenteous harvest view;
 See the labourers are few:
 Raise up more, who're strong in faith,
 Loving not their lives to death.

III.

See, they wander up and down,
 To the poor blind world unknown;
 Glad they in thy work engage,
 Joyful in their pilgrimage.
 In the hollow of thy hand,
 Travelling by sea or land,
 Keep them all; and where they come,
 Let the word of grace find room.

IV.

Thanks with many thousand tears
 That thy churches' labourers
 Ev'ry where such blessings meet;
 For this grace we kiss thy feer.

Many

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Many in these latter days
 Have experienc'd JESU's grace:
 Souls in *Europe* not a few
 Find the gospel-tidings true.

V.

Britain's Isle has catch'd the flame;
 Many know and love the Lamb:
 Both in *England* and in *Wales*,
 And in *Scotland* grace prevails:
 London, Wilts, and Gloucestershire
 Feel our Saviour very dear:
Bristol sinners seek the LORD,
 And in *Kingswood* he's ador'd.

VI.

And a few sheep here and there
 Are belov'd in *Oxfordshire*:
 At *Newcastle*, and near *York*,
 We are told GOD is at work:
 And on many sinners hearts,
 Who're unknown in various parts;
 By whatever means he will,
 We are bound to thank him still.

VII.

And our Shepherd's arm infolds
Edinburgh and *Glasgow* souls;

Muthel,

Muthel, Kilsyth, Cambuslang,
Late at JESU's love have sang.

Carry on thy work with pow'r
Ev'ry day and ev'ry hour:
Still let thousands in the *North*
Know the great Redeemer's worth.

VIII.

Many *Germans* walk with GOD
Thro' the virtue of CHRIST's blood;
Self deny, the cross take up:
They, no doubt, with CHRIST shall
sup.

What they know not, teach them;
LORD;

Surely they do love thy word:
To the world by them make known
What for sinners thou hast done.

IX.

Likewise in *America*
Shines the glorious gospel-day:
Fair it rises to our light;
JESU, make it thy delight.
Pennsylvania has been blest
With the evangelic feast:
On *South-Carolina* too
CHRIST distils his heav'nly dew.

X.

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X.

LORD, be praised for thy work
 In the *Jerseys*, and *New-York*;
 And in ev'ry other place,
 Where appears the Saviour's grace.
 O defend the *Orphan-house*;
 Lo, it stands amidst its foes!
 Hear our cries, the children bless,
 Father of the fatherless!

XI.

Thousand *Negroes* praise thy name;
 And *New-England's* in a flame,
 Triumphs in thy mercy's power:
 JESU, call ten thousand more!
 And we hear the *Hottentot*
 By our LORD is not forgot:
 And that *Greenland's* frozen soil
 Now's become his crosses' spoil.

XII.

LORD, we're hearing frequently
 How thy kingdom makes its way:
 When the tidings reach our ears,
 We could almost melt in tears.
 Still let more receive thy name,
 O thou crucified Lamb:
 Out of ev'ry land and place,
 Bring forth some redeem'd by grace.

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AN
A C C O U N T
Of the Most
Remarkable Particulars
Relating to the
PRESENT PROGRESS
OF THE
G O S P E L.

Behold, I bring you good Tidings of great Joy, which shall be to all People, Luke ii. 10.

Number III.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed and Sold by JOHN LEWIS, in
Bartholomew-Close, near West-Smithfield.
MDCCLXIII.

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of them, being a little before deprived of our worthy Minister. As we are bound not only by Christian Duty, but also by Duty of natural Gratitude, to return you our small Thanks: But, alas! all that we can return is as nothing. All that we can say, We bless the Lord that he put it into the Hearts of any of his People to be mindful of the like of us, poor forsaken Creatures! Forsaken of, and departed from by the Lord in his more publick Way of manifesting himself to us: But we must acknowledge the Lord is righteous in all his Dealings with us; for we have sinned, and most justly provoked him to withdraw the Candlestick of his Ordinances from us—And alas, now, Brethren, the sweet and refreshing Streams of God's Sanctuary are dried up to us; and we are left in the Dark, without the glorious Sun-shine of Gospel Ordinances, and have not those green Pastures of his blessed Ordinances to feed upon as we were Wont to have. He has removed his broad Table, where
we

[5]

we have sometimes sate in his Banquetting-house, and eaten of his pleasant Fruits, while he has spread a Banner of Love over us. But now he has as it were set us down at his By-Table, behind Backs, as not worthy to come before Faces, and feeds us only with his Crumbs.—But yet, Brethren, we dare not, neither will we deny the Lord's Goodness and Love to our Souls; for he sometimes makes his Crumbs sweet and refreshing to our poor Souls, and as it were secretly whispers a Word of Peace to us—And (blessed be the Riches of Free-Grace in Christ) he sometimes comes with the sweet Gales, and warm Breathings of his Holy Spirit upon our Souls, and makes the whole Affections thereof to flow out, and pursue after him, which encourages us to keep together and wait upon him in the Way of Duty—It may be that he will yet again give us to feed in his green Pastures, and behold his Glory as we have seen it heretofore in his holy Temple!

As to the Way of our Proceeding

3

A 3

(as

[6]

(as we have no Conveniency in our Barracks)—We rent a House that we may meet every Night for Religious Duties. And as we are deprived of publick Ordinances, we meet thrice a *Sunday*.—O Brethren! prize highly, and esteem those golden Seasons of Gospel-Ordinances that you now enjoy. None know the Worth of them so much as those who have enjoy'd them, and now are deprived of them. Seek not only them, but strive to find CHRIST in them—without which they are but as a dead Letter—We are very glad to hear of the success of Mr. *Whitefield's* Ministry, and rejoice greatly to hear of so many Souls brought home unto our LORD and KING JESUS CHRIST, wishing that where is one there may be a thousand. The Harvest-time is plenteous, but the Labourers are few. Oh that the Lord of the Harvest would send more of such Labourers into his Vineyard, where there is scarce any thing but Sin and Iniquity abounding. Oh Brethren, remember us, poor forsaken Ppeople,
in

[7]

in your Prayers—for We stand greatly in Need of the Prayers of the People of God, for the Temptations we are surrounded with are many and great, and are daily growing stronger and stronger; and God knows we are but as weak Straws to withstand them without his Free-Grace preventing us.

Now, dear Brethren, we return you our hearty Thanks for your great Favour bestowed on us; wishing heartily that we could be so happy as to see those kind and obliging Christians who have been so bountiful to us Strangers; but what we cannot see with our Eyes, our daily Thoughts shalt present to us, and what we cannot acknowledge with Hat in Hand, we shall in Heart and Mind. All that we can do at present is to remember you in our Addresses at the Throne of Grace, that he would be pleased to bless you with all spiritual Blessings from on High, and prosper you in every good Word and Work: Which is the Prayer of your beloved Brethren in the Lord. Signed by

*Two Serjeants, One Corporal, and
Ten Soldiers. P. S.*

P. S. It is our humble Desire as soon as this comes to hand, it may be read before those Christians that have been so liberal to us in sending those Books for our spiritual Help: And we would be glad to have a more intimate Correspondence by Letters with them belonging to the Societies in *London*.—

Adieu.

The Copy of a Letter from the Reverend Mr. —, a Minister of the Church of England, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Jan. 10, 1742-3.

My dear Brother,

I Receiv'd yours of the 21st of *December*, and rejoice to hear that the Work of the Lord prospers in your Hands. It pleases me well to find your Love increases toward all the Brethren. It would rejoice my Heart indeed if all who have a Zeal for the Lord would unite together.

I

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I do not mean that all should come into the same Body and outward Order. I would leave everyone to his own Freedom amongst his own Souls as to the Form, &c. but I wish that a hearty Love and mutual Correspondence, and a true Fellowship in Spirit, could be brought about amongst all the Labourers and awakened Souls, throughout: the World.—Hereby the common Cause would be strengthened, Confusion among weak Souls would be prevented, and the Enemy would lose Ground: For nothing gives the World more a Handle to speak against all that is good, than Differences among good Souls—May the Lord put a Stop and End to all Disputes and Animosities, and may we also love one another, that the World may know thereby to whom we belong,

On *Newyears-Day* we had a happy general Meeting of our Societies. We had the Presence of the Lord amongst us, and our Hearts were melted and rejoiced.—The following Hymn was then sung the first Time. O

[IO]

I.

O JESU, we pray
Be with us to-day;
Thy Blessings bestow,
And make all our Souls with pure Joy
overflow.

II.

A right simple Heart
To each one impart;
A listening Ear
Which may thy still small Voice at-
tentively hear.

III.

Unite us in Love,
And then let us prove
How faithful thou art
To bless those who are of one Mind
and one Heart.

IV.

We earnestly crave,
A Blessing to have,
That we may rejoice,
And bids thee and praise thee with
Heart and with Voice.

V.

[II]

V.

O set us on Fire,
 With burning Desire
 After Thee our LAMB;
 Yea let thy Love set all our Hearts on
 a Flame.

VI.

O JESUS our HEAD!
 Thou are the True BREAD;
 Refresh us we pray,
 And send not, O send not one empty
 away.

VII.

Thy Flesh and thy Blood,
 So meet and so good,
That, that be our Meat,
 And grant that thereon we may hear-
 tily eat.

All the Brethren, &c. join with me
 in Love.

Adieu.

The

*The Copy of a Letter from a Friend in
the Country, to the Reverend Mr.
Whitefield.*

Dec. 30, 1741.

Rev. and very Dear Brother,

Grace unto you, and Peace
be multiplied.

YOUR last very kind Letter I received the 7th Instant, and gladly embrace the first Opportunity to answer it. I have not forgot you. I have been prevented Writing till now. Your abundant Love expressed in your last, your Heart-Union with me, and especially your Prayers for a Blessing on my weak Endeavours to lisp out the Praises of the STRONG JAH, refreshed and delighted me much. The Lord reward all your Kindness to worthless me an hundred fold. I have just now been reading the Letter with Pleasure; but when I came to that Clause, "*I think our dear Lord will employ you more and more,*" being pressed with a Sense of my own Vileness, I had some Fears that he *would not*, but
sweetly

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sweetly he spoke to my Heart in that Word, *I know the thoughts which I think towards thee, thoughts of Peace, and not of Evil, to give you an expected End*, which revived, humbled, and melted me. O my Brother, I wonder at the infinite Grace and Long-suffering of my God, that he should not *cast me off!* that he should have *Thoughts of Peace* towards me still! Indeed, my Brother, I have multiplied my Transgressions against him. As Figures in Arithmetick increase the Number, so have I multiplied to Sin; added Sin to Sin! Oh lamentable!—But behold, my gracious God! the God of Peace, thro' the Blood of JESUS, multiplies to Pardon, abundantly pardons! Grace and Peace is multiplied towards me daily, extended to me like a River, a full, free, flowing River, that prevails over all my Sins! I rejoice before God for his astonishing Kindness toward you continually, for the Light of his Countenance, and the Joy of his Salvation wherewith your Soul is blessed; and for the Wonders of his

3

B

Love

Vol. II.

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Love in your abundant Usefulness. Oh how great, free, and distinguishing has God's Loving-kindness been unto *You* my dear Brother! the Lord continue and increase it! and make you more humble, that you may give *him* the Glory of all *his* Grace! Sin, Satan, and the World will shoot at you, that you may fall—The Lord hold you up continually by his Almighty Hand, and make you as an iron Pillar, and as a brazen Wall, that those who fight against you may never prevail! The Enemies are very potent, and your Strength mere weakness, but the Grace of CHRIST is sufficient for you, His Power shall rest upon you, and the Arms of your Hands be made strong by the Mighty GOD of *Jacob*. Go on, dear Sir, in your great: Master's Work, in His Strength, fearless of all Your Adversaries, tho' an thousand should set themselves against you round about; for stronger is he that is in you than he that is in them. The Lord your God will not fail you, nor forsake: Wherefore

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fore be strong, of a good Courage. I bear you on my Heart before the Lord. He enables me to pray for you. And I believe, as you say, the Lord will *hear, and bless me herein*. The Lord is with them that help you, and will bless those who bless you, and curse the Wicked that curse you: and severely rebuke his own Children who oppose or slight you. Your Name is exceeding precious to your Dear MASTER—None can touch you therefore but they touch the Apple of his Eye. He takes all the Affronts you meet with as given to himself. And from his infinite Love to your Person, and Zeal for your Honour as a dear Servant of his, called to eminent Service, he will plead your Cause and execute Judgment for you. I know your loving Soul, like your LORD, says, *Father forgive them; for they know not what they do*; and so go on to shew the Meekness and Gentleness of CHRIST towards all Men, committing yourself and Cause to him who Judgeth righteously, and the End will be glo-

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rious—And now, Sir, as your glorious Master is calling you from us, to proclaim his Gospel, and serve his Cause and People in other Parts of the World: I *must* for myself, and I think *way* for thousands more, say, we are *grieved* to part with you, and yet we chearfully resign you up to the Lord and his Work; praying that his Presence may be with, and his Blessing upon you, that he will make you a begetting and a nursing Father to *thousands* while absent from us, and in his good Time return you to his People here, *as a greater Blessing than ever*. O dear Man of God, what great Things has the Lord done for you, since you visited us last! How richly has he crown'd you with Loving-kindness in there Lands! what a Reaping-time, what a glorious Harvest of Souls have you had in *England* and *Scotland*, which shall be your Joy and Crown in the Day of the Lord Jesus. Blessed be God, who always causes you to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest by you the Savour of his Knowledge in *every Place!*
Go

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Go an, thrice happy Soul, with the Lord, and for Him; visit *America*, visit *Georgia*, and see how your Brethren do. Go over the Places again where you have been preaching the Word, give the Brethren much Exhortation, and confirm the Souls of the Disciples by telling them that through much Tribulation we must enter the Kingdom. Yea, go in your great Master's Name, seek up the lost Sheep, and bring them to his Fold. And though you should go forth *weeping* in Labours, Sorrows and Trials of all kinds yet bearing *precious Seed*, the immortal Seed of Christ's Gospel; you than doubtless come again *rejoicing*, bringing your *Sheaves* with you. We shall wait and pray, Dear Sir, for your happy Return to *England*, and hope to rejoice with you in the glorious Fruits of your distant Labours.—But with Joy will you return to your great Master when the whole Course of your Ministerial Service and Sufferings are finished: And what a glorious Number of Sheaves will you have to rejoice in at our

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Lord's appearing! What a Multitude of precious Souls will you have the *Honour* in that Day to present as a chaste Virgin to Christ; and how great, how exceeding great will be your Joy, while you with them, and they with you, together with the whole Number of *God's Elect*, in one complete Body, one glorious Church, a meet Bride for the Lord the LAMB, shall, by him, as such, be presented faultless before the Presence of his Father's Glory! This glorious Day hastens—The intervening Time is *short*; and therefore we will weep as though we wept not. We meet and part now. Then we shall meet to part no more! At present, Dear Sir, committing you into the Hands of CHRIST, I must heartily bid you *Farewel in the Lord!* Pray for, *Rev. Sir,*

Yours most affectionately

In our Sweet JESUS,

The

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*The Copy of a Letter from Mr. Periam,
Schoolmaster at the Orphanhouse in
Georgia, to Bro. S——s in London.*

Bethesda, May 1, 1742.

My dear Brother,

IReceiv'd your few Lines, and thank you for them. 'Tis a great Charity to write to me, for I am a very very weak Creature, and stand in Need of all Help. I thank you for your kind Wishes, *that I may daily experience a Death of the old, and a Life of the new Man more and more.* This is surely the best Wish you could wish me. This I count my Happiness, that I may be daily conformed to the Image of my dear Saviour; and I cannot but so much the more desire it as to use your own Words. I feel myself so poor and ignorant, so blind and naked. But Oh how sweet are the Steps of the dear Redeemer's Providence, for there was a Time when I was poor and miserable, blind, wretched, and naked,
and

and yet knew it not; and so must I have continued, had not his free distinguishing Grace prevented me, by causing his glorious Light to shine into my dark and benighted Soul: For ever adored be his Name, the Work is his own; and he will make the Light to shine more and more unto the perfect Day. Were it not so, I am sure I should be past Hope; for, alas, whither should I go, if he had not the Words of eternal Life? In this Thing I can be confident, that he that has begun the good Work will perform it till the Day of Christ He is the *Alpha* and *Omega*, the Beginning and the End. Oh what continual Need have we of Christ! that Person that can live to any good Purpose an Hour without him, knows not what it is to live in him, for he is the Life of our Souls, and our Lives are but very Death without him. Can the Branch bring forth Fruit of itself? no more can we without him. Oh what wonderful Matter of Praise have we to give for so glorious an High Priest, Prophet, and King!—
Are

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Are we ignorant, what is it that he cannot teach us?—Are we sinful, what Sins are there that his precious Blood cannot atone for?—Are we rebellious, what Heart is there that his Kingly and Almighty Power cannot rule and govern? Indeed He is a God All-sufficient! a very present Help in Time of Need! O that I could love him more, and serve him better! Oh that I knew more of his Glory and Excellency! for I am sure I know nothing yet as I ought to know—But this I can say, I desire to know Him more, and the Power of His Resurrection. And, blessed be his Name! he can easily disperse all Darkness, and cause his Sun to arise in our Souls; nay, he hath said, for Judgment he came into the World, that those that see not might see, and that those who see might be made blind. He is our Covenant. A Light to enlighten the *Gentiles*, and to open the blind Eyes; and he is ready to distribute, and willing to communicate; for he does rejoice in the habitable Parts of the Earth; and his
Delight

Delight is to be with the Sons of Men. He is a companionate and merciful High Priest, who can have compassion on us who are ignorant and out of the Way; and faithful also, and therefore he will do it. He will send down the promised Comforter, the Holy Ghost, to teach us, and bring to our Remembrance whatsoever he hath said unto us. Let us only be content to wait for the Promise of the Father, till we be indued with Power from on High. *Behold*, says he, *I come, and my Reward is with me!* He is coming travelling in the Greatness of his Strength, and no Difficulty shall obstruct his Passage, for he is, and will be our Leader and Commander. He will cut in sunder the Gates of Brass, and break in Pieces the Bars of Iron. He will make our Darkness Light, and every crooked Path strait. And now, my dear Brother, let us behold this our glorious High Priest, and stand astonished at his Free Grace and Love! Well may we cry our, *How excellent is thy Loving-kindness, O Lord,*
therefore

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therefore do the Sons of Men put their trust under the Shadow of thy Wings— What a Mercy of Mercies is it that we should see any of his Glory and Beauty, who ought long since to have been reserved under Chains of Darkness to the Judgment of the great Day. 'Tis because his Grace reigns, and that through His Righteousness unto eternal Life. And where Sin hath abounded in us, there has and will his Grace much more abound. Yet a little longer, and Grace shall be consummated in Glory—You say you long to feel Christ's Righteousness covering every Blemish, and his Blood purging it clean away—Let me address myself to you as *Laben* to *Abraham's* faithful Servant, *Come in thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without?* Don't you think that Christ as much longs to satisfy your Soul? Yes he does—And the Rich are sent empty away, yet the Hungry shall be filled with good Things—Wait but upon the Lord, & he will fulfil all your Desires. Our dear dear Saviour, though he is
exalted,

exalted, yet he does not forget us in our low Estate. He will accomplish the good Pleasure or his Will in us; and Oh how is he straitened 'till it be accomplished; but his Work being progressive, he will drive out our Enemies by Degrees—lest we should say with his *Israel* of old, *My own Might and Power, and the Strength of his Arm hath gotten me this Victory.* But we are sure of this, that 'ere long he will present us to his Father a glorious Church, without Spot or Blemish. He is now by every Trial working of us up to a Conformity to the Divine Image. And Oh that we could see more of his Love when under his fatherly Chastisement! how much more patient and submissive should we be! how should we kiss the Rod, and bid it welcome! I heartily beg a Continuance of your Prayers, that I may arrive to this Excellency and Happiness you speak of, of being rooted and grounded in the Grace of Christ. I trust our dear Saviour will let me by and by experience more and more of this—Whatsoever

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soever he is pleased to deny, yet if he grant me this, I have the Desire of my Soul.

*The Pain of Absence still I prove,
Sick of Desire, but not of Love.*

I know that Christ will perfect that which is lacking. 'Tis to him that I am daily looking, that I may receive out of his Fulness, and that *Grace for Grace*. I fear I am tedious. I commend you to the God of all Grace, who is able to build us up, and to do more for us than we can ask or think, according to his mighty Power that worketh in us. I remain, with much Love to you,

*Your poor weak Brother,
And Servant for JESUS' sake.*

J. Periam.
The

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Vol. II.

C

*The Copy of a Letter from a Gentleman
in the Country, to the Reverend Mr.
Whitefield in London.*

Jan. 31, 1742-3.

My very Dear Friend,

I Had both your kind Letters from London, but receiv'd none from Bristol—Glad am I to find you have not cast off one of the least and most inconsiderable of all the LAMB'S Flock: But while the Lord is pleased to remember me still, I cannot think he will suffer me to be forgotten by those that belong to him. And here I must not omit telling you what the Lord did for me last Night, that you may help me to praise him for his Goodness, and declare the Wonders that he hath done for one of the vilest of the Children of Men. I was much assisted in reading with great Power to the Society; but afterwards in Prayer, the Lord so filled my Soul, and enlarged my Heart, that I was almost overcome, my Senses near gone; and I think I could
have

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have been Content to give up the Ghost, even upon the Spot.—O how abundantly does the Lord recompense my poor Works and Labours of Love. Sure I can never do enough for Him who has done so much for me; And if these Earnests of his Love are so ravishing and delightful, how exquisite must the full and perfect Fruition and Enjoyment needs be! Well may it be said, *Eye hath not seen, nor Ear heard, neither the Heart of Man conceived what things are prepared for them that love God!* for surely none can know but those who have felt and experienc'd them! And I am persuaded I am now writing to one who is no Stranger to such divine Visits. May the Lord vouchsafe to meet both you and I, and commune more frequently with us after this sort. I trust the Hearts of many were warmed last Night as well as my own; and I hope the Lord will not be absent, but impart much of his Presence this Evening also.—I thank God that he is pleased to employ me almost every Day more or less—I think I have not

above one spare Night in the whole Week; and yet I can truly say, I go on without Weariness or Faintness; and find the Service of God to be perfect Freedom. I only wish to do more for so good a Master. I have put the Society here on the footing of the *London* and *Bristol* Societies. And I trust the Lord is daily adding to us such as shall be saved. Believe me

Ever Yours,

—————s

*The Copy of a Letter from a Minister in Essex, to the
Rev. Mr. Whitefield, in London.*

Jan. 24, 1742-3.

Dear Brother,

IRejoice with you to hear of the Success of the Gospel either at *London*, or other Pares; and indeed you have reason to rejoice with me (for the Interest of our dear Lord is one every where) for what God is doing in this Place. I have found several

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veral who were awakened to a Concern by hearing of you when you were in these Parts, but had fallen asleep again; but now the Lord seems to be working upon their Hearts anew—Others who *were* never awakened before, are earnestly enquiring the Way to *Zion*, thirsting after the Means of Grace, and are in a very promising Way; and the Children of God, of whom there is indeed a goodly Number here, own they are fed and nourished under the Word. And, blessed be the Lord, I often find much sweet Enlargement of Soul in testifying the Gospel of the Grace of God amongst them. What shall I say, my dear Brother, to these Things? They are indeed marvellous in my Eyes.—What am I that I should be honour'd to be any Way useful to the Church of God? 'Tis indeed marvellous Grace!

I had a Letter from Mr. *W*—*ce* last Post, giving an Account of our dear Friend Col. *E*—'s Death. He says he slept quietly in JESUS, on *Thursday* the 13th, without so much as a Fetch, or the least Struggle, but

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was just like one falling asleep.— Gladly would I see you once more before you go away, for I know not if I shall ever see you more in this World; but whether I do or not, Heaven's richest Blessings rest upon your dear Soul. I am with great Affection, my dear Brother, Yours in the strong and everlasting Bonds of the Love of JESUS,

—— ———.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Thomas Lewis (an Exhorter in Wales) to the Printer of this Book.

Llanvache, Feb. 2, 1742-3.

Dear Dear Brother,

I Hope these Lines will find you growing in Grace, and in the Knowledge of the Truth, and your Soul on the Stretch toward the Kingdom of God. Oh may you never rest till you rest in the Arms of your Dear Dear Saviour, buried in his Wounds,
and

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and your dear Soul washed in his Blood. Indeed he is a loving tender Master, and loves to save such as see themselves lost and undone to all Eternity, and feel a Wound in their Hearts which cannot be healed but by the Blood of the martyr'd LAMB. O that all the World were so wounded that they could not rest, but cry Day and Night, *What shall I do to be saved?*—Amen, I pray God! Oh my dear Brother, it is sweet to wait at our Saviour's Feet with *Mary*, continually washing them with Tears of Sorrow and Grief for our Sins, as she did, who wiped them with the Hair of her Head. Oh it is sweet to wait on the Lord! They that wait on him shall renew their Strength. Indeed I find no such Times with my Soul as when I am bowed down with a Sense of my Unworthiness; knowing that the best of my Endeavours are Sin and Sinfulness; then am I enabled to look to my Saviour, and receive out of his Fulness, and Grace for Grace. On *Saturday, December 18*. I went to one Mr. *B*—*ng's* in
Glouce-

Gloucestershire, and preached the next Morning (being Lord's-Day) from these Words, *I am crucified with Christ, Nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, &c.* The Lord was there of a Truth. There were but very few but what wept bitterly. Both young and old were affected by the Word. One Man cry'd near half an Hour after I had done. I believe many were pricked to the Heart. The Word did not fall to the Ground; it did run and was glorified—Glory, Glory be to the Free-Grace of God! That Night I went about two Miles farther, and we had a sweet Opportunity. After I had done Preaching we spent most of the Night in Praying and Singing. On *Monday* Night following I went about three Miles farther, to a Place called *Tokenon*; I preached on these Words, *And he must needs go through Samaria*; and I believe he came through *Tokenon* that Night; and not only through, but dwelt in many Hearts there. O it was a Night of Pentecost indeed! A Night that
will

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will never be forgotten by many that were there at that Time. The Power of God fell down as Rain from Heaven: Our Saviour was there of a Truth, and brake the Bread of Life to his dear Lambs, insomuch that many of them went home rejoicing in the Lord. There were two caught in the Gospel Net that Night; and one was so filled with the Love of God, that for three Days he knew not whether he was in the Body or out of it. I can but wonder that our Saviour should make use of such a poor sinful Creature as I am, to do any thing to his Glory! O my dear Brother, pray for me, that I may be strengthen'd abundantly, that wherever the Lord shall send me, I may go in his Power, and be made mighty thro' him to pull down the Strong-Holds of the Devil. I went from thence to *Bristol, Kingswood, and Conham*, and continued there till the *Monday* following; then I went to *Cainsom in Somersetshire*; when I came to the Place where I was to preach, I went into the House, but it being
so

so full, we were obliged to go out into the Orchard—We sung an Hymn and prayed; but as soon as I began to preach the Mob came up, and they began to throw Clots and Stones, with old Shoes, and Balls of Clay about half a Pound Weight; one of them brought a large Bell, and rang it for a considerable Time: Some were cursing and swearing; others were hollowing and firing off their Guns. One of them, as I heard, had bound himself under an Obligation of paying Twenty Shillings if he did not head the Mob. The Persecution was so strong at one Time, that it almost clear'd all the Congregation off to about twenty, who boldly stood for CHRIST: Some of them receiv'd many bitter Blows. One of our Sisters had her Eye almost struck out; another of them was so beat about the Head that she could hardly turn it round by the next Morning. Many others of them had sharp Cuts on their Faces. I receiv'd one Blow on my Breast which pain'd me very much; One of my Arms
was

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was struck dead for some Time. I receiv'd another Blow on the Side of my Head with the Heel of an old Shoe, which caused me very great Pain. I received two Blows more on my Cheek, till the Side of my Face, as I thought, went almost off with the Fierceness of the Blow; it swell'd very much, and fell down to my Throat, and continued for some Time, but now, blessed be God; it is worn off. O may your dear Lord pardon the Hand that gave the Stroke, and smite his Heart with his Love! *Amen*—I pray God! I found my Soul in a sweet Frame during the Time I preached. Indeed I could bless God for every Blow I received; and never thought myself so highly favour'd, as that I should be counted worthy to suffer in the least for CHRIST's sake. I continued to preach in all the Time of the Persecution; and after I had done, our dear Brother, and faithful Soldier, *James Beaumont*, who was along with me, and he preached after I had done, with great Power. The Mob ceased not till

till he had done. An Exciseman from *Bath* promised one of them Half-a-Crown for striking me off the Chair whereon I stood. But the Devil lost his Aim: For our Saviour did not permit it should be so. The Exciseman denying to pay the Money, because they did not strike me down, the Mob gathered about him, and would have thrown him off his Horse, had he not paid them. The Devil at last was like to set all his Servants together by the Ears.—Let all that read this Letter know that the Devil, after all his fair Promises to his Servants, can produce nothing at last but Hell and Damnation, which is his own Portion for ever. After that I went to the House and preached with great Power, till at last my Sides were so sore that I could speak no longer at that Time. The Lord was there of a Truth: The Devil and his Servants lost the Day, and our Saviour gain'd the Victory. I went from thence to a Brother's House in Town, and had a Love-feast there that Night—We were a-
bout

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bout twenty, and indeed it was a Feast to our Souls, for many there feasted on CHRIST that Night; I exhorted about two or three Hours, and told them a great deal of my Experience; my Soul was so full of the Love of God, that I could hardly give over. I stood in God, and God in me. I sweetly leaned on my Saviour's Bosom, and sucked out of the Breasts of his Consolation. Indeed I could say his Banner of Love was spread over me that Night. The next Morning I preached again about Eleven o' Clock on these Words, *I am the true Vine, and my Father is the Husbandman*; and as soon as I had begun the Mob came to the Door, and threw Stones and great Sticks at us. They brought a great Piece of Timber about two or three hundred Weight, and laid it against the Door, thinking that when the Door was open'd it would fall on them. They flung Hats and Wigs off one another's Heads into the House. They threw in Papers of Powder and Fire, thinking to burn the People's Cloaths;

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but the Devil lost his Aim there, as he does in many of his Inventions. Three of the Head of the Mob came in before I had done, and gave great Attention to the Word, and sung the last Hymn with a deal of Seriousness. After I had done three Gentlemen came in, who were determin'd to hear me. One of our Brethren desired me to speak a few Words of Exhortation to them. I found myself very weak, and almost spent: My Cheek being then very stiff and sore, that it was very troublesome for me to speak at that Time; but very willing to do what lay in my Power for my dear MASTER, who had done so much for me—One of them wept bitterly. They seem'd all to be very much affected. After I had done they thanked me very kindly. I told them to give all the Glory to God. O my dear Brother, may these Lines and you under the Droppings of CHRIST'S Blood—guided by his Spirit into all Truth—swallowed up in his Will—hid in his Wounds, and plunged in the Abyss of his unsearchable

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able Love! Which is the Prayer of your unworthy, sinful Brother, (and Chief of Sinners)

T. Lewis.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Cennick, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Bristol, Feb. 8, 1742-3.

My Elder and Dear Brother,

I Have been greatly favoured with Letters from you more than I could expect. For all I give my Saviour Thanks, and love him much who wrote them me. I think before I am honour'd I am humbled—Several Days ago I found myself burdened with Self, and Sin, and Folly. I saw myself vile in all I did, and my rejoicing in God sensibly decay'd; yet my Righteousness and Peace remain'd as the everlasting Hills! I had no Doubt in the least of my being beloved of God and elect. At this Time I found many outward Trials; but one greater than all, in-

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ward in my Heart, this was an Aptness to wonder from the LAMB of GOD. Under this, at Times, the Lord tenderly visited me; but the End was glorious! I found all my Trouble was as a Refiner's Fire. It brought me solidly to wait at my Lord's Feet, and then I was in my right Place, and happy: O what a sweet Fellowship have I enjoy'd since with God! especially when I have been either praying or preaching. I know you will thank our Saviour for all his Love to your little Brother.—That Scripture is much on my Heart—*She hath much forgiven, therefore she loveth much.* Surely it is so with me! I have much, exceeding much forgiven me—O that I may love the more!

Last *Sunday* Se'nnight I was in the Spirit all the Day long. I thought from Morning to Evening, *This is one of the Days of the Son of Man!* I found great Liberty also last Week to look over all the *Kingswood* Society; and on *Thursday* I began to meet the unmarried Sisters, and found them

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them all growing up in the Lord, and their Lamps burning. On *Saturday* I was fed greatly, and comforted in the Society at the young Brethren, and more with the Married after them. I have seen all our Societies in *England*; but indeed I think some of the married Brethren of *Kingswood* are indued more than any others with Gravity, Solidity, and Soundness in the Faith. After the Societies were ended I preached in the Evening with much Sweetness in my own Soul, and am persuaded many of the Hearers went not away empty!—On the next Morning I preach'd at *Smiths Hall*; and here the Lamb of God let me lean on his Bosom all the Time. I have found often such a divine Energy attend the Word, that indeed the Work has been perfect Freedom. I seem many Times as though I receiv'd the Law from the Lord's Mouth, and handed it down to the attending People; or, like as if the Lord brake the Bread of the Gospel to me, and I brake it out to the People. Oh that I may

always have the Wisdom *rightly to divide the Word of Truth, and give to every one their Portion in due Season!*

Brother *Humphreys* is return'd. In a Day or two I expect to visit *Wiltshire*: I find my Heart cleave in a particular Way to the Sheep there. Neither do I forget the Flock over which the Holy Ghost has made you Overseer! I heartily salute them, and make mention of them alway. *O People favour'd of the Lord, and saved by him! Who is like unto thee?—* You will very affectionately greet them in my Name. All here salute you. I am poor, but rich; sorrowful, but always rejoicing; sinful, but perfectly righteous in the Merits of the Blood and Wounds of our departed, but present SAVIOUR: To whom daily recommend in Prayer,

Your poor unworthy Brother,

JOHN CENNICK.

Since I wrote the above, Brother G—— told me that he thought the Letter-

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Letter-Day was not till *Monday* Se'n-night, and then I did not send it so soon as I proposed—Last Sunday we kept the Love-feast at *Kingswood*—The Lord there visited his dear Disciples. I found him there myself a little, and more in the Evening Sermon. On *Monday* I met the married Sisters and Widows, and was comforted greatly in their Company. The Lord deals very kindly with them; and the most Part are favoured with a continual Assurance of his Love to them in particular. In the Evening the Lord came down into the Congregation with Power. It was a Night much to be remembered.—On *Friday* I preached to a little Company at *Conham*, and again there in the Evening. On *Wednesday* I preach'd at *Downing*, and here in the Evening. To-day at *Kendleshire*, and am to meet the Society at Night. When I journey from Place to Place, I think truly I am a Pilgrim—And my Places of Preaching are to me as an Inn by the Way. Here especially the LAMB gives me to drink of the Brook.

Brook in my Way. Therefore I lift
up my Head.—

BEfore me thus my MASTER
travel'd on,
'Till all His FATHER's Will by Him
was done:
Nor knew He any Place of Rest
below;
He daily wander'd, tir'd and tempt-
ed too.
Well did he own, "The Birds pre-
pare them Nests,
"And ev'ry Fox in some safe Bur-
row rests;
"But I have no-where, where at
"Peace I stay,
"No Place where I my weary Head
"may lay.
"My Home is where my FATHER's
"Armies more,
"Ten thousand thousands drest in
"purest Love;
"Thither, when all my Suff'rings
"end I go
"My Children, to prepare a Place
"for you.

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O may I never here desire my Ease,
 Only may I my MASTER seek to
 please,
 In all His Footsteps may I Him pur-
 sue,
 'Till Him my Glory I eternal view.
 May no Delight below charm me to
 stay,
 No Pleasure, Honour, Gain, draw
 me away
 From HIM, whose Name glads all
 the Hosts above,
 Fills Hell with Terror, Heav'n and
 Earth with Love.
 Like Him may I endure the Cross,
 the Shame,
 And imitate, like HIM the LAMB;
 Be meek, resign'd and harmless, as
 was HE,
 'Till Time be lost in wide Eternity.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Humphreys, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

My very Dear and Elder Brother,

YOUR loving, kind and tender
 Letter to me and my dear Yoke-
 fellow,

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fellow, we receiv'd with much Joy and Thankfulness. We count it great Humility and Condescension in you to take Notice of us in such a Christian Way. May the Lord reward you for your Love.—Some close Trials I have met with, but through Grace, I have a full Persuasion that there Things do not make against, but for me. With regard to Friends, I find there were last which are first, and there were first which are last; but none of these Things move me, unless it be nearer to God. And the less of the Creature I have, the more of the CREATOR. With regard to my last Journey, I was indeed carried aloft almost through the Whole—I fled as it were upon the Wings of the Wind, and rode upon my high Places.—Since then I have been humbled, yet safe and happy at the Feet of my Saviour. Indeed upon the Whole, I wou'd not be led any otherwise than as Jesus leads me. His Conduct is the Fruit of infinite Wisdom, infinite Holiness, infinite Love, and infinite Tenderness! And upon
this

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this Consideration I cannot help rejoicing in every thing. Though indeed I wish I had more of the Likeness of Christ instamp'd upon me. I want to have Grace more and more prevalent—I am looking for it, and believe our dear Saviour will give it me, because he has purchas'd it with his own Blood.

After I was married on *Wednesday Morning, Jan. 26.* I left *Bristol*, and rode to *Foggington*, nine Miles. The Lord was with me by the Way; and though it had been very wet Weather before, the Rain now held up; and both God and the Heavens seem'd to smile upon me, and favour me. In the Congregation the Lord broke in upon my Heart. I had inward deep Sweetness, and the Souls of many seem'd to be refreshed.—The next Day the Lord carried me to *Castle-Comb*, the Borders of *Wiltshire*, about fourteen or fifteen Miles. The first Night there was a considerable Number, considering there was but a few Minutes Notice. It was a most comfortable and refreshing

ing Time. My Heart was quite broke with the Love of Jesus. The next Night we had a most crouded Congregation. The People were affected, for I believe the Lord was with us again. I seem'd indeed to have an enlarged Heart toward the People; and doubt not but Christ has his Sheep there. From thence I went: to *Seagree*, about seven Miles: And my full Soul was in the Evening sweetly empty'd to the feeding, I believe, of many. The next Day was the Sabbath; and indeed I was in the Spirit on the Lord's Day. At *Tetherton*, three Miles from *Seagree*, I preached in the Morning to a numerous Congregation, about our dear Lord's going after the one lost Sheep. My Heart was exceeding full, being richly fed with a View of the sweet Heart of Jesus Christ. In the Evening at *Brinkworth* I met with our dear Brother *Adams*. I discoursed to the Congregation; and afterwards we had a choice Love-feast. I believe the Presence and *Glory* of the Lord was among us. There were a
great

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great Number; and the Meeting indeed seem'd solemn. My Heart was truly affected to find such a blessed Number of Souls called in *Wiltshire*. And indeed I can say, the Thoughts of it always makes me love and respect the dear *Cennick*.

Monday Brother *Adams* and I went to *Hampton*, ten Miles, and Brother *G—y* from *Wilts*, with us—We had a great Openness of Heart by the Way, and we loved one another dearly in the Lord. I discoursed to a House full there in the Evening. And the next Day dear Brother *G—y* and I kept Company to *Burford*, twenty Miles—where we abode a Day and two Nights, and I discoursed three Times in my Father's Meeting-house. Brother *G—y* and I spent the other Time in visiting the poor scatter'd Sheep. We exhorted and comforted them, and bid them make quite free with JESUS.

The next Day we went to *Fairford*, seven Miles, where I preached by Ten in the Morning in the old School, with great Freedom of Speech, and

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Warmth in my Heart. On the Way we met some young ones, who seem'd indeed to have their Faces Zion-ward. From thence the same Day we went to *Gloucester*, eighteen Miles, thro' *Chedworth*, where I hope there will be a little Flock. For twelve Miles we had exceeding stormy Weather, but every thing was exceeding calm and peaceable within. I preached three Times at *Gloucester*, twice at the *Fryars*, and once at the late Mr. *Cole's* Meeting-house, a Funeral Sermon for a Woman of the Society, who died in the Lord, and went to her Rest. I gave an Exhortation also over the Grave, with Prayer and singing a Hymn; it was a solemn Opportunity.—From thence we rode nine or ten Miles; and the Lord enabled me to preach to a House full of People between *Stroud* and *Hampton*. It was a convincing Time. From thence we went to dear Brother *Adams's* House, where we lodged in the sweet Arms of our dear Lord.

The next Morning we separated—
The Lord kiss'd us, and gave us his
Peace—

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Peace—We loved, and left one another.—I returned to *Bristol*, preparing to meet a trying Time, and various Tribulations: But the Lord upholds me, and makes every thing easy to me. I only want to love him more, and from henceforth to walk more close with him than ever. The Seed that he has enabled me to sow about the Country, I hope, will prosper in due Time. I always travel with that Text: *In the Morning sow thy Seed, and in the Evening withhold not thy Hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, this or that.*

I am informed that the Lord has blessed *me, unworthy me*, with some spiritual Children in *Gloucestershire*. O that I may be ashamed! and give HIM ALL the Glory!—I believe there will be a new Scene of Things at *Bristol*. I shall rejoice to see you.

Joseph Humphreys.
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The Copy of a Letter from a Friend in the Country, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield in London.

Jan. 22, 1742-43

Rev. and very dear Sir,

WITH Gladness I received the Favour of your very dear Letter last Night! Abundant Thanks to you for all the Expressions of your Kindness to poor *worthless me*. A full Reward be given you of the Lord God of *Israel!* I wonder our dear Lord will suffer such a poor Sinner to be so near you, to have a Place in the Regards of one of his dearest Favourites! All is of Grace, Free, Sovereign Grace! independent on my Goodness. I have Reason to bless God that ever I was acquainted with you. When I first heard of you, and read your first Journals, my Heart was knit to you; and I could not bear to think that such a dear Servant should be raised up, and such a great Work done in the World by him, without signifying my Heart-Union

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Union with the one, and my Joy in the other. 'Twas Love to CHRIST, his Cause, and Servants, that put me upon writing to you, Sir, at first.— This was the Mean that kind Providence made use of to begin our Correspondence, which, Blessed be God, has hitherto been continued. And I have learnt by Experience that God has blessed me since my Acquaintance with you. And glad was I to hear you say in your last, *He has blessed you, yea, and you shall be blessed.* It refreshed, and comforted me much. I wonder at the Grace of God, that He should resolve to bless me still, notwithstanding all my Ingratitude, and Misimprovement of his former Favours; and had hardly room enough in my Soul to take it in, that it should be unto me according to your Word; But my Lord confirm'd it by several precious Promises, which dropp'd from his Lilly-Lips, like sweet-smelling Myrrh. Oh help me to praise my God, for all his great Goodness bestowed upon me, and which he has yet in Reserve for me! And pray

for me, that God would circumcise my Heart to love. I am grieved that I can serve and love my dear Lord no more. Pray that I may be baptized with Fire, that I may love CHRIST greatly in every little Attempt to serve him. He calls for my Heart. I long to give it! Oh that he would take it! Then with Joy I'll resign it up. I shall never be at Rest till my dear Lord fills me with HIMSELF, possesses my whole Soul, and leaves no Room for any of His or my Enemies there. I hate vain Thoughts, Heart-departings from God, and the whole Train of my Lord's Enemies, in whatever Shape they appear. I love Holiness; I long for the Increase of it daily, 'till Mortality shall be swallowed up of Life, and that which is perfect shall come.

As to yourself, Sir, I rejoice with all your Joy, and sympathize with you in all your Trials. You are the Lord's; He has the Care of you: And, whether Light or Darkness, Comforts or Crosses, all Things are wisely mixed, and graciously over-
ruled,

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ruled, work for good, and together shall issue well.—You are to be made very glorious, a stately Piece of Workmanship; and therefore many and various Instruments are at Work upon you—All under the supreme Direction and Almighty Agency of the Great GOD, who is wonderful in Council, and excellent in Working. Not the least Change you meet with, inward or outward, none of all the Times that pass over you, but has something to do upon you, to make you more like CHRIST; more like to Him in Grace here, and so in Glory hereafter. And I rejoice that you not only believe, but also experience the great Advantage of a Variety of Trials: That you have not only the Joy of Faith, but of spiritual Sense also herein. For the abundant Grace bestowed on you, as the Lord helps me, with and for you, I'll praise him.

I am glad our Thoughts are the same with respect to Mr. W——'s Performance, and that you are content to be nothing. It's better to be
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of a lowly Spirit with the Humble, than to divide the Spoil with the Strong. Blessed are you of the Lord, that in all your Labours in the Gospel you have sought nothing but the REDEEMER'S Glory!—*The same, saith the Lord, is true, that seeketh not his own, but His Glory that sent him.*—Christ sought not his own Glory, but the Father's; and his Servants seek not their own Glory, but His. *Neither of Men should we seek Glory,* saith the Apostle. And the more any Servant of Christ is willing to be least in Self-glory, the greater shall he be in CHRIST'S. The more undesignedly any one acts for the Praise of Men, the more Praise shall he have of God.—But though the Servants of Christ don't seek their own Glory, and Praise of Men, yet ought they not to be deny'd the Honour which their great MASTER puts upon them in his Work. And if any should neglect to own what Christ hath wrought by them, God will raise up other Witnesses for the Honour of his Servants, or in a more immediate Way will bear
bear

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bear Witness for them Himself. All that the Servants of Christ have to do, is to seek their Master's Glory; and He will take Care of theirs, both in this World, and that which is to come.

Oh dear Sir, Do you say, *Let the Name of George Whitefield die, so JESUS lives and reigns?*—My Soul loves you for this, as herein I see how you love your ROYAL MASTER, and with what a single Eye you seek his Glory. And this your Joy shall be fulfilled—Your Lord shall live and reign triumphant for ever and ever, in the Souls converted by your Ministry; and have the Glory of his Work given Him therein, unto Ages without End! But, while *JESUS* lives shall *Whitefield* die? While the Bridegroom's Name is high above all with the Bride, shall the Servant's Name, that was sent to espouse her, be sunk and lost? No, Sir, it suits not with your MASTER's Grace, with the Word that is gone out of his Mouth in Righteousness: To give Rewards unto his Servants according
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to their Works: To give them a Name better than that of Sons and Daughters, an everlasting Name that shall not be cut off. You shall find, Sir, to your endless Joy and Glory, *That they which turn many to Righteousness shall shine as the Stars for ever and ever, and as the Sun, in the Kingdom of their Father.*—CHRIST will give you a great Name, Sir; a dignified Name in the World to come, that have been enabled to do such great, such eminent Service for Him in the present State. Wherefore go on in Divine Strength to serve your ROYAL MASTER! freely, even unto Death; and freely of his infinite Grace shall you receive that Crown of Life and Glory, which the Lord has promised to them that love Him.

I find the Powers of Hell are in a Rage against you, and both Professors and Prophane stirred up to reproach and oppose you in the Lord's Work. But fear not, your God is with you, and will help you! Our
 Lord

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Lord will get himself, and give you the Victory.

I have seen a bitter and blasphemous Pamphlet of *A——m G——s* of *Edinburgh*, wrote against you and the blessed Work of God in *Scotland*, of which you had the Honour of being an Instrument, the first and one of the chief which the Lord made Use of herein. It was very awful to me to see what near Approaches are made by Mr. *G——* and Mr. *R. E.* to the unpardonable Blasphemy! But though the Enemy came in like a Flood, the Spirit of the Lord has raised up a Standard against him: Has raised up Mr. *R——* and Mr. *W——* to vindicate the Cause of God and Truth. And though neither of these have given to you that Instrumentality in this great Work, which I think ought to have been, to have set Things in a true and full Light; yet God would not let the Honour of his dear Servant *Whitefield* sink thus, nor his Servants in *Scotland* that adhered to him, lie under the Reproach which had been cast upon them, but has raised up

up Witnesses to publish an Apology for his People there; and a Letter, in which Mr. *Whitefield* is acknowledged to be the Lord's Instrument of reviving Religion in *Scotland*, as also in other Places where he hath been, both in respect to the Conversion of Sinners, and quickning of Saints.—Mr. *M*— sent me both these Pamphlets, which I returned this Week: Both are written in the same Spirit of Christ; and a Letter from a Citizen of *Edinburgh* to a Seceding Minister of *Stirling*, was very refreshing to my Spirit. The Lord reward the Author of that good Work, all the Kindness he hath shewn to our dear Lord, and his Servants, and to you, Sir, in particular, an hundred fold. If your Dear MASTER Lets you, as to your design'd Voyage, he hath still more Work for you to do before you go. I am glad you wait the KING's Pleasure. You shall know the will of his Grace and Providence concerning you. The Lord Jesus be with you to the last Hour of your Stay in *England*, pre-serve

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serve and bless you upon the mighty Waters, and give you a joyful Meeting with the Family of your Care in his own good Time. I shall be glad to hear of your safe Arrival. Pray for, dear Sir, Ever Yours,

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The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell Harris in Wales, to the Society at the Tabernacle; directed—To John Lewis, Printer, in Bartholomew-Close, near West-Smithfield, London.

Pembrokeshire, March 17, 1742-3.

My dear dear Brother,

ITake this Opportunity of sending my sincere Love, as a poor Fellow-Pilgrim, to the little Flock that I have often met my Lord among at the *Tabernacle*: As ungrateful as I am, I am not suffer'd utterly to forget 'em. I doubt not but many of them are daily coming on out of themselves and their own Wills and Spirit to the

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pure and perfect Will of CHRIST; how lowly and humble, meek and sweet is his Spirit! how sweet 'tis to be truly and continually able to cry, *Thy Will be done!* Then are we truly at Rest, when we lie self-emptied in the Wounds and at the Feet of JESUS—We have no anxious Cares, as desiring nothing but his Will; then the Rod we will kiss, and Afflictions we will love, because the Hand of Love uses them to purify us, and to fit us for himself; for receiving fresh Discoveries of HIMSELF in the SPOTLESS LAMB, for Doing or Suffering His Will. Vessels of Honour must be purged of all the Dross of Self-seeking; the Temples of the Holy Ghost must be made pure and full of Light, and when he comes to dwell there the Fire shall be continually kept burning. I doubt not but the Strong are by the daily Experience of a wicked and deceitful Heart, taught continually to look to CHRIST; and seeing a Need of His Strength & Faithfulness, as well as his Righteousness; admire Him as Shepherd,

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herd, as well as Priest. And the farther we are admitted to see the Secrets of his Heart, and the Tenderness of His Dealings toward us, the more we learn that Gospel-adorning Lesson of Pity, Sympathy, and Compassion toward each other, yea even toward the Unregenerate, and such as make a Mock of Sin; nay, the farther they are from God, the more Objects of our Pity they are, till they sin the Sin unto Death: Nothing will make us truly thirst for Faith and Humility, Meekness and Sincerity, Truth and invincible Love, 'till we see that we can't without them truly adorn the Gospel of that JESUS which is our All in Time, and Eternity. And as by his own SON'S Blood, God freely bought us, and in his Wounds freely open'd a Way for us to Himself, so by his free and sovereign Grace called us out of the World to the Kingdom of his Dear SON; and the Sight of this Love indeed, when 'tis given us by the Spirit of Truth, will indeed so make us loath ourselves for ever *forgetting*

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God, or backsliding from Him to Self; and for all our original Pollution, that we can't despise any poor Sinner, but shall be tender and meek in our Reproofs to each other, as well as home and honest But above all, it will make us so universally watchful to fill up every Relation according to the Gospel, lest the Name of CHRIST should be reproached; due tho' by Strength of Temptation we may fall foully, yet it will make us continually cry for a closer and closer Conformity to CHRIST in all Things.—Were we truly sensible of the Evil of every Sin, the Enmity that is in it against the High and Lofly One of *Israel*, sure it would make us dread ourselves and vile abominable Hearts; and did we truly see the Strength, the Multitude, the Vigilance and Diligence, as well as Rage and Malice of our spiritual Enemies, we shou'd keep close to our KEEPER, and we should dread losing Sight of Him; and we would never cry, *And must we be always looking at Christ?*

But where am I going?—I must
send

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send some News that I trust the LAMB will bless to the refreshing of all your Souls: It wou'd warm all your Souls to see what is now doing in poor *Wales*; such Power I never saw and felt; and such flocking to hear the Word, I believe, was never known in this poor despised Country: Yesterday I was by the Sea-side, by the famous *Milfordhaven*, where I expected Opposition, but met none.—To-day I have been enabled to Discourse four Times, and yet I am now not only exceeding sweet and happy in my Soul, bur find Strength given to Nature too, to fend you some *glad Tidings*:—To-day I discoursed in *Haverfordwest* with great Power, where none of us ever were before; and I believe an effectual Door is opened there. I have been now through eight Counties since January—And I know not above six or seven Towns now in *Wales*, but our Dear MASTER has sent me to offer the *Glad Tidings* to.—Last *Sunday* Se'n-night I heard Brother *Howell Davies*, and after an uncommon Opportunity at the Ordi-

nance in his Church, with a great many hundred Communicants, I discoursed with unusual Power, to, I believe, at least 8,000, on moderate Computation; the Congregation was so great that though I had the Advantage of the Ground and Air, and had great Strength of Body, and Clearness of Voice, many could hardly hear me—Our MASTER was indeed there riding in the Congregation, breathing Life and Courage to his Lambs.—We were much animated here on the News that one of our Brethren had been taken and imprisoned in *Cardiganshire* for exhorting—His Name is *Morgan Hughes*—one of the sweetest, and most full of Faith and Liberty of any. He was wonderfully strengthened in his Soul—I, with many others, spent one Night in the Suburbs of Heaven indeed, with him in the Place of his Confinement; our Hearts were so enflamed, and the Lord so came down among us, as He did continually in the private Societies for about nine Days together,
that

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that I could not possibly go to Bed before three or four, or five in the Morning; and my Strength was renew'd as usual, to discourse twice publickly every Day in the open Air; no House being able to contain the Congregation, but in a few Places; and tho' 'tis now a busy Time of great Hurry in the Country, yet in many Places there are many thousands attending on the Word daily.

Last *Sunday* again I was in another Church of Brother *Davies's* in this County, which was made a Day of greater Glory than the last Sabbath; it was a Day of fat Things indeed to many hundreds. I believe the Congregation must then be at least ten or twelve Thousand. We have sweet Union and Harmony every where among ourselves; but the *carnal Professors of every Sect leave us*; the Doctrine is too sore and spiritual, and many rail very bitter, and the Work goes the more on. Sure our Lord is going to do some great Things on the Earth, and in this poor despised Part of his Earth too. Words cannot tell
you

you how he blesses Brother *Rowland of Cardiganshire*, and Brother *Howell Davies* in this County: And all the Exhorters in their Places are wonderfully own'd; and the Societies have great Power indeed in their private Assemblies. Some great Men come to hear, and seem affected. In short, such Things I never saw! and it spreads itself farther and farther every where, so that there is hardly a Parish or Town in six or seven Counties but has heard the Sound: And I believe if our Lord will incline Brother *Whitefield* to stay some Time among us, that it will answer a very great End. Many of our Great Ones say, they'll come to hear *him*.

One House is built in *Glamorganshire*; another will be, I believe soon, in *Carmarthenshire*; and some in other Places, beside Schools that we set up—And the *Welsh* Circulating Schools are bless'd, and prosper much in the Hands of the valuable Mr. *Griffith Jones*.—O what a sweet moving is among the dry Bones! Many that
once

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once had hard Thoughts of us, alter'd their Opinion, and join with us—Others grow in a solid Acquaintance with God in Christ, and with the Depravity of their own Natures—Others triumph in the Love of God; while many others are drunk with the new Wine of His Free-Grace; whilst others rest in the Righteousness, Strength, and Faithfulness of the great High-Priest, lost in admiring Him, sick of His Love, longing to go home to Him—Others are mourning, and wait for the Coming of the Comforter. Many daily enter within the Vail.——Oh! How wou'd your Souls rejoice to overtake your Fellow-Citizens in Troops together going to hear the Word, travelling, and singing the Praises of the LAMB, though in a Language which now you could not understand. 'Tis my continual Employ Day and Night in my dear Lord's Work that is the only Cause of my Silence to you; I am often writing Letters to you, but the Work runs on so sweetly that I know
not

not how to afford Time to eat or sleep. Methinks now I hear the Shout of a KING among you; and many of your Souls joining the Hierarchy above, in *Hallelujahs* to our GOD and to the LAMB on our Behalf, crying, *Why do our Eyes see, and our Ears hear these Tidings, O Lord!*—I have now almost gone over all our Societies in eight Counties, and settled them, I trust as God wills, in good Order, under the Inspection of such as I trust the Lord had inclin'd their Hearts to visit them. Next *Wednesday* Se'n-night I am in hopes of having a joyful Meeting with Brother *Whitefield*, and the rest of the Brethren in *Glamorganshire*, where I doubt not but our Lord will favour His poor, sinful, weak, and foolish Servants with his Presence, as he does now universally all our Assemblies; but especially our Monthly Societies of Ministers and Exhorters: So that we can't help longing to see them coming. O how sweet is Love! what a Resemblance of Heaven is it! May all this destroy Self in us, and send
to

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to the Dust. *Amen!* and *Amen!*

I have now some sweet little Lambs about me, some seeking, some in Love with, the Precious JESUS; some of eleven, and some of thirteen Years of Age. One of our Brethren was telling lately, how his Wife was talking to her Children of Jesus Christ; and the eldest of them (seven Years of Age) began to weep very tenderly, and soon retired; and when her Mother went after her, she could over-hear her, crying from a broken Heart, *O God, give Christ to a little Girl! give Christ to a little Girl!* And when she had continued for a long Time thus pouring out her Soul in strong Cries and broken Language, she came to her Mother still in the same Frame of Spirit, crying, *O Mother happy and blessed are those that have Jesus Christ! I would give the whole World, if I had it, for Christ.* When her Mother caution'd her to see that she said but the Truth, lest God shou'd destroy her, she, from the Truth and Simplicity that was in her, being not shaken, cry'd still, *God knows all Things,*

Things, I am willing that Christ should do what he will with me. When she was ask'd, was it out of Love to Christ, or for Fear of being punished that she so desired him, she said, *It was out of Love.* Her Mother ask'd her when she lov'd him first; she said, *Now in Prayers.* And, to the Shame of many wise Professors, she did not call these Drawings and Longings after Christ a Possession of him, but said, when ask'd, that she as yet had him not, and so continued seeking him, and longing for him, and slept singing, &c. This I have mentioned because the Lord has peculiarly bless'd it I think wherever I have mention'd it. I have so much good News to send you that I know not where to begin or end. But I must conclude. You know that I am Yours eternally in the *Spotless Lamb,*

Howell Harris.

Carmarthenshire, March 21, 1742-3.

My Dear Brother, Since I wrote the above I have discoursed in many Places twice or thrice every Day; and settling the Societies; and the

LAMB

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LAMB condescended to come down among us in most Places in an amazing Manner—Many Lessons of the Mystery of Grace in CHRIST, and of Iniquity in *my Self* does He teach me daily.

Last *Sunday* was a Day of uncommon Sweetness, Light, Love, Liberty and Power, under the Ministry of dear Mr. *Griffith Jones*, where were many Hundreds of the Lambs gathered to meet the Great SHEPHERD, and I believe they met Him—in the Word and Ordinance. He preach'd (on *Job* xix. 23, 24, 25, 26. *a that my Words were now written, Oh that they were printed in a Book!—That they were graven with an iron Pen and Lead, in the Rock for ever!—For I Know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter Day upon the Earth.—And though after my Skin, Worms destroy this Body, yet in my Flesh shall I see God.*) Assurance, and the great Necessity, Benefit, and Comfort thereof, in a most glorious Manner

3

G

—I

Vol. II.

—I wish the Discourse was published—

To-day was a great Day among the Lambs—Last Week a little Child of four Years old was asking to come and hear the Word: And when ask'd if it was to see the strange Man or the People, reply'd *No—but to look for Christ*; saying (when ask'd, *Why*) *I shall go to Hell if I have not Christ*.—Out of the Mouths of many Babes now God perfecteth Praise!—Adieu in JESU's Wounds—Yours ever,

H.H.

N. B. When this Letter was rend to the Society, the following Verse was sung, *viz.*

*Carry on thy Work with Pow'r,
Ev'ry Day and ev'ry Hour;
Still let thousands in poor Wales
Feel that JESU's Grace prevails.*

Hallelujah, Hosannah;
Hallelujah, Hosannah;

On

On BUSINESS.

By Brother *Cennick*.

BE busy—'tis Thy Duty while
 below;
 The Idle, want of Bread and Trouble
 know.
 But 'midst Thy cumb'ring Business
 mindful be,
 *ONE THING is *Needful*, that is,
 †CHRIST in *Thee*.

* *Luke* x. 42. † *2 Cor.* xiii. 5.

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The END of the Second VOLUME.

AN
A C C O U N T
Of the Most
Remarkable Particulars
Relating to the
PRESENT PROGRESS
OF THE
G O S P E L.

*Behold, I bring you good Tidings of great
Joy, which shall be to all People, Luke
ii. 10.*

Number I.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by JOHN LEWIS, in
Bartholomew-Close, near West-Smithfield.

MDCCLXIII.

AN
A C C O U N T
 OF THE
 Most Remarkable Particulars
 relating to the Present Pro-
 gress of the Gospel.

*The Copy of a Letter from a Friend in the
 Country—inclos'd in another Letter to
 the Printer of this Book.*

April 9. 1743.

To the Society of Christians at the
Tabernacle: A Friend and Servant of
 Theirs, Sendeth Greeting; wish-
 ing Grace and Peace, through
 the ONCE BLEEDING, now
 REIGNING LAMB.

Honour'd Brethren,

HIGHLY have you been sa-
 vour'd of the LORD! GOD'S
 Loving-kindness towards you has
 I A 2 been

Vol. III.

[4]

been Distinguishing. He has pluck'd *You* as Brands out of the Burning, while *others* that were no worse than you, are left to be consumed in their Iniquities. He has call'd *You* out of Darkness into His marvellous Light, while *Thousands* of your Neighbours and Acquaintance are left under the Power of Darkness, under the natural Blindness of their own Minds, and the blinding Influence of Satan, to walk on in the Ways of Sin towards eternal Death, with those miserable Souls, unto whom is reserved the Blackness of Darkness for ever. God has reveal'd his Dear SON in *You*, has shewn you an heart-ravishing, soul-attracting Glory in HIM and HIS Salvation, while *Multitudes* round about you, are awful Strangers to CHRIST, and *know* nothing of the SAVIOUR's Glory, tho' they bear his Name. God has caus'd the Light of the glorious Gospel of Christ to shine into and upon *You*, while *many*, even in this Christian Land, never knew what it was to sit under the Shine of Gospel-Grace,

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Grace, nor to have the least Beam of it ever dart into their Hearts. Nor have you only been privileg'd with the *Gospel*, but with the *Power* of it also; God has display'd his Glories, and made bare his Arm among *You*, unto Conversion and Edification; while *many, very many* of his dear People in divers Places, are groaning under a sad Withdraw of the Divine Presence and Influence. And with this powerful Gospel, this glorious Gospel, has the Lord *feasted you* abundantly. He has caus'd the heavenly Manna to fall round about you, Day by Day continually.—Oh may the Lord bless and increase you *more and more*, with all Grace, unto all Glory!—And unto you my dear Brethren, that are sensible of your precious Privileges, I need not say, *Be thankful*. I know your Souls within you bless the LORD for all his Benefits. But be intreated to abound therein more and more.

But what shall I say to Those, who *despise their own Mercies*? Beware, dear Souls, lest you provoke the

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A 3

Lord

Lord to *Destroy you*. For I hear to my Grief, *That some even of this Society, talk of withdrawing from it if they mayn't have a settled teacher, and one that they can benefit by, to be continually with them.* Oh my Brethren is it *So?* Is this the *Thanks* you owe for all the Lord's Kindness, his marvellous Kindness towards you! God has rained down Manna for you so richly and constantly, that you are in Danger of *loathing* it. Oh watch and pray for Grace to overcome Sin and Satan, to make you meek, humble and teachable, so that a little Child may lead you; lest ere you are aware, you should be found amongst the Murmurers, the Tempters of Christ that shall surely be destroyed. It God save your *Souls*, my Brethren, He may destroy your *Comforts*, and leave you to a fruitless, useless Life, and to a dark and sorrowful Death. And assuredly so far as you sin against Christ, you will suffer *Loss* at the great Day of his Appearing:★ The Loss of all that Praise, Honour and Glory, that *Crown of Righteousness*, which otherwise

★ *Here the Author means all the Reward of Works, according to 1 Cor. iii. 15.*

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therwise you would have received, had you walk'd with Christ and His, in a believing, loving, self-denying, and all-serving Spirit. Oh my Brethren, don't *chufe* for yourselves. Let the Lord send by whom *He will send*, and do you meekly *Hear* what by them he has to say to you. GOD can send you a Message of *Peace*, and *Bless* the meanest Instrument to your Edification in Faith and Holiness, when others of superior Gifts, may be of little *Use* to you. If you had the dear Instruments *always* with you, that have already been bless'd to your Souls, they might not *always* be of the same *Use* to you. They *would not*, if you sinfully desired them, and limited the Holy One of *Israel*, that He must work by them, or by no other. But suppose they were willing to be with you *constantly*, and their Usefulness continued and increased *perpetually*; would you be willing to engross all the Usefulness of those dear Servants of CHRIST to *yourselves*? See ye not what a PUBLICK SPIRIT is upon them? What *Need* there is of their Labours in divers Places? And
how

how greatly the Lord doth *Bless them* every where, to the Advancement of the REDEEMER'S KINGDOM, and the Destruction of Satan's? And are you not *willing* that they should go out into the High Ways and Hedges, to compel poor Sinners to come in? What if you yourselves were to be *Losers* by their Absence, if CHRIST and His Church are *Gainers* by their Presence in other Places; would not that *Gain* abundantly *compensate* your Loss? Oh what are all *our Enjoyments*, to our *Lord's Glory*! If we *love Him*, we shall lay down all at his Feet, and rejoice in *His Advancement*, whatever becomes of *us*.— But my Brethren, you are *CHRIST's Care*; He will not let you die for Want. So long as CHRIST lives, you than live also. Your great SHEPHERD will feed you, either mediate-ly or immediately, and make you to lie down in green Pastures, beside the still Waters. Wherefore stir not out from His *Fold*; and you shall *see* His Power and Grace. And though you have been peevish Children, straying Sheep; yet return unto the
Lord,

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Lord, and He will forgive your Iniquities, and restore your Souls: For His Mercies are infinite! and His Compassions never fail!—Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity. *Amen.*

I am, my dear Brethren,

your Affectionate,

Unknown Servant,

A. D.

The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell Harris, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Feb. 12, 1742-3.

My dearest and Elder Brother,

YESTERDAY I receiv'd yours of the 21st of *January*, and another from dear Brother C—— of the 24th. I sent two Letters to you since you wrote, and I can't withhold my Pen again. The Work goes on sweeter and sweeter every where with us. I trust we shall come to a very sweet Order. The Exhorters shew a very tractable Spirit. Each observes his Place;

Place; and we have sweet Harmony and Love; and the Lambs are taken better Care of than ever. Great Power attends the Ministers and Exhorters in their several Places. Much does the Lord bless Bro. *Herbert Jenkins*. I saw him this Week in his Return from *Pembroke, Glamorgan, and Carmarthenshire*. He is universally own'd, and liked, and call'd for; and unless his Call be exceeding clear to *Wiltshire*, I don't think he shou'd leave *Wales*, if it were not occasionally; especially as Brother *Adams* is coming on so sweet: But alternately perhaps Brother *Beaumont*, Brother *Thomas James*, and he, and I, may visit our *English* Brethren, if we are called for, and see our Saviour blesses us there. I have been enabled to settle the Societies in every Place where I have been since I left you; and my dear Lord favours me with continual Employment every Day, and without Hurry; and gives me Strength in my *Body*.—In some Places he favours us in a very wonderful Manner with his Presence; we have our
Hearts

[II]

Hearts inflamed, and our Souls much drawn out by a Spirit of Supplication for all, especially all the Ministers; and he sometimes gives us great Freedom for the Bishops and Clergy.— Brother *Thomas Lewis* (the young Church Minister near *Brecknoc*) comes on gloriously and powerfully, and has very sweet Union with us. He will be a shining Light indeed!

The *Work* in *Cardiganshire* is something uncommon. I hope to be there in about a Fortnight. I am now going toward *Montgomery* and *Radnorshire*. The first of *March* we are to have another Association near *Llandovry* in *Carmarthenshire*; from whence I hope to go to *Pembrokeshire*, and so to have settled all the Societies against our next Meeting at *Waterford*, where I trust our Lord will send you once more. As to the State of my own Soul, I never was so happy in my Life. I feel I am growing happier and happier every Day. Though I am yet *Something* in myself, and so am not fully happy, yet I am nearer to be *Nothing* than ever. I have

often great Conflicts with Satan and strong Corruptions. But by all my JESUS draws me nearer and nearer to Himself, and at last I come off more than Conqueror, through the Freedom of his Love, and his Wisdom confounding Satan's Devices. And in the Battle I am enabled to rejoice in Faith, as knowing that all shall work together for my Good; and in this is my Soul established—*that my God changes not*—My Root and Foundation is in God. I am weary of Self and all Visibles; and though I don't continually *see* my God *in, through, and above* all, and so feed on, and directly enjoy Him, &c. continually, yet I rest by Faith on Him; and can't fully rest too without seeing and feeding on Him, and actually enjoying Him in all. He daily teaches me many sweet Lessons; and daily draws Good from all my Evils; and there is nothing like that; this so nails the whole Body of Sin to the Cross, and so inflames and strengthens the New Creature, and endears his God to him. Those
Truths

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Truths that seem most licentious, and leading to destroy Holiness in the Eye of carnal Reason of all others, do the most feed the New Creature, and turn to be the real Growth of all inward and outward Holiness.— But where am I going? I see till we cease from looking at any Fitness in the Creature, and can expect nothing from any Means or Creature, but just as the Spirit shall breathe same spiritual Help to us thereby, we shan't be freed from Disappointment, &c. Daily do I see more of the Mystery of the unsearchable Iniquity, and secret Workings of the deceitful Enemy *Self*, that is continually ready to step into the Place of God in our Souls; assuming the Work of the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, and consequently the Glory of each.—What a great Thing 'tis to be *Nothing!* to be as Clay in JESU's Hands, to let him do in us, by us, and upon us at all Times just as He pleases, always to live and move in Him. This you already know, and I shall know, by and by.

I

B

Feb.

Vol. III.

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Feb. 14. Since I wrote this (being often obliged to keep my Letters some Time after Date for want of Conveniency to send to any Post-Office) I saw Brother *William Williams* in his Return from Brother *Rowland*, and he inform'd me of the Enemy's being let loose on them both in discoursing near the Sea-side, in Part or *Cardiganshire*: There came a Company of *Russians*, arm'd with Guns and Staves, upon them, and beat them unmercifully:—But they escaped, through the Care of the Great Shepherd, without any great Hurt; only Brother *Rowland* had one Wound on his Head. They were set on by a Gentleman of the Neighbourhood. But no Wonder the Enemy rages when he sees his Kingdom so set upon. Yesterday I heard Brother *Williams* preach sweetly and powerfully indeed. The Spirit of Brother *Rowland* seems to rest in a great Measure on him. I discoursed Yesterday to about Fifteen Hundred or Two Thousand, and the Lord was amongst us indeed, as he was last Night in

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the Private Society. I wou'd write to many of the dear Brethren and Sisters with you—but have no Time. Pray remember me tenderly to them all. I believe your coming to *Wales* will answer a great End, as among the Brethren and Lambs, so especially in the Towns—They are all now open every where, to any that come. I believe JESUS, the Lovely JESUS, will send you.—

O what a little, little Child am I! —I see my spiritual Understanding is but exceeding weak to receive the divine Teachings of the Holy Ghost. Often does He shew me that he has many Things to teach me, but I cannot bear them yet. How little do I see of His Glory! His Divinity! His Love! His Grace! &c. but as blind and vile as I am, I am HIS; and in HIM, am really, tenderly, and affectionately Yours,

Howell Harris.

P.S. A Letter from you at our Association in *Carmarthenshire* would be refreshing to me and the Brethren. *Adieu!* dear Brother, *Adieu!*

I

B 2

The

*The Copy of a Letter from a Person in
Chedworth, to Brother Humphreys.*

Feb. 4. 1742-3.

*My dear Friend, and Brother
in Jesus Christ,*

Necessity drives me to write
to write unto you at this
Time. My Writing is between Hope
and Fear: But yet I cannot but re-
joice too: There is such an uncom-
mon Work going on amongst us,
which I never knew in all my Life
before. In what I can discern, Christ,
it seems to me, is a working by his
Spirit, and the Devil is a working as
a roaring Lion too. The last Time
that you was at our House, that
Night as you went away, there was
an uncommon Work wrought in
N— L—. I thought she wou'd
have been in one of those Fits as
some have been in; but she was not.
For the Lord Jesus Christ manifested
his Love to her Soul to that Degree,
that the Glory of the Lord filled the
House. She has the Love of God still
upon her Soul, but Satan is nibbling
still

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still with her: But she still glories in Christ. But there are other Cases that I must relate unto you too.—There is *J. H—*'s Wife, and Son, about ten or eleven Years of Age; there is my Son *P—p*, and my Daughter *B—y*; *L—ce* and *S—l W—d*, my Apprentices; *P—a* and *E—r W—lls*, and *B—y G—n* too; all crying out under Conviction, *What must they do to be saved*. Some want soft Hearts; others want to see the Evil of Sin more; but all want Christ. So I beg you, as the poor Man in the Gospel did Christ, *If thou canst do any thing, come and help us*, or send Brother *Cennick*—But pray let it be one of you, and as soon as possibly you can—My kind Love to you with all the rest:
From your Friend, *H. W.*

*Part of a Letter from the Rev. Mr. Robe,
Minister of Kilsyth in Scotland, to a
Gentleman in London.*

WHAT I now proceed to make
known to you my dear and
Honour'd

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Honour'd Friend, will fill your Heart with Joy, and your Mouth with Praise. The Lord's Appearance in his Glory, to build up his *Zion*, continueth and increaseth. There was a Proposal from the Praying Societies at *Edinburgh* transmitted in short printed Memorials to us and other Places, to set a-part *Friday* the 18th, now past, for Thanksgiving to the God of our Salvation for what he has done in watering several Corners of this Church, and for Prayer that it may be more general. Our Societies in this Congregation, through my Mistake in reading a Letter from the Rev. Mr. *M'Culloch*, kept the 8th of this Month; but finding our Mistake by the Memorials sent me after that, we kept the 18th Day Congregationally, and the Societies met at Night. Mr. *Sp*—*s* assisted me. We had a great and good Day. The Holy Ghost was poured forth upon the Congregation. There was a serious and apparent Concern among the People. Mr. *S*— and I had much Dealing with many after Sermon, but it was

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was only with those who had been under Soul-Exercise before, had it increased, and the Cases of others, who had formerly met with a desirable Outgate by Grace. Hear now the Wonders of Sovereign Grace and Mercy to a worthless and sinful Minister and People! Whereas the open awakening Influences of the Holy Spirit has been suspended here for three Winter Months: They appeared again in this Congregation on Sabbath was Se'n-night. Since which Day there have been nine with me brought under such Concern as obliges them to seek after Counsel, Instruction and Direction. I heard last Night of other two who have not been with me. Two of those awakened last Lord's-Day are under great Distress. One of them a Man lately married, and of a blameless Life. The Lord can overcome when he pleases, the Excuse of, *I have married a Wife, and cannot come.* The other is a married Woman, who never was of a good Character, but of godly Parents, deceas'd some Years since.

since. And I hope the Lord is now beginning to hear the Prayers that in their Life they put up for their Children.

Dear Sir, praise and give Thanks to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for these new Visits of Mercy, that it may be continued; and that I may have Grace and Strength given me to improve it for myself and them, to the Glory of God.—And that in this accepted Time and Day of Salvation we may not receive the Grace of God in vain—be pleased to employ others who take Pleasure in the Stones, and favour the Dust of *Zion*. He is risen to have Mercy upon *Zion*. O, let us give him no Rest now he is up, until he make his *Jerusalem* here and every a Praise in the midst of the Earth.

All these are awakened without those uneasy Effects upon their Bodies, which have been (tho' unjustly) objected against.—There was also about three Weeks ago about ten Boys in the Town of *Kilsyth*, who of themselves associate for Prayers.

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Some of them had been the wickedest in the Place. They are reformed, meet twice a Week, and are in a hopeful Way. Are these Things like Delusion and the Work of the Devil? He has done all this for us, for his holy Name's sake, he hath shewn himself to be the Hearer of Prayer. And when for three Months he had shewn that I could not awaken one Soul with all the Keeness and Earnestness that I could attain: He hath done it when I was not looking for it; and manifested that it is altogether the Doing of the Lord, and it should be wondrous in our Eyes. *Not unto us, then, Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy Name be the Glory!* That his Name is near, his wondrous Works declare.

At *Cumbernauld* the Door great and effectual is kept open, but there are many Adverhuies and great Opposition made by the Seceders in this Country. I hear at *Cambuslang* they observed *Friday* the 18th, congregationally; and that there was a great Concern and uncommon Motion among

mong the People—but know not Particulars.

I have Accounts this Week that the Awakening continues at *Gargunock* in some Degree, and at *St. Ninians*; and that every thing proceeds hopeful in there Congregations. I have heard also this Week that this blessed Work has enter'd into other Congregations about *Muthel*; but having no Particulars; I expect soon to hear from Mr. *H*—*γ*, to whom I have written. It is certain it is in some Degree in *Kilmarnock*, near *Dumbarton*. I have given you on this what occurs to me certain at this Time. You'll doubtless when you see Mr. *Whitefield* acquaint him of this, and that I remember him frequently in Prayer. I long for your meeting with Count *Z*—*ff*, and to hear something particular of it. I have a kindly and warm Heart toward the *Moravians*. Wherein they are otherwise minded, I hope the Lord will enlighten and thew it unto them.

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The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell Harris, in Carmarthenshire, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield in London.

March 1, 1742-3.

*My dearest, dearest
Brother Whitefield,*

WHAT are we, to see what our Eyes see! and feel what we feel! The Kingdom of our dear Lord is coming sweetly on among us indeed. I can't tell where to begin to tell you what great Things he is doing daily among us. This Day we are met again together, and sure our Hearts do burn together.—I was last *Sunday* at the Ordinance with Bro. *Rowland*—where I saw, heard, and felt such Things as I cannot send on Paper any Idea of. The Power that continues with him is uncommon; such crying out, and heart-breaking Groans, silent Weeping, holy Mourning, Shouts of Joy and Rejoicing I never saw. Their *Amen's*, and crying, *Glory in the Highest!* &c. would enflame your dear Soul were you there. 'Tis very common when he preaches, for
Scores

Scores to fall down by the Power of the Word, pierced and wounded, or overcome by the Love of God, and Sight of the Beauty and Excellency of JESUS; and lie on the Ground, Nature being overcome—by the Sight and Enjoyment of GOD given to their heaven-born Souls, that it can't bear any more! the Spirit almost bursting the House of Clay, to go to its native Home! Some lie there for Hours; some praising and admiring JESUS CHRIST, and Free-Grace—Others wanting Words to utter their Minds. You might read the Language of an Heart running over with Love, in their heavenly Looks; their very Eyes sparkling with Love and Joy, and solid Rest in God—Others meeting when the Preaching is over, to sing, &c. —And you might feel God there among them, like them, a Flame. Others falling down on their Knees, one after another for a long Time together, praying and interceding; and you might see and feel 'tis the Prayer of Faith, and they are worshipping

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shipping a God they *Know*, and *Love*, and *Delight* in, and that now no Veil is between them. Others lie wounded under a Sense of their piercing JESUS, so that they can hardly bear it—Others in Triumph over all their Enemies—Others mourning and waiting for a Comforter. And such Love and Sympathy that a spiritual Eye can see, and must acknowledge that God is there. This is but a very faint Idea of it. For what Words can express spiritual Things! But methinks I see you bow the Knee, and say, *I can bear no more, I understand how it is!*—His Congregation consists of, I believe, far above Two-thousand, whereof a great Part is brought to glorious Liberty, and walk solidly in clear Light! others rejoicing in Hope and Expectation of clearer Munifestations of God's Glory, and the glorious Liberty of his Children. All the rest are seeking and mourning—and as the Spirit purges them inwardly, and unites them, they enter into outward Order daily. And all the rest, I believe,

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will gradually come as the Spirit works on them: For we can't go on well with the outward Order, but as the Soul is delivered from Self-love, and all Confusion, Hurry, and Reasoning within; they being so scatter'd up and down the Country, and many being so exceeding poor, and in such *outward Circumstances*, that they can't come to that exact Order and Plan as you have in *London*. I more and more see daily that what is right, and much for Edification in one Place, and among some People, is impracticable among others. In some of our private Societies the Holy Spirit is uncommonly powerful indeed; and we have left it to Him to settle and unite them together in private Bands; and we find the good Effect of it.—He provides some glorious Souls to exhort and watch over them—some with more, and some with less Power.—But I know not of one that has been settled, but has been blessed—and we have reason to hope are where the Head of the Church wou'd have them be. O my Brother, my Heart
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is full! and I trust this will inflame your dear Soul, and redound thro' the Praises of many, to God's Glory. I am sure he is going, to do a great Work in poor *Wales*.—Since I wrote to you I have been out every Day settling the dear Lambs, and every where there is a reviving. I believe you'll be detain'd here by JESUS CHRIST a longer Time than you think. There are eight Counties open tor you, and thirsting to hear you; and Opposition ceases. I believe you'll have many Churches open, besides sixteen or more that our Brethren have, besides Chapels, &c. And some *new Houses* are going to be built. *Poor Wales! the High and Lofly One of Israel has not forgotten thee!*

I cannot tell you what my Lord is working in my own Soul, and what Nearness he has wrought between me and all the Lambs and Exhorters here especially. They an salute you with their warmest Affections most humbly—Surely your last Visit to us was of God! Indeed an uncommon Blessing has followed it e-

ver since—and I doubt not but your Soul will bless God for sending you again. The Work is going on sweetly in *Pembrokeshire*. I believe it is right for me to go there to settle the Societies; and if so, I can't meet you till our Society at *Waterford*. God gives me Strength in my Body now. I have been in, but am still helped to go through the Work. Last Week I had a little Interruption from a Magistrate. But I believe he was set on by others. He did not seem to be furious,—Brother *Rowland* had some Interruption a Fortnight ago from some Drunkards—but God filled his Soul sweetly.—The Mob did set on another Society, but none had any Hurt.—We think it would be right to rake the Protection of the Law against such—We want your Thoughts on this.—One of our Brethren that was at *Waterford* last Time, is gone to Glory in solid Peace, and Assurance of Faith.—Brother *Beaumont* is very sweet, and much own'd in *Radnorshire*, *Herefordshire*, &c. where the
Doors

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Doors are opening daily.—I long to see you.—Indeed I bless God for you, and love and honour you; and so shall, I trust, whilst:

Howell Harris.

The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell Griffith, to Brother Cennick.

Dated from Traverick-Ucha, in Llantrisant Parish, in Glamorganshire, South Wales, March 3, 1742-3.

Dear Dear Brother Cennick,

I Have promised, when I saw you at *Waterford*, to write to you. Now I have set Pen to Paper, to tell my dear Brother what my dear Saviour has done for poor sinful me. I have had sweet Communion with my dear JESUS now of late. I *Know* that I am safe in the Arms of my BELOVED! His Wounds are my only Hiding-place! He has shewed me that he hath loved me with
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an Everlasting Lore. And I am thro' Grace, made more than Conqueror! *Not unto me, not unto me, but to the Free Electing Love of GOD in CHRIST, and to Him for His Eternal Love discover'd and made known in His own Time to my Soul, be All the Praise only given!* His Spirit doth breathe on whom He will! O wonderful Mercy! that ever he hath visited such a poor wretched Sinner as I am! one of the greatest, vilest, and most selfish that the Earth can produce; yet there is Balm in *Gilead*, and powerful Virtue in the Blood of the IMMACULATE LAMB, to cleanse the vilest of Sinners; for He has shewn his Loving-kindness to me, yea even to me!—I believe God hath a Great Work to do on the Earth: There is a pouring out of the Spirit among our Societies in poor *Wales*; there is an Increase in many of the Societies, and many are added thereunto. We have received some lately to our little Society at *Llantrisant*—And I believe there are dear
Lambs

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Lambs in that Society. They do increase in Love, and are crying daily for more of the Divine Image to be stamped more and more on their Souls. I believe God is about to bring our *Zion* to be the Praise of the whole Earth! Lord hasten the Time that the Children may become all one, building up one another, and helping one another to praise and rejoice in God our Salvation!

Last *Sunday* I was at *Wincove* Church, and had a sweet Opportunity, and felt the Power of God overwhelming my Soul, that I was drown'd in his Love at the Sacrament there! I believe God did manifest himself there in a wonderful ravishing Manner! Mr. *T—s* the Clergyman there, who is a sincere Soul, was telling me that the Work of God goes on there wonderfully. The Society at *Ful-Mon-Castle*, he tells me, increases daily. He had about two hundred Hearers there last *Tuesday* Night, and most melted down in Floods of Tears. We have a great
many

many Hearers every *Sunday* at our Society at *Llantrisant*. Our Private Bands are every *Friday* Night; and we meet all together every *Wednesday* Night, and I am continually with them that Night. The Lord gave me great Freedom with them last *Wednesday* Night, and he appeared there with us of a Truth; we could not well part with one another.—We were all of us filled with his Love. O help me to praise his Name! When you come to *Wales* I hope you will visit poor *Llantrissant* Town; and make Use of my House—I live about two Miles out of Town. Brother *P—ce*'s Family have been ill of a Fever of late; but the Lord has been pleased to restore them to their bodily Health. I believe he grows daily in the Love of JESUS!—He is a sweet humble Soul. They live in sweet Unity now in their Society. The Tongues of Enemies roar at me; but I hope God will assist me through all. There is a Door opened for you and Brother *Whitefield*
at

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at *Llantrisant*. Pray the Lord send you with a double Portion of his Spirit.—My House is free for all the Lambs, if they count me worthy—Let me hear from you next Post, and what News you have of the Gospel. Pray for poor sinful

Howell Griffith.

*The Copy of a Letter from Brother Tho.
Lewis, to Brother Cennick.*

Clack, March 5, 1742-3.

Dear Dear Brother Cennick,

LAST Sunday I came to *Foxham* Land met the Bands, and we had a sweet Opportunity, blessed be God!—The Brethren receiv'd me very kindly. *Wednesday* Night I preached at *Brinkworth*, and then met the Bands. Our dear Saviour was with us, and attended the Word with Power—*Thursday* Night at *Foxham*, and *Friday* Night at *Clack*:
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The Lord was there of a Truth, and brake the Bread of Life among his dear Lambs.—Many of them fed on our dear Saviour that Night, and found that the Lord was gracious, and tasted of the good Word of Life. I found my Soul was sweetly drawn out by the Lord to invite poor Sinners to come to the Wounds of JESUS CHRIST. I believe many of them that Night drank out of this Depth of Salvation, and had great Joy in Believing, who receiv'd out of his Fulness, and Grace for Grace.

The Devil did roar very much, and call'd forth all his Hosts to War; but *greater is He that is with us, than he that is with them*:—They blow'd their Horns and rang the Bells, and hooped with all their Strength; but the Lord gave me uncommon Power to speak, that my Voice drown'd them. The Noise seem'd to us as if it had been a Mile off.

I am just now going to *Tether-*
ton.

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ton. O may the Lord prepare the Way before me, and direct me with His SPIRIT, and prepare the Hearts of His People to receive the Word of Life, which shall be able to save their Souls alive; *Amen*, I pray God. I am often tempted to think. that the Work of the Lord cannot be carried on by such a poor, proud, selfish, self-will'd, stubborn Sinner, as I am; But although I am black in myself, yet in CHRIST I am comely.

O my dear Brother pray for poor me—that I may see more and more of my own Unworthiness daily, in that great Work, to stand between GOD and his People. This makes me look the more to our SAVI-OUR, and makes me often think on these Words—“Those that wait on the Lord shall renew their Strength.”—O my dear Brother, may the Lord attend your Ministry, and make it exceeding successful. In all your Labours may you receive out of His Fulness, and
Grace

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Grace for Grace.—O may He enlarge your Heart, that you may give in Abundance out of the same unto others.

O may you lie under the Droppings of CHRIST'S BLOOD, and swallowed up in His Will, and plunged in the Abyss of His Distinguishing Love; which are the Prayers of

Your Poor, Unworthy, Sinful

Brother in CHRIST,

THOMAS LEWIS.

When this Letter was read on the Letter-Day, the following Verse was sung the Society.

DEAR SAVIOUR still his Labours
 bless;
 And though by Persecution try'd,
 Safe keep him in thy Righteousness;
 Safe keep him in thy wounded Side.

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*The Extract of a Letter from the Rev.
Mr. Whitefield to Brother S——.*

Gloucester, March 24, 1742-3.

My dear Man,

AN effectual Door is opened in
Athere Parts. On *Saturday* Night
preached here—The Lord was with
me. On *Sunday* Morning I preached
again in the Barn—It was a sweet
Time to me and the People. Dear
Mr. *P——t* was here, and Tears
of Love and Joy were running down
his aged Cheeks almost all the while.
He was like good old *Simeon*, ready
to cry out, *Lord now lettest thou thy
Servant depart in Peace*. At Noon I
preach'd at Mr. *F——r*'s on the Hill,
to a glorious Auditory indeed—Here
JESUS CHRIST display'd his
Power, and caused much of his Glo-
ry to pass before us. At Four I
preached again in a Field near *Stroud*,
where was a great Congregation,
consisting of many, many Thousands
—The Lord helped, and blessed me
here also much. Afterwards I went
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to the new House at *Hampton*; and the Glory of the Lord filled it. It is reported to be haunted: But the Landlord spoke true, when he said, we shou'd pray the Devil out of it—It is exceeding commodious for our Purpose. I preached in the Court-Yard on *Monday* Noon to a large Auditory—That Day also in the Name of JESUS of *Nazareth* I settled an *Orphanhouse*. Particulars of that you shall have hereafter—It will be but of little Expence. *Monday* Evening the Lord gave me a sweet Time at *Pitchcomb*. Both Brother *Ch—n's* and Bro. *A—s's* Society met at *Hampton*, and the Lord met with us.—Bro. *Ch—n* is certainly call'd of God—I believe he must give himself wholly to the Work—Such a hard Worker with his Hands, and hearty Preacher at the same Time, I have scarce known!

On *Tuesday* a Man was hanged in Chains at *Hampton Common*—A more miserable Spectacle I have not seen. I preach'd in the Morning to a great Auditory about a Mile off the Place
of

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of Execution, and with a sweet Power. I intended doing the same after the Criminal was turn'd off, but the Weather was very violent. Thousands and Thousands came and staid to hear me; but through Misinformation, staid at the Top of the Hill, while I preached at the Bottom—After this I came to *Gloucester*, and preached in the Evening at the Barn.

On *Wednesday* I preached at *Gloucester Ham*, near the Gallows; after another Malefactor was turn'd off—A great many staid—God gave me to speak with Power; but the Weather being violent, I was somewhat shorter than usual. In the Evening I preach'd with much Sweetness again in the Barn—And Oh, it was a Night much to be remember'd! This Morning I preach'd again sweetly, and dined most comfortably with Mr. *E—d J—s*, and some more, at Mr. *E---d's*—I am just going to my Evening Lecture, and to-morrow I leave

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Gloucester

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Gloucester for a few Days.—The Association is put off for a Week, so I shall have more Time in *Gloucestershire*. Never did I see People more hungry and simple. Many come now telling me what the Lord did when I was here last—Let Him have all the Glory!—Brother *Adams* is now with me—He must be in the Country 'till the House is more settled.—I am sure God called me here.

George Whitefield.

Another from the same.

Gloucester, March 29, 1743.

My dear Man,

Now sit down to fulfil my Promise made to you last Night—I think in a former Letter I gave you an Account of what the Lord had done for and by me since I left *London*,

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don, tho' indeed I cannot tell you the hundredth Part.

On *Tuesday* Evening I preach'd at *Gloucester* with as sweet, convincing, soul-edifying Power as ever I felt in my Life—The Barn, tho' made more commodious, was and is generally quite crowded—On *Friday* Morning I preached again; and afterwards went to *Hampton*—the Snow falling and freezing on us all the Way.

In the Evening I preached at *Chalford*, upon Walking with God—He was with me and the Auditory.—On *Saturday* I preach'd at *Ruscom* in the Morning, and at *King-Stanley* in the Afternoon. In the Evening I visited Brother *Ch—n's* sweet Society; and afterwards rode to *Hampton*, which made about twenty Miles. The Congregations on Account of the Weather were not so great; but our SAVIOUR most richly fed us—The Word distill'd like the Dew; and at *Stanley* I think I was on the very Suburbs of Heaven. Oh Free-Grace!

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On

On *Sunday* Morning I preached at *Dursley* about seven Miles from *Hampton*, where our dear Brother *Adams* had been taken down the *Sunday* before; no one was permitted to touch or affront me—The Congregation consisted of some Thousands; and the Word came with a most gloriously convincing Power. I came away rejoicing, and in the Afternoon preached to about Twelve thousand on *Hampton Common* at what the People now call, *Whitefield's Tump*, because I preached there first—I cannot tell you what a solemn Occasion that was—I perceive a great Alteration in the People since I was there first—They did indeed hang on me to hear the Word—It ran and was glorified.—In the Evening we had a most precious Meeting with the two united Societies in the new House at *Hampton*. Surely many thereabouts will walk with God!

On *Monday*, as I came along, I preached at *Painswick*—It was a precious Opportunity. From a little after One to near Seven in the Evening, I
met

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met the different Classes of the Society here, and was much pleased with many of them.—They do indeed grow, and will, I believe, be brought into pretty Order.——Last Night and this Morning I preach'd again with a sweet Power.—Preaching here is now like Preaching at the *Tabernacle*. This Morning I preached from these Words, *Festus said with a loud Voice, Paul, much Learning hath made thee mad: And he said, I am not mad, most noble Festus.*—Our Saviour gave me to speak in such a convincing, and yet loving Manner, that I could have wish'd that all who call as mad had been there.—This Evening I am to preach again; and after that to hold our first Love-feast.—What our Lord does for us after, you shall hear in my next.

And now, my dear Man, help me to be thankful, and bless the Lord for all his Mercies conferred on your unworthy Friend, and His worthless Servant,

George Whitefield.
Another

Another from the same.

Gloucester, April 2, 1743.

My Soul is kept exceeding
Mchearful; and greater and
more continued Freedom in Preach-
ing I never have experienced than
since I have been in *Gloucester* and
Gloucestershire. On *Tuesday* Evening
we had a blessed Love-feast. On
Wednesday Morning I preached here
with great Sweetness; and at Noon
at *Painswick*.

In the Evening I preach'd at Mr.
F——'s, in the Place where the Lord
met us remarkably one Night about a
Twelvemonth ago—He met us again
most delightfully, not in Terror, but
in Love—by which I guess'd how
the Gospel had gain'd Ground in a
Twelvemonth's Time. After this I
visited dear Brother *Ch——n*'s So-
ciety, and then rode to *Hampton* with
dear Br. *Adams* and *G——ce*, praising
and blessing God.—On *Wednesday*
Noon

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Noon I preach'd at *Quarhouse*, from the Tump where old Mr. *Cole* used to stand.—It was all alarming Time.—My Soul enjoy'd exceeding great Liberty.—In the Evening I preach'd in the new House at *Hampton* to many Hundreds, and afterwards met the Society—*Surely the Lord intended that House for us*—His Glory filled it.—Yesterday Morning I came hither.—At Noon and at Night I preach'd in the Barn with great Demonstration of the Spirit and with Power—The Barn was quite crowded—It would rejoice your Soul to see it.—This Morning I am to preach again, and to take my Leave at Night.—My dear Man, help me to extol Free-Grace! and expect to hear of greater Things than these.

My dear Man, Ever Yours,

George Whitefield.

Another

Another from the same, to Brother S——s.

Waterford in South-Wales,
April 7, 1743,

My dear Man,

ON *Monday* I receiv'd your Letter, *April 2.* but till now have had no Opportunity of answering it. I preached and took my Leave of the *Gloucester* People with great Freedom and Sweetness and Power, on *Saturday* Evening last—It was past One in the Morning before I could lay my weary Body down.—At Five I rose again sick for want of Rest.—But I got on Horseback, and rode to Mr. *F——*'s, where I preached to a sweet Congregation, who came there at Seven in the Morning to meet their risen Saviour. They were not disappointed of their Hope. At Ten I read Prayers, and preach'd with Authority, from these Words,—*I am the Resurrection and the Life*—and afterwards helped to administer the Sacrament in *Stonehouse* Church. Then I rode to *Stroud*, where I was enabled
to

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to preach to about Twelve-thousand, with uncommon Freedom and Power, in Mrs. G——s's Field—Much of the Divine Presence was there.—About Five or Six in the Evening I preached to about the like Number on *Hampton-Common*;—but scarce ever with a more pleasing convincing Power. The Order and Solemnity wherewith the People broke up was very sweet. After this I went to *Hampton*, and held a general Love-feast with the united Societies. My Soul was kept close to JESUS. My bodily Strength renewed; and our dear MASTER being invited, came and sat at the Head of the Table, and bid me give his People to eat. He commanded, and it was done. I went to Bed about Midnight very chearful and very happy.—The next Morning I went and preached near *Dursley* to some Thousands, with great Convictions accompanying the Word. About Seven I reach'd *Bristol*, and preached with wonderful Power to a full Congregation at *Smith's Hall*; and afterwards spent the

the Evening very agreeably with dear Mr. C——n of *Bath*, and some other dear Friends.

On *Tuesday* Morning I preach'd again to a full Congregation, and then set out for this Place; where we came about Eight in the Evening, and had sweet and profitable Conversation with Brother *Beaumont*, and some others of the Brethren. We sung an Hymn, and prayed, and parted with great Sweetness.

On *Wednesday* about Noon I opened the Association with a close and solemn Discourse upon Walking with God—Indeed much of God was in it—The Brethren and the People felt much of the Divine Presence.—Afterwards we betook ourselves to Business: Several Matters of great Importance were dispatch'd—We broke up about Seven, and met again about Ten, and continued settling the Affairs of the Societies till about Two in the Morning.

On *Thursday* we sat again till about Four in the Afternoon; then, after
2 taking

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taking a little Refreshment, and talking sweetly of the Things of God.—I preach'd upon the Believer's Rest, with very much of the Divine Presence; and then we went on with our Business, and finished our Association about Midnight: All acknowledging that God had been with us of a Truth, and blessing Him for the same.

I cannot well tell you what Progress has been made since the last Association.—I remember four Years ago, when I rode about *Wales*, God put *Joshua's* going about taking one City after another, much upon my Heart—Dear Brorher *Harris* reminded me of it now—And the Lord suggested to me, that now I was like *Joshua*, dividing the Land. God seems to have given the Brethren a holy Subordination. I am chosen (if in *England*) to be always Moderator. I trust our SAVIOUR gives me a Spirit for it.—I felt much of the Divine Teaching. And the Brethren willingly acknowledged the Authority given me from A-

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bove

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bove—I find more and more the Lord will lead me in a Way by Himself, and perform in and by me all the good Pleasure of His Will—my dear Man, help me to be thankful! for indeed I have been, and am highly favoured!—Help me to cry, *Grace! Grace!* Much Unity, Fellowship, and Love, was among the Brethren. Dear Bro. *Harris* fills up his Place; and in My Absence is to be Moderator. The Brethren have put the Societies in *Wales* upon my Heart. O pray that I may put them, and all my other Concerns upon the Mediator's Shoulders—Those alone can bear them.—Perhaps in a Month I may come to *London*.—It seems the Will of the Lord I should stay in *Wales* about a Fortnight, and take a Tour into *Pembrokeshire*.—Great Doors are open there. Our Saviour keeps me very happy indeed; and is, I believe, preparing me for greater Blessings. My Family is much upon my Heart.

Yours, &c.

George Whitefield.
Another

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Another from the same.

Llantrissant in Wales, Apr. 10, 1743

My dear Man,

OUR Saviour still continues to be very kind to me.—Yesterday I preach'd at *Cardiff* to a large Congregation.—The greatest Scoffers sat quiet by me; and the Children of God felt the Divine Presence. In the Evening I went to *Ful-Mon*.—Mrs. *J*—*s* receiv'd us kindly.—God was pleased to speak for me in the Society where I preached.—This Morning I preached again. It was a most blessed Time.—I have been just now preaching with great Power here. Dear Brother *Harris* is preaching in *Welch*. The People here are very simple. I wrote to you from *Waterford* and *Cardiff*: I must write a Letter or two more; and then away out of Town. My kind and tender Love to all. The Lord be with you.

I am Yours, &c.

*George Whitefield.**Another*

Another from the same.

Swanzey, April 12, 1743.

My dear Man,

I Hope all is well with you. Our Saviour has put you much upon my Heart this Day.—Absence with me does not diminish, but much increase my Love.—I long to see you.—Great Things are doing, and will be done in *Wales*—An effectual Door is opened for preaching the Everlasting Gospel.

Yesterday I preached at *Neath* (seven Miles from this Place) in the Street, from a Balcony, to about three thousand Souls—The Lord was with me of a Truth.

This Morning I preached here to about four Thousand with great Demonstration of the Spirit.—About One I preach'd with great Sweetness at *Harbrook*, four Miles off; and am now return'd to preach here again.—Our Saviour has prepared the Way for me. The Authority the Lord
has

send you *Glad Tidings of great Joy*.—But Words cannot express what the Lord has done for your unworthy Friend's, and his dear People's Souls.—Every Thing falls before me.—After I left *Llantrissant* the Devil made a strong Push to call me out of *Wales* to *England* again, by striving to persuade me I should go no farther; but our Saviour was too powerful for him.

On *Monday* I preach'd at a Place in the Way, and afterwards at *Neath*, a Seaport Town, to about three thousand People—All was quiet, and the Power of JESUS was much there. Then I went to *Swanzey*, seven Miles from *Neath*—Our Saviour was sweetly with us on the Road.—On *Tuesday* I preach'd, and the Lord, as I told you in my last, was mightily with me.—In the Evening I went to *Llanelthy*, eight Miles from *Swanzey*.—Here I preach'd twice on *Wednesday* with great Power to a large Congregation; and in the Evening near *Aberquilley*, five Miles from thence.—On *Thursday* I preach'd
at

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at *Carmarthen*, one of the greatest and most polite Places in *Wales*: In the Morning from the Top of the Cross: In the Evening from a Table near it. It was the great Sessions. The Justices desired I would stay 'till they rose, and they wou'd come. Accordingly they did, and many thousands more; and several People of Quality—JESUS was much with me, and I hope much Work was done. Several sent for me to their Houses.—Dear Brother *Harris* exhorts in every Place.

I have just been preaching with great Power. Our Saviour seems to give me the Towns in *Wales*.—I must away—More Particulars expect in my next.—I like *Wales* wonderfully—It is in some Respects like *Pensilvania*.—It would rejoice your dear Heart to see what is doing.—I want Room and Time to tell you all. My Love to all.—In about ten Days I hope to be near *Bristol*.—I am, my dear Man,

Ever Yours,
GEORGE WHITEFIELD.
The

*The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Adams
to Brother Cennick.*

Hampton, April 18, 1743.

Dear, Dear Brother Cennick,

OUR dear SAVIOUR has now given me an Opportunity to tell you how kind he has been to me, and to the People where I have been since I saw you last; for which great Mercy I am persuaded you will help me to praise and give Thanks to my dear, my precious CHRIST, who comforts me in all my Tribulations, and after a few Days sorrowing, gives me to rejoice with Joy unspeakable, and full of Glory.—If you remember, my dear Brother, I told you with what Temptations and Terror of Soul I came to *Bristol*; and indeed it was with much Fear and Trembling.—But O, how kind was our Dear SAVIOUR, who bore me up all the Time of my staying there, as on the Wings of an Eagle, and lovingly and most willingly permitted me

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me to lean every Day, and all Day long, on his dear Bosom, which I found unspeakably sweet to my poor Soul!—I staid at *Bristol* till *Thursday* last; and all our Meetings were very precious—I then returned to *Hampton*, with much Peace and Tranquility of Soul—When I came to our dear Society I thought I felt a great Coldness among them, which wounded me to the Heart to think we should be so ungrateful to the Best of MASTERS—Our SAVIOUR enabled me to give a sharp and powerful Exhortation, but withal to mix it with much Tenderness. And while I was speaking of our SAVIOUR's Love, and the many Blessings he was daily conferring upon us; and that we still remained as Barren Fig-trees and Cumberers of the Ground: While I was thus thinking and speaking, my Heart melted within me, as did the Hearts of most of the Society, and we were as broken-hearted *Mary* at the Feet of our Dear LORD. O, I thought I could rather die at the Feet of CHRIST, than live, and not glorify Him more! O thou Blessed SAVIOUR,

VIOUR, what hast thou done and undergone for us!—How didst thou Sweat and Bleed and Die!—Yea, and hast wash'd us in thine own Blood! O when I know and am persuaded I shall shortly be with those blessed Spirits, who are chanting forth the Praises of the once slaughter'd, but now exalted LAMB; and that I shall be with JESUS, and see Him as He is—O why am I not every Moment on the Stretch for God!—O pray for me, my dear Brother *Cennick*, that I may be kept poor and broken-hearted, at the Feet of JESUS CHRIST; for when I am thus he fills me with good Things—But when I am rich and saintish in my own Eyes, then am I sent empty away.—But indeed I am happy now in the Wounds of my dear Lord; O my dear SAVIOUR keep me there! and let me be every Moment under the kind Influences of thy Blessed Spirit; for then, and then only, I bear Fruit to God, and glorify my Father which is in Heaven.

Our Saviour is sweetly at Work in
Gloucestershire,

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Gloucestershire. Many flock daily to hear the Word; and God is with us of a Truth. I believe we shall see greater Things than these!—O pray the Lord of the Harvest to thrust forth more Labourers into His Vineyard.—I long for the blessed Day when all the Elect shall be gathered in—And then shall our dear Saviour descend with Power and great Glory: And then shall all his dear Children ascend with Shoutings and great Joy, to sup at the Supper of the LAMB. Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus, *Amen*; and methinks I hear you say *Amen!*

Till then, my dear Brother *Cennick*, may the Lord abundantly bless you, and be with you; which is the sincere Prayer of your poor, little, and sinful Brother,

Thomas Adams.

P.S. *Please to salute the Brethren in my Name. Indeed I do not forget them in my unworthy Prayers.—May the Lord bless you all. Adieu.*

The

*The Copy of a Letter from Mr. T——r,
to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.*

April 7, 1743.

Dear Brother,

AS I do go about to so many Places, I had not an Opportunity of writing to my dear Brother before now. I do indeed thank God on your Behalf; that he has given me such a Love to you in the Lord; and that he does incline you to be so free and open-hearted in the Lord to me. This is his own Work.—I thank you heartily for the Books you sent to me; but you sent so many that I do not know which Way to make you Amends for your Kindness. I believe they will be of great Service to many Souls in my Societies.—The Souls under my Care love you much, and would be heartily glad to hear you in *Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire*, and all thereabouts.—The Lord does carry on his Work much, tho' we have great Opposition.—At *Sheffield* the
the

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the Work does not prosper as in other Places; for Divisions have been among the Souls there, upon many Occasions, particularly about building a House to meet in.—We have had much Confusion about it. But if our good God should in his great Providence send dear Mr. *Whitefield* to *Sheffield* (It is a great Place) I believe the Lord will call many Souls by him—Was I in Ability, it should not be any thing that I could do, as should be wanting to engage you to come hither and help us: But as we are poor and weak and helpless Souls, We hardly dare do so much as to ask you to come down for a short Time amongst us, though if it were to be so, I know a great many would be glad to see and meet you, to bring you among us with rejoicing. If God should incline your Heart to come to us, or in *Yorkshire*, let me know, and hundreds and thousands would be glad to see you. I can say no more, but this know, that I wou'd be heartily glad to see you; and many more Friends would be glad and

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ready

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ready to receive you in the Lord—
May he guide you to do his own
Will. Brother *I—m* a few Days
ago was in some of my Societies, and
preach'd with sweet Power. My
soul was refreshed by him, as I be-
lieve it would be by you was I to be
with you. I expect Brother *W—y*
to call and see me (at *Sheffield*) every
Day—*S—l*, who wrote to
you from his Society at *Epworth*
desired his hearty Love to you when
I writ. I want to say a great deal
of my Heart to you; but I can't by
Ink and Paper. I have not read much
of the Books you sent me yet.—
I hope the Lord does give you to
bear poor unworthy me much upon
your Heart—And Oh that the dear
Lamb may bless both you and all the
Souls under your Care, is the earnest
Prayer of my Soul to God for you.
O may the whole Will of the Son of
God be both known and done by my
dear Brother *Whitefield*, and by me;
that we as little Children may be re-
signed to the LAMB in all Things, to
be what He would have us to be,
that

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that in all Things we may follow Him, not going before Him, or staying behind, contrary to His Will. O how is the dear Exalted JESUS now pleading for you and me at the Right Hand of God—O methinks he uses sweet Words to his Father on our Behalf, and tells him that he does not repent that he has poured out his Blood for us. O how does it rejoice Him to see us do His Will by His Grace. But I must bid you a hearty Farewel; and do remain your loving Brother,

D. T——r.

*From the Reverend Mr. Whitefield,
to Mr. J——n S——s.*

Haverfordwest, April 17, 1742.

My dear Man,

SINCE I left *Larn*, where I wrote to you last, the Lord has dealt most bountifully with me—I went that Evening to *Narbatt*, where I preach'd to some thousands, with great Demonstration of the Spirit and with Power.—On *Saturday* I preach'd
I F 2 at

at *Newton*, and afterwards at *Jefferson* to several thousand Souls most like the *Kingswood* Colliers.—This Morning I preach'd at *Llassivran* as it were to a *Moorfields* Congregation; and this Afternoon to about the same Number near this Town. I also read Prayers—The Power, Authority, and Success which God gives me among Rich and Poor is unspeakable! Help me to praise Him!—Where I have been the People call loudly again.—A most effectual Door is open'd in *South Wales* for your unworthy Friend. I hope to be with you in a few Weeks. I have no Letter from Brother *Humphreys*—I am glad of such News from *Georgia*—Blessed be God, he will take Care of me and mine.—You will see what Brother *Harris* has wrote to Brother *Cennick*.—My hearty Love attends him and all.

Another from the same, to the same.

Carmarthen, April 20, 1743.

My dear Man,

SINCE I wrote from *Haverford*,
 I preach'd yesterday at Eight,
 from

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from thence to about eight thousand People; and in the Afternoon to several thousands at *Narbatt*, both Times with great Power.—This Morning I preach'd at *Larn* with great Sweetness; and coming over in the Ferry had Compliments paid me I never had before, *viz.* Of a Ship firing several Guns, and some others hoised their Flags—You cannot tell what Respect is paid me here—God has indeed prepared *Wales* for my Reception. To Him be All the Glory!—This Afternoon I preached at a little Town called *Kidwilly*, to a large Congregation; and came this Evening here.

One of the Ministers preach'd much against me last *Sunday*, and mentioned me by Name; but, like my other Opposers (and like the Viper biting the File) only hurt himself. I am as it were in a new, but very unexpectedly pleasant World.—O how many Thousands within this Week have heard the Word!—I thought to see you next Week—But as I am here, perhaps it may be best to go

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round now, and be at *London* at *Pentecost*.—In about a Fortnight I hope to be with you.

To the same.

Bhuadder, April 23, 1743.

My dear Man,

I Wrote to you from *Haverford* and *Carmarthen*. I preach'd there twice on *Thursday* to about ten thousand People, and dear Mr. *Rowland* after me, with sweet and great Power. Yesterday we had another blessed Association; and have now settled all the Counties in *Wales*. Our Lord was wonderfully with me.

You cannot tell how full the Brethren went away.—They told dear Brother *Harris* great Things. Indeed they were filled as with new Wine.

Last Night we came hither to a little Inn: A sweet Retreat from the Rain. I must away to preach this Morning—Help me my dear
Man

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Man to be thankful. I kindly salute
you and yours. And am ever Yours,

George Whitefield.

Another from the same.

April 25, 1743. *Guensithen*, near the
Hay in *Radnorshire*.

My dear Man,

I Wrote to you on *Saturday Morn-*
ing: afterwards I preach'd at
Llangathen in the Church, to a great
Congregation, and with great Sweet-
ness and Power. I then went about
ten Miles, and preach'd at *Landove-*
ry in the Evening, and *Sunday Morn-*
ing—God was with us each time. On
Sunday Evening, I preach'd to a large
and polite Auditory at *Brecon*, fifteen
Miles from *Landoverry*, with much
Authority indeed—This Morning
I preach'd at *Treveckka*, and just now
at this Place, with as great Free-
dom,

dom, Power, and melting almost as we have seen—It is now past seven at Night, and I have seven or eight *Welch* Miles to go.

I am glad you are so happy in Jesus. My Body is weak, but I am at the Redeemer's Feet, and He reigns King in my Heart, and causes me to rejoice and triumph over all. Help me to praise Him. Brother *Harris* salutes you all.—The Lord be with you.

Another from the same, to the same.

Gloucester, April 29, 1743.

My dear Man,

I Am at present like *David*, strengthening myself in the Lord my God. These Words have much refresh'd me—*And the Lord was with David whithersoever he went*—And indeed so is with me—After I wrote my last from a Gentlewoman's near the *Hay*, I went towards *Builth* and got

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got into my Lodgings about one and into my Bed about two in the morning. The next Day I preach'd at *Builth* with much of the Redeemer's Presence—Then I rode to the *Gore*, the last Place I preach'd at in *Wales*—And indeed our Saviour kept the good Wine till the last. He made our Cup to overflow. Between eight and nine at Night we set out for *Leominster*, and reached there between 2 and 3 in the Morning—At 11 and 3 I preach'd—It was quite Fallow Ground—The Lord broke it up, and gave me a blessed Entrance into *Herefordshire*—All Glory be to his Great Name!—The same Night I lay at *Hereford*. Even here some of our Lord's Disciples were to be found, as also at *Ross*, where we baited Yesterday. In both Places I might have preach'd would Time have permitted; but I was hastening to *Gloucester*, where the good Shepherd of *Israel* brought me and mine in Peace and Safety about eight in the Evening, after having in about
three

three Weeks travell'd about four hundred *English* Miles, spent three Days in attending two Associations—Preach'd about forty Times—Visited about thirteen Towns, and passed through seven Counties.—Here then will I set up my *Eben-ezer*, thank the lovely JESUS for these and all other his Mercies, and from the Bottom of my Heart give him all the Glory.—I know my dearest Man will join with me, and say a hearty *Amen*—Even so, Lord Jesus, *Amen*, and *Amen*.

Last Night and this Morning I preach'd here—Since my Departure they have turn'd the Barn into a commodious Chapel, which I hope will be the LAMB's Chapel—I preach there again, God willing, this Evening, and to morrow Morning; In the Country on *Sunday*; and for all as I know, come to *London* on *Monday* Evening in the *Cirencester* Coach—One of the Simple *Apperly* Souls died in Peace a few Days ago.

From

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From the Rev. Mr. I——m to the
Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

April 17, 1743.

IT has not been for want of Love that I have not answer'd dear Brother *Whitefield's* kind Letter sooner. Of late I have been very much from hence. The Lord has open'd a new Door for me in *Lancashire*, where I have been twice—My Call thither was particular. I meet with several Souls who for some Years have been wearying themselves in the Fire, seeking to find Rest by their own Doings. I preached to them Free Grace thro' our crucified Redeemer, and some of them receiv'd the Word with Joy and Gladness—I met with a Clergyman of the Church of *England* who is very well disposed, and who desired me to begin a Society in his Parish, which I have done—Some Souls are brought under Conviction by his Preaching—I have also lately been in *Derbyshire* and *Cheshire*, &c. I love my dear Brother

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ther *Whitefield*, and remain your
 hearty and affectionate Brother,

I—m.

Warning to the Unconcern'd.

A POEM

By Mr. CENNICK.

MAN Thou must surely die:
 The Time's at Hand,
 When Death shall bear Thee to an
 unknown Land.
 Art Thou prepar'd? Should'st Thou
 be willing now,
 Just as Thou art to leave this World
 below?
 I know if CHRIST was never found
 in Thee
 Thou art afraid, and ever so wilt be.
 'Till *Jesu's* Holy Spirit in Thee is,
 Indeed, O Sinner,* *Thou art none of*
 His!

* *Romans* viii. 9.

The

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The Order of the Letter-Day at the Tabernacle, on Monday, May 30, 1743,

THE *Tabernacle* being filled in all its Parts prepared for Peoples fitting, and many standing on the outsides of the Seats.

About Four in the Afternoon the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield* began with an Exhortation to Seriousness and Attention; and spake something of the Weight and Importance of the Things they were to hear.

He then pray'd, and desired God to give a true catholick Spirit to all the People, that they might not differ, or fall out in their Way to Heaven.—His Heart was enlarg'd and sweet. We then sung the following Hymn of Mr. *Seagrave's*, to invoke the Holy Ghost.

I.

DESCEND, Great COMFORTER, descend
With Quick'ning from above;
Wake in our Hearts the sleeping Seeds
Of Faith, and Zeal, and Love.

II.

Art Thou not promis'd to thy Saints?
We mourn our Hearts so cold.
Do thou with kindly Warmth revive,
And thy own Work uphold. III.

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III.

Without Thee all our Toil is vain,
 In vain our Songs we raise;
 Till with thy Coals our Lips are touch'd,
 We utter heartless Praise.

IV.

Blow on thy Garden of Perfume,
 So shall the Spices rise;
 Give Thou, and so shalt thou receive
 The Fruit of thy Supplies.

V.

Do not the Golden Tubes adorn
 Thy Candlestick below?
 O! let our Channels feel thy Pow'r,
 And bid Devotion flow.

VI.

We wait thy Gifts, we thirst for more,
 Descend with Pow'r Divine;
 Pour through each Heart the gracious Oil,
 'Till all we are is thine.

Mr. *Whitefield* then read as follows, *viz.* Three Letters from Mr. *I—c Gardiner*, a young Baptist Preacher, who lives near *Carlisle* in *Cumberland*. He is of a sweet catholick Spirit, and desires to join Mr. *Whitefield*, &c. in the Work of God—One from Brother *T—s J—s* of *Builth* in *Wales*, giving an Account of much Success of the Gospel within his Sphere—One from Brother *Harris*,
 giving

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giving an Historical Account of what the Lord had done, and was doing by Mr. *Whitefield* and him, who were then in Company, travelling and preaching the Gospel in many of the most considerable Places in *Wales*; which was attended with great Success—One from Brother *Humphreys*, of his leaving *Bristol*, and visiting some Country Places, and the Lord blessing his Labours there—Two from Brother *Adams*, of his Success at *Bristol*, and sweet Times in some Country Places near *Bristol*; mentions his Fearfulness and Trembling in the great and important Things he was employ'd, lest he should do or leave undone any thing that might hurt the Souls he ministred to, and hinder the Furtherance of the Gospel—Two from Brother *Cennick*, of the Lord's blessing him to the People where he was, and on his Journey from hence to them; of several great Opposers coming and hearing the Word quietly, particularly a Farmer's Servant, who was one of the Foremost in disturbing

sturbing the Assembly; of some dying in the Lord; and several taken in and prepared at the different Societies; and of the Flourishing of the Whole—One from Mr. *W*—, a Member of *Brinkworth* Society, to Bro. *Cennick*, speaking of his Love to, and desiring to see him; of the Sweetness he found in his Soul from the Love of our Saviour; and his longing to be conformed to Him in all Things—One from Brother *Herbert Jenkins*, to Bro. *Cennick*, speaks of some Opposition he met with in *Wiltshire*, but that the Lord stood by him, and gave him the Victory; that he had many sweet Meetings with the Lambs of Christ there; that the Souls in the *Brinkworth* and *Foxham* Society, &c. enquired when dear Bro. *Cennick* would come down to them again; sends his Love to the *Tabernacle* Society, and hoped they would remember him--One from Bro. *Price* of *Waterford* in *Wales* (a private Exhorter) to Mr. *Whitefield*, mentions that at his Return home he heard the joyful News of many being
awakened

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awakened at *Carmarthen*; one of which was a notorious *Magdalen*, and that she had wept almost continually since she heard him preach; that they were about to set up a Society in the Town; and of 3 young Men near Home being wrought upon; that at *Swanzey* they cry'd very loud for Mr. *Whitefield's* coming again to them; or intreated him to send Bro. *Humphreys* or *Cennick* to them shortly; says he felt much Union of Spirit with Mr. *Whitefield*, and blessed God for the Benefit of his Company & Conversation; prays that he may ride on in his Malter's Chariot from conquering to conquer— One from *J——n B——s*, a Soldier from *Dewram* in the Princedom of *Palatine*, to Mr. *Whitefield*; he acknowledges the Receipt of a Letter, and heartily thanks him for the godly Advice in it; that he long'd to hear the Gospel from him; and exhorted those who enjoy it to prize it very highly; that his Soul was comforted by the Lord who had preserved him in many Dangers, and had been good to him beyond Expression; and desired the

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Brethren

Brethren and Sisters of the *Tabernacle* to pray for him—One from Mrs. *D.* of *Great Gransden* in *Huntingdonshire*, to Mr. *Whitefield*, congratulating him on the great Success the Lord had lately given him; of his wise Providence in keeping him in this Land so long for the good of many Souls; strengthened his Hands to go on, for the Lord would be with him, and give great Success, and crown him with many more Victories—One from Mr. *T—r* of *Sowden Farm*, near *Ashford* in *Kent* to Mr. *L—s*, Printer; says it is Matter of great Joy and Consolation to him and many more to hear of the Progress of the Gospel in so many Places in the World; and that the Primitive Purity of the Gospel and sound Doctrine was revived and preach'd up by those whom the Lord had raised up and sent out, as he found by the Accounts he met with in the Weekly Papers; that the Lord had been moving among them, and many were added to their Church, whose Conversions were something different
and

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and extraordinary from what they had before met with; He prays for Success to Mr. *Whitefield*, and those with him; and hopes some of them wou'd sometime visit them—One from Mr. *A—s*, Dated *Jan. 14, 1743*, at the *Orphanhouse* in *Georgia*, to his Mother in *London*; speaks of his *Undutifulness* in not writing oftener; that the Lord had brought him to the *Orphanhouse*, where he thought to live and die; that God had been wonderfully kind in bringing him there in infirm and old Age, and of the Blessing the Family had been to him and his Children; laments his *Unfruitfulness* under the rich Means he enjoy'd, and says he wants for nothing but an Interest in the Lord Jesus Christ; exhorted some of his Relations to see to their Souls, and not be Followers of blind Guides, as he feared they were; mentioned the *Spaniards* coming to *Georgia*; and that they were obliged to go to *Carolina* for Safety; that the Lord took care of them, and brought them safe back again; that they expected them a-
gain

gain this Summer, but they did not fear but the Lord would preserve them from Hurt; One from Mr. Grant of the *Orphanhouse* to Mr. *M---n*, speaks of their expecting Mr. *Whitefield* over every Day; that the Family was well, and had Plenty of Provision; that the Weekly Accounts had been blessed to many Souls there and in *Charles-town*—One from a Person unknown, to the *Gloucester* Society, sent to Mr. *L---s*, Printer, containing many excellent Directions and Exhortations to them to look well to the Foundation of their Interest in the Lord Jesus Christ, and how to walk as becomes his Gospel, and to the Comfort of their own Souls.—A Verse was sung at the End of every Letter by way of Prayer for the Persons who wrote them. Mr. *Whitefield* then spoke something suitable to what had passed; and ask'd what Effect it had on their Souls: Exhorted to rejoice and bless God for the *Glad Tidings* of the Prosperity of our Saviour's Kingdom, wherever and by whomsoever it was pro-

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promoted. Reminded them of the Answer they had to their Prayers in the Prosperity of the Gospel in general, and of some Things in particular; one of which was the putting down the *Booths* in *Moorfields*. Bid them pray on, and he would go out again and fight the Lord's Battles, not doubting but He wou'd give him greater Success than ever. We then sung another Hymn of Mr. *Seagrave's*, viz.

I.

SAVIOUR King, assume thy Pow'r.
Thou that art the Conqueror.
Lead thy promis'd Glory on,
Bring the Nations to thy Throne.

II.

Distant Trails thy Sceptre wait.
Long to worship at thy Feet:
To thy scatter'd People come,
Bring the wand'ring Remnant home.

III.

Japhet's Isles do bless thy Name,
Let the *West* thy Worth proclaim;
Wash the *Ethiopian* clean,
In the *East* new Signs be seen.

IV.

Great the Band of those be found.
Who proclaim the joyful Sound;
Pow'r accompany their Word,
Let each Hearer hear tne Lord.

V.

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V.

To the Brightness of thy Face
Fly in Troops the suppliant Race;
Princes shall adorn the Train,
Monarchs bow and bless thy Reign.

VI.

When, like Light'ning through the Skies,
Will thy ev'ry Glory rise!
When shall we behold thy Pow'r,
When salute th' accomplish'd Hour!

VII.

Quickly, Lord, thy Triumphs bring,
Tongues and Kindreds wait to sing:
Then shall all the fallen Race
Shout aloud Redeeming Grace.

Two Verses taken from another HYMN of the same

AUTHOR.

Subjects of the LORD, be bold!
JESUS will his Kingdom hold:
Wheels on circling Wheels must run,
Each in Place, to bring it on.

Blest is Faith that trusts his Pow'r;
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour;
Haste, great Conq'ror, bring it near;
Let the glorious Close appear.

Hallelujah.

After these Verses were sung, Mr. *Whitefield* concluded with blessing the People.—A Collection was made for propagating the Gospel.—The Opportunity was attended with a great

great Blessing; and the Lord gave much of his Divine Presence there through the whole.

An Extract of a Letter from Mr. Grant, one of the Assistants in the Orphanhouse in Georgia, to Mr. S. M——n in London.

Charles-town, April 17, 1743.

Dear Mr. M——n,

I Wrote to you from hence near five Months past by Captain S——w, which I hope you received. I then, with other Friends here, had concluded that Mr. *Whitefield* had embark'd from *England*, which was the Reason I did not write to him. About three Months ago we received, at *Bethesda*, several sweet Letters from him, &c, which informed us of our dear Pastor's Intention to be with us about *Christmas*; but since I came here I have heard that on the second of *November* Mr. *Whitefield* left *Scotland*, and rode in great haste for *London*.

I left our Family well this Day Week. A glorious Work has the Lord begun at *Bethesda* about two Months ago. Since which Time several Souls have been savingly converted, and others remain still under Concern. I think I never saw the Power of God more gloriously display'd than at the *House of Mercy*—Blessed be God that he maketh our Wilderness a fruitful Hand,—Surely this must rejoice the Heart of our dear Mr. *Whitefield*,

field, and others that long for *Zion's* Prosperity, more than to hear of the Increase of Corn and Wine among us.

Blessed be God, that he sets his Seal to the Foundation of *Bethesda*: Nothing has more encouraged us than his late Work among us.—Seeing he has not withheld his only Son from us, with him he will freely give us all things.

It is thought by Merchants here, that there is an Embargo in *England*, by reason no Ship has arrived from *England* for some time. If so, it is likely Mr. *Whitefield* has seen my last to you; and perhaps the Lord may so disappoint us, as that he may see this also. If I thought so, I would write to him, but as I have no Grounds for it, I decline it. Indeed we long and wait (the Lord grant it may be patiently) for his coming.—My affectionate Love to all that love the Lord Jesus. Your Family will be pleased to accept of the fame, from your unknown Brother in Christ,

William Grant.

P.S. April 13, *I broke open the Letter having missed the first Passage; and since have seen a satisfactory Piece of Work by Mr. Webster, of the Work at Cambuslang.*

FINIS.

AN
A C C O U N T
Of the Most
Remarkable Particulars
Relating to the
PRESENT PROGRESS
OF THE
G O S P E L.

*Behold, I bring you good Tidings of great
Joy, which shall be to all People, Luke
ii. 10.*

Number II.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

Printed and Sold by JOHN LEWIS, in
Bartholomew-Close, near West-Smithfield.

MDCCLXIII.

E R R A T A .

In our last Numb. Page 82. Ver.7.
of Mr. *Seagrave's* Hymn, for
fallen Race, read *Chosen Race*.
Page 83, the last Line but one,
for *fruitful Hand*, read *fruitful*
Land.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOSE who take these Papers,
are advised to preserve them
clean, for binding — — Three
Numbers (which makes one com-
plete Pocket Volume) are to be fi-
nish'd in 21 Weeks, from the Be-
ginning.

[3]

AN
 A C C O U N T
 OF THE
 Most Remarkable Particulars
 relating to the Present Pro-
 gress of the Gospel.

*The Copy of a Letter from Brother J——s
 to Brother Cennick.*

Breconshire, March 26, 1743.

Dear Brother Cennick,

I Hope this will find you on the
Top of Pisgah, in View of the
 promis'd Land, chinking of the Wa-
 ters of Life freely and abundantly;
 momentarily rejoicing in God your
 Saviour, steadily moving on toward
 the desired Haven; forgetting the
 Things that are behind, pressing for-
 ward to the Mark for the Prize of your
 High Calling; trampling Sin and
 Satan under Foot, growing in Grace,
 2 B 2 watered

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[4]

watered every Moment; instrumental in the Hands of God of calling many out of thick Darkners, feeding the Lambs and Sheep of Christ, *viz.* the weary and distress'd, with Milk; and the strong in Faith, with Meat; searching out, and undeceiving foolish Virgins.—O may the dear LAMB bless your Labours and Ministry, and bring thousands and ten thousands to feed upon the hidden Manna thereby!—The Lord owns his Work in *Wales*; but we meet with same Persecution and Opposition; one Instance whereof I will relate unto you.

As three of us (Brother *Beaumont* being one) intended to cross the River *Wye*, in order to go to a Society that Night, a Gentleman that was there being conscious of it, persuaded the Waterman to extort of us for our Passage, but we thought it not right to pay them by reason they would impose upon others—Upon our Refusal they lock'd the Boat to a Rope on the Middle of the Water; upon that the People flock'd together, some from the Town where

Mr.

[5]

Mr. *Seward* preach'd *last*, and others from the Country, to whom we discoursed with Power; but at last they began to pelt us with Stones, so that we were in Danger every Moment. At last, finding the Boat was unlicens'd, by the Brethrens Persuasion, we came off. We were kept there about five Hours; and we sang, discoursed, and pray'd all the Time—The Boatmen were uneasy till we came off. I believe the Words stung many of their Consciences; but I fear with little Effect unless to those of the Society.

Another Time, as I was discoursing, a Minister came to oppose me, who charged me with introducing Popery under the Disguise of benefiting Sinners; but arguing a little longer, he acknowledged that he believed my Ends and Designs were good; and told me if I would get ordain'd his Pulpit was free for me at any Time—He gave me Leave to conclude my Discourse, and staid himself to hear me—He objected against nothing that I insisted upon, and so we parted very friendly.

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I heard lately from Brother *Harris*: He is very sweet in his Soul, and pretty well in Body—I suppose you know of Brother *H—s* being imprisoned—Since I saw you I have had many sore Combats in my Soul; I am under sore Desertion, Hardness, Temptation, &c. I hope it will be given you to pray for me.—I have many Things to tell you. I love you in particular; but the Association being nigh, if the LAMB will, I shall then converse with you. Remember me to the dear Lambs of Christ. I writ to you before, but am uncertain whether you receiv'd it or not.—I shall be glad to hear from you if the LORD JESUS shall bid you write.

I am Yours in CHRIST,

J—n J—s.

From the Rev. Mr. O—n of Leominster, to Brother Cennick.

March 12, 1743.

Dear Brother,

ALthough I have no personal Acquaintance with you, yet what I have heard of you and seen from you

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you much engages my best Wishes in your Behalf; and especially the glorious Cause you are pleading in the midst of a crooked and perverse Generation.—I rejoice to hear the Work of the Lord prospers in your Hands, and greatly hope that our gracious God is giving us same Earnests of a great Reformation both in Church and State. The Devil's Kingdom shall not always triumph—God will destroy Antichrist in the Nations, Churches, and Hearts of his People, by the Spirit of his Mouth, and Brightness of his Coming, when his *Kingdom shall come*, and his *Will shall be done on Earth as it is done in Heaven*; being what I earnestly long for.—Here is a growing Society of the Church of *England* People, who with others, wou'd be glad if the Lord wou'd bring you into these Parts.—I hope you will think on it—O may the Lord bring you in the Fulness of the Blessing of the Gospel of CHRIST, and make you the happy Instrument of delivering many of *Satan's* Captives in these

these Parts—That in all Places you may enjoy much of God, and be blessed with abundant Success, is the Desire of

Yours Affectionately, &c.

J——n O——n.

From Brother J. Cennick, to Brother J——n S——s.

Bristol, Monday, March 28, 1743.

My Dear Brother,

I AM glad of an Opportunity of writing to you, because I love you. I think our SAVIOUR has been very kind to me since I left *London*, especially.—We came safe to *Tetherton* after we parted from the Brethren in *London*—At *Colnbrook* we met with two dear Followers of the LORD JESUS—With those we staid (as Pilgrims are used) but a little while, because we were on our Journey to *Reading*, whither we came the first Evening—Here also our Tender
MASTER

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MASTER gave us sweet Fellowship with three others of the Lord's Disciples—One told me the dear LAMB had made me the happy Instrument of her Conversion. I have often look'd on this sinful Town as left desolate; but I trust a Remnant will be found even here, who love the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity.

When I came into *Wiltshire* I heard that two Farmers of *Clack* had gathered together a Company of their Servants and surrounded Brother *B—t's* House, while Bro. *Lewis* was preaching there, intending thereby to hinder the People from hearing, but were disappointed—One of the Company spake many blasphemous Things.

The same unhappy Men had got their Men, Maid and Daughters together, to ring Bells, sing, and hollow round the Cross, overagainst Brother *B—t's* Door the last Time I preached there, before I came to *London*: But finding their Noise did not answer the End, they have added to their Company, and to their
noisy

noisy Instruments; and yet, blessed be God, they are disappointed by our Saviour!

If the Lord please, I am going to begin another Society in *Longley*—All is still and quiet there at present; and many come to hear—The Lord was with me all the few Days I staid with the Brethren in the Hill Country—He blessed them also with Unity and Abundance of Peace among themselves.

On *Tuesday* Evening I preached at *Castle-Coom*, about twelve Miles hence, in my Way to *Kingswood*: And on *Wednesday* Evening here, to a sweet peaceable Congregation.—All Day Yesterday I was employ'd for the Lord; and his Work was pleasant to my Soul, though in my Body I was very weak, hardly able to go from Place to Place.

This Morning the Lord Jesus refreshed me much while I was bearing witness to his dear Flock, of his Love to poor Sinners. Praise Him for me! And put Him in Mind daily to remember His Mercies, touching
His

[II]

His most unworthy and weak Ser-
vant, your Affectionate Brother thro'
His Blood and Wounds,

John Cennick.

*The Copy of a Letter from Mr. A——s
of the Orphanhouse in Georgia, to
his Mother in London.*

Jan. 10, 1743.

My dear aged Mother,

I Desire you will excuse me for not
writing to you of so long a Time
—I acknowledge my Transgression
and my Sin; and you may justly
charge me with Disobedience, for
not writing of so long a Time—
The Reason is, I am so unfruitful—
I have been two Years and nine
Months in Mr. *Whitefield's* Vineyard,
and I am fruitless for all the Pains
that has been taken with me, I am
yet under Condemnation to be cut
down as a Cumberer of the Ground.
—I was brought here by the kind
Pro-

Providence of God who rules and governs all Things for the best in *Goshen*, a Land of Light and Vision.—I hear the joyful Sound—Many Nations have not enjoy'd this Privilege, and I am under a very diligent Shepherd of Souls——I may very justly say this Place is *Ebenezer* to me, and that therefore the Lord has brought me hither.

Dear Mother, I very well remember when you parted with me, my Wife and Children, we parted with Tears in our Eyes; but give God the Glory, it was the best Work that ever I did for me and my Children—You wrote to me at *Abercorn*, which is now about two Years past, by Mrs. G—*n*; and you sent me a Book of Sermons; and you wrote with Concern that I should spend so much of my precious Time, and get nothing for either Soul or Body, but now the Case is alter'd much for the better; for I want for nothing but a Saving Interest and Grace in the Lord Jesus Christ; and here we are taught the Truth every Day,
Morning

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Morning and Evening, in Prayer, Reading and Expounding the Word of God in Truth as it is in JESUS, and Singing Divine Hymns—I have a bad Heart—O Lord take away the Heart of Stone, and give me a Heart of Flesh, that I may be one of the Number of the higher House that is not made with Hands, eternal in the Heavens—where there is no jarring, but all sing clear—I am convicted of Sin, but *the Heart is deceitful above all Things, and desperately wicked, who can know it?*—Lord increase my Faith. I must wait till that Day with Faith and Patience, till the Power of God touch my Heart. *No Man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him.*—Our dear Pastor has repeated Times told me that where my Treasure is there will my Heart be also—I have nothing to set my Heart upon but some old rusty Tools—nor no Care for any Necessities of Life, but have every thing provided for me; and all the Family is very loving and kind to me and my Children.

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My

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My Daughter *P—y* was married in *June* last to one of our Family, his Name *W—m G—t*, a very deserving good Man, a chosen Vessel and Child of God; and she a virtuous young Woman; and there is no Doubt but they are equally yoked, and Fellow-Heirs of Christ.

My *P—y* was bound till she was twenty-one Years of Age, but Mr. *G—t* has been so much my Friend and the poor Child's, that he has got her from her Servitude; and now she is with me and her Sister at the *Orphanhouse* at *Bethesda*, and under the Care of a fine Mistress, one of ten thousand for her Conduct in training up Youth. She is a dear precious good Christian, Mrs. *P—m*. My *P—y* was brought up under her Care.—My dear Mr. *Whitefield* joined *P—y's* Hand to Mrs. *P—m's*, and said, *You take Care of her Body for Learning, and I will take Care of her Soul*; and both is perform'd in a wonderful Manner.—As for myself I shall stay here for Life. I am at work in a Shop to myself at necessary Jobs in and about House; for in Gratitude

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tude to the Family I think I can never be able to gratify them.—Mr. *Whitefield* has been gone from us now two Years, but is expected very soon—The Lord return him to us again in Peace and Safety; there will be Joy and Rejoicing in all the Family, but me, for I am the most unworthy Servant he has—He may call me one of the unjust Stewards that has made no Improvement of the Talents he left with me—And if I am afraid to meet my Master, who is one of Christ's Ambassadors—how shall I appear at the Bar of Justice at the Great Tribunal, before a Sin-hating and a Sin-avenging God, who knows the Hearts of all Men! But there are many precious Promises for such poor wretched Sinners as I am.—*Let him that is a-thirst come, and whoever will, let him come, and take of the Water of Life freely: And again, I came not to call the Righteous, but Sinners to Repentance; such as I am. O Lord enlighten my poor dark benighted Soul. I have had repeated Calls, and in divers Manners.—I was lame almost three Years, which ren-*

der'd me incapable of keeping myself at Abercorn—after that above four Months very weak and ill upon the Brink of Eternity. O what Wonder of Mercies is it that I am preserved to this Time out of Hell, from the great Adversity and Devourer of Souls!—*Praise God from whom all Blessings flow.*

On *Thursday* Night thus far I wrote in good Health—but on *Friday* Morning I went to Church, as usually I did—but after Church a little while, instead of going to work, I went to bed, and continued ill four Days in Bed of a Cold—and at present I am very much out of Order, having the Ague. But God is a great and good Preserver, and I hope I shall be better both to serve God and Man.

As for my Daughter *H—n* and her Husband and three Children, I have not seen them for three Years past; but we hear from them sometimes—I am afraid they labour for the Meat that perisheth, and have but little of the better Part which endureth for ever—Where there is no Shepherd the poor Sheep will go astray.—Mother, pray let me
hear

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hear from you and Brother *P—r* and his Wife, and Brother *W—n* and Sister *J—y* and her Children, &c. and my Friend Mr. *R—tt.*—I am afraid Brother *P—r* keeps following the blind Leaders of the Blind—It is my Opinion their Doctrine doth not reach the Hearts of many.—*Solomon* says, *My Son give me thy Heart*—and again, *Trust in the Lord with all thy Heart, and lean not to thine own Understanding.*—Dear Mother, you know what Doctrine is preach'd in most Places.—The poor *Publican's* short Prayer from the Heart is better than the *Pharisee's*—If Brother *P—r* knew that I wrote in this Manner, he would call me Fool for my Pains—But there are none foolish but those who neglect the great Salvation. Where there is no Vision the People perish.

This last Year the *Spaniards* very much disturbed us here, and we were all forced to go to *Carolina*, Men, Women and Children. People were strangely dispersed at that Time; but we put our Trust in the true and living God, and not in an Arm

of Flesh—who is a great and wonderful Preserver in all our Troubles! and we find him so in all Times of our Need. Our going to *Carolina* was a great Charge and Fatigue, having so many Women and Children. But we went among Mr. *Whitefield's* Friends, who were very kind and tender-hearted Christians to us—We staid with them about six Weeks, and all came home again. The General's Forces were very small.—The *Spaniards* were five or six to one of the General's—but he beat them—killed part, took some Prisoners, and the rest ran away—We expect to have them again, but we hope God will not suffer them to hurt his chosen People. They can go no farther than they have Permission—Two Years last Summer the *Spaniards* took a Schooner that was laden for the *Orphanhouse* with Brick, Beef, Rice, and Molosses, which was a great Loss to our Family, and a young Man, one of our Family, that we never saw since. It was but twelve or fourteen Miles from home where they took them.—This is all at present, from
your

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your loving, but disobedient, undutiful, and unworthy Son,

T——s A——s.

I Have long since written the following Apology, but it being in the Hands of a Friend who was called into the Country, it has by this Means been kept long out of the Press. I have been indulged with the Accounts of the Yearly Collections, and faithfully and kindly reprov'd for my Wrong Reflection concerning it—And as many of the Lord's Sincere Ones were in this Mistake with myself, and as I doubt not but I have confirm'd the Mistake, I am very glad it is now put into my Power to acknowledge my Error, and print a Letter of Information. I am persuaded the Lord has forgiven me the Wrong I have done his Cause and his Servants; and humbly beg they would forgive me for JESUS CHRIST's sake.

The Author's Apology for her Great Mistake concerning the Fund, in the Printed Letter to the Ministers of the Nonconformity; which was inserted in the 18th and 19th Numbers of the Weekly History.

To my much Honoured Fathers and Brethren in the LORD.

I Have through Mercy been indulged with a faithful and tender Re-proof

proof for my *Great Mistake* in the Printed Letter concerning the *Fund*, by a dear Minister of CHRIST, who took Pains with me for his Master's Cause, to lay the Management of the *Fund* before me; the Lord reward him for his Labour of Love; may his Head be cover'd in the Day of Bartle; and add to his spiritual Stature for this: And because many of the dear Children of God have been in this Mistake before me, and, doubtless, many more by my Means; I do acknowledge this Error publicly, and am sorry I shou'd thro' Ignorance, and by the Voice of many griev'd with me, sin against the Lord, against his dear Ministers, and against his Churches: And I humbly hope and believe where Grace is in Exercise, (and I in JESU's Name desire) they will forgive me this Wrong. And I am persuaded the dear Lord has forgiven me, who is the anti-typical Sin-offering thro' all Generations: And I will (by his Grace) trust in Him to be kept from all such unguarded Mistakes for the future;
(for

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(for he knew in the Integrity of my Heart I did this). And as well as I can give a Hint for the Satisfaction of my Brethren, the *Fund* is a Collection of Money gather'd out of the Body of our Churches, by joint Consent, first, to establish a Fund for the Use of the Churches: How far this first Act was the Will of God or Man, I dare not say; nor do I know that it is right to difanul it, as it was the Will of many now dead.

But I am fully satisfy'd with the Accounts sent in by the Churches to the Stewards, that all the Yearly Collections for the Ministers are every Year faithfully given away in the full Principal, and in every Particular accounted for—The Account I have seen, and rejoice in it; for I am persuaded it is an acceptable offering to the Lord.

But it is Matter of Grief, my Brethren, that you say I wrote in Malice: The Lord who knows my Heart, knows that I writ in many Tears. My Heart and Eyes were directed to look chiefly to those of
our

our Ministers who are Mourners in *Zion*, in Hopes they might feel the Spirit of the Letter, and lay it before the Lord. I know most of the Ministers will abhor my Name, but the Lord has given me both then and now a hearty yerning towards all his Children in the Ministry, and Soul-longing for their Purification; and hearty Pity to all such as shall be found to despise him, known, and unknown. And, blessed be God who has given me Grace, not to unchristian any that at present are cover'd over with much Dross and Tin. O, my dear Brethren, I verily believe I could now stand between you and Death! My Soul is full of Love to you: Surely I love you better than my own Life!

And now, my Brethren, Death and Judgment, the Holiness and Purity of an heart-searching God, the Pollution of my whole Nature, and my daily actual Rebellions against this God, my dreadful Unconformity to his righteous Law, my Unconformity to the Blessed Image of his SON,
is

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is ever before mine Eyes! Add to this, the Destruction of those who touch the Lord's Glory unwarrantably. I know it is an awful Thing to write thus to, or of the Ministers of CHRIST.—By this, my dear Brethren, I hope you are convinced I put my Life in my Hand, and offer'd my naked Self to the Mercy of a God in CHRIST, when I wrote the printed Letter to you. My dear Brethren, if I have not written it in honest Simplicity, as it was impress'd upon my Heart, then shall I bear the Reproof of that God, from whom my guilty Soul cannot fly: And I had rather meet the Frowns of all the Saints on Earth, and the Malice of all the Devils in Hell, than be under the Rebukes of an awful God; by a Sense of which, once in Life, I was like to have gone distracted! O who can stand when God is angry! And how small a Portion do we know of Him! And being deliver'd from the Terrors of the Lord, my Brethren, the Mercy of my God has set me above the Fear of Man, and constrain'd me to speak
when

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when I am convinc'd it is his Cause; but without this I am the worst of Cowards! And it is with Fear and Trembling I write this; for who can understand his Errors? But for your sakes I do it; and further say, if it be of God, see you to it, how you reject it! *Thou, LORD, be Judge between us thy Children in this Matter: Prosper the Cause that Thou hast chosen; and let all thy Children say, AMEN! And heal the Divisions of Reuben, Lord! for which there are great Thoughts of Heart. Destroy all Party-Zeal. Fill all thy Churches with uniting Love. Confound the Devices of all those who fight against thy Cause! And let mine Eyes see the Earnest of that Glory which is coming on all thy Churches, though it be through much Tribulation.*

O come, Lord JESUS, come quickly, and let thy Children and thy SPIRIT say, *AMEN!*

The

*The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell
Harris, to Brother Cennick.*

Haverfordwest, April 18, 1743.

My dearest dearest Brother,

LAST Week I receiv'd yours—
I am surprized that you should
have Liberty to write to such an un-
grateful Wretch; but the Love of
God is free in *Himself* and in all his
Lambs—otherwise I must be assured
of an eternal Banishment from both.
—Did we see more of the Evil that
is in every Forgetfulness of God, and
in every Thought, Word, and Ac-
tion that is not full of God, and springs
not from God in our Souls, and cen-
ters not in God, there would be
more inward Mourning and Broken-
ness of Spirit, in bringing to Light
such unheard of Evils and unsearch-
able Depths of Abomination as we
discover in our desperately wicked
Hearts—But though I can't help
venting my Thoughts thus to you,
I must proceed to a more agreeable
Work, which I have intended for
2 C many

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many Days—but have been hindered from by a Series of other unavoidable Business for our Lord till now.—Since I saw you I have been over part of eight Counties, and I trust our Lord is carrying on his Work in most Places I have visited. I have wrote Accounts of Particulars in several Letters to *London*, which I suppose you have seen. I hope we are coming to better Order daily, and that soon we shall see every one in his Place and Work, where our Great MASTER-BUILDER settles us—We had little Interruption from some Magistrates, but so very inconsiderable that it is hardly worth mentioning. One came to read the King's Proclamation where I discoursed, and for that Time interrupted a little. But I was told since that he would not have come but as he was set on it by others.—Another committed one of our Brethren to Prison, but was so convinced of his acting against Law, and beyond the Limits of his Power in so doing, that he did not so much as appear
at

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at the Sessions; and if our Lord did not forbid us to render Evil for Evil, it was the Opinion of such as understood the Law, he might have been prosecuted for false Imprisonment. But let us be glad to shew that the Spirit which leads us is that of the Forgiving LAMB, and that we desire nothing more than Peace and Love! I was with our Brother *Rowland* at the Assizes, and our LAMB was graciously among us all the Time. Things never appeared with a more lovely Aspect than they do now, and that more and more daily among us.—Last Week we had a sweet Meeting indeed with the Brethren in *Glamorganshire*. We had, I trust, solid Love and Union together, agreeing in every thing.—We settled the Societies under the Care of the private Exhorters, and settled to each of them their own Work—Such as had Publick Gifts were settled as Superintendents over the rest, and to bring the particular Accounts of each of them under their particular Care

to our Quarterly Meeting, the first of which is to be at *Trevecka*, the first *Monday* after *Midsummer-Day*; and the private Exhorters to come themselves to our Monthly Meetings, that which is nearest them, where the Ministers and Superintendents are to be also as many as can.—I believe the Plan in general is of God, and consequently will stand. May we be emptied of all our own Wisdom, and filled only with that which is from above—What was not, and could not be settled last Association will, I trust, be settled next *Friday*, When we are to meet with some that could not be present then.—I am perswaded the Lord sent Brother *Whitefield* to very great Ends among us at this Time.—He preached two extraordinary Sermons indeed with great Power at our Society at *Waterford*—One on Walking with God, and one on the Believer's Rest.—Last *Saturday* he preached at the *Town-Hall* of *Cardiff*; where many that opposed Brother *W*——y heard very attentively, and were affected.
That

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That Night he preached again at *Aberdow* in the Vale of *Glamorganshire*, and lay at *Fon-Mon Castle*, where we had great Sweetness, and many that were prejudiced against him were sweetened and melted to Love; and more especially the next Morning in hearing him preach at *Penmark*, from whence he set out for *Llantrissant*, where he preached with great Power in the Evening.—*Monday* having travell'd about twenty *Welch* Miles, and discoursed at *Morgain* and at *Neath Town*, to a very great Congregation, with great Enlargement, we came to *Swanzey*—where our Lord did wonderfully favour us with his Presence indeed, and I am persuaded it was a happy Day to many Souls—Among thousands of the Meaner, there were several of the politer Sort—especially in the Evening.—He discours'd with such convincing Power and Argument that I trust many were reached—I was indeed melted down with admiring the amazing Tenderness and Condescension of God to the poor

Worm, in giving Gifts, &c. to suit their Tastes, in order to engage their Attention, to win them to Christ, and to remove their Prejudices.—After having discoursed three Times, twice in the Town and once in the Country, we came to *Llanelli* Town, and were there kindly received by the dear Mr. *D—n*, a Gentleman and a Christian, a Member of Mr. *Griffith Jones's* Congregation, an old Disciple, of above thirty Years in Christ, I believe. Brother *Whitefield* having preached twice to a very great Auditory, we went to a Place near *Kidwely* Town, where, as in every one of these Places, I have been obliged to discourse in *Welch*, by reason of so many hundreds being present from the Country round about, that could not understand *English*—I did so in *Carmarthen*, where the following Day he preached twice to several Thousands, with somewhat of the same Demonstration of the Spirit and Power as at *Swanzey*—This was likely a great Day here. Many Persons of Fashion heard the Word
with

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with great Seriousness, and many seem'd affected—God seems to make all fall before the Gospel of his dear Son here.—Many Clergymen came to hear, and I hear were much affected and pleased. Having discoursed next Day at *Laughern Town*, and *Nerbeth* in *Pembrokeshire*; in both Places many of the Gentry came to hear; and they seem every where to receive the Word in Love, and great is the Power that goes with it every where: And 'tis impossible to tell what sweet Fellowship we have together in private—Our Lord goes with us and amongst us—These uncommon Mercies should empty us of Self, and lay us low, and fill us with Gratitude, Zeal and Praise to Him that sits upon the Throne, and the LAMB for evermore. Methinks I now see your Knees bowing before the Throne to bless the LAMB for thus remembering the Poor despised *Britons*—and to beg that JESUS may water the Seed sown. Brother *Whitefield* is now in *Pembrokeshire*, and next *Thursday* intends to be
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in *Carmarthen* again in his Way to *London*.

Sunday the 24th Instant I hope we shall be in *Brecon* Town; and so having visited *Travecka*, *Builth* and *Radnorshire*, through *Leominster* he thinks to come to *Gloucester*.

I received two kind Letters, one from Brother *H—t*, and another from Brother *F—k*, and another from Sister *W—d*, which I would now answer, but have not Time. I desire my tender Love to all the dear Lambs. To hear of their Growth in Faith, and all true inward and outward Self-denial, Love, Humility, and Brokenness of Will, is, and I trust ever will be the most agreeable News to yours and theirs most tenderly and sincerely in the spotless LAMB,

Howell Harris.

P.S. If the Lord inclines you to send me a Line how you and the Lambs do, I trust I should be thankful—Yesterday Bro. *Whitefield* preach'd to I believe twelve Thousand at
Llissivran

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Llissivran by one of Brother *Howell Davies's* Churches, with most convincing Power indeed; and I believe most met God—In the Evening I preached to as great a Congregation as in the Morning; and to-day he preached here twice, once in *St. Martin's* Church, and once in the Church-yard; and none but such as felt the same can tell how the Arrows of the Lord fled through the Congregation. A lovely Sight to see Ladies weeping!

*Open a Door which Earth and Hell
May strive to shut, but strive in vain.
Let thy Word richly with them dwell,
And let their gracious Fruit remain.*

*The Copy of a Letter from Brother Adams
to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.*

Bristol, April 15, 1743.

Honour'd and very dear Sir,

Blessed be God, I can now give you a much better Account of the People here than I could in my last.

last. O what a wonderful Day was Yesterday! The Hall was quite, or (as it were) more than full in the Morning; and we all sat under the Redeemer's Shadow with great Delight, and his Fruit was sweet to our Taste, so that the People jointly said, it was good for us to be there. After that I went to *Conham* and *Kingswood*—There was very large and crowded Congregation, and our Saviour was abundantly with us—especially at *Conham*—After this I returned to *Bristol*, where was a very large and goodly Company, so that the Hall would not contain near all the *People*—Very many stood in the Yard—Our Saviour was much with me, enabling me to speak with Life and Power; and I verily believe much was done in convincing, and much in comforting precious Souls, through the Goodness and Tenderness of our Lord Jesus Christ. To whom be Glory for ever, *Amen*.

But this is not all; for many found it so sweet Yesterday, that they left their Beds by Five this Morning, to
come

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come to the Hall; so that there was a brave Congregation; and indeed our Saviour gave me to speak with Authority, and withall with much Sweetness, from the first Chapter of the Second Epistle of *Peter*, from the first to the ninth Verse.

Indeed I am exceeding happy in the Wounds of the Dear LAMB! O dear Sir, pray our loving Saviour that I may be kept humble at his Feet! and that I may know more and more, and do his Will. I think this is all my Desire, simply to follow, and in all Things to please the Dear and Lovely LAMB! O my Heart is full! help me, dear Sir (nay, I know you will) to praise Precious CHRIST! And let all that love the Lord JESUS say, *Amen!*

Come, let us join in that Song that shall never end-crying, *Worthy is the LAMB that was slain to receive Glory, and Honour, and Salvation, and Wisdom and Strength, for ever and ever, Amen.*

O dear Sir, I love you tenderly. I could take you into my unworthy
Bosom.

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Bosom. Our Saviour gives me earnestly to pray for you, and that your Bow may abide in full Strength, and you be made instrumental of turning Thousands and Tens of Thousands to Righteousness; and at last shine as the Stars in the Firmament for ever and ever. So says, and so prays Your Sincere, though Unworthy Servant, and poor little sinful Brother in the LAMB,

Thomas Adams.

From a Person unknown, to the Gloucester Society. A Copy of which was sent to the Printer of this Book, to be (for Publick use) inserted here.

May 12, 1743.

My dear Friends,

THO' I am not of your distinct Society, yet as a Lover of all who mean and act well, I would contribute any thing that lies in my Power to direct, quicken, and encourage those whose Faces are *Zionward*, and enquire the Way thither.

You

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You are the First-fruits of the Labours of your Fellow-Citizen, the zealous and indetatigable Mininister of CHRIST, the Reverend Mr. WHITEFIELD.—As you enjoy greater Helps and Advantages than others, so greater Things will be required and expected from you than others. Your Society also, in the Absence of your aforesaid Minister, is better supplied than many others are, with the useful Services and good Offices of Mr. G-----l H-----s, a Person of some considerable Figure and Distinction, being one of the C-----n C-----l (and late S-----ff) of the City; who does not put you off with Crudities and incoherent Discourses, the Sallies of a heated Affection, or raised Imagination, but reads to you a good Sermon, or Exposition on some Portion of Scripture, and thereby your Judgments are informed, as well as your Affections raised; Such Exercises, introduc'd and closed with warm, affectionate, and fervent Prayer, through the Grace of God, renders your Meetings

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comfortable and beneficial. Both Knowledge and Faith comes by Hearing, but the Fruits thereof are evident by Practice; Knowledge, without Practice is as Light without Heat; the Light of the Sun is pleasant, but 'tis its Heat that's profitable, that awakens and revives dormant Nature, puts Life into Vegetables, causes a flourishing Spring and a plentiful Harvest.

Religion without Knowledge is blind, and cannot find out the right Way, and too often leads into Superstition and Bigotry. And bare Knowledge without Practice, is dead, 'tis but a Shew, a Shadow, a Skeleton. Knowledge in the Head, and Love in the Heart, should be inseparable Concomitants in every Professor—There is nothing more easy than to discourse about Religious Matters, as they drop from the Tongues or Pens of others. But to hear God speak to the Soul, and to *feel* the Power of Religion in ourselves, and to experience the Operations of the Spirit of Grace in our Souls, is
rare!

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rare! We should not content ourselves with the most beautiful Shew of Religion (*i.e.*) with the Leaves and Blossoms of Profession, if we find not the Root of the Matter in us, *growing Deeper, Wider, and Stronger.* — What we pretend to, and feel not, in Matters of God, is but Hypocrisy; and the more we abound in the Externals of Religion, if at the same Time we are destitute of the Life and Power of it; then, the more we profess, the more we sin, and the farther off we are from God: *Never be easy until you can See, Feel, and Taste God in all your Enjoyments, Employments, and Sufferings; and more especially in all Religious Duties.*

Let your Eyes be ravish'd with the Beauties, and your Hearts inflamed with the Love of your Dearest REDEEMER; Let your Ears be attentive to his Calls and Instructions, and your Tongues filled with his Praises—'Tis he that leads you to the Presence-Chamber, adorns you with Robes, provides a Feast of Fatlings, and fills your Heart with spi-

ritual Food and Gladness; on Him you must rely for Assistance and Acceptance in every Duty.

And forasmuch as the greatest Part of your Number have not had a pious Education, but have been brought up in the Ignorance of the Rudiments of the Christian Religion, nor have been made acquainted with the holy Scriptures from your Childhood; but thro' Mercy been lately awakened out of your Security and Lethargy, by the Ministry of your beforementioned beloved Minister, whose Labours have been signally blessed in this City, as they have been in remote Parts for those good Purposes—You must not think that Convictions, Remorse, or Compuncttions of Conscience for Sin, or Raptures of Joy, is the Work of Conversion. It may be the Beginnings of such a Work, the Dawnings of the Day of Salvation. The Work of Regeneration bears a Resemblance to natural Generation; the Embrio is curiously wrought in the lowest Parts of the Earth, there
all

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all our Members are fashioned, when as yet there was none of them; and we were fearfully and wonderfully made! Your Growth in Grace, your Progress in Religion is a Work of Time, which must evidence the Reality of your Conversion. There have been (and, 'tis to be feared) too many there be, who begin in the Spirit and end in the Flesh. Many at first setting out in the Ways of Religion, (with the revolting *Galatians*) they run well, but alas! they hold not out to the End. The Seed that fell upon stony Places sprung up, and flourished for a while, but soon withered; so you may hear the Word with Gladness, and rejoice for a Season; but 'tis he that holds out to the End shall be saved: In order to do so, you must have a strict Regard to your Conversation, that it be as becometh the Gospel of our Lord JESUS CHRIST. Take Heed of concluding that you are true Converts and real Christians because you are frequent (and perhaps affectionate) Hearers. Consider, 'tis not the

bare Hearers, but the Doers of the Word, are blessed. Religion is a progressive Work; you must go from Grace to Grace, and from Strength to Strength. You have been often told by your beloved Minister, that 'tis vain and dangerous to rely on the Externals of Religion, to go on in a Round of Duties, without any Growth or Advancement in the Divine Life. What you hear and learn at your solemn Assemblies ought to be kept in Practice in your Civil Life, in your necessary Converse with others, and in your solitary Retirements. In order thereto, you ought to keep a strict Watch over your Thoughts, Words, and Actions; never suffer vain Thoughts to lodge within you: Let your Thoughts of God be high, holy, and awful; your Thoughts of your Neighbour, benevolent, kind, and charitable; and your Thoughts of yourselves humble, low, and jealous.—As you have something daily to do with God and with your own Hearts; then frequently look up to God, and
look

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look down into yourselves: Look up to God with joyful Spirits, with thankful Hearts; in Him you live and move; He is the Length of your Days and the Health of your Lives: He hath given you more noble Natures than the rest of his Creatures; He teacheth us more than the Beasts of the Earth, and maketh us wiser than the Fowls of Heaven; and given us excellent Faculties of Mind, and Perfection of Senses, by which Organs you may see, hear, feel, taste, and experience, much of the Goodness and Grace of God. Think often what a present Help, as well as present Helper, God is to you in every Time of Need. Be thankful for your Preservation from Dangers, Rescue out of Miseries, Kindness of Friends, Deliverance from Enemies, Protection of Angels, and Opportunities of doing and receiving Good.—Then let your Thoughts rise higher to his Spiritual Favours, and strive to raise your Affections with your Thoughts; bless God that you were born in a Place and Time
wherein

wherein the Light of the Gospel thone, and the *Glad Tidings* of Salvation rang in your Ears, bless God for the free Use of the Holy Scriptures, the Privilege of the Sacraments, the Communion of Saints, the Benefit of their Prayers, the Aid of their Counsels, and the Pleasure of their Conversation—for the Beginnings of Regeneration, for any Actings of Faith, Hope, Love, Zeal, Patience, Peace, Joy, and many other Blessings, and comfortable Enjoyments.—And then cast your Eyes down upon yourselves, and enquire whether your Thoughts have been fixed on God, and conversant with Heaven; whether they are charitable, lowly, pure and holy—whether your Senses have been carefully guarded, neither to let in Temptations, nor let out Sins. These Avenues of the Soul ought to be daily well guarded. Examine yourselves every Day as to your Speeches, whether they have been inoffensive, savoury, edifying; or vain, rash, indiscreet or corrupt.—And as to your
Actions,

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Actions, see to it, that they be warrantable, expedient, regular, and profitable: Your Thoughts, Words and Actions cannot rightly be managed, or duly regulated without a strict Watch upon the Heart, which must be kept with all Diligence, for out of it are the Issues of Life. Some Part or Portion of your Time every Day ought to be improved in Meditation and the Exercises of Devotion. This is the Way, thro' the special Assistance of Divine Grace, you will be enabled, not only to maintain your Post, but gain Ground, and Considerable Advantages against your spiritual Enemies.—Promise nothing in your own Strength; Be always humble & jealous of your own-selves; frequently enquire whether your Souls have gained or lost; if you go not forward, you'll certainly go backward—Have you declin'd in the Heat, Vigour, and Vivacity of Divine Love, in the Activity of Faith, Fervour of Devotion, Tenderness of Conscience, Fearfulness of offending?—Or have you gained
Ground,

Ground, increased in Grace) have you clearer Evidences of your Filiation and Adoption, stronger Assurances of Glory, more lively Hopes and Expectations of being for ever with the Lord?

Now may the God of Hope fill you with an Joy and Peace in Believing; and may you daily put in Practice the abovesaid few Directions; and you'll find unspeakable Benefit accruing to your Souls thereby. And when you have done all, you must say, *You are unprofitable Servants, that you have done nothing but what was your Duty*, and that very imperfectly.—You must hope for Salvation thro' the Merits of a crucify'd REDEEMER, stedfastly believing that he will deliver you from every evil Work, and preserve you to his heavenly Kingdom, who are also kept by the Power of God thro' Faith, unto Salvation. To conclude, Let all those who have these Hopes, give Thanks unto the Father who hath made them meet to be Partakers of the Inheritance with the
Saints

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Saints in Light. In fine, may the Lord bless you and keep you, make his Face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you, and lift up the Light of his Countenance upon you, and give you Peace. I rest

Your real Friend
in the Best Bonds,

*The Copy of a Letter from Mr. S——n
T——r, near Ashford in Kent, to
the Printer of this Book.*

Dear Sir,

IT is Matter of Joy and Consolation to see and hear of the Progress of the Gospel in divers Parts of this Christian Realm, and that the primitive Purity of the Gospel is reviving; that there is a breathing upon the dry Bones. It is really wonderfully refreshing to read the Accounts that we have noted in the *Weekly History!* And be it spoken with

with Reverence to those *Worthy Soldiers* of JESUS CHRIST, that in their Letters is compriz'd the sound Doctrine of Free and Efficacious Grace (which by carnal Reason and carnal Ministers was almost extinct in our Land) All Glory to God in the Highest, that there is a Revival of Religion, and of the Truth as it is in JESUS! Our dark Corner of the Earth has been visited with the REDEEMER'S Love, and why should we keep Silence? Such an Addition of late has been made to our little Fold, as has not been known in the Memory of Man, and of such Persons in whom we have great Reason to believe, have all the Marks of the New Birth; and so are made to see their own wretchedness by Nature; the Manner of their Conversion being different from our common Observation, causes Astonishment among us, and are at a Loss how to praise Redeeming Love!

We have form'd a little Society (and to the Praise of Sovereign Grace) it has been bless'd with wonderful
Success,

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Success, to the Comfort and Advantage of many Souls: And we pray that the Gospel may run and be glorious, and that the Labours of dear Mr. *Whitefield*, and his Fellow-Brethren, may still continue to meet with a powerful Success; and that the Lord in his due Time may direct the Steps of some of those worthy Champions to visit our Borders, is our hearty and sincere Desire. We have had some down amongst us, who have attributed to themselves the Title of *Methodist Preachers*, but I think they were not sent of God, but rather prompted all by Satanical Delusion, that there seems to be something of a necessitous Call for some to defend the Truths of the Meek and Holy JESUS. Dear *Howell Harris*, Mr. *Cennick*, and Mr. *Humphreys*, are much in our Affection; and much the Joy of our Hearts it would he to have a Visit from some of them; the Event of which we leave to the Direction of the all-wise God: In the mean Season, I doubt not but they will pray for all the scatter'd

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Lambs

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Lambs of the Meek and Holy JESUS;
and that we may be washed, that we
may be sanctified, that we may be
justified through the Lord JESUS,
and by the Spirit of our God.

I subscribe myself Your unworthy,
yet affectionate Servant,

S——n T——r.

P. S. I should gladly have a Correspondence with some of those whom I sincerely love; and it would be much to my Satisfaction (and I should esteem it a great Favour) to read a few Lines from their Hands, or any in Society with them.

O multiply thy Sower's Seed,
And Fruit they ev'ry Hour shall
bear:
Throughout the Land thy Gospel
spread,
Thy Everlasting Truth declare.

The

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*The Copy of a Letter from Mr. J——n
B——ts, a Soldier, to the Reverend Mr.
Whitefield.*

*Dated from the Town of Dewram, in
the Princedom of Palatine, March 5,
1743.*

Dearlly Beloved in Christ,

I Your unworthy Servant, but
Well-wisher in the Lord, return
my humble and hearty Thanks to
Almighty God for preserving me to re-
ceive your good and godly Advice,
which I receiv'd with a great deal of
Joy; not thinking that I was worthy
to have a Line from your dear Hands;
but perceiving there is no Respect of
Persons with those who are born again
of the Spirit, with our Redeemer, so
I perceive it is with those who are
his faithful Ministers.—O my
dear Friend and Teacher! how does
my Soul long after thee to hear thee
declare the wonderful Goodness of
a DYING GOD, and CRUCIFY'D
JESUS! for here we are in a barren
Wilderness, and cannot hear of the
2 E 2 Joy

Joy and Comforts as those may who now dwell in the Land of our Nativity: *My Soul is athirst for God, even for the living God*, praying, that if it were his heavenly Will and Pleasure, we may return to our native Country, that we may hear the glad and joyful Preaching of an exalted JESUS! in whom I hope for Mercy.—My dear Friend in the Lord, I humbly beg your Prayers to Almighty GOD for his Assistance, for of myself I can do nothing; also of all the dear Brethren and Sisters who enjoy your Preaching—Let them know how much I envy their Happiness—For me to want what they enjoy, is one of the greatest Sorrows that now afflicts me.—I pray them to make good Use of the precious Time that God has put into their Hands.—O dismal is our Fate! for nothing but swearing, cursing, and provoking God, and our Blessed Redeemer, is heard in our Army. Since it has pleased God to remove us, we have not the Opportunity of meeting together as
when

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when we were at *Ghent*; for we are separated that used to meet and enjoy sweet Fellowship and Communion with each other. I trust in Time, the Lord will deliver me from all my Sorrows of Heart, for I still see more and more of his Love towards me, therefore must still trust in his precious Blood for free Forgiveness of all my Sins.—O my dear beloved Friend in JESUS, how do I with my Hand could guide my Pen, to tell you the Goodness of God to me—but Heart cannot think it, nor Tongue express it, how good my God is to me every Moment of my Life, when in the midst of so great Danger, but for ever I must adore and praise Him for all His Mercies bestow'd on me a Sinner.—O my dear Teacher! I once more crave your Prayers to Almighty God for me.—I commit myself to his Protection; and implore his Assistance to me a Sinner—with hearty Prayers for all the Brethren and Sisters in Christ, I beg
 Leave

Leave to stile myself, Yours to command,
J. B.

P. S. I pray that our dear Saviour may give you a double Portion of his Spirit, that the World may know that your Preaching is not of Man's Words, but of the Spirit of our dear Redeemer Jesus Christ.

Continue still thy Love, dear LAMB,
 Fast lock him in thy Wounds;
 There let him dwell in all that Love,
 The helpless Soul surrounds.

The Copy of a Letter from the Reverend Mr. G——r, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Oulton, May 18, 1743.

My dear dear Brother,

THE more I write to, and receive from you, my Companion in Tribulation, the more strongly am I knit to you in the Love of the Lord Jesus.—Far be it from me to be instrumental in raising any Confusion among the Lambs of our most Tender and Loving SHEPHERD.
 —This

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—This never was in my View.—My Heart trembles at the very Thoughts of it!—I would have every Saint to live peaceably, avoiding all Disputes that tend to alienate Spiritual Affections, and hinder heavenly Harmony among them—If God shall bring me among you, I hope my Work shall be to preach JESUS CHRIST, and the great Salvation which has heretofore been published in his Name; endeavouring to keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace: Labouring (according to his Almighty Power) after the Edification of Christ's Body, and Conversion of his Enemies: And not seeking to make Parties and Divisions among the Lord's Followers, but the very contrary.—I have seen in some measure the hurtful Nature and Consequences of such Things. Eldred be the *Undivided Jehovah!* I am made to die daily to the empty Names and idoliz'd Distinctions, which do not at all recommend one to God: For *he is not a Jew which is one outwardly, &c.* I desire no other
Name

Name to be distinguished by but that of a Disciple of JESUS CHRIST, nor any other Glory do I desire, but that which comes from JESUS CHRIST.

Moreover, when I consider myself as very imperfect, and see but a very little into the Things of God, I am hereby taught to bear with others, especially such as agree not wholly with me; and rejoice to find Fellow-Citizens and Housholders of God so far one, as to hold one Head, one Blessed Father, and to have one New Nature, one Bread, one Way, one Guide, one Home, Happiness, and eternal Weight or Glory, as I trust we have.—And when we win to the last, you'll see, my dear Brother *Whitefield*, we'll all in every thing be of one Mind.—O when shall it once be? The Time is short! The Time is short!

I know your catholick Spirit, my dear Brother, and am not offended, but very well pleased with your Love-freedom towards me. In the great Reckoning-Day you shall have
full

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full Payment. As to the one Thing which seem'd to forbid my coming among you, I perceive it will be no Lett at all, unless the Brethren cannot have Fellowship and Freedom, in a Gospel Manner, with one of my Perswasion, the which I dare not as yet doubt of. I shall be glad of your Answer. I beg a continued Interest in your Prayers, in particular, and of the whole Church in general, Saluting every Saint in the Lord. I subscribe myself, Loving Brother,

Yours inseparably
in our Blessed Surety,

J. G.

*Another from the same, to Brother John
Cennick.*

My very dear Brother Cennick,

IHeartily thank you for your very welcome Letter. It has often been made sweet and refreshing to my Soul.—I hope you will overlook my long Silence.—I have been waiting to know the Mind of my blessed Master, and I cannot but think

think he would have me among you. If so, what am I that I should withstand God? If ever this be, O may it be for his Glory! I am indeed ashamed when I consider the infinite Baseness of my Nature, with the Acts and Exercises thereof. But O my dear SAVIOUR! what is it which thy Grace and Power cannot effect?—My Brother, do not look for any good Thing from me—Expect all that from JESUS CHRIST. In Him is my Fruit found—Indeed HE is my ALL. And there is enough in HIM—But O, whence is it that he should shew the Wonders of his Love to me!—I can say, to the lifting up of Sovereign Grace, fixing the Crown on the right Head, He has done Great Things for my Soul, whereof I am glad—Doubtless you will rejoice with me.—He has regarded the low Estate we were in when sunk in Sin, and fore oppressed by the wicked one—just (as I thought) at the Mouth of Hell—From thence has he fought and redeemed us.—And notwithstanding that since I
have

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have been rebellious and stubborn, bent to backsliding—yet hath he not forgotten to be gracious, neither hath his tender Mercies failed towards me.—O my Brother, I find God yet working in my Heart, reconciling me to the Cross; teaching me to deny myself; crucifying me to the World, and the World to me—O that I may not be disobedient nor slothful! for that would provoke to Anger, and cause many Stripes. I remember how *Abraham* obeyed his God—*Paul*, when called, reasoned not with Flesh and Blood—The Spirit is willing to imitate those gracious guided Ones, but the Flesh is weak—Satan wou'd have me not to expose myself—Nature is unwilling that Life and all should be hazarded for the sake of the LORD JESUS—Unbelief is my greatest Enemy—When I believe, I see the Salvation of God—When I doubt, I am in the Dark. Nevertheless he that has begun the good Work will carry it on: And though *Israel* be not much gathered here,

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here, yet shall I be glorious in the Eyes of the Lord, and my God shall be my Strength.—I should be glad of a Line from your dear Hand—Mr. *Whitefield* can shew you my State more fully.—God, I trust, will put it into your Heart to pray for me. I wish to be weighed in an even Balance; and to have my Dross and Tin quite taken away. Oh, if our SAVIOUR'S Image shines in one, naturally corrupt and defiled, it will be pleasing in the Sight of God and Angels, and cannot but attract the Love of my dear Brother *Cennick*, whose I am, and with whom I hope gloriously to dwell—only by the Merits of the adorable JESUS.

J. G.

P.S. *My kind Love to Mr. Harris. I should be glad to hear where you have been labouring; and how the Lord has strengthened you of late.*

Bless his Designs, Eternal GOD.
 In going be his Friend;
 Thy Glory all his Motive be;
 Thy Glory all his End.
 Hallow his Words and ev'ry Work
 Tho' weakly he begin;
 Prepare his Heart, and let him feel
 Thy SPIRIT'S Strength within.

The

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The Copy of a Letter from Brother John Cennick to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Tetherton, May 19, 1743.
Dear, Dear and Elder Brother in
 JESUS CHRIST,

OUT of the Abundance of my Heart I wish you all Prosperity in CHRIST JESUS both in Soul and Body. I don't doubt but you are bless'd to the People, among whom you are now ministering. I pray for you that you may grow up before them in the Steps of the Great SHEPHERD; and become a Pattern in all Christianity and Godliness to the whole Flock over whom the Holy Ghost has made you Overseer.—I found my Soul in a sweet Frame almost all the Time I kept my Vigil by the Tents of the Sheep in *London*; and found I had Food given me in Proportion to the many that attended the Word, and Strength according to my Day continually—So I believe it is with you, and more abundantly—May the LORD JESUS so favour you, 'till you shall end all your

2 F Labours

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Labours in the Bosom of *Abraham*. I suppose dear Brother *Humphreys* (who is now in, or about *Burford*) will for some Time leave *Bristol*, and be chiefly in that Country—His Wife writes after the Tenor of these Words to one in *Bristol*—He is own'd in the Circuits he takes in *Gloucestershire, Oxfordshire, &c.*—This induces him to judge he is called there—Should we not wait upon our Saviour, my dear Brother, for Direction in the Matter of calling some other Brother to *Bristol*?—You know dear Brother *Jenkins* is gone into *Breconshire*; and dear Brother *Adams* intends (if the Lord please) to go to *Hampton* in a few Days—I seem as if I was chain'd here for a few Weeks, because of the Building which can't well go forward unless I am present. All Things as yet prospers in carrying it on—We propoae to front it with Brick, and cover it with Stone—Part of it is got in Readiness to be put up. The Foundation is to be laid on *Tuesday* Morning—
The

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The LAMB of GOD is exceeding
good to me indeed.—

*I daily on his Bosom lean,
And shew him all my secret Pain;
So He, my Saviour, gives me Ease,
And I his name sincerely praise;
Yea He so loving is to me,
So tender of me and so free,
That I'm amaz'd, and often cry,*
O tell me Blessed LAMB for why
Thou lov'st and favour'st thus thy

Child,

So full of Error, and self-will'd?
He only answers smilingly,
I love thee, would'st thou know for
why?

(here;

Then come and read what's written
"I love them freely." All I spare
Shall own in ceaseless Songs aloud,
I am a Sin-forgiving GOD!
Yea Heav'n and Earth thall know my
Name,

And Nature is to Men the same.
*O Brother! when my Lord thus saith,
How do I kiss his Wounds by Faith,
And say like happy Mary, All*
From henceforth me shall blessed call,
While I the Chief of Sinners too,
Shall sing 'till Heav'n and him I view.

The Brethren here are very loving indeed—The World can't help owning—*See how these Christians love one another.* On Tuesday Evening, after we had asked the LORD JESUS leave, we began a new Society at *Longley*, where we had so much Opposition.—I took down the Names of eight Men and twelve Women, whom I trust are acquainted with the Lord, or savingly convinced of Sin. I purpose to visit them again on *Friday*.—Last Night I preached here—The People come all round about as Doves crowding to their Windows, to hear—The Prejudices which they had entertain'd through the Church Ministers, &c. against us, is pretty well removed by our Saviour—He draws, and they must come. One of the Servants to a neighbouring Farmer who has been chief in disturbing us, yea the very Ringleader and Head of the rude Fellows, came last Night and stood seriously—Many observed him very attentive, and weep—If he should be wrought upon, he will say with
one

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one of our dying Sitters in *Kingswood*,
it is of free Grace! It is of free Mer-
cy!—Many here salute you, and
 the Church with you. I send them
 my Blessing and Love; and pray
 them and you not to forget poor,
 little, and weak

J. Cennick.

Another from the same, to the same.

Little Somerford, May 16, 1743.

My very dear Brother,

THE Lord very graciously
 brought me to *Tetherton* early
 last *Monday*, where I preach'd to a
 sweet Company in the Morning, and
 in the Evening at *Longley*—Our
 Saviour was with us in both Places,
 and (blessed be God) we were fa-
 vour'd with much Peace. Several
 were present who before had di-
 sturbed us—But the Lord held their
 Hearts in his Hands—On the
 Morrow I visited *Kingswood*, and af-
 ter preaching there, I went to *Bristol*
 with dear Bro. *Adams* and *Jenkins*—
 I believe the Lord Jesus has own'd
 the latter in this Country—I love

him well in the Bowels of our Dear MASTER.—He set out for *Wales* on *Friday* Morning, and hastened, because we heard that Brother *Harris* was very sick, and that he might help him in the *Work* of the Ministry. I parted with Brother *Adams* on the same Day—He went to *Tockington* and round about, while I preach'd at *Bristol*.—On *Saturday* I came to *Avon*, and was there greatly assisted to speak of the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, and him crucify'd—I spent the Evening with some Christian Friends who were present at Brother *G—y's* Death—The Day before he died one asked him if he knew he should be happy—To whom he answered, *I Know that Tomorrow I shall be with the Lord in Paradise*. I believe God has spoken by his Death to some of the Society, and to many others—There was somewhat very awful in the whole—Another of the Followers of *Brinkworth* about the same Time slept in the Lord; as did a little before, one of this Place, a Woman of a sorrowful,

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ful Spirit.—She seem'd to have no true Consolation till within a few Days of her Departure—I believe we shall begin to build the School-House at *Tetherton* the Week after *Whitsunday*—I shall be glad if you don't send for Brother *Adams* till the Time our Saviour calls you to leave *London*; then I suppose he can leave *Hampton* for a longer Season. I salute the Society, and them especially of your House.

I am, as I think I always am, a little poor Sinner, and your Affectionate and younger Brother in the Kingdom and Patience of JESUS CHRIST,

J. Cennick.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Thomas James, to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Dear Dear Sir,

I Must tell you, I dearly love you in the LORD JESUS—Where this shall find you I don't know; only I am persuaded it will
be

be in the Lord's Vineyard, and inviting Sinners to the Marriage of the LAMB, telling them that *all Things are ready* Publishing the Glad Tidings of the well-order'd Covenant of Grace in *JESUS*, which *Every Way Suits Poor Sinners* so well that All we want for Time or Eternity is laid up in Him—Oh how slow are our Hearts to believe! and are ready to charge *JESUS CHRIST* foolishly in every Temptation, crying out, *Matterest thou not that we perish?* O this Unbelief weakens all our Graces, hardens our Hearts, cools our Love, quenches our Zeal, and brings us again into Bondage and Captivity—but our Lord gives me to believe that I shall experience the Liberty of Faith; *for I Know that He hath loved me with an Everlasting Love*, and is now daily making me more happy in Himself! And indeed he has taken me from the Dunghil, and set me with the Princes of his People—O that a Sense of this Love did break my wicked Heart, which is full of Pride
and

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and Self—Robbing God of his Glory, and exalting itself above all that is called God—I have manifold Temptations and Trials from within and without; from the World, my own Heart, and from Satan, and his subtil Devices; but I hope by and by our Lord will deliver me out of them all. Oh if I were near you, I would tell you my whole Heart, vile as I am. I do not find such Union with any. Though indeed I am not worthy of your Fellowship, yet God greatly blesses it to my poor Soul, above any—May I be enabled to thank Him for it a thousand Times—I want indeed an humble thankful Heart, and to be always doing for God—O pray for me dear Mr. *Whitfield!*—I want also a resigned will, to commit all my Cares into the Hands of the Lovely LAMB, who has indeed wonderfully cared for me hitherto—Indeed I have a wicked unbelieving Heart.—I know, my dear Man, that you are tempted and tried more than I, therefore it is I write unto
you,

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you, hoping you will pray for me, and send me a Line when our dear Lord gives you Leave, for indeed they are greatly bless'd which you have sent—I know you long to hear some News from the Lambs. Many of them seem to go on sweetly—The Lord has greatly blessed your coming among us—with Regard to Zeal and good Order indeed, all seem to submit to it, and look upon it as the Lord's Doings, and not Man's.—We shall by and by move terribly as an Army with Banners. Many are under the Teaching and Drawings of the Father, and some in their first Love; and many in the Furnace, who will come out shortly as Gold:—And I believe there are some who walk in the Liberty and Comfort of the Holy Ghost.—Your Discourse on Christian Privileges was bless'd in a wonderful Manner! and many are asking when you will come again; may our God send you in his own Time.

Brother *J*—*n* *W*—*y* came to *Builth* the 3d. of *May* unexpected:
His

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His Letter that he sent before, miscarried. He also was refused the Church—He preached out at the End of the Chancel very sweet, and free from Controversy; and is to come again in *August* next. After he had preached twice, he kept a Society. The Rev. Mr. *P*—*ps* was with him.—He pray'd with great Power for Brother *Harris*.—I am just come home from visiting the Lambs, and God was with me of a Truth, and has greatly blessed me among them. To Him be All Praise! I know you will bless Him for being with poor unworthy me. On *Saturday* about Twelve o' Clock I went to a Society, being very weak in Body and Spirit, with a deep Sense of my own Unworthiness. I committed myself to *JESUS*. Just as I was going to begin, one came with a Bible to me, and said, *I open'd the Bible, and this Passage brought great Comfort to my Soul, and if you are led to speak something on it, I shall be glad.* I look'd upon the Passage; it was the Seventh Chapter of the *Acts* and Ninth Verse. I went
to

to Prayer, and I believe my poor captive Heart was set at Liberty and enlarged, and I discoursed on the Words with uncommon Power: And one sweet Soul that was prejudic'd against me, despising greatly our Order, resolved she would not be guided by me, nor be examined; but in our coming away she confessed all, and was made free. O thank the Dear LAMB for this, and especially for shewing me my own Heart at the same Time.

I am about to take a Room in *Brecon* for a Society. I have been to see it, and like it exceedingly well. Pray on this Account. I discoursed there to a vain Number of People with more Power than ever, in the room of Mr. *Harris*, on *Sunday* Evening at Five. Many seem'd to receive the Word with Gladness; May it not be on Stony Ground.—I find it good for me to be humbled, blessed be God.—I have been at *Tre-vecka* in the Absence of Mr. *Harris*, and our dear Lord was pleased to come wonderfully among us. One
there

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there came and told me his Experience was, that he look'd upon his State to be so bad, that unless God would send some of his most powerful Assistance, his Heart could not be touched—but God immediately manifested his mighty Power, and not Man's. To him be all the Glory!—We had sweet Fellowship privately till about Twelve. I conclude, having left no room to enlarge, I subscribe myself,

Your Poor Unworthy Brother,

Thomas James.

Attend with mighty Pow'r the Word,
 When he thy Grace, O LAMB,
 proclaim,
 'Till Multitudes shall own Thee God,
 And humbly bless thy JESU's
 Name!

*From Brother Price of Waterford,
 to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.*

Dear, Dear and Rev. Sir,

As I was returning home I was
 refreshed at hearing what the
 the Lord had done by you at *Carmar-*
 2 G *then,*

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them, that many have been awakened there; and likewise at *Swanzey*. In the latter there was a notorious *Magdalen*, whom the Lord has so wrought upon, that ever since you left that Place, she has almost continually been crying. They have also set up a little Society.—When I came home I was told of the Success here. There are three young Men awaken'd by your Ministry. I believe I need not use many Arguments to persuade you to come and visit us again, because I am persuaded the Love of God will constrain you.—Their Cry is very loud at *Swanzey*, that you would be so good as to send Brother *Cennick*, or *Humphreys*, before the next Association; and that they would visit us in the Way, because we don't expect to see you before the next Association. May the Lord be with you where-ever you go, is my unfeigned Prayer. I believe he will keep your Bow strong against all the Archers that shoot at you. I can bless God for the Admittance I have had into
your

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your Company and Ministry, and for the Sweetness I have while I am writing to you. I feel myself present in Spirit, tho' absent in Body; and though you shall shine brighter in Glory, I trust I shall be in some Corner there too, admiring the LAMB for evermore. The Thought of this is sweet, yea sweeter than the Honey-comb! Dear Sir, what shall I tell you?—I feel I love you with the same Love that your MASTER and my MASTER hath loved us, though not to that Degree, yet it is of the same Sort.—I long to see you, yet I believe my coming home was of the Lord. How shall I give over? though Words fail me, yet Love constrains me to say, *My Soul hangs on you; and that I love you because CHRIST loves you; and that it has pleased Him to make Use of you in so wonderful a Manner!* May you go on and ride in your MASTER's Chariot! Forgive my Folly—Methinks I hear you say, *Poor simple Fellow! He has drank a Drop of my MASTER's New Wine*—Indeed, Sir,

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so I have. I think I could remain
on this Topick all Night, but Time
and Paper fails me. I am, Dear Dear
Sir,

*Your Obliged, Poor,
But Happy Brother,
In the Spotless LAMB,*

Apr. 22,
1743.

Thoms Price.

O give him more, more ev'ry Day,
'Till he's quite sunk in Grace,
To drink, still drink, for since thou
gav'st
Him Life—such Thirst takes Place.

*From Brother Adams to the Reverend
Mr. Whitefield.*

Hampton, June 4, 1743.

Honour'd and very dear Sir,

I Did not receive the Letter from
Brother G—— till to-day, nei-
ther did I write, because I expected
to see you in the Country. The
Work of the Lord goes on sweetly
here. Multitudes flock daily to hear
the Word. I have been come from
Bristol

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Bristol about nine Days. The Lord has been sweetly with me in publick and private. Our Society increases daily—But two of the Brethren have not done prudently—for they have met Societies in two or three Places unknown to me, and that in the Time of my Preaching. This has been a Trial to many of the Society, for fear it should cause a Separation—But I have spoke to them both, and I believe it is in some Measure stopp'd.—But as the Providence of God calls me to *London*, I commit the Cause into his Hand—The Government is on his Shoulders. I intend, God willing, to be in *London* next *Wednesday*. I hope the Lord will incline you to come and visit *Gloucestershire*—the People long for it.—God only knows how much your Preaching was bless'd when here last.—I have been here but a few Days, and I believe I have heard of more than twenty who I trust are effectually wrought upon by your Ministry—and I doubt not but we shall hear of many more—Your

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G 3

private

private Meetings were unspeakably bless'd to many; and if you come at this Time I believe it will be bless'd to the hindering of a farther Breach, and healing what is already made. Dear Sir, I feel I sincerely love you, and much honour you—but I fear I have grieved you, though undesignedly, otherwise you would have wrote to me yourself; but if I have, I freely ask your Pardon, and desire you to pity and pray for

*Your Poor Sinful Brother,
And Sincere Serrvant,
in the LAMB,*

Thomas Adams.

*From Brother Howell Harris, to the Rerverend Mr.
Whitefield.*

Waterford, May 12, 1743.

My Dear Dear Brother Whitefield,

Blessed be God that ever inclined our dear Soul to think on is poor, scattered, and leprous, and sick Lambs in *Wales*—Many I know are the Burdens you have al-
[[ready]] had from us, but I know you
bear

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bear them as the Lord's, and He will enable you under them, and reward you.

Yesterday we met and consulted, and parted in great Peace, Love and Union. While we were reasoning with Brother *Price* about his Temptations to leave the Work—your kind Letter was brought in, which was such a direct Answer to us, and so spake the same what the whole Society had said before, and coming at that Moment, while we waited for Direction, that I believe he was made fully easy.—The Lord makes me thank you heartily for your kind Notice of, and Tenderness to me. Indeed now your Love breaks my Heart, and makes me write with Tears—'Tis too much, dearest Sir—I believe it will be our principal Work, till our next Association at *Treveck*a to examine the Exhorters, to settle them in their Places, &c. So we can have, as appears now, nothing particular to send up.—Last *Sunday* I heard Brother *John Wesley* preach upon the Seventh of the
the

the *Romans*. He was very sweet and loving, and seem'd to have his Heart honestly bent on drawing the poor Souls to CHRIST.—The Persecutors at *Cardiff* said, if he would preach any where but at the new Room they would not disturb him, but would come and hear; whereat he preached at the *Castle-Green*, concluding it was God's Call out of the House to the Streets, &c. He was disturbed and hindered preaching at *Cowbridge*.

I trust you so far know me as to give me a deep Room in your warmest Addresses to Heaven. I am fully persuaded, as Brother *Powell* observes, I never saw the Greatness of my Work, nor sufficiently felt the Burden of it, and consequently am light: But what shall I do?—

I would be (but am not) Your poor truly broken and affectionate Brother in the LAMB,

Howell Harris.
P.S.

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P.S. *All the Brethren salute you most tenderly; and I am sure you have a most deep Place in their Hearts; and I believe it would rejoice my Soul, when near God, to find that I might be honoured with washing your Feet.*

I should be glad if you would write me a Line—if not, I will not be offended with you, for indeed I wonder how you can think of me!

Another from the same, to the same.

May 25, 1743.

My Dear Dear Brother,

THINK you that I have forgotten you? I have not wrote, though I often intended it, this Fortnight, but could not till now. I am now at the third Monthly Meeting we have had since I saw you. Blessed be God, I can send you more and more good News! I hear of the Fruit of your Labour among us, in convincing some, comforting and strengthening others; and recalling many Backsliders: But it can't be expected

expected much can be known so soon. You are universally liked; and most hunger much for the Word from your Lips again.

The Work spreads itself wider and wider among us daily; especially in the Counties of *Carmarthen*, *Cardigan*, and *Pembroke*, the Lord comes more and more upon the Congregations.—Yesterday I discoursed with more than ordinary Power where you did, near *Llandovery*, it being the Fair-Day there. I believe Hell trembled! and I was present with you in *Moorfields*.

The Day before I discoursed in *Carmarthen-Fair*, where some of the politer Sort heard very quietly, as they did yesterday at Noon—Most of what we did, and shall do in our Monthly Society, I believe, 'till our next general Association, is to settle the Private Exhorters, &c. I hear a young Minister is under Convictions by hearing Brother *John Wesley*, when he was at *Builth*. He is very loving.—The Brethren, I trust, are all bless'd in their Places—
Some

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Some of them especially preach with great Power and Success; and the Lambs come more and more to Order daily. I believe Prejudice falls much to the Ground among the Carnal; and I see it will more and more, as we grow up out of the dry bitter Spirit of the Law, into the kind, tender, compassionate, and loving Spirit of the SAVIOUR.—I saw Brother *William Powell* since my last, and we had sweet Union together, and I trust solid Love; and were much bless'd to each other.—All the Brethren every where cordially salute you.

The Night before last I lay at Mr. *D—r's* House, a Magistrate, who is very hearty to you and all of us.—We have given Mr. *Erskine's Law-Death* and *Gospel-Life* to be translated into *Welch*, against our next Association. We thought it would be of universal Use to all the Lambs with us, as it is very sound and sweet and heart-fearching, and would be received by all. We had to-day much uncommon Love and Power together,

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together, and I trust CHRIST revealed himself in his prophetick Office among us, in settling and ordering us. By our next Association, I trust, everyone shall be settled in his Place. I am now in great haste, and, with undissembled Love,

Yours for ever in JESUS,

Howell Harris.

FINIS.

AN
ACCOUNT
Of the Most
Remarkable Particulars
Relating to the
PRESENT PROGRESS
OF THE
GOSPEL.

*Behold, I bring you good Tidings of great
Joy, which shall be to all People, Luke
ii. 10.*

Number III.

VOL. III.

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MDCCLXIII.

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AN
A C C O U N T
 OF THE
 Most Remarkable Particulars
 relating to the Present Pro-
 gress of the Gospel.

*The Copy of a Letter from Mrs. A. L. to
 Mr. Cennick.*

March 27, 1743.

Dear Sir,

I WRITE to you in much Weakness to acquaint you of the mighty Work our SAVIOUR has begun in our Family, since you was at *Swindon*. It makes me to adore the *Freeness of Electing Love!* I would acquaint you with a few Particulars concerning us; and of the

A 2

Lord's

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[4]

Lord's Delling with my eldest Sister, who was born lame in her Hands and Feet: She is four and thirty Years of Age, and she never yet could go or stand. She has waded through many Temptations, but *now* she hath found the MESSIAH, to the Amazement of us all! One Morning as one of my Sisters was going by her Cradle, she call'd to her very earnestly, and said; *Sister, come to me:* And when she came, my lame Sister burst into Tears. She was so fill'd with Divine Love and the Power of God, that she could not speak for some Time! And when she had Freedom to speak she cried out, *O the Love of CHRIST! My Precious CHRIST! O that I had Wings to fly to my Sweet SAVIOUR! Here* (says she) *I am lame, but JESUS will make me walk in Heaven!* Indeed I can say it was a joyful Day to me, I was visited with the Presence of God myself, and so was my Sister, that we were carried up as upon the Wings of Love! We have two Boys that live with us, one is twelve Years of Age,

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Age, and the other fourteen. There dear Children are enquiring their Way to *Zion*. I have heard them myself privately on their Knees: And when I have been talking to them about Heaven, the Tears have run down their Cheeks. The youngest of them came to me one Day, and said; *NANNY, Have you got the Love of JESUS CHRIST, and do you Know that he died for you? Yes (said I) I have. Then (said he) I must know it too, or else I must go to Hell when I die, do what I will.*

One *Sunday* these Children were left at home with my lame Sister: So they fastened the Doors and sung an Hymn: And then they both kneeled by my Sister's Cradle; and the eldest of them pray'd so that my Sister was amaz'd to hear him! They ended the Day praising God. We be eight of us that join together to praise our Dear REDEEMER. As concerning myself, I do now walk in great Liberty. Blessed be God for his unspeakable Gift! I have not once doubted of my Salvation ever since

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April, 1742. neither hath God hid his Face from me a whole Day ever since. I have been in divers Frames of Spirit. I do meet with great Trials, both in my inward and outward Man; but JESUS thro' the Riches of his Grace, carries me beyond 'em and Sometimes God hath hid his Face for the Space of an Hour; then I wou'd think to myself, *What have I done for God to be so angry with me?* I mourn'd like the Turtle, and wou'd be as one gasping to die; then wou'd the precious Blood of JESUS be applied to my Soul, the Glory of my LORD would dart in upon me, as though the Sun shone on my Soul. Indeed, I have been so fill'd with Divine Love, that with the Spouse, I have cried out, *I am sick of Love!* I have intreated the Righteous LORD to stay his Hand, for I cou'd hold no more! O the Love of CHRIST in visiting such a poor ignorant Wretch as me! O cou'd I praise my Dear SAVIOUR as I would, I wou'd make the Heavens and the Earth echo with my Praises! I wou'd
sing

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sing the Mercies of a crucify'd JESUS every Step of my Way to *Zion*. I would tell every Sinner what God hath done for my Soul. This I am still assur'd of, that whatever Trouble I shall meet with, God will work all for my Good; and bring me thro' great Tribulation to his Kingdom, where I doubt not but I shall meet a great many of my dear Fellow-travellers, who accompany me on the Way. May our God increase the Number of his little Flock! May Unity and Peace multiply; and Satan fall from Heaven like Lightning! God hath been very gracious to me in shewing me my Errors, and in guiding my slippery Feet aright. GOD Himself is my Teacher, in whom I desire always to be found.

O that it was the Will of God to send his Gospel and water this barren Place, in which I live. I told you I was writing my Experience; but I have very little Time, excepting *Sundays*. How does it repent me, the Years that I spent in Vanity? now when I can gain a little
Time

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Time to wait on my God, it is better to me than all the Gold in *Arabia*. I have many Things to write to you, but: Time will not permit. I, with my Friends, intreat your Prayers. And may the God of all Grace multiply you in all Wisdom from above. And may the Knowledge of the LORD JESUS increase on the Earth.

Farewel.

A—— L——ce.

From Brother Humphreys to Brother

G——.

Hampton, May 30, 1743.

My dear Brother G——,

I Received yours, and dear Mr. *Whitefield's*. Supposing your Letter-Day is near, I have sent you some Account of my unworthy Endeavours for the spreading the Fame of JESUS, since I left *Bristol* a Fort-night ago—My first Journey was to *Castle-Comb* in *Wilts*—Where to a good Number of Souls I testified the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. The next Evening I met a large Congregation

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gation at *Hampton*, where my Heart was much enlarged, and the People seemed much affected—The Day following I visited the new-awakened Souls at *Chedworth*; and had Freedom to tell them that Sin should not have Dominion over them, since they were now no longer under the Law, but under Grace—The Sabbath, and two following Evenings I spent at *Burford*, calling to dead Sinners of that Town to awake from their Sleep, and flee from the Wrath to come. Some of the Carnal seem'd a little attentive, and were willing however to hear. God grant they be so convinced as never to have Rest, till Christ is in them. *Wednesday* I preach'd at *Abington*, seven Miles from *Burford*: where are a few that love the LORD JESUS in Sincerity, and hope there will be more added to their Number shortly—The next Day I went to *Bourtown*, and preach'd in the Meeting-house—shewing how Sinners were to lay hold on Christ by Faith. From thence on *Friday* I went ten Miles farther,

farther, to a Place near the Borders of *Warwickshire*, called *Hook-Norton*, or *Hogs-Norton*, where I had never preached before. I had much Liberty to declare the Love of Christ to poor Sinners, after having endeavoured to shew them their lost State by Nature—May the Lord set the Word home with Power—The next Evening I preached at *Whitney* to a good Number of Souls in a private House—shewing how far they might go, and not be in a State of Salvation, withal exhorting them to come to Christ that they might have Life—The next Morning by seven I preached there again, being the Sabbath) with sweet Enlargement in my Soul, and hope with some Success to the Souls of the Hearers. The middle Part of the Day I preach'd twice at *Burford*, and in the Evening at *Aldworth*—where I hope the Lord visited his People.

Monday, May 16, I visited some dead Sinners at *Glanfield*, near *Bampton* in *Oxfordshire*, a Place where I had never before been—and on the
Common

[II]

Common, in the midst of a pretty large Congregation, I stood and cry'd, *If any Man is athirst let him come unto CHRIST, and drink! for he that believeth in Him out of his Belly shall flow Rivers of Living Water.* The People behaved very well for the first Time; some were affected, and shed many Tears—I wish with all my Heart Mr. WHITEFIELD would come thither. There seems indeed to be an open Door. The next Day I preach'd the Forgiveness of Sins in the Blood of JESUS to all heavy-laden Souls; and warned the wise Professors to take heed lest that come upon them which was spoken of in the Prophets: *Behold, ye Despisers, and wonder, and perish! For I work a Work in your Days, a Work which you shall not believe, tho' a Man declare it unto you.*

Tell Mr. *Whitefield* he is earnestly desired to visit *Fairford* also. If there were but timely Notice he would have Multitudes of Hearers in those Parts round about. The following Days I visited. *Hampton, Roscomb, Stanley, and Chalford* in *Gloucestershire*;
shewing

shewing the Preciousness of *CHRIST* in dying for *Sinners*, and the absolute Need of each Soul's having a sure and certain Interest in his Death. On Sabbath-Day Morning I preach'd on *Hampton Common* (*May 22.*) It was a sweet Opportunity. There was a great Congregation. While I was discoursing on the Righteousness of God, a certain Nobleman (as I am informed) coming by at the Time, drove out of the Road to the Congregation, and heard me till I had almost done. *God grant he may be clothed with CHRIST's Righteousness when he appears in the Judgment!* Though it rained most of the Time, I think none went away—*Surely then they don't now come for Curiosity, but to be fed with the sincere Milk of the Word!* In the Evening I preach'd at *Chedworth* on these Words: *Those that have turn'd the World upside down, are come hither also.* The following Day I visited the City of *Gloucester*, and some Country Villages—The next Sabbath-Day (*May 29.*) which was Yesterday, I preached twice at
Burford:

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Burford.—I think the Villages are usually more favoured with our Lord's Grace than the Market Towns. Wherefore in the Evening I brake out upon *Glanfield Common* again: And though it was rainy, I don't know but there might be near a thousand Hearers. It rain'd both before and after, but held up all the Time preaching.—All was quiet, and I trust the Power and Presence of the Lord was among us. I was informed of a certain rich Person who favoured this Way, and would give me Leave to preach in his Confines.—I with Mr. *Whitefield* would come hither. Indeed I hope the HOLY GHOST will fall down in these Parts. This Morning I preach'd at *Hannington*, within a Mile of *Highworth*.—Some of the barer Sort brought Water to fling upon me—but before they could do it, one kick'd down the Bucket; so that I had Time to finish my Testimony among them.—Some great Man came by, and heard me, till I talk'd of Judgment to come, and then he rode off.—

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Not-

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Notwithstanding this, several People seem'd heartily and affectionately to embrace me, which makes me think there is an open Door for the Everlasting Gospel there also.—I have this Day sent for Brother *Cennick*, if possible, to come and second the Call—It is near him—*Chedworth* lying in the midst. I have taken a House for the Conveniency of Lodging and Preaching, to which there is a Stable, and Piece of Ground, for three Guineas a Year.—Great Men threaten; but He that is higher than the highest will maintain his own Cause.—I am Yours,

J. Humphreys.

The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell Harris in Wales, to a Sister in London.

Pembrokeshire, July 18, 1743.

My dear Sister,

HOW is it with your dear Soul? Does the Redeemer yet withhold the sweet Breathings to dispel all your Doubts and Darkness?

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ness? yet if he enables you to lay hold of Him by Faith, tho' without Sight, Feeling, or Fruition, be patiently thankful.—Truth itself cannot lie; and Faithfulness itself cannot change. His Ways are not as our Ways; but all his Ways are Love, whether we see them such or not. He gives me to be mindful of you: And I am persuaded He will soon come to bring you to glorious Liberty, either of Faith or Fruition. May Patience have its perfect Work. All the Graces must be try'd in us all; but one Grace more in one, and one in another. This he makes to exceed in one, and that in another.

The Lord has indeed wonderfully favour'd poor *Wales*. He blesses the Ministers, Exhorters, and People more and more. I can't yet fully determine when I shall see your dear Faces in *London*. Haste calls me to repeat my Assurances that I am, according to the Grace I have receiv'd, *Yours most sincerely and Affectionately, in our Dear EMANUEL,*

HOWELL HARRIS.

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*Another from the same, to a Brother in
London.*

Pembrokeshire, July 18, 1743.

Dear Dear Brother,

I Had the Favour of your kind and honest Letter some Time ago.— Which, had I not been busy or ill, I shou'd have answer'd sooner. If the Enemy now sets upon you, don't wonder; you have enter'd the List against him, and under your Feet he shall come. The Lord of Hosts hath said it, and it shall be accomplished; fear not! Look still to the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant. There every Grace is laid up, conquering Grace and persevering Grace! and that which secures God's Glory and your Comfort. I know your Temptations are strong and many,

But JESUS knows it.

Fear not! thou shalt not be asham'd! I know all shall work for your good. It is good to have Crosses of all sorts; thereby we become conformable to the Death of the LAMB. And when the *old Man* is crucify'd, we shall

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shall more clearly *Feel* the Power of His RESURRECTION in our Souls; and live by Faith, and in Faith behold His Glory; and to Walk in His Love continually. My dearest Fellow-Citizen, should I forget thy dear Soul, I shou'd be very ungrateful! I hope I never shall! *My Soul hangs on thine!* Excuse my Freedom; I think I'm willing to wash your Feet; and long to be made useful to your *new-born Soul*. JESUS I am confident will keep you watchful and humble, and enable you to look to Him. And if you fall He will raise you, and heal all your Backslidings.

O Blessed be GOD for
JESUS CHRIST!

I know you cry *AMEN!* If the LORD will employ you to do anything, you shall meet great Trials. My Heart is enlarged to you much. But I must conclude, Thine, Dearest Brother, for ever in the LAMB, to live and die, and live again,

Howell Harris.

The Copy of a Letter from Brother Cennick, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Tetherton, June 2, 1743.

My dear, and more than dear Brother,

I Have as it were stollen a few Minutes, that I may employ them in writing to you of the Work of our Saviour, and how it prospers in this Part of his Harvest.—On *Saturday* hit I went to *Kingswood*; and on the *Sunday*, after I had visited *Smith's-Hall*, I came to *Conham* and *Kingswood*, as usual; and then began the School there.—The Master whom we have chosen is one of the Brethren. He is to attend there from Nine in the Morning till the Evening—That beside the Children (whose Parents are chiefly chose of the Society) the Brethren and Sisters themselves may go at spare Hours, and learn either to read, write, or cast Accompts, or all.—I believe the Lord JESUS will bless our Beginning much. The Brethren are all greatly pleased that it is settled. On *Monday* Morning at *Bristol*, I thought the Lord breathed upon the Congregation,

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gation, as in Months that are past—
And a sweeter Time was it at Eleven
at *Kingswood*, and in the Evening at
Littleton. Surely it was a Night much
to be remember'd! I found the Lord
came down in Power while I was
preaching. But after I came into
Sister *B—*'s House, with about
twelve other Friends from *Dunley*,
Stanton, &c. many of us were as on
the top of the Mount indeed. I be-
gan to speak again of the Goodness
of our Dear MASTER to Sinners; and
the Holy Ghost so fell on them that
heard, as I hardly ever saw it before!
We continued praying and singing,
and in sweet Conversation till Bed-
time—and abode leaning on one
another's Breasts till we brake up,
longing to flee away and be with
CHRIST. All the Time of this un-
speakable Rejoicing in the LAMB of
GOD, I thought how much it re-
sembled the Time of one's first Love.
O that I may be so highly favoured,
that in my last Moments I may have
so sweet a Frame as I then had—
On *Tuesday* Evening I came and preach-
ed

ed to a great Company in the Barn at *Longley*. Here a young Brother who had lately been under great Concern of Mind, ran to me, and with Joy in his Eyes told me, “The Lord hath revealed himself to me! “I have found the LORD!”—When one of his House saw his Joy, he in Derision said, *What! I suppose we shall have thee a Preacher now?* O, answered he, *if I preach, it shall be Free-Grace!* I trust the Dear EMANUEL has much People here—After Sermon I met the new collected Society, which consisted of about twenty-five new Members, who, together with the Brethren of other Societies, made up a large Company. I found great Liberty to talk to them of giving themselves up to the Lord Jesus, and to one another in Him—I am persuaded the Lord is among the little Remnant in this Place—The next Day I came hither, and set another Bricklayer to work—All Things prosper. It would please you to see how many help us in Building, especially of the Brethren.
There

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There are a great many that work freely, some for a Day, others for more, just as they are able in the World.—Many of them who hated us put their Hand to the Work willingly: And many Children are daily busy in carrying Brick and Stones to the Workmen, who are all of the Brethren, save one—I have had it much upon my Mind that you shou'd invite either Brother *Harris* or *Adams* to *London*, and go and publish the Gospel of the Kingdom of God to the poor Sinners of *Cornwal*. I have often been invited thither, and I know you have too—Think on it before our Saviour—To whom also I pray you recommend your poor Brother and Fellow-labourer in God's Husbandry—The least of all Saints,

John Cennick.

P.S. *I heartily salute all of your House. I should be glad also to be remember'd to all the Society—I pray for them always—After a little Time I trust, I shall be given again to them. 'Till then I bid them all in the Lord JESUS Farewell!*

The

*The Copy of a Letter from Bro. Howell
Harris, to a Sister in London.*

June 4, 1743.

Dear Sister,

THO' much in my Hurry, I can't forget the Favour of yours to me. It was much blessed to me. I believe our Lord used your Pen to send some sweet Message to my poor Soul; and when this is manifest, our Call is clear to write frequently. O what an Honour it is to be made use of by the Holy Spirit, to speak to one another!—I believe our Lord has call'd you to assist in his Work; and if so, you must expect Opposition from all Quarters.—Satan will work on your own and all other's Corruptions, so that Faith and Patience will be fully exercised often: But we must be ourselves in every Trial, State and Frame, before we shall learn a *Saviour-like Spirit*, and naturally bear each other's Burdens, and sympathize with the Weak, the tempted and tossed—I believe our Lord is about a glorious Work.—Blessed be God, it seems to go on
sweetly

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sweetly indeed! The Gospel runs, and is glorified; and we have sweet Love and Harmony: But as the Work is, as it were, just beginning, it can't be expected that all the uneven Ways are yet made smooth, nor the crooked Paths of Nature made strait; nor the great Mountains of Pride and Self made low. This is a progressive Work, and will be gradually brought about. In the mean Time let us go on, bearing and forbearing. I am persuaded I have the Assistance of your Faith and Love and Prayers. Indeed I am but a Babe in Spiritual Knowledge and Strength. It is now much upon me, that I am called from the publick to a more private Work. My Reasons I shall say before you—I know you will lay them before the Lord, and your praying believing Acquaintance, especially the Visitors of the Bands—*First*, God seems to lay this more on my Heart than the others.—*Secondly*, My Nature is so worn out and spent, and my Body so impaired, that I have
not

not sufficient Strength; nor have I had a long Time, but what I had by Faith miraculously.—*Thirdly*, My Voice is habitually so taken away, that indeed I cannot make a great Auditory hear, at least, not without uncommon *Pain*.—*Fourthly*, By a Series of uncommon Trials from all Quarters, from Men, from Satan, and from my own cursed Nature, the Lord seems more immediately to be fitting me for inside Work.—*Fifthly*, He has poured publick Gifts of Calling, Convincing, and holding forth Christ to the unawakened, on many of our Brethren more than me: And I believe they are more blessed in this Work than I am.—*Sixthly*, There seems to be a Necessity for some-body for this Work; and 'tis Work enough separate from the Publick.—*Seventhly*, I should thereby have more Time for Reading, writing Letters, and perhaps doing and receiving Good in private.

These Reasons, especially my Hoarseness and Illness, makes it impracticable

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impracticable for me to come to *London*, unless some Brother comes with me for the publick Work. I am now on my Journey toward *Pembrokeshire*, and farthest Place Southward in *Wales* from *London*, to a Monthly Association we are to have next *Wednesday*. Pray remember me tenderly to as many of the dear Brethren and Sisters as you think will be glad to hear from your and their poor unworthy, but happy Brother in the Bleeding LAMB,

Howell Harris.

*Another from the same, to the Reverend
Mr. Whitefield.*

June 8, 1743.

My dearest Brother,

I know not where this shall find you; but I know you are still nearer and nearer to JESUS, and still riper for Glory. And, blessed be God, I am travelling on too. I am more and more favoured with Light, and Love, and Liberty—I am daily taught some Lessons, and

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led farther to view the Freeness and Fulness of the Everlasting Covenant, and to rest there. As to the Smoke of Rebellion, which continually rises from the Hell of Self within me, I shan't trouble you with an Account of—Thanks be to the LAMB, I trust I can send you much good News of the Progress of the Work among us in all abundant Measure indeed—To-day we had our Monthly Society here; and we settled the Affairs of these Parts likewise—and our Plan, on viewing and reviewing it, seems more and more to be right. Every one sees his Place, I trust, and takes it in Faith, and begins to feel the Weight of it; and to lay his Burden on Him whose it is; and to move on in Faith, Love, and Liberty—It can't be expected the Enemy should be easy when his Kingdom is in so many ways batter'd—but his Power is now but of a small Limit—He hardly touches, much less bruises our Heel—I never had such Teachings, and more
of

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of the Divine Influence I think than To-day; and all our Souls, I trust, grow by these private Meetings; and I doubt not but our Lord will much bless and teach us, and favour us with his peculiar Presence at *Tre-vecka*; and we shall by that Time know more of the Voice of the Lord in our Affairs—(Brother *D*—*s* being set in the Bishop's-Court for receiving Strangers, &c.) as also by seeing the general Voice of the Lambs, and what the Enemy works there—every Exhorter and Superintendent being now settled in his Place.

All the Brethren tenderly salute you with their warmest Affections, and longing to see you.—The Door is opened farther in *Herefordshire*; and *Radnorshire*, I hear is very much bless'd—Some, I hear were call'd thro' you when you was there, and the Lambs every where refresh'd.—I have some Reasons to think that our Lord is calling me in some measure from the publick to a more

private Work.—My Voice and bodily Strength are daily more and more taken from me; and I find the Lord blesses me, I believe, more in private Conversation, and in building up the Private Societies, than in the Publick Work: And there seems the more need for some to this Work now than the other, as so many are in so uncommon a Manner owned in Publick—I know you will lay it before the Lord—I am in hopes of a Line from you soon—But however I can with undissembled Love say that I am, my dearest and elder Brother,

Yours most affectionately
and sincerely,

Howell Harris.

*Anoint, O Lord, with thy bless'd Grace,
Thy Servant's Soul, and give him Peace,
Within thy Zion's Walls to see,
And Jacob's Seed's Felicity.*

*His Heart enlarge, his Soul inspire,
To claim thy Spirit's seven-fold Fire,*

On

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*On Isr'el's House in Streams to flow,
'Till Grace has swallow'd all below.*

*Another from the same, to a Gentlewoman
in the Country.*

Dear Dear Sister,

LAST Monday I receiv'd a Box from London, with six of your Letter-Books, &c. Blessed be the rich Fountain of Free-Grace, I have the Heart given me to rejoice in, and be thankful for all the Gifts and Graces, as also for every Drop that ever flow'd on any of our miserable Race, from that sacred Spring. May you live long to set forth with your Pen as publick as possible, the Glory of that Grace: And I know as my MASTER will constrain you, you won't forget me—that I may, with the rest sent out, be enabled to lisp out the Praises of the Dear REDEEMER—Was my Tongue employ'd in praising Him, and admiring the Mysteries at Love and Grace in Him, and in setting forth the unfathomable Abyss of Iniquity in us,

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and the Streams of Evil that continually flow like a Fountain out of the Mystery of Iniquity in us, you know I should but still begin: But, alas! I see I do but begin to see that I don't see, as it were, either of these as yet—I am sure I think and conceive as a Child; and therefore bear with me in speaking as a Child. But I am daily more convinced by Experience in seeing the careless Walk of many that say they know JESUS; and seeing but little Sign of Growth, nor of any deep Concern for the same; and observing also the unconceivable Evils that arise thence, *viz.* Hardening the Ungodly in their Prejudice against the Ways of God, &c. (which must move a loving new Heart) and dishonour the Name and Ways and Truths of God, and weakening the Hands of the Ministers of God, and fills the Mouths of the Enemies with Arguments against the Truth, &c.—I say I hereby am more convinced of the Necessity of insisting on all Divine
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vine Tempers, and universal Holiness, as inseparable Fruits of the good Tree, which can bear no other. And though there be another Root, which produces other Fruit, yet it should be well seen how Faith and Repentance are exercised, as to this—Want of this, I fear, has been one great Means to bring so many dear Souls into that Spiritual Slumber, and Indolence, and Indifference about the Cause of God, that they seem to be plunged in.—How terrible is it, to see one talking of knowing JESUS CHRIST, and perhaps these many Years too; and yet with the Image of the World, and the old *Adam* from Head to Foot; vain and trifling, or light and conceited, and void of that Divine Wisdom, Love and Tenderness, and Suitableness to the Company they are in, which shou'd bespeak them to be led by a better Guide than their own Spirits—'Tis shocking to see more Readiness to do good Offices, in such as pretend to no Orthodoxy
it

in Matters of Faith, than in such as have *all Knowledge*.—O dear Sister! spare not there, and the Holy Spirit will help you. How justly may it be said to most, *If CHRIST is all in all to you, how comes it about that you are so concern'd for your own Name and Riches? If HE is all yours, how does not that Faith that so receives Him, make you to be all His, you and yours, and all you have and are? If He breathed his first and last Breath for you, how comes it about that so much of your Time and Money and Talk are spent on the Lust of the Eye, the Lust of the Flesh, and the Pride of Life? If we are Children of God, where is his Image—Can HE beget Children unlike Himself? Can the ROOT be holy, and the Branches not be so! What! Redeemed of JESUS! and bear Fruit to Nature, and Self, and the Spirit of the World! What Contradictions are these! And if it be said, That which I would, that do I not, by reason of the Evil (the Body of Sin) present, where is the Mourning and Heart-breaking! How so light and easy*

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easy! Where's the striving by Faith in the REDEEMER'S Blood? Where is the Victory? What! always conquer'd! always remain a Babel! always asleep!

These are Signs indeed of a dead Soul. Always will our Conversation be on Earth, instead of Heaven.— I humbly think (though there is a Body of Sin in us, and too often prevails to our great Shame and Grief, yet) we shou'd insist upon it, that *The good Tree cannot bear evil Fruit, and the Bond-woman and her Children must be cast out.* Sin must be subdu'd and brought under Dominion, that JESUS may reign, and have the Use of all the Talents—We shou'd insist upon it, that that Faith that seems to apply Christ, and adhere to him, and venture on, and see him bearing our Sins, and does not purify the Heart of Self-love, Bigottry, and the Love of the World, &c. and does not grow, and produce all Divine Tempers and Universal Pity to Mankind, and true genuine Love to all Saints undissembledly, is *no Faith,*
but

but Delusion and all Imagination of our own forming in our outward Man— That Acquaintance with God which can bear us to be conformed to the Customs of the World in our Dress, and spend much Money in costly Furniture, or to lay up Treasure on Earth, can be but a speculative and dead Knowledge.—As we have been like our *first Father*, earthly, devilish, and sensual, we must bear the Image of the *HEAVENLY*; and shew to all that we really belong to God, and are like God; and so prove ourselves to be His Children by having the same Truth, Faithfulness, Tenderness, Pity and Mercy that so shines in God, in us—'Till then we don't adorn the Gospel.

Tho' I am hereby cut myself, yet a Necessity is said upon me to send you these Hints; not as if I had anything in particular in my View; but seeing what a monstrous Sight it is to see one call himself a Child of God, and yet live in the Devil's Tempers, Anger and Fretfulness,
nay,

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nay, Fraud and Avarice; and void of Bowels of Mercy, Love, and Compassion—and are rather stiff-necked and stubborn. And as our Lord has entrusted you with a Talent of Writing for Him, that this (if the Spirit strikes in with it on your Soul) may have a Share in your Heart-Prayers; and if He pleases, in the Papers; and if it were in my Power, none shou'd be more ready to spread such Papers abroad, to try (if possible through Grace) to have Christians consistent with themselves in Principle and Practice—All to wipe off the Reproach of our dear Religion, that our Tempers, Love, Meekness, Deadness to the World, &c. may prove to all that will see, that we are *Christians indeed*. This is the sole Aim of;

Dear Dear Sister,

Yours for ever in the LAMB,

Howell Harris.

From

From Brother Thomas James (an Exhorter in Wales) to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield, in London.

June 9, 1743.

BLessed be God, I can now sit down and send you News that will make your Heart rejoice and be exceeding glad, to hear the Work of the Lord goes on with abundant Success. I have been among many of the dear Lambs this Week, and such Love and Power and Unity of Spirit I never saw.—He hath put them all on my Heart, and has made Room for vile me in all theirs.—Surely I feel the Effect of your Prayers. Our dear Saviour makes me very tender of them, and loving, and enables me to feed their Souls, and to lead them on.—O, indeed I marvel at the Prayer of *Solomon* for Wisdom only! I find now that all the various Ways that I have been led through, are now very useful, that I may know how to sympathize with them in every State.—Only
In

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in Sickness I am not fully taught—Pray for me—I long to see you again. I have many Things to tell you when you come to *Trevecka*.—May the Lord send you among us. I am told there is much enquiring when you'll come to *Brecon*. The Hearts of many are melted down to thank our Dear SAVIOUR, when I tell them that *Wales* is set on your Heart: as your own Family.—I am very weak in Body, yet have sat up with the Lambs these three Nights—Some, after they went a way, came again, turning back, and could not go for the Love of God burning in their Hearts. Mr. G—*nne* was to hear me last Night, and left his Brother the Minister, who was along with him and his Son, to go home, and he staid behind. I believe he longs to hear from you. He shew'd me a Letter he had sent to Brother *Cennick*. He is a glorious humble Soul.—Wonderfully does the Work of God go on every where. Wo be to them that are against the Kingdom of JESUS CHRIST: Their Master

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and they will be brought to Shame by and by—for indeed CHRIST will ride on victorious, and their Master will be glad of Leave to enter into the Swine. O the miserble State of the Unbelievers! it almost breaks my Heart; I hardly can bear it sometimes—We are to meet at our Monthly Association on *Friday* the 24th Instant—Pray for us, for we have many Things to settle—The Lambs in many of the Societies are most of them justified—Others are kept very weak; and Preaching the Law seems to be the Cause of it, being in much Unbelief. Blessed be God, I think since you were among us last, I can't say but I have an abiding Testimony of the Love of JESUS.

*Canaan I view from Pisgah's Top,
Of Canaan's Grapes I taste.
My Lord, who sends unto me now,
Will send for me at last.*

I daily see more and more of my own Heart, but still I see I am happy

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py in every State.—This I have scribed whilst I am staying the People. This is my second to you since you left *Wales*. I am your poor, but happy Brother in CHRIST,

Thomas James.

P.S. *I have this Evening been exhorting in a Place where there was no Society before, but I believe there is one begun now. They join'd together after I had with great Power finish'd my publick Exhortation—They gave their Hands to each other to began a Weekly Society in the Name of the Lord.—The Minister that interrupted you at Brecon has been to acknowledge his Fault to many, and seems to be very sorry.*

*Teach him yet more of thy blest Ways,
 Thou slaughter'd LAMB of GOD;
 And fix and root him in the Grace,
 So dearly bought with Blood.
 O tell him often of each Wound,
 Or ev'ry Smart and Pain;
 And let his Heart with Joy confess,
 From thence comes all his Gain.*

From

From Mr. S. M——t, in Lincolnshire,
to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

June 12, 1743.

Dear Sir,

I Have made free to write a Line
or two to you—I have been
drawn to it some Time, but now
can no longer forbear. I therefore
hope my Labour will not be in
vain; but trust our dear Lord will
give you to receive us as those who
desire to be the Lord's. I hope there-
fore you do not forget me at the
throne of Grace: I desire you would
not for CHRIST's sake—For I do
know by the Grace of God, your
Prayers are prevalent with God.—
And, dear Sir, I crave them again,
find all those who with good Prospe-
rity to our LAMB's Work—For I
have Need of them at all Times,
and at this, that my Faith fail not;
for I have many Enemies to grapple
with. But my Lord says, *My Grace
is sufficient for Thee.* For the Enemies
have threatned my Life, and speak
hard Words—But my Lord deli-
vers me from, the Power of the Lion
hitherto

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hitherto. Time will fail me to let you know all my Affairs. I wish we could have more Fellowship by Letter—or if it should please our Good LAMB to bring us Face to Face, O how should I rejoice!—I am weak, and asham'd to trouble you; but Love forces me; then I say, *Thy Will be done*, tho' cover'd with Shame. Dear Sir, I have read over your Books, and had great Comfort to hear how the Lord is carrying on his Work abroad. I have sent the Books abroad among the Brethren, and many delight in them.—And those who do not yet appear to follow the LAMB, do bear great Love to you, and bless you. I have thought good to let you know you are in many of our Minds. I believe if the Lord drew you within twenty Miles of this Place, you would see some of our Faces.—As for myself, I hope to see you in the Flesh, tho' I travel for some Miles.—If I were worthy I wou'd beg for your Presence among us—I hope to spend and be spent for my MASTER's sake,

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and the sake of my Friends.—Now may the ill of the LAMB be done in tending you whither he will.—Dear Sir, my Bowels melt in Love.—O that my tender Love may be poured out to you now by Letter, as though I were present. God bless you and prosper you in his Work.

From your poor, but happy Brother,

S——l M——t.

*The Copy of a Letter from the Reverend
Mr. Whitefield, to Mr. S——s.*

Burford, June 15, 1743.

My dearest Man,

I cannot go any farther without writing you a Line—Our SAVIOUR has dealt most bountifully with your unworthy Friend. On *Monday* I experienced some sweet Teachings from above; and was so happy, that I thought our Lord was sweetly preparing me for some fresh Trials; and the Prospect pleased me much, knowing how all Things had already work'd together for my Good. The HOLY GHOST delightfully

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fully open'd to me God's gracious Dealings with me and mine for some Time past.—Yesterday my Body was very weary, but my Soul happy—I preach'd at *Fairford*, and to-day again at *Glanfield*; and just now here—It is dry Ground, but the Lord has promis'd to pour Water upon such. He has richly watered my Soul. Where I lay was indeed a *Bethel*, a *Gate of Heaven*—I wrestled with God and prevailed. I had great Nearness for you and yours.

I hope God has been with you. My tender Love to dear Brother *Adams*.—My Fellow-travellers salute you.—My Love to the *Tabernacle* People.—Their Prayers are heard.—Grace! Grace!

From the same, to the same.

Gloucester, June 18, 1743.

My dear Man,

I Wrote to you from *Burford* on *Wednesday* last.—My Soul was then so exceeding happy, that I want Words to express it.—Afterwards we went to *Bengeworth*, where we
came

came about Midnight, and were most heartily received by Mr. S——d and Mr. *Oulton*.—In the Morning I talked with the Lord in the Garden as a Man talketh with his Friend—I then thought of you—I was enabled to preach here in the Demonstration of the Spirit and with Power, and Sweetness, that all must confess that God was with us of a Truth.—We dined very pleasantly, and then set out for *Gloucester*, shouting, *Grace! Grace!*—When I came thither our SAVIOUR was exceeding bountiful; and I had so much of Heaven in my Soul, that I wanted to lie down any-where to praise my God.—Yesterday was also a great Day to my Soul.—I preached here early; then rode to *Cheltenham*, and returned hither in the Afternoon, and preached in the Evening. This Morning I preached again, and received your second welcome Letter. I thank you for it.

From

From the same, to the same.

June 21, 1743.

ON *Saturday* I answer'd your two last Letters. Our SAVIOUR sent me to *Gloucester* for wise Ends. Much substantial Good has been done to several of the Society—My Mouth and Heart were sweetly opened in preaching.—*Saturday* Evening was a Time much to be remember'd.—*Sunday* was a great Day of the Son of Man.—I preach'd at *Gloucester* in the Morning—near *Stroud* in the Evening—The Word was clothed with much Power, both for Sinners and Saints. I think the Congregation at *Hampton* was rather greater than ever. At Night we had a precious Meeting in *Hampton-House Garden*; the House itself being too scant to hold the People without almost stifling them.—The simplicity, Sweetness, and Broken-heartedness of the poor Souls would have melted your dear Heart. Indeed much Grace was upon them; and many, I believe, to their unspeakable

speokable Consolation heard the Voice of the Lord God in the Trees of the Garden in the Cool of the Day.—On *Monday* Morning I preached again, and came away rejoicing much in God my Saviour—Whilst I was at *Hampton*, *John Chapman* told me how he and the People had been abused—It is remarkable all that Night, wherein (as I told you in my last) I dreamt I was in extreme Danger, the Enemies were laying Siege to a House in order to kill Brother *John Chapman*, 'till two in the Morning. They beat the Mistress of the House. Brother *Chapman* narrowly escaped—My coming at this Time, I believe, has much strengthened the Persecuted. Indeed there is a glorious Work in *Gloucestershire*. Brother *Chapman* is indeed a great Soul!—one of the weak Things that God hath chosen to confound the strong, In my Journey from *Hampton* hither, our dear Lord was sweetly with me—You will see what I wrote to Brother *M-----n* and Brother *Adams*—I see our Saviour, without my striving,
will

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will add Fellow-labourers to me.

*Blest is Faith that trusts his Pow'r;
Blest are Saints that wait his Hour:
Haste, Great Conqueror, bring it near;
Let the glorious Close appear.*

We have sweet News from *Scotland* in Mr. T——l's. Brave News also from *Pembrokeshire*. Surely the Kingdom of the LORD and His CHRIST is coming on apace. I know you say, *Come, Lord JESUS, come quickly.*—I could write much of the Love and abiding Happiness I have in the Wounds of our LAMB; but I have many Letters lying unanswer'd, before me.—Adieu at present—The Lord be with you and yours exceedingly. Salute all the Brethren. Forget not to pray for, my dearest Man, Ever ever Yours,

George Whitefield.

From the same, to the same.

Gloucester, June 27, 1743.

My dearest Man,

FULL of Divine Consolations,
and at the same Time, I trust,
deeply

deeply sensible of my own Vileness, I am Just arose from the Throne of Grace, where I have been laying yours, my own, and the Affairs of the whole Church, before your Father and my Father, your God and my God. He was pleased to give me sweet Access, and assure me that if he gave me his Presence he would freely give me all Things; but I must wait his Time and Season, because that will be better for me. I have therefore just now put my Soul as a Blank into the Hands of JESUS CHRIST my REDEEMER, and desired him to write upon it what he pleases. I know it will be his own Image in lively Characters.—Methinks I hear you say *Amen*.—I know you do from your Heart; for I believe you love me in the Bowels of Jesus Christ, as I do you, God knoweth.—Our Saviour by his wise Providence has prevented our receiving each others Letters so soon as we expected.—I wrote to you on *Saturday* Morning from *Bristol*, and Yesterday from *Brinkworth*—

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I preach'd *Tuesday* last in the Evening at *Bristol*, and on *Wednesday* twice; and once at *Kingswood*—On *Thursday* in the Morning I preached there also, and afterwards went to *Bath*, where I was most cordially received by Mr. C—*n*, and one Dr. H—, a Christian Physician, and Lady C—*n*—Here our Saviour gave me fresh Hints that if I would stand still and wait his Time and Way, he would bring my old Friends round again, nay, make my Enemies to be at Peace with me. I return'd in the Evening to *Bristol*, and preach'd with Power. I think it was this Day News came of his Majesty's fighting and coming off Conqueror. I had observed for some Time past, when praying for him, whether I would or not, out came this Petition; *Lord cover thou his Head in the Day of Battle*. Tho' even while I was praying, I wonder'd why I pray'd so, not knowing that he was gone to *Germany* to fight. This gave me fresh Confidence towards God, and reminded me of *Luther's* Words, *To him commend thy*

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Cause, his Ear attends the softest Prayer.
Friday was a most sweet Day to my Soul. I spent almost the whole Day in Retirement and Prayer. My House was made a *Bethel* to me indeed, and the very Gate of Heaven. Jesus smiled upon me, and I heard the Voice of the Lord God walking among the Trees of the Garden. On *Saturday* I preached again, and found in the Day-time our Saviour had blessed my Endeavours to some Souls. About Three in the Afternoon we set out for *Wiltshire*—and after serious and close Application for many Days, our Saviour convinced me it was my Duty to defer going to *Ireland* for some Time, and visit the Places in *England* which had given me such loud Calls.—On *Sunday* I preach'd at *Brinkworth* on these Words; *Thy Maker is thy Husband*. It was a Day of Espousals, I believe, to many—God was with us of a Truth. After Sermon I rode to *Longley* in Company with many dear Children of God on Horseback and on Foot—We sung, and look'd like
Persons

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Persons that had been at a spiritual Wedding—The Lord helped me in preaching there. All was quiet. In the Evening I preach'd again at *Tetherton*, and a blessed Time indeed it was—We rode like the Children of *Israel* passing through the Enemies Country. Indeed there are many sweet Souls. Afterwards we set out for *Hampton*, and reached there about Midnight. After having travell'd about thirty Miles I preached thrice. This Morning I arose like a Giant refreshed with Wine, and came hither about Eleven. I found my Mother recovered, and felt the Lord Jesus, as I do now, filling and blessing my poor Soul.—Oh this Grace! how sweet is it! I am glad you are thirsting after an abiding in God, and sinking deeper into the Redeemer's Wounds. In order to this you must expect many Trials, &c. How sweet is it to be under the Discipline of the wise Master-Builder JESUS CHRIST. I hope he will make you a Pillar in his House; and make you an Ornament of his Tem-

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ple. To-morrow I set out for *Wales* — I know you will pray to the Lord to make and keep me humble. I recommend you to his Care, and wish you all the Blessings of the Everlasting Covenant; and send you many Kisses of unfeigned Love.

From Yours,

George Whitefield.

From Mr. Y—— (one of the Rev. Mr. Wesley's Society at Bath) to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

Bath, June 27, 1734.

Dear Friend and Brother,

I Really think much Good would be done by thy Preaching again in this Place; for the Devil is in an horrid Rage; for he has already lost Ground: And if you'd give a few publick Discourses, it would help to shake his tottering Kingdom: For many, I am persuaded, would receive the same Doctrine from you which they would not from Mr. *Wesley*. Do then dear Soul! and venture one Trial for God! and second the *Everlasting*

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lasting Truth again at this *Sodom*; and our Society will gladly receive thee, and hope many more, even in this Place, where Satan dwelleth: I shall rejoice when I hear of publick Notice given of our dear Brother's Design in answering the Desires of some sincere ones, but especially of me the most unworthy,

T——s Y——.

P.S. *Please to let our dear Brother Chapman, know thy Mind in answer to this. May the Peace and Love of God attend thee evermore. I am thankful to God that ever I heard thee.—I hope I am not the first or will be the last Quaker that shall become a Methodist. To say no more; I long to see thee, with thousands about thee at Bath, hearing the Gospel sounded forth. I shou'd be glad of a Line from thee, if thou canst with Freedom, to be left at Mr. C——n's.*

From the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Bristol, July 2, 1743.

I Wrote to you on *Saturday*, and on *Monday* from *Gloucester*—I sup-
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pose you have wrote to *Treveckka*.— Words cannot express how good our Blessed Saviour has been to me since I wrote last. In *Gloucester* I was very happy. I preach'd there on *Monday* Night and *Tuesday* Morning. The God of Love filled my Soul, and enabled me to speak of his Love with great Sweetness and Power—Many felt it also. On *Tuesday*, after Morning Sermon, I went to *Abergavenny*. JESUS was with me on the Road; and we reach'd there about Ten at Night. But Oh, how was JESUS with me there! I went to my House, reflected of what had passed between God and my Soul there; and intreated him to meet me again. He came and fill'd my Soul, and I went rejoicing to Rest. On *Wednesday* I went to *Treveckka*, where I met with a whole Troop of JESU's Witnesses. I had some sweet Hours by myself, and shed many Tears of Love before the Lord. At Five in the Evening I preached to a larger Congregation than ever I had seen at *Treveckka*. JESUS was with me of
a Truth:

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a Truth: And I felt the Power of that Blood upon my own Soul which I was recommending to others. After I had done, Brother *Howell Davies* and *Rowland* preached and pray'd. The Holy Spirit came down, especially when the latter preached, in a plentiful Manner. About Eight we opened the Association with great Solemnity. Our SAVIOUR was much with me, teaching and helping me to fill my Place in a particular Manner. The Brethren felt the same. About Midnight we adjourn'd; and several of the Brethren sat up all Night, and usher'd in the Morning with Prayer and Praise.—About Eight we sat again, and were greatly delighted (as your Soul wou'd have been, had you been there) at the different, sweet, and simple Accounts the Superintendents brought in of their respective Societies.—Some of their Accounts were very particular as to the State of the People's Souls; and several of them have went off most triumphantly to Glory. We continued doing Business 'till Two
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in the Afternoon, and broke up with much Solemnity and holy Joy. Our Saviour kept the new Wine 'till last, and gave us a sweet parting Blessing. We had great Union with one another.—Indeed JESUS has done great Things for *Wales*. The Work is much upon the Advance. I was surprised to find so much Order.—Bro. *Howell Davies* has been bless'd to the Conversion of a young Clergyman, Rector of St. *B*— in *London*.

About Five in the Evening I return'd to *Abergavenny*, and preach'd there on *Friday* Morning with great Sweetness and Power; and afterward set out for *Bristol*, where we arrived about Eight in the Evening. My House, Friends, &c. were made a great Blessing to my Soul.

Ever Yours,

George Whitefield.

*The Copy of a Letter from Brother Adams,
to the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.*

Hampton, July 9, 1743.

Honour'd and very dear Sir,

Blessed be the Dear LAMB, He
has brought me safe hither.
He

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He was also sweetly with me on the Road; And I am persuaded that whatsoever Sufferings I am to pass through here, all shall work together for good, for JESUS is, and will be with me—The Mob has breathed out many Threatnings, I hear, against me; but JESUS is Greater than they all; *and I am persuaded he'll let them find it so!* I rode all down the Town without the least Molestation, only many cry'd, (but silently, as it were) *O he is come home!* which was a surprising Thing to them; for some Gentlemen had affirmed that he saw me in Prison. I have been walking up the Town since, without any Disturbance; but the Mob, they say, continues, nay, Waxes more exasperated. We expect them by and by. They generally apprise one another by ringing a Low-Bell.—The whole Mob consists of about an hundred; but JESUS keeps me without the least Fear, and at the same Time gives me quietly to wait on Him for Direction how to act.—A few of the dear

dear Lambs are by me—We have been praying together, and the Lord is with us. I believe Death in its ugliest Shapes would not be terrible to some here, at least I think so of myself. And when I look to the Faithfulness of my Saviour, I can loudly say, *As my Day is, so my Strength shall be.*

Many of the People of the Town have been with me, to tell me the Respect they have for me, and how much they are concern'd for the Abuse that has been given us—I believe all will be well by and by—at the same Time I believe your coming might be much bless'd to that End. I must conclude; but I think to give you a farther Account On *Monday*, if our Saviour please—In the mean Time I heartily beg an Interest in your Prayers, and of the whole Society with you. Tell them, O tell them to get ready for *Suffering*, by cleaving close to the LAMB, rooted and grounded in Him; withal, please to give my kind Love and Service to them for JESUS' sake;
and

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and be pleas'd to accept the same your dear Self, with a thousand Kisses, and many Thanks for all the Tokens of unfeigned Love which I have received from you.

In the Blood and Wounds of the Dear LAMB, I am your poor, little sinful Brother,

Thomas Adams.

P.S. *I hear the Mob is coming—If I never see you more in the Flesh, I shall see, and be for ever with you in Glory.*

*Another from Brother Adams, to the Rev.
Mr. Whitefield.*

July 11, 1743.

Honour'd Sir,

I Promis'd in my last to write to you again to-day; and to let you know more particularly of the Persecutions, which are as follow, *viz.*

Saturday, after I wrote to you, I met the Society; and after we had sang an Hymn, came Brother *Jenkins*, with my dear Wife, from *Bristol*. They came into the Society, and sat down, while I exhorted them to Sedfastness and Patience under the

Cross.

Cross.—They seem'd much strengthened and ready for any Suffering; for God was with us.—After that, I desired dear Brother *Jenkins* to pray, which he did with Sweerness; and after that I pray'd, and was enabled to plead CHRIST's Promises to his Church, in Faith, tho' we are but a little Branch; asking him *if he would suffer the Gates of Hell to prevail against us, by not giving Suffering Grace for Suffering Times.* I had not pray'd long, but many of us were persuaded he would never leave or forsake us. In every Prayer we ask'd Direction how to act. I was persuaded the only Way to still the Mob was, not at all to resist or fly from them; but to give myself up wholly to them, and let them do all that the Lord should permit: For the more they had drawn back, the more our Adversaries rejoiced, and vowed they would and should put an end to preaching in *Hampton*. The Mob, which consisted of about an Hundred, were now about the House, making a terrible Noise, and swearing
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ing prodigiously. I went down to them and opened the Door, asking them what they wanted; telling them, if they wanted my Life, I was willing to deliver it up for *JESUS' sake!* But withal, I desired to know why they either disturbed me, or sought my Life? telling them, I did not know I had given them any just Cause for either. Some of them said I had, by bringing in false Doctrine, and impoverishing the Poor.—I told them that they could prove neither; and that it was really false.—They seemed something at a Stand, while about five, as I think, of them waxed more exasperated, and took me in order to throw me into a Lime-pit. I told them they need not force me, for I was willing to suffer, tho' unjustly, for *JESUS sake:* But while they were pushing me along, some Neighbours took me in their Arms, and carried me into one of their Houses; so I was delivered out of their Hands—Sabbath-Day in the Morning about twenty of the Society met again—We spent the Morn-

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ing in enquiring of God how we should proceed: It seemed clear I should preach in the Evening. I had uncommon Strength and Courage given me from the Lord; so that Death in its ugliest Shapes did not at all terrify me. About Five in the Afternoon we met in my House. I first exhorted them, to keep their Minds close to the Lord; and when the Mob came, not at all to resist, but to make Way for them to come to me, and let them do what the Lord would permit. I then pray'd, and sung that Hymn, *Our Lives our Blood, &c.* When we had so done, in came the Mob, demanding me to come down. I ask'd, by what Authority they did so? They swore they would have me. Then, said I, *So you shall*—Then they took me to the Lime-pit, and threw me in: But, Oh, what a Power of God fell on my Soul! I thought, with *Stephen*, the Heavens opened to my Sight, and the Lord JESUS ready, if I had died, to receive me—I believe my undaunted Courage shook some. I
told

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told them I should meet them at the Judgment, and then their Faces would gather Paleness. They let me out, and I came home, and kneeled down with the People that were there, and pray'd and praised God.—After that I exhorted from the three first Verses of the third Chapter of the first Epistle of *John*. And when I was just concluding, in came the Mob again, and took me down to have me to a Brook to throw me in there. One who was a Persecutor but a few Days before endeavoured to hinder them; but they took me away, and led me all up the Town—There were many Hundreds of Spectators: Some, perhaps, might rejoice, but many sorrowed—The Brook was a Mile distant from the Town—I had a sweet Walk, and talked and reasoned with the Persecutors all the Way. My Heart was full of Love. And before I had gone far, all but one agreed to let me go back again; but he insisted on my going. I told them the Law was open against them, nevertheless I was

willing to suffer any thing for CHRIST.—Then they told me, if I would forbear Preaching but for a Month, they would let me go. I told them I would make no such Promise. So forward I went, and told them they would do me Service in drowning me—One of them threw me in, and I went to the Bottom of the Water; and up I came again, lying on my Back sweet and easy, with my Hands clasp'd together. I did not desire to come out till they fetch'd me—Accordingly in jump'd one or two of them, and took me out; but one maliciously and cowardly push'd me in again, and much bruised and cut one of my Legs against a Stone—Some of the others were going to throw him in for so doing.—I came home talking to them. Many seem'd to repent of what they had done; and promised to molest me no more. I believe God has smote some of their Consciences—One who was the Chief, and would not agree that I should go back I hear by several, that he says he will
in

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in no wise touch me again. Many advise us to prosecute them, according to Law; but if they are quiet, I am content; and can say from my Heart, *Father forgive them.* I shou'd be glad if you would be here next *Sunday.* In the mean Time pray for me, who am exceeding happy in the WOUNDS of CHRIST, your poor little Brother,

Thomas Adams.

P. S. *My dear Wife has been sweetly supported. She gives her Duty to you: and desires an Interest in your Prayers.*

From Bro. Howell Harris, to Bro. Cennick. July 19, 1743.

*My dearest, and most highly-favour'd
Brother,*

IReceiv'd your kind Letter a Fortnight ago, or more. I can't well excuse myself for not answering it sooner, but I believe you will.

Your Gifts — Graces — Liberty and Success makes me love and praise the Dear LAMB on your Behalf: And indeed the Prayer of my inmost Soul is, that you may yet

more abound in all, and grow like the Calves of the Stall, and be the spiritual Father of Thousands.— O may the good Pleasure of the Lord prosper in your dear Hands more and more. I am persuaded you sink deeper and deeper into God, out of Self, and corrupt Nature, which is no other than the Devil's Image, and made up of Enmity, Darkness, and Ingratitude; and carries in it every thing that is odious and abominable in the Sight of the THREE in ONE— O my dear Brother, I believe we do but begin to see what we are by Nature and by Grace!—Every idle Word we speak, every vain Imagination, every Moment's Forgetfulness, and every foolish Smile, and every Look that is not full of God, proves yet an unmortified Root of the old Nature; and shou'd still make us wash the SAVIOUR'S Feet—Had we more true Light, we shou'd be so affected with Pity to our dear Fellow-Worms, and with Grief, in seeing the very Sun and Moon, Earth, and all Creatures groaning together under their
their

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their Misery, through our first Fall; and in seeing so little Awe and Reverence in our own Souls, when at best, when we approach so great and glorious a Majesty; that Tears of godly Sorrow would more frequently wash our guilty Cheeks for our first dreadful Departure from God in *Adam*—O dreadful Sight! O black Scene! to see us all with our Faces against God, crying, in our whole Conduct, *He is no God, and his Laws no Laws—my will is God, and my Mind my Law, and my Light my Guide.*—My dear Brother, this is a Melancholy Sight, such as I am sure has often broke your tender Heart.—The Work goes on sweetly with us, as you might see in a Letter to Brother *Whitefield* and Bro. *F*—. Many grow daily, and fresh Doors are opening, and many are convinced, call'd, and justify'd.—Bro. *Whitefield* told of my coming up to *London*, but I am not quite clear yet—Pray send your Mind on the Receipt of this; and assure yourself that I am for ever Yours,

Howell Harris.
From

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From the Reverend Dr. C——n of Boston in New-England, to the Rev. Mr. Whitefield.

Boston, June 1, 1743.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I AM much obliged to you for your kind Remembrance of us, in so many Letters to us, and to me in Particular, which came to Hand last Month. I rejoice in all that you have experienc'd of the Presence of God with you in your first and second Voyage to *Scotland*, and after your Return back to *London*.—We are now expecting you in *America*, and the rather wishing it, because of the Rumours of your deserted Orphanhouse, which we give little Credit to.—We were justly surprized to find the rude Treatment you received in many Prints in *Scotland*; and too many have Pleasure in reprinting them here.—But by Honour and Dishonour we must be approving ourselves the Ministers of CHRIST; and those Consolations in and from him, which you inform me he continues to you are abundant
enough

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enough to make you glory in his Cross. Dr. *W*——, in his last to me, writes of you with great Respect and Esteem.

I do not enlarge, because I believe you to be in *America*—But lest Providence by any Means detain you, I think it my Duty to let you know we have your Pacquets of *November* last, and those from *Scotland*; and have a just Sense of all the Returns of Brotherly Affection made to us therein; and that our Hearts are the same to you for CHRIST's sake, that we have ever proferred; and that we ask your continued Love and Prayers. I am, Sir, your most obliged and affectionate Brother,

B——n C——n.

From Mr. Habersham, Superintendent of the Orphanhouse in Georgia.

Charles-town, June 6, 1743.

My dearest Friend and Brother,

I Have just Time to acquaint you that I have thankfully received your affectionate fatherly Letters since *February*, 1741-2.—Your last (which

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(which came to Hand all together) were dated *September November, December, January,* and *March 1.*—We daily expected you with us; and thought it needless to write to you for many Months past. The Ship is ready to fail. In a few Days some more are expected to fail for *England.* And before I leave this Place, God willing, shall write to you fully—God has brought me through many Difficulties. O that I could tell you how tender and kind he has been to me! How near he has been to help in my every Time of Need! How good he has been to my Soul! Do, come and see, come and hear!—Seven or eight of our Girls, and some others, have been enabled to close with Sweet JESUS. This will be Musick to you indeed.—I am only now to him you Matters of Praise. I trust the Lord makes me happier in Him, and poorer in myself daily. I remain in haste, Yours affectionately.

J. Habersham.
From

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*From Brother H——ns, to the Rev.
Mr. Whitefield.*

May 27, 1743.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

THE daily Expectation of seeing you Face to Face for a long Tune, prevented my writing to you—But having been favoured with the Perusal of yours of *March 1*, I conclude we have little Reason to expect a Sight of you for some Months, supposing you will not care to embark till the Heat of the Weather is, in some measure, abated—Many here long to see your Face.—Wherefore is it that the Lord keeps you thus from us? Doubtless for wife Ends—His Time, I am persuaded, we shall find the best Time. Surely I have found it so in every thing! Oh that I may therefore never lean to my own Understanding; but acknowledge God in all my Ways, that he may direct my Steps. I hope he has hitherto done so—Wisely and graciously has he ordered all Things for me. And with Wonder and Astonishment may I say,
What,

What, O Lord, am I— or what my Father's House, that thou hast brought me hitherto! By a Letter of yours to Mr. B——n, I find you are acquainted with my being call'd to speak for God. At the repeated Solicitations of my dear Friends; I trust also, being moved by the HOLY GHOST, I have now taken the Oversight of the little Flock which is amongst us. I hope, through Grace, I have done this, not of Constraint, but willingly; not for filthy Lucre, but of a ready Mind. On the 20th Instant I was ordain'd to the Sacred Office by Mess. Smith and Osgood—it being the first Time we made Use of our New Meetinghouse—Many of us were desirous that God would shew us some token for Good, and we may marvel at his Condescention, and be for ever thankful that he did—Some of us, I trust, did that Day taste that the Lord is gracious—For my own Part, the Lord gave me an affecting Sense of the Weight and Importance of the Charge I was about to take upon me
—of

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—of my own Weakness and Insufficiency, and of the Sufficiency of His Grace.

O dear Sir, forget me not I beseech you in your Prayers, for surely never was so weak a Creature call'd to so important a Service. But we have this Treasure in earthen Vessels, that the Excellency of the Power may be of God, and not of us. I may inform you (and the rather that you may be excited to wrestle for us at the Throne of Grace) that at present there is no stirring among the dry Bones—The Winter is not yet past with us, neither is the Voice of the Turtle heard in our Land. But we hope for a Day when we shall see the Kingdom of God come with Power—God hath already done much for us; and are not His Mercies Sovereign still? Indeed vital Piety seems to be at a low Ebb throughout the Province—But will it not make your Heart rejoice exceedingly to hear that *Bethesda*, poor despised *Bethesda*, is fa-
 3 G voured

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voured with happy Seasons and Times of Love. Wonderful Things has the Lord done for your dear Family indeed! Surely to dwell in it, and honour it is his Delight! 'Tis now about three Months, if I mistake not, since the Lord began to work upon them with great Power—Since then he hath wrought many Wonders of Grace!—The REDEEMER hath gotten himself the Victory in the Hearts of many Sinners, while the Saints have been abundantly revived, comforted, and edify'd—Some of their Cups have been made even to run over. Some Days ago I saw Mr. *Grant*, who informed me that there were twelve Persons, some Men, some Women, some Boys, and some Girls, which they thought to be savingly converted to Christ. Brother *Barber* has been wonderfully enlarged, strengthened, and assisted. Opposite the Orphanhouse, on the other Side of *Vernon River*, are settled near forty *Dutch* Families, formerly Trustees Servants, to whom
Brother

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Brother *Barber* also preaches— They hear and receive the Word gladly. And 'tis to be hoped the Lord has begun a good Work amongst them also.

As to Temporals, your dear Family does not want: How should they indeed, whilst the Lord is their Shepherd? Though sometimes the Lord, doubtless, for the Trial of their Faith, permitted them to be brought very low. They are wonderfully bless'd with Health; and live together in Love, Peace and Unity.— I suppose the daily Expectation of seeing you prevented their writing to you of late, which makes me the more particular, supposing this may come to hand sooner than any Letter can be expected from your dear Family; the Vessel by which I send being to sail to-day, or on *Monday* next at the farthest.

I came to this Place in order to preach for Mr. *Smith* to-morrow; he being gone from Mr. *B——n's* to see your dear Family. I hope, dear *Sir*,

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to be favour'd with a Line or two if Providence should detain you in *England*. In the mean Time do beg your most earnest Intercession at the Throne of Grace. O my Spirit sometimes sinks within me, when I consider the Greatness of my Work, the Importance of my Charge; but it comforts me, when I remember CHRIST hath said, *Lo, I am with you always, to the end of the World.*

I am now at Mr. F——r's. His Family is well; as also are all Friends hereabouts that I am acquainted with. My Respects to all Christian Friends, whether known or unknown. And, dear Sir, do you accept this further Testimony of abiding Love and Affection from your most affectionate Servant, and most unworthy Brother in the Lord,

William Hudson.
The

have done; then would they be convinced of a Truth that God was there!—O when shall we unworthy Worms be thus blessed! Surely our Sins have separated us from our God—I hope the Time will yet come when God will revive his own Work in all our Souls—We much rejoice to hear of so great a Work in *Scotland*; notwithstanding the many Enemies and Opposition.—O dear Sir, come unto us again, if possible, for indeed we much want you. Your Enemies here, I think, seem not to be so violent as they were some Time ago. Mr. G——*n* has held his Peace for a long Time. You have many dear Friends here still, and make no Doubt but God will raise you up many more. I have a great deal to say to you, dear Sir; but knowing not of this Opportunity till this Evening, and the Vessel fails to-morrow Morning, I am oblig'd to be much shorter than I intended; but will write by the next, which will fail very soon after
this

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this. I return you ten thousand Thanks, dear Sir, for all your kind Letters, and for ever thinking on such a poor unworthy Creature as I am. The Lord bless you, and fill you continually with his Blessed Spirit; and may he withhold no good Thing from you, which will be needful, is the hearty Pray of, Dear and Rev. Sir, your affectionate Friend, and Humble Servant in the Lord JESUS,

J——h S——N.

A

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