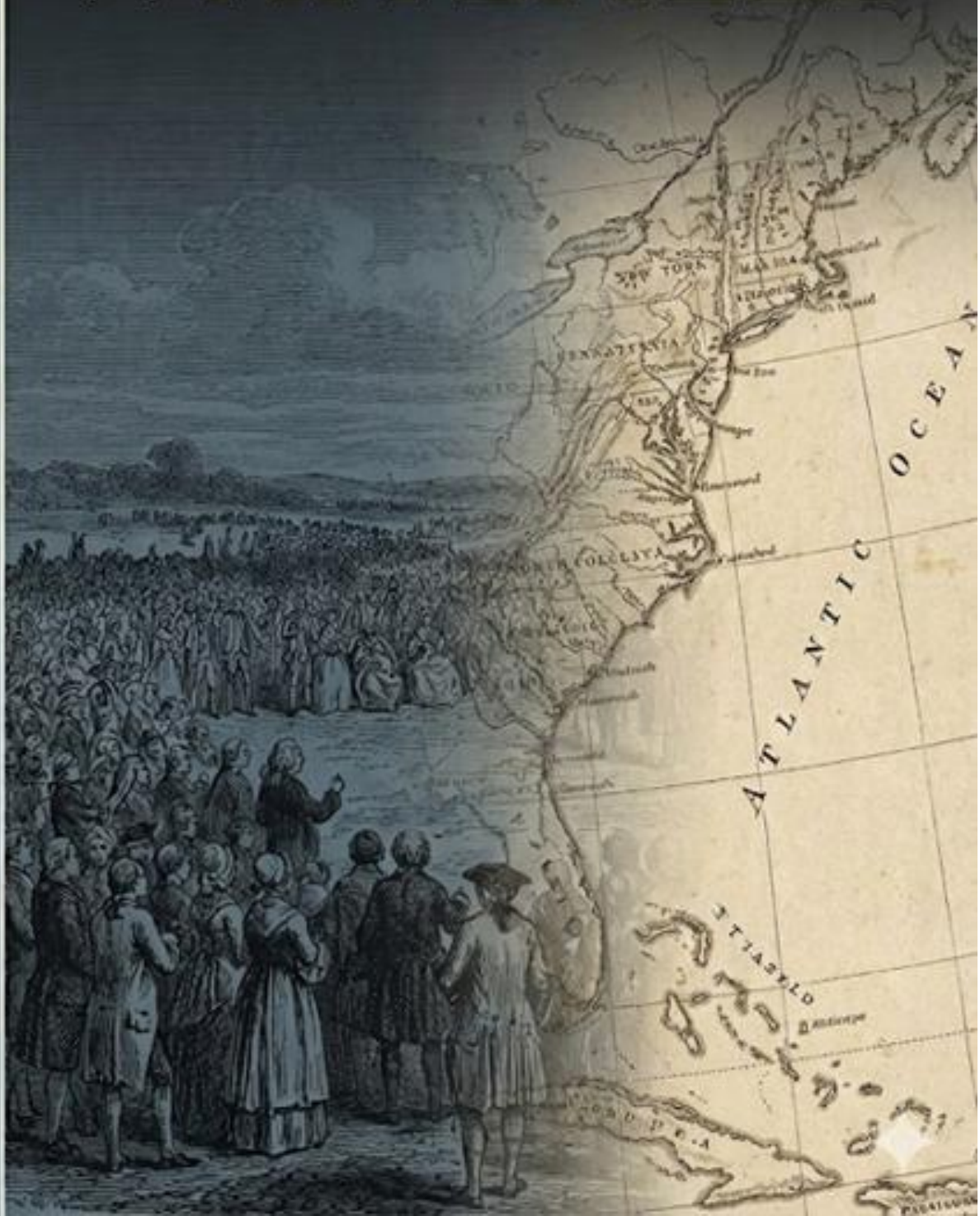
THE WORKS OF THE REVEREND GEORGE WHITEFIELD

VOLUME I



THE WORKS OF THE REVEREND GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M.A.

VOLUME I.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Monergism Books

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS complete Edition of the late Rev. Mr. Whitefield's Works (printed under the Direction of his Executors) it is presumed, will be highly acceptable to all his Friends, as the just and proper Monument of his Memory and Merit; and both pleasing and useful to the Public in general, but especially to those who desire to cherish and promote the Spirit of primitive Christianity.

To the Sermons and Tracts formerly published, and which are now ranged in their proper Order, are also added other Pieces, on the most Important Subjects: together with a valuable Collection of Letters, selected and prepared by himself for Publication; in which is displayed, that native Spirit and Simplicity, so eminently conspicuous in his Life and Conversation. His Friends, and even his Enemies (should there be any Such) will here openly behold his unwearied Diligence, undaunted Firmness, noble Disinterestedness, and exceeding Usefulness in the Work of the Ministry; also, his remarkable Fidelity in Friendship, exemplary Piety, and fervent Zeal for the Prosperity of pure and undefiled Religion.

The Letters and Works can stand in no need of any Recommendation: Connected with the account of his Life, (now drawn from original Papers) they exhibit a plain and undisguised View of the worthy Author, in all Parts of his public Service, as well as in his private Retirements, and inward Trials; faithfully shewing the Whole of that *living Temple*, which was sacred to God, and happily instructing Mankind in the Ways of Godliness and eternal Life.

LETTER I.

To Mr. G. H.

Oxon, July 18, 1734.

Dear Sir,

HAVING heard the melancholy news of your brother's death, I could not help sending you a line, to let you know how much I am concerned. Indeed, I cannot say, I am so much grieved on his account, as for that sorrow, which the loss of so valuable a youth must necessarily occasion to all his relations. No! I rather envy him his blessed condition. He, unquestionably is divinely blessed, whilst we are still left behind to wrestle with unruly passions, and by a continued looking unto Jesus and running in our Christian race, to press forward to that high prize, of which he, *dear Youth*, is now in full fruition. These are my true sentiments about his death; I leave you to judge then, whether I had need be concerned on his account; and surely was it to be put to your choice, whether so religious a young man should live or die, no one could be so cruel, as to wish to detain him from his wished-for glory. Be not then too much concerned at his death, but let us rather learn that

important lesson, which his whole life taught us: “That there is nothing comparable to an early piety.” I thought to have spent many agreeable hours with him in Christian and edifying conversation, when I came to *Gloucester*; but he is gone to more agreeable company, and long before now has joined the heavenly choir.

I shall only add, that as your brother imitated our blessed Saviour in his life, so I pray God, he may resemble him in his death, and be a means, like his beloved Redeemer, of reconciling all former animosities, which is the hearty wish of, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER II.

To Mr. G. H.

Bristol, Sept. 10, 1734.

Dear Sir,

THIS morning I wrote to you in haste, expecting Mr. *I.* would soon be going; but to my great satisfaction, he came hither this night, and soon afterwards, your very much wished-for letter was brought to hand; which (after ten thousand thanks for so many repeated favours) I shall now beg leave to answer. You tell me "Mr. *P.* likes *N.*" God be praised! That he hath recommended something to my perusal. I'll read it, God willing, with care, at my return. "That he wants to know my quality, state, condition, circumstances, &c." Alas! that anyone should enquire after such a wretch as I am. However, since he hath been so kind, pray tell him, that as for my quality, I was a poor, mean drawer; but by the distinguishing grace of God, am now intended for the ministry. As for my estate, that I am a servitor; and as to my condition and circumstances, I have not of my own any where to lay my head. But my friends, by God's providence, minister daily to me,

and in return for such unmerited, unspeakable blessings, I trust the same good Being will give me grace to dedicate myself without reserve to his service. To “spend and be spent” for the welfare of my fellow-creatures, endeavouring to promote the gospel of his Son as much as lies in my poor power. But “observe his humility,” says Mr. *H.* Aye, catch an old Christian without profound humility, if you can. Believe me, *Sir*, it is nothing but this flesh of ours, those cursed seeds of the proud apostate, which lie lurking in us, that make us to think ourselves worthy of the very air we breathe. When our eyes are opened by the influences of divine grace, we then shall begin to think of ourselves as we ought to think, even, that God is all, and we are less than nothing. Well, you may cry, O happy temper, could I but learn of Christ to be meek and lowly in heart, I should certainly find rest to my soul. May God, for his dear Son’s sake, give it to you, to me, and to all our dear friends! “Some like, some dislike the extract,” you say. I did not do it, to please man, but God. “Mr. *W.* is too much engaged in temporals.” Is he? Oh dear Sir, pray that when I enter the ministry, I may be wholly engaged in spirituals: But “Mrs. *H.* has been ill, and is now recovered.” God be praised for both! Our Saviour, *Sir*, learnt obedience by the things which he suffered, so must we. Pain, if patiently endured, and sanctified to us, is a great purifier of our corrupted nature. It will teach us excellent lessons. I hope Mr. *H.* has been enabled to learn some of them. So much in answer to your kind letter. You say “it was too long.” Believe me, *Sir*, it was much too short; but a line is more than I deserve. However, I have made out in mine, what was wanting in yours. *My Mother’s* journey to *Gloucester*, I fear, is spoiled by the weather. God’s blessed will be done! I hope to be with you about next *Tuesday* sevennight. “I am missed,” you say; and you may well miss such a troublesome guest. Well, God will reward you richly, I trust.

Never despair of *my brother*; when God acts upon the soul, he makes quick work of it. Be pleased to tell Mr. *M.* that his remissness hath occasioned me many a sigh, and his return from his relapse, matter of abundant thanks to God in his behalf. Oh let us young, unexperienced soldiers, be always upon our guard; the very moment we desert our post, the enemy rushes in; and if he can but divert our eyes from looking heavenward, he will soon so blind us, that we shall not look towards it at all. A great deal may be learned from a little fall. But I must not detain you any longer, than to assure you how much I am, *Dear Sir*,

Your and Mrs. *H.*'s sincere friend and servant,

in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER III.

To Mr. H.

Oxon, Sept. 17, 1734.

Dear Sir,

I Had the favour of your letter last *Friday*, which brought me the agreeable news of your and Mrs. *H.*'s welfare, together with the much-desired account of your approving the scheme, inclosed in my last. Indeed, I did not doubt of its meeting with a candid reception, from all those persons to whom it was recommended. Their known concern for religion, giving me sufficient assurance, that nothing can be unacceptable to them, which any way tended to promote their improvement in the divine life. It must be confessed, indeed, as you very justly observed, that we must make a great progress in religion, and be inured by frequent prayer and meditation, to the extatic contemplation of heavenly objects, before we can arrive at true heavenly-mindedness; and, perhaps, after all our endeavours, whilst our souls are immersed in these fleshly tabernacles, we shall make but very small advances in so delightful and glorious an undertaking. But believe

me, *Sir*, you cannot imagine, how vastly serviceable the constant use of all the means of religion will be, in acquiring this blessed habit of mind. Such, as an early rising in the morning, public and private prayer, a due temperance in all things, and frequent meditation on the infinite love and purity of that unparalleled pattern of all perfection, our dear Redeemer. As for your mentioning, *Sir*, the degeneracy of the age, as the least objection against our making further advances in any religious improvement, I cannot by any means admit of it. The scriptures (as I take it) are to be the only rules of action. And the examples of our blessed Lord and his apostles, the grand patterns whereby we are to form the conduct of our lives. It is true, indeed, that instances of an exalted piety are rarely to be met with in the present age, and one would think, if we were to take an estimate of our religion, from the lives of most of its professors, that Christianity was nothing but a dead letter. But then it is not our religion, but ourselves that are to be blamed all this while. Would we live as the primitive Christians did, we might no doubt have the same assistance vouchsafed us, as they had. God's grace is never restrained, and though we should not arrive at those heights of heavenly-mindedness, as some of the primitive Christians were eminent for, yet, methinks we should imitate them as far as we can, and rely on the divine goodness for grants of such a supply of grace, as he, in his good pleasure, shall judge most convenient for us. Be pleased to send for Mr. *Law's Christian Perfection* for me against my coming into the country, if printed in a small edition. I am, with due respects to self, spouse, and all other friends,

Your's sincerely,

G. W.

LETTER IV.

To the Same.

Oxon, Dec. 4, 1734.

Dear Sir,

I Am heartily glad to hear that the *country parson* has had so good an effect upon you, and that you are resolved to set in earnest, about working out your salvation: Be sure quench not these first motions; but go on vigorously and manfully, without the least regard to what the world may say; if you can once break with that, you are safe. The *prayers*, I hope to send you next week. Only let me give you this caution, not to depend on any advice or book, that is given you; but solely on the grace of God attending it. The book which I have sent to my brother, and would recommend to you and all my *Gloucester* friends, will soon convince you how dangerous it is to be a lukewarm Christian, and that there is nothing to be done without breaking from the world, denying ourselves daily, taking up our cross, and following Jesus Christ. These things may seem a little terrible at first, but believe me, they are nothing but suggestions of our

enemy to deter us from setting out; and if you can credit me, mortification itself, when once practised, is the greatest pleasure in the world. But hold, I shall transgress the time prescribed me, therefore give me only leave to add my hearty prayer for your successful progress in religion, and to subscribe myself in great haste, *Dear Sir*,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER V.

To the Same.

Oxon, Feb. 20, 1735.

Dear Sir,

I Believe you think me a strange sort of a person, for not being so good as my word in coming down this winter; and what is worse, in not letting you have a line to acquaint you of my reasons for it. And, indeed, I am not as yet determined; providence having ordered (I hope) that this seeming unkindness shall, in the end, prove very serviceable on all sides. However, though I have been thus hindred, yet, I think you heard from me last, and am really surprized to find you should, now so long since, have desired that *collection of prayers*, and be wholly unconcerned about them ever after. Indeed, they will be of no service to you, unless you grant me this one postulatum: "That we must renounce ourselves." What the meaning of this phrase may be, the preface to the prayers will best inform you. I did not doubt of its meeting with but a cold reception, it being (at first view) so very contrary to flesh and blood. For, perhaps, you may think, that this

renouncing of ourselves, must necessarily lead us (as it certainly does) to acts of self-denial and mortification; and, that we probably may be saved without them. And lest you should after all imagine, (which I trust you will not) that true religion does consist in any thing, besides an entire renewal of our natures into the image of God; I have sent you a book entitled, *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, written by a young, but an eminent Christian, which will inform you, what true religion is, and by what means you may attain it. As likewise, how wretchedly most people err in their sentiments about it, who suppose it to be nothing else (as he tells us page 3d) but a mere model of outward performances; without ever considering, that all our corrupt passions must be subdued, and a complex habit of virtues, such as meekness, lowliness, faith, hope, and the love of God and of man, be implanted in their room, before we can have the least title to enter into the kingdom of God. Our divine master having expressly told us, that "unless we renounce ourselves, and take up our cross daily, we cannot be his disciples." And again, "unless we have the spirit of Christ, we are none of his." You will scarce have time, I imagine, before Mr. *H.* leaves *Gloucester*, to revise, what I have recommended to your perusal. However, be pleased to let me hear from you by him, together with an account of your free sentiments about this matter. I trust (by God's grace) we shall, at last, rightly understand one another's meaning. I should be glad to hear too, whether you keep morning prayers, and how often you receive the holy communion, there being nothing, which so much be-dwarfs us in religion, and hinders our progress towards the heavenly Canaan, as starving our souls by keeping away from the heavenly banquet. I have nothing more to add at present on this subject, till you favour me with a line, which, I hope, you will not fail doing by Mr. *H.* who will willingly bring it to, Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and very humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER VI.

To the Same.

Oxon, March 6, 1735.

Dear Sir,

I Had the favour of your letter by Mr. *H.* and, as desired, I have made enquiry about the post-masters and clerks of Merton. As to the former, I hear, that the five senior fellows have each a power to elect one in his turn, and that there is now a vacancy, but one ready on the spot to supply it, and no likelihood of there being another this long while. The latter, are solely in the power of the warden, and though all the places are at present filled up, yet, there will be a vacancy next term, so that, perhaps, by a seasonable application, your brother may get a friend in. Thus much for business. As for the other particular, specified in the latter part of your last; I find by what I can gather from your own and my brother's expressions, as well as from Mr. *H.*'s discourse, that my late letters have met with but a cold reception; and that you seem desirous of hearing no more of so seemingly ungrateful a subject, as submitting our wills to the will of God; which,

indeed, is all that is implied in that phrase (which our enemy would represent as so formidable to us) of *renouncing ourselves*. Alas, Sir! what is there that appears so monstrously terrible in a doctrine that is, (or at least ought to be) the constant subject of our prayers, whenever we put up that petition of our Lord's: "*Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven.*" The import of which seems to be this. 1st. That we do every thing that God wills, and nothing but what he willeth, 2dly, That we do every thing he wills, *only* in the manner he willeth. 3dly, That we do those things he willeth, only *because* he willeth. This is all, Sir, I have been endeavouring to inculcate in my late letters; and though it seems as clear as the light, upon an impartial and considerate view, yet, our grand impostor (whose very corruption is having a will distinct from, and therefore contrary to God's) would fain set it out in the most hideous colours, as though we were "Setters forth of strange doctrines;" or proposing some higher degrees of perfection, than every ordinary Christian is obliged to aspire after; whereas, in truth, it is nothing but the simple and evident language of the gospel. It must be confessed, that through the corruption of our depraved nature, and that power, which self-will has, since the Fall, usurped in the soul, we must necessarily break through a great many obstacles. But, dear Sir, be not dismayed, the difficulty lies only in our first setting out. Be but vigorous at the first onset, and never fear a conquest. The renewal of our natures is a work of great importance. It is not to be done in a day. We have not only a new house to build up, but an old one to pull down. But then, methinks, this would be an odd way of reasoning, "Because a thing requires some pains, I therefore will never set about it." No, Sir, rather up and be doing. Exert your utmost efforts at your first setting out, and take my word, your strength as well as resolution will increase daily. The means also which are

necessary to be used in order to attain this end, our cursed adversary the devil would represent to us in the most hideous forms imaginable. But believe me, Sir, the difficulty here too, only lies in our first breaking from ourselves, and that there is really more pleasure in these formidable duties of self-denial and mortification, than in the highest indulgences of the greatest epicure upon earth. Give me leave, dear Sir, only to remind you of one particular, which, if duly observed, will vastly facilitate your future endeavours. Let the scriptures, not the world, be your rule of action. By those you are to form your practice here, and to be judged hereafter. Upon this account, for the future, I should be glad, if you would communicate what passes between you and me, to none but my brother and your spouse. And if you have any, the least scruple, be pleased to send me word of it by a letter in an open, friendly manner; and, by God's blessing, all things will be yet set right; only be fervent in prayer. As for what the Rev. Mr. *Hoar* has been pleased to say, either to you or Mr. *H.* it is not my business (out of deference, as he is so much my superior, as to the dignity of his office, his age, and his learning) to make any reply. I shall only add, what I am sure I can prove, "That the gospel tells us that there is but one thing needful. That we cannot sit down content with just such a degree of goodness, and claim just such a proportionable degree of glory;" but that "we are to love the Lord with all our souls, strength, &c." and that "he who endureth to the end, (and he only) shall be saved." There is a little treatise lately come out, which I have made bold to send to Mr. *Hoar*, where we may be fully convinced by argument deducible merely from reason, "that God is our sole end," and that barely upon a principle of prudence, (supposing we could be happy without it) we ought to press forward, in order to attain the greatest degrees of happiness hereafter. Whether this letter, Sir, may prove as

offensive as the former, is not my business to enquire. God's will be done in all things. He, and he alone can (and indeed will, if we are desirous of it ourselves) work this conviction in our minds. Give me leave just to add, that I thought it my duty to answer these few objections, that have been raised against the difficulty of conforming our wills to the will of God, by shewing that the greatest struggle lies only at our first beginning, and that it is no more than what is indispensably necessary for our salvation. As for the means to be employed for the attainment of this end, I shall be wholly silent: Being sensible, that if you are once fully convinced of the greatness of it, you will be necessarily carried on to the use of such means as God hath constituted for that purpose. I hope my writing after this manner, Sir, will not be esteemed a piece of self-conceit, or be an instrument of unloosing our former band of friendship, which was once designed to be bound the faster, by tying it with a religious knot. But whether this proves to be the event, or not, of my telling my friends the truth, I wholly leave to God's Providence. Be pleased however to favour me with a line in return, and give me leave to subscribe myself, Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER VII.

To the Same.

Bristol, June 12, 1735.

My dear Friend,

LAST night about eight o'clock, your good spouse and myself came safe to our journey's end, and met with a very kind reception from all parties. After you left us, the ladies grew more serious, and at last by the assistance of *Mr. Norris*, our discourse ran into a proper channel. My brother does not propose sailing this fortnight; but tho' he stays longer than he proposed, yet I hope to be at *Gloucester* on Wednesday, for methinks my heart is still there, tho' my body be at thirty miles distance. On whose account, I leave you to guess. I cannot help reflecting on Sunday. Did not those sighs, think you, Sir, proceed from some unusual meditations on the importance of religion? Were they not some infant strugglings after the new birth? Surely they were. And I trust ere long, after a few strugglings with corrupted nature, the Holy Ghost will replenish your heart with comfort and peace. Proper retirement and solitude are no bars; but rather great helps to a

religious life. We find, our Saviour was led into a wilderness, before he entered on his publick ministry, and so must we too, if we ever intend to tread in his steps. As for my brother, I trust the cares of the world, the desire of riches, &c. will not always choak the good seed. However, I hope you my dear friend will not defer so important a thing. But, why do I say hope, when I am assured you will not. Methinks, I would willingly undergo the pangs, so you might enjoy the pleasures of the new birth. But this must not be. All we can do is to sympathize with and pray for each other, which I hope will not be wanting on either side, as such a close friendship has commenced between dear *Mr. H.* and

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER VIII.

To the Same.

Bristol, Sept. 5, 1735.

Dear Sir,

HOW welcome is a line from a faithful friend? even as welcome as a shower of rain in a droughty season. But here's the misfortune, the very kindnesses of friends may be cruelty: Commendations, or even the hinting at them, are poison to a mind addicted to pride. A nail never sinks deeper than when dipt in oil. A friend's words may be softer than butter, and notwithstanding, be very swords. Pray for me, dear Sir, and heal the wound you have made. To God alone give glory. To sinners nothing belongs, but shame and confusion. So much in answer to one part of your too kind letter. *Mrs. Powell* you say continues very ill. No wonder, Sir; desperate diseases must have desperate remedies. Satan has desired to sift her as wheat; but Christ will pray for her, I trust, and then her faith will not fail. Oxford friends have not been wanting in letters, and I find I must not stay much longer here. For some are going to travel, some are dead, and one is

married, so that we must join and warm one another, as well as we can in their absence. I hope to feast with you at *Crypt* next Sunday. Amazing, that ever sinners should sit with their Saviour! To what dignity has Christ exalted human nature. And how did he do it? Why, by humbling himself. Let us go and do likewise. Give me leave, with due respects to all friends, to subscribe myself,

Your and spouses very humble servant and sincere friend,

G. W.

P. S. If Mr. Pauncefort's petitions run after this manner for me, I should be thankful: "That God would finish the good work he has begun in me, that I may never seek nor be fond of worldly preferment; but employ every mite of those talents it shall please God to entrust me with, to his glory and the church's good, and likewise, that the endeavours of my friends to revive true religion in the world, may meet with proper success."

LETTER IX.

To the Same.

Bristol, Sept. 18, 1735.

Dear Sir,

AS you did not expect to hear from me till *Mr. B——d* came, I hope you have not as yet accused me of being too dilatory in writing. Now I have taken the freedom, what can be more proper for me to begin with, than to return ten thousand thanks for those innumerable favours conferred on me at your house? I trust they are all registered in the court of heaven, and will in due time meet with a suitable return from my all-gracious and good benefactor. Next to this, I imagine you will enquire, how I like Bristol? As for the place itself, that, like all others, is indifferent to me, who have here no continuing city, but seek one to come; and as for the inhabitants, tho' they teach me nothing else, yet I may learn this one important lesson, that unless I am very vigilant, the children of this world, will be much wiser in their generation, than I, who, by the grace of God, hope am a child of light. Alas! was I half so solicitous to attain heavenly, as they are worldly riches, I

should be rich indeed. That you all may be rich towards God, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir, Your very unworthy,

but sincere friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER X.

To the Same.

Oxon, March 13, 1736.

Dear Sir,

I Have now but just time to acquaint you, that God gave me a pleasant and safe journey, and what was still a greater blessing, a joyful meeting with my zealous, hearty, sincere friends. The alderman bore my expences, and was very agreeable company; so that on all accounts I have great reason to thank my good and gracious God, and to beg others to join with me in that important, that delightful duty. You will not forget retaining your old custom of reading and singing. It's bad to leave off a good custom, and the best way to make a progress in religion, is to persist in, and to improve on the means we enjoy. I suppose honest James by this time is with you. My hearty love to him, and tell him, it would do his heart good to see what a number of true altogether Christians here are of his rank. I hope he will let none of them outstrip him: He must watch and pray against self-indulgence, sloth, &c. especially if he goes to a place where plenty of all things abound.

My due respects and hearty thanks to *Mrs. H.* and all friends. I hope none of their kindnesses will ever be forgotten by

Your sincere friend in great haste,

G. W.

LETTER XI.

To the Same.

Oxon, April 2, 1736.

Dearest Sir,

WHAT a comfort is it for Christian friends to relate to each other the loving-kindness of the Lord? O let his praises be ever in our mouths, that we may be telling of his salvation from day to day. O *dear Sir*, I heartily join with you in the delightful duty of thanksgiving. I hope that you will have every day more and more experimental proofs of that intercourse which is carried on between God in heaven, and saints on earth.

I must now inform you, that the person, who under God has given me the annuity, is *Sir John Philips* of London. The occasion of it was as follows. Upon my coming up, two or three of our trusty friends were called from us, and being solicitous to keep up our society here, the gentleman to whom you sent the book, wrote to *Sir John Philips* and proposed me (alas! how unfit) as a proper person to stay here and encourage our friends in fighting the good fight of faith. Accordingly he immediately offered me an annuity

of twenty pounds. To shew his disinterestedness, he has promised me *that*, whether I continue here or not; and if I resolve to stay at *Oxon*, he'll give me thirty pounds a year. If that will not do, I may have more; so that you see, my dear friend, what a critical point it is. All that we have to do is to pray, and watch Providence between this and *June*, when I propose, God willing, to enter into orders, and then no doubt my call will be clear. What makes me to think that this is a call from God is, that it will be convenient for taking my degree, and improving me in my studies. Whether it be or no, God only knows; Father, therefore into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord thou God of truth. I approve greatly of your reading Henry. God works by him here greatly, and may the Lord prosper it in your hands. Good dear Sir, never leave off watching, reading, praying, striving, till you experimentally find Christ Jesus formed within you. In a particular manner, my dear friend, watch against all temptations to sloth. When you receive the sacrament, earnestly endeavour to be inwardly bettered by it the week following. Live every day as holily as you can. Be frequent in self-examination morning and evening. Pray earnestly from your heart. Wrestle with God, beg him to hasten the new birth. Moreover be careful, diligent in your calling, labour hard with your own hands, that you may have to give to him that needeth. And labour not so much for the meat that perisheth, as to neglect pursuing that which endureth to eternal life. O *Mr. H.* my bowels are enlarged towards you. Believe me to be your sincere, tho' unworthy friend,

G. W.

LETTER XII.

To the Same.

Oxon, April 22, 1736.

Dear Mr. H.,

NOW tell me the truth, have not you called me ungrateful? If you have not, it is more than I deserve. I have nothing to plead but business, as an excuse for not answering your last kind letter. Well, forgive me this once, and if I offend so again, then call me ungrateful indeed. You order'd me to make no acknowledgments for kindnesses received. You'll suffer me to ask another favour, if not to return any more thanks. Be so kind then, dear Sir, to desire your brother to write to me as soon as possible. My good friend, *Sir John Philips*, has promised me thirty pounds a year, if I'll continue at Oxford, and yet I am in doubt, whether that annuity, and the being appointed to serve the prison here, will be a sufficient title for orders, therefore I beg both his advice and prayers. This is all I think that concerns outward affairs. But this solemn season naturally leads me to say a word or two on a more important subject, "the death and passion of our blessed

Lord and Saviour." If I mistake not, you commemorate it to-morrow at *Crypt*. And blessed be God, I do at Christ Church. And oh that we may commemorate it as we ought; that we may fix our thoughts intensely on that great examplar and all atoning blood; that we may grow in love with his meekness and patience, and endeavour daily to be conformed to his most blessed image. Surely we cannot grow angry at trifles, when the Son of God endured such bitter usage, without the least murmur or complaint. Surely, we cannot repine at any dispensations of Providence tho' ever so severe, when we consider, how it pleased God to bruise our Saviour and lay upon him the iniquities of us all. Whatever befalls us, is but the due reward of our crimes; but this Redeemer had done nothing amiss: he was bruised for our iniquities. I could run through every part of our Lord's sufferings, and shew how necessary it is that we should sympathize with him in every particular. But as it now grows late, and I want a little time to prepare for to-morrow's solemnity, you'll excuse me if I now only paraphrase a little on the prayer of the thief on the cross. Lord remember us and pray for us; Lord remember us and rule us; Lord remember us and prepare a place for us. Lord remember us in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment. My due respects to all friends, and am sincerely

Yours,

G. W.

LETTER XIII.

To Mr. S.

Gloucester, June 20, 1736.

My dear Friend,

THIS is a day much to be remember'd, O my soul! for about noon, I was solemnly admitted by good *Bishop Benson*, before many witnesses, into holy orders, and was, blessed be God, kept composed both before and after imposition of hands. I endeavoured to behave with unaffected devotion; but not suitable enough to the greatness of the office I was to undertake. At the same time, I trust, I answered to every question from the bottom of my heart, and heartily prayed that God might say Amen. I hope the good of souls will be my only principle of action. Let come what will, life or death, depth or heighth, I shall henceforwards live like one who this day, in the presence of men and angels, took the holy sacrament, upon the profession of being inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon me that ministration in the church. This I began with reading prayers to the prisoners in the county gaol. Whether I myself shall ever have the honour of

stiling myself a prisoner of the Lord, I know not; but indeed, my dear friend, I can call heaven and earth to witness, that when the Bishop laid his hand upon me, I gave myself up to be a martyr for him, who hung upon the cross for me. Known unto him are all future events and contingences; I have thrown myself blindfold, and I trust without reserve, into his almighty hands; only I would have you observe, that till you hear of my dying for, or in my work, you will not be apprized of all the preferment that is expected by

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XIV.

To the Same.

Gloucester, June 23, 1736.

Dear Friend,

NEVER a poor creature set up with so small a stock. When the good Bishop, who ordained me on Sunday, gave out last year in his visitation charge, that he would ordain none under full three and twenty, my heart leap'd for joy, for then I thought my friends would not only be disappointed in their hope of having me enter into orders so soon; but that I should also have time (as was my intention) to make at least a hundred sermons, with which to begin my ministry; but this is so far from being the case, that I have not a single one by me, except that which I made for a small Christian society, and which I sent to a neighbouring clergyman, to convince him how unfit I was to take upon me the important work of preaching. He kept it for a fortnight, and then sent it back with a guinea for the loan of it; telling me he had divided it into two, and had preached it morning and evening to his congregation. With this sermon I intend to begin, God willing, next Sunday,

not doubting, but that he, who increased a little lad's loaves and fishes for the feeding of a great multitude, will from time to time, in the proper use of appointed means, supply me with spiritual food for whatever congregation he in his all-wise Providence shall be pleased to call me to. Help, help me, my dear friend, with your warmest addresses to the throne of grace, that I may not only find mercy, but grace to help in time of need. At present this is the language of my heart,

A guilty weak and helpless worm into thy arms I fall,
Be thou my strength, my righteousness, my Jesus, and my all.

Oh cease not, for I must again repeat it, cease not to pray for

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XV.

Gloucester, June 28, 1736.

Dear Mrs. H.,

ACCORDING to my promise I am now seated to write you a farewell letter. For providence seems to demand my presence at *Oxford* immediately, and therefore I propose being there, God willing, on *Monday* night. But first let me return dear Mrs. *H.* my heartiest thanks for all past kindnesses, and assure her, that my incessant prayers shall never be wanting, that God may not forget her labour of love, in that she has so plentifully administered to me his unworthy servant, and yet does minister. To-morrow I am to preach at *Crypt*, but believe I shall displease some, being determined to speak against their assemblies. But I must tell them the truth, or otherwise I shall not be a faithful minister of Christ. Had providence so ordered, I should have been glad to have given you the cup of blessing; but since that favour is denied to me, I am resigned. However, I hope I shall not be unmindful of you, when I come near your place, nor be wanting in my prayers, that God would mercifully supply the want of outward means to you, by the

operation of his Holy Spirit. I suppose you are, by this time, pretty well reconciled to *Worcester*, and that providence has shewn you that we may serve God acceptably in any place. Yes, Madam, let but our hearts be upright towards him, and by faith united to our dear Lord Jesus, we shall find that wherever we are, he will be with us, and we shall be with him. So far I had written on *Saturday* night; but being detained here in expectation of seeing my brother *James*, (who has not as yet been so good as his word) I believe I can now acquaint you that I must set out on *Wednesday* morning. I preached yesterday at *Crypt*, and was mercifully supported and assisted, for which great blessing, I hope you will return hearty thanks in my behalf. I trust Miss *James* continues her former earnest desires to be renewed in the spirit of her mind; for nothing will do but that. Indeed we may flatter ourselves, that we may go to heaven without undergoing the pangs of the new birth; but we shall certainly find ourselves desperately mistaken in the end. For till we are changed, till we are made meet for, we cannot in the nature of the thing be partakers of the heavenly inheritance with the saints in light. Let us therefore never cease praying and striving, till we find this blessed change wrought in us, and thereby we ourselves brought off from relying on any or all outward ordinances for salvation. Our good bishop *Benson* was pleased to give me another present of five guineas, a great supply for one who has not a guinea in the world. May the great Bishop of souls amply reward both him and you, for all favours conferred on

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER XVI.

To Mr. H.

Gloucester, June 30, 1736.

My Dear Friend,

GLORY! glory! glory! be ascribed to an almighty triune God.—Last *Sunday* in the afternoon, I preached my first sermon in the church of St. *Mary De Crypt*, where I was baptized, and also first received the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Curiosity, as you may easily guess, drew a large congregation together upon the occasion. The sight at first a little awed me; but I was comforted with a heart-felt sense of the divine presence, and soon found the unspeakable advantage of having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners and poor people at their private houses, whilst at the university. By these means I was kept from being daunted over much. As I proceeded, I perceived the fire kindled, till at last, though so young, and amidst a croud of those, who knew me in my infant childish days, I trust, I was enabled to speak with some degree of gospel authority. Some few mocked, but most

for the present seemed struck; and I have since heard, that a complaint had been made to the bishop, that I drove fifteen mad the first sermon. The worthy prelate, as I am informed, wished that the madness might not be forgotten before next *Sunday*. Before then, I hope, my sermon upon *He that is in Christ, is a new creature*, will be compleated. Blessed be God, I now find freedom in writing. Glorious Jesus,

Unloose my stamm'ring tongue to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

Being thus engaged, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XVII.

To Mrs. H.

Oxon, July 7, 1736.

Dear Mrs. H.,

WHAT shall I say in defence of my seemingly ungrateful silence? Why, I hope, your kindness will accept of the reasons I gave in Mrs. *Well*'s letter, as a sufficient excuse for it, nothing but those, I assure you, being the cause of it. Well then, presuming on your kind pardon, give me leave, (after all acknowledgments of gratitude for kindnesses received) to bid you once more welcome to *Gloucester*, and to wish you and Mr. *H.* with all my soul, the greatest comfort, that either this or the other world can afford you. It's true, indeed, we must not expect much comfort here, except what results from a good conviction that we are in a safe state, by being born again of the Holy Ghost. This, will afford us inexpressible satisfaction, even on this side the grave. It will give us ease in pain, because we know, if we bear it patiently, it will end in glory. This, will make us meek and gentle under crosses and disappointments, because we know we are taught to expect

them, and that our blessed Master has gone before us in them. In short, it will make us easy in every station, because we have a general promise, that all things shall work for good to them that love God. But supposing we were to have no pleasure on this side of Heaven, yet the thoughts of being happy, and that too for all eternity hereafter, methinks should teach us to bear up under every calamity here, not only with submission, but a holy joy. Good God! the very idea of what we are to be in glory, transports me while I am writing. There, there, Mrs. *H.* we shall see the blessed Jesus, whom our souls have so eagerly thirsted after in this life, surrounded with glory, and attended with myriads of his holy angels, who will rejoice at our safe arrival to their happy mansions, and with repeated echoes welcome us to heaven. There, there, we shall not only see, but live with him and enjoy him too, not for a day, a month, a year, an age, but to all eternity. And who can tell the pleasure, comfort, peace, joy, delight, and transport, a glorified saint will feel in the possession of his wished-for, longed-for, ever adorable, ever gracious, blessed, beloved, triune God, and that for ever? Surely the happiness will be so great, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can the heart of man conceive the thousandth part thereof. And yet, great as it is, I not only wish, but have good hope through Christ, that not only you and Mr. *H.* but all my Christian friends, and even I myself through grace, shall one day be partakers of it. The way and means we know. “If any one, says Christ, will come after me (to glory) let him renounce himself.” i.e. make his own will no principle of action, be no self-pleaser, “and take up his cross” patiently (whether of sickness or outward circumstances, &c.) “and then let him follow me,” follow me in a way of duty here, and he shall follow me to glory hereafter. May we all be such followers of the blessed Jesus! And why should we despair of becoming such? What is there in

Christ's doctrine or example but that we may all, through the assistance of the Holy Spirit, imitate him in? Suppose it does oblige us to be a little stricter than our neighbours? Suppose it does forbid us spending too much time in the seemingly-innocent entertainments of the age? Suppose it does command us to be constant and frequent in prayer, in watchings, fastings, and other acts of mortification? Suppose it does bid us not to indulge our unruly passions; but to learn of Christ to be meek, patient, and lowly? Suppose it does compel us to redeem our time, to fill up every day with proper duty and devotion? Yet, what in all this, that is terrible? Has not such a behaviour a natural tendency to make us calm, easy, peaceful, happy? And then, why should we refuse so easy a yoke, so light a burden? I am sure the little (alas! too, too little) time I have drawn in it, I have found it not galling but healing, and the longer I bear it, the easier and pleasanter it is. Let us then, Dear Mrs. *H.* chearfully take it upon us, and then

No mortal living of us all can miss
A permanent, a sure substantial bliss.

Your sincere, though very unworthy friend and humble servant,
G. W.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mr. H.

Oxon, Oct. 14, 1736.

Dearest Sir,

I Was agreeably detained, as you was pleased to term it, last *Tuesday*, in reading your kind letter, and had I not been assisted by the grace of God to receive every thing with an equal, undisturbed mind, perhaps the contents of it might have given me some small uneasiness. But religion quite changes the nature of man, and makes us to receive all the dispensations of providence with resignation and thankfulness. Of this, dearest Sir, I hope you have had an experimental proof, in bearing up with courage and resolution under those acute pains the Almighty was pleased to visit you with last *Sunday*, and with which, perhaps, his infinite wisdom and goodness may continue to visit you longer. My dear friend (if I mistake not) used to say, he was afraid God did not love him, because he did not chasten him. Behold then, now the hand of the Lord is upon you, not so much to punish, as to purify your soul. Not in anger but in love. Pray therefore in

your easy intervals, that you may know, wherefore the Lord contendeth with you, and that you may not come cankered out of the furnace of affliction. Offer up every groan, every sigh, in the name of your dying, risen Redeemer, and doubt not, but they will be as prevalent as set times of prayer. Our being enabled to pray when sickness comes on us, doubtless, is to teach us the necessity of praying always, when we are in health. But, dear Mr. *H.* wants no such lessons, or excitements, I believe, to prayer. Methinks I could bear some of your pain for you, if that would give you comfort. But as it is impossible, O let me never cease most earnestly to beseech my heavenly Father, that he would sanctify this his fatherly correction to you, and that the sense of your weakness may add strength to your faith, and seriousness to your repentance. Poor Mr. *Pauncefoot*, I find, is visited in a far more grievous manner. Dear good man, surely the time of his dissolution (I should say of his coronation) draweth near. See, dear Mr. *H.* through what tribulations we must enter into glory. Be pleased to give my hearty love and thanks to him for his last kind letter. Beg him not to cease praying for me, unworthy as I am. And, I hope, I shall not be wanting in returning his kindness in the same manner. But alas, I have nothing to depend on, but the merits of a crucified Redeemer to have my poor petitions answered. But does dear Mrs. *H.* complain of deadness and coldness in devotion? Alas poor woman! let her not be disheartened. This is a complaint, which all the children of God have made. And we must take a great deal of pains with our hearts, must pray often and long, before we shall be able to pray well. And the only way I can think of, to shame ourselves out of deadness in prayer, is to censure and condemn, to humble and bewail ourselves for it every time we go upon our knees, at least every time we solemnly retire to converse with God. But why does dear Mrs. *H.*

so much as think of omitting but once the receiving of the holy sacrament? Or if satan does put such thoughts in her head, why does not she repel them with the utmost abhorrence? Alas! should the devil gain his point here, would not the ridiculing world say, Mrs. *H.* began to build, but had not wherewith to finish. I have seen too many fatal instances of the inexpressible danger and sad consequences of leaving off any one means of grace, not to encourage Mrs. *H.* stedfastly to persevere in the good way she has begun; and would exhort her, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, to labour daily to mortify and subdue her corruptions, not wilfully to indulge herself in any ill habit, custom, or temper, and then assure herself, one time or another, Christ will be made known unto her in breaking of bread. But what shall I say, dear Sir, about Mr. *W.* &c. &c.? Alas! I find, they are all in the gall of bitterness, in the very bondage of iniquity, and all I can do, is to pity and pray for them. I find more and more, that where true religion is wanting, there is confusion and every evil work. But why is my honoured mother so solicitous about a few paultry things, that will quickly perish? Why will she not come and see her youngest son, who will endeavour to be a *Joseph* to her, before she dies? What makes my dear friend and his kind wife, give me another invitation to *Gloucester*? Alas! have I not wearied and been expensive enough to you already? I hope to send you, in a short time, two guineas towards paying for Mr. *Henry*'s Exposition. I wish I could spare more, but time will bring all things to pass. You see what a large letter I have written to you to make amends for the many short ones, I have sent lately. Though I believe you may say of mine, the quite contrary to what I say of yours; the shorter the better. My due respects to all friends, and believe me to be, in the utmost sincerity, Dearest Sir,

Your and Mrs. *H.*'s affectionate friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER XIX.

To the Same.

Oxon, Nov. 5, 1736.

Dearest Sir,

HEREWITH I have sent you seven pounds to pay for Mr. *Henry*'s Commentary. Dear Esqr. *Thorold* lately made me a present of ten guineas, so that now (for ever blessed be the divine goodness) I can send you more than I thought for. In time, I hope to pay the apothecary's bill. If I forget your favours, I shall also forget my God. Say nothing of your receiving this money, only give thanks, give hearty thanks to our good and gracious God for his infinite, unmerited mercy to me, the vilest of the sons of men. Oh, dear Sir, may such instances of free grace strengthen your faith, and make you put your sole trust and confidence in the Lord your God. For he hath said, *I will never leave thee nor forsake thee*. Have not you experienced his loving kindness and mercy, in supporting you under your sickness? Methinks I feel you have. May you experience it more and more! Did not Christ give you the meeting last *Sunday*? I hope he did, nay I am sure he

did, if our hearts were duly prepared by faith and repentance to receive him; but without an entire resignation of ourselves to God, and a thorough renunciation of all worldly and corrupt affections, all God's ordinances will profit nothing. Your reverend brother's kind letter I hope to answer soon, and to send him also a small parcel of books. The good Lord sanctify them to his own glory, and the good of souls. I find dear Mr. *Pauncefoot* is still afflicted, but bid him be of good cheer. In his latter end he may yet greatly increase. When we are weak, then are we strong. There is hope concerning his legacy. Let us in the mean while continue instant in prayer in behalf of this our dear and worthy friend. Good man! salute him kindly in my name. Beg his prayers for my unworthy self, and tell him I will write as soon as possible. The gospel flourishes at *Oxon*. Our society here, blessed be God, goes on well. I received the papers and thank you. How does dear Mrs. *H.*? The divine blessing rest on you both. My prayer night and day is, that you may be saved. Salute all friends by name. From Dearest Sir,

Your unworthy friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER XX.

To the Same.

Bristol, Feb. 10, 1737.

Dear Sir,

WHAT shall I say? I cannot be with you this week. Methinks, it would be almost sinful to leave *Bristol* at this critical juncture, there being now a prospect of making a very considerable collection for the poor *Americans*. The whole city seems to be alarmed. Churches are as full week days, as they use to be on *Sundays*, and on *Sundays* so full, that many, very many are obliged to go away, because they cannot come in. Oh pray, dear Mr. *H.* that God would always keep me humble, and fully convinced that I am nothing without him, and that all the good which is done upon earth, God doth it himself. Quakers, baptists, presbyterians, &c. all come to hear the word preached. Sanctify it, holy Father, to thy own glory and thy people's good! I hope to be with you without fail on *Tuesday* morning. What letters you have, pray send to, Dear Sir,

Your unworthy friend, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XXI.

To the Same.

Stonehouse, April 26, 1737.

Dear Sir,

BE pleased to send the *Poor Country Curate*, and *Flavel's Husbandry Spiritualized*. I know not what to do for want of a clock in the house. How shall I know, how my precious time passes away? You'll mind your promise to come. Here are lovely, solitary, and pleasant walks to commune with your own heart, and search out your spirit. Has Mr. *Pauncefoot* wrote to me? My dear friend *Stratford*'s death affects me still. Methinks I long to be above, employed as he is. But alas, I am not ripe for glory; if I was, my heavenly Father would gather me into his garner. Farewell, Dear Sir; remember I am alone, and pray accordingly for

Your sincere, though weak friend,

G. W.

LETTER XXII.

To the same.

Stonehouse, May 4, 1737.

Dear Sir,

WHY does not Mr. *H.* let me hear from or see him? Surely no evil has befallen either him or his family in their way to eternity. Why then tarry their horses? Why are they so long in coming to visit the country, which now looks like a second paradise, and which, to me, seems the pleasantest place I ever was in, through all my life? Surely I can never be thankful enough for being sent hither; people flock to hear the word of God from the neighbouring villages, as well as our own. They gladly receive me into their houses, and I have no let or hindrance to my ministerial business; and what is still better, God has opened my heart, and enabled me to finish a sermon on "Remember thy Creator, &c."—If you will come on *Sunday* you may hear it perhaps.—Your sister-in-law talks of being here again on *Friday*; but I believe it will be more agreeable, if you chuse another opportunity, that we may have our own conversation. I hope that dear Mrs. *H.* took nothing

ill, that was in my last. I meant it well, and wrapt up the pill in as much sugar as I could. My hearty love to her and Miss *J.* Poor Mr. *M.* and Mr. *W.* will set out to morrow, I suppose. The Lord prosper them and be with them wherever they go, and make them good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and finally bring them and us to his heavenly kingdom! So wishes, so prays,

Your's affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Same.

Stonehouse, May 11, 1737.

Dear Sir,

I Thank you for your last, and bless God that you got home safe: your observations on the weather were pertinent and spiritual. Honest *James* and I, were out in the midst of the lightning, and never were more delighted in our lives. May we be as well pleased, when the Son of God cometh to judgment. What! no news from your brother? Well, *Stonehouse* people and I agree better and better. I believe we shall part weeping. Had I time I would now write to Miss *J.* but I must away among my flock, and so deny myself that pleasure till another opportunity is given to, Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER XXIV.

To the Same.

Bristol, May 24, 1737.

Dear Sir,

BY the particular good providence of God, I got safe to *Bristol* yesterday by ten in the morning, and was received (unworthy as I am) with the utmost civility and kindness. I have learnt from hence the benefit of setting out on our journey to eternity betimes, and what a pleasing reflection it will be to look back, though not to depend, on one's past life, and find a great deal of work done in a little time. The people here are exceeding kindly affected towards me; and, I hope, I have seen the effects of my doctrine in the reformation of some of their lives. Remember me always in your prayers. Accept my hearty thanks for all favours, and believe me to be,

Ever your's,

G. W.

LETTER XXV.

To Mrs. H.

Oxon, July 14, 1737.

Dear Mrs. H.,

IF you remember, I promised you a long and particular letter when I was at *Gloucester*, and nothing hinders but I may now perform it. Permit me then first, to begin this, as I would all my letters, with thanks to you and kind Mr. *H.* for your inexpressible favours conferred on the most unworthy of my master's servants; and, withall, to assure you, how incessantly I pray, that the God of all grace and mercy, for the sake of his dear Son Jesus Christ, would reward you in spirituals, for what you have done to me in temporals, and feed your soul with his heavenly graces, as plentifully as you have fed my body with nourishing food. But as, in all probability, this will be the last letter I shall write to dear Mrs. *H.* before I sail, what can I fill the remainder with better, than by exhorting you, to lay aside every weight, particularly the sin that does most easily beset you, and so run with patience the race set before you. I say, the sin that most easily besets; for

unless we lay the ax to the root, unless we sincerely resolve in the strength of Jesus Christ to subdue our favourite, our darling passion, and spare not one *Agag*, though ever so engaging, ever so beautiful, all our other sacrifices will avail us nothing. Suppose therefore, for instance, Passion be our greatest foible. A sincere person will never cease night or day, till he is made meek and lowly in heart. But if it be asked, how he shall do this? I answer, *first*, let him consider how odious it is in the sight of God, and how contrary to the lamb-like meekness of the holy Jesus. *Secondly*, Let him reflect how troublesome it must be to others, (for alas what unnecessary disorders, what needless troubles doth the passionate person occasion to all that are round about him?) *Thirdly*, Let him consider how exceeding hurtful and unpleasant it is to himself; how it ruffles and discomposes his mind; unfits him for every holy duty, and in short makes him a torment to himself and a burden to others. Well, after he has thus seen the deformity of his darling passion, the next enquiry must be, how to get the mastery over it. The first and grand thing, is to get a true and lively faith in Christ Jesus, seeking for it by earnest prayer. To this, we must have recourse in all our struggles; for it's God alone, who can subdue and govern the unruly wills of sinful men, and it is his grace which alone can enable us to mortify our corrupt passions. But then we must take care not to rest in general petitions for conquering this or that corruption; but must descend to particulars. For instance, supposing I am angry with a servant or husband without a cause; What must I do? Why, take the very first opportunity of retiring from the world, and after having bewailed my being angry, earnestly beseech the Lord of all power and might to enable me to withstand such and such a provocation for the future, and notwithstanding I should fail again and again in the very same instance, yet I would again and again renew my

petitions to the throne of grace, and never cease praying and striving, till instead of a blind, perverse, troublesome passion, I had the lovely, calm, and delightful grace of meekness and humility planted in its room. Now would dear Mrs. *H.* take some such method as this (for I suppose by this time, she guesses to whom all this points) I dare say, she would quickly find as much difference in herself as there is between a wise man and an idiot.—And that she may both begin and succeed in this method, is the earnest prayer of, Dear Mrs. *H.*

Your affectionate friend, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XXVI.

To Mr. H.

London, Sept. 28, 1737.

My Dear Friend,

I Thank you for your last kind letter and kinder wishes. May they be turned into prayers, and heard at the throne of grace. Blessed be God for your new correspondence with our *Oxford* friends. I hope you will be instrumental to build each other up in the knowledge and fear of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. God still works powerfully here. People flock more than ever, and shew the sincerity of their hearts by giving liberally to the poor. I have preached four charity sermons within this little while, and the collections were larger than ever were known. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me; but unto thy Name be the glory and praise thereof! I am glad, since it's the divine will, that my brother is coming up, though my ability as to temporals you know is small. But I have an all-sufficient God to apply to in all emergencies. I am sorry for my brother's loss; but I fear he must have greater, before he is awakened out of his spiritual lethargy. God sanctify all

his dispensations to him. I know not why we go not to *Georgia*; but there is no likelihood of it yet, as I see. Friends universally dissuade me from going by myself; but I hope it will not be long now, before we shall launch into the deep. To-night I preach again at *Bow* church, before the religious societies. God opens my heart to compose freely. O praise him, dear Mr. *H.* for this and all his other mercies, conferred on, Dear Sir,

Your and Mrs. *H.*'s affectionate friend,

G. W.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Same.

London, Oct. 25, 1737.

Dearest Sir,

MULTIPLICITY of business prevented my writing to you before. But though you have not heard from me by letter, yet you may assure yourself, dear Sir, I never forget mentioning you in my prayers. God knows that I and some other friends intercede most fervently for you, and very frequently even at midnight. May God, for Christ's sake, hear and answer them! We sail not for *Georgia* this month. I suppose you have heard of my *mighty deeds*, falsely so called, by reading the news-papers; for I find some back-friend has published abroad my preaching four times in a day; but I beseech Mr. *Raikes*, the printer, never to put me into his news upon any such account again, for it is quite contrary to my inclinations and positive orders. God still works here. The collections for the charity schools, in all the churches where I preach, are very large. All *London* is alarmed. Many youths here sincerely love our Lord Jesus Christ; and thousands, I hope, are

quickened, strengthened, and confirmed by the word preached. I was never in better health, and never composed more freely. O praise the Lord, dear Sir, and pray that I may not be self-sufficient but humble. I am glad dear Mrs. *H.* is recovered. May she, with *Peter*'s wife's mother, arise and minister to Jesus Christ. God reward her for all her works and labours of love. Blessed be God my hands are full of business. A third edition of my sermon on regeneration is coming out. Write to me quickly, accept my hearty thanks and love, and expect to hear again from, Dear Sir,

Ever your's,

G. W.

LETTER XXVIII.

To the Same.

Nov. 14, 1737.

Dear Sir,

I Heartily thank you for your last, and having a few moments, sit down to answer it. Let not my friends trouble me with temporal offers, I shall accept (God assisting me) of no place this side *Jordan*. We embark for *Georgia* in about three weeks or a month at farthest. You wish me good luck in the name of the Lord. I hope to send to you again before I sail. Mr. *M——n* is going amongst the colliers again at *Bristol*, and a church, I hope, will be built for them. Prosper, O Lord, the work of his hands upon him!—Mrs. *Farmer*, whenever my circumstances will admit, shall be paid all that is due to her on my mother's account. God still works more and more by my unworthy ministry. Last week, save one, I preached ten times in different churches; and the last week seven; and yesterday four times, and read prayers twice, though I slept not above an hour the night before, which was spent in religious conversation, and in interceding for you, Mrs. *H.*, good

Mr. *Pauncefoot*, &c. I now begin to preach charity sermons twice or thrice a week, besides two or three on *Sundays*, and sixty or seventy pounds are collected weekly for the poor children. Thousands would come in to hear, but cannot. This night I preached a funeral sermon before a most crouded audience, and God, I believe, worked upon the people's hearts. O pray for me still, *dear Sir*, that I may renew my strength, that I may walk and not be weary, run and not be faint. Admire God's free grace in Christ Jesus, and let his goodness to me, the worst of sinners, strengthen your faith, and make you never to despair of mercy. Farewell. My love to all, and am, Dear Sir, in sincerity,

Your friend, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XXIX.

To Mrs. H.

London, Dec. 23, 1737.

Dear Mrs. H.,

ONCE more I send you a line. Nothing but an excess of business, should have prevented me writing to you oftner. Your favours, I hope, will never be forgotten, and never cease to be mentioned before the throne of grace, God only knows, how earnestly I have recommended you and your's to his never-failing mercy. On *Wednesday* night eighteen of us continued all night in praises, and praying for you and our other friends. I know, that passion is the sin, which most easily besets you, and therefore I always pray that you may have grace given you to conquer it, and to learn of Jesus Christ to be meek and lowly in heart. Then, and not till then, you will find rest to your soul. Pardon me, *dear Mrs. H.* for being thus free. Your kindness compels me to it. Had I not a sincere regard for you, I should not express myself thus. Besides, it's the last time, perhaps, I shall write to you in this world, and therefore would have this letter contain some instructive hints. We sail,

God willing, next week. Great things have been done for us here. Perhaps upwards of a thousand pounds have been collected for the poor, and the charity schools, and I have preached above an hundred times, since I have been here. A visible alteration is made also in hundreds. Last *Sunday* at six in the morning, when I gave my farewell, the whole church was drowned in tears: they wept and cried aloud, as a mother weepeth for her first born. Since that, there is no end of persons coming and weeping, telling me what God has done for their souls: others again beg little books, and desire me to write their names in them. The time would fail me, was I to relate how many have been awakened, and how many pray for me. The great day will discover all. In the mean while, I beseech you Mrs. *H.* by the mercies of God to pray, that the goodness of God may make me humble. As yet the divine strength has been magnified in my weakness. Many have opposed, but in vain. God's power conquers all. I am now going as *Abraham* did, not knowing whither I go; but I commit myself to the guidance of God's good providence and spirit. He that has and doth, will deliver me out of all my troubles. I only wish, I could debase myself low enough, that I might be more fitted for the high and lofty one who inhabiteth eternity, to work by. I am a proud, imperious, sinful worm; but God, I hope, in time, will conform me to the image of his dear Son. He has begun (for ever adored be his free grace), and I trust, he will finish his good work in me. Out of the money that God has sent me, I will pay all the debts I can. I have sent some of it to Mrs. *Wells*, with particular orders how to be disposed of; two guineas are for Mrs. *Farmer* towards the debt due to her from my mother. My farewell sermon will be published shortly, with two or three more. Dear Mrs. *H.* farewell. God reward you and your's for all your works of faith and labours

of love, and grant we may so believe, and so live here, as to meet in eternal glory hereafter,

Ever your's,

G. W.

LETTER XXX.

To Mr. H.

Margate, Jan. 9, 1738.

Dear Sir,

HITHER the good providence of God has safely brought us; our ship cast anchor near this town, and my dear fellow-traveller and I came on shore (to our great comfort) to buy some things we wanted. We have been most courteously treated by the curate of the place, and had some Christian conversation. The winds and storms are blustering about our ears, and teaching us lessons of obedience to him, whom winds and storms obey. God give us grace to learn them. Mr. *B.* can inform you, what other particulars have happened to us, since we left you; I need only add, that the divine goodness attends us wherever we go. Oh dear Sir! who would but leave their few ragged, tattered nets to follow Jesus Christ? Who would but follow the Lamb wheresoever he shall be pleased to lead? Pray, *dear Sir*, that I may always do so, and then, I am sure, God will never leave or forsake me. You see, dear Sir, I have answered your kind letter much sooner

than expectation, in order to express how sincerely I value your friendship, though you differ from me in some outward modes. Indeed, Sir, I hope the favours I have received from you and others of your Christian brethren, will never go out of my mind; but I shall often plead them (as I have done already) at the throne of grace. I would willingly be of so catholic a spirit, as to love the image of my divine master, wherever I see it: I am far from thinking God's grace is confined to any set of men whatsoever: no, I know the partition-wall is now broken down, and that Jesus Christ came to redeem people out of all nations and languages and tongues; and therefore his benefits are not to be confined to this or that particular set of professors. I only wish, that I may have grace given me to preach the truth, as it is in Jesus; and then, come what will, I hope I shall (as I do, blessed be God) rejoice.

You know, Sir, what a design I am going upon, and what a stripling I am for so great a work; but I stand forth as *David* against *Goliah* in the name of the Lord of Hosts, and I doubt not, but he that has and doth, will still deliver unto the end. God give me a deep humility, a well-guided zeal, a burning love, and a single eye, and then let men or devils do their worst.—Dear Sir, I could write more, but nature calls for rest. Be pleased to give my hearty love to all you and I know, and acquaint them, how safe I am here; for otherwise the tempestuous night might put them and others in pain for, *Dear Sir*,

Your unworthy, though affectionate friend,

G. W.

LETTER XXXI.

To Mrs. H.

Deal, Jan. 11, 1738.

Dear Mrs. H.,

HITHER has God safely brought us. Pray give thanks on my behalf. We have had two little storms, the one we escaped by being at *Margate*, the other we were enabled to bear manfully, and to pray for you and yours on open deck in the midst of it. All the officers are exceeding civil. The captain gives me the free use of his cabin, and some impression is made on the soldiers. I read prayers and preach twice every day, and, would you think it, the very soldiers stand out to say their catechism. Oh that they may be soldiers of Jesus Christ. God gives me great joy, and excites me to adore him more and more, when I behold his wonders in the deep. I am but a fresh-water sailor; but God's strength will be magnified in my weakness, and I verily believe we shall arrive at the haven, where we wou'd be. Oh that we may all so pass thro' the waves of this troublesome world, that at

last we may arrive at the port of everlasting rest! Expect to hear from me at *Gibraltar*, and assure yourself your favours shall never be forgotten by

Your sincere friend,

G. W.

LETTER XXXII.

To Mr. ——.

Deal, Jan. 21, 1738.

SUPPOSE I answer *dear Mr.* —— before I reach *Georgia*, Will he be angry? I fancy not. I had a mind to write to you again, before I received yours. For as you have been so liberal in your presents, it would be unpardonable in me, was I niggardly in my letters. No, my dear friend, I hope I never shall cease praying for you and yours, so long as I live. Hitherto I have not. I was praying for you just as I received yours: I am glad to hear you prayed before you wrote to me. Surely God will bless such a correspondence. O my friend, let us still wrestle with God, that we may be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. For it is perseverance crowns our labours. *He, and He only can be saved.* The world, the flesh and the devil are three such potent enemies, that we must strive, we must persevere, if we will gain a conquest. Strive then; let us, my dear friend, strive as persons striving for eternity. Let us abstain from all appearance of evil, and avoid all company, that doth not directly tend to the

promoting our spiritual welfare. Whether one of the societies you frequent, my dear friend, has a tendency that way, I leave you to judge. I think I have heard you say, it keeps you from family and secret prayer. If that is not a sufficient reason for absenting from it, I'll say no more. I believe you to be sincere, and therefore, if you consult God by prayer and reading his word, your way will be made clear before you. I only add, that I could wish, instead of frequenting *that*, you would set up another society of a quite contrary nature on the same night of the week. I know Mr. ——— had some such design on foot, and desired me to mention it. I wish you good success in this and every pious undertaking in the name of the Lord. May God reward you for all your kindnesses, and make you to abound in every good word and work! may you walk by faith and not by sight; and tho' you are in the world, may you not be of it! I preach here, God willing, to-morrow; there's likely to be a great congregation. O pray, that they may not be sent away empty, but converted by, dear *Mr.* ———,

Your affectionate friend,

G. W.

LETTER XXXIII.

Deal, Jan. 25, 1738.

Dear Sir,

I Am ashamed of my ingratitude in not writing to you before; but you'll not wonder I am ungrateful to my friends, when I tell you I am ungrateful to my God. However, as I always remark'd you for your charity, I know you will imitate Him you so resemble, and upon my promise of amendment for the future, will pardon what is past. Oh dear Sir, how shall I express my gratitude to dear ——? But above all, what return shall I make to my ever-blessed Redeemer for all the favours he hath bestowed upon me? Help, I entreat you, help me to be thankful, and as you abound in prayer, abound in praises. I find my heart too backward to this divine exercise. I am ready enough to ask for mercies, but alas! how slow to return thanks! Indeed sometimes God touches me from above, and my heart, hard as it is, is melted down and quite overcome with the sense of his free grace in Christ Jesus towards me. But I want always to go on my way rejoicing; I want the heart of a seraphim;

I want to sing as loud as they,

Who shine above in endless day.

I could almost say more than they, and why should I not return angelic thanks? But my heart is as yet unhumbled, I see not what I am, what I deserve, and therefore set not a due value on the divine mercies. Pray therefore, *dear Mr.* ——, that I may receive my sight, that my eyes may be opened, and that seeing what God hath done for me, I may break out into songs of praise, and by such heart-transforming divine exercises be gradually trained up for eternal uninterrupted communion with that heavenly choir, who cease not chanting forth day and night hallelujahs to Him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb for ever. *Dear Mr.* ——, I can relate to you fresh matter for praise and thanksgiving; a divine fire seems to be kindling in *Deal*. I preached on *Sunday*, and this day. The inhabitants are quite affectionate, and so desirous to hear the word, at my private lodgings, as well as at public churches, that I am obliged to divide them into two companies. And God, blessed be his free grace in Christ Jesus, helps me through. I suppose my dear friend has heard how affairs go on shipboard. I need only add, that God makes his power to be known among those that sail with me, and there are great hopes of the captain's conversion. O pray, that he may not be an almost, but an altogether Christian. Dear Mr. ——, farewell. It's late, and many other friends must have a line to-night. May God reward you for all kindnesses, and keep you stedfast unto the end. Pray return my hearty thanks to all your Brethren; tell them I sincerely pray for their growth and perseverance in holiness, and am, dear Mr. ——,

Your affectionate, tho' unworthy friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER XXXIV.

Gibraltar Harbour, Feb. 24, 1738.

Dear Mr. ——,

I Bless God for inclining your heart to take my advice. I know it was intended well, and I hope proceeded from the spirit of God. The many fatal consequences I have daily seen, proceeding from conversing with lukewarm Christians, makes me jealous of my dear friends, lest they should be infected by them; and the great tendency I find in my own heart to catch every infection, makes me to resolve for myself, and to put others on resolving to keep no set company but with religious persons. I hope by this time I may wish you joy of settling a new society with *Messrs.* ——; and I doubt not but your hearts have already burnt within you, whilst you talked to one another of the scriptures of truth. I am sure there is scarce a night has passed over my head but I have wrestled with God for you, and prayed that he would prosper this work of your hands upon you. My hearty desire and daily petition at the throne of grace is, that you may be saved; and tho' I know not much of your dear wife's temper, yet I pray, that she may be meek

and lowly in heart, not easily provoked, nor answer unnecessarily again. I pray, that you both may walk as *Zachary* and *Elizabeth* did before the Lord blameless, that you may love one another, as Christ and the church, and see your children like olive-branches round about your table. I pray, that you may persevere in the good way you have begun, that you may abstain from all appearance of evil, and dare to be exemplarily good. I pray, that you may practice an universal self-denial, and perfect holiness in the fear of God. I could say much more, but must away to *Gibraltar*; one of the *Majors* of the regiments has sent for me, having provided a lodging at a merchant's house unknown to me. Oh admire God's goodness! Accept my thanks and love, and believe me to be, more than words can express,

Your affectionate friend in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER XXXV.

To Mr. ——.

Gibraltar, Feb. 25, 1738.

Dear Mr. ——,

I Should think myself unworthy of your friendship, did I not send you a line now God has brought me in safety hither. I know you will give thanks, and therefore, God forbid I should sin against the Lord in not informing you of it.—Your prayers have already been heard; for God (ever adored be his free grace in Christ Jesus) hath been with us of a truth. He hath led us through the sea, as through a wilderness, and brought us to a haven, where I am honoured with many honours.—Any one that knows *Gibraltar* would be apt to say, Can any good come out from thence? Yes, I assure you, there may; for there are some that are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. About six o'clock this morning I went to the church, where was assembled a number of decent soldiers praying and singing psalms to Christ as God. They meet constantly three times a day, and I intend, God willing, henceforward to meet them. For my delight is in the saints who are in the

earth, and those that excel in virtue. I have talked with some of them, and, blessed be God, can find the marks of the new birth in them. They pray without ceasing, have overcome the world, hate sin, as sin, love their enemies and one another. They glory in the cross of Christ, and rejoice that they are accounted worthy to suffer shame for the sake of Christ. O, who would but travel to see how the spirit of God is moving on the faces of poor sinners souls up and down the world! God, I find, has a people every where; Christ has a flock, though but a little flock, in all places.—God be praised, that we are of this flock, and that it will be our Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom!—*Gibraltar* is blessed with a governor, who hath not absented himself from public worship, unless when he was sick, for these seven years, and yet is very moderate towards the dissenters. Both conformists and nonconformists perform public worship, though at different times of the day, in the same place: They also have a religious society. The good Lord prosper this work of their hands upon them. Whenever we go away, may we leave a blessing behind us. He is a prayer-hearing God.—Yesterday a major of one of the regiments, unknown to me, took two handsome rooms, and sent for me from on board, desiring me to lodge in them; and I find the people of the house fear God.—"When I sent you without scrip or shoe, lacked you any thing?" said our Lord. They said nothing.—O, dear Mr. ——, I beseech you abound in thanksgiving, and pray that all these blessings may humble my proud heart, and make me willing to follow the Lamb whithersoever he shall lead me. Assure yourself, that you and all your Christian friends are constantly prayed for by, dear Sir,

Your's most affectionately in the Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER XXXVI.

Gibraltar, Feb. 27, 1738.

Dear Sir,

EVER since I left *Gravesend*, I remember the fulness of your heart. I have been a constant petitioner at the throne of grace for you, and intended writing to you before, but was let hitherto. However, God has now brought me safe to *Gibraltar*, and as I have time, I should think myself inexcusable, did I not send a line to dear Mr. ——, to assure him, I forgot not his tears, and wish him to be not only an almost, but an altogether Christian. Dear Sir, you are young and in the bloom of youth, and it would rejoice my heart to see you triumph over the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life, and to become a poor despised servant of Jesus Christ. Others, indeed, may wish you wealth, may wish you pomp and grandeur; but believe me, my dear friend, these will not, these cannot, make you happy: No, nothing but God can satisfy the heart of man; nothing but an assurance, that we are born again, that we are members of Christ, that we are united to him by one and the same spirit with which he himself was actuated.

Without this, if we were to have our appetites regaled with the richest dainties, be cloathed with purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, yet the hand-writing upon the wall, the consideration, that all these things are quickly to be taken away, would make our visage to change, and our knees, like *Belshazzar*'s, to smite one against another. Strive then, my dear friend, to get the spirit of Christ, who will keep close to you, when all other comforts fail; will make you happy here, and unspeakably happy hereafter.—Never fear the contempt you will meet with; yet a little while, and they that call you fool, will call themselves so, and curse that worldly wisdom, which tempted them to evade the cross of Christ. Strange! that any one should let a little reproach deprive them of an eternal crown! Lord, what is man! How blind as to the knowledge of his true interest! How backward in the pursuit of his eternal good! O, dear Mr. ——, let us not be of the number of those, who desire the honour that cometh of man; but be content with that which cometh from God. In a short time, we shall have praise enough. Heaven will echo with the applause that shall be given to the true followers of the Lamb, and then you will see how sincerely I was, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER XXXVII.

To Mrs. H.

At Sea, April 14, 1738.

Dear Mrs. H.,

THOUGH through excess of business, and the shortness of the time, that was allotted me, I wrote but a few lines to you from *Gibraltar*, yet, what hinders, but that I may send you a longer letter now? It's true we are now near a thousand miles from *Georgia*; but as I shall have an opportunity of sending immediately on our arrival, I chuse to take time by the forelock, and embrace the first opportunity of acknowledging my obligations to dear Mrs. *H.* and her husband; for whom I pray without ceasing. Your past favours are seldom out of my mind; I plead them daily before God in prayer, and hope, if it is ever in my power, I shall imitate the example of pious *David* in yesterday evening's first lesson, and requite my friends, particularly dear Mrs. *H.* and her spouse, for the kindnesses they have shewn me. However, supposing this should not happen, they will in no-wise lose their reward. But I know you do not care I should dwell on this. You

want to be informed, how God has dealt with me since I left *Gibraltar*? Exceeding graciously indeed. He has comforted me on every occasion, most remarkably blessed my unworthy ministry on board the ship, sent us most delightful weather, and made us to ride as it were on the wings of the wind. We live in perfect love and harmony one with another. I know but little difference between sea and land, and have great reason to bless God for sending me abroad. A grievous sickness has been sent amongst us, by which most of the ship have been chastened and corrected but only two given over unto death; and God hath been so good to me, that, except for a little time after we sailed from *Gibraltar*, I have been in perfect health, and now God satisfieth my mouth with good things, making me strong and lively as a young eagle. I have nothing to disturb my joy in God, but the disorder of my passions. Were these once brought into a proper subjection to divine grace, O well would it be with me, and happy should I be. But so long as I am angry for trifles, and throw myself into needless disorders, so long must my heart be like the troubled sea, so long consequently must I be unhappy. Pray therefore, dear Mrs. *H.* that I may lay the ax of mortification to the root of my most darling corruptions, and since I have but little, if any thing, to disturb me without, O pray that I may meet with no disturbance from myself within. The farther particulars of my voyage, you will see in my journal, which I have sent to Mr. *Hutton*, and for the blessings contained therein, I beseech you to return God most humble and hearty thanks. About *Christmas* next, God willing, I purpose to come to *England* to take priests orders, and to return as soon as possible to *Georgia*. In the mean while, dear Mrs. *H.* let us strive to enter in at the strait gate, that we may be Christians indeed, and know what it is truly to be born again from above, and to be

renewed by the spirit in our minds. Remember me most affectionately to all friends. I am,

Your's, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mr. ——.

On board the Whitaker, April 17, 1738.

Dear Mr. ——,

TO assure you I do not forget you, I write to you, as yet, eight hundred miles off shore. Your honest heart has won my affections. I make mention of you and your's continually at the throne of grace in my prayers, and shall have no greater pleasure than to hear you walk in the truth. In your last, I think you said, you would desist from frequenting any other societies, but what immediately tended to the promoting of true religion, and ere now, I doubt not but you have seen the benefit of it. I have often pleased myself with the hopes, that you, dear Mr. ——, had set up another society among yourselves, and often have I thought, I felt the benefit of your prayers; for God hath blessed me exceedingly, and brought us on our way rejoicing; and has shewn me, that he doth not send me abroad in vain.—How God will deal with me at *Savannah*, I know not; however, let my friends be always lifting up their hands in intercession, and then our spiritual *Amalek* will not

prevail. Hitherto I have been made to go on from conquering to conquer. God gives me a chearful spirit, and crowns my feeble labours with success. And why should I despair of future assistance? Are not these earnests of future mercies? And may I not expect, when I am duly prepared, to see greater things than these? Cry therefore mightily unto the Lord, that I may be humble, and that I may tremble at his word, and then he will delight to honour me. I live in hopes of seeing you and your wife again (growing in grace) in *England*. You told me, she desired I would draw her picture; but alas! she has applied to an improper limner. However, though I cannot describe what she is, I can tell what she ought to be.—Meek, patient, long-suffering, obedient in all things, not self-willed, not soon angry, no brawler, swift to hear, slow to speak, and ready to every good word and work. But I can no more, I dare not go on in telling another what she ought to be, when I want so much myself; only this I know, when possessed of those good qualities before-mentioned, she will then be as happy as her heart can wish, and afford great reason of thanksgiving to, dear Mr. ——,

Your and Mrs. ——'s affectionate friend,

G. W.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mr. ——.

On board the Whitaker, May 6, 1738.

My dear Friend,

HOW goes time? I can scarce tell; for I have been some time past, as one would think, launching into eternity. God has been pleased graciously to visit me with a violent fever, which he notwithstanding so sweetened by divine consolations, that I was enabled to rejoice and sing in the midst of it. Indeed, I had many violent conflicts with the powers of darkness, who did all they could to disturb and distract me; but Jesus Christ prayed for me: And though I was once reduced to the last extremity, and all supernatural assistance seemed to be suspended for a while, and satan as it were had dominion over me, yet God suffered not my faith to fail; but came in at length to my aid, rebuked the tempter, and from that moment I grew better. Surely God is preparing me for something extraordinary: For he has now sent me such extraordinary conflicts and comforts as I never before experienced. I was as I thought on the brink of eternity. I had heaven within

me; I thought of nothing in this world; I earnestly desired to be dissolved and go to Christ; but God was pleased to order it otherwise, and I am resigned, though I can scarce be reconciled to come back again into this vale of misery. I had the heavenly *Canaan* in full view, and hoped I was going to take possession of it; but God saw I was not yet ripe for glory, and therefore in mercy spared me, that I may recover my spiritual strength before I go hence and am no more seen. Oh pray, my dear friend, that I may not grow lukewarm, or slothful, but arise from my late bed of sickness, and administer with ten times more alacrity to my blessed Master, than ever I did before. I would write more, but my strength faileth me. We hope to be at *Savannah* on *Monday*.

Your's,

G. W.

LETTER XL.

To Mr. H.

Savannah, June 10, 1738.

Dearest Sir,

ABOUT five weeks I have been at *Savannah*, where providence seems to intend continuing me for some time. God has graciously visited me with a fit of sickness; but now I am lively as a young eagle. All things have happened better than expectation. *America* is not so horrid a place as it is represented to be. The heat of the weather, lying on the ground, &c. are mere painted lions in the way, and to a soul filled with divine love not worth mentioning. The country, mornings and evenings, is exceeding pleasant, and there are uncommon improvements made (considering the indifference of the soil) in divers places. With a little assistance the country people would do very well. As for my ministerial office, I can inform you, that God (such is his goodness) sets his seal to it here, as at other places. We have an excellent Christian school, and near a hundred constantly attend at evening prayers. The people receive me gladly, as yet, into their houses, and

seem to be most kindly affected towards me. I have a pretty little family, and find it possible to manage a house without distraction. Provisions we do not want to feed on, though we are cut off from all occasions to pamper our bodies. Blessed be God, I visit from house to house, catechise, read prayers twice and expound the two second lessons every day; read to a house-ful of people three times a week; expound the two lessons at five in the morning, read prayers and preach twice, and expound the catechism to servants, &c. at seven in the evening every *Sunday*. What I have most at heart, is the building an orphan-house, which I trust will be effected at my return to *England*. In the mean while, I am settling little schools in and about *Savannah*; that the rising generation may he bred up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The Lord prosper my weak endeavours for promoting his glory and his people's good. Oh, dear Mr. *H.* pray for me. For I do, indeed I do, pray for you and your's. Remember me to dear Mrs. *H.* and exhort her to perfect holiness in the fear of God. Remind Mr. *W*——, (since he will not hearken to me) to work out his salvation with fear and trembling, and beg him to pray for, though he will not write to, dear Mr. *H.*

Ever, ever your's,

G. W.

LETTER XLI.

To Mr. ——.

Kilrush, (Ireland) Nov. 16, 1738.

Dear Mr. ——,

I Have not forgot you; and as a proof of it, send you this to acquaint you of my safe arrival here. I know you will rejoice and give thanks, and pray that my coming to *London* may be in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. God has done for me more abundantly than I could dare ask or think. The seed of the glorious gospel has taken root in the *American* ground, and, I hope, will grow up into a great tree. By my friends prayers I believe it hath been planted. Oh that they may continue to water it with the same means, and then our great God will give it an effectual increase.—I hope to see you in a few days at my old lodgings, and to rejoice with you for what God has done for our souls. Indeed, I have felt his power; I have tasted and known of a truth, that the Lord is gracious! *America*, infant *Georgia*, is an excellent soil for Christianity; you cannot live there without taking up a daily cross. Therefore, I shall hasten back as soon as possible

after *Christmas*. Oh! that, in the mean while, I may be enabled to be instant in season and out of season, and preach with demonstration of the spirit, and with power! Methinks I see Mr. ——— lifting up his eyes towards heaven, and silently saying, Amen.—I hope you will excuse Mr. *D.*'s letter. I have forgot his house, though not his person and his love. No, all your kindnesses, O my friends, are engraven upon my heart, and I trust will never be forgotten by, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and humble Servant,

G. W.

LETTER XLII.

To Mr. H.

London, Dec. 30, 1738.

My dear Friend,

I Am appointed by the trustees to be minister of *Savannah*. The bishop of *London* (Doctor *Gibson*) accepts the title, and has given me letters demisory to any other bishop. I have waited also on Doctor *Secker*, bishop of *Oxford*, who acquaints me that our worthy diocesan, good Bishop *Benson*, ordains for him to-morrow fortnight at *Oxford*, and that he will give me letters demisory to him. God be praised; I was praying night and day, whilst on ship-board, if it might be the divine will, that good Bishop *Benson*, who laid hands on me as a deacon, might now make me a priest.—And now my prayer is answered.—Be pleased to wait on his Lordship, and desire him to inform you, when I must be at *Oxford* in order to receive imposition of hands. Oh pray that I may be duly prepared. It will be a month before I can see *Gloucester*. I long to see you. I love you and your's in the bowels of Jesus Christ; but I have scarce time to subscribe myself, dear Sir,

Your’s eternally,

G. W.

LETTER XLIII.

To the Same.

London, Jan. 27, 1739.

Dear Sir,

IF I forget Mr. *H.* and his wife, may my right-hand forget her cunning. Excess of business alone was the cause of my silence. I sleep but little, very little. Had I a thousand hands, I could employ them all. I scarce know what it is to have an idle moment. It is late now. I have just been expounding. God fills me with his spirit, and I must redeem a little time to write to dear Mr. *H.* Indeed, indeed I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. O when shall I return your past favours! I thank you for blessing God on my behalf. I want a thousand tongues to praise him. He still works by me more and more. Subscriptions for erecting an orphan-house come in a-pace. On *Monday* sevennight, God willing, I set out for *Bristol*, with Mr. *Seward*, and from thence propose coming to *Gloucester*. Oh that it may be in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace! Mr. *Howel Harris*, and I, are correspondents, blessed be God! May I follow him, as he does Jesus Christ.

How he outstrips me! Fye upon me, fye upon me. How does my brother? My love to him and all. I long to see you and yours, and to give you repeated assurances of my being, dear Sir,

Your's eternally,

G. W.

LETTER XLIV.

To the Mr. —— .

Basingstoke, Feb. 8, 1739.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH I desired you to write first, yet the love I bear you, will not suffer me to wait so long before you hear from me.—Just now has God brought us to *Basingstoke*, where I hope an effectual door will be opened before we leave it, as well as at *Windsor*.—Oh my dear friend, more and more do I see the benefit of confessing our blessed Lord before men.—You have not been ashamed of the cross.—No, dear Mr. —— has put his hand to the plough; he will not, surely he cannot look back; but Jesus Christ alone can keep me and my dear friend from falling. He has begun and he will carry on, he will finish the good work in our souls.—We have nothing to do, but to lay hold on him by faith, and to depend on him for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. Not but we must be workers together with him; for a true faith in Jesus Christ will not suffer us to be idle.—No, it is an active, lively, restless principle; it fills the heart, so that it

cannot be easy, till it is doing something for Jesus Christ.—Methinks I hear my dear friend crying out, “Lord, evermore give me this faith!” Believe me, I heartily say, *Amen*. Ask then, my dear Sir, and it shall be given you, seek and strive for it, and yet a little while and I shall see you a new creature; your heart I hope is somewhat broken already.—All praise be to God’s free grace in Christ.—Go on, my dear friend, and never cease till you know you are Christ’s, by the spirit that shall be given you. Never fear your carnal friends, renounce them and every thing else that stands in competition with your duty to God.—What have we to do to know any one after the flesh? Let him, who doth the will of our Father in heaven, be our brother, our sister, our mother. For this reason I subscribe myself, dear Sir,

Your’s most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER XLV.

To Mr. H——.

Oxon, April 24, 1739.

Dear Mr. H——,

BLESSED be God for working upon your heart by my ministry. I hope the wish'd-for time will come, when I shall see you full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Copies may be taken of my letter; but I would not have it printed, because I intend, when retir'd from the world, to make some discourses on the subject of free grace. Pray acquaint your mother, that I interceded for her solemnly last night. I besought God, that she might have her Saviour revealed in her heart; that is the only way to get above the fears of death. Christ in us is the hope of glory. I rejoice to hear *Mr. Cole* builds you up in your most holy faith. I exhort you to go on, and who knows but dear *Mr. H.* may, under God, keep up religion in *Gloucester*. *Mr. Kinchin's* conduct in fearing the church, and giving up the parsonage, has sadly grieved the spirit of many good souls here; but I bless God they are now a little comforted. Oh dear *Mr. H——*, my heart is drawn towards *London*

most strangely. Perhaps you may hear of your friend's imprisonment. I expect no other preferment. God grant I may behave so, that when I suffer, it may not be for my own imprudencies, but for righteousness sake, and then I am sure the spirit of Christ and of glory will rest upon my soul. Oh dear *Mr. H——*, I beseech you, break off from the world. Shake off every fetter that keeps your soul from God, and then how will it rejoice the heart of, dear Sir,

Your's eternally,

G. W.

LETTER XLVI.

To the Same.

London, April 27, 1739.

Dear Mr. H——,

I Rejoice to hear of the affection of my countrymen. It is a good sign, that the word has taken deep root in their hearts. But above all, do I rejoice that dear *Mr. H——* is truly sensible of the free grace of God in Christ. Now, my dear friend, you will begin to be a Christian indeed. Blessed be God, I hear my honoured M—— is becoming a fool for Christ's sake. I do not despair of Mr. *W.* nay, I cannot despair of any one, when I consider, what I once was myself. Let but God speak the word, and the work shall be done. I always hope well of opposers. To-day, my master by his providence and spirit compelled me to preach in the church-yard at *Islington*. To-morrow I am to repeat that mad trick, and on *Sunday* to go out into *Moor-Fields*. The word of the Lord runs and is glorified. People's hearts seem quite broken. God strengthens me exceedingly.—I preach till I sweat through and through. All is well at *Savannah*. Brave news from *Gibraltar*. Innumerable

blessings does God pour down upon me. Oh that I had a thankful heart. I love you both sincerely; I thank you both heartily. I salute all our dear friends most affectionately, and am, dear Sir,

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER XLVII.

To the Same.

London, May 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. H——,

THE hour for my imprisonment is not yet come. I am not fit as yet to be so highly honoured. God only knows the treachery of my heart; but amidst all my late success, I have scarce felt one self-complacent thought. I speak this to the honour of God's free grace. In about three weeks, God willing, we embark for *Pensilvania*. The trustees have granted to me land and every thing upon my own terms; the officers and general are exceeding kind to my friend *Habersham* upon my account, so that all things succeed beyond my expectations. I am sorry to hear of Mr. *W——*'s conduct—Poor man! The love of money is rooted in his heart. Where is the honesty he so much boasts of and relies on? Does not this more and more convince you that nothing but a true faith in Jesus Christ will enable you to act aright? However, he is not to be envyed. I pity him. Money, thus got, will never

prosper. I rejoice that you and your spouse are content. I wish you both may have Jesus Christ formed in your hearts, and am

Ever, ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XLVIII.

To ——.

Blendon, June 12, 1739.

My dear Brethren in Christ,

I Am jealous over you with a godly jealousy, and therefore write to you this second letter. I find more and more that satan has desired to have some of you in particular, that he may sift you as wheat, and will strive if possible to divide and separate you all.—I hear there is a woman among you, who pretends to the spirit of prophecy, and what is more unaccountable, I hear that Brother —— (whom I love in the bowels of Jesus Christ) seems to approve of her. Need therefore, great need have you, my brethren, at this time to take the apostle's advice, and to try the spirits whether they be of God. For the devil is beginning to mimic God's work, and because terrors will not do, he is now transforming himself into an angel of light in order more effectually to gain his point. Brother —— also, I cannot but think, at present is under a spirit of delusion. He, as well as brother ——, I believe imagines there will be a power given to work miracles, and that now Christ

is coming to reign a thousand years upon the earth.—But alas! what need is there of miracles, such as healing sick bodies, and restoring sight to blind eyes, when we see greater miracles every day done by the power of God's word? Do not the spiritually blind now see? Are not the spiritually dead now raised, and the leprous souls now cleans'd, and have not the poor the gospel preached unto them? And if we have the thing already, which such miracles were only intended to introduce, why should we tempt God in requiring further signs? He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. And as for our Lord's coming at this time to reign upon the earth, I answer, it is not for us to know the times and seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power.—That a great work is begun is evident, that it will be carried on I doubt not; but how it will end, I know not, neither do I desire to know. It is sufficient for me to do the work of the day in its day, and to rest satisfied in this, that all will end in God's glory. Lately, brother —— told me he was shortly, he believed, to be called to some public work.—I pray God he may not run before he is called. To teach, I know, is a pleasing thing; but to begin to teach too soon or without a commission, will be destruction to ourselves, and of ill consequence to others. Uzzah might mean well, when he touched the ark, but his good intention did not preserve him from the just judgments of God. Be not many masters, says the apostle. Oh that that verse was deeply engraven on the tables of our hearts! My dear brethren, be not offended at this plainness of speech. I would all the Lord's servants were prophets, but then I would not have people think themselves prophets of the Lord, when they are only enthusiasts—If Mr. —— is acted by a good spirit, why is he not patient of reproof? Why does he fly in a passion, when contradicted? Why does he pretend to be infallible, and that God always speaks in him? May God give us all a right judgment in all things. Pure

unfeigned love causes me to use this freedom. Many of you God has worked upon by my ministry, and therefore I would not have you ignorant of satan's devices. O beware of him at this time. Do not conceive prejudices against each other. Do not dispute, but love; purge out the old leaven from amongst you. Have no fellowship with any that converse with Mr. ——. If they have a mind to depart from you, let them depart. Do you build up each other in your most holy faith. My dear brethren,

I am your common servant in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Rev. Mr. —— .

Leachlade, July 18, 1739.

Dear Sir,

THE scene this morning much affected me; you both put me in mind, how that happy pair, *Adam* and *Eve*, looked when arraign'd by the Almighty after having eaten the forbidden fruit. Behold the same remedy reached out to you as to them.—The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. —Look up to him whom you have pierced.—He will heal your backslidings and love you freely.—Had he not loved you both, both of you ere now would have been given over to a reprobate mind. I know the time, when you both were enlightned, when you tasted the good word of God, and felt the powers of the world to come.—Honour, falsely so called, has caused you to draw back, but I believe not unto perdition. Jesus is still striving with your heart. Come to him by faith, renounce the world, and he will yet delight to honour you. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Mention not old things, let all things become new. I love both of

you from my heart. Come forth, and be ye separate, saith the Lord almighty. Break with the world at once, and you shall become fools for Christ's sake. What if your wife sent some such letter as the following to her parents.

Honoured Father and Mother,

THE contents of this letter will surprize you, but I can no longer halt between God and the world; the happy convictions, that God once put into my heart, now arise in my mind, I will no longer be an almost Christian. I am resolved to become a fool for Christ's sake. Blessed be God Mr. *M*—— is like-minded.—Hitherto have I hindered him in his spiritual progress, God forbid I should do it any longer. Hence forward will we go hand in hand together, and naked follow a naked Christ.—

Dearest Mr.——, I am ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER L.

London, July 23, 1739.

Dear Madam,

YOUR letter filled me with joy and with pity. Pity, to see you tempted, joy, to find you are thought worthy of enduring temptation. Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But be not afraid, Jesus Christ is praying for you, and your faith shall not fail. Your master hath been in the wilderness before you, and knows by experience, how to succour those that are tempted. Lift up then the hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble knees. Infidel books have poisoned your understanding, and rivetted great pride therein. Strong temptations are necessary to mortify that pride, and to teach you that lowliness of heart, which our Lord calls all that are weary and heavy laden to learn of him. Look up then to Jesus, the author and finisher of your faith. He will send you help in every time of need. Indeed he will never leave you, nor forsake you. Follow him as the poor *Syrophœnician* woman did, and though he may now turn away his face seemingly for a while, yet he will always support

you inwardly by a living faith, and shortly give you the spirit of adoption, whereby you will be enabled to cry, “Abba, Father.” I speak this by happy experience. I have mourned, but now I am comforted. I have gone through the spirit of bondage, and, for ever be adored God’s free grace, he has given me the spirit of adoption. And that you also will have this in God’s due time and way, is the firm belief of

Your unworthy brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LI.

London, July 23, 1739.

Dear Mr. H——,

I Wish you joy of your new-born son. Oh that it may be made a real child of God. I purpose, God willing, to stand to my promise, either in person, or by proxy. I know not yet, how providence will be pleased to dispose of me. I have written to the Lords of the Admiralty for a licence. Saturday evening next, I hope you will see *Mr. Charles Wesley*. He intends to preach at *Gloucester*, *Raindwick*, &c. Pray desire *Mr. Cole* and our other dear friends to appoint places. Matters go on most bravely here. I think people are ten times more affected than ever. The audiences full and numerous, and they give their mites for the orphan house with a chearful and ready heart. Have you heard how I preached upon the stage among the cudgel players at *Basingstoke*, and got a blow? Both I and my companions were also turned out of our inn, and in danger of being beaten heartily. Blessed be God! My sermon comes out on *Wednesday*. Heartiest love to dear Mrs. H——. That Jesus Christ may be fully formed in both your hearts, is the prayer of,

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER LII.

London, July 24, 1739.

Honoured Sir,

THOUGH but a child in grace, and a novice in the things of God, yet I could not escape this opportunity of shewing you, how dear you are to my soul. Though unknown in person, yet you have long since been known to me in spirit. I hoped to have seen you ere I left *London*. I hasted up to town hoping to have some spiritual gift imparted to me by that means, but I was not worthy of it, I was not prepared for such a blessing.—You went before I came. A great work of God is doing here. The Lord Jesus gets himself the victory every day; free grace compels poor sinners to come in. Our brother —— can inform you of particulars. As for my own soul, God mightily strengthens me in the inward man, and gives me often such foretastes of his love, that I am almost continually wishing to be dissolved, that I may be with Christ.—But I am only beginning to begin to be a Christian.—I must suffer also, as well as do for my dear Master. Perhaps a storm is gathering. I believe God will permit it to fall on my head first.—This comes then,

honoured Sir, to desire your prayers, that none of those things may move me; and that I may not count even my life dear unto me, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus. Though I die for him, yet, I beseech you, honoured Sir, to pray that I may not in any way deny him. But what am I doing? I fear, honoured Sir, I am too free. A sense of your humility and love for the blessed Jesus makes me thus open. How should I rejoice, if you would honour me with a line.—I am young, and therefore a word of exhortation and advice, would much profit, honoured Sir,

Your very humble servant, in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LIII.

London, July 25, 1739.

Dear Sir,

NOT a want of love, but of time, has obliged me to shorten my late letters. Had I an hundred hands I could employ them all. The harvest is very great. I am ashamed I can do no more for him, who hath done so much for me; not by way of retaliation, but gratitude. Fain would I love my master, and will not go from him; his service is perfect freedom; his yoke is easy, his burden light. Still he is pleased to shew us greater things. Every day affords fresh instances of the power of his word. I am now about to attack satan in one of his strong-holds, if I perish.—To-night I preach, God willing, where an horse-race is to be. I find my Master strengthens me for the work. O, dear Sir, pray for me, that my faith fail not, and that my zeal be tempered with knowledge. Our brother —— will prove an agreeable correspondent. If business prevents my writing, he will inform you what happens from time to time to, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LIV.

London, July 26, 1739.

Rev. Sir,

JUST now I received your kind letter, and am endeavouring to catch a few moments to answer it. I thank you for your encouraging hints. O! dear Sir, continue to exhort, and provoke me to love and to good works, that I may with patience run the race that is set before me. Hitherto my dear Master magnifies his strength in my weakness. Ever since he honoured me to suffer a little reproach for his name's sake, at *Basingstoke*, he has caused me to rejoice with exceeding great joy. My spirit was stirred within me. Methinks I could willingly have died to have borne my testimony against the lying vanities, and devilish entertainments of this generation. By the help of my Master, I will go on and attack the devil in his strongest holds. O pray, dear Sir, that my zeal may be always tempered with true Christian prudence. It would grieve me, should I bring sufferings causelessly upon myself. A trying time, perhaps, is at hand. O that I may be found faithful! If providence permits, I will perform my promise. I am blind, I am a child, I

know nothing. I only desire the whole will of God may be done, in, by, and upon, dear Sir,

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LV.

London, July 26, 1739.

Sir,

I Received your kind letter, but must beg to be excused from dissuading your son to go with ——. The employment in which he is engaged will, in the end, if faithfully improved, tend much to God's glory and his own good. He now sits by me; I read over your letter to him, and he continues as resolute as ever. The being *disinherited* does not terrify him at all. He has a more abiding inheritance, and is willing naked to follow a naked Christ.—Dear Sir, let me advise you to do nothing rashly. If you can pray for a blessing on your will when you are about to disinherit your son, I shall wonder. Have a little patience, and then you will find that your son is about to act wisely. If I thought otherwise, no one would be more forward to dissuade him, than, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER LVI.

London, July 31, 1739.

OH that my head was water and my eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep over my dear Mr. ——. What? And has my familiar friend, who has been dear to me as my own soul, has he taken part with, and gone back to the enemy? Surely it cannot be!—And yet I must believe it.—But if any one had told my dear friend, that he would have behaved thus, would he not have cried out, “Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?” Oh, my dear friend, I am in pain for you! Alas! who hath bewitched you, that you should not obey the truth? You did run well; who, or what hath hindered you? Not a fear of man, I hope; not a desire of that praise, that cometh of man. I know the time when my dear friend’s heart stood stedfast. I know the time when my dear friend was willing to be accounted a fool for Christ’s sake, and chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin, of false politeness, for a season. And why should I despair of my dear friend now? No, I know Jesus Christ was set for the falling and rising again of many in *Israel*. Our Lord, I trust, has prayed for you, and I

hope your faith will not totally fail. Forgive me, I must stop and sigh: God forbid I should be called, at the great day, to say, that my dear Mr. ——— put his hand to the plough and turned back unto perdition. Good God! the thought strikes me as though a dart was shot through my liver. Return, return. My dear friend, I cannot part from you for ever. Do not speak peace to your soul, when there is no peace. Do not turn factor for the devil. Do not prejudice or hurt my brother, and thereby add to the grief you have already occasioned.

Your most affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LVII.

Bristol, July 31, 1739.

My dear Brother,

BLESSED be God for bringing you in safety home.—He is a God hearing prayer. May he sanctify our meeting. I hope to see you here this week. I shall set out for *Deal* on *Monday*.—I long to hear how the soul of my dear brother prospers.—I long to embrace you in these unworthy arms.—Methinks I could now sing my nunc dimittis with pleasure, if my eyes could see my dear brother's salvation. I hope you have conversed with Mr. *Wesley*. It will require some degree of boldness to own either of us before men. God vouchsafes to honour us: No wonder our names are cast out as evil.—Dear Mr. ——, I hear, is staggered with the fear of man.—Sister, I trust, is in a good way. When shall I see you? Come, Oh come and warm my heart, by telling me what God hath done for your soul. Eternity will be too short to praise him for what he has done for

Your affectionate brother,

G. W.

LETTER LVIII.

London, August 3, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

THIS morning I received yours, and though I leave *London* this evening, yet I cannot but snatch a few moments to send you an answer. I love all that love our Lord Jesus Christ. The spirit of Christ, with me is the center. I love the man, and you in particular, though in all things he may not follow with me. I rejoice there is a revival of true religion in *Scotland*. The spirit of God is moving on the faces of thousands of souls in *England*. The word runs very swift, and satan falls like lightning from heaven. God hath sent me into the highways and hedges, to compel poor sinners to come in; many are left to water, what God hath been pleased to plant; I doubt not of his giving a great increase. But I am a child, I cannot speak, yet God will magnify his free grace. God will work, and all oppositions must forward, but not hinder it.—Inclosed I have sent you a sermon just published.—You may judge of my principles from that. The picture I highly honour.—May I follow them as they follow Christ. I am no friend to sinless perfection.—I believe the

being (though not the dominion) of sin remains in the hearts of the greatest believers.—Time and business will not give me leave to enlarge.—Besides, I am but a novice in the school of Christ; and therefore most earnestly beg your prayers, that I may grow in the knowledge of our common Lord. At his call, I am now going abroad, and expect to suffer many things ere I return home.—Reverend and dear Sir, I wish you much success in the name of the Lord, and am

Your brother and servant in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER LIX.

London, August 3, 1739.

Dear Sir,

I Cannot leave *London* without answering your last letter. I am convinced that God calls me now to *Georgia*, and so are our friends. God's ways are like the great deep.—He will go a way by himself. Exitus acta probat. The prophecy you mention, I dare not apply to myself. What am I, that God should so delight to honour me? However, I believe the Lord will work a great work upon the earth. Whatever instruments he shall make use of in effecting it, I care not. If Christ be preached, if my dear Lord be glorified, I rejoice; yea, and will rejoice. I wish all the Lord's servants were prophets. Oh, dear Sir, my heart is now melted down with a sense of the divine love! Never was a greater instance of God's free grace in Christ. What am I, O Lord, that thou shouldest delight to honour me? Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight! Dear Sir, I could now write all day; but other business demands my attendance.—Yet a little while, and we shall sit down

in the kingdom of God for ever. Dear Sir adieu. Oh give thanks, give thanks, and pray for

Your's most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LX.

Blendon, August 6, 1739.

AND would not dear Mr. —— stay for my last letter? What, is he retired into the country to learn how to forget his God? Is he got into favour with the polite world? Are not these sad symptoms, that my dearest Mr. —— is falling away a-pace? He runned into one extreme lately, and now satan is driving him into another. Did not I forwarn you of this? O my dear friend, my brother, return to your first love, otherwise you will find the spirit of God deserting you more and more every day. Nemo repente fuit turpissimus. But I can say no more.—Perhaps I am troublesome. However, give me leave to weep. Permit me to pray for you. Though you are now dead comparatively, yet, I trust, you will be alive. Though now seemingly lost, yet surely you shall be found again. God only knows how such news would rejoice the heart of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER LXI.

——, August 7, 1739.

Dear Mr. ——,

I Thank you most heartily for your last: Had you been more particular, I should have thanked you still more. May God reward you for watching over my soul! Pride and selfishness are the tempers of the devil. By the help of my God I will never rest till my Master gives me power to overcome them. It is difficult, I believe, to go through the fiery trial of popularity and applause untainted. Blessed be God, I am now sweetly retired. O help me, my dear Sir, by your prayers, as well as your advice, and believe me desirous to subscribe myself,

Your's most affectionately in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LXII.

On board the Elizabeth, Gravesend, August 14, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter gave me much satisfaction. It breathed the language of one, who is a Boanerges in the church of God. Excess of business prevented my answering it sooner. As I am now retired from a public life, I trust I shall have time to try my heart and search out my spirit. Forget me not, dear Sir, when you are praying for all those, who travel by land and by water, when storms and winds are blowing over me. I hope I shall always carry you, and others of my dear friends in *Wales*, upon my heart, whenever I go in and out before the Lord. It would rejoice my soul to hear from you, when abroad. Exhort me, oh exhort me, to be valiant for the truth. Bid, oh bid me, dear Sir, to be mindful of a dying and risen Jesus.—Bid me to remember the riches of his free grace in pulling me as a brand out of the fire, and exhort me to lay down my life for his sake.—Brother *Harris*, I find, has come off triumphantly.—The hour of suffering is not yet come. God prepare us all for it! I expect to suffer for my blessed master's name sake. But, wherefore do I

fear? My master will pray for me.—Dear Sir, adieu. I know you not in person. Perhaps I may never see your face in the flesh. However, I shall see you in heaven, and then you shall see how sincerely I now subscribe myself,

Your unworthy brother and fellow-servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXIII.

On board the Elizabeth, Gravesend, August 14, 1739.

Dear Madam,

I Cannot think of your favours, and yet forbear writing a letter of thanks. I cannot think of your parting tears, and not inform you, how sincerely I pray God to comfort and refresh your soul.—Oh Madam, your kindness to such a dead dog as I am, quite surprizes me. How much more ought you and I, and all mankind, to adore the unspeakable goodness of our heavenly Father, who has so loved the world, as to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Dear Madam, never rest till you have a lively faith in Christ Jesus. God has put into your heart good desires after it. Continue instant in prayer; apply to Jesus Christ, as a poor sinner, and yet a little while, and dear Mrs. ——shall be a Christian indeed. Hasten O Lord, that blessed time. Oh let thy kingdom come, in full power, into this thy handmaiden's heart! Innumerable temptations surround you, to make you take up your rest here. But, I hope, *Madam*, you will be upon your guard, and let nothing be

thought of, or done, by you, which may any way tend to indulge the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Simplicity is the very spirit of the gospel; therefore, the more we learn Christ, the more regardless we shall be of worldly vanities. God of his infinite mercy make you a widow indeed! You see, Madam, how freely I have wrote to you. It is because I value your welfare.—It is the best return that can be made, for all favours conferred on, Madam,

Your most obliged friend and servant in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LXIV.

On board the Elizabeth, Gravesend, August 14, 1739.

Dear Madam,

YOUR affectionate parting, and the tears I observed you to shed, even when I was at a distance from you, made me almost ready to cry out "What mean you to weep and to break my heart?" Oh may our dear Lord put your tears into his bottle, and reward you a thousand fold for all the kindnesses you have shewn to me! Indeed I am less than the least of his servants. But yet, so loving is my dear Master, that he will not let a cup of cold water given in his name, to pass by unobserved or unrewarded. When partaking of your bounty of flour, I hope I shall pray that you and your's may eat bread in the kingdom of God. You have all good desires; I hope you are not far from the kingdom of God.—Oh let there not be any thing lacking. Give God your hearts, your whole hearts; let Jesus Christ's be your whole wisdom, your whole righteousness; and then he will be your whole sanctification and eternal redemption. I write this from my floating habitation, to assure you how sincerely I am

Your most obliged friend and affectionate humble servant,
G. W.

LETTER LXV.

On board the Elizabeth, August 14, 1739.

My dear Mr. ——,

AT length we are embarked; our ship is now going to the *Downs*.—Yet a little while, and, God willing, I shall see you once more in the flesh. My family consists of more than twelve, besides two children; I hope all are desirous to know Christ. God strengthens me mightily in the inner man. The sermon I have sent you is one of my extempore sermons.—The journal will acquaint you with particulars.—My brother, the captain, hath been with me this last week.—If he leaves off disputing, and will come to Christ as a poor lost sinner, he will do well.—The bishop of *London* has lately wrote against me; I trust God hath assisted me in writing an answer.—It is now in the press.—All the self-righteous are up in arms.—My Master makes me more than a conqueror through his love. Mr. —— has about forty societies in *Yorkshire*. Both the Mr. *Wesley*'s go on well.—Go where you will, religion (either for or against it) is the talk.—Probably a suffering time will come. You will not be ashamed of me, though I should be a prisoner. Perhaps you

will be put to the trial: But how does my dear friend's heart? Have you found Christ? Does he live in you, so as to be the alpha and omega, the beginning and end of all your actions? Are you enlightened to see the exceeding great riches and fulness of his grace? Oh how will it rejoice my soul to see you a proficient in the school of Christ? How will it delight me to see your little flock pressing towards the mark.—Soon after this reaches *Georgia*, I hope to see you.—My stay will be as short as possible at *Philadelphia*. I must not delay coming to my dear, though poor charge.—I expect to find *Savannah* almost desolate; but our extremity is God's opportunity. I believe it will lift up its drooping head.—For the present, my dear friend, farewell.

Your's most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXVI.

On board the Elizabeth going to the Downs, August 15, 1739.

My dear Brother,

THE agony I was in at your departure, and the many strong cryings and tears which I offered up to God afterwards, plainly shew, that I love you in sincerity and truth. Though I am now about to launch into the great deep, yet I must write you a parting line. I cannot but think you will come to Christ in earnest. God has most remarkably met you by his providence.—His spirit has been striving with you, and I doubt not but it will get the victory over your carnal reasonings, and the rebellion of a depraved heart. But do not, my dear brother, I beseech you, dispute against your own happiness.—Be not unwilling to confess that you are not yet a Christian. Remember what our Lord hath said: "Whosoever receiveth not the kingdom of God, as a little child, shall in no-wise enter therein."—I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, to leave off *disputing*. You have been, I think, frequently convinced; but nature, I find, has as frequently interposed, and persuaded you that you had gone far enough

already.—But does not my dear brother find, that he yet lacks something? Have not his tempers and corruptions; nay, hath not sin itself dominion over him? Are his affections weaned from the world? Does he feel himself a poor lost sinner? Is he willing the Lord Jesus should be his whole righteousness? Is he convinced of the freeness, as well as of the riches of his grace? You see, my dear brother, how freely I deal with you. It is because I love you with a peculiar love.—Never did my heart exult at the sight of any relation, as at the sight of you; Surely God intends to give me my dear brother. He is already an almost; hasten, O Lord, that blessed time, when he shall be an altogether Christian, and let thy kingdom, with full power, come into my dear brother's heart!—How shall I say farewell? If you have opportunity, pray write to

Your most affectionate, though unworthy brother,

G. W.

LETTER LXVII.

On board the Elizabeth going to the Downs, August 16, 1739.

Dear Mr. ——,

I Thank God for his goodness to brother *Howell Harris*. I thank you for informing me of it. The storm is diverted for a while, but I expect it to break upon my head one time or another. God has, for a while, prepared me a place of refuge in the ship, from whence I write this. Oh beseech him, that I may improve the retirement by searching out my spirit. I have almost forgot, that I was in the world. My family on board is quite settled, and we live and love like Christians. God only knows where you and I shall meet again; whether in time or eternity. However, this we know, that both must be tried to the uttermost. Inward and outward afflictions await us, and all the children of God. I am now reading the book of martyrs. They make me blush to think how little I suffer for Christ's sake. They warm my heart, and make me think the time long till I am called to resist even unto blood: But I fear the treachery of this heart of mine. Dear Mr. ——, to your past, add one more favour, "pray that I may be found faithful." I trust I shall have a

sweet remembrance of you and my other dear friends, when I go in and out before the Lord. Salute them most affectionately. Exhort them, oh exhort them to continue in the grace of God; and forget not to write to, dear Mr. ——,

Yours most affectionately in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LXVIII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739. [1]

Reverend and dear Sir,

THOUGH business prevents my corresponding with you so frequently as I did when in *England*, yet what can hinder me now, but a want of gratitude and love? Accept then, dear Sir, my sincere, though late thanks, for all favours conferred upon me, and assure yourself, I remember both you and your beloved people at the throne of grace. Nothing will rejoice me more than to hear, that the good pleasure of the Lord prospers in your hand. Oh dear Sir, what a gracious Master do we serve! His loving-kindness still prevents, accompanies, and follows me. He has not given me over unto death, but is still pleased to dig and dung round me, and not cut me down as a cumberer of the ground. I long to be purged, dear Sir, that I may bring forth more fruit. Since my retirement from the world, I have seen more and more how full I am of corruption. Nothing could possibly support my soul under the many agonies which oppressed me, when on board, but a consideration of the freeness, eternity, and unchangeableness of God's love

to me, the chief of sinners.—In about a twelvemonth, probably, I shall return again to my native country. Satan no doubt will endeavour to stir up all his forces against me. By the help of my God, I will once more come forth with my sling and my stone.—I shall wait with impatience to hear how the work goes on in my absence. I trust, God, by this time, has sent forth more labourers into his harvest. I heartily wish all the Lord's servants were prophets. I verily believe, the right-hand of the Lord will not only have the pre-eminence, but also bring mighty things to pass. O how do I long, dear Sir, to see bigotry and party-zeal taken away, and all the Lord's servants more knit together. Pray, my due respects to all that are so kind as to enquire after me. Exhort them to pray and give thanks for,

Your unworthy friend, brother, and servant in our dear Lord's vineyard,

G. W.

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1. Many of the letters of this date were written on ship-board during the passage, but dated when sent off from Philadelphia.

LETTER LXIX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

MAN appoints, but God disappoints. No doubt it was best, that I should not see your answer to the bishop's letter before I left *England*. I hope it was wrote with the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and then no doubt God will give his blessing. Oh, dear Sir, how is the glory departed from *Israel*! In what dregs of time are we born? Boasting of our orthodoxy and primitive purity, and yet alas! but —— is not this enough, dear Sir, to excite our zeal even till it do eat us up? Wherefore hath God called us by his free grace, and made a difference between us and others, but that we should stand up in defence of his injured honour? Your friend, Mr. ——, has told me how plentifully you once tasted of the good word of life, and felt the powers of the world to come. Oh that the divine spark may again kindle in the heart till it become a flame of fire! Nothing will so much enforce your arguments as a life exactly conformable to the holy Jesus.—When with you last, I thought you spoke too favourable of horse-races, and such things. But

what diversion ought a Christian or a clergyman to know or speak of, but that of doing good? Many who are right in their principles, are worse than I could wish in their practice. Oh for a revival of true and undefiled religion in all sects whatsoever! I long to see a catholic spirit over-spread the world; may God vouchsafe to make me an instrument of promoting it! Methinks, I care not what I do or suffer, so that I may see my Lord's kingdom come with power. But I know not my own weakness, till I am tried. Dear Sir, pray for me, that I may be found faithful in an hour of temptation. I expect to be tried to the uttermost, and to hear, that many are become my enemies, who once would, as it were, have plucked out their eyes for me. It is necessary that such offences should come; otherwise, how can I know that I am, what I desire to be, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and true brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Brethren, and worthy fellow-labourers in Christ,

THOUGH I know none of you in person, yet, from the time I heard of your faith and love towards our dear Lord Jesus, I have been acquainted with you in spirit, and have constantly mentioned you in my poor prayers. The good pleasure of the Lord, I find, prospers in your hands; and I pray God increase you more and more, both you and your children. *Scotland*, like *England*, hath been so much settled upon it's lees for some time, that I fear our late days may properly be called the midnight of the church. Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath sent forth many of his servants with this cry, "Behold the bridegroom cometh." Thousands obey the call, and are trimming their spiritual lamps, in order to go forth to meet him. I cannot but think a winnowing time will come after this in-gathering of souls. O that we may suffer only as Christians, and then the spirit of Christ and of glory will rest upon us. In patience possess your souls, and I will leave my cause to God. You, my reverend Brethren, I am

persuaded, are no otherwise minded; may we go on then in the power, and under the guidance of the Lord of Hosts. The eternal God will be your perpetual refuge. He that employs, will protect; as your day is, so shall your strength be. Let not our dear Lord's lambs perish for lack of knowledge. "Give ye, give ye them to eat," methinks, is the endearing, constraining command of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. And O that a due obedience may be paid to it by me, your unworthy brother. But I blush almost, when I stile myself your brother; for I am a child, and all of you are fathers. Oh, strive together with me in your prayers, that the divine strength may be still magnified in my weakness. You will intreat the Lord to bless the orphan-house. I have reason to think, God will bring great good out of it. Oh that I may be prepared for future favours! Oh that pride and self-love may thoroughly be subdued! Brethren, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, to pray for me, whilst winds and storms are blowing over me. You are not forgotten by him, who, though the most unworthy of his Lord's servants, desires to subscribe himself,

Your affectionate brother, and fellow-pilgrim and labourer in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LXXI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Friend,

BECAUSE I will not forget you, I begin to write before we get on shore. How is dear Mr. ——'s heart? Has he yet recovered his first love? And is that prophecy, "This child is set for the falling and rising again of many in *Israel*," as yet fulfilled in him. I cannot but think a good work was once wrought upon your soul. I cannot but think, God will yet fulfil his whole will in you. But let not my dear friend linger any longer. If there is mercy with God, let him be feared, not disobeyed. If he has promised to heal our backslidings, and love us freely, let his goodness lead us to repentance. Prosperity hath been a snare to you; every day I see the excellency of that part of *Agur*'s, prayer, "Give me not riches, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, who is the Lord." And that petition in our liturgy, "In all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us." I always take particular notice of it. I believe you will not be at all richer this year, than you was the last.—For as riches increase, our wants increase with them.—I write not this to have you desert

your station, but to excite a holy jealousy in your heart.—Oh, what would I give to see my dear friend, as formerly, “Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.” If God sends me to *England* again, I shall try my friends. However that be, I am persuaded, that suffering for righteousness sake, is the best, the greatest preferment in the church of Christ. But how does your little—I would not willingly say, your great idol. Pray accept a quarto bible for him. Oh, my friend, give him up to God, and do not provoke him, by over-fondness and too great indulgence, to take him from you. The little lambs on board improve bravely; they bear the voyage best of all. They are as lusty as eagles: God has dealt most gently with us. I hope I may say, the church in my house salute you and your wife.—I do not forget her; may she never rest till she comes into the glorious liberty of the children of God! It is a blessed thing, my dear friend, to be the Lord’s freeman. My heart is full; I repent I have not allowed more paper. My dear Sir, excuse and pray for

Your most affectionate, though unworthy friend,

G. W.

LETTER LXXII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Sister in Christ,

WANT of time, not want of respect, has prevented my answering your kind letters. I esteem you highly for Christ's sake. I believe you to be one whom God has chosen out of the world, and hath sealed to the day of redemption. Nothing, therefore, shall pluck you out of his hands. Was it not for this promise, my soul would be exceeding sorrowful at the prospect of what I may undergo. The innumerable temptations that attend a popular life, sometimes make me think it would be best for me to withdraw. But then I consider, that He, who delivered *Daniel* out of the den of lions, and the three children out of the fiery furnace, is able and willing to deliver me also out of the fiery furnace of popularity and applause, and from the fury of those, who, for preaching Christ, and him crucified, are my inveterate enemies. In his strength therefore, and at his command, whenever his providence shall call, I will venture out again. As yet my trials have been nothing. Hereafter a winnowing time may come; then we shall see, who is

on the Lord's side, and who dare to confess Christ before men. None but those who wholly rely on the Redeemer's righteousness, and are truly born again of God. Oh pray, that I may be found faithful. Satan hath been very busy with me since I saw you, but I trust the Lord, by these inward trials, will purge me, that I may bring forth more fruit. Cease not to pray, that this may be the happy case of,

Your servant in the gospel,

G. W.

LETTER LXXIII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. ——,

YOU cannot well conceive how constantly you have been upon my heart, since I saw you. I think there has been a sympathy between your heart and mine. I have often pitied my dying friend, and as often prayed, that he may leave a word for God. I say, prayed, for God alone can remove the load.—I know too well what such temptations are, to think they may be overcome by our own strength. But, my dear Friend, you and I, weak as we are, can do all things through Christ strengthening us.—Do you believe on the Son of God? All things are possible to him that believeth. If the devil therefore continues his assaults, resist him, stedfast in the faith. Resist him, my dear Friend, and he will flee from you; rather suffer any thing, than be unequally yoked with an unbeliever. If you cannot overcome where you are, absence, perhaps, may cure you. Methinks, I would do and suffer any thing, rather than dear Mr. —— should be led away.—My companions in travel have an equal respect for you. We have often joined in prayer for you, when eating

your cake. May God reward you for that, and all your other kind respects and favours conferred on, dear Mr. ——,

Your's most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXXIV.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Madam,

I Should think myself highly ungrateful, did I not take all opportunities of acknowledging the many kindnesses I have received at your hands. Your last presents have been exceeding serviceable on board the ship, and every time we have tasted your bounty, I have endeavoured to dart up a short ejaculation for our kind benefactress. You cannot conceive, *dear Madam*, how loving the Lord has dealt with us; he has given us all things richly to enjoy, and comforted us on every side. Indeed sometimes he has been pleased to withdraw from me, and to permit satan to send me a thorn in the flesh.—But that was only to shew me my vileness, and to prepare me for further manifestations of his goodness to my soul. Our voyage though long has not been tedious or burdensome. My soul wants retirement.—I dread coming out into the world again. I am confident, dear Madam, that you will pray for me, that I may be kept unspotted from it. Oh what a blessed Master do we serve! His rod as well as staff comforts the soul. His corrections are

all loving, and are only intended to make us truly great. Though you seemed to doubt, yet I hope to see you once more before you go hence. I cannot say I expect liberty long, if I speak boldly the truth as I ought to speak.—Indeed there is no being a true Christian, and yet holding with the world, so much as some may imagine. Jesus Christ calls us to simplicity. I have often thought, dear Madam, that you did not see through the world enough. Numbers are accounted Christians, who have only a name to live. I pray God to open all our eyes, that we may see every thing clearly. A time of persecution will show who are *Israelites* indeed, and who outside professors.—I hope, Madam, that, when tried, you will come forth as gold purified seven times in the fire. I only fear for, and suspect myself.—The Lord my righteousness will uphold me. Dear Madam, God only knows with what gratitude I desire to subscribe myself

Your most obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER LXXV.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mrs. ——,

WHEN last abroad, I could not write to you for want of knowing your name. Blessed be God we have since been better acquainted, and I now know your name and place of abode. May the God, whom I desire to serve, richly reward you for receiving me into your house. You were one of my most constant hearers; may you be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. I trust ere now, you have felt, that the kingdom of God does not consist in word, but in power. I know that Mrs. —— would have me deal plainly with her soul; therefore I shall not scruple to tell her, how I have sometimes thought she was not yet clearly enough convinced of sin, and of the perfect righteousness wrought out for, and to be imputed to her, by the Lord Jesus Christ, through faith in his blood.—Since I have been on shipboard, blessed be God, his name has made my soul to smart, and caused me to see more of my own wretchedness. Oh, Mrs. ——, you know not, neither do I myself know as yet, what a mystery of iniquity is hid even in a

heart timely renewed. I saw a little of it the other day; and had I not known my Redeemer liveth, and that he ever liveth to make intercession for me, I must have sunk into despair:

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word;
Here ye despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord.

May God of his infinite mercy so work upon you, that, at at the last day, you may be found having on the wedding-garment! Was I to study to eternity, I could wish you nothing better. May the ever-blessed God say Amen to it. I hope your little daughters are in good health. Dear Mrs. ——, exhort them to renounce the lust of the eye and the pride of life, and to abstain from all appearance of evil. I have a sincere concern for you and yours, and with all possible thanks for your kind presents and affection, I subscribe myself

Your sincere friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXXVI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mrs. ——,

AS I do not forget to pray for, so I do not forget to write to you, to make a proper acknowledgment of your and your husband's love; exhorting you to save yourselves from this untoward generation. Before I left *London*, I perceived God was working upon your soul. I trust the same God, since my departure, has carried it on, and that you are convinced of the sin of unbelief. Oh dear Mrs. ——, it is a difficult thing to believe aright; it can only be given from above. I know many of my acquaintance, who love to hear me talk and preach, and who receive me gladly into their houses; but alas! I fear they are self-righteous, and were never yet truly convinced of sin. They have good desires, and therefore flatter themselves, that they are good Christians: But I fear many of them are only foolish virgins. I would not have dear Mrs. —— or her husband of this number. If she hath followed on to know the Lord, I am persuaded ere now, she is in some measure brought out of herself, and taught of God to rely only on Jesus Christ for

wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. If thus minded, your soul is at peace with God, itself, and the world. If not, let her ask and it shall be given her, let her seek and she shall find, let her knock and a door of mercy shall be opened unto her.—All things are possible to him that believeth—Oh dear Mrs. ——, my heart is inlarged towards you; I long for your salvation: press on and faint not. Whenever I come, I shall expect to suffer. But though we die for Christ, oh let us pray that we may not deny him in any wise. Nothing but the free almighty grace of God can uphold,

Your sincere friend in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXXVII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I Think I may say of you, as the *Samaritans* did upon another occasion, I believe you to be a true lover of our dear Lord Jesus. Not merely because my brother told me so, but because I have it under his own hand. Your last kind letter has knit my heart most closely to you. I love those that thunder out the word. The Christian world is in a deep sleep. Nothing but a loud voice can awaken them out of it. I pray God to strengthen you more and more, and cause you to triumph in every place. Though absent in body, I am present with you in spirit. It would rejoice me to hear of your success in the Lord. In about a twelvemonth I purpose, God willing, to return to *England*; who knows but then I may see you face to face, and have some spiritual gift imparted to my soul? I long to die to myself, and to be alive unto God. Methinks I would be always upon the wing; but alas! I have a body of sin, which at times makes me cry out, "who shall deliver me?" I thank God, our Lord Jesus Christ will deliver. But I never expect intire freedom, till I bow

down my head, and give up the ghost. Every fresh employ, I find brings with it fresh temptations. God always humbles before he exalts me. Sometimes I speak and write freely, at other times I am comparatively barren; one while on the mount, another while overshadowed with a cloud; but blessed be God, at all times at peace with him, and assured that my sins are forgiven. I want to leap my seventy years; I long to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. But I must be made perfect by sufferings. I expect no other preferment. And you no doubt will have your share. This is our comfort, if we suffer we shall also reign with Christ; hasten on, O Lord, that blessed time, when dear Mr. ——— shall sit down at thy right hand, with all the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven! where I trust a seat, though of the lowest class, is prepared for

Your unworthy friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER LXXVIII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

SINCE I saw you last, you cannot well tell with what pleasure I have reflected on the uncommon power that frequently attended the word at *Bexley*. It was to me a sign of God's good will, both to ministers and people. The former I was convinced of, before I left *England*. The last sermon I heard you preach, gave me much satisfaction. I hope ere now you are convinced of the latter also, and have seen some good effects amongst your parishioners. However, this I am assured of, we shall all in due time reap the fruit of our labours, if we faint not. Let me therefore exhort you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, to continue unwearied in well doing. You have seen the afflictions of God's spiritual *Israel*. "Do and live," is most they hear. But what is this, but requiring them to make bricks without straw? Arise, arise, then, my dear Mr. ——; proclaim the Lord to be their righteousness. The everlasting I AM now sends you forth: say not they will disbelieve my report, for God seems to have given his people the hearing

ear and obedient heart. Fear not the face of man, for the Lord, if you go out in his strength, shall be with you, whithersoever you go. I hope my dear and honoured friend ere now hath prevented my exhortations. Methinks I see him, with all boldness declaring the whole counsel of God, and the attentive people receiving joyfully the gracious words, which proceed out of his mouth. Go on, my dear brother, go on; may the Lord bless you more and more, daily adding to the number of your spiritual children. —— I thank you, from my soul, for all favours conferred on me, and I pray you may always confess our Lord and his disciples before men. My most sincere respects attend your help-mate and true yoke-fellow. You are constantly upon my heart. My next journal will acquaint you how lovingly God hath dealt with

Your most unworthy friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER LXXIX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

AND how does my dear Mr. *H——s*? Is he yet commenced a *field preacher*? I am persuaded my dear friend is under the guidance of God's spirit, and therefore am convinced he will be directed for the best. He desires to do his Lord's will, and shall he not know it? Undoubtedly he shall. Nay, ere now I trust God has pointed out his way, and he has been upon many a mount stretching out his hands, and inviting all that are weary and heavy laden to come to Jesus Christ. Oh my dear brother, though you come after me, yet I pray God, you may always be preferred before me. I trust I shall not envy, but rejoice in my brother's success. At present, I find I love him in the bowels of Jesus Christ; I am frequently with you in spirit, and shall wait with impatience till I hear of my dear brother's progress in the Lord. Alas! I fear I do not improve my retirement as I ought. God has graciously pleased to conduct me in mercy. The tempter has been busy with me, and I never before was more deeply wounded for sin. Christ's love will let nothing pluck us out of his hands. However, let us constantly watch and

pray, that we enter not into temptation. The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. In about a twelvemonth, God willing, I think of returning to *England*. I should rejoice, if you would come and supply my place at *Savannah*. If not, I must resign the parsonage, and take upon me only the care of the orphans. I intend bringing up two or three, that are with me, for the ministry: more, no doubt, will shortly be added to their number. If you could come and teach them the languages, for an hour or two in the day; we could serve both the orphan-house and parsonage together. Great things I trust will come out of *Georgia*. The Lord Jesus direct your spirit, and if it be his will, send you as a help to, dear Sir,

Your's most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LXXX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Rev. and dear Sir,

THOUGH but little acquainted with you, yet I write this to assure you, what a cordial respect I have for you. The love of God, which I trust, through his free grace, is shed abroad in both our hearts, constrains me to love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I remember you in my unworthy prayers, and am persuaded I am not forgotten in your's. No one more needs them, whether considered as a private Christian, or a public minister; thousands are waiting for my halting; and I know so much of the corruption of my own heart, that was God to leave me to myself but one moment, I should with oaths and curses deny my master. As for my final perseverance, I bless God, I have not the least doubt thereof. The gifts and callings of God are without repentance. Whom he loves, I am persuaded, he loves to the end. But then I fear, lest being puffed up with abundance of success, I should provoke the Lord to let me fall into some heinous sin, and thereby give his adversaries reason to rejoice. A public life is attended with

innumerable snares; and a sense of my unworthiness and unfitness so weighs me down, that I have often thought it would be best for me to retire. But I know these are all suggestions of the enemy. Why should I distrust omnipotence? Having had a legion of devils cast out of my heart by the power of Christ, why should I not tell what he hath done for my soul, for the encouragement of others. By the help of God, I will speak; and the more satan bids me to hold my peace, the more earnestly will I proclaim to believing saints, that Jesus the son of *David* will have mercy on them; nay, I do not despair of publishing these glad tidings even at *Wethersfield*. In a little above a twelvemonth, God willing, I intend returning. But ere that time comes, I trust my dear Lord will purge me, that I may bring forth more fruit.—Satan has not been wanting to sift me as wheat; but my friend, the friend of all, even Jesus, has prayed for me, and as yet my faith hath not failed. Oh had I a thousand lives, my dear Lord Jesus should have them all! For he is worthy, he hath plucked me as a brand out of the burning, and is continually comforting me on every side—Read, read, dear Sir, the account I have sent over to be published of what God hath done for me in the days of my youth, and it will afford more thanksgiving and praise.—Pray in the behalf of, Sir,

Your most affectionate friend, brother, and servant,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Friend and Brother,

I Love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ, as a proof of it, I send this. I heartily wish I could correspond with you oftener. Your advice would always be seasonable to me; because you have been a long time in the school of Christ. I am but just now entering the list, and frequently tremble at the consideration of what I am to do and suffer.—But when I consider it is for Jesus Christ, who has called me by his free grace into his marvellous light, and has promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world, a divine fire kindles in my heart, and I long to call the lingring battle on. Satan hath been busy with me since I saw you, especially since my retirement on ship-board. I have often thought of the folly of those, who go out of the world to avoid temptation. Satan now buffets me more than when confined in a ship. I receive this as a great mercy at the hands of the Lord to keep me in action, and to prepare me for greater tokens of his love. Before I am exalted, I am always humbled by some inward trials. They are the most

soul-grieving, but they are the most soul-improving conflicts. My dear friend, I can say from my heart, “I am the chief of sinners:” I feel myself so wretched and miserable, so blind and naked in myself, that satan would tempt me to write to no one. But the Lord hath rebuked him, and after a long tedious hour of temptation, fills my soul as it were with marrow and fatness, and maketh my pen the pen of a ready writer. Oh that my mouth was filled with his praise! As yet, blessed be God, in my darkest hours my evidences have not been in the least clouded. I have been assured my Lord hath forgiven all my iniquities, transgressions and sins, but I cannot forgive myself. Oh that I should ever offend against such dying love! Pray for me, my dear brother, pray for me, that I may never by pride or sloth tempt the blessed spirit to depart from me. I fear not falling finally; for God I believe chose me in Christ before ever the earth and the world were made, as a vessel of his saving mercy; but I fear I shall provoke him to let me fall foully, and then how will the *Philistines* rejoice? This consideration sometimes makes me to wish that the Lord would cut off my strength in my journey, and shorten my days. But wherefore do I fear? Ah me of little faith! You see, my dear friend, how freely I have unbosomed my heart to you. I cannot call you my friend, and yet hide from you God’s dealings with my soul. Salute all that love our Lord Jesus in sincerity, and beseech them to pray for your sincere friend, but the most unprofitable of his dear Lord’s servants,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

YOUR kind letters, and kinder visit, have made me frequently to long for a more close correspondence with you. I find my heart drawn out in love towards you, and had God so ordered it, could have wished to have perused what you have written in my defence. I pray God to confer on you that reward, which he has promised to give those who confess him before men. If the gospel continues to run and have such free course, I must suffer, as well as preach for my dear Lord Jesus. Oh lift up your hands, *dear Sir*, in the congregations of the faithful, that I may willingly, (if need be) resist even unto blood; but not with carnal weapons. Taking the sword out of the hand of God's spirit, I fear has more than once stopped the progress of the gospel. The *Quakers*, though wrong in their principles, yet I think have left us an example of patient suffering, and did more by their bold, unanimous and persevering testimonies, than if they had taken up all the arms in the kingdom. In this respect I hope I shall follow them as they did Christ, and

though I die for him, yet take up no carnal weapon in defence of him in any wise. The doctrines of our election, and free justification in Christ Jesus, are daily more and more pressed upon my heart. They fill my soul with a holy fire, and afford me great confidence in God my Saviour. Surely I am safe, because put into his almighty arms. Though I may fall, yet I shall not utterly be cast away. The spirit of the Lord Jesus will hold, and uphold me. That God may every day enrich you more and more with the anointings of this spirit, is the hearty prayer of, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To the brethren in ——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

TWICE did I purpose to come and see you at ——, but was prevented by that all-wise providence, which ordereth all things for the best: however, though absent, I am not unmindful of you. As a testimony thereof I send you this. And oh that you may be filled with an holy fire, and such an ardent zeal for God as even to eat you up! Look round, look round, my brethren, and in imitation of your common Lord, weep over the desolations of the university wherein you live. Alas! how is that once faithful city become an harlot! Have pity upon her, ye that are friends, and whatever treatment you may meet with from an ungrateful world, endeavour at least to rescue some of her sons out of that blindness, ignorance, bigotry and formality, into which she is unhappily fallen. Arise, ye sons of the prophets; shine forth, ye who are appointed to be the lights of the world. The rulers of this world will endeavour to put you under bushels; but if your light is of God's kindling, all the devils in hell shall not be able to extinguish it. Be not therefore, my

brethren, weary of well doing. Have you true faith? keep it not to yourselves; be willing, as occasion offers, freely to communicate it to others. How will you be apt to teach hereafter, unless you begin to teach now? None but those, who are of a different spirit from that meek man *Moses*, will be offended at you. All God's people will wish you God speed. I am sure I do with all my heart. And I pray God to sanctify your whole spirits, souls and bodies, and make you vessels meet for our common Master's use! for none but those who have felt the spirit themselves, can freely or feelingly speak of him to others. My dear brethren, forget not to pray for,

Your affectionate, though weak brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To ——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Brethren in Christ,

THE cordial love I bear you, will not suffer me to neglect writing to you: as God has been pleased to bless my ministry to your souls, so I think it my duty to watch over you for good, and assure you, constantly you are all upon my heart. Your last letter gave me great pleasure; but it was too full of acknowledgments, which I by no means deserve. To him alone, from whom every good and perfect gift cometh, be all the thanks and glory; I heartily pray God, that you may be burning and shining lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Though you are not of the church of *England*, yet if you are persuaded in your own minds of the truth of the way wherein you now walk, I leave it. However, whether *Conformists*, or *Nonconformists*, our main concern should be, to be assured that we are called and taught of God; for none but such are fit to minister in holy things. Indeed, my dear brethren, it rejoiced me much to see such dawnings

of grace in your souls; only I thought most of you were bowed down too much with a servile fear of man: but as the love of the Creator increases, the fear of the creature will daily decrease in your hearts. *Nicodemus*, who came at first by night to our Lord, afterwards dared to own him before the whole council in open day. I pray God make you all thus minded. For unless your hearts are free from worldly hopes and worldly fears, you never will speak boldly, as you ought to speak. The good old *Puritans*, I believe, never preached better, than when in danger of being taken to prison as soon as they had finished their sermon. And however the church may be at peace now, yet I am persuaded, unless you go forth with the same temper, you will never preach with the same demonstration of the spirit, and of power. Study therefore, my brethren, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, study your hearts as well as books—ask yourselves again and again, whether you would preach for Christ, if you were sure to lay down your lives for so doing? If you fear the displeasure of a man for doing your duty now, assure yourselves you are not yet thus minded. But enough of this. I love to hope well of you all. I trust, as you are enlightened with some degree of knowledge in the mysteries of godliness, you will henceforth determine not to know any thing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. This is, and this, the Lord being my helper, shall be the only study of, my dear brethren,

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXV.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

WHY so long silent during my stay in *England*? why did you not write me a letter of reproof, and smite me friendly for what you thought amiss in the discourse between me and a friend at *Bristol*? I should have taken it kindly at your hands. When I am unwilling to be told of my faults, dear Sir, correspond with me no more. If I know any thing of this treacherous heart of mine, I love those most, who are most faithful to me in this respect: henceforward, dear Sir, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, spare me not. I am blind, I am full of self-pride, and self-love, and yet know it not. Blessed be God, who during my retirement has been pleased to let me see something of my own vileness. I trust he will never leave nor forsake me, till I know myself even as I am known. I need not fear the sight of sin, when I have a perfect everlasting righteousness wrought out for me by that God-man Christ Jesus. The riches of his free grace, cause me daily to triumph over all the temptations of the wicked one,

who is very vigilant, and seeks all occasions to disturb me. The Lord Christ is my helper, and the lifter up of my head. It is good for me to be tempted. By inward trials I trust my divine master will prepare me for his future mercies. I am persuaded I shall yet see great things, and be called to suffer for his name sake. Through much tribulation, I must enter into glory. Lift up your hands, dear Sir, when praying at the sanctuary, in my behalf; intreat the same favour of the elect lady. As I am enabled, it shall be returned; and, God willing, when I come next to *England*, you may expect a visit from, dear and reverend Sir,

Your most obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXVI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My Rev. and very dear Brother,

EVER since I was favoured with your last most endearing letter, you have been upon my heart more and more. As I wish all the Lord's servants were prophets, so it gives me uncommon pleasure, when the Lord raises up one of our own church. Believe me, dear Sir, when I look upon her desolations, I can scarce forbear weeping over her. But blessed be God, who has been pleas'd to visit her in this our day. Henceforward, I trust she will be a joyful mother of spiritual children. Many of late, under God, have been begotten by some of her sons through the gospel, amongst whom I may reckon ——: He has been I believe, and trust will still be the ghostly father of many souls. May he increase with all the increase of God, and appear before his redeemer at the last day, saying, "Behold me, O Lord, and the children which thou hast given me." Oh dear Sir, words cannot express how affectionately I desire to esteem and love you. None but the all-seeing God knows how earnestly I pray and desire to labour for the prosperity of

Jerusalem. Had we a thousand hands and tongues, there is employment enough for them all: people are every where ready to perish for lack of knowledge. As the Lord has been pleased to reveal his dear Son in us, Oh let us stir up that gift of God, and with all boldness preach him to others. Freely we have received, freely let us give; what Christ tells us by his spirit in our closets, that let us proclaim on the house top. He who sends, will protect us. All the devils in hell shall not hurt us, till we have finished our testimony. And then, if we should seal it with imprisonment or death, well will it be with us, and happy shall we be evermore! But the proof of our sincerity, will be when we come to the trial. I fear for no one so much as myself. Dear Sir, pray that you never may have reason to be ashamed of the

Most unprofitable of our Lord's servants,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXVII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. ——,

I Hope dear brother —— hath satisfied you about the queries in your last. I trust you are not angry with me for being so long silent. Excess of business was the cause. I write you this, my dear brother, to assure you I have not forgotten you. No, you are upon my heart; I pray for your prosperity both in body and soul, and hope ere we die to take another tour with you round *Wales*. God has dealt most lovingly with us on ship-board. We had very fair weather most part of our way. Both the good and bad spirit have been with us in the ship. The one to tempt and terrify, the other to support and comfort. I need not tell you which has prevailed. Who shall stand before the spirit of Jesus Christ? I have had great intimations from above concerning *Georgia*. Who knows but we may have a college of pious youths at Savannah? I do not despair thereof. *Professor Franks*'s undertaking in Germany has been much pressed upon my heart. I really believe that my present undertaking will succeed. My dear brother, call

down a blessing by your prayers. The Lord will hear those who put their trust in his mercy through Christ. You see, you know, how many would rejoice at, and do wait for my halting. Beseech the Lord that they may be disappointed of their hope; intreat the people of *Wales* to join with you. I love them most tenderly. I hope, at my return, to see them grown in grace. I pray God so to improve my retirement, that my progress may be made known unto them all. Salute them most affectionately in my name, and exhort them to continue instant in prayer and thanksgivings for, dear and honoured Sir,

Your fellow pilgrim and labourer in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear brother in Christ,

AS there has been joy in heaven at your conversion, so I can assure you there has been on earth. I, and my friends, have not failed to give thanks, that you our brother was dead, but is alive again; was lost, but is found. Oh blessed be God for calling you at the eleventh hour. Doth not this display the riches of his free grace; and ought it not to fill you with his praise all the day long? I wonder not that you are already become a fool for Christ's sake. All that will live godly in him must suffer persecution. But fear not man. The Lord of Hosts shall be with you; the strength of that God who hath called you shall be your refuge. As you have not long to live in this world, Satan, no doubt, will rage most horribly against you. Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation. Your case, God willing, I intend to publish in my next journal. It is good to keep close the secrets of a king, but it is honourable to speak of the works of the Lord. That God may carry on and finish the good work begun in your soul, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate friend and brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Miss B.,

THOUGH, when I came first to London, I thought you had not made the progress which might be expected in the twelve months, for want of company; yet your last behaviour gave me reason to think that you was yet alive to God. Oh, dear Miss B——, do not slumber or sleep, but be always trimming your spiritual lamp, knowing you are shortly to meet the Bridegroom. Study to shew the simplicity of Jesus Christ, and strive to imitate those holy matrons, who not only administred to our Lord of their substance, but also followed him to the accursed tree. Love, love to Jesus, casts out fear. No doubt they were reproached for his name sake, and accounted mad women; but they had a faith which enabled them at that time to overcome the world, and by which they climbed up to heaven. May dear *Miss B——* be thus minded! And may I see her at the last day amongst the wise virgins! Cultivating an acquaintance with *Miss D——*, and the *Miss C——*, will be a step towards bringing you thither.

Dear *Miss B——*, I am your friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER XC.

To my Brother.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

THOUGH I have wrote now for some years to my dear brother, and have availed nothing, yet I cannot cease striving with him; who knows but at length the Almighty may remove the scales from his eyes, and enable him to see the want of a Redeemer. Indeed, my dear brother, you do not see it yet, because you do not feel it; your moral honesty and good nature deceives you. You think you are rich, and increased in goods, and do not consider that you are poor and miserable, blind and naked. You are self-righteous, and do not rely on the righteousness of the God-Man, Christ Jesus, for salvation. What would I give was my dear brother convinced of this? For, till he is convinced, he is miserable, and does not know it. I pray God to open your eyes with a sense of his love. Send me a line to *Georgia*. God has sent us a comfortable passage. In about a twelvemonth I expect to return. Be not surprised if you hear of my being more cast out. We must suffer, as well as do, for Christ. If you are one of his you will rejoice

Your affectionate brother,

G. W.

LETTER XCI.

To Madam M——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

I Cannot think of the repeated assistances you gave me by the loan of your coach, and at the same time forbear sending you a line of thanks. But what is of greater concern, I think it my duty to write to you about a more important affair; I mean the salvation of your precious and immortal soul. God was pleased to incline your heart, Madam, to hear and receive the word with joy. Neither the cares of the world, nor the deceitfulness of riches, I trust have been permitted to choak, and hinder the growth of it in your soul. Indeed, Madam, you cannot be too watchful. It is a blessed, and careful thing, to be a true Christian. The first step to it is a broken heart, a heart melted down with a sense of sin, and flying to Jesus Christ for righteousness, sanctification and eternal redemption. Thousands indeed place Christianity in good desires, and the having good desires; but this and much more a person may have, and yet miscarry at last. Pure and undefiled religion consists in a lively faith in Jesus Christ, as the only mediator

between God and man. A faith that changes and renews the whole soul, takes it entirely off the world, and fixes it wholly upon God. This, Madam, is the faith that you have so often heard me preach, and of which I pray God you may be a partaker. Though you have it not yet, you need not despair; God will give it to all who sincerely ask of him. It is true, Madam, that not many mighty are called; but it is not your riches shall keep you from heaven if you truly believe on the Lord Jesus. Faith in him will enable you to overcome the world, and cause you even to triumph over the lust of the eye and the pride of life. Faith will set you above the fear of man, and enable you to rejoice in being accounted a fool for Christ's sake. That God may impart this faith to your own, and little master's soul, is the hearty prayer of, Madam,

Your obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER XCII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear brother H.,

I Congratulate you on your success at *Monmouth*. God has yet further work for you to do, ere you are called before rulers and governors, for his name sake. By divine permission, in about a twelve-month, I hope to make a second use of your field pulpits. Our principles agree, as face answers to face in the water. Since I saw you, God has been pleased to enlighten me more in that comfortable doctrine of *Election*, &c. At my return, I hope to be more explicit than I have been. God forbid, my dear brother, that we should shun to declare the whole counsel of God. The people of *Wales* are much upon my heart. I long to hear how the Gospel flourishes among you. How prospers your inward man? Being always doing, no doubt you grow in grace. May you increase with all the increase of God! You will see my letters to *Mr. Jones*, &c. As fast as I can, the rest of our Welch friends shall hear from me. Oh that I may never forget their works of faith and labours of love! Salute them most affectionately in my name; and exhort them, my

dear brother, to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. Put them in mind of the freeness and eternity of God's electing love, and be instant with them, to lay hold on the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ by faith. Talk to them, oh talk to them, even till midnight, of the riches of his all-sufficient grace. Tell them, oh tell them, what he has done for their souls, and how earnestly he is now interceding for them in heaven. Shew them in the map of the word, the kingdoms of the upper world, and the transcendent glories of them; and assure them all shall be theirs, if they believe on Jesus Christ with their whole hearts. Press them to believe on him immediately. Intersperse prayers with your exhortations, and thereby call down fire from heaven, even the fire of the Holy Ghost,

To soften, sweeten and refine,

And melt them into love.

Speak every time, my dear brother, as if it was your last; weep out, if possible, every argument, and as it were compel them to cry, Behold how he loveth us. Remember me, Remember me in your prayers, as being ever, ever

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER XCIII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Friends,

WHEN I consider how constantly you attended my ministry, how gladly you received me into your house, and how affectionately you took your last farewell; methinks gratitude obliges me to send you a line. It hath often given me pleasure to see in what harmony you seem to live, and how you walked to hear the word of God as friends. Surely, thought I, these are a happy pair. These I trust are help-meets for each other. Oh that you may go on and prosper, and be plentifully rewarded for the favours shewn to me, the most unprofitable of our Lord's servants: he will not forget your works of faith and labours of love. Whenever you attend his word preached, I hope he will send you replenished away. Oh that all knew what it is to believe in Jesus! How soon would they renounce the world, take up their cross and follow him! Lord evermore give us all this faith, even a faith working by love; a faith that will enable us to overcome the world, and cause us to

shake off all fear of man. Pray give my due respects to your friend and his wife, who used to dine with us. I pray God sanctify you all in spirit, soul and body, and cause you to sit down on his right hand with

Your affectionate, though most unworthy,

Friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER XCIV.

To the Rev. Mr. P——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend Sir,

YOU may justly censure me as unkind for not answering your kind letter. I can only plead by way of excuse an hurry of business, and my sudden departure from *England*. At my return, God willing, I purpose to see *Newbury*, and there to preach the Gospel of the Prince of Peace. Perhaps my enemies may have so much power given them from above, as to confine my body: but if I am bound, the word of the Lord will not be bound. God will speak, and great shall be the company of preachers. It often rejoices me to think what a prospect we have once again of hearing the truth preached as it is in Jesus. I hope we shall catch fire from each other, and that there will be an holy emulation amongst us, who shall most debase man and exalt the Lord Jesus. Nothing but the doctrines of the Reformation can do this. All others leave freewill in man, and make him, in part at least, a Saviour to himself. My soul come not near the secret of those who teach such things,

mine honour be not thou united to them. I know Christ is all in all. Man is nothing: he hath a free will to go to hell, but none to go to heaven, till God worketh in him to will and to do after his good pleasure. It is God must prevent, God must accompany, God must follow with his grace, or Jesus Christ will bleed in vain. That God may continue his blessing to us both, is the hearty prayer of, reverend and dear Sir,

Your obliged brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER XCV.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. ——,

WAS not my heart with your heart, when we rode by the way and talked to each other concerning the Scriptures? I thought our souls tallied together, and that we had both drank of the same spirit. I have often, since that time, admired the grace of God in you, and even now feel my soul, whilst I am writing, intimately united with yours. What is all this, but the effect and fruit of God's everlasting love through Christ our Lord? What is it, but an instance of the sovereign will and good pleasure of God, who will have mercy on whom he will have mercy? Oh how doth the free, the distinguishing grace of God excite the love of those, who are made partakers of it! What was there in you and in me, dear *Mr. O*——, that should move God to chuse us before others? Was there any fitness foreseen in us, except a fitness for damnation? I believe not. No, God chose us from eternity, he called us in time, and I am persuaded will keep us from falling finally, till time shall be no more. Consider the Gospel in this view, and it

appears a consistent scheme, though directly contrary to the natural man; and nothing convinces me more of the truth of these doctrines, than the enmity that is in the heart of carnal minds against them. However, the power of God is able to pull down every thing that exalts itself against the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Henceforward I hope I shall speak boldly and plainly as I ought to speak, and not fail to declare the whole counsel of God. I pray daily, that I may know his will more perfectly, not only that I may do it myself, but that I may teach it to others. If I die for it, I cannot but speak the things which I know. Oh my dear friends, lift up your hands for me in the sanctuary. The prayers of the faithful, God will hear. Entreat the same favour of your brother. I love you both in the bowels of Jesus Christ, and remember you often when I go in and out before the Lord: He has been with us in the ship. His rod has corrected, his staff has comforted us; both his rod and staff have edified and strengthened our souls. In a year's time I hope to see *England*. My love to all friends, and beseech them to pray that I may be prepared for whatever awaits

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER XCVI.

To Mrs. Ann D.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Sister in Christ,

I Owe you several letters, I will pay you one now; have patience with me and I will pay you all. If any one ought to long to enjoy the communion of saints hereafter, I ought in a particular manner. God has highly favoured me in the acquaintance of numbers of his dearest children. I cannot see some, and to but few of them can I write, on account of other business. Hasten, O Lord, that blessed time, when we shall all sit down to eat bread in thy kingdom!—My dear Sister, pray that I may patiently wait till my change shall come. I want to leap my seventy years. I long to be dissolved to be with Christ. Sometimes it arises from a fear of falling, knowing what a body of sin I carry about me. Sometimes, from a prospect of future labours and sufferings, I am out of humour, and wish for death as *Elijah* did: At others, I am tempted, and then I long to be freed from temptations. But it is not thus always: There are times when my soul hath such foretastes of God, that I

long more eagerly to be with him; and the frequent prospect of the happiness which the spirits of just men made perfect now enjoy, often carries me as it were into another world. Many such sweet meditations hath my soul been favoured with; but in the midst of all, I have felt, and do feel, that I am the chief of sinners. A mystery of iniquity that lay in my heart undiscovered, has been opened to my view, since my retirement in the ship. May he enlighten me more and more, to know and feel the mystery of his electing, soul-transforming love. Nothing like that, to support us under present, and all the various future trials which await us. But the Lord has apprehended us, and will not let us go. Men and devils may do their worst; our Jesus will suffer nothing to pluck us out of his Almighty hands; for he has loved us with an everlasting love, and therefore his right-hand shall uphold us. By his assistance, we shall hold out to the end. By his grace, I, you, and all his chosen ones shall finally be saved. Then, my dear Sister, shall we converse, not with ink and paper, but face to face. Then, but not till then, shall we fully know what a legion of devils Jesus Christ hath cast out of our souls, and how, after all our strivings against, and quenching many of the motions of his spirit, he at last brought us to glory. Cease not to pray for

Your unworthy brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER XCVII.

To the Rev. Mr. R.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Brother R.,

BEFORE I left *England*, I heard of your progress in *Leicestershire* and *Nottingham*. I then rejoiced, yea, and I do now rejoice that God hath sent you forth into his vineyard. I wish you all imaginable success with my whole heart. The next news I hear from *England*, I suppose, will inform me of your suffering, as well as preaching for Christ. But I am persuaded a prospect of suffering does not damp, but excite the zeal of my dear fellow-labourer. He lives in a place where honest *John Bunyan* was a prisoner of the Lord for twelve years. And oh, what sweet communion did he enjoy in *Bedford* gaol! I really believe a minister will learn more by one month's confinement, than by a year's study. Press on then, my dear Brother, press on and faint not; speak till you can speak no more. Wait upon the Lord, and you shall renew your strength. Though sometimes faint, yet still pursue. Up and be doing, and the Lord be with you. See how the fields are white, every

where ready to harvest. See how our Lord's sheep are scattered abroad, having too, too few true shepherds; I beseech you, go on, and point out to them the Redeemer's good pastures. Say not, wherewithal shall I feed them? The great shepherd shall furnish you with food enough, and to spare. Give of your loaves, and you shall take up of the fragments that remain. To him that hath, shall be given. Satan no doubt will resist you; he will bid you, out of a false humility, to hold your peace; but let my friend speak out boldly as he ought to speak. The Holy Spirit will give him utterance, and apply the word to the hearers. If prayers may water the good seed, you may depend on mine. I remember the dear *Bedford* people. O let them not forget

Your poor weak brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER XCVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. T.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

BEFORE I saw, I loved you. Ever since our personal acquaintance, I have often thought, what a noble instrument you might be of turning many to righteousness, if your heart was entirely freed from the world, and inflamed with the love of God. Your vivacity of spirit, your warm imagination, the energy and strength of your endearing manner of writing, together with your loving, tender disposition, if once duly influenced by the spirit of God, could not fail of winning souls to Christ. Come out therefore my brother, my friend; come out from among your carnal connections, and "be thou separate," saith the Lord Almighty. Throw off a false politeness, study the simplicity of Jesus Christ, and be despised for something. *O pity, pity the church of* England. See how too, too many of her sons are fallen from her articles, and preach themselves, not Christ Jesus the Lord. My dear friend, I could wish my head was waters, and my eyes fountains of tears, that I

might weep day and night before the Lord. O let us beseech him to spirit up more of his faithful servants, to go out into the highways and hedges, and compel poor sinners to come in. Oh that dear Mr. *T.* may be one of them! How would the spirit of Christ and of glory rest upon his soul! Arise, arise, my dear brother, and gird up the loins of your mind. Arise, arise, and be not of the number of those who only fleece their flocks. Lift up your voice like a trumpet, and preach the truth as it is in Jesus. Dear Mr. *T.* forgive this freedom. My heart is full. I long to have the pure scripture truths, as delivered in our homilies and our articles, preached up universally. This is all that is contended for, by

Your most unworthy friend, brother, and servant in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER XCIX.

To the Rev. Mr. D. W.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Love you, though I have been so ungrateful as not to write to you. I love you in the bowels of our common Master whose name we bear, and in whose glorious service we are both employed. Oh, dear Sir, what are we that we should be so highly favoured! Why are we honoured? Why are we called to the ministry, and others that are effectually called by grace, yet advanced no higher than private Christians? I can only cry out, Oh the depth of God's sovereign, electing, unmerited love. Even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight! Surely, dear Sir, the love of Christ must constrain us to spend and be spent for the good of souls. Never was the harvest greater; never were the labourers fewer. If we do not now lift up our voices like trumpets, the very stones would cry out against us. I could almost say, "the glory is departed from *Israel*; the ark of the Lord is fallen into enemies hands." Oh let us endeavour, dear Sir, let us endeavour to bring it back, by

preaching and living the truth as it is in Jesus. The light that has been given us, is not to be put under a bushel, but on a candlestick. Satan, indeed, by blasts of persecution, will do all he can to put it out. If our light be the light of Christ, those blasts will only cause it to shine the brighter. You have happily, dear Sir, experienced this. You, I believe, was both in Christ and in the ministry before me. I præ, sequar, etsi non passibus equis. The devil and all his hosts will set their battle in array against us. My Lord has given me a sling and a stone; stripling as I am, I will go forth then in his strength, make mention of his righteousness only, and by that lay prostrate the strong *Goliahs*. By your prayers I trust to be sent to *Wales* once more. The simplicity of that people much delights me. What shall, what can I do for them? My prayers they have, and whatever God shall enable me to do, they may demand a share from, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant,

G. W.

LETTER C.

To the Rev. Mr. H.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. H.,

I Received no answer to my last, yet I must write to you again. The many happy hours I spent with you when at *Oxon*, and the benefit I have received from your instructions and example, are yet fresh upon my memory. I long to have my dear friend come forth, and preach the truth as it is in Jesus. Not a righteousness or inward holiness of our own, whereby we may make ourselves meet, but a righteousness of another, even the Lord our righteousness; upon the imputation and apprehending of which by faith, we shall be made meet by his Holy Spirit to live with, and to enjoy God. Dear Mr. *H.* it is an excellent thing to be convinced of the freeness and riches of God's grace in Christ Jesus. It is sweet to know and preach, that Christ justifies the ungodly, and that all truly good works are not so much as partly the cause, but the *effect* of our justification before God. Till convinced of these truths, you must own free-will in man, which is directly contrary to

the holy scriptures, and the articles of our church. Let me advise dear Mr. *H.* laying aside all prejudice, to read and pray over Saint *Paul*'s epistles to the *Romans* and *Galatians*, and then let him tell me what he thinks of this doctrine. Most of your old friends are now happily enlightened. God sets his seal to such preaching in an extraordinary manner, and I am persuaded the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail against it. Oh that dear Mr. *H.* would also join with us! Oh that the Lord would open his eyes to behold aright this part of the mystery of godliness! How would it rejoice my heart! How would it comfort his own soul! He would then no longer groan under the spirit of bondage: No, he would be brought into the glorious liberty of the sons of God. I have wrote to dear Mr. *O.* as well as to you, out of the simplicity of my heart.

Ever your's in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CI.

To the Rev. Mr. K.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Brother K.,

I Long to hear how it is with you, and the church in your house. I verily believe, though it is but a little flock, yet it will be our heavenly Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. How happy is it, when all are of one mind in a house; all agreed to entertain and love the Lord Jesus. Their heaven is begun on earth. I pray God to continue this blessing, and cause you daily to build up each other in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He is a gracious Master. Oh that I knew and loved him more! for he is altogether lovely. Has he yet revealed himself in dear Mr. *K.*'s heart? Is he assured that his beloved is his? Is he brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God? Is his mind free from scruples? Is he active? Is he punctual? Is he strong in the Lord and in the power of his might? Is the meekness of the lamb and the boldness of the lion blended in his soul? Do his parishioners fear, yet love him? Is he a *Boanerges*, and yet a

Barnabas in the church of God? Does he thunder against obstinate sinners, and by displaying the riches of the promises, comfort and build up the saints? Does he preach as the spirit gives him utterance? Can he rely on the promise, “Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world?”

Forgive this freedom, my dear brother. Love makes me thus impertinent. I want to see you perfect, entire, lacking nothing. May God from day to day supply what is still deficient in you and in me, till we come to the fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ. He is faithful that has promised. God has been gracious to me his servant. In about a twelvemonth, I hope you will again see and rejoice with

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mrs. F.,

THE Lord reward you for all your works of faith and labours of love! They shall be brought forth as so many evidences of your lively faith, when we meet before our Lord in judgment. Does not the prospect of that glorious day, often fill your soul with joy? It does mine. Why? Because I know my Redeemer is to be my judge. Satan will accuse me; my answer shall be, the Lord Jesus is my righteousness, how darest thou to lay any thing to the charge of God's Elect? I stand here not in my own, but his robes; and though I deserve nothing as a debt, yet I know he will give me a reward of grace, and recompence me for what he has done in and by me, as though I had done it by my own power. Oh, dear Mrs. *F.* how ought this to excite our zeal and love for the holy Jesus. Why should we desire to plead for a righteousness of our own, and cry up freewill, when we have an infinitely better righteousness than our own to appear in, and a God that will crown us with eternal glory for working in us both to will and to do

after his good pleasure? Happy are you and your's, that have been taught these glorious principles from your youth! Oh shew them forth more and more by your works, and let the world see what it is to have a faith working by love. Study, oh study, day by day, the simplicity of Jesus Christ. Cast away every thing from you that savours of the lust of the eye and pride of life. Be quick to hear, slow to speak, and let your conversation always be seasoned with grace. Oh, dear Mrs. *F.* my heart is enlarged towards you: My kind, my liberal hostess, what shall I say or do to express my gratitude? I will, I do speak for you to the king of kings. Though I am so great a sinner, he frequently admits me into his privy chamber, and then I often sigh out, "O that my dear *Hertford* friends may live before thee." This is all the return, dear Mrs. *F.* that I can make. It is a prophet's reward. Being my all, though but two mites, I know you will accept it from

Your most obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CIII.

To Mr. S.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Rejoice that God sent you so opportunely to *Monmouth*: I find every day that two are better than one. God suffers his dear children to fall into little miscarriages, that the eye may not say to the hand, “I have no need of thee;” or again, the head to the foot, “I have no need of thee.” We must be helps to each other on this side eternity. Nothing gives me more comfort, next to the assurance of the eternal continuance of God’s love, than the pleasing reflection of having so many Christian friends to watch with my soul. I wish they would smite me friendly, and reprove me oftner than they do; I would force my proud heart to thank them. But I am amazed at your coming off so triumphantly. Surely the devil is asleep, or rather that roaring lion thinks to break out upon us with double fury hereafter. It often shames me, when I read St. *Paul*’s account of his sufferings, to think in how few particulars I can as yet sympathize with him. It as often makes me long to

be like him, and yet I fear how I shall act when put to the trial. This, however, is my comfort, “Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.” He saw me from all eternity; he gave me being; he called me in time; he has freely justified me through faith in his blood; he has in part sanctified me by his spirit; he will preserve me underneath his everlasting arms, till time shall be no more. Oh the blessedness of these evangelical truths! These are indeed gospel; they are glad tidings of great joy to all that have ears to hear. These, bring the creature out of himself. These, make him to hang upon the promises, and cause his obedience to flow from a principle of love. They are meat indeed, and drink indeed unto my soul. I am persuaded they are so likewise to you and dear Mrs. *S*——. I hope she is yet in the land of the living, and that she, yourself, and your son, are daily preparing for eternity. I pray God sanctify your whole spirits, souls, and bodies, and reward you for all kindnesses shewn to, dear Sir,

Your unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CIV.

To the Rev. Mr. T.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

SHALL I promise and not perform? God forbid. When I saw you first at *Cardiff*, it rejoiced my heart to hear what God had done for your soul. You was then under some displeasure of your rector, if I mistake not, for speaking the truth as it is in Jesus. Ere now, I hope dear Mr. *T.* has had the honour of being quite thrust out. Rejoice, my dear brother, and be exceeding glad, for thus was our Lord and Saviour served before you. Naked therefore follow a naked Christ. Freely you have received, freely give. If you preach the gospel, you shall live of the gospel. Though you go out without scrip or shoe, yet shall you lack nothing. Rather than you shall want, ravens, those birds of prey, shall be commanded to feed you. It is a blessed thing to live upon God. Did ever any trust in him and was forsaken? No; search the generations of old, climb up into heaven if you can, and all with one consent will declare,

The Lord their pasture did prepare,

And fed them with a shepherd's care.

I, though hell-deserving, am a living witness of his good providence; having nothing, I possess all things; he has fed me with the kidneys of wheat, and commanded some one or another to sustain me whithersoever I was sent on his errand. Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. If we go forth in the spirit of the first apostles, we shall meet with apostolical success. And never was there more occasion for the revival of such a primitive spirit. Alas, the life, the power of religion is almost lost amongst us. Stir up then, dear Sir, the gift of God, which is in you. Be instant in season and out of season. Debase man and exalt Jesus. Self-righteousness overturn, overturn. The people of *Wales*, the common people at least, will receive you gladly. The Lord shall fight all battles for you here, and reward you with a crown that never fadeth hereafter. If I have but the lowest place in your affections, it will abundantly satisfy

Your most affectionate brother,

G. W.

LETTER CV.

To Mr. M.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dearest Sir,

EVER since you opened your heart so freely in the garden, you have been much upon my heart. Though absent from, yet I have been present with you. I am acquainted in some measure with the strugglings of a soul just awakening into new life. I know too many have stifled their convictions, and therefore am importunate on your behalf. I hope you have taken my advice, and laid the ax to the root of the tree. Oh pray for a new heart and a new spirit, and then all old things will subside and give way of themselves. The strong man armed must go out when the stronger than he, even the spirit of God, comes to take possession of your soul. What therefore have you to do, dear Sir, but to throw yourself as a poor sinner at the feet of the holy Jesus? You need not doubt his holding out the golden sceptre to you. Whosoever cometh to him by faith, he will in no-wise cast out. He calls, he draws you: what is it for, but to assure you he will make you happy? Come

then, dear Sir, weary and heavy laden as you are, the Lord your righteousness shall give you rest: He shall refresh you with a multitude of peace, and cause you to rejoice in his salvation; there is nothing too hard for the Lord Christ. He can draw your mind from the creature, he can fix it upon himself; he can enable you to live above the world, whilst you are in it; he can translate you to heaven, when he has taken you away from earth. As the Lord Jesus can, so that he may do all these things for your soul, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Your sincere friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CVI.

To the Rev. Mr. H.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dearest Sir,

IT often concerned me, when in *London*, that I could not enjoy more of your company. Your conversation was always seasoned with grace, and such as became the gospel of Christ. Your great kindness, in publicly praying for me, can never be sufficiently acknowledged. The thought almost makes me to weep for joy. Surely the Lord will not let me miscarry, since he has stirred up the choicest of his servants to intercede in my behalf. The searcher of all hearts alone knows, what agonies my poor soul has undergone since my retirement from the world. The remembrance of my past sins has overwhelmed my soul, and caused tears to be my meat day and night. Indeed I have mourned as one mourneth for a first born: But I looked to him whom I have pierced. I was enabled to see the freeness and riches of his grace, the infiniteness and eternity of his love, and my soul received comfort. Oh the excellency of the doctrine of election, and of the saints

final perseverance, to those who are truly sealed by the spirit of promise! I am persuaded, till a man comes to believe and feel these important truths, he cannot come out of himself; but when convinced of these, and assured of the application of them to his own heart, he then walks by faith indeed, not in himself, but in the Son of God, who died and gave himself for him. Love, not fear, constrains him to obedience. The promises of God are all Yea and Amen to his soul. Supported by these convictions, in about a twelvemonth, God willing, I intend returning to *England*, and to begin my testimony afresh. I trust I shall not be ashamed to declare the whole counsel of God. Satan, no doubt, and his emissaries, will endeavour to block up my way; but the saints of God are praying for me on earth, and the holy Jesus is interceding in heaven. Why should I not go forth and offer his everlasting and perfect righteousness to all that shall be brought to believe on him? Satan suggests even whilst I am writing, "How canst thou speak, seeing thou art such a sinner?" But therefore will I speak, because I can say, by happy experience, that Jesus Christ will have mercy on the chief of sinners; for among such you may truly rank

Your unworthy brother, and unprofitable fellow-labourer, in our dear Lord's vineyard,

G. W.

LETTER CVII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mrs. D.,

TEN thousand blessings light upon you and yours! The Lord reward you ten thousand-fold for receiving me and my friends into your house. The Lord shower down his heavenly manna, and feed you with the bread of life for those comfortable meals we have had of your providing since we came on board. We have not been slack to pray for you; my heart is now full of a sense of your kindnesses. I know not when to begin and when to leave off adoring the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ for these and all other of his love-tokens: He is the father of mercies, and the God of all comfort; he hath comforted me in all my tribulation, and, I am assured, will still comfort me in whatsoever I am to do or suffer for his name's sake. You, dear Mrs. *D.* can subscribe to this truth, that God is a God of all comfort. You have been comforted on every side; you have been filled as it were with new wine; you have tasted that the Lord is gracious, and yet the best wine is and will be always reserved till the last. The Lord's compassions fail

not; they are, they will be renewed to you every morning; and though, through much tribulation, you, as well others, must enter into glory, yet you will find God to be your comforter in all tribulation. God has made you a joyful mother of Christian children; remember the mother in the *Maccabees*; and, if ever your children are called to suffering, beg of God that you may stand by and encourage them to die for Christ. Oh that would be a spectacle indeed! A spectacle worthy of men and angels! I pray God to arm you with this mind, and then you will find that God's rod as well as his staff will comfort you; nay, though you pass through the valley of the shadow of death, yet shall the Holy Spirit refresh you; your heart shall stand fast, and be stedfast in the Lord. Oh, my dear Madam, my heart is enlarged towards you: I pray God to fill you with all his divine fulness, and make you daily more and more meet to be an inheritor among the saints in light. With much love I have wrote to dear Mr. *D.* Oh pray him not to be angry with

Your most affectionate friend and brother,

G. W.

LETTER CVIII.

To Mr. N.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Honoured Sir,

BE not displeased at the contents of this; if I was not persuaded that love to your soul, and my duty towards God, moved me to write, I should be silent. When last at *Gloucester*, I heard you was highly offended at my meetings in the fields, and at the same time countenanced and encouraged the acting of plays in the *Boothall*. This I thought highly unbecoming the character of a Christian magistrate, whose peculiar business it is to be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well. This made me to speak against those proceedings in my sermons. This is the occasion of my troubling you with a letter. I cannot think I have delivered my soul, unless, with all meekness and humility, I exhort you henceforward not to promote or so much as any way countenance the stage-players. In our common law they are stiled *sturdy beggars*. As a minister of the king, upon that account it is your duty to put a stop to them: As a disciple and minister of Jesus

Christ, the king of kings, you are obliged, *honoured Sir*, to exert your authority in suppressing them. It is notorious that such meetings are the nurseries of debauchery; they are the pest of our nation, and the bane of true Christianity: To be present at, or in the least to contribute towards their support, is therefore a great sin; but to countenance them by our authority, and let them act by our permission, what is this but becoming public patrons for vice and immorality? It is not only sinning ourselves, but it is taking pleasure in the sins of others. This the apostle accounted the highest pitch of heathenish wickedness. Honoured Sir, pray be not offended: These are not the words of a madman; no, they are the words of truth and soberness, and words which our Lord will approve of, when I stand with you before him in judgment. However men may now put wrong names to things, and call that an innocent amusement, which has no other tendency but to corrupt and debauch the heart, yet then, Sir, we shall see all things clearly; then shall you know that it was my duty to write as I have done, and will confess before men and angels that you had an humble and affectionate warning given you, by, honoured Sir,

Your very humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CIX.

To Mr. Thomas P.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH unknown to you in person, yet as you was pleased to think me worthy of the care of your dear son, I think it my duty to acquaint you of his welfare. I bless God that he came with me. He is diligent and pious, and I trust will be a comfort to you in your declining years: His mind seems settled and composed, and by reading and following the bible, he is partaker of that peace which the world cannot give. His dear and honoured father is much upon his heart. How would it rejoice him to hear that you also was become a Christian indeed? Be not offended, dear Sir, at my expressing myself thus. Assure yourself that Christianity is something more than a name and a bare outward profession. Morality of itself, dear Sir, will never carry us to heaven; no, Jesus Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. There is no being happy without a lively faith in him, wrought in the heart by the blessed spirit of God. This faith transforms the whole man, delivers him

from the tyranny of his passions, and makes him entirely a new creature. This is the reason why it is foolishness to the world. Your son's case in this respect was not singular. As soon as ever we commence Christians, we commence fools for Christ's sake. Every truly religious man must be deemed a madman. Forgive this freedom, dear Sir; whilst I am writing, I find a love for your soul arising in my heart, and methinks I could do any thing to bring your grey hairs with comfort to the grave. Dear Sir, there is mercy with Christ even for those who come in at the eleventh hour. Christ came to save poor sinners; he came to save you, dear Sir, if you lay hold on him by a living faith. That God may give you this faith, and thereby make you happy in time and to eternity, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CX.

To the Rev. Mr. R. D.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Think I am a little in your debt; if not, love and gratitude call upon me to send you a line. Man appoints, but God disappoints: His providence called me away, before I could possibly see *Cornwall*. In about a twelvemonth I purpose returning. Who knows but then I may be enabled to perform my promise? The whole world is now my parish. Wheresoever my master calls me, I am ready to go and preach his everlasting gospel. My only grief is, that I can do no more for Christ; for I am sure I ought to love and do much, having had so much forgiven; not that I expect in the least to be justified by any or all the works I either can or shall do: No, the Lord Christ is my righteousness, my whole and perfect righteousness; but then I would shew forth my faith, I would declare to the world the sincerity of my love, by always abounding in the works of my Lord. Oh pray, dear Sir, that I may be never weary in well-doing. The devil and his servants will shoot sore at me

that I may fall; but this consideration comforts and supports me, “The Lord is my helper;” he has, he does, he will deliver. I am persuaded you feel his gracious presence, and the influences of his blessed spirit, whenever you go forth to speak in his name. May a double portion of his spirit and precious anointings descend upon your soul! May you be filled with all his fulness, and be enabled thereby to turn many to righteousness here, and so shine as the firmament of heaven for ever hereafter! Oh that a place at some saints feet may be assigned to, dear Sir,

Your weak though affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXI.

To the Rev. Mr. B.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

YOU have been too kind, and I have been too ungrateful. Business would not permit me to have so much private conversation with you as I ought. Success I fear elated my mind. I did not behave towards you, and other ministers of Christ, with that humility which became me. I freely confess my fault; I own myself to be but a novice. Your charity, dear Sir, will excite you to pray that I may not through pride fall into the condemnation of the devil. Dear Sir, shall I come out into the world again or not? Must I venture myself once more among fire-brands, arrows, and death? Methinks I hear you reply, "Yes, if you come forth in the strength of the Lord God, and make mention of his righteousness only." It is my desire so to do. I would have Jesus all in all. Like a pure chrystal, I would transmit all the light he poureth upon me. Oh pray, dear Sir, that I may be thus minded, and then, God willing, in about a twelvemonth, I intend visiting the *Bristol* brethren

once again. In the mean while, I hope the Lord will purge me, that I may bring forth more fruit, and work upon me mightily in the inner-man, for otherwise his blessings will prove curses to me. He has been pleased to dig and dung round me, during my retirement; he has shewn me something of the treachery of my own heart, and more and more convinced me that I am the chief of sinners. Oh that my heart may shew forth the eternity and sovereignty of his love! for never surely was there a greater instance of it than myself. Happy are those that are brought to an experimental knowledge of these mysteries of the kingdom of God. Many of your charge have been, I believe; I pray God to increase the number of your spiritual children more and more, and to add daily to the church such as shall be saved. My cordial respects attend your fellow-labourers, and all who are so kind as to ask for me; as fast as opportunity permits, they may expect to hear from, reverend Sir,

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer,

G. W.

LETTER CXII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mrs. F.,

I Have now time to answer your last letter. It gave me much satisfaction. I rejoice that you begin to know yourself. If possible, satan will make us to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think. I can tell this by fatal experience. It is not sudden flashes of joy, but having the humility of Christ Jesus, that must denominate us Christians. If we hate reproof, we are so far from being true followers of the Lamb of God, that in the opinion of the wisest of men, we are brutish. I love you and your dear husband in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Under God, I begot you both through the gospel. I therefore think it my bounden duty, from time to time, more particularly to watch over your precious souls. Never account me your enemy for speaking the truth. Tell me of my faults in your turn. I will pray God to give me an hearing ear and an obedient heart. But how do our brethren after their late dispersion? I heard they had in part recovered themselves. Ere now, I trust, they have resumed their courage, and stand stedfast as a wall of brass. If

you were all to be carried to prison the next moment, I think you should not decline your Christian fellowship and society meetings. My brethren, in this respect, I beseech you to obey God rather than man. Happy are you, if you patiently suffer in such a cause. Our Lord will stand by you; he will fight all your battles, and make you more than conquerors through his love. My heart would say more; but other letters must be wrote. Salute all the brethren by name, and accept this as a token of your not being forgotten by

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. S.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Reverend and dear Sir,

THE favours received at *Hertford*, from you and your dear flock, are not yet out of my mind: They were exceeding endearing, and deserve my utmost acknowledgments. Had providence permitted, I should have paid you another visit; but God's thoughts are not as our thoughts: However, in about a twelvemonth, by his leave, I hope to return amongst you once more. Oh! that I may come in the blessing of the gospel of peace! The doctrines I have already preached come with double evidence upon my mind day by day. I am more and more convinced that they are the truths of God; they agree with the written word, and the experience of all the saints in all ages: Nothing more confirms me in the belief of them, than the opposition that is made against them by natural men. Election, free grace, free justification without any regard to works foreseen, are such paradoxes to carnal minds, that they cannot away with them. This is the wisdom of God, which is

foolishness with man, and which, the Lord being my helper, I intend to exalt and contend for more and more; not with carnal weapons, that be far from me, but with the sword of the spirit, the word of God: No sword like that. Dear Sir, pray for me that I may rightly divide the word of truth, and give to each his portion in due season. The Lord has been exceeding gracious to me since I saw you last. Oh let your songs be of him, and praise him for all his wonderful works. As I am enabled I remember you and yours. Many, when I was with them, were mourning; ere now I hope they are comforted. He is faithful who has promised, who also will do it. If they hunger and thirst after Christ's righteousness, verily they shall know that it is imputed to them. That you and your whole charge may be filled with all the fulness of God, is the earnest prayer of, dear Sir,

Your's most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CXIV.

To Mr. Wm. D——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My Dear Brother,

YOUR last brought glad tidings. I endeavour to give thanks for you with my whole heart. I trust God has enabled you to take the advice you gave me, and that you have been kept from idolatry. Oh my dear brother, let us watch and pray, that we may not be led into temptation. The spirit is willing in both; but the flesh, mine in particular, is exceeding weak. Blessed be God for sending me on ship-board. He has given me to see something of that mystery of iniquity, which was in my heart. I have loathed and abhorred my own self. Tears have been my meat day and night; but glory be to God, who has lately assured me of a victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. At present my heart is quite free. You will see what I have written to those of your household. I pray the Lord to send you and many more such labourers into his harvest. I intend resigning the parsonage of *Savannah*. The *Orphan House* I can take care of, supposing I should be kept at a distance; besides,

when I have resigned the parish, I shall be more at liberty to take a tour round *America*, if God should ever call me to such a work. However, I determine nothing, I wait on the Lord. I am persuaded he will shew what is his will: though my heart is as yet perverse, in time I hope to drink deeper into his spirit. How earnestly do I desire to be dissolved, that I may be with Christ! Sometimes my weak body gives me hopes, that I shall not be long in the flesh; but then, the strength that is communicated to me, and the consideration, that I have but just begun my testimony, fills me with fears, lest I should live to be greyheaded. But I endeavour to resign myself wholly to God. I desire his will may be done in me, by me, and upon me. If the Lord preserves me from falling into sin, and dishonouring his holy name, let him do what seemeth him good with

Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CXV.

To Madam C——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Madam,

TO be made good by the righteousness and spirit of Jesus Christ, is a distinguishing blessing. To be made good, and yet to be great and rich in this world's goods, is still more extraordinary. Blessed be God, who has thus highly favoured you. I trust he hath given you that faith, which enables you to overcome the world, and emboldens you to confess both our Lord and his servants, in the midst of a wicked and adulterous generation. Once indeed I feared you had been offended. Dear Mr. M—— soon convinced me of my error. Yourself, Madam, amply satisfied me before I left *London*, that you were not ashamed of the gospel and ministers of Christ. May the Lord enable you more and more to set your face as a flint, and entirely to live above the fear of man. If the work goes on in *England*, a trying time will come. I pray God, the same spirit may be found in all that profess the Lord Jesus, as was in the primitive saints, confessors and martyrs. Further

opposition then will not hurt, but highly profit the church. The chaff will be winnowed from the wheat, and they that are approved be made manifest. As for my own part, I expect nothing but afflictions and bonds. The spirit, as well as the doctrine of popery, prevails much in many protestants hearts; they already breathe out threatnings. What wonder, if when in their power, they should breathe out slaughters also? This is my comfort, the doctrines I have taught are the doctrines of scripture, the doctrines of our own and of other reformed churches. If I suffer for preaching them, so be it. “Thou shalt answer for me, O Lord my God!” I rejoice in the prospect of it, and beseech thee, my dear redeemer, to strengthen me in a suffering hour. You, dear Madam, and the rest of my friends, will not be wanting in praying for

Your most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXVI.

To Mr. D——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Sir,

GRATITUDE and love call upon me to write a letter of acknowledgment for favours received when lately at ——. The Lord remember them at that day! You have confessed his servants before men, he has promised to confess such, before his angels in heaven. The principles which I maintain, are purely scriptural, and every way agreeable to the church of *England* articles. What I have been chiefly concerned about is, lest any should rest in the bare speculative knowledge, and not experience the power of them in their own hearts.—What avails it, Sir, if I am a patron for the righteousness of Jesus Christ in behalf of another, if at the same time I am self-righteous myself? I am thus jealous, I trust with a godly jealousy, because I see so many self-deceivers among my acquaintance. There is one in particular (whom I love, and for whom I most heartily pray) who approves of my doctrine, and hath heard it preached many years past, but I could never hear

him tell of his experiences, or of what God has done for his soul. He hath excellent good desires and intentions, but I think he wants something more: Lord, for thy infinite mercy's sake, grant he may know himself even as he is known! I need not tell Mr. *D——*, who this dear friend is—you are intimately acquainted with him, you love him as you do your own heart; you are never out of his company. Oh, dear Sir, be not angry. Methinks I hear you, by this time, making an application, and saying, "Then I am the man." True, dear Sir, I confess you are. But love, love for your better part, your soul, your precious soul, this love constrains me to use this freedom. You are more noble than to take it ill at my hands; I could not bear even to suspect that you deceived yourself, dear Sir, and not tell you such a suspicion was in my heart. That God may powerfully convince you of self-righteousness, and cloath you with the righteousness of his dear Son; that he may fill you with his grace, and thereby fit you for, and at last translate you to, his glory, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend and humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXVII.

To a Servant.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

WHEN I was at Mr. ——, I fear I did not ask you often enough what God had done for your soul. I write this to beg your pardon. Want of time was the cause. I believe Christ hath manifested himself to your soul. Shew it, I entreat you, by labouring to adorn his gospel in all things. A meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price. You are happy in a place. I hope you know and are thankful for it. Take heed that you serve with singleness of heart, as unto Christ. Go when you are bid to go, come when you are bid to come; when commanded to do this, do it with all your might. Bear with the perverseness of others. Remember how silent *Mary* was, when her sister *Martha* peevishly said, "Lord, carest thou not that my sister has left me to serve alone?" My unfeigned love attends all the *Martha's* and *Mary's* of your acquaintance. I pray they may in all things walk as women professing godliness. To hear of your progress in the gospel, would much please

Your Sincere friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. ——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Rev. and dear Sir,

THE many favours I have received at your hands, are still deeply impressed upon my heart; as I have often said, so I say again, I hope they will never be forgotten by me so long as I live. But, reverend Sir, I have observed some particulars in your principles and conduct, which I must confess have given me much concern, and of which, from love and gratitude, I think myself obliged to inform you. —— I believe, dear Sir, you have often been inwardly offended at me, because you suspected, I thought you to be no true Christian. Your suspicions were not groundless. I cannot yet think, that a thorough work of conversion was ever wrought upon your soul. I fear you deny, that "Jesus Christ is truly and properly God." I infer this, from your not reading the *Nicene Creed*, and your palliating that text I once urged to prove it. "I and my Father are one." I doubt also, your owning "Original Sin." This I gather from your wondering I should touch on such a

point, when I preached my sermon on justification by Jesus Christ. Besides, the sad definition you once gave of religion in a letter to your brother ——; the stranger also which you seemed to be to the "devil's temptations," when I conversed with you; and your supposing, that conversion was to be wrought in the soul by moral persuasion; all these put together, dear Sir, convince me, that you were never yet truly and effectually born again of God. Besides, *Reverend Sir*, does your going weekly to a club, where the company play at cards, and sit up late at night, does this, dear Sir, agree with your holy vocation, either as a Christian or a minister? Be not offended, Rev. Sir, at this plainness of speech. I have forborne a long while; love and gratitude would not suffer me to forbear any longer. I wish I had no occasion to write in this manner. I believe you so ingenuous as not to be angry with me. I pray God to quell all resentment in your heart, and send you his holy spirit to guide you into all truth. Your brother's eyes are now in some measure opened: he is convinced of the perfect righteousness wrought out for him by Jesus Christ, and ere now I hope hath received faith to apply it to his heart. This is the doctrine of the church of *England*. Unless you hold this and other evangelical principles, how, dear Sir, is it consistent with sincerity to eat her bread? With humility, respect, and love, do I offer these things to your consideration—Be pleased to weigh them in a proper balance, and reflect from what principle they are wrote, and I am persuaded you will not be offended at, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXIX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. S——,

I Love an *Israelite* indeed, I love a catholic spirit destitute of guile; you I am persuaded are thus minded. The Lord hath highly favoured you: he hath given you a meek and quiet spirit. My heart hath been knit to you, ever since God first brought us together. Oh pray, that what I admire in another, I may imitate myself, and have the graces of Jesus Christ stamped upon my heart. It fills me with confusion, whenever I consider how far I am from his likeness. Alas! What would become of me, was I to be saved by any thing within myself. Blessed be God, the Lord Jesus is my whole righteousness. By virtue of that I know I am justified, I believe I shall be sanctified, and am assured I shall be everlastingly redeemed: for God loved me with an everlasting love. Oh, dear Sir, the prospect of an hereafter fills my soul with comfort. Then shall I have enough of your company, and of the other children of God. The Lord give me patience to wait till my blessed change cometh. He often gives me such foretastes of the glory to be revealed in us,

that I want to leap my seventy years. But in a degree, I may say with my blessed master, “I have a cup to drink of, and a baptism to be baptized with.” Dear Mr. *S——* will see me humbled, I believe, as much as once exalted; I look for “Away with him, away with him,” every day. Then, I trust, I shall begin in earnest to be a disciple of Jesus Christ. Even in such an hour, I believe dear Mr. *S——* will dare own

His affectionate though most unworthy friend, brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Sir,

TO think, that you should be engaged publickly to pray for me, hath often given me much satisfaction, and now excites me to send you this letter of thanks: help me still, help me, dear Sir, by your prayers. They will be a means of lifting up my hands when they hang down, and of strengthning my feeble knees. Though in all things we do not, yet in essentials we both think and speak the same things. I wish all names among the saints of God were swallowed up in that one of *Christian*.—I long for professors to leave off placing religion in saying "I am a Churchman," "I am a Dissenter." My language to such is, "Are you of Christ? If so, I love you with all my heart:" for this reason chiefly, dear Sir, my heart is drawn out towards you. On this account, though so long in Christ before me, I make bold to call you brother, and to wish you God speed: blessed be his name, you have little reason to cry out; "My leanness, my leanness." Many gracious souls are among your flock, they love to be fed with the sincere milk of the word. I

hope they will be your joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. I often think of them with pleasure; pray salute them most affectionately in my name, and exhort them to entreat the Lord that I may make full proof of my ministry. In about a twelvemonth, God willing, I intend returning to *England*; I wish it may be in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. I think you are happy in the acquaintance of Mr. *B—— S——*. I trust he will be as good as he is great, and after he is made perfect through manifold temptations and trials, sit down with you, and all the other spirits of just men made perfect, in heaven. This is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and fellow labourer in our Lord's vineyard,

G. W.

LETTER CXXI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Brother,

YOU cannot conceive how often you have been upon my thoughts, since I saw you. Eternity itself I hope will not diminish, but more and more increase that love, which I bear you from my heart. Your stature reminds me of little *Zaccheus*: he that called him, I am persuaded hath called you: Have you not heard him say to your soul, "I am your salvation?" If so, fear not, thou art a son of *David*. Let worldly affairs be ever so bad, he that has given you his own dear Son, will make you more than conqueror in all things. Still dare to own our dear Lord before men. It is no scandal for a follower of Jesus Christ to be poor. Our Lord was poor before us—So that we are rich in faith and good works, it is not much matter if we are not rich in this world's goods. Having Christ, though we have nothing else, we possess all things. However, since godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come, I would advise you to plead the promises for temporal blessings. In the name of Jesus, many a sweet morsel and

opportune supply, have I fetched in from God by this means. That is the way I live, and hope shall continue so to live till death is swallowed up in victory. *Death*—what a comfortable word is that for a believer! Christ hath taken the sting of it away; henceforward it is no longer a king of terrors, but a welcome messenger to conduct the saints to glory. My dear brother, let us comfort one another with these things. We are not to live here always; our inheritance is above. When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory. Why then should we value these light afflictions, which are but for a moment? No, let us patiently bear our cross, since we are so shortly to wear a crown. Oh the riches of free, distinguishing grace! Why were you and I taken into favor? "Even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight." O! my friend, my brother, let us for ever extol free grace! However others exalt man and debase God, let us exalt God and debase man. Let Jesus Christ have all the glory: for he is the author, carrier on, and finisher of our faith. He hath begun it in time, he shall compleat it in eternity.—My brother, I have been so expanded whilst writing, that I must refer you to other friends, to know how graciously God hath dealt with

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. W.,

I Long to be in heaven, chiefly to see God even as he is; next, that I may have my soul satisfied with the blissful communion of saints. There I hope to see you and your wife, and to shew how sincerely I love you both in the bowels of Jesus Christ. My heart has went along with my hand, when I used to stretch it out to you in the field. I only wanted more time to converse with you. Oh my dear brother, let us keep ourselves in the love of God through faith in Christ Jesus, and then, yet a little while we shall meet in glory. As faith is the beginning, so faith is the end of the Christian course. Let us keep this grace in continual exercise, and we may bid death and hell defiance. Faith makes us more than conquerors over all; I speak thus to you, because I hope you and dear Mrs. —— have been in some measure made partakers of this free gift of God. I pray God to increase it more and more, till it be swallowed up in the fruition of our supreme good. Perhaps our faith may be put to the trial ere it be long; I expect nothing but sufferings. Oh

pray that I may be faithful unto the end, and that a crown of life may be given to

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXIII.

To Mr. H.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My dear Brother,

THE Christian love I bear to both your sister and you, excites me to send you a line. Providence prevented your sailing with us; but as we have drank into the same spirit, I hope brotherly love will continue and increase between us, to all eternity. I have often wrestled in prayer for you since we have been on board. Your sister has watered those prayers with her tears, and I trust the Lord was entreated of us. Our voyage has been highly profitable to our souls. I can never be thankful enough for this sweet retreat. My dear brother, how do you find your heart? Mine is like *Ezekiel's temple*, the farther I search into it, the greater abominations I discover; but there is a fountain opened for sin and all uncleanness. There, my dear brother, we may both wash and be made clean. The Lord hath already vouchsafed us some assurances of his love. Oh let us continually keep faith in exercise, till it be entirely swallowed up in the boundless ocean of the beatific vision.

That God may daily renew you by his spirit, and more and more fit you for the happiness which awaits you above, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate though weak brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXIV.

To Mrs. ——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

My Dear Friend,

SHALL I have any leisure time and not write you a line of thanks for your works of faith and labours of love? God forbid. I know not your name, but I neither forget your house, nor favours. The Lord reward you a thousand fold! I only fear that you have my person too much in admiration. If you look to the instrument less, and to God more, it will be better. By the grace of God alone, I am what I am. If any good hath been done to you or others, it was not I, but the grace of God that was in me. Oh, not unto me, not unto me, but unto God's name be all the glory. I pray God to make you partaker of the same grace; for I would not have you an hearer only, I would have you a doer also. Surely you are more noble and wise, than to deceive your own soul. And yet it is but too notorious, that numbers rest in the outward form, and are strangers to the inward power of godliness in their hearts. Do not you so learn Christ. Beg of God that you may feel his spirit working

mightily in your soul, and witnessing with your spirit that you are a child of God. I could go on, but other letters must be wrote—Pray tender my love to all that dined with me at your house; exhort them to keep close by faith to Christ, and to pray to and give him thanks in my behalf; for he hath dealt most graciously with

Your obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXXV.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mrs. ——,

STILL I must repeat my former request. Be not angry because I did not visit you oftener. I love, I honour you the more for being of low degree. You are thereby rendered more conformable to our dear and common Lord. His business alone prevented my seeing you so often as I would. However, though absent, I rejoice that our Saviour has dealt so lovingly with you. As afflictions have abounded, consolations have much more abounded. I am persuaded, you can affirm that God is the father of all mercies, and the God of all comforts. Has he not comforted you my dear sister in all your tribulation? He that hath, and does, will still deliver you. Yet a little while, and he that cometh will come, and will not tarry. Shortly I suppose the earthly house of this your tabernacle will be dissolved: fear not, you shall then be cloathed upon with your house which is from heaven. Oh pray that such honour may be also conferred on

Your unworthy brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXVI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1739.

Dear Mr. C——,

I Cannot forget your frequent attendance on my ministry when last at London. I am pressed in spirit to write you a line, to exhort you to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. You have learned the truth as it is in Jesus. You have been taught it of God. Electing love hath snatched you as a brand out of the fire, and you have followed our Lord without the camp, bearing his reproach. The Lord's tabernacle has lately been pitched in the fields. Ere long it may be driven into the wilderness. I hope you will follow it even there. The divine presence, I am persuaded, will accompany it. Hath not your heart often burnt within you when the Scriptures have been opening to you, though not under a church roof? God is not confined to places. Wherever his people are, he will find and visit them. Our Lord (oh stupendous love!) has been pleased to sail with us. I have tasted both of his rod and staff; each has given me unspeakable comfort. My dear brother, help me to praise him. Who so great, so good a

God, as our God? In about a twelve-month I hope to see you again. Oh pray for me, my dear brother, that I may meanwhile be let further into the mysteries of godliness, “God manifest in the flesh.” As yet, I find I am but a child, and a meer novice. But this is my comfort, “The Lord who has begun will carry on the good work,” till I am grown a strong man in Christ Jesus. I long to know more of his love, I hunger and thirst after the teachings of his blessed spirit. You, I am persuaded, are no otherwise minded. Still press on and faint not. Yet a little while and you shall enter into perfect joy with

Your affectionate brother in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CXXVII.

New-York, Nov. 16, 1739.

Reverend Sir,

SEEING a passage in your letter to Mr. *P*—— concerning me, I find my heart immediately set to send you a line. I love to be acquainted with the true and old servants of Jesus Christ, because I delight to sit at their feet and receive instruction from them. You said right, reverend Sir, when you said "I was but a young divine." Indeed I am a novice in the things of God. I can only say, that I desire to know the whole will of God, that I may communicate it to others. Christ is so good a master, that I would have all men drawn after him. He is pleased to let me experience daily teachings of his blessed spirit, and to show me the riches, freeness, and eternal duration of his love.—But as yet I only see men as trees walking. Oh pray, reverend Sir, that the Lord would again touch me, and enable me to see all things clearly. I desire it only for the good of his church. Reverend Sir, into what a lethargy is the Christian world fallen! Foolish and wise virgins are all slumbering and sleeping. It is high time for all that love the Lord Jesus to

lift up their voices like trumpets, and to give warning of the bridegroom's coming; many I hope are already alarmed.—*Philadelphia* people receive the gospel gladly. Here, indeed, has been some little opposition, and therefore I hope success will be given to the word, and what has been done in *England*, the journal sent with this will inform you. Oh reverend Sir, I beseech you give thanks for me with your whole heart. Entreat the Lord that I may be kept humble and dependent upon our dear Lord Jesus. God willing, in about seven months I hope to see *New England* in my return to *Europe*. An effectual door is there opened, and no wonder that there are many adversaries. Shortly I expect to suffer for my dear master. May I not deny him in that hour! If you would please to favour me with a line, I should be glad to continue this correspondence, and acquaint you from time to time how the work of God goes on. Mr. *N*—— will convey any thing you shall send. May the Lord richly reward both him and you, for your love to

The most unprofitable of all his servants,

G. W.

LETTER CXXVIII.

New York, Nov. 16, 1739.

Rev. Sir,

MR. *N*——, and the report of your sincere love for our dear Lord Jesus, embolden me to write this. I rejoice for the great things God has done for many souls in *Northampton*. I hope, God willing, to come and see them in a few months. The journal sent with this, will shew you what the Lord is about to do in *Europe*. Now is the gathering time. A winnowing time will shortly succeed. Persecution and the power of religion will always keep pace. Our Lord's word begins to be glorified in *America*. Many hearts gladly receive it. Oh *Rev. Sir*, it grieves me to see people, every where ready to perish for lack of knowledge. I care not what I suffer, so that some may be brought home to Christ. I am but a stripling, but the Lord chooses the weak things of this world to confound the strong. I should rejoice to be instructed by you. Mr. *N*—— will convey a letter to me—May the God of all grace give you all peace and joy in believing! May he increase you more and more, both you and your children! May you every day be feasted, and

built up with fresh anointings of his blessed spirit! And by your fervent prayers, may you be enabled to hold up the hands of, reverend Sir,

Your unworthy brother, fellow labourer and servant in our dear Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CXXIX.

New York, Nov. 16, 1739.

Hon. Mother,

LAST night God brought me hither in health and safety. I must not omit informing you of it. Here is likely to be some opposition, and consequently a likelihood that some good will be done. New friends are raised up every day whithersoever we go; the people of *Philadelphia* have used me most courteously, and many I believe have been pricked to the heart. God willing, I leave this place next *Monday*, and in about a fortnight think to set out for *Virginia* by land. In about a twelvemonth, I propose returning to *England*; expect then to have the happiness of seeing me suffer for my master's sake. Oh that God may enable you to rejoice in it! If you have the spirit of Christ you will rejoice, if not, you will be sorrowful. Oh my honoured mother, my soul is in distress for you: Flee, flee I beseech you to Jesus Christ by faith. Lay hold on Him, and do not let Him go. God hath given you convictions. Arise, arise, and never rest till they end in a sound conversion. Dare to deny yourself. My honoured mother, I beseech you by

the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, dare to take up your cross and follow Christ.

I am, honoured mother, your ever dutiful though unworthy son,

G. W.

LETTER CXXX.

To the Rev. Mr. P——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I HAVE been much concerned since I saw you, lest I behaved not with that humility toward you, which is due from a babe to a father in Christ: but you know, reverend Sir, how difficult it is to meet with success, and not be puffed up with it, and therefore if any such thing was discernible in my conduct, oh pity me, and pray to the Lord to heal my pride. All I can say is, that I desire to learn of Jesus Christ to be meek and lowly in heart; but my corruptions are so strong, and my employ so dangerous, that sometimes I am afraid. But wherefore do I fear? He that hath given me himself, will he not freely give me all things? By his help then I am resolved to ask till I receive, to seek till I find, and to knock till I know myself. Blessed be God, I have had a sweet retirement to search out my spirit and bewail the infirmities of my public ministrations. Alas! who can hope to be justified by his works? My preaching, praying, &c. are only *splendida peccata*. The

blood of Christ applied to my soul by a living faith, is the only thing that can render them acceptable. This is the doctrine which you, reverend Sir, have been enabled to preach, and for which no doubt you have suffered reproach: But you are now almost at your journey's end. Yet a little while, and you shall enter into your Master's joy. In the mean while the Lord, I am persuaded, will keep you as the apple of his eye. He will not forsake you when you are grey-headed, and your strength faileth you. The moment you are ripe for our common Master, he shall translate you to glory; *I præ, sequar*. I am a child; I must be tutored and made meet by sufferings to be a partaker of the heavenly inheritance with the saints in light: But I am persuaded God will for Christ's sake finally save, reverend Sir,

Your unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Brother J.,

INDEED I love you. Why? Because I hope you are an *Israelite* indeed; and one of those babes to whom it has been our Lord's good pleasure to reveal the mysteries of the kingdom of God. It is special; it is a distinguishing gift. Be humble, dear *James*, be humble. Talk little, and think much. A wise man will guide his words with discretion. Be zealous for your dear Master. Let a zeal for his honour even eat you up; but then beg of God that it may be according to knowledge. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not again entangled with a yoke of bondage. Join not one of your works with your faith, in order to justify you before God: And if God gives you a spirit of prayer and supplication, fear not to pray as the spirit gives you utterance. Man may deride, but Christ will approve and accept you. Dear *James*, you see I do not forget you. I hope your little society increases, and that the Lord will always be adding to

it such as shall be saved. Salute them all most kindly in my name. Exhort them to continue in the grace of God, and to pray for, dear *James*,

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Mrs. S.,

HAS the Lord yet heard your prayer? Often have I heard you say, "Oh! that I had received the faith!" As often, to the best of my knowledge, have I said, "*Amen.*" Ere now, I hope our common Master has fulfilled all your petitions, and given you your heart's desire. If not, what hinders? Our Lord doth not want power, for he is Almighty; he does not want a will, for he invites you to come unto him. Search your heart, and see what is the reason the King of glory does not enter in. Is it too full of the world? Renounce it. Do you not ask often enough? Resolve to ask oftener. Do you look too much to some who say they have received faith, but do not bring forth good fruit? Henceforward look only to God and your own soul. Or do you not know the reason? Ask our Lord to shew you, and indeed he will; for he hath promised to fulfil the desires of them that fear him. Your *Cousin* can assure you of this. Oh follow him, as he does Christ, and you will be as happy as

your heart can wish. Dear Mrs. *S*——, I am, with all possible thanks for past favours,

Your obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXIII.

To Mrs. Martha B.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

My dear Sister,

I Call you not *Martha*, but Mary, for I hope you have chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from you: And yet not so properly may you be said to chuse, as the Lord to have chosen you; for we love God, because he first loved us. I can trace my conversion through its several steps, but cannot find one step I first took towards God. I have been a backslider from my very infancy. Had not God called after me, and by his spirit said unto me, as unto *Adam*, "Where art thou? Into what a dreadful condition hast thou plunged thyself?" I should have fled from him (if possible) for ever. I am persuaded you, my dear Sister, can readily say the same; for otherwise how can we truly value our Lord's redeeming blood? How can we relish the doctrine of God's free grace, and our being freely justified by faith which is in Christ Jesus? Oh let us beg of God to teach us these divine truths more and more, (for he alone can teach them) and let us lay out ourselves to teach

them to others. You are happy in being in fellowship with some, who I hope will be ready, if need be, to seal these truths with their blood. Be humble, my dear Sister, be humble; and cease not to pray for

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXIV.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Mrs. H.,

RACHEL brings me glad tidings: She tells me the Lord hath touched your heart by the power of his word, and that your relations have threatened to cast you out for our Lord's sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad. If you endure to the end, and naked follow a naked Christ, great shall be your reward in heaven. There is no being a Christian without enduring contempt; no being happy hereafter, without suffering reproach here. The world can only love its own. As they hate God, so they must hate those that are desirous to be like him: But be not dismayed; Christ's strength shall be magnified in your weakness: A living faith will support you under all. When your father and mother forsake you, the Lord will take you up. The greatest foes you will find to be those of your own heart. Subdue these, and outward crosses will affect you but little. To conquer yourself will be a laborious task; but if you believe, Jesus Christ shall even do this for you. Get out of yourself, rely wholly on, and be a co-worker with him, and he shall be to

you wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. *Rachel* greatly wishes this, but not more sincerely than

Your friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXV.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Mr. P.,

WHAT a divine sympathy and attraction is there between all those who by one spirit are made members of that mystical body, whereof Jesus Christ is the head! I loved your departed wife, now with God. I love your daughter, and the church in your house, in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Blessed be God that his love is so far shed abroad in our hearts, as to cause us to love one another, though we a little differ as to externals: For my part, I hate to mention them. My one sole question is, *Are you a Christian?* Are you sealed by Christ's spirit to the day of redemption? Are you hungering and thirsting after the perfect, everlasting righteousness of Jesus Christ? If so, you are my brother, my sister, and mother. I desire to love you as myself. This is my temper; I am persuaded it is your's. Why otherwise did you so gladly receive me into your house? The Lord reward you and the rest of your Christian brethren. Indeed I am present with you in spirit, and wish you good luck in the name of the Lord. O be not slack to praise him in my

behalf; for I have experienced some rich anointings of his holy spirit, and have been made to see more into the wonders of redeeming love. Did I know more of your names, I would write to more. This is my comfort, I trust our names are written in the book of life. Yet a little while, and we shall sit down together in the kingdom of our Father. A place, though on a lower form, is, I humbly hope, prepared for

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXVI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Mr. H.,

IF I remember, you used to express a great value for my person and doctrine, otherwise why should you desire a line from such a wretch as I am? When I look into myself, and consider how poor and miserable, and blind and naked my soul is, I wonder that any one should pay me the least regard. But what shall we say? God will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy. I am entirely indebted to free grace for all I have, am, or shall be. You also, I trust, dear Sir, are ready to subscribe to this; for what have we but what we have received? What should we have been had God left us to ourselves? Oh let a sense of this free, distinguishing love constrain us to obedience: A Christian needs no other motive. That is a true gospel-faith which works by love. I often think it almost presumption to think of rewards in a future state; my Master amply rewards me in this: But present mercies are only earnests of future favours. Be not therefore, dear Sir, weary of well-doing, for in due time we shall reap, if we faint not. The Lord

hath multiplied his favours towards me since I saw you last. We have had a long but pleasant and profitable voyage. Oh sing praises unto our God in behalf of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Mrs. A.,

THESE words of the psalmist, “Let us rejoice in the strength of our salvation,” often come with great power and comfort upon my soul. You and I need take much notice of them: For otherwise how often should we have fallen away from God since our first looking Zion-wards? But the Lord as he loves us freely, so he will heal our backslidings. He neither will let us fall into sin or error, so as finally to destroy our souls. God forbid this should encourage us in sin. It is only intended to support us in danger, and to strengthen us under temptations. Since there is such infinite mercy with God, it is a cogent reason why he should be loved and feared; but not why he should be disobeyed: And since God has lately led you out of delusion, be more watchful over yourself, my dear Sister, to follow those who truly shew you the way of salvation.—To hear of your standing stedfast in the Lord, will highly delight

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. R. E.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

THE cordial and tender love which I bear you, will not permit me to neglect any opportunity of sending to you. I bless the Lord from my soul, for raising you and several other burning and shining lights to appear for him in this midnight of the church. My heart has been much warmed during my voyage, by reading some of your sermons, especially that preached before the associate presbytery. I long more and more to hear the rise and progress of your proceedings, and how far you would willingly carry the reformation of the church of *Scotland*. There are some expressions which I suppose will be interpreted to your disadvantage, both by your domestic and foreign enemies. I should be glad to know who are those martyrs to which you refer, and of what nature those *covenants* were which you mention in your sermon. My ignorance of the constitution of the *Scotch* church is the cause of my writing after this manner. I should be obliged to

you, if you would be pleased to recommend to me some useful books, especially such which open the holy sacrament; for in God's law is my delight. *Boston's fourfold State of Man* I like exceedingly. Under God it has been of much service to my soul. I believe I agree with you and him in the essential truths of Christianity. I bless God, his spirit has convinced me of our eternal election by the Father through the Son, of our free justification through faith in his blood, of our sanctification as the consequence of that, and of our final perseverance and glorification as the result of all. These I am persuaded God has joined together; these, neither men nor devils shall ever be able to put asunder. My only scruple at present is, "Whether you approve of taking the sword in defence of your religious rights?" One of our *English* bishops I remember, when I was with him, called you *Cameronians*. They, I think, took up arms, which I think to be contrary to the spirit of Jesus Christ and his apostles. Some few passages in your sermon before the presbytery, I thought were a little suspicious of favouring that principle. I pray God your next may inform me that I am mistaken: For when zeal carries us to such a length, I think it ceases to be zeal according to knowledge. Dearest Sir, be not angry at my writing thus freely. I love, I honour you in the bowels, and for the sake of Jesus Christ, from my soul. I wish you good luck in all your pious undertakings. I pray God to prosper the works of your hands, and to make you a noble instrument in bringing many sons to glory. Pray send an immediate answer, directed as usual, and care will be taken to have it remitted to, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother, friend, fellow-labourer, and obliged servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Brother,

IT is much upon my heart to send you a line. Although you are not with me, yet as God was pleased to touch you by my unworthy ministry, I love you with a peculiar love. Business prevented my writing to you when in *Yorkshire*. I was sorry to hear that Brother *J*—— had reason to blame your conduct. My dear brother, be not offended, if in the meekness and gentleness of Christ, I exhort you to be sober-minded. Follow after, but do not run before the blessed Spirit; if you do, although you may benefit others, and God may over-rule every thing for your good, yet you will certainly destroy the peace of your own soul. God has been pleased to call you by his grace, and to give you joy in the Holy Ghost: But, my brother, I hope it will be more settled and substantial, and joined with meekness and humility of heart. A joy which is the result of inward trials, and flowing from a long experience of the buffeting of satan. Such a joy will make you apt and fit to teach, and keep you from being puffed up above measure. It

will exalt, at the same time as it humbles your soul. The Lord direct my dear brother in all things: I wish all his servants were prophets; but let every one be rightly persuaded of his call to public teaching. It is dangerous to touch the ark, though it be falling, without a commission from above. But no more. I am

Your most affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXL.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Mr. B.,

YOUR kind present of flour has been of singular use to me and my family; I pray God, in return, to feed you with that bread which cometh down from heaven. You are one of my first and choicest friends. You have not been ashamed to own me, or to attend on my ministry. It will wonderfully rejoice me, to see you exalted at our Lord's right-hand in a future state. The way you know. Jesus Christ is the way, the truth, and the life. Through faith in his blood shall you have free access into the holy of holies. I hope dear Mr. *B.* is not in the number of those, who want to make a Saviour of their own works, and thereby deny the Lord, who has so dearly bought them with his precious blood: No, I am persuaded you are more noble. Mr. *B*—— has not so learnt Christ. He is willing, I trust, to ascribe his salvation to God's free grace, and to let Jesus Christ be all in all. I hope your brother, and those young men you brought with you out of *Spittlefields*, are likewise thus minded. Though absent, yet I do not forget

them. O exhort them from me, to save themselves from this untoward generation. My dear friend, do you go before them, and let them learn of you how to walk with God. It is a difficult thing to be a Christian indeed. Numbers are *Pharisees*, and do not know it. I pray God you may be delivered from them, and be made experimentally to know that no one can call Jesus Christ "his Lord," till he has really received the Holy Ghost. I could dwell on this, but other business obliges me to hasten to subscribe myself, dear Mr. *B——*,

Your most obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXLI.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Reverend Sir,

I AM not willing to go on shore till I have performed my promise, and sent you a line. I heartily wish I could write something which might advance the glory of God and the good of his church. As we both profess ourselves ministers of the gospel, these two things ought to be our chief and only concern, and more especially at this time, when men seek their own and not the things of the Lord Jesus. Oh, *dear Sir*, the care of souls I find to be a matter of the greatest importance. You have a great number committed to your charge. What a dreadful thing will it be for any of them to perish through your neglect? And yet I fear, Sir, you do not walk worthy of the holy vocation wherewith you are called. It is no good report that I hear of you in common life. Your practice contradicts your doctrine, and what good can you do, if every one of your parishioners, whilst you are preaching, may reply, "Physician heal thyself?" Besides, Sir, how can you preach Christ to others, when you are a stranger to his power yourself? It is next to

impossible. I make no apology for this plainness of speech. Simplicity becomes embassadors of Christ. I am, reverend Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXLII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Dear Mr. G.,

INDEED I love you, though it was so long before I came to see you. Want of time, not of respect, was the cause. God is my judge how earnestly I long after your salvation, and how willingly I would spend and be spent in order to promote it. Oh how closely does true faith in Jesus Christ our head, knit all his members in love to one another; what a divine harmony and attraction is there between them, when they have drank into and been made partakers of one and the same spirit? How does the love of God dilate and enlarge their hearts! How do all little distinctions about externals fall away, and every other name is swallowed up in the name of Jesus Christ? This, my dear brother, is that catholic spirit, which will cement all denominations of sincere professors together. This is the spirit of which free distinguishing grace has made you a partaker, and which I pray God we both may partake of every day more and more. He is faithful who has promised, who also will do it. I find it is not in vain that we have believed in Jesus. He is God, and

his work is perfect; his love is like himself unchangeable; his gifts and callings are without repentance, and therefore, though I am but a babe in Christ, yet I am persuaded I shall see you crowned with glory. Then, my dear brother, we shall have time enough together. Then, there will be no parting, no fear of falling; but we shall drink eternally of those pleasures which flow from God's right hand for evermore. Supported with this hope, what hinders but I may come once again, when the Lord permits, and offer Christ's everlasting righteousness to poor perishing sinners. The devil and his servants will rage horribly, and perhaps cast me into prison, nay, put me to death: But if you will come and visit me, by the help of my God, I will preach to you even there; for I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ. I have felt it to be the power of God unto my salvation. Oh, my brother, the fire kindles whilst I am writing; but I must have done. Pray salute those dear souls that I spoke to at your house, and all other friends. Entreat them to pray and give thanks for me; and assure them they are not forgotten by

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXLIII.

Philadelphia, Nov. 28, 1739.

Mr. H——,

AS you stand so nearly related to your daughter, who is with me, though I am unknown to you in person, yet I make bold to send you a line to inform you of her welfare. I find she did not confer much with you about her intended voyage; but I hope both you and her will have great reason to rejoice in the end. God has been pleased to visit her with some illness, but now she is perfectly recovered. What is best of all, I hope her soul prospers, and is fitting more day by day for the enjoyment of God. This was the chief end of her going abroad, and give me leave to tell you, this is the chief thing you ought, and must pursue at home. But why do I say at home? A Christian hath no home but heaven. He is a stranger and pilgrim while here on earth. I hope you know better, Mr. *H——*, than to think you was born to drive a team, or plough a piece of ground. These things must be done, but then they should be done in subordination to the care of your better part, the soul. Your daughter tells me, you are now grey headed. Take heed, dear Mr.

H——, to make your calling and election sure. Rest not in outward things. Do not flatter yourself that you are a Christian, because you go to church, and do no one any harm. Nothing but a living faith in Christ Jesus our dear Lord, can qualify you for eternal life. Without this, God will be to us a consuming fire; and unless we are born again, and made new creatures in Christ, we never shall enter into the kingdom of God. If you know not what I mean by these terms, you may depend upon it, you are a stranger to this new-birth, and consequently in a state of death: but you need not fear; even at the eleventh hour Christ will accept you, if you come to him by faith. He hath shewn mercy to your son and daughter. Why may he not shew mercy to their father also? Whosoever cometh to him, he will in no-wise cast out. Haste then, dear Sir, out of your spiritual *Sodom*. Linger not. Nothing will more rejoice your dear children, than to see you brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth, that you may be saved. For their sakes, you are particularly remembered by

Your unknown but sincere friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXLIV.

To the Rev. Mr. P——.

Upper Marlborough (Mary Land) Dec. 8, 1739.

Rev. and dear Sir,

TILL now, I have neither had leisure nor freedom to answer your kind letter. Blessed be God, who has opened the hearts of some of his people at *New York* to receive the word. May he enable you to water what his own right hand hath planted, and grant to your labours a divine increase! Indeed I wish you good luck in the name of the Lord. I wish all his servants were prophets. Oh that he would be pleased to send forth experimental labourers into his harvest:—for I fear amongst you, as well as in other places, there are many who are well versed in the doctrines of grace, having learned them at the university, but notwithstanding are heart-hypocrites, and enemies to the power of godliness.—*Dear Sir*, I use this freedom, because I love simplicity. I confess I am but a child in grace, as well as years. Pardon this freedom, for out of the fulness and sincerity of my heart my pen writeth.—I thank your son and *dear Mr. S——* for what they did on my

account. Alas, I fear they think too highly of me. Oh dear Sir, entreat the God of all grace to give me humility, so shall success not prove my ruin. My most cordial respects and hearty thanks attend dear *Mrs. P——*, I pray God in all things to make her a help meet for you—As fast as I can snatch a few moments from public business, more *New York friends* may expect to hear from me—A sense of their favours is still upon my heart—I would willingly remember them, whenever I go in and out before the Lord. Mr. *N——*'s letter, and my next journal, will acquaint you, how the Lord Jesus has been getting himself the victory, since I left *New York*—There has been such little opposition, that I have been tempted almost to cry out, "Satan, why sleepest thou?" But God pities my weakness. Oh, dear Sir, thank him in my behalf, for indeed he deals most lovingly with, Rev. Sir,

Your most unworthy brother and fellow-labourer,

G. W.

LETTER CXLV.

Upper Marlborough, Dec. 8, 1739.

Dear Sir,

I Cannot defer writing to dear Mr. *N*—— any longer.—This afternoon God brought us hither. Some are solicitous for my staying here to-morrow. As it seems to be a call from providence, I have complied with their request. Oh that I may be enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and to speak with the demonstration of the spirit and with power. These parts are in a dead sleep. At *Anapolis*, I preached twice, and spoke home to some ladies concerning the vanity of their false politeness. But alas, they are wedded to their *Quadrille* and *Ombre*. The minister of the place was under convictions—He wept twice, and earnestly begged my prayers. He will not frighten people I believe with harsh doctrine,—he loves to prophesy smooth things.—God blessed the word wonderfully at *Philadelphia*. I have great reason to think many are brought home to God. When I return, it will then be seen, who has received the word into an honest and good heart. By the divine assistance, I propose revisiting *Philadelphia*, *New York*, and to go as

far as *Boston*, and so return to *Georgia*, before I take shipping again for *England*—The Lord direct my going in his way! About *May* you may expect to see me. My dear friend, pray that I may so improve the time of my absence, that at my return my progress may be made known to all men. It shames me to see what little proficiency I have made in the school of Christ. If I do not begin to press forwards, how shall I appear before my blessed Lord? I feel myself to be the chief of sinners; surely never was a greater instance of redeeming distinguishing love. God forbid that I should glory in any thing but free grace: had not God plucked me as a brand out of the fire, I had now either been given over to a reprobate mind, or cast into a place of torment. Oh help me, help me, *dearest Mr. N——*, help me to be thankful, and accept my thanks, though late, for all favours received when at *New York*. Indeed I love you in the bowels of our dear Lord Jesus. Salute your dear wife my kind hostess: exhort her to be severely kind to her little boy.—My most cordial respects attend all who ask after me. Entreat them to continue their prayers, dearest Mr. *N——*, for

Your weak, but affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXLVI.

To Mr. B——.

Upper Marlborough, Dec. 8, 1739.

Dear Sir,

GRATITUDE obliges me to send you a letter of thanks for your last kind present, and all other favours; but the love of our Lord Jesus Christ constrains me to write to you, exhorting you earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints. I humbly hope the Lord has been pleased to bless my coming in these parts to many, and amongst them to you also. It rejoiced me to find dear *Mr. B——* was convinced that I preached the truth as it is in Jesus. It pleased me exceedingly, to find how his eyes were opened to see the direct contrariety there is, between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world. What has my dear friend now to do, but to prosecute these convictions, and never rest till they end in a sound conversion. God has given you richly all things to enjoy. Be persuaded henceforward not to be so cumbered about the many trifles of this life, as to neglect the one thing needful, Dare, Sir, to be singularly good, Oh dare to let your light

shine before men—Be not ashamed of Christ and his gospel. Come out from your carnal acquaintance, and live as becomes a true follower of our Lord Jesus. Dear *Mr. B——*, I hope will join with you. God's spirit has been and is now striving with his heart. I pray God to make this the accepted time, and cause it to be the day of his salvation. How will it fill me with joy at my return to *Philadelphia*, to see dear *Mr. B——* and some other excellent well-meaning people, whom I love, become despised followers of the Lamb of God. If my prayers may be any ways assisting, as God shall enable me you may depend on them—Our dear friend *B——* can inform you what God has done for us, since we saw you. One favour more I beg of you; give thanks as well as pray for

Your most obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXLVII.

To Captain B——.

Williamsburgh, (Virginia) Dec. 15, 1739.

HITHER God brought us last night; I trust the same gracious being, by his good providence, has conducted you safe to *Philadelphia*. I cannot say, I have met with so much as even an *almost Christian*, since I parted from you, till I came to *Colonel Whiting*'s—There, God put in my way a planter, that is seeking to know the way of God more perfectly—He is now with us, and I hope our conversation will be blessed unto him. Oh dear *Mr. B——*, strive, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, strive to enter in at the strait gate. God of late has loudly called you—Take heed that neither the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, nor the pride of life prevail on you to lie down in a carnal security again. I am confident you will be most heartily despised, if you are a real Christian; but dear *Mr. B——*'s resolution will be built on a better foundation, than to let a little breath blow it down. In Christ is your strength; look up to him day by day, and as your day is, so shall your strength be. I fear and pray for you. God only knows,

how often you have been upon my heart. We have not failed interceding for you at the throne of grace. I shall be much mistaken, if *Mr. B——* does not prove a Christian indeed. About *May* I propose, God willing, to be with you again. Then I shall rejoice to sit and hear you tell what God has done for your soul—Be not afraid of conviction. Be not afraid of inward feelings. Now pray to the Lord Jesus, to lay the ax of mortification to the root of your heart. Make thorough work with it. Do not spare yourself in the least.—Now is the accepted time, and that it may be the day of salvation, is the earnest prayer of, dear *Mr. B——*,

Your obliged affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXLVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. G—— T——.

Williamsburgh, Dec. 15, 1739.

My dear Brother,

BE not angry because you have not heard from me. Indeed I love and honour you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. You are seldom out of my thoughts; but till now I have not had liberty given me, to send you a line—I trust the work goes on gloriously in your parts. The hand of the Lord brought wondrous things to pass, before we left *Pensilvania*; but in these parts satan seems to lead people captive at his will. The distance of the plantations prevents people's assembling themselves together.—Here are no great towns, as in other provinces, and the commonalty is made up of *Negroes* and *convicts*, and if they pretend to serve God, their masters, *Pharaoh* like, cry out, "Ye are idle, ye are idle." Last night I read the affecting account of your brother *John*; let me die, O Lord, the death of that righteous man, and let my future state be like his! O my dear friend, my brother, entreat the Lord that I may grow in grace, and pick up the

fragments of my time, that not a moment of it may be lost. Teach me, oh teach me the way of God more perfectly. Rebuke, reprove, exhort me with all authority—I feel I am but a babe in Christ. I long to know more of the holy Jesus. He has manifested himself to my soul, both in a way of humiliation and exaltation. Since I saw you, both his rod and staff have comforted me. At present, he makes me young and lively as an eagle; I only wish I was more worthy to subscribe myself

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXLIX.

To Mrs. C.

Newton, Cape Fear, Dec. 28, 1739.

My dear Sister in Christ,

JUST now we have been singing the hymn, which we sung at *Broad-oak*; and as I generally do at such seasons, I thought of that happy time wherein we sung it in your great hall. It was a time much to be remembered, an anticipation, I believe, of that blessed time when we all shall meet to sing the song of the Lamb in the heavenly Jerusalem—For the adoption of the spirit, if truly received, is the earnest of our promised inheritance. We are sealed thereby to the day of redemption, and therefore may give both men and devils the challenge to separate us, if they can, from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord—I am verily persuaded, that since I left you, all things have worked together for your good. As I am travelling, often does my soul think both of you and yours, and out of the fulness of my heart, do I often pour forth this or such like petitions, "Dearest Lord, be for ever gracious to the houshold of ——!" My conscience hath smote me

frequently, for not writing you a longer letter. I send this to ask pardon, and to assure you how often you and your daughters are upon my heart, when I go in and out before the Lord—I long to hear how the Lord Jesus hath magnified his strength in your weakness. It would fill a volume to tell his goodness and truth; and my base ingratitude sometimes comes with such conviction upon my heart, that I can scarce forbear getting off my horse, and humbling myself in the way side. Indeed, I am the chief of sinners, and yet overflowing hath the Lord Jesus been in his love. You will hear more soon by the journal which will be sent. Dear *Mrs. C——*, my love to all.

Your affectionate though unworthy brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CL.

Savannah, Jan. 16, 1740.

Reverend and dear Sir,

WITH much pleasure (tho' not till last week) I received your kind affectionate letter. I thank you for it with all my soul, and pray God to reward you for this, and all other your works of faith and labours of love. You may depend on my not being prejudiced against you or your brethren, by any evil report. They only endear you to me more and more; and were your enemies to represent you as black as hell, I should think you were the more glorious in the sight of heaven. Your sweet criticisms and remarks upon my journal and sermons, were exceeding acceptable, and very just. I assure you, dear Sir, I am fully convinced of the doctrine of election, free justification, and final perseverance. My observations on the Quakers, were only intended for those particular persons with whom I then conversed. The tenets of the quakers in general, about *justification*, I take to be false and unscriptural. Your adversaries need take no advantage against you, by any thing I have written; for I think it every minister's duty to declare against

the corruptions of that church to which they belong, and not to look upon those as true members of their communion, who deny its publick constitutions. This is your case in *Scotland*, and ours in *England*. I see no other way for us to act at present, than to go on preaching the truth as it is in Jesus; and then if our brethren cast us out, God will direct us to take that course which is most conducive to his glory, and his people's good. I think I have but one objection against your proceedings; "Your insisting only on *presbyterian government*, exclusive of all other ways of worshipping God." Will not this, *dear Sir*, necessarily lead you (whenever you get the upper-hand) to oppose and persecute all that differ from you in their church government, or outward way of worshipping God? Our dear brother and fellow-labourer Mr. *G——— T———* thinks this will be the consequence, and said he would write to you about it. As for my own part, (though I profess myself a minister of the church of *England*) I am of a *catholic spirit*; and if I see a man who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity, I am not very solicitous to what outward communion he belongs. The kingdom of God, I think, does not consist in any such thing. These are my sentiments, dear Sir, and I write them out of love—I am ashamed (because only a babe in Christ) to pretend as it were to direct; but true friendship needs no apology. God is doing great things in *America*. My journal, which I send over with this, will shew you what he has done already. Your welfare is much upon my heart, and as I am enabled, I make mention of you in my prayers. Affairs of the Orphan-house go on well. Some few, even *here*, love the Lord Jesus. Oh, dear Sir, pray for us, and especially for

Your weak unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLI.

Savannah, Jan. 22, 1740.

My Hon. Friend and Brother in Christ,

YOUR last letter quite confounded me. What am I, that I should be thus highly favoured! I can only say, that "Less than the least of all God's mercies," shall be my motto still. I have experienced many inward trials, since I saw you last. But I find they work continually for my good. I rejoice in what our dear Lord Jesus has done for your soul. May a double portion of his blessed spirit rest upon you; may our glorious ever-blessed *Emanuel* cause all his glory to pass before you, and may you be filled with all the fulness of God! Since my arrival here, I have received a sweet endearing instructive letter from *Mr. Ralph E——*; I have answered it, and told him you promised to write about the necessity of a catholic spirit. *Dr. C——* also has favoured me with a loving epistle. I have received and read his sermons since I saw you: they are acute and pointed, but I think not searching enough by many degrees—My dear brother, I love writers that go to the bottom—God willing, I hope to be with you at the synod—But what

think you? I am sometimes doubting, whether I shall have sufficient matter given me to preach upon. Methinks I hear you say, “O thou of little faith! wherefore dost thou doubt? As thy day is, so shall thy strength be.” *Michael* and the dragon, I hear, are carrying on war most bravely in *England*. I really believe we shall not die, till we see the kingdom of God come with power. The affairs of the orphan-house are in great forwardness. I have much to say; but time and business will not permit. Blessed be God, eternity is at hand, and then we shall have time enough. I have read some of your books to my great profit. I want to be taught the way of God more perfectly all the day long. My tenderest respects await the brethren; my dear fellow-travellers salute you—You are often remembered both by them, and

Your affectionate though very weak and unworthy brother, servant and fellow-labourer in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLII.

To the Rev. Mr. C.

Savannah, Jan. 24, 1740

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Received your kind, though undeserving letter, and now snatch a few moments from my other avocations, in order to send you a short answer. May God who knits the elect in one communion and fellowship, sanctify our friendship and correspondence to the stirring up each other to love and to good works!—It pleased me to find you breathe so catholic a spirit.—O that bigotry and party zeal were not so much as once named amongst us, as becometh saints! Since Christ is not divided in himself, why should Christians be divided one amongst another? Bigotry, I am sure, can never be the fruit of that wisdom which cometh from above.—No, it is earthly, sensual, and devilish. When I come to *New England* I shall endeavour to recommend an universal charity amongst all the true members of Christ's mystical body. Perhaps therefore, the fields may be the most unexceptionable place to preach in. You and your brethren, I am persuaded,

will follow our Lord even without the camp, and rejoice to bear his sacred reproach. Assist me, dear Sir, in your prayers, that my coming may be in the fulness of the gospel of peace—I shall come only with my sling and with my stone.—If the Lord shall be pleased so to direct me, that I may strike some self-righteous *Goliahs* to the heart, I know you will rejoice with, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in the love of our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLIII.

To Mr. W. D.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1740.

My dear Brother in Christ,

BLESSED be God, for the good report I hear of your zeal for our dear *Emanuel*. Go on, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus; go on, and I am persuaded the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in your hands. If I am thrown aside as a broken vessel, so I see you and others stirred up to carry on our dear Lord's kingdom, if my heart does not deceive me, I shall rejoice, yea, and will rejoice. God blesses the affairs of the orphan-house. The work is large, but we have omnipotence for our support.—I believe I shall take in near fifty children. God lets me see every day, that he orders my goings. He visits me with inward trials; but if I had not such thorns in the flesh, what would become of me? Fear not to speak the truth; if driven out of *England*, here is a noble range for you in *America*. At present I am restrained; but I could not rest, without letting you have a line from

Your most affectionate friend brother, and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CLIV.

To Mrs. D.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1740.

Dear Madam,

I Rejoice to hear that you are likely to be cast out of your mother's Will *only* for following Christ. This may be only the beginning of temptations. God, I believe, out of love will try you to the uttermost. You have drank deep of heavenly comforts; you must pledge our Lord in his cup of sufferings. Those who saw him on mount *Tabor* afterwards were with him in the garden. But fear not—The Lord is with you—Neither men nor devils shall hurt you. The sweet communion we have had with God, and through him with one another, often comforts my soul. Who knows, but that time may be again repeated? Indeed, I want words as well as time to express with what thankfulness I desire to subscribe myself, dear madam,

Your unworthy brother and obliged servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CLV.

To Captain M.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1740.

Dear Sir,

I Rejoice to hear of your good health, and take this opportunity of sending you Mr. *Law*'s and Mr. *Haliburton*'s life; which I pray God to sanctify to your benefit and comfort. I hope you will watch over your heart, and take care to keep up those convictions, which God once put into your soul. I am afraid of Mr. *B.* The world, the world I fear has got hold of him. Dear Captain *M*——, I trust, will not desert his Master.—I am sure he would die, rather than prove false to an earthly prince.—Oh let him not desert his dear Redeemer's colours. Dear Sir, beg of God to root out of your heart a desire for that honour which cometh of man. Till dead to the world you will not be alive to God. *Honour*, falsely so called, has destroyed millions. That you may be never carried away with, or ruined by it, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CLVI.

To the Rev. Mr. W. T.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1740.

My dear and honoured Brother,

BLESSED be God, who hath pleasure in the prosperity of his servants.—I am abased to think what our all-gracious Redeemer hath done by my unworthy hands, and rejoice to hear that he is working by your's. Oh that you may experience fresh anointings and teaching from above! O that you may be strengthened by God's mighty power in the inner man, and pull down satan's strong-holds daily. God willing, I hope to be with you at the Synod. I find as yet I scarce know any thing; but if I give out of my little stock, I trust the Lord will increase it, as he did the little lad's loaves and fishes. My journal, which I have sent to *Philadelphia*, will tell you what God has done in *Maryland* and *Virginia*. A foundation of great things I believe is laying here. Oh pray that a sense of his own littleness, may be given to

Your affectionate, though unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLVII.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1740.

My dear Sister,

I Rejoice to hear that you are enabled to see not only the freeness but eternal duration of God's grace. Till the sinner is convinced of this, I am persuaded he can neither work from a principle of true love, nor give Jesus Christ the honour due unto his name. He must always be making his salvation to depend *partly* at least on his own doings; "If I do so and so, Jesus Christ will give me his grace:" But can any believer who knows himself, help confessing, that after he had received grace, he should have finally fallen from it, had the continuance of it depended on his own will? Indeed, my dear Sister, nothing so much comforts my own soul as the thought that God will never leave me nor forsake me; if he does, it must be for my unworthiness: But on that account it cannot be; for he never chose me on account of my unworthiness. He loved me freely, he prevented me by his grace; he chose me from eternity, he called me in time, and I am persuaded will keep me till time shall be no more.—This consideration

makes my faith to work by love. Now, I can live not barely upon my frames, which notwithstanding are blessed things, but on the promises. Now, I can go on my way rejoicing, and, amidst all dejections, lift up my head in prospect of a certain and exceeding weight of glory. Though I fall, I know I shall rise again; for he that is brought truly to believe on Jesus Christ, his faith shall never die. The Lord Jesus will not suffer to be lost the purchase of his blood. He knew for whom he died, and neither men nor devils shall ever pluck them out of his hands. Such as have been taught most of God, I find, are thus minded. And I am persuaded were the effects of our Lord's redemption to depend on a man's own compliance, or was the continuance of God's grace to depend solely on man's improvement, Jesus Christ would have died in vain. *Adam* could not stand in paradise when left to his own free-will, how then can we? No, blessed be God, our salvation is put into better hands than our own. Jesus Christ has purchased not only wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification, but also eternal redemption for us. Let this thought, my dear Sister, lift up our hands when they hang down, and strengthen our feeble knees; God's gifts and callings are without repentance. There is no condemnation to them that are truly in Christ Jesus. And I write thus peremptorily to you, because I find now you are able to bear it.—Blessed be God! my dear Sister, flesh and blood has not revealed this unto you. I hope ere long our brethren will lay all carnal reasoning aside, and see and preach the truth in this respect, as it is in Jesus. My kindest love to your sister.—What I write to one, I write to both. The Lord direct your going in his way, and cause you to continue instant in prayer for

Your weak brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLVIII.

To Mrs. Elizabeth W——.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1740.

My dear Sister,

I Have been just reading over your letter, and felt a sweet sympathy with the writer. Oh that it may increase till we are filled with all the fulness of God! Some passages in your letter were dangerous to my soul. Whenever you see any growth of grace, pray that I may grow in humility in particular. Oh that I was lowly in heart! Honour and dishonour, good report and evil report would then be alike, and prove a furtherance to me in my Christian cause.—I believe the time is shortly coming in which I am to endure something for my Lord and Master; then will I cry out, Who is on the Lord's side? Nothing supports me under a prospect of a trying time, so much as a sense of God's everlasting love. I am persuaded, that neither men nor devils shall ever pluck me out of his Almighty hands. Let this support you, my dear Sister, in your change of life. Wherever you are, I am confident you will have reason to say, "Surely God is in this place." That

you may wax stronger and stronger, and ripen daily for glory, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate brother and servant in our dear *Emanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER CLIX.

To Mr. J. N.

Savannah, Jan. 31, 1740.

Dear Sir,

I Hope you will excuse my not answering your kind letter sooner.—The many avocations that at present surround me, prevented it. I rejoice to hear that our Lord Jesus is getting himself the victory in the hearts of poor sinners. I hope many will now rejoice in his salvation. One good sign is, that he has employed the meanest, as well as vilest wretch, that he ever yet sent forth.—When I hear that any good is done by my unworthy hands, it almost makes me to blush.—Oh that I could humble myself in the dust, that the Lord alone may be exalted in his strength. I purpose to revisit *New-York* at the appointed time. You told me, "Our Lord has not sent me into his vineyard at my own charge." Indeed, I always find he furnishes me with things convenient: Nay, he is often so abundant in goodness and truth, that I am obliged to cry out in holy admiration, "My Lord and my God!" Dear Sir, help me to be thankful. Blessed be God, the Orphan-house affairs succeed

well. Many souls will be redeemed by it from temporal, and I trust, from eternal bondage. I have taken in upwards of twenty children already, and I take in more daily.—I am building a large house, have many servants, and a good stock of cattle. It will cost much money.—But our Lord will see to that. My friends at *New-York* will assist me when I come amongst them. Oh that my coming may be in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of peace! I am persuaded, you will not be wanting in your prayers on behalf of, dear Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLX.

To Mrs. Elizabeth D——.

Savannah, Feb. 1, 1740.

My dear Sister in Christ,

I Generally observe that whom the Lord loves, for the most part he keeps from preferment.—Your grandmother cannot do any more than she is permitted. It is God's free grace alone, that has made the difference between us and others. Oh that we were duly sensible of electing love! Indeed it must necessarily constrain us to obedience. I am glad you like *Boehm*. His works are truly evangelical, and afford sweet nourishment to the new-born soul. The nearer we come to God, the better we shall relish searching books. It is an evident sign of a false heart, when it is unwilling to be probed. Blessed be God, you are not thus minded. I trust the Lord Jesus has apprehended you, and will henceforward never let you go. O that I may hear of your growth in grace, and of your zeal for the Lord of Hosts.—You do well to go about doing good; your Master did so before you. Dare, *dear Miss*, to follow his good example, and never fear the revilings of men. Set

your face as a flint against all the adversaries of our Lord; for shortly you shall tread all your enemies under feet. I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Saviour, to keep up a close walk and communion with God. Nothing else can preserve you from idols; and you know when once the soul is off its watch, the devil makes sad ravages in it. There is nothing I dread more than having my heart drawn away by earthly objects.—When that time comes, it will be over with me indeed; I must then bid adieu to zeal and fervency of spirit, and in effect, bid the Lord Jesus to depart from me. For alas, what room can there be for God, when a rival hath taken possession of the heart? Oh my dear Sister, pray that no such evil may befal me. My blood runs cold at the very thought thereof. I cannot, indeed; I cannot away with it. In a multiplicity of business, have I wrote you these lines. I thank you for your kind letter, and hope I shall always retain a grateful sense of the many favours I have received from your dear family. My kindest respects attend your sister; I long to hear of her being brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. How does your father? Oh that he may have a well-grounded interest in Christ! How does my dear brother *Charles*? I pray God to fill him with all joy and peace in believing. And how does your little sister? Dearest Redeemer, keep her unspotted from the world! My heart is now full. Writing quickens me. I could almost drop a tear, and wish myself, for a moment or two, in *England*. But hush, nature: God here pours down his blessings on

Your sincere friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXI.

To the Rev. Mr. D. R.

Savannah, Feb. 4, 1740.

My reverend and dear Brother,

I Received your kind letter just on my arrival at this place.—My journal, which I suppose you will have read ere this reaches *Wales*, can best inform you what God hath done for my own and other people's souls.—Even here, he is pleased to be with and assist us. The Orphan-house goes on bravely. I believe I shall take in near fifty children before I return to *England*. He that feedeth the young ravens which call upon him, will not suffer them to want. —I rejoice to hear that the Lord Jesus is so publicly confessed among your countrymen.—If the Lord is pleased to send me, I shall gladly take a tour into *Wales*.—In this time of retirement, I expect many inward conflicts. How otherwise shall I be prepared for future mercies? Experience of God's work upon our own souls, is the best qualification to preach it effectually to others. In about two months I take another tour round *America*. The gospel, I believe, will come with power in these parts. I expect to suffer in the flesh

for what hath been done already: But what have we to do with the consequences of performing our duty? Leave them to God. Oh, my dear brother, pray for me that my faith fail not, and then I care not what persecution befals

Your weak unworthy brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXII.

To Mr. H. H.

Savannah, Feb. 4, 1740.

My dear Brother,

WILL this find you in prison or not? Your last letter (which I received upon my arrival here) gave me some expectations that ere long you would be both in prison and bonds. By and by, I shall follow perhaps.—The Lord sanctify all his dispensations to us, and make us not only willing to be bound, but even to die for the sake of our dear Master. When I read how my letters, &c. are blessed to your comfort, it quite confounds me. Oh the free-grace of Christ Jesus our Lord! My dear Brother, let us continue instant in season and out of season.—Let us continually preach up free-grace, though we die for it; we cannot lose our lives in a better cause. As I am enabled, I remember you at the throne of grace; in general I sigh out my prayers.—But the spirit, I trust, makes intercession for me with groanings that cannot be uttered.

I have not had much enlargement in preaching, since I have been here; but my heart is often weighed down, and torn to pieces with a sense of my desperately wicked and deceitful heart. I can subscribe to what you say, "Was God to leave me to myself, I should be eminent for, and a ring-leader in sin." I sometimes think my heart is more vicious and perverse than any one's; and yet Jesus Christ will come and dwell in me.—Methinks I hear you say, "Glory be to free grace: All praise be given to electing love."—Let all that love the Lord Jesus say, *Amen*! Pray write to me as often as possible. —God, I believe, is laying a foundation for great things in *Georgia*. I am building a large house, and taking in many children. Wrestle with God in behalf of, Brother,

Your's eternally in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLXIII.

To Mr. H——.

Savannah, Feb. 4, 1740.

HOW is it with your heart? I hope the Lord Jesus leads you on from conquering to conquer, and gets himself the victory every day. I cannot but think that hereafter great things will be done in *America*. God seems to have given some earnests of it already. My next journal will acquaint you what they are. It often pleases me, to reflect how Christ's kingdom is securely carried on in spite of men and devils, and that too by the weakest instruments in different parts of the world. Surely we shall unite at last, and that glorious time will come, when, with one heart and with one voice, we shall sing praises to him who sitteth upon the throne for ever. A glorious epiphany, I trust, will shortly be made in the hearts of many souls. My dearest Brother, let us do or suffer any thing, so we may be made instruments of beginning and carrying on so divine a work. As for my own part, I often stand astonished at the riches of free distinguishing grace, and I often feel myself so great a sinner, that I am tempted to think, nothing can

be blessed which comes from such unhallowed hands and lips; but yet the Lord is with me, and attended his word with mighty power on *Christmas* day. Pray remember me to all friends. I expect you will receive the letters I sent from *Philadelphia*, ere this comes to hand. I depend on seeing your journal, and hope you will accept of my most cordial love from, dearest Brother,

Your's eternally in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLXIV.

To Mr. H. G.

Savannah, Feb. 4, 1740.

My dear Brother,

WHAT shall I say to your kind letter? I bless the Lord for awakening you to see the necessity of trusting in a better righteousness than your own, and I adore him for making use of so mean an instrument as I am. It is a plain proof that the power is not of man, but of God alone. Labour, dear Sir, to keep up these convictions in your heart. Now God has called you, take care of lying down again.—Be always trimming your lamp, as though you were in expectation every moment to meet the heavenly Bridegroom.—Search more and more into the corruption of your heart, and never rest till God's spirit witnesseth with your spirit, that you are a child of God. Let the deadness of those around you, excite your zeal. See that you are a burning and a shining light in the midst of such a crooked and perverse generation. —And let a sense of God's distinguishing love to you above others, excite you to distinguish yourself by your obedience; still remembering that the

Lord Jesus is our whole and everlasting righteousness. That we both may be found in him, is the hearty prayer of

Your sincere friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXV.

To the Rev. Mr. J——.

Savannah, Feb. 29, 1740.

Reverend and dear Sir,

WITH great pleasure I answer your kind letter, and earnestly pray that God would be pleased to sanctify our correspondence. It rejoices my soul, when I find a clergyman that loves our Lord Jesus in sincerity. It is with regret that I speak against any of the sacred function; but when their preaching and walk are directly contrary to the gospel of our Lord Jesus, I cannot but speak to them, as well as to the laity. To the best of my knowledge, I preach the truth as it is in Jesus, and simply aim at bringing souls to him. Blessed be his free grace for the success he hath been pleased to give me. Not unto me, not unto me, but unto his holy name be all the glory! Daily I am convinced, that God's hand is not shortened—He blesses me here as well as elsewhere. The Orphan-house is in great forwardness. I feed near an hundred mouths daily, and am assured I serve a God who will supply all our wants. It would rejoice me to see you at *Savannah*, if your

business will permit.—I can now provide things convenient for your reception.—In about six weeks I propose, God willing, to go northward.—If you can, pray favour me with your company before that time.—My friends will rejoice to hear and see you.—They join with me in affectionate respects to yourself and Mrs. *J——*. I have sent you a few little tracts, and long for opportunities to convince you, reverend and dear Sir, how sincerely I subscribe myself

Your affectionate brother and fellow-labourer in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLXVI.

To Captain H. M.

Savannah, March 2, 1740.

Dear Sir,

WITH pleasure I received your kind letter last night, and immediately prayed, that God would never leave you before he had finished the good work begun in your heart. He has given you a rational, I hope ere long, he will give you a *spiritual conviction* of sin and of Christ. When that comes, all opposition will fall before it. The world will be as nothing in your eyes, and you will act like a soldier of Jesus Christ. Indeed, dear Sir, I travail as it were in birth, till Jesus Christ be thoroughly formed within you. If I do not forget my promise, I do not forget your favours.—I make mention of you in my prayers. Linger not, dear Sir, but haste out of your spiritual Sodom. Flee, flee to Jesus Christ, whose sacred blood has made an atonement for sinners. Lay hold on his everlasting righteousness, and chuse rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy any thing which this

world may afford, for a season. Accept the sermons I have herewith sent, and believe me to be, *dear Sir*,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXVII.

To Mr. James S——.

March 2, 1740.

Dear Mr. S.,

BLESSED be God, that you are yet alive as to your body; blessed be God, that some sparks of divine light are yet discernible in your soul. Indeed, I have been frequently distressed for you and your companions, lest satan, through the corruption of your hearts, and the deceitfulness of worldly business, should get an advantage over you. Oh watch, my dear friend, watch unto prayer; keep close to God through a living faith in his dear Son; forget not your first love; forget not a bleeding God; forget not *that time*, when your soul was about to take its last flight. O that I may meet you in triumph at the last day! Providence thwarts my seeing you. Adieu; write as often as you can. You have my prayers, and as a token of my love, be pleased to accept this letter and the books sent with it, from

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CLXVIII.

To the Hon. J. W.

Savannah, March 10, 1740.

Honoured Sir,

YESTERDAY, after public worship, I received with pleasure your kind letter, and was immediately ready to cry out, Why do so many of my Lord's servants take notice of such a dead dog as I am. Surely sovereign, rich, and free grace was never exalted more than in the mercy shewn to me, who am in truth the unworthiest of the sons of men.—*Honoured Sir*, it rejoices me to hear that there are so many at *New England*, who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and dare to shine as lights in the world amongst a crooked and perverse generation.—I wish they may be all *Aquila*'s and *Priscilla*'s to me, and teach me the way of God more perfectly; for I long to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Oh he is a sweet master; even here do I feel his blessed influences, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.—He is often with us in the midst of his sanctuary, and much succeeds the Orphan-house.—I have digged low, and

intend to build it high, because I have a great God to pay the charges. I have about thirty-six children which I maintain and cloath, and have upwards of forty persons more who are employed in the work. The plantation is in great forwardness.—Many families are kept here by my employing them, and I hope to see many a youth bred up for God; for I design to breed up for the ministry, all that at any time I shall perceive to be renewed by the Holy Ghost, and endued with suitable natural abilities. The work, I am persuaded, is of God, and I know he will raise up instruments to support it. Let him chuse whom seemeth him good.—In about three months, God willing, I hope to be near, or at *New England*. I thank you from my soul, honoured Sir, for your kind invitation; but, I believe, am pre-engaged to one Mr. *S——d*. The Lord reward both him, and all others who receive me in his name! I have not yet received the books, which you was pleased to send me, because they are sent to the southward, but I expect them daily, and doubt not of their being profitable. I know not how to express my gratitude for your great condescension in writing to me, but that I may always behave so as not to be ashamed of subscribing myself

Your obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CLXIX.

To the Rev. Mr. J. W.

Savannah, March 26, 1740.

Honoured Sir,

SINCE I returned here, I received your letter and journal.—I thank you for both, and shall wait almost with impatience to see a continuance of your account of what God is doing or has done amongst you—He knows my heart, I rejoice in whatever God has done by your hands. I, præ, sequar, etsi non passibus equis.

I could now send a particular answer to your last; but, my honoured friend and brother, for once hearken to a child, who is willing to wash your feet. I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, if you would have my love confirmed towards you; write no more to me about misrepresentations wherein we differ. To the best of my knowledge at present, no sin has *dominion* over me, yet I feel the strugglings of indwelling sin day by day; I can therefore by no means come into your interpretation of the passage mentioned in the letter, and as explained in

your preface to Mr. *Halyburton*—The doctrine of *election*, and the *final perseverance* of those that are truly in Christ, I am ten thousand times more convinced of, if possible, than when I saw you last—You think otherwise: why then should we dispute, when there is no probability of convincing? Will it not in the end destroy brotherly love, and insensibly take from us that cordial union and sweetness of soul, which I pray God may always subsist between us? How glad would the enemies of the Lord be to see us divided? How many would rejoice, should I join and make a party against you? And in one word, how would the cause of our common master every way suffer by our raising disputes about particular points of doctrines? *Honoured Sir*, let us offer salvation freely to all by the blood of Jesus; and whatever light God has communicated to us, let us freely communicate to others. I have lately read the life of *Luther*, and think it in no wise to his honour, that the last part of his life was so much taken up in disputing with *Zuinglius* and others; who in all probability equally loved the Lord Jesus, notwithstanding they might differ from him in other points. Let this, dear Sir, be a caution to us, I hope it will to me; for by the blessing of God, provoke me to it as much as you please, I do not think ever to enter the lists of controversy with you on the points wherein we differ. Only I pray to God, that the more you *judge me*, the more I may *love you*, and learn to desire no ones approbation, but that of my Lord and master Jesus Christ.—Ere this reaches you, I suppose you will hear of my late excursion to *Charles Town*. A great work I believe is begun there. Enclosed I have sent you Mr. *Garden's letters*—They will serve to convince you, more and more, of the necessity you lie under to be instant in season and out of season. Oh, dear honoured Sir, I wish you as much success as your own heart can wish. Was you here, I would weep over you with tears of love, and tell you what

great things God hath done for my soul, since we parted last. Indeed and indeed, I often and heartily pray for your success in the gospel: May your inward strength and outward sphere increase day by day! May God use you as a choice and singular instrument of promoting his glory on earth, and may I see you crowned with an eternal and exceeding weight of glory in the world to come! This is the hearty desire of, honoured Sir,

Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLXX.

To Mr. W.

Savannah, March 26, 1740.

AND how does dear Mr. *Wal—*? His letter lies by me, and I now am inclined to answer it. My dear brother, how do you feel your heart? Is it grown sick of original and actual sin? Is it grown sick of unbelief and self-righteousness? Is it closely united to the holy Jesus? Do you feed on him in your heart by faith? And do you receive of his fulness day by day? I ask these questions, because I want to see you write of the inward life, and to hear you talk of your having a feeling possession of your God. For he that believeth aright, hath the witness within himself. How do the brethren? I hope there is no more saying "I am of *Paul*," or "I am of *Apollos*," but that you are only desirous of being one in Christ. I pray for, though distant from you. I believe I am preparing a place for many. Our work goes on bravely. I have near forty little ones now in my house. Some of them I trust will be effectually wrought upon, and made Christians indeed. We all live in love and unity, and most I hope are seeking after Jesus Christ. He is pleased

from time to time to manifest himself to my soul, and to shew me how unworthy I am of the least mercy. Shortly I shall go northward, to preach the gospel and collect fresh contributions for my orphans. God has given me an earnest of what he will do in *America*, by the large collection that was made at *Charles Town*—I live every day in expectation of hearing from my *London* friends. My brother, the captain, refreshed my soul with glad tidings and letters from *Bristol*. God gave me great comfort and satisfaction in conversing with him, and I hope he will be a Christian indeed. Adieu. All salute you and the brethren.

I am yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXI.

To the Rev. Mr. B. I.

Savannah, March, 28, 1740.

HOW glad should I be of a letter from dear brother *I*——? When shall my soul be refreshed, with hearing that the work of the Lord prospers in his hand? I suppose before now you have received my letters, and seen my journal, and I believe God is yet preparing great things for us. Many at *Charles-town*, lately were brought to see their want of Jesus Christ—Next week, God willing, I purpose going to *Philadelphia*, and then perhaps may see *England* the latter end of this year, or beginning of the next. The orphan-house goes on bravely. I have forty children to maintain, besides workmen and assistants—The great housholder of the world does, and will I am persuaded richly provide for us all. The colony itself is in a very declining way. But our extremity is God's opportunity—Our brethren I trust go forwards in the spiritual life. I have often great inward trials—Pray that I may be kept in all changes, and seeming chances of this mortal life. I believe it to be God's will that I should marry. One, who may be looked

upon as a superior, is absolutely necessary for the due management of affairs. However, I pray God, that I may not have a wife, till I can live as though I had none—You may communicate this to some of our intimates; for I would call Christ and his disciples to the marriage. If I am deluded, pray that God would reveal it to

Your most affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D.

On board the Savannah, bound to Philadelphia from Georgia, April 4, 1740.

My dear friends,

SINCE I wrote last, we have buried our Sister *L——*. *Rachel* I left at *Philadelphia*, and sister *T——* seems to be in a declining state; so that sister *A——* alone is like to be left of all the women which came over with me from *England*. I find by experience, that a mistress is absolutely necessary for the due management of my increasing family, and to take off some of that care, which at present lies upon me. Besides, I shall in all probability, at my next return from *England*, bring more women with me: and I find, unless they are all truly gracious (or indeed if they are) without a superior, matters cannot be carried on as becometh the gospel of Jesus Christ. It hath been therefore much impressed upon my heart, that I should marry, in order to have a help meet for me in the work whereunto our dear Lord Jesus hath called me. This comes (like *Abraham*'s servant to *Rebekah*'s relations) to

know whether you think your daughter, *Miss E——*, is a proper person to engage in such an undertaking? If so; whether you will be pleased to give me leave to propose marriage unto her? You need not be afraid of sending me a refusal. For, I bless God, if I know any thing of my own heart, I am free from that foolish passion, which the world calls Love. I write, only because I believe it is the will of God, that I should alter my state; but your denial will fully convince me, that your daughter is not the person appointed by God for me. He knows my heart; I would not marry but for him, and in him, for ten thousand worlds.—But I have sometimes thought *Miss E——* would be my help-mate; for she has often been impressed upon my heart. I should think myself safer in your family, because so many of you love the Lord Jesus, and consequently would be more watchful over my precious and immortal soul. After strong crying and tears at the throne of grace for direction, and after unspeakable troubles with my own heart, I write this. Be pleased to spread the letter before the Lord; and if you think this motion to be of him, be pleased to deliver the inclosed to your daughter —If not, say nothing, only let me know you disapprove of it, and that shall satisfy, dear Sir and Madam,

Your obliged friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXIII.

To Miss E——.

On board the Savannah, April 4th, 1740.

BE not surprised at the contents of this:—The letter sent to your honoured father and mother will acquaint you with the reasons. Do you think, you could undergo the fatigues, that must necessarily attend being joined to one, who is every day liable to be called out to suffer for the sake of Jesus Christ? Can you bear to leave your father and kindred's house, and to trust on him, (who feedeth the young ravens that call upon him) for your own and childrens support, supposing it should please him to bless you with any? Can you undertake to help a husband in the charge of a family, consisting perhaps of a hundred persons? Can you bear the inclemencies of the air both as to cold and heat in a foreign climate? Can you, when you have an husband, be as though you had none, and willingly part with him, even for a long season, when his Lord and master shall call him forth to preach the gospel, and command him to leave you behind? If after seeking to God for direction, and searching your heart, you can say, "I can do all

those things through Christ strengthening me," what if you and I were joined together in the Lord, and you came with me at my return from *England*, to be a help meet for me in the management of the orphan-house? I have great reason to believe it is the divine will that I should alter my condition, and have often thought you was the person appointed for me. I shall still wait on God for direction, and heartily intreat him, that if this motion be not of him, it may come to nought.—I write thus plainly, because, I trust, I write not from any other principles but the love of God.—I shall make it my business to call on the Lord Jesus, and would advise you to consult both him and your friends—For in order to attain a blessing, we should call both the Lord Jesus and his disciples to the marriage—I much like the manner of *Isaac*'s marrying with *Rebekah*, and think no marriage can succeed well, unless both parties concerned are like-minded with *Tobias* and his wife—I think I can call the God of *Abraham*, *Isaac* and *Jacob*, to witness that I desire "to take you my sister to wife, not for lust, but uprightly;" and therefore I hope he will mercifully ordain, if it be his blessed will we should be joined together, that we may walk as *Zachary* and *Elizabeth* did, in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless. I make no great profession to you, because I believe you think me sincere. The passionate expressions which carnal courtiers use, I think, ought to be avoided by those that would marry in the Lord. I can only promise, by the help of God, "to keep my matrimonial vow, and to do what I can towards helping you forward in the great work of your salvation." If you think marriage will be any way prejudicial to your better part, be so kind as to send me a denial. I would not be a snare to you for the world. You need not be afraid of speaking your mind. I trust, I love you only for God, and desire to be joined to you only by his command, and for his sake. With fear and much

trembling I write, and shall patiently tarry the Lord's leisure, till he is pleased to incline you, dear Miss *E——*, to send an answer to

Your affectionate brother, friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXIV.

To Mr. H——.

On board the Savannah, April 10, 1740.

IT is now full time to answer your letter. You acknowledge me the first instrument, under God (for ever adored be the riches of his free grace) of awakening you to the divine life: and shall not I endeavour to quicken and inflame the heavenly spark infused into your soul? God forbid! Oh that my power was equal to my will! How should my dear brother *H——* glow with divine love, and lean by faith on the bosom of his dearest Redeemer! But I trust ere now you have indeed received the Holy Ghost, and know what it is to feast on a crucified Jesus. Does he not, my dear brother, often manifest himself sweetly to your panting soul? Does he not often teach you the hidden things of the kingdom of God? Does he not tell you that he loves you, and will suffer nothing to pluck you out of his almighty hand? Thus often is he pleased to manifest himself to me: and who then dares despair? No; I can assure the worst, the chief of sinners, that Jesus Christ came to save them. My dear brother, here are glad tidings of great joy! The fire

kindles whilst I am musing. Oh let us call all to come and see Him, who has forgiven us all the sins that ever we committed. Is not this the Christ? Adieu. My hearty and dearest love to all. Fail not writing to

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXV.

To Mr. C——.

On board the Savannah, April 10, 1740.

My dear Brother,

YOU, as well as your dear associates, are much upon my heart. I long to hear that you are advanced in grace, and grown in the knowledge of Christ Jesus your Lord. I say *your Lord*; for I hope, ere now, you can appropriate Christ to yourself, and, without the least diffidence or doubt, cry out assuredly, "My Lord and my God." When the soul says this, *then*, but not till then, is it truly married to the dear Lord Jesus; then are we true children of the bridegroom, and are real partakers of the supper of the Lamb. This, this is faith: this is believing; not with the head; not in notion only; but with the heart, indeed and in truth. The soul now puts its *amen*, and sets the seal to God's everlasting promises; it now soars upwards towards heavenly things, and feels continually the invisible realities of another world. Though sometimes overshadowed by a cloud, yet still it knows that its Redeemer liveth, and justifieth the ungodly. It cannot doubt of his favour, though

sometimes he is pleased to withdraw his sensible presence. The root of the matter is twisted round every faculty of the soul, which daily is supported with this assurance, that Christ can no more forsake the soul he loves, than he can forsake himself. Oh my dear brother, I find myself much carried out to write of that divine life, that divine mystery of godliness, the hidden kingdom of God in the heart. If any thing I can say, or do, or write, may be any way serviceable to dear Mr. *C*——, it will much rejoice

His most unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXVI.

To Mr. I—— B——.

On board the Savannah, April 10, 1740.

My dear, dear Friend,

I Remember your words that day I took my leave of you, with Dr. *John S——*, at *London*. I have not forgotten you, therefore do I now write a line to my dear Mr. *B——*. May the Holy Ghost come upon him, and the power of the Highest overshadow him; and may our glorious Redeemer never cease striving with him, till he hath a witness within himself that he is a true child of God. Oh, when will you answer the character of your name-sake and forefather *Isaac*! When, like him, will my dear friend give himself up a whole burnt-offering unto the Lord! May I hear that you have recovered your first love, and are, as formerly, zealous of good works! I think I never yet really doubted of your return. If prayers to God, if entreaties to him, can bring my dear friend back, he shall not be led away captive by the world; he shall, he shall be a Christian indeed. I long to see you, and till then shall wrestle with strong cryings and many tears with my dear Lord Jesus, in

your behalf. I feel, I feel Christ's love; I can no more doubt of my interest in him, than I can of the shining of the sun at noon day. He fills, he sweetens and gladdens my soul; he loves me freely: he will bring me to behold his glory. I think I could now bid to men and devils defiance. Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that justifies, who even now sitteth in heaven to make intercession *for me*. You see, my dear friend, I am upon the mount. I know not how to stop. It is true, I must come down; but it is only that I may go up again, and take a view of the heavenly *Canaan*. I am now near the port whither we are bound: yet a little while, and I shall be in heaven; and shall I not meet my dear *I*—— there? God forbid! No, no; I cannot bear the thought of it. Away, my dear, dear brother, to Jesus Christ. Lay hold on his everlasting righteousness: look, look unto him by faith, and be saved. Call your dear wife to look also. Help, oh help her in the great work of her salvation; and breed up your dear child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Adieu. My heart is full. With sincerity I subscribe myself

Your's most affectionately in our dearest, dearest Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXVII.

To Mr. N——.

On board the Savannah, April 10, 1740.

My Dear Brother,

I Have been a few days returned from *Charles-Town*, where our dear Lord Jesus, I trust, has begun a glorious work. Many came to me under convictions, and were made to cry out, “What shall we do to be saved?” The people were exceeding desirous of my return amongst them. If I call there, as I come northward, it may prevent my being at *New-York* so soon as was proposed. The Lord direct my going in his way. A *Fosterian Preacher* lost ground there. I think you are not much to be blamed for going out of church; but perhaps it might be better, on another such occasion, to hear the whole discourse, and then go and converse with the preacher upon it; otherwise a man may say, you are angry, and could not judge, because you did not hear all. Praise is more dangerous than contempt: but when our Lord’s honour can be promoted by the display of our graces, we need not fear. His grace will be sufficient for us. I know not what person it is that you

would not have me be so open to, unless it be Mr. ——. I had rather be too open than too reserved. Simplicity much becomes the *Israel* of God. A few days past, with full assurance of faith, I laid the first brick of our great house: *Jeremiah* bought land when the people were leading into captivity. My family daily increase, and, blessed be God, as yet I am kept from doubting. Pray that my faith may never fail. Some of the *Germans* in *America* are holy souls, and deserve the character they bear. They keep up a close walk with God, and are remarkable for their sweetness and simplicity of behaviour. They talk little, and think much. Most of them, I believe, are *Lutherans*. But where there is the image of my dear Master, there are my affections drawn. This is the catholic spirit you breathe after: the Lord, I am persuaded, will give it to your soul. All that people do say of me, affects me but little; because I know worse of myself than they can say concerning me. My heart is desperately wicked. Was God to leave me, I should be a remarkable sinner. But redeeming love, I believe, will not let us go. Oh! dear Mr. *N.* pray, and give thanks for me. I daily taste that the Lord is gracious. All things go on well. My dear brethren salute you, as does

Your affectionate, unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXVIII.

To Mr. S——.

Willingtown, (Pensylvania) April 14, 1740.

READ where I am, and judge whether or not I am a stranger and pilgrim upon earth. Yesterday, after a short passage of ten days, did God bring us from *Georgia* to *New-Castle*: there I preached twice. To-day I shall preach here, and in the evening hope to reach *Philadelphia*. People are much alarmed already; and great things, I find, God has been pleased to do, by what he enabled me to deliver when last here. Two ministers have been convinced of their formal state, notwithstanding they held and preached the doctrines of grace. One plainly told the congregation he had been deceiving himself and them, and could not preach any more, but desired the people to pray with him. Another is as a flame of fire, and hath been much owned of God. An opposer reading my sermon, in order to convince them I did not preach as Mr. *T*——, was much disappointed; for power went along with the sermon, God's spirit fell on the people, and formal opposers went affrighted away. It is unknown what a glorious stir here is in the province.

Many, very many, I believe, of late have been brought savingly to believe on the Lord Jesus. The work much increases, and here is employment for many months: but I must return shortly to *Savannah*. A primitive spirit revives; and many, I hope, will be brought to live stedfast in the apostles doctrine, in fellowship, and breaking of bread, and in prayer. Perhaps dear Mr. *S*—— may be one of them. Pray how does that young man do? Is he deeply humbled, and closely united to the dear Lord Jesus? Does he feel himself a poor sinner, and daily experience the outgoing and incoming of the blessed spirit in the sanctuary of his heart? Blessed be God, I do: even whilst I am writing I feel his power. I am persuaded I shall be more than conqueror over every evil, through my Redeemer's love. Oh! my dear friend, keep close to the dear Lord Jesus! Do not go without his leading, and then you are safe, though in the midst of devils. Adieu.

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXIX.

To Madam C——.

New Brunswick, April 27, 1740.

Madam,

ALL things go on well in *America*—nay, better than I dare ask, or could think. Our Lord's kingdom comes with power. It is amazing to see how God is present in our assemblies: I refer you to dear brother *S——* for particulars. My animal spirits are exhausted, but I am filled within. Nature would sometimes cry out, "Spare thyself;" but when I am offering Jesus to poor sinners, I cannot forbear exerting all my powers. Oh that I had a thousand lives! my dear Lord Jesus should have them all. I long to be out of the body, that I may love and serve him as I would: but I must suffer before I can reign with him. That you and I may never deny our Lord, is the earnest prayer of, Madam,

Your obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXX.

To Mr. M——.

New Brunswick, April 28, 1740.

BLESSED be God, I can send you glad tidings of great joy. Our Lord Jesus is getting himself the victory in these parts. The Orphan-house affairs go forward beyond expectation. I have upwards of *forty children* in my house at *Savannah*, near *seventy persons* in family, and upwards of an *hundred people* to provide for every day. As yet we want for nothing. The great housholder of mankind gives us all things richly to enjoy, and, I am persuaded, will provide for us whilst we trust in him. I had rather live by faith, and depend on God for the support of my great, and yet increasing family, than to have the largest visible fund in the universe. About five weeks ago the Lord stirred up the *Charles-Town* people to contribute upwards of seventy pounds sterling towards the support of my little ones. A glorious work was also begun in the hearts of the inhabitants; and many were brought to cry out, “What shall we do to be saved?” A fortnight ago, after a short passage of ten days, I landed in *Pensylvania*, and have had the

pleasure of seeing and hearing, that my poor endeavours for promoting Christ's kingdom, when there last, were not altogether vain in the Lord. I cannot well tell you how many have come unto me, labouring under the deepest convictions, and seemingly desirous of finding rest in Jesus Christ. Several have, I humbly hope, actually received him into their hearts by faith, and have not only righteousness and peace, but also joy in the Holy Ghost. In short, the word hath run and been much glorified; and many *Negroes* also are in a fair way of being brought home to God. I daily receive fresh and most importunate invitations to preach in all the adjacent countries. God is pleased to give a great blessing to my printed Sermons: they are now in the hands of thousands in these parts, and are a means, under God, of enlightening and building up many in their most holy faith. Since such an effectual door is opened for preaching the everlasting gospel, you will not be surprized if I acquaint you there are many adversaries. The *Clergy*, I find, are greatly offended at me. The commissary of *Philadelphia*, having got a little stronger party than when I was there last, has thrown off the mask, denied me the pulpit, and last *Sunday* preached up an *historical faith*, and *justification by works*. But people only flock the more to me. The power of God is more visible than ever in our assemblies; and more than ever before are convinced that I preach the doctrine of Jesus Christ. Some few bigotted self-righteous *Quakers* also, now begin to spit out a little of the serpent: they cannot bear the doctrine of *original sin*, or of *imputed righteousness* as the cause of our acceptance with God. One calls original sin "original nonsense;" and several have been to me, under the apprehension of being thrust out, for owning and confessing what I take to be the truth as it is in Jesus. God has now brought me to *New Brunswick*, where I am blessed with the conversation of Mr. *G—— T——*. Indeed he is

a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and God is pleased in a wonderful manner to own both him and his brethren. The congregations where they have preached have been surprizingly convicted and melted down. They are unwearied in doing good, and go out into the highways and hedges to compel poor sinners to come in. Yesterday also I heard of two ministers in *Long Island*, near *New-York*, who had large communications from God, and have been instrumental in bringing many souls to Christ. I could add more; but I must away: the people are waiting for a spiritual meal. They fly to the doctrine as doves to the windows, and I trust the Lord is now reviving his work in the midst of the years. With great difficulty I have redeemed time to send you these few lines. I hope you and the rest of my dear friends continue to pray for me: for I believe never was so weak a wretch sent on such an important errand. But when I am weak, then am I strong. My bodily strength, by frequent journeying and continued speaking, sometimes fails me; but the Lord quickens and strengthens me by his mighty power. The more I am opposed, the more joy I feel; and the first fruits of God's spirit, which he hath imparted to my soul, are so sweet, that I almost with impatience wait till I reap a full harvest in the fruition of my God. Continue, I beseech you, to intercede for me; and rest satisfied that both you and my other *English* friends are always remembered by

Yours,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXI.

To W. S. Esq.

Reedy Island, May 19, 1740.

My dear Brother,

I Know very well what it is to part from a friend which is as one's own soul; and therefore could in some measure sympathize with you in what you felt when parting from me. The good Lord sanctify my friendship to you, and grant we may go hand in hand to heaven. One of the inclosed papers will shew you the event of what you inserted (unknown to me) in the News. However, be not disheartened; God shall make even this to work together for your good. The war between *Michael* and the dragon has much increased. Mr. *C*—— has preached most of his people away from him. He lashed me most bravely the *Sunday* before I came away. Mr. *A*—— also preaches against me. Mr. *C*—— did not come to take his leave of me; and Mr. *J*—— is very inveterate. Now I believe our Lord's kingdom will come with power. At *New-York* the word ran. Twice or thrice our Lord appeared for us in a most glorious manner. Mr. *T*—— and his brethren glow with

divine warmth; and I have conversed with one of the ministers of *Long Island*, whom God has lately sent forth: he is a sweet zealous soul. Last week, at *Nottingham* and Mr. *B——*'s, how did God manifest his glory! We had about twelve thousand hearers; and such a melting, such a crying, (they say) was scarcely ever seen. Blessed be God, the devil's children begin to throw off the mask. I want to draw the lingering battle on. At *Philadelphia* affairs go on better and better; only Satan now begins to throw many into fits. I have generally preached twice and rode near thirty miles a-day since you left me. The Lord hath been my support, and has often so melted me with a sense of his free, sovereign, and everlasting love, that some thought I was giving up the ghost. Oh never let go your sense of God's sovereign, everlasting love! It is food to my poor soul. Was it not for that, surely I must sink under the prospect of the labours and sufferings that are before me. My dear brother, What is the Lord doing in these parts? I believe the work will go on better here than in *England*. We are more united in our principles, and do not print one against another. Pray observe the hint given to *Captain G——*, and let the Lord order for me as it shall seem good in his sight. We are now at *Reedy Island* waiting for a wind. I heard of a ship going to *Dublin*, and could not lose the opportunity of writing to my dear brother *S——*. I need not remind you to hasten over as fast as possible—Our Lord has taught you not to stay by the way—I have rebuked Mr. *C——* sharply, and I trust have gotten some gracious souls on board—The Lord is with me; I am somewhat better as to bodily health, but I live chiefly on inward supplies from above. My master never fails me. Oh exhort all to fall in love with Jesus, and to pray for,

Ever yours in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXII.

To Mr. M——, an Indian Trader.

Reedy Island, May 19, 1740.

Dear Mr. M——,

I Received your letter, and have been reading part of your journal. I think it your bounden duty to go amongst the *Indians* again, not as a *minister*, but as a private Christian, whose duty it is, when converted himself, to strengthen his brethren. An effectual door, I would hope, is opening amongst some of the heathen. I remember, when it was first impressed upon me, that I should go to *Georgia*, this promise came with such power as never will be forgotten, and that too, long before I had any outward call—"I have made thee the head of the heathen."—I speak this for your encouragement, but desire you would not mention it to others. Who knows but that time may be now near at hand?—However that be, it is plain God calls you, and I wish you good success in the name of the Lord. Be sure you keep a close walk with God.—Be much in prayer, and prepare for the greatest hardships. Your greatest perils will be amongst your own

countrymen. The heathens will be stirred up by them, as the Gentiles were by the Jews; but the Lord Jesus will make you more than conqueror over all. The word of the Lord will make its own way. Beg of God to give you true notions of our free justification by faith in Jesus Christ. Bring your *Indian* hearers to believe, before you talk of baptism, or the supper of the Lord. Otherwise they will catch at a shadow, and neglect the substance. Improve the leisure you now enjoy, and see that you feel the truths you speak. Feed on this promise, "It shall be given you in that hour what you shall say." Your circumstances call for a fulfilling of it—Tell them what God has been doing here, and how happy Jesus Christ will make them. Be sure tell them, tell them, that true faith is not merely in the head, but in the heart, and that it will certainly be productive of good works. Frequently meditate on God's free love to yourself, and that will best qualify you to speak of it affectionately to others. I could say more, but time will not permit. Pray for me. All with me salute you. My poor petitions you may depend on, as the Lord shall enable me. My love to all, and believe me to be

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXIII.

To the Allegany Indians.

Reedy Island, May 21, 1740.

My Dear Brethren,

FOR so I call you, because you, and I, and all, have one common father, One God, in whom we live, move and have our beings. We all came at first out of the dust of the earth. For after God made the sun, moon, stars, and every thing you see, he also made a creature called *man*, and breathed into him the breath of life; he then became a living soul. He could not only walk and speak, but he could also think, and reason, and was full of goodness, peace, and joy. This man, this happy creature God placed in a garden, which his own right hand had planted. He then cast him into a deep sleep, and out of one of his ribs made what we call a woman, that she might be his wife. Their names were *Adam* and *Eve*. With these, God made an agreement that they should eat of every tree of that garden, except one; but if they ate the fruit of that particular tree, they should die; they should return to the dust from whence they were taken, lose the comforts they enjoyed in their souls,

and be unhappy for ever in another world. But if they did not eat this fruit, none of these things should come upon them. A being, which we call the *devil*, (and who for his pride had been cast out of heaven) envying their happiness, tempted them to eat the forbidden fruit. They consented, they ate, they died. Their bodies became mortal, their souls were deprived of the presence and love of God; and unless a way was found out to make satisfaction for what they had done, they must have been lost for ever. These were our parents, and God made this agreement with us their children, as well as with them. For they acted in our name, as a king acts in the name of his people, or a father in the name of a child—What therefore befel them, befel us. We died in them; and come into this world poor and miserable, blind and naked, as they were, when they had eaten of the forbidden tree. Hence it is, that we are given to lust, anger, envy, hatred, pride, and malice, and all those troublesome passions which you all must feel in your own hearts, and cannot but see even in the hearts of your children. If then, you only look into yourselves, you must confess these things are so. But God hath given us a *book*, wherein he assures us of the truth of all this:—And we know that book came from God, because none but God could tell us the things therein contained. And I speak first of this, because ’till you feel and believe this, you cannot come to the knowledge of Jesus Christ; and without the knowledge of Jesus Christ you cannot be saved. For after our first parents, *Adam* and *Eve*, had taken the forbidden fruit, and with all their children, thereafter to be born, became guilty before God, God out of his own free love sent his only begotten Son into the world, to die, and so to make an atonement for the sin of fallen man, and also to obey the law, which man had broken; so that though fallen man had no righteousness of his own, yet upon believing in God’s Son, he should

find a perfect righteousness in him. This Son is called Jesus, “A Saviour,” because he was to save us from the guilt and power of our sins. He was truly God, and therefore could satisfy; he was truly man, and therefore could obey and suffer in our stead. He was God and man in one person, that God and man might be happy together again. My dear brethren, (for so I must call you, though I never saw you) these are strange things. But if you are willing to learn, the holy spirit shall teach you. For Jesus Christ by dying, and obeying God’s law, hath bought for us the holy spirit, who shall change your corrupt natures, and fit you for happiness hereafter with the ever-blessed God, if you do but believe in your hearts.—Thousands of white people only believe in their heads, and therefore are no more Christians than those who never heard of Jesus Christ at all. They call Christ, “Lord, Lord,” but they do not live as Jesus Christ hath commanded. No, they curse and swear, they break the sabbath, they get drunk, they play, they whore, they commit adultery, and have taught many poor *Indians* to do these abominable things as well as themselves. Do not you therefore learn of them. For true Christians are sober, chaste and holy. They will not get drunk, they will not play the whore, they will not cheat, lie, curse or swear; but they will bless and praise God, keep the sabbath, and do all the good they can; for thus Jesus Christ, their Lord and master, lived when he was here on earth. I say, when he was here on earth; for after he died, he rose again, and went up into heaven from whence he came, and there he sits praying for all that shall believe on Him to the end of the world. For as the world had a beginning, so it also will have an end. And Jesus Christ will come again in the clouds to judge all mankind; and then he that hath believed in Christ, and hath shewn forth his faith by his works, shall be saved; and he that hath not believed in Christ, shall be damned for ever, and

be cast into a lake of fire and brimstone. But before he comes, he hath promised that the heathen shall be brought to believe on him, and therefore I write this letter to you. I would come myself, and preach the glad tidings of salvation among you, as the bearer of this could interpret for me; but my other business will not permit. I am a minister of the same Jesus, and once was as ignorant of Him comparatively as you may be. I once lived like other people; but the Lord Jesus hath brought me to believe on Him, and I now do so no more. I once was full of envy, hatred, malice, and such like cursed tempers; but now I have love, and peace, and joy. And because Jesus Christ hath shewn such mercy to me, I desire that all others should be made as happy, nay happier than I am myself.—Hearken therefore now to the voice of the Lord. Pray to God that you may feel yourselves poor, miserable sinners, and come by a living faith to Jesus Christ. Then he will pardon you of all your sins, make you holy by his spirit here, and take you into everlasting happiness hereafter. Your traders, some of them at least, will tell you, that you must be miserable, if you will be Christians. But these know nothing of Jesus Christ; for they are ungodly men, walking after their own wicked lusts. Whosoever will follow Jesus Christ, though happy in himself, must be looked upon as a fool by others. The spirit of the world, and the spirit of Jesus are quite contrary one to the other; and therefore if you will live godly in Him, you must suffer persecution; you must have all manner of evil spoken against you falsely, and be called madmen and fools; but let not that daunt you, or make you afraid. There is a world to come, there is a judgment-day, and then Jesus Christ shall crown all those with glory, who have suffered for his name's sake. Once more, therefore, hearken to the voice of the Lord. For the Lord Jesus died for you, as well as for the white men among you, and that you might be taught the gospel; but they have

made you worse than you were before, and therefore shall receive the greater damnation. He who brings this, no doubt, will be despised amongst them, because he will, I hope, neither get drunk, nor curse, nor swear.—But I trust the Lord will strengthen him, and cause him to shew many of you the true way of salvation—I shall not fail to pray for him, and for you; for though I know you not, yet if I could thereby save your precious souls, I think I could die for your sake. May the Lord Jesus bless you, and bring you out of darkness into his marvellous light, for his infinite mercy's sake. This is the prayer of, dear brethren,

Your soul's well-wisher and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. I——, at Philadelphia.

Reedy Island, May 21, 1740.

My dear Brother,

STILL our Lord is with me both in the ship and on the shore. Adore him for his free grace. Sailors, I believe, are coming to Jesus. One or two of our crew are under convictions. The Lord does not keep me here for nothing. I desire to learn of winds and storms to obey Him. I pray daily for your success. May the Lord make you a happy instrument of bringing many sons to glory. Your weakness need not discourage you. The Lord is pleased to make use of me. He strengthens me mightily in the inner man. Oh grace, grace! "Less than the least of all," shall be my motto still. I need not exhort you to feed the flock of God; he has purchased them with his own blood. Oh admit of a *mixed communion*. I think the glory of God requires this at your hands. May the Lord give you a right understanding in all things, and enable you to remember

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXV.

To Mr. M——, at Philadelphia.

Reedy Island, May 21, 1740.

Dear Mr. M.,

AS the Lord is pleased to detain me here by contrary winds, why should I not send you a line? You have stood up for the truths of God, and, I trust, will not be ashamed of our Lord and his gospel. I expect a great falling away amongst those that followed me: But I hope dear Mr. *M.* will continue stedfast and unmoveable to the last. The only way, is to keep a constant eye to Christ, to go forth in his strength, and never to rest till you feel his blessed truths copied and transcribed on your heart. You have often heard me exclaim against resting on a *head-knowledge*. You are a man of strong passions, and sprightly imagination, and therefore (I know you will not be affronted) you will make either a great saint, or an accomplished ——. I believe the former, though, as a friend, I remind you of, and caution you against the latter. You love to be dealt plainly with. Oh, dear Sir, I feel that I love you, and have a real concern for you and your houshold.—What would

I give to see your daughters become wise virgins, and fallen in love with the blessed Jesus. How amiable would they then appear! But before this can be done, all pertness, and lightness of spirit, must be taken away, and they must not only leave off dancing, but be made new creatures. How is your son? Pray tell him it is time for him to come home. The fatted calf waits for him. I could say more; but time will not permit. Dear Sir, pray for me. Indeed I will endeavour to return the favour; many are waiting for, and would rejoice at my halting; but the Lord is my helper. He is with me in my little cabin, and gives me a feeling possession of his blessed spirit. May the Lord enrich you with a great measure of it, and fill you with all his fulness! Methinks I see you lifting up your eyes, and saying, *Amen*.—And so saith, dear Mr. *M.*

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXVI.

To Mr. R——, at Philadelphia.

Reedy Island, May 22, 1740.

Dear R.,

LET nothing said to you in my absence affect you. God has lately delivered you out of one snare; take heed how you fall into another. If you watch unto prayer, who knows but God may bless your endeavours amongst the poor negro women and children? I could not wish you more happily situated.—My love to all the society.—Exhort them not to rest in good desires. Shew them, O shew them the necessity of being deeply wounded, before they can be capable of healing by Jesus Christ. Bid them to beware of a light behaviour, and light company. Both do grieve the blessed spirit of God. Take heed, take heed of those accursed snares. I could say more, but time will not permit. My love to the *Negro Peggy*, and all her black sisters. Bid them to pray for me. May the blood of Jesus wash away all the pollutions of their sin-sick souls! What if they were put into a society by

themselves, and you, or some white woman, meet with them? The good Lord direct and bless you in all things.—This is the hearty prayer of

Your sincere friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXVII.

To Mr. E——.

Reedy Island, May 22, 1740.

GOD only knows when the wind will favour our removal hence; I desire patiently to tarry the Lord's leisure, and to wait the moving of the cloud of his providence. However, in the mean while I send you a line amongst my other friends. God, I believe, hath struck you to the heart, and shewn you the rottenness of that foundation whereon you was once building. O keep close to our dear Lord Jesus, and never fear what men or devils can say of, or do unto you. I am persuaded you must be buffeted.—You must be persecuted, if you will live godly in Christ Jesus. Let this be your comfort, when the world forsakes you, the Lord whom you serve, shall take you up. I pray for you, and my other dear *Philadelphia* friends daily. The Lord be with you all. Adieu. You would do well to publish, "that all who have not been baptized already, and shall appear to be prepared for it, I will, by God's leave, baptize, at my return to *Philadelphia*." O that all who followed me were baptized with the Holy Ghost! But there must be a falling away.—

Dear Mr. *E——*, I trust, will not desert his Lord. Trust in his, and not in your own strength, and you shall be safe. Once more farewel. All with me salute you. The people on shore wait for me. Remember me in your prayers as

Your affectionate servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXVIII.

To the Members of a Society at Philadelphia.

Reedy Island, May 22, 1740.

My dear Friends,

AS the Lord, for wise reasons, detains me here, I cannot but send you a line as a token of my unfeigned concern for the welfare of your better part. I must confess, that the account many of you gave of your experiences, was not so satisfactory as I could wish; but I hope you will none of you rest in good desires, or think you are Christians, because you have followed after me. I thank you, God knows my heart, I thank you for all expressions of your love: But I beseech you to remember, that the kingdom of God does not consist in *word*, but in *power*. Keeping company with God's people, does not give you a title to the privileges of God's children. It may increase, but not extenuate your condemnation, if you are not sound in heart, and truly converted to our dear Lord Jesus Christ. I am persuaded you will not be offended at this plain dealing. God has been pleased to work upon you by my unworthy ministry. I would therefore watch over you for good, and

warn you against those snares which await all the true followers of the Lamb of God. At my next return, I hope I shall see you are that inwardly, which you would be esteemed outwardly. The searcher of hearts knows I long for your salvation. My dear friends, adieu. Pray for me. Be humble, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might. A fiery trial awaits you. There is no being a Christian without giving up all for Christ. We must all have the spirit of martyrdom, though we may not all die martyrs.—That the Lord may keep you by his power unto salvation, and make you more than conquerors through his love, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CLXXXIX.

To Mr. A—— S——, at Philadelphia.

Reedy Island, May 22, 1740.

Dear Mr. S.,

I Desire that you and your wife would accept of these few farewel lines as a token of my love. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you both may be saved.—Your wife was mourning when I saw her last. The Lord Jesus prepare her thereby for true, solid, and lasting comfort! The more we are humbled, the more will the glorious Emmanuel exalt us; but we must wait his time. Jesus is love, and never corrects us but for our own good. I find it is always thus with me. I am a stubborn, ungrateful, disobedient child, and often oblige him to strike me severely; but love, I find, holds the rod, and therefore his rod, as well as his staff comforts me. Farewel; the Lord be with you both!—*John S*—— and all friends salute you. We live and walk in love. My tenderest respects await all that truly follow the Lamb. I beseech you forget not to pray for

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXC.

To Mr. G—— L——, in London.

Reedy Island, May 22, 1740.

"ON *Thursday* last, in the evening, the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield* went on board at *New-Castle*, in order to sail to *Georgia*, after having been on shore thirty-three days, and travelled some hundreds of miles, and preached fifty-eight times in the provinces of *New-Jersey*, *New-York*, and *Pensylvania*.—His congregations consisted sometimes of four, sometimes of five, sometimes of eight, twelve, fifteen, and once at *Philadelphia*, of *twenty thousand* people. He had gotten near five hundred pounds sterling, in money and provisions, for the Orphan-house at *Georgia*. Great and visible effects followed his preaching, almost wheresoever he went, especially in *Philadelphia*. There was never such a general awakening, and concern for the things of God known in *America* before. He intended to visit *New-England* soon after his arrival at *Georgia*, and to come by land as far as *Philadelphia*, at the latter end of the year."

The above *Advertisement* may suffice for the present, ’till I have an opportunity of sending you my journal. That will shew you wonderful things. I suppose ere this reaches you, our dear brothers, *S*—— and *G*——, will be arrived: I have sent a packet of letters to them, by the way of *Dublin*. I am now waiting for a fair wind, and can say the Lord is with me of a truth. Several ships are lying by us, and the captains and their companies come to our ship to prayers. Sailors weep: It is unknown how many are under conviction. I long to hear what is doing in *England*. The embargoes, I suppose, prevent your sending; however my heart is with you. I do not forget you. I hope there is a door opening among the *Allegany* Indians. I have read *M*——’s journal, and have wrote both to him and them. We have been near a week at *Reedy Island*: I have preached there five times. The captains and their crews come constantly to public worship on shore, and to private prayer in our sloop. We have some with us that love our dear Lord Jesus in sincerity. My heart is exceedingly drawn towards *Savannah*; but the Lord’s time is the best. The Lord Jesus bless you all, and reward you for all kindnesses shewn to his unworthy servant, but

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXCI.

To W—— S——, Esq., in London.

Lewis-Town, (Pensylvania) May 24, 1740.

My dear Friend and Brother,

MY will is much to go to *Georgia*, but my dear Lord Jesus is pleased to cross me. For ever blessed be his great and glorious name. Just now the Lord hath brought me hither. Your letter pleased me. I hope our Lord is now beginning to answer my prayers, and that my dear Brother *S*—— is about to know himself. You know I have often told you, that you ought to suspect your experiences. You have mistaken, in my opinion, *preparation*, for conversion itself. Your nine years round of duties, were no effects of the new-birth at all. How could they be? when you did not know you was to be born again, before you heard Mr. *C*—— *W*—— expound the seventh chapter of the *Romans*: Then, but not till then did you begin to be enlightened, and illumination and conversion are two different things. All my great trials were consequent on this. Not that God's way of dealing with me, ought to be a rule for others: But I think your case and mine somewhat

parallel.—Those that have been most humbled, I find, always make the most solid, useful Christians. It stands with reason: The more a man is emptied of himself, the more room is there made for the spirit of God to dwell in him.—Your caution to dear Mr. *H.* was very good. Openness is the best preservative of spiritual friendship. I would behave so, that no one might be afraid to consult me; but if people will not open their hearts, let them not blame me; I cannot speak, where I perceive a shyness, and where I see persons are afraid of me. I am sure they must harbour some ungenerous suspicions or other against me, and how then can there be a harmony of soul. My dear brother, my friend, now I have told you my heart: Be not angry, I am just ready to weep.—Indeed, I am willing to wash your feet, and to acknowledge all favours under God that I have received from you. Be stable, be willing to consult others that have trod in the spiritual road before you; do not mistake working *for* life, for *working from life*. Watch unto prayer, and do not be carried away by every wind of doctrine. How could you not see through *L——* of *German-Town*? But I must not chide, but love. Much I owe you; have patience with me and I will endeavour to pay you. I shall long to see you at *Savannah*. Once more, my dear friend and brother, adieu. My heart is much melted down. God continually fills me with himself. O give thanks for, dear Sir,

Your brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXCII.

To the Rev. Mr. J. W.

Cape-Lopen, May 24, 1740.

Honoured Sir,

I Cannot entertain prejudices against your conduct and principles any longer, without informing you. The more I examine the writings of the most experienced men, and the experiences of the most established Christians, the more I differ from your notion about not committing sin, and your denying the doctrines of election, and final perseverance of the saints. I dread coming to *England*, unless you are resolved to oppose these truths with less warmth, than when I was there last. I dread your coming over to *America*; because the work of God is carried on here (and that in a most glorious manner) by doctrines quite opposite to those you hold. Here are thousands of God's children, who will not be persuaded out of the privileges purchased for them by the blood of Jesus. Here are many worthy experienced ministers, who would oppose your principles to the utmost. God direct me what to do! Sometimes I think it best to stay here, where we

all think and speak the same thing: The work goes on without divisions, and with more success, because all employed in it are of one mind. I write not this, *honoured Sir*, from heat of spirit, but out of love. At present, I think you are entirely inconsistent with yourself, and therefore do not blame me, if I do not approve of all that you say. God himself, I find, teaches my friends the doctrine of election. Sister *H*—— hath lately been convinced of it; and, if I mistake not, dear and honoured Mr. *W*—— hereafter will be convinced also. From my soul I wish you abundant success in the name of the Lord. I long to hear of your being made a spiritual father to thousands. Perhaps I may never see you again, 'till we meet in judgment; then, if not before, you will know, that sovereign, distinguishing, irresistible grace brought you to heaven. Then will you know, that God loved you with an everlasting love, and therefore with loving-kindness did he draw you. Honoured Sir, farewel. My prayers constantly attend both you and your labours. I neglect no opportunity of writing. My next journal will acquaint you with new and surprizing wonders. The Lord fills me both in body and soul. I am supported under the prospect of present and impending trials, with an assurance of God's loving me to the end; yea, even to all eternity. Ere this reaches you, I suppose you will hear of my intention to marry. I am quite as free as a child: If it be God's will, I beseech him to prevent it. I would not be hindered in my dear Lord's business for the world. I am now waiting for a fair wind. God blesses the Orphan-house. Do not be angry with, but pray for, honoured Sir,

Your unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXCIII.

To Mr. S——, in Charles-Town.

Savannah, June 7, 1740.

Dear Sir,

BEFORE I knew you by name, my heart was uncommonly affected towards you. Whenever I saw you at church, I enquired concerning you, and to my great but pleasing surprize, when I came to your house, found you was the man I was enquiring after. Your letter gives me still hopes, that our dear Lord Jesus is about to awaken you from a carnal security in which you have long lain. He is now calling you, dear, dear Sir. I beseech you, by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus our Saviour, take heed that you do not lie down again. If you will be a follower of the Lamb of God, you must prepare your soul for manifold temptations; you must become the song of the drunkard, and have all manner of evil spoken against you falsely for Christ's sake: But let none of these things move you, dear Sir. Dare, I beseech you, to be singularly good.—Be not ashamed of your glory.—Learn a lesson of boldness even from the devil's children. How resolute,

how daring are they in their master's cause? Why should not we be equally courageous in the cause of Jesus Christ? O Sir, I feel a concern for the welfare of your better part. God hath vouchsafed you some convictions; do not rest in them. Catch not too greedily at comfort. Beg of God that you may be thoroughly wounded, before you desire to be made whole; otherwise you will go but half way, and be only an unstable, double-minded man at last. God forbid that dear Mr. *S*—— should ever settle in such a dangerous state! Ere long I hope to see you in *Charles-Town*, and then I shall have an opportunity of enquiring more particularly into the state of your soul. I came home but two days ago, and therefore could not answer your letter before. If I can be serviceable to you in any respect, be pleased to command, dear Sir,

Your assured friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXCIV.

To Mr. J—— H——, in London.

Savannah, June 7, 1740.

My dear, dear Brother,

WITH great comfort I received your long wished-for letter. It warmed my heart, and knit my soul to you much more than ever. Whenever I see the child-like simplicity and love of Jesus, it quite melts me down. Let all former misunderstandings between me and your friends be entirely forgotten. I always pitied your parents, and most earnestly prayed for them and you. Blessed be God that you are come home. You are now, I believe, as I always did believe, in your proper station. May God give you a settled habit of devotion, and so fill you with his spirit, that whilst you are working for God on earth, you may be like those blessed angels, who, though ministring to us, yet do always behold the face of our Father who is in heaven. My dear brother, let the love of Jesus constrain you to love him with all your soul. A sense of his divine love now melts down my heart, and draws tears from my eyes. O what wonderful things is God doing in

America! *Savannah* also, *my dear Savannah*, especially my little orphans, now begin to feel the love of Jesus Christ. I arrived here but about two days ago, in an hour quite unexpected by my friends. How did we weep over one another for joy! Perhaps I may never feel the like again, till I meet with the sons of God in glory: But oh what a scene was to be seen last night in the congregation! How did the stately steps of our glorious Emmanuel appear! His glory shone with exceeding brightness. The power seemed to be coming on all the day. My soul has been much carried out in behalf of this place, and now the Lord is about to answer my prayer. *T*—— *D*—— was yesterday in a glorious agony. I prayed with three of the girls before I went to church, and their hearts were ready to break: I prayed also, with strong cryings and tears, with my other dear friends, and God was much with us then; but when we came to church, oh what was to be seen, and heard, and felt there! The power of the Lord came as it were upon all. Most of the children, both boys and girls, cried bitterly, and most of the congregation were drowned in tears, and mourned as a woman mourneth for her first-born. Expence of spirits made my body weak, but my soul still wrestled earnestly with God. When I came home, I lay upon my bed; but seeing the children and people come home crying, I went to prayer again, and a greater power than ever still attended it. O how was my soul carried out, and how did the Holy Ghost fill the room! At last I thought proper to dismiss them; but it would have charmed your heart to hear the little ones in different parts of the house praying, and begging of Jesus to take full possession of their hearts. The same power continues to-day: For near two hours, four or five of the girls have been before the Lord weeping most bitterly, and under such agonies, as gives me hope our Lord will soon send them deliverance. I have not yet talked with the boys, who also have been under great concern,

and one especially in great agonies. I believe two or three will be truly gracious. I have brought with me a Latin master, and on *Monday* laid a foundation in the name of our dear Jesus for an *university* in *Georgia*. God blesses me (O free and sovereign grace) in every thing I undertake. Our Orphan-house comes under better regulations every day, and I am persuaded, in the end, will produce some true followers of Jesus Christ. I am now looking for fresh attacks from the enemy, after such inroads. He has been busy since my departure, but the Lord hath vouchsafed to rebuke and disappoint him. My dear brother, may the Lord be with you! For Christ's sake desire dear Brother *W——* to avoid disputing with me. I think I had rather die, than to see a division between us; and yet, how can we walk together, if we oppose each other? Adieu. Dear *James*, with much tenderness I subscribe myself

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CXCV.

To T—— T——, Esq., in London.

Savannah, June 7, 1740.

My dear Friend and Brother,

I Wrote to you very lately; but your kind letter is now before me, and I cannot forbear answering it: Blessed be God, that you still look upon me as your friend. May the friend of all, unite us in the best bonds, and bring us to himself at last! I long to see the son of man coming in the clouds of heaven. I have now such large incomes from above, and such precious communications from our dear Lord Jesus, that my body sometimes can scarcely sustain them. Our dear Brother *H——*'s letter (which I desire you may see) will shew you what a work is begun at *Savannah*. I am in great hopes, that six or seven boys and girls are really coming to Jesus Christ. Dear Brother *H——n* sojourns with us. I love him, and all the brethren, in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I am now looking for some strong attacks from satan. The Lord comforts me on every side, and lets me see my desire in the salvation of many souls. O, dear Mr. *T——*, forget not

Your weak unworthy friend and brother in Christ,
G. W.

LETTER CXCVI.

To Mr. M——.

Savannah, June 11, 1740.

Dear Mr. M——,

I Am not uneasy, but rather joyful, to find God lets you see more and more into the misery of your depraved nature. I pray God, these convictions may still increase, and that you may not fall short of a saving union with Jesus Christ. I am concerned to find you have lost a sense of your first love. —Take heed, my dear friend, and wrestle with your dear Lord, till he lets you see the root of bitterness that must certainly be in some corner of your heart. Perhaps you have not renounced the world and your own righteousness, and then no wonder our Lord doth not manifest himself to your soul. Sometimes, indeed, God withdraws on purpose to wean us from sensible devotion, and to take us off from seeking any self-complacence in our duties. If this be the case of you and your friends, you are patiently to tarry the Lord's leisure, and to continue striving with all your might till he is pleased to lift up the light of his blessed countenance upon you. You must

seek Jesus though it be sorrowing, and then, after three days, you will find him; for the Lord will not always be chiding, neither keepeth he his anger for ever. That God may daily renew you in the spirit of your mind, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Your assured friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CXCVII.

To Mr. W—— W——, in London.

Savannah, June 11, 1740.

Dear W——,

I Am sorry to hear, that you and your masters cannot agree; but this I know, supposing the case to be as you represent it, you must notwithstanding "be obedient, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward."—Rough usage will do you good, if you are sincere; God sees the pride and stubbornness of your heart, and therefore sends you these trials to beat it down: I find the benefit of crosses. What should I do without them? Dear brother *S*—— would write to you, I believe, but is much engaged.—We love one another in the bowels of Jesus Christ. O, dear *W.* keep close to God, and see you are that inwardly, which you would be esteemed outwardly.—Rest in nothing short of a sound and thorough conversion. That God may bless you, and all the brethren, with all spiritual blessings, is the hearty prayer of

Your assured friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CXCVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. J—— B——, at New-York.

Savannah, June 13, 1740.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Have just been reading the three letters you sent some time ago to our dear brother *N*——, and find my heart much inclined to write you a line. Whatever others may do, yet I am far from judging you on account of God's dealings with your soul. I rather rejoice in them, having myself been blessed with many experiences of the like nature. But, my dear brother, if God works upon us in an extraordinary manner, we must prepare for temptation, even from our Christian brethren.

Most judge of others from what has passed within themselves; and many of the dear children of God are too apt to confine God to this or that particular way of acting; whereas he is a sovereign agent: his sacred spirit bloweth when, and where, and how it listeth; and when an uncommon work is to be done, no doubt he will work upon his chosen instruments in an uncommon manner. What the event of the present general awakening will

be, I know not. I desire to follow my dear Lord blindfold, whithersoever he is pleased to lead me; and to do just so much, and no more, as his providence points out to me. Wonderful things have been done ever since my arrival at *Savannah*: Such an awakening among little children, I never saw before. Our dear brother *N*——'s letter will acquaint you with particulars. O my dear brother, how ought such manifestations of God's glory, to quicken our souls, and excite us to lay out ourselves more and more in the service of the best of Masters, Jesus Christ! Every day he fills me with himself, and sometimes brings me even upon the confines of eternity. Methinks I often stand upon *Mount Pisgah*, and take a view of the heavenly *Canaan*, and then long to be gathered to my people: but, my dear brother, both you and I must suffer, and that great things, before we enter into glory. My work is scarce begun; my trials are yet to come. What is a little scourge of the tongue? What is a thrusting out of the synagogues? The time of temptation will be, when we are thrust into an inner prison, and feel the iron entering even into our souls. Then, perhaps, even God's people may be permitted to forsake us for a while, and none but the Lord Jesus to stand by us. "But if thou, O dearest Redeemer! wilt strengthen me in the inner man, let enemies plunge me into a fiery furnace, or throw me into a den of lions." My dear brother, my heart is enlarged towards you: though I never saw, yet I love you most tenderly. How does dear brother *D*——? Does he yet walk in the light of God's countenance? Pray salute him lovingly in my name. In the fall, I hope to see you in *Long Island*, and to be somewhat filled with your company. In the mean while, let us all keep a close walk with Jesus; and be pleased, in an especial manner, to remember

Your unworthy, though affectionate brother, fellow-labourer, and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CXCIX.

To the Rev. Mr. J. W.

Savannah, June 25, 1740.

My honoured Friend and Brother,

I Thank you for, and heartily say *amen* to all the petitions you have put up in my behalf. I want to be as my Master would have me; I mean, meek and lowly in heart. Dear Sir, bear with me a little longer; pray for me with great earnestness; and who knows but my God may give me to abhor myself in dust and ashes! He that hath given us his Son, will he not with him freely give us all things? For Christ's sake, if possible, dear Sir, never speak against election in your sermons: no one can say that I ever mentioned it in public discourses, whatever my private sentiments may be. For Christ's sake, let us not be divided amongst ourselves: nothing will so much prevent a division as your being silent on this head. I should have rejoiced at the sight of your Journal. I long to sing a hymn of praise for what God has done for your soul. I am glad to hear that you speak up for an attendance on the means of grace, and do not encourage persons who run (I am persuaded)

before they are called. The work of God will suffer much by such imprudence. I trust you will still persist in field-preaching. Others are strangers to our call. I know infinite good hath been done by it already, and greater good will yet be done thereby every day: but we must be judged of our brethren. May God bless you more and more every day, and cause you to triumph in every place. Next *Monday*, God willing, I go to *Charles-Town*. My family is well regulated; but I want some more gracious assistants. I have near an hundred and thirty to maintain daily, without any fund. The Lord gives me a full undisturbed confidence in his power and goodness. Dear Sir, adieu. I can write no more; my heart is full. I want to be a little child. O continue to pray for

Your most unworthy, but affectionate brother and servant in our dear Lord Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CC.

To Mr. J—— H——.

Savannah, June 25, 1740.

Dearest J——,

EVERY letter you write, knits my heart more and more to you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Your last I received on *Saturday*. God had been preparing me for it, by a week's intimation upon my heart, and by an inexpressible agony in my soul just before it came to hand. Blessed be God that our friends preach up poverty of spirit, for that is the only foundation whereon to build solid abiding comfort. The stony ground received the word with joy; but how did those hearers stand in a day of temptation? They fell away; for it is very possible that the heart may have much joy floating on the top of it, and yet be as hard as the nether millstone. Hence it is that so many, who boast of rest in their flashes of joy, are self-willed, impatient of reproof, despisers of others in a mourning state, and wise in their own conceits: whereas the believer, that hath been with his Lord in the wilderness, and has a truly broken and contrite heart, though his joy may

not be so extravagant, yet it is substantial. Such a soul hangs upon God; thinks before he speaks; and is continually hearkening for what the Lord will say to him, by the small still voice of his spirit. This is the state I want all our friends to arrive at. I cannot see how they can, with assurance, talk of their enjoying solid fellowship with the Father, and his dear Son Christ Jesus. I shall not be surprized if many, who seemingly began in the spirit, do end in the flesh, and turn persecutors of the doctrines and disciples of Jesus Christ. How can they possibly stand, who never felt themselves condemned criminals? who were never truly burthened with a sense not only of their actual, but original sin, especially that damning sin of unbelief? who were never brought to see and heartily confess, that after they had done all, God might, notwithstanding, deny them mercy; and that it is owing merely to his sovereign love in Christ Jesus our Lord, that they can have any hopes of being delivered from the wrath to come? It is for preaching in this manner that I like Mess. *T——s*. They wound deep before they heal; they know that there is no promise made but to him that believeth; and therefore they are careful not to comfort over much those that are convicted. I fear I have been too incautious in this respect, and have often given comfort too soon. The Lord pardon me for what is past, and teach me more rightly to divide the word of truth for the future. Dearest *J——*, pardon this freedom; I am constrained to write in this manner. I thank you most heartily for your historical letter. Fail not writing to me often. Dearest *J——*, help me by your prayers: for Christ's sake help me. Our Lord is yet with us. I hear different accounts of things; but I pray for all, and suspend my judgment till you see

Your affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCI.

To Mrs. E—— C——.

Savannah, June 25, 1740.

My dear Sister,

YOUR letter afforded me much inward pleasure. Surely it bespeaks the writer not to be far from the kingdom of God. You was then waiting for our Lord's salvation: ere now, I trust, Christ hath manifested his glory, filled you with his blessed spirit, and thereby sealed you to the day of redemption. 'Tis good to be long in an humbled state: it is the best preparation for solid, lasting comfort. Blessed are they that mourn most, for they shall be the most comforted: not that we are violently to keep ourselves in such a state; but when God's hand lies heavy upon us, we are patiently to tarry the Lord's leisure, till he reveals himself to our souls. I was a mourner a long while; but, glory be to God! I have for some years been almost continually comforted; at least kept from doubting of my interest in Jesus Christ. I can with an humble boldness cry out, "My Lord and my God!" He daily manifests himself to my soul, and causes me to feel my dependance on his

free grace and sovereign love. This is the kingdom of God within us. O, my dear sister, what would I give, were all the world partakers of this unspeakable gift! I long, I burn with an ardent zeal after the salvation of my dear brethren, who are dead in trespasses and sins. Poor souls! Why am I taken, and they left? O the sovereign, free, unmerited, distinguishing love of my and your Jesus! My dear sister, let us love him, let us obey him; let us suffer for him with a chearful heart! His love will sweeten every cup, though never so bitter. Let us pledge him willingly, and continue faithful even unto death. A scene of sufferings lies before us. Who knows but we may wade to our Saviour through a sea of blood? I expect (O pray that I may be strengthened if called to it) to die for his great name's sake. 'Twill be sweet to wear a martyr's crown. Dear Madam, adieu. I remember God's goodness to us at *Broad-Oaks*. I pray for you and yours. I trust your daughters keep close to Jesus. Salute them kindly in my name. Read my Journal, and give hearty thanks for

Your unworthy brother and servant in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCII.

To the Rev. Mr. S——, in London.

Savannah, June 26, 1740.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AND is one of the priests also obedient to the word? Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath translated you from darkness to light; from the power of Satan to the service of the ever-living God. Now know I, that our glorious *Emmanuel* has not commanded us to pray in vain. Surely we shall never taste of death, till we see our dear Lord's kingdom coming with greater power. He seems to be thrusting out more labourers into his harvest. Glory be to his free grace that you are one of the happy number. O dear Sir, rejoice and be exceeding glad; and let the love of Jesus constrain you to go out into the highways and hedges to compel poor sinners to come in. Some (even that are true lovers of the Lamb) may say "this is not proceeding with a zeal according to knowledge:" but I am persuaded, when the power of religion revives, the gospel must be propagated in the same manner as it was first established, "*itinerant*

preaching." Go on, dear Sir, go on, and follow your glorious Master without the camp, bearing his sacred reproach. Never fear the scourge of the tongue, or the threatnings that are daily breathed out against the Lord, and against his Christ. Suffer we must, I believe, and that great things. Our Lord, by his providence, begins to shew it. Ere long, perhaps, we may sing in a prison, and have our feet set fast in the stocks. But faith in Jesus turns a prison into a palace, and makes a bed of flames become a bed of down. Let us be faithful to-day, and our Lord will support us to-morrow. O dear Sir, though I know you not, yet my heart is enlarged towards you, and I make mention of your name in my prayers. I pray God to give you strength to bear the heat and burden of every day, and to enable you to preach with such wisdom, that all your adversaries may not be able to gainsay or resist. Blessed be his holy name, I drink deep of his love every moment. A greater power than ever attends my poor labours; and several of my own houshold, both boys and girls, I really believe, are coming savingly to Jesus Christ. I am now about to go to *Charles-Town*; a work of God is begun there. Who knows but I may see my dear brother *S——* in *America*? But future things belong to God; to his grace and love I commend you. Keep close to your dear Jesus, and pray that a child-like, humble spirit, may be given to

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer

G. W.

LETTER CCIII.

To Wm. S——, Esq., in London.

Savannah, June 26, 1740.

My dear Brother S——,

I Sent you a packet of letters from *Charles-Town*, the middle of this month. Since that time, I have received many agreeable letters from *England*; but find from *Blendon letters* that Miss *E—— D——* is in a seeking state only. Surely that will not do; I would have one that is full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Just now I have been weeping, and much carried out in prayer before the Lord. My poor family gives me more concern than every thing else put together. I want a *gracious woman* that is dead to every thing but Jesus, and is qualified to govern children, and direct persons of her own sex. Such a one would help, and not retard me in my dear Lord's work. I wait upon the Lord every moment; I hang upon my Jesus: and he is so infinitely condescending, that he daily grants me fresh tokens of his love, and assures me that he will not permit me to fall by the hands of a woman. I am almost tempted to wish I had never undertook the orphan-house. At

other times, I am willing to contrive matters so that I may not marry: but I am always checked; and looking back upon the workings of my heart in this affair, I am more and more convinced that it is of God; and therefore know he will order affairs for me, as will best promote his own glory. So that my dear Lord's honour does not suffer, I care not what trouble in the flesh I undergo. His glory, to the best of my knowledge, is my only aim, in my thoughts, words, and actions. My dearest brother, adieu. By this time, I trust, you are near *England*. Dear brother *S——* goes with me to *Charles-Town*. Brother *B——* keeps house in my absence. Take heed that the people you bring believe on Jesus. Expect to hear shortly again from

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCIV.

To Mr. W—— D——.

Savannah, June 28, 1740.

My dear Brother,

I Thank you for your kind letters and friendly cautions; and trust shall always reckon those my choicest friends, who, in simplicity and meekness, tell me the corruptions of my heart. It is that faithfulness which hath endeared *J—— S——* to me. I think I never was obliged to any one so much before: for that reason also I find my heart knit to you. O my dear brother, still continue faithful to my soul: do not hate me in your heart; in any wise reprove me. Exhort all my dear brethren to forgive my past (I fear) too imperious carriage; and let them pray that I may know myself to be what I really am, less than the least of them all. I have abundant reason to bless God for sending me abroad. I cannot say I have improved my retirement as I ought; but I can say it hath been highly beneficial to my soul. I have a garden near at hand, where I go particularly to meet and talk with my God, at the cool of every day. I often sit in silence, offering my

soul as so much clay, to be stamped just as my heavenly potter pleases: and whilst I am musing, I am often filled as it were with the fulness of God. I am frequently at *Calvary*, and frequently on *Mount Tabor*; but always assured of my Lord's everlasting love. O continue to pray for me, that I may know myself even as I am known. I want to have a proper mixture of the lion and the lamb, of the serpent and the dove. I do not despair of attaining it. Jesus is love; Jesus willeth my perfection; Jesus hath died for me; Jesus can deny me nothing. He hath given me himself; will he not then freely give me all things besides? I wait for thy compleat salvation, O Lord! My dear brother, my heart is now enlarged. Your prayer is answered. The whole Godhead now fills my soul. O grace, grace! O Jesu, Jesu! was ever love like thine! Lord, I abhor myself in dust and ashes. O that I could praise thee! that I could love thee as I ought! My dear brother, I hear you have been zealous for the Lord your God since my departure. You have done well: you never can be zealous for a better master: but why, silent? why withdrawn? Did you go before you was called or qualified? If so, you have done right: but I suspend my judgment; for I find there is no judging at a distance. I only pray God that you may always feel yourself a very poor sinner, and find refuge in the wounds and blood of the Lamb. I rejoice to hear the work of God goes on, and heartily wish you may not be divided among yourselves. Our dear Lord is with us here: I only want a few more gracious, solid assistants. The Lord will send them in his due time to

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCV.

To J—— B——.

Good Hope, (South-Carolina) July 2, 1740.

My dear Brother B——,

IS it true, that one night whilst you was expounding, you told your hearers, from your own experience, that "they could not go on without throwing aside the means of grace?" or words to that purpose? If so, I pity you; for you are not only misled yourself, but are also misguiding others. But this is no more than I expected. I think you begun to teach too soon, and before you had a commission given you from above. Brother *J——* was of the same opinion, before I left *England*. For that reason, I would not take you to *Georgia*. Blessed be God, I have no such over-forward spirits there. My dear *B——*, I write in love. For Christ's sake try your spirit: I fear you was never yet truly humbled. I know you have had joy; but I always thought it was joy floating on the surface of an unmortified heart. From such a joy, good Lord deliver us! O that you had been in the wilderness a little longer! then you might have been an experienced teacher;

but I fear you are now only a novice. May the Lord keep you from falling into the condemnation of the devil. I write not this to damp, but to regulate your spirit; if you are humble, you will take it kind. God knows, I wish all the Lord's servants were prophets; but I would not have my Master's work suffer by a too heady way of proceeding. Why should you dishonour him by acting above your sphere; whereas you might honour him by acting in it. Every one is not fit to be a public expounder. To build up awakened sinners in private, is what is more wanted at present than young unexperienced preachers. But I have done; I fear I have offended my brother: forgive me this wrong. As God was pleased first to work upon you by my ministry, you must always expect to be watched over by

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCVI.

Charles-Town, July 11, 1740.

Dear Mr. R——,

YOUR letter much rejoiced me. O that you may still follow on, till you truly know the Lord! I shall be glad to have you for a scribe, if you are well instructed in the things which belong to the kingdom of heaven. Keep close, my dear friend, keep close to the dear Mr. *T——s*: under God, they will build you up in your most holy faith. It gladdens my heart to hear of their success in the Lord. The Lord increase them more and more, and multiply the number of their spiritual children! I suppose brother *G——*'s letter informed you what a speedy passage the Lord gave us, and how we were received at *Georgia*. Surely I shall never see the like again, till I meet the sons of God in glory. Praise the Lord, O my soul! my dear friend, help me to praise the Lord. I have been here above a week. The Lord hath been pleased to work on many hearts. On *Sunday* the *commissary* denied me the sacrament; but my dear Master fed me, notwithstanding, with the bread which cometh down from heaven. Persecution seems to be coming on more

and more. My dear friend, see that you are rooted and grounded in love and faith; or how will you stand fast in a dying hour? With difficulty I write this before morning service. I preach generally, in town or country, twice a-day. The heat is great; but the Lord enables me to bear the burden of it. Next month, God willing, I go to *New-England*, and hope to see *Philadelphia* in *November*. On *Tuesday* next I am cited to appear before the commissary and his court in a judicial way: the event I leave to my dear Lord Jesus. O dear Mr. *R*——, let not the cross keep you from Jesus. If we suffer, we shall reign with him. Salute your honoured mother in my name, and all that love our dear Lord in sincerity, from, dear Mr. *R*——,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCVII.

To Mr. J—— R——.

Charles-Town, July 15, 1740.

Dear J——,

MAY you answer your name, be freely gracious, and filled with as much love as he was, who leaned on the sacred bosom of our dear Redeemer. I believe God has begun; if so, God will carry on the good work in your heart. It is the Lord's doing. Not unto me, not unto me; but to free, rich, distinguishing, sovereign grace, be all the glory! The wearing off, or forgetting your convictions formerly, ought to make you more jealous of yourself now. The more you see the enmity of the heart, the better: you cannot then avoid abhorring yourself in dust and ashes. I rejoice you have been at *Neshamini*. I can say of Mr. *T*—— and their brethren, as *David* did of *Goliah*'s sword, "None like them." I am glad you and my friend *R*—— are acquainted. O see that you keep one another warm, and be zealous for the Lord your God. I wonder not at your master's insinuations. Indeed, dear *J*——, you must be tried thoroughly, if you would approve yourself to the

glorious *Emmanuel*. Exhort all to die for him, rather than deny him in any wise. I find my suffering time at hand: but my dear Lord comforts me with his gracious and refreshing presence. A good work is carrying on here: let my dear friends help it forwards by their prayers. My love to all at the society; and accept of the same from

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCVIII.

To Mr. B——, in Pensylvania.

Charles-Town, July 18, 1740.

My dear Brother,

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul! Our glorious *Emmanuel* seems to have girt his sword upon his thigh, and to be riding on from conquering to conquer. He gets himself the victory in *Philadelphia*. He is getting himself the victory in *Charles-Town* also. Indeed a glorious work is begun, and carrying on here. Many souls are awakened to a sense of the divine life.—The alteration in the people since I came here at first, is surprizing. I preach twice a day, generally, either in town or in the villages around. The commissary shoots out his arrows, even bitter words. He hath denied me the sacrament, and cited me to appear before him and his court; I was obliged to appeal home. O my dear brother, pray that I may be humble and of a child-like spirit. Every day God shews me fresh instances of his love. Here are some faithful ministers amongst the baptists. One of them, Mr. *C*——, has wrote to you; pray answer him. Some time next month I hope to be at

New England, and to return to you according to promise. Be pleased to salute the brethren in my name. Indeed I honour and love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. O that I was worthy of your acquaintance! But I am not. All that I can say is, that I will endeavour to approve myself

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCIX.

To Mr. I. R——.

Charles-Town, July 18, 1740.

My Dear Friend,

I Thank you for going with friend *E——* and *B——* to *Nazareth*. May God bless you, and cause great good to come to that place! God seems to be carrying on as great a work in *Charles-Town*, comparatively speaking, as in *Philadelphia*. Surely our Lord intends to set the world in a flame. O that the holy fire of his divine love was kindled in every heart! Be pleased to read what I have sent to Mr. *N——*. If you please you may print that extract, which I sent from my journal: God willing, I hope to be at *New England* by the beginning of *September*, and to be refreshed with your and my dear friend's letters. Indeed, I love you all in the bowels of my dear Lord Jesus. Do not let us forsake him. Let us not be ashamed of him, though we live in a crooked and perverse generation. I thank my dear friends for their zeal in building a house; [1] but desire it may not have any particular name, or be put to any particular use, till my return to *Philadelphia*. I wish them good luck

in the name of the Lord. Last night I appeared a third time in a public court; but they not accepting my *Recusatio judicis*, I appealed home; so that now I have free liberty to embark when providence pleaseth. O my dear friend, think of a bleeding, dying Lord. Keep close to him, and exhort all friends to pray and give thanks for

Your assured friend and servant,

G. W.

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1. This is now the college at Philadelphia.

LETTER CCX.

To Mr. G—— L——.

Charles-Town, July 18, 1740.

Dear Brother L——,

GOD will work, and who shall hinder? The sacrament hath been refused to me, and I have appeared thrice in open court, before the commissary and some of his clergy; but our Lord rides on, from conquering to conquer. Many, I believe, are really pricked to the heart. The commissary's detaining me here, has much tended to the furtherance of the gospel. I put in my exceptions against his sitting as my judge, and they were repelled; so that I have appealed home, and all other proceedings here are stopped. By this means I shall have liberty to preach the gospel without further interruption, and my call to *England* will be more clear. The enclosed paper will shew you what is doing in *Philadelphia*. Private letters received from thence last night and this morning, have much refreshed my heart. Many souls are flocking to the Lord Jesus. I need not exhort you to praise the Lord. You may advertise what paragraphs you think proper, only add that *Philadelphia*

people are building a house for me to preach in, 106 feet long and 74 feet wide. The Lord is bringing mighty things to pass. I am surprizingly strengthened to bear the heat and burden of every day. My dear Lord never leaves nor forsakes me, but works by my unworthy ministry more and more. O that I was humble! O that I was a little, little child! I know not how soon I may be called to *England*. The inhabitants here are wondrous kind. They attend morning and evening most chearfully on my preaching. We often see the stately steps of our dear Lord in his sanctuary. I am more than happy. I am amazed at the divine goodness. Lord, I abhor myself in dust and ashes! See the wonders of the Lord; help us to praise him. Excuse me to all my dear friends. For this fortnight past I have not wrote a word of my journal. My sermons, &c. are bought off exceedingly, northward. O pray that an humble child-like spirit may be given to

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXI.

To the Reverend Mr. D——.

Savannah, August 15, 1740.

My dear Brother D——,

OUR dear Lord (after being pleased to bring me low by bodily sickness) now gives me liberty to write to you. Whilst I am writing, I find my heart united with yours. I hope we have both drank into the same spirit, and are both instances of the same sovereign, distinguishing, everlasting love. O let us extol it! O let us improve daily! And since God sees fit that we shall not die, but live, let us lay ourselves out to declare the works of the Lord. I am ashamed of my past unfruitfulness. Had others received the stock, that hath been intrusted to me, how would they have improved it? Indeed I am an unprofitable servant. In the righteousness of Jesus my Lord, is my only refuge. Well may God afflict me; I richly deserve it; and when he brings me low, nothing grieves me so much, as to think that I should be so froward as to oblige the God of love to strike me with his rod. But oh the goodness of the Lord! His rod, as well as staff, do comfort and build up my soul. I

would not but be tried for ten thousand worlds. Blessed be God, I am enabled to clasp the cross, and desire to glory in nothing more. Dear brother, help me with your prayers. Our victorious Jesus makes his power to be known; many have I seen struck quite down by the power of the word. The holy Ghost hath often come like a mighty rushing wind. Satan has desired to sift us as wheat. But our Lord still shews me, that the orphan-house will go on and flourish. It is often a great weight upon my soul; but through your and my dear friends prayers, the Lord I am persuaded will still support it.

Yours eternally in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXII.

To Mr. N——, in New York.

Savannah, Aug. 15, 1740.

My dear Brother,

YOUR letter rejoiced my heart. May our dear Lord's kingdom be advanced more and more every day! O that I may meet you at *New-England*! Blessed be God that Mr. *M*—— is yet alive. Salute him from me; I hope to see him before I die, and so be taught the way of God more perfectly. I thank you for your kind hints; I have always paid great deference to dear Mr. *N*——'s judgment: indeed I love him in the bowels of Jesus. God has been pleased to bring me low, for some time, by inward weakness, and faintness of spirits. The first strength that is given me to write, I make use of in writing to you. The Lord is purging me, that I may bring forth more fruit. I long to die, not that I may be rid of crosses, but that I may be with Christ. He draws me more and more to him every day. I have had many close domestic trials of late. But these words, "David strengthened himself in the Lord his God," came with sweet power to my

soul. I find, the nearer I come to Christ, the closer my trials are. I have been sometimes through weakness kept from preaching; but when I have spoken, the word has come with power. I have reason to think, that three persons who came to see the orphan-house, have been effectually called by our Lord Jesus. I have now some *Carolina* visitors in my house; two of them, I believe, are coming truly to Jesus.—The word runs like lightning in *Charles-Town*. A serious lively Baptist minister, named *Tilly*, is here also; he has preached often for me, and last *Sunday* received the sacrament in our way.—O bigotry, thou art tumbling down a-pace! Blessed be God.—Next week, God willing, I embark for *Charles-Town*, shall stay there a few days, and from thence purpose going to *New-England*. God wonderfully provides for my orphans.—I am kept from every degree of doubting; nay, the Lord fills me daily with a full assurance of faith. He chastens and corrects me, but it is all in love. O help me to praise him, and thereby add to the obligations already laid on, dear Mr. *N*——,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCXIII.

To Mrs. L——.

Charles-Town, Aug. 22, 1740.

Honoured Mother,

ALTHOUGH I had not the pleasure of receiving one line, either from your dear self, or from any other of my beloved friends; yet my heart was rejoiced just now by a sailor, who told me, that he saw and conversed with you the twenty-ninth of *May* last. I thank you for the salutation sent to me by him. Indeed I thank you from my very heart: for I feel myself unworthy of your notice. Every day I love and honour you more and more; and when you come to judgment, God will shew you how many tears I have shed in secret for you and my dear sister. O let them not be in vain! *Honoured Mother*, fly to Jesus.—Behold, with open arms, yonder he stands, ready to embrace you, if you feel your misery, and are willing to come to him to find rest. May the great God, who only can govern the wills and affections of sinful men, make you willing in the day of his power! Yesterday God brought me hither again. In a few days, I hope to embark for *New-England*;

thence, God willing, you may expect another letter. For near six weeks past I have been under great weakness of body; but notwithstanding have been enabled sometimes to preach with great power. I am now somewhat better, but, without a miracle, cannot think of being long below. Indeed, *honoured Mother*, I every day long to be dissolved and to be with Christ. Pray tell Mr. *W——*, that Mr. *H——*, and *I—— B——*, with one or two more of their relations, I believe, are effectually called of God. We had much power at *Savannah*. God hath sent me some family trials; but all things are working for good. I am, honoured Mother,

Your ever dutiful son,

G. W.

LETTER CCXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. J—— W——.

Charles-Town, Aug. 25, 1740.

Dear and Honoured Sir,

LAST night I had the pleasure of receiving an extract of your journal.—This morning I took a walk and read it. I pray God to give it his blessing. Many things I trust will prove beneficial, especially the account of yourself. Only, give me leave with all humility to exhort you not to be strenuous in opposing the doctrines of *election* and *final perseverance*, when, by your own confession, "you have not the witness of the spirit within yourself," and consequently are not a proper judge. I remember dear brother *E*—— told me one day, that "he was convinced of the perseverance of the saints." I told him, you was not. He replied, but he will be convinced when he hath got the spirit himself. I am assured, God has now for some years given me this living witness in my soul. I cannot say, I have since indulged any doubts (at least for no considerable time) about the forgiveness of my sins; nay, I can scarce say, that I ever doubted at all. When I have been nearest

death, my evidences have been the clearest. I can say, I have been on the borders of *Canaan*, and do every day, nay, almost every moment, long for the appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ; not to evade sufferings, but with a single desire to see his blessed face. I feel his blessed spirit daily filling my soul and body, as plain as I feel the air which I breathe, or the food I eat.—Perhaps the doctrines of election and of final perseverance hath been abused, (and what doctrine has not,) but notwithstanding, it is children's bread, and ought not in my opinion to be with-held from them, supposing it is always mentioned with proper cautions against the abuse. *Dear* and *Honoured Sir*, I write not this to enter into disputation. I hope, at this time, I feel something of the meekness and gentleness of Christ. I cannot bear the thoughts of opposing you: but how can I avoid it, if you go about (as your brother *C——* once said) to drive *John Calvin* out of *Bristol*. Alas, I never read any thing that *Calvin* wrote; my doctrines I had from Christ and his apostles; I was taught them of God; and as God was pleased to send me out first, and to enlighten me first, so I think he still continues to do it. My business seems to be chiefly in planting; if God send you to water, I praise his name.—I wish you a thousand-fold increase. I find, by young *W——*'s letter, there is disputing among you about *election*, and *perfection*.—I pray God to put a stop to it, for what good end will it answer?—I wish I knew your principles fully; did you write oftner, and more frankly, it might have a better effect than silence and reserve. I have lately had many domestic trials, and that about points of doctrine, not by myself, but from others in my absence. I daily wait upon God, depending on his promise, that all things, even this, shall work together for my good. Many in *Charles-Town*, I believe, are called of God. You may now find a Christian, without searching the town as with a candle. Mr. *G——* is less furious, at least in public. He

hath expended all his strength, and finds he cannot prevail. Adieu, *Honoured Sir*, Adieu! My health is better, since I last left *Charles Town*, and am now freed from domestic cares. With almost tears of love to you, and the brethren, do I subscribe myself, honoured Sir,

Your most affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXV.

To Mrs. J—— L——, in Bristol.

Charles-Town, Aug. 26, 1740.

Dear J——,

I Hope you and your little society go on and prosper. I hear there are divisions among you. Avoid them if possible. The doctrines of election, and of final perseverance, I hold as well as you.—But then, they are not to be contended for with heat and passion. Such a proceeding will only prejudice the cause you would defend. Pray shew this to your other friends.—Exhort them to avoid all clamour, and evil speaking, and with meekness receive the ingrafted word which is able to save your soul. God has begun a great work here, and in other parts of *America*; but yet, I believe, I shall shortly have a call to *England*. O pray it may be the divine will, that I may have a prosperous journey; and that you may see me grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—With tenderest love to all, I am

Your affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXVI.

To the Right Reverend Father in God, Edmund Lord Bishop of London . On board the Savannah, bound from Charles-Town to Boston, September —, 1740.

My Lord,

ALTHOUGH your Lordship has been pleased to caution the people against running into those extremes, to which your Lordship apprehended my doctrine would lead men; yet I am persuaded that will not any way influence your Lordship, as to the contents of this letter. The one single point which it contains, is this query, "Whether the commissary of *South-Carolina* has power given him from your Lordship, to exercise any *judicial authority* against me, or any other clergyman, who doth not belong to his province?" The reason of my putting this question, I suppose your Lordship will be apprized of, before this reaches your Lordship's hands. I have been lately cited to appear in an ecclesiastical court, erected by the *Reverend* Mr. *G——*, for not reading the common prayer in the meeting-house, which I was obliged to preach in at *Charles-Town*, (unless I would be silent)

because the commissary would not let me have the use of his church. I appeared, and have appealed, according to law, to four of his majesty's commissioners for reviewing appeals, to know, whether the commissary ought not to have accepted a *Recusatio judicis*, which I lodged in court. This, I suppose, they will determine. I only desire your Lordship's explicit opinion and determination, whether Mr. *G——*, (supposing he hath power over his own clergy,) has authority to erect such a court to arraign me, who belong to the province of *Georgia*. The bearer hereof will give me your Lordship's answer. In favouring me with which, your Lordship will oblige, my Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXVII.

To Mr. P——.

Boston, Sept. 19, 1740.

My dear Brother,

I Have just now read your kind letter. Blessed be the Lord, for imparting somewhat of his divine presence to your soul. O may he fill you brimful, and enable you so to preach, that all your adversaries may not be able to gainsay or resist. Never fear undertaking to preach without notes; remember the promise, “Lo I am with you always, even to the end of the world.” By my master’s leave, I propose to preach with you, and dear brother *W——*. I am a worm and no man: I deserve to be the outcast of the people. On *Sunday* I arrived at *Rhode-Island*. Our Lord called some. Yesterday I came hither, to-day I preached. May the Lord give a divine increase to the seed sown! A great work is carrying on at *Charles-Town*. The spirit of God is moving in different parts of the world. O my dear, dear brother, let us up and be doing, and the Lord will be with us. The world is lying in the wicked one. May God make you instrumental to deliver thousands from his cursed

slavery! With difficulty I redeem time to write this. Brother *B——*, and *B——*, are with me. I will endeavour to give you notice of my coming. In the mean while, cease not praying for

Your weak and unworthy brother,

G. W.

LETTER CCXVIII.

To Mr. N——, at New-York.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1740.

My dear Brother,

HITHER God brought me on *Thursday* evening: I preached once on *Friday*, and twice every day since. The power of the Lord advances sweetly. Our Lord, I believe, will revive his work in the midst of the years; he enables me to preach plainly. Some ministers, I hope, will be quickened, as well as people. They attend, and are exceeding civil, as also the governor. I wrote to you from *Rhode Island*; I shall call there, as I come to you. On *Monday*, God willing, I shall set out to see Mr. *M——*, and on *Monday* fortnight hope to go to *Northampton*. All the packets of letters came safe. God bless my dear, dear Brother *N——* for his great care. Friends from *England* write strange things; God, I believe, calls me thither. Mr. *W——* and the *M——s*, I think, are sadly erroneous in some points of doctrine. When I see you, I will communicate many particulars; now, I have scarce time to write this. Our dear Lord sweetly fills me with his presence. My

heaven is begun indeed. I feast on the fatted calf. The Lord strengthens me mightily in the inner man. I find a few souls left in *Sardis* that have not defiled their garments. Excuse me to Mr. *P*——; I have not time to answer his kind letter! Adieu; I hope to be with you in about five weeks.—I pray for dear Brother *T*——, that he may espouse more souls to the Lord Jesus Christ.—My hearty love to all.

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCXIX.

To Mr. A——.

Boston, Sept. 23, 1740.

My dear Brother A——,

I Thank you for your letter: May the Lord enable me to send you an answer of peace. *Sinless perfection*, I think, is unattainable in this life. Shew me a man that could ever justly say, "I am perfect." It is enough if we can say so, when we bow down our heads and give up the ghost. *Indwelling sin* remains till death, even in the regenerate, as the article of the church expresses it.—There is no man that liveth and sinneth not in thought, word, and deed: However, to affirm such a thing as perfection, and to deny *final perseverance*, what an absurdity is this? To be incapable of sinning, and capable of being finally damned, is a contradiction in terms. From such doctrine may I ever turn away! Labour, dear Mr. *A.* to be holy, even as God is holy; but do not look for complete perfection here below. What is this, but in effect to vacate the righteousness of Christ? I hear many amongst you who begun in the spirit, are now ending in the flesh. Christ hath freely

justified them, i.e. entitled them to all his merits, and yet they must do so and so to keep themselves in a justified state. Alas, this is sorry divinity; I have not so learned Christ. No, his gifts and callings are without repentance. Whom he loves, he loves to the end. Work I will, but not to keep myself in a justified state. My Lord hath secured that; but I will work to shew my gratitude for his putting me into a justified state. O that all would study the covenant of grace. Dear Mr. *A.* I feel that I love you, and I find myself carried out to write in this manner. My Lord blesses me with all spiritual blessings; he causes me to rejoice in his salvation. I pray him to carry on his work in *London*, and to keep his church from errors; but there must be a sifting as well as a gathering time. It is meet that such offences should come. All shall work together for good to those who are *called after God's purpose*: They shall finally be saved. This much comforts, dear Brother *A*——,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXX.

To H. H. in Wales.

Boston, Sept. 24, 1740.

AND is dear Brother *H. H.* yet alive in body and soul? Blessed be God, who causes those that wait on him to renew their strength. I rejoice in your success: May you mount with wings like eagles, walk and not be weary, run and not be faint! You shall not be taken or hurt, till the appointed hour is come. I hope your conversation was blessed to dear Mr. *W.* O that the Lord may batter down his free-will, and compel him to own his sovereignty and everlasting love! Some of *F—— Lane* society, I fear, are running into sad errors; but this happens for our trial, especially mine. Those that before, I suppose, would have plucked out their eyes for me, now I suspect, I shall see very shy, and avoiding me. This is my comfort, the Lord is a never-failing friend; his truth will make its way in spite of all carnal reasoning. O pray for me that I may have the spirit of judgment and a sound mind. My coming to *England* will try my fidelity to my Master: Nothing but his strength can enable me to hear all contradictions with meekness, and to

preach with love his everlasting truths. O that all would study the covenant of grace! The more I look into it, the more is my soul delighted. Dear Brother *H.* adieu. My dear friend *J. S.* sits by and cordially salutes you. I hope you have received my letters. I expect to hear from you by dear Brother *S.* God is working powerfully in *America*. He fills me with his presence, and causes me to go on my way rejoicing. Grace! grace! I greet all most affectionately, and am, dear Brother *H.*

Yours eternally,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXI.

To the Rev. Mr. J. W.

Boston, Sept. 25, 1740.

Honoured Sir,

THIS is sent in answer to your letter dated *March 25*.—I think, I have for some time known what it is to have righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. These, I believe, are the privileges of the sons of God: But I cannot say I am free from indwelling sin; no, I find a law in my members warring against the law of my mind: This makes me to cry out, even now, "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I thank God, our Lord Jesus Christ will. I cannot see wherein the heterodoxy of the article of our church doth consist, which says, "That this corruption remains even in the regenerate;" and if that after conversion we cannot sin in thought, word or deed, I do not know why our Lord taught us to pray to our heavenly Father, "Forgive us our trespasses." I am sorry, honoured Sir, to hear by many letters, that you seem to own a *sinless perfection* in this life attainable. I think I cannot answer you better, than a venerable old minister in these parts

answered a Quaker. “Bring me a man that hath really arrived to this, and I will pay his expences, let him come from where he will.” I know not what you may think, I do not expect to say indwelling sin is finished and destroyed in me, till I bow down my head and give up the ghost. There must be some *Amalekites* left in the *Israelites* land, to keep his soul in action, to keep him humble, and to drive him continually to Jesus Christ for pardon and forgiveness. I know many abuse this doctrine, and perhaps wilfully indulge sin, or do not aspire after holiness, because no man is perfect in this life. But what of that? must I therefore assert doctrines contrary to the gospel? God forbid. Whether the seventh to the *Romans*, is applicable to a converted person (as many very eminent saints have thought) is not at all to the purpose: There are other passages of scripture, which plainly shew that sinless perfection is not attainable here below. Such as these, “There is no man that liveth and sinneth not.” “In many things we offend all.” And I know no sin except the sin against the Holy Ghost, of which a child of God may not be guilty, if God should withdraw his grace.

Whatever you may think of *David*, the scripture says, “He was a man after God’s own heart;” yet how did he fall? And if you will not permit *Peter* to have been converted when he denied his Master; what will you say to St. *Paul*? Did not he sin, do you think, (at least were not his passions irregular, and what is that but sin) when he spoke to the High Priest, and called him whited wall? Besides, dear Sir, what a fond conceit is it to cry up *perfection*, and yet cry down the doctrine of *final perseverance*? But this, and many other absurdities you will run into, because you will not own *Election*: And you will not own Election, because you cannot own it without believing the doctrine of *Reprobation*. What then is there in reprobation so horrid? I see no blasphemy in holding that doctrine, if rightly

explained. If God might have passed by all, he may pass by some. Judge whether it is not a greater blasphemy to say, “Christ died for souls now in hell.” Surely, dear Sir, you do not believe there will be a general *gaol delivery* of damned souls hereafter. O that you would study the covenant of grace! O that you were truly convinced of sin, and brought to the foot of sovereign grace! *Elisha Cole on God’s sovereignty*, and *Veritas Redux*, written by Doctor *Edwards*, are well worth your reading. But I have done; if you think so meanly of *Bunyan*, and the Puritan writers, I do not wonder that you think me wrong. I find your sermon has had its expected success; it hath set the nation a disputing; you will have enough to do now to answer pamphlets; two I have already seen. O that you would be more cautious in casting lots! O that you would not be too rash and precipitant! If you go on thus, *honoured Sir*, how can I concur with you? It is impossible; I must speak what I know.—Thus I write out of the fulness of my heart: I feel myself to be a vile sinner.—I look to Christ; I mourn because I have pierced him. Honoured Sir, pray for me. The Lord be with your dear soul. About Spring you may expect to see,

Ever, ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXII.

To Mr. G—— L——.

Boston, Sept. 26, 1740.

My dear Friend and Brother,

I Wrote to you about a month ago from *Charles-Town*.—Since I came here I have received two letters from you. May the great God of heaven and earth bless your dear soul for thus assisting his poor unworthy servant: A sense of my ingratitude almost melts me into a flood of tears.—Indeed I am the very chief of sinners.—O the love, the sovereign, distinguishing, everlasting love of God my Saviour! Praise him, praise him, dear Mr. *L——*, with all your soul.—I hope nothing will cause a division between me and Messrs. *W——s*: But I must speak what I know, and confute error wheresoever I find it. About Spring I hope to come over if the Lord will.—Be pleased to inform my friends, that last *Sunday* was sevennight I arrived at *Rhode-Island*, where I preached and read prayers in the church on *Monday* and *Tuesday* to very large and affected auditories.—On *Wednesday* I preached at *Bristol*, in my way to *Boston*.—On *Thursday* night I got there,

and on *Friday* preached, and have preached once or twice every day since. —Almost all the ministers, and vast bodies of people, have been continually pressing to hear the word of God, sometimes in the fields, and sometimes in the meeting-houses. My health is much restored by the coolness of the air. —I intend staying about a month in these parts, then to go to *Philadelphia* by land, from thence to *Georgia* by water, and I hope to embark for *England* the beginning of the Spring.—You see by this, dear friend, how our Lord works by my unworthy hands. Ministers and people, I believe, will be much quickened.—I hope your dear soul prospers. For Christ's sake avoid disputing; study your heart and the scriptures; get nearer and nearer to Christ, he will lead you into all truth. My most tender love to all; if opportunity any way offers, every letter received shall be answered by, dear dear Mr. *L*——,

The meanest of all your Christian friends,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXIII.

To Mr. I——.

Boston, Sept. 26, 1740.

My dear Brother, I——,

I Thank you for your kind letter. It is the first I have received from you since I left *England*.—I bless God the work goes on in *Yorkshire*.—May our glorious, sin-forgiving Lord bless you and your spiritual children more and more! I find, our friends are got into deputing one with another.—O that the God of peace may put a stop to it! I wish many may not be building on a false foundation, and rest in a false peace. They own *free justification*, and yet seem to think, that their continuance in a justified state depends on their doings, and their wills.—This, I think, is establishing a righteousness of our own. My dear brother, if we search the scriptures, we shall find that the word *justified* implies not only pardon of sin, but also all its consequences. —"Thus (says Saint *Paul*) those whom he justified, them he also glorified;" so that if a man was once justified, he remains so to all eternity.—Here lies the anchor of all my hopes.—Our Lord having once loved me, he will love

me to the end.—This fills me with joy unspeakable and full of glory.—I now walk by faith.—I work not to keep myself in a justified state, (for men or devils can never pluck me out of Christ's hands,) but to express my love and gratitude for what Jesus hath done for my soul. This, I think, is what the apostle calls "faith working by love." My dear brother, my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that we may all think and speak the same things.—For, if we are divided among ourselves, what an advantage will satan get over us? Let us love one another, excite all to come to Christ without exception, and our Lord will shew us, who are his. The work of God goes on exceedingly in *America*. The Lord is pleased to manifest himself unto my soul more and more. I am a naughty, stubborn child; but my dear Lord will have mercy because he will have mercy. It is owing to his distinguishing love that I am not hardened. Here is, and I believe will be a great quickning in these parts.—The cloud seems to be moving. Perhaps in the Spring we may meet face to face. With difficulty I get time to write this, but I must answer dear Brother *I*——'s letter.—May the Lord Jesus be continually with your spirit, and make your soul brimful of peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I love you in the bowels of the crucified Lamb. May he unite us more and more intimately to his dear self, and to one another. Salute all that love him in sincerity.—Brethren, pray for us.—That you may be kept by God's power to eternal salvation, is the prayer of

Your most affectionate, though unworthy brother and poor weak servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXIV.

To Mr. W—— D——.

Boston, September 28, 1740.

Dear Brother W——,

I Thank you for your kind letter from *Osset*; I wish it was written with more life. I fear you are turning almost to a spirit of bondage: but it is good for you to be sifted, to make an experienced minister of Jesus Christ. I could not but smile, to find you wink at the *decency of my dress*. Alas! my brother, I have known long since what it is to be in that state you are (in my opinion) about to enter into. I myself thought once that Christianity required me to go nasty. I neglected myself as much as you would have me, for above a twelvemonth: but when God gave me the spirit of adoption, I then dressed *decently*, as you call it, out of principle: and I am more and more convinced, that the Lord would have me act, in that respect, as I do. But I am almost ashamed to mention any such thing: rather let us talk and write of the love of Jesus; "Let us stand fast in the liberty wherewith Jesus Christ hath made us free, and not be again entangled in a yoke of bondage." God

only knows whether you have done right in leaving the university, or in declining to exhort. If you do not preach till you are perfectly free from all sin, I believe you will never preach again. I could never hear of such a minister or Christian yet. My dear brother, I speak freely to you, because I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. He sent his disciples to preach before they were perfect; nay, when they were weak in grace. Exercise the talents you have, and that is the way to get more. Thus has God dealt with me for these seven years. "To him that hath, shall be given." Many of our friends talk against election: a good reason may be given. I believe they have never taken pains to search into the true state of the case. What if some abuse that doctrine; is it therefore false? No; by no means. I am persuaded, if any of our friends would examine their experiences, they would find that Jesus Christ freely prevented them by his grace; that he compelled them to come in; and that it is not owing to themselves, but to the will and promise of God, that they are now kept in a state of grace. But I will say no more. My dear brother, I love you. May the Lord lead you into all truth. Our dear Master is doing wonders among us. Praise him lustily, and with a good courage. Adieu. Dear *J——— S———* salutes you and the brethren, as does

Yours affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXV.

To the Rev. Mr. Z—— M——.

Boston, Sept. 28, 1740.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Received—I felt your letter. Surely there is a sympathy between souls that have drank into the same spirit. God willing, I purpose to come and see you; and will endeavour to send you timely notice: but oh do not expect too great things from me; for if you do, who knows but my Lord may desert me; and then what am I? Excuse the brevity of this. So many persons come to me under convictions, and for advice, that I have scarce time to eat bread. Wonderful things are doing here. The word runs like lightning. *Dagon* daily falls before the ark. I know you will, in spirit, pray that a due sense of his own vileness may be continually given to

Your affectionate, though unworthy, brother and servant in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXVI.

To Mr. W——, at Bristol.

Boston, Sept. 28, 1740.

Dear Brother W——,

WHAT mean you by disputing in all your letters? May God give you to know yourself, and then you will not plead for *absolute perfection*; or call the doctrine of election a "doctrine of devils." My dear brother, take heed; see you are in Christ a new creature. Beware of a false peace: strive to enter in at the strait gate; and give all diligence to make your calling and election sure. Remember you are but a babe in Christ, if so much. Be humble, talk little, think and pray much. Let God teach you, and he will lead you into all truth. I love you heartily: I pray you may be kept from error, both in principle and practice. Salute all the brethren. If you must dispute, stay till you are master of your subject; otherwise you will hurt the cause you would defend. Study to adorn the gospel of our Lord in all things; and forget not to pray for

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXVII.

To Mr. G—— L——.

Boston, October 9, 1740.

My dear Brother L——,

I Write to you again by this ship, though I have scarce time to write a line. God works by me, I think, more than ever. I am quite well in bodily health. Ministers as well as people are stirred up, and the government is exceeding civil. In short, God is doing greater things than can be expressed. Oh exhort all to pray, and to give thanks for me with their whole hearts. The bearer brings the authentic copy of my appeal; I sent you another copy before from *Carolina*. Be pleased to keep this I have now sent, till you hear of my coming to *England*: if I come in the Spring, I will lodge it myself; if not, be pleased to lodge it for me, and I will pay all expences. O dear brother *L——*, what a scene of labours and sufferings lies before me! My dear Jesus will make me more than conqueror over all: he strengthens and comforts, he converses with me by night and by day: he gives me all peace and joy in believing. I pray God to keep our dear brother *S——* and others

from a false stillness. I am sorry to hear such errors are risen amongst the brethren. Adieu; the Lord be with your spirit. I have already collected upwards of four hundred pounds sterling for the Orphan-house. God shews me that *America* must be my place for action. Once more adieu. Cease not to pray for,

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXVIII.

To Mr. J—— H——.

Newhaven, Oct. 24, 1740.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

YOUR letter, just now brought to me by dear brother *N*——, gave me great comfort. With fear and trembling, ever since the late disputations, have I opened letters sent from *Savannah*, but blessed be God, our dear Lord is with my dear friend *H*——. Blessed be God, my family dwell together in unity. The God of love fill you with all peace and joy in believing. I hope a supply for your then present wants, came to you soon after you sent your letters: since that, I have sent from *Boston* 100 *l.* sterling; next week I hope to send again from *New-York*, and before *Christmas* I trust I shall see you face to face. Wonderful things God does for me. I am enabled to preach and travel better than ever. There has been joy in heaven, I believe, over many souls repenting. There are some hopes of dear, dear brother *N*——'s coming with me. Mr. *B*——, one of the young ministers of *Long Island*, with his wife, accompanies me also; and another

settled Christian, who holds and experiences the truth as it is in Jesus. O that all my family may be thus minded! I suppose by this time you know how matters are determined for me, if Mr. *C*—— is arrived. God keeps me in suspense: suspense did I say? Blessed be his holy name, I am quite easy: I am persuaded he will chuse for me a daughter of *Abraham*. I know not but it may be the divine will that you should abide in *Georgia*, whilst I go to *England*. Be resigned: see if God does not bring all things about for your good: there is but little comfort to be expected in *England*. I find I must, if I am faithful, oppose the errors of many who, I believe, fear God: O that I may do it with meekness and wisdom. Methinks I now long to be with you all at *Savannah*. Pray for my speedy passage. I am glad God is scourging out the children of *Belial*: you have often heard me say God would do so. Never fear; a remnant will be left, which shall take root downwards, and bear fruit upwards, and yet fill the land. My dear brother, adieu: I am called away. I love you more solidly than ever. Dear *J*—— *S*——, Mr. *F*——, and *P*——, love you too: we travel very comfortably: thousands of prayers are continually put up for me and mine. My love to all, without exception. Feed the lambs, study the purity of their hearts, and thereby rejoice the soul of

Yours most affectionately and eternally in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXIX.

To Mr. J—— W——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1740.

Dear and honoured Sir,

I Received your's, dated *March 11*, this afternoon. Oh that we were of one mind: for I am yet persuaded you greatly err. You have set a mark you will never arrive at, till you come to glory. I think few enjoy such continued manifestations of God's presence as I do, and have done, for some years; but I dare not pretend to say I shall be absolutely perfect. O, dear Sir, many of God's children are grieved at your principles; O that God may give you a sight of his free, sovereign, and electing love! But no more of this: why will you compel me to write thus? why will you dispute? I am willing to go with you to prison, and to death; but I am not willing to oppose you. My heart is now much affected: indeed I love and honour you. Dear, dear Sir, study the covenant of grace, that you may be consistent with yourself: hasten O Lord, the blessed time! I fancy I shall embark for *England* about Spring; but am not yet determined. God shews me his goodness plenteously every day. I

dwell in Christ, and Christ in me: glory be to sovereign grace. I seem to have a new body, and the Lord Jesus greatly enriches my soul. O I am a poor sinner! but our Lord frequently manifests himself in such a manner, that it throws me into an agony which my body is almost too weak to bear. Honoured Sir, adieu. O build up, but do not lead into error, the souls once committed to the charge of

Your affectionate, unworthy brother and servant, in the loving Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXX.

To Mr. H—— H——, in Wales.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1740.

My very dear Brother H——,

I Wrote to you from *Boston*. Your letter, written near a twelvemonth ago, came to my hand this afternoon. My soul is knit to you: we both speak and think the same things. The Lord be with your spirit. Jesus manifests forth his glory daily in these parts. Though I am such a vile, worthless, ungrateful wretch, yet the Lord fills me out of his divine fulness day by day. His word is like a fire, and a hammer: last week I saw many quite struck down. Our Lord is working upon little children. *America*, ere long, will be famous for Christians. Surely the candlestick will shortly be removed from *England*. Little did I think, when Mr. *E—— J——* wrote, that I should preach in all the chief places of *America*: but that is now done; glory be to rich, free, and sovereign grace! Perhaps about Spring I may embark for my native country: the Lord vouchsafe us a happy meeting. O *Wales*, thou art dear to my soul! My love to all the brethren. Dear brother *H——*, I pray God you may

prosper, even as your soul prospers. Expect another journal shortly: but wait till we come to glory, fully to see and hear what God hath done for

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXI.

To his Excellency Jonathan Belcher, Esq., in Boston.

Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1740.

THOUGH late, I now snatch a few moments to send your excellency my acknowledgments for all honours received at *Boston*: they are much upon my heart. I pray God to reward your excellency a thousand-fold.

Great things hath the glorious *Emmanuel* done for me and his people on the way: the word has been attended with much power. Surely our Lord intends to set *America* in a flame. This week Mr. *G——* *T——* purposes to set out for *Boston*, in order to blow up the divine fire lately kindled there. I recommend him to your excellency as a solid, judicious, and zealous minister of the Lord Jesus Christ: he will be ready to preach daily: I suppose his brethren will readily open their doors: may the Lord at the same time open the people's hearts, that they may diligently attend to the things that shall be spoken. Dear Mr. *R——* grows in grace: I left him at *Brunswick*, full of gratitude for his late journey. I am persuaded it was of God. I hope he will be instrumental in quickening both ministers and

people. He is worthy of your excellency's particular regard: under God he may need it. I expect he will soon be reviled and persecuted for his blessed Master's sake: may the Lord enable him to rejoice and be exceeding glad. Dear Sir, the welfare of dear *Boston* people, especially the welfare of your own soul, lies upon me night and day. I remember your tears: I remember your excellency's words, "Mr. *Whitefield*, pray that I may hunger and thirst after righteousness." O how did these words rejoice me! for I thought your excellency wanted a more clear view of your own vileness, and of the all-sufficiency of Jesus Christ; I mean a more clear, experimental view: for what is all head-knowledge without that of the heart? it only settles people more upon their lees. May God give you to see and to follow the simplicity of the blessed Jesus. Whilst you are in the world, may you not be of it: may you be dead to magnificence, and alive to nothing but what leads you directly to your God.

Honoured Sir, I make no apology for this freedom: your excellency bid me not spare rulers; no, not the chief of them. Indeed I long after your salvation; O that I could do any thing to promote it! If my prayers, or any thing within my power may be instrumental thereunto, your excellency may command, honoured Sir,

Your Excellency's obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXII.

To Mr. M——, at London.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1740.

My dear Brother,

STILL my Lord shews me greater things. At *New-York* the Holy Ghost came down like a mighty rushing wind. At *Baskenridge* still a greater awakening among young and old. One that received Christ cried out, “He is come! He is come!” &c. The poor creature was wrapped up in the Lord Jesus: and both there and at *New-York* my soul was taken almost out of the body. At *Newark* the Lord worked wonderfully amongst some young men; and here at *Philadelphia* the word runs very swiftly. This afternoon, how beautiful did the Lord appear in his sanctuary! I would cry out, “How amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts!” In several places, almost as large as *Northampton*, are many faithful labourers. We all think and speak the same things: O that it was so at *London*! The Lord enables me to confute error wherever I see it. Pray for me, that I may be made faithful to my Lord and Master: he is dearer to me every day: he will have mercy,

because he will have mercy. See brother *L*——'s letter. Another journal comes out shortly. My hearty love to all. Stand fast in the faith: quit yourselves like men: be strong. Above all, give thanks to God; and pray in behalf of, dear Mr. *M*——,

Your most affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXIII.

To Mr. G—— L——.

Philadelphia, Nov. 10, 1740.

Dear Brother L——,

I Wrote to you last week from *New-York*. You may give friends this brief account of me: On last *Saturday* evening I arrived at this place, having preached at *Staten Island*, *Newark*, *Baskenridge*, *New Brunswick*, and *Trenton*, in my way hither from *New York*. A wonderful presence of God was observable at *New-York*, *Baskenridge*, and *Newark*. I preached here twice yesterday, and also to-day, in a large house built by the people since I was here last. It is an hundred feet long, and seventy feet wide; and is intended for a school, as well as a place for public worship. The walls are brick, and the roof is now almost ready to be put up. God hath remarkably appeared in the carrying on the building; and the holy spirit hath sweetly moved on the hearers souls every time I preached in it. I intend, God willing, to stay here this, and to embark for *Georgia* the latter end of next

week; and propose, God willing, to return to *England* for a short time, in the Spring.

The Lord highly favours me; I am more sick of myself, and more in love with Christ daily: he is a dear, dear Master: Oh that all would love him with all their hearts! Adieu: it is late. The Lord be with your spirit.

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. D——, at New Brunswick.

Salem, Nov. 20, 1740.

My very dear Brother,

EXCESS of business, not a want of love, prevented my writing to you from *Philadelphia*. I feel that I love you in the bowels of the dear Jesus, our ever blessed and glorious *Emmanuel*: he hath done great things for me since you left us. Yesterday at *Cohansie* the spirit of the Lord moved over the whole congregation: what reason have we to be thankful for the great things we both see and hear! My dear brother, indeed I desire to lie in the dust. O how good is my Lord to me! thoughts cannot conceive, or words express it! I long to be in glory, that I may praise him as I would. I rejoice to hear that the Lord is with you. Shortly, I believe, you will evangelize. All friends kindly salute you. Adieu. In great haste, I am

Your very affectionate, though unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXV.

To Mr. J—— H——.

Bohemia, (Maryland) Nov. 24, 1740.

My very dear Brother,

I Rejoice to hear that you are married: I salute your wife and my sister in Christ: may you love one another, as Christ and his church. I have lately conversed closely with *P—— B——*: alas! we differ widely in many respects; therefore, to avoid disputation and jealousies on both sides, it is best to carry on the work of God apart. The divisions among the brethren sometimes grieve, but do not surprize me. How can it be otherwise, when teachers do not think and speak the same things? God grant we may keep up a cordial undissembled love towards each other, notwithstanding our different opinions. O how do I long for heaven! Surely, *there* will be no divisions, no strife there, but who shall sing with most affection to the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne. Dear *James*, there I hope to meet thee; for the dear Jesus, I believe, hath locked thee fast in his almighty arms. Lean thou on his sacred bosom night and day; keep close to him, and be

what I long to be, a little child. Adieu. I am ready to weep tears of love. My dear brother, I should be glad to wash any of the brethren's feet: indeed I am now willing to be the servant of all. The more the Lord honours me, the more I feel my unworthiness. I am sometimes sick of love, and often, often sick of self. O that God should have mercy on such a sinner! Help me, dear *James*, to praise my Saviour. A glorious church is raising in *America*. The Lord mightily reveals his arm. It would please you to see his outgoings, his stately steps in the great congregation. I only want fellow-labourers. I look to Jesus for this, and for every thing. I desire you to print nothing against your conscience: only do not immediately censure every thing that may not seem clear to you: our Lord may guide me, even into things which as yet you may not see into. The day of judgment will discover all. Adieu.

Ever, ever yours in our blessed *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. J. W.

Bohemia (Maryland) Nov. 24, 1740.

Dear and Hon. Sir,

LAST night brother *G——* brought me your two kind letters. O that there may be harmony, and very intimate union between us! Yet it cannot be, since you hold *universal Redemption*. But no more of this. Perhaps, in Spring, we may see each other face to face. This evening, God willing, I propose to embark for *Georgia*. Wonderful things our Lord brings to pass, in these parts, every day. Here is a close opposition from some of the *Presbyterian Clergy*. The seed of the serpent is the same in all, of whatever communion. I expect much more opposition every hour. The devil rages in *London*. He begins now to triumph indeed. The children of God are disunited among themselves. The king of the church shall yet over-rule all things for good. My dear brother, for Christ's sake avoid all disputation. Do not oblige me to preach against you; I had rather die. Be gentle towards the ——. They will get great advantage over you, if they discover any irregular

warmth in your temper. I cannot for my soul unite with the *Moravian Brethren*. *Honoured Sir*, Adieu!

Yours eternally in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXVII.

Saint George's (Pensylvania) Nov. 24, 1740.

Dear Brother T——,

GOD has revived his own work in *Philadelphia*. His glory filled the great house. The affairs belonging thereto, I believe, are well settled. We have had precious times at *Cohansi*, *Salem*, *Fogs-mannor*, *Nottingham*, *Whiteclay*, *Creek* and *Bohemia*. Brother *G——* is come from *England* very opportunely. Brother *S——* comes about *Christmas*. The brethren I think do grow, though sadly divided. But our Lord will order all for good.—Upon several accounts, I think it best to embark for *England* as soon as possible in the Spring. O pray for me, that I may not by any means grieve the children of God. I hope the weather is warm enough for you. I trust our Lord has warmed and filled your dear soul. Your brother *Charles* is with me. My dear fellow travellers salute you and our dear brother *R——*. My love to all that love the Lord Jesus. The war goes on bravely between *Michael* and the *Dragon*. Our dear Lord (O condescending love!) is wonderous kind to your poor, weak, unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

Reedy-Island, Nov. 26, 1740.

Dear Mr. F——,

I Thank you for your letter.—You may print my life, as you desire. God willing, I shall correct my two volumes of sermons, and send them the very first opportunity.—Pray write to me by every ship, that goes shortly to *Charles-Town*.——

I shall embark for *England*, God willing, about *February*.—I desire I may hear from you there also, as often as possible. I have prefaced *Jenks*, and *Presumptuous sinners detected*. Mr. *Bradford* has the last, because he said he was to print it. You may have it of him.—The *Ornaments of the daughter of Sion*, you may have hereafter. Dear Sir, Adieu. I do not despair of your seeing the reasonableness of Christianity. Apply to God; be willing to do the divine will, and you shall know it. I have heard from Mr. *S*——; all is well. To-day several friends have taken leave of me at this place, waiting for a fair wind in order to embark for *Georgia*. I think I have been on shore 73 days, and have been enabled to travel upwards of 800 miles, and to preach

170 times, besides very frequent exhortations at private houses. I have collected, in goods and money, upwards of 700*l.* sterling, for the Orphan-house; blessed be God! Great and visible are the fruits of my late, as well as former feeble labours, and people in general seem more eager after the word than ever. O the love of God to

Your unworthy friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

To Mr. N. in New-York.

Charles-Town, Dec. 10, 1740.

My very dear Brother,

IN eight days, the Lord brought us hither. We arrived last night, when the Redeemer vouchsafed so to fill me with his divine consolations, that I could scarce sleep. I have been preaching this morning on the fire that happened of late from these words, Isa. i. 9. "Except the Lord of Hosts had left unto us a very small remnant, we should have been as *Sodom*, and we should have been like unto *Gomorrah*." I am now determined to see *England* as soon as possible. I have had much of God's presence in our passage hither from *Philadelphia*, and have many precious letters to send you. O follow me with your prayers. I leave *Charles-Town*, God willing, to-night, in order to hasten to their relief, and shall go in the same sloop which brought me here, to my beloved *Georgia*. As soon as possible, I will send you a long letter. In the mean while, accept of my love from, dear Mr. *N*——,

Your very affectionate friend and brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXL.

To Mr. G—— C——.

On board the Savannah for Georgia, Dec. 11, 1740.

Dear Brother C——,

YOUR late letters, especially that which you sent me by way of *Charles-Town*, made me smile.—I was glad to find that you had not so far thrown off all outward things, as to resolve not to write to any one; and I thought I knew the frame of your heart, as though I was within you. My dear, dear *George C——*, I love you tenderly in the bowels of Jesus Christ, and therefore would not have you be deceived. Alas, why do you pervert this text of scripture, "Be still, and know that I am the Lord," as if it was designed to keep a Christian from striving, or meant a *stillness of body*, or waiting upon God only in silence? The expression is taken out of the 46th Psalm, where God's fury against the heathen is described in the most lively colours; and then lest his people should complain of the severity of his dispensations, God commands them to be *still*, "not to murmur or repine, knowing that he was the Lord, and might do what seemed him good." Thus

Tate and *Brady* in their translations explain it, and this is the true and genuine meaning of that sentence. It hath no reference to stillness in prayer, or stillness of body. Dear brother, I speak to you plainly, because I love you. I think I know what it is to wait upon the Lord in silence, and to feel the spirit of God making intercession for me with groanings which cannot be uttered. Often have I been at such times filled as it were with the fulness of God, and I do now daily carry on a communion with the most high God and the ever-blessed Jesus. But all this I fear is contrary to the *false stillness*, you and some others seem to have fallen into. I was just in the same case some years ago at *Oxford*, when I declined writing, reading, and such like exercises, because I would be *still*. The Lord convinced me; I pray he may also convince you of this delusion. Dear *George*, consider how contrary your maxim is to our Saviour's. You say, "*Be still.*" He says, "*Strive.*" As in an agony, "Strive that you may enter in at the strait gate." Indeed, my dear man, I pity you, knowing you have but a weak judgment, though a well-meaning heart. You once thought that you was born again; then, you found it was only an elapse of the Holy Ghost. You used to say, you wished you could believe from experience in the doctrine of election; now, you find as yet no evidence within yourself that you are a real Christian. You take too much refuge, I fear, in the doctrine of *universal redemption*. It is the finest doctrine in the world to cause a soul to be falsely still, and to say *Peace, Peace*, when there is no peace. You seem to insist upon sinless perfection, and to think a man hath no real salvation till he literally cannot commit sin. From whose experience do you write this? Not from your *own*, dear *George*; for I much question, if ever your heart was truly broken or had a saving closure with Christ. You seem to mention *Peter Bochler* as an instance; but alas, though he has been washed in the blood of the Lamb, so

as to be justified from all his sins, yet like me his feet want washing still, and will, till he bows down his head and gives up the ghost. I have conversed with him intimately. Take heed, brother, of having any thing too much in admiration, or of thinking you must necessarily find Christ at such and such a place. You have been at *M*——. I believe you have seen many dear children of God; but have you returned home with Christ in your heart? Your letters do not speak much improvement in the school of Christ. If God loves you, he will let you see the vanity of your present imaginations, and bring you to see that salvation is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. Dear *George*, be not given to change; be not too fond of new things. "To the law and to the testimony," and see what Christ and his apostles have spoken. I speak this out of love, and not in reference to myself. If God blesses another ministry to your soul, I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. But if I see you fall into errors, do not be angry if I tell you the truth. If you are, I will notwithstanding love and pray for you. That errors are crept in among you, I think is too plain: but I suspend my judgment till the Spring, when, God willing, I hope to be in *London*. In the mean while pray for me, that I may with joy bear to be deserted by those, who once were blessed and awakened by my ministry, and to whom I am a spiritual father, though they may have many instructors. Dear *George*, may the Lord be with you. He only knows how dear you are to my heart. It is near midnight; but it was much upon my heart to write you this letter. That God may sanctify it to your edification and comfort, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXLI.

To the Rev. Mr. C——.

Good-Hope (South-Carolina) Jan. 1, 1741.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I am now going to *Charles-Town*, in order to embark for *England*; the cloud of God's providence seems to be moving that way; I have enjoyed much of the divine presence since I left *Boston*, and have had a comfortable Christmas with my dear family at *Georgia*. At my return, I found my Orphan-houshold removed from *Savannah* to *Bethesda*, and great improvements made during the time of my absence. The great house will be finished, God willing, so as to be habitable, in about two months. It would have been finished so far by this time, if the *Spaniards* had not taken a schooner loaded with bricks and other provisions to a considerable value; but God about the same time stirred up the heart of a planter in *South-Carolina*, lately brought home at the orphan-house to God, to send my family some rice and beef. At other times, when they have wanted food, the *Indians* have brought plenty of venison. God, every day, more and more

convinces us that this work is of him. His power has been made known, especially among the young ones. I bless God, I have settled my family to my great satisfaction, and verily believe I shall live to see great things come from the Orphan-house. God works upon the hearts of the labourers. One woman hath had a glorious discovery of Christ made to her heart: last week, two or three men where brought into heart-distress, and another young man that came to see us, was made so sick of sin, as to feel the want of, and to enquire after the great and all-powerful physician of souls. My family, I think, consists now of 89 persons. Next year my expences will be contracted much; but at present, I am in debt about 500*l.* sterling. However, I know in whom I have believed, One who is able to pay it. My public accounts will be published as soon as I arrive at *London*, with a prospect of the Orphan-house, and other little houses and gardens annexed unto it. I am now at the house of one *Mr. Jonathan B——*, who, I trust, with his brother *Mr. H—— B——*, and another young man, lately a player in *New-York*, are settled by a living faith in Jesus Christ. The latter, I intend for the ministry. Mr. *H—— B——*'s wife died not long since, rejoicing in God her Saviour. Several others also in these parts are grown in grace, and Mr. *C——*'s ministry hath been much blessed.—Satan hath been sowing tares in old *England*. Oh that *Boston* ministers and people may pray for me! Indeed, I love them in the bowels of the blessed Jesus. *Vale! longum etsi spero non in æternum, vale.* That Christ's kingdom may flourish in your heart, and that you may greatly promote it in the souls of others, is the hearty prayer of, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate unworthy fellow-servant, in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCXLII.

To the Rev. Mr. C——.

Charles-Town, Jan. 12, 1741.

Dear and Reverend Sir,

LAST *Saturday* I was taken up for being concerned in correcting the inclosed printed letter, written by Mr. *H—— B——n*, whose conversion you have an account of in the other letter sent herewith. I think it may be for God's glory to have them all printed in *Boston*. I am bound over to appear next sessions, as well as Mr. *B——*. He, I believe, for *libelling the king*, and I for *libelling the clergy*, in saying they break the Canons daily. I think, dear Sir, these are earnests of what I must expect to meet with in my native country. Opposition, as yet, seems to be only like a cloud rising out of the sea, no bigger than a man's hand. Perhaps it will gather to a great body, and break upon the church of God. Our Lord will be our refuge in every storm. He is much with my soul, and fills me abundantly, I could almost say superabundantly, with his presence. We have seen precious times. One person had a glorious discovery of Christ about two days ago. I expect my

family will be like the burning bush. I find I am in debt for them upwards of six hundred pounds: but the Lord will provide.—My most tender love awaits all that love him. I am to appear at the sessions by an attorney. Dear Sir, remember,

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXLIII.

To the Rev. Mr. C——, at Rhode Island.

Charles-Town, Jan. 16, 1741.

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I Snatch a few moments to write you a line before I embark for *England*. Blessed be God, you are near your desired haven. Yet a little while, and you shall safely arrive in *Abraham*'s bosom. *I præ, sequar, esti non passibus equis*.—Great things God is doing daily. The kingdom of heaven (I hope) is at hand. I am bound over to appear at the sessions here, by my attorney, for libelling the clergy, because I corrected the letter inclosed. A scene of suffering lies before me, but wherefore should I fear? Our Lord strengthens me mightily in the inner man. We have had much of his presence in our assemblies. But I must have done. Dear and Reverend Sir, adieu. I scarce expect to see you again in the flesh; but this is my comfort, I shall see and rejoice with you above. There, I will sit and tell you what God hath done for

Your unworthy brother and servant in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXLIV.

To the Rev. Mr. C——, in Boston.

Charles-Town, Jan. 16, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

THOUGH I have packed up two letters for you already, yet I cannot refrain from sending you a third. Just now I was favoured with yours dated last *December 1*. Indeed, it gave me much comfort, and endeared the writer of it to me more and more. Sir, why am I thus highly favoured! I now wish to sink exceeding low, and cry out, Grace, grace! O the love of God! The sovereignty of Christ! The unchangeable loving-kindness of our heavenly Father! Excuse me, dear Mr. *C*——; my heart is full. I want for all men to love the Lord Jesus. It greatly rejoices me, to hear so many are coming to him. He is a loving tender master. He attends to my minutest wants, and surprizingly helps me in every emergency. I thank dear Mr. *C*——, for the kind token of his love. Good measure pressed down and running over, may God return into your bosom! You will be pleased to correct the press. I am filled with comfort to hear of the conduct of the dear governor, &c. I cannot

but think our Lord will let his word run, and be abundantly glorified in *America*. *Boston* people are much upon my heart. The memory of their forefathers is precious to my soul. May you live to see the spirit of scriptural *Puritanism* universally prevail! I hope you will write every opportunity. If I am in prison, it will make me arise at midnight to sing praises to God, to hear that *Boston* people are alive to Christ. At present, my heart is full of peace and joy. We have had solemn meetings. I am much strengthened on every side; but I must not say more. Time is short. Dear Mr. *C——*, adieu. May the Lord be with you and yours. I could now drop a tear of love.—My love to all.

I am yours &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCXLV.

To Mr. W—— D——, at Boston.

On board the Minerva, for England, Jan. 17, 1741.

Dear Sir,

MR. *P——* hath just brought me your kind letter. Blessed be God, that his word runs and is glorified in *Boston*. Surely, dear Sir, I shall never forget that people; indeed, they are very near and dear unto my soul. May those of your own household, in particular, be not only convicted but converted; may the dear Jesus fill you with all peace and joy in believing, and enable you to pray for, dear Sir,

Yours in the blessed Jesus,

G. W.

P. S. Excuse great haste; our ship is just under sail. My dear companions kindly salute you and yours.

LETTER CCXLVI.

To Mr. Wm. G——.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 8, 1741. in latitude 35, 24 N.

My dear brother,

SEE how soon I write to you, and from thence infer how I love you. Whether it proceeds from the pride and naughtiness of my heart, I cannot tell; but, I frankly confess, I love to see persons humble, kind, and courteous to those, whom God hath made their spiritual fathers. I believe it is well pleasing to God, and very amiable in the sight of all good men. Your Christian grateful behaviour to me in this respect, hath much endeared you to me. God only knows how I love you. I bear you upon my heart, and often secretly sigh out before the Lord,—"O let my dear brother *G——* live before thee." This is the desire of my soul for you. I cannot wish you a better thing. Yet a little while, and we shall be together again. But, before that time, I expect to suffer great things. The Lord is able to deliver me out of all. I have just now experienced his divine assistance in composing a sermon. This is the *sixth* which he has enabled me to finish, since I have

been on board. O my dear brother, love a precious Christ, and shew it by adorning his gospel in all things. He has highly favoured you, indeed he hath. If you and I are not eminently holy, if you and I think any thing too much to be done for the Lord, we are of all men the most ungrateful. O the love of Christ! I feel it, I feel it. God now sheds it abroad in my heart. May it abundantly also be shed on you by the Holy Ghost. Write to me if in prison, my friends will bring it to me there. God will hear me for you even in a dungeon. Methinks I see you weep; but weep not for me, unless it be before the Lord, and then I care not how soon you retire, and pour out your prayers in behalf of, dear Mr. *G——*,

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXLVII.

To Mrs. L——, at Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 11, 1741.

Dear Mrs. L——,

YOU was upon the mount when I left *Charles-Town*; I hope you have not thrown yourself down. Keep close to Christ, and cast not off your first love. Remember what God has done for your soul. Forget not the glorious discovery Jesus Christ has made of himself to your heart; and though a cloud should overshadow you, let not Satan make you doubt of your being a child of God. O Mrs. *L——*, how holy ought you to be in all manner of conversation and godliness! Why are you taken? Why are you in the arms of everlasting love? Methinks I hear you cry out, Grace! grace! And well you may; for indeed you are saved by grace. The free grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you now and for ever more. Blessed be God, I experience much of it in the ship. I hope divine grace moves me to send you this small letter. If God blesses it to your soul, put up a short prayer for

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

To Mrs. W——, at James-Island.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 11, 1741.

Dear Madam,

MY heart's desire and prayer to God is, that you may be saved. I hope you will find, it is not impossible for you to be born again when you are old. God forbid. Though at the eleventh hour, I trust our Lord will meet you, and cause you, whenever you depart, with good old *Simeon*, to depart in peace. I heartily thank you, madam, for all favours conferred on me and mine. We have not forgotten you on board. I do not forget to mention you in my secret prayers. May God reveal his dear Son in your soul, and fill you with all peace and joy in believing! O what a staff will this be to you in your old age! How pleasantly then will you walk by your vault, and say, "There shall I lay my weary bones ere long." I hope you do not startle at the thoughts of death. Believe in Christ. Get a saving interest in his blood, and then you may cry out, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory?" Blessed be God, the prospect of death is pleasing to my soul. I would not

live here always: I want to be gone. That you and I, whenever our appointed time is come, may live with Christ, is the earnest prayer of, madam,

Your obliged friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXLIX.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 12, 1741.

Dear Mrs. T.,

MUST I pray for you in the language of *Martha* and *Mary*, saying, "Lord, she whom thou lovest is sick!" Or hath he who touched *Peter*'s wife's mother, rebuked the illness that was coming upon you, when I saw you last, and caused it to leave you? But, however the Lord has dealt with you, I hope he hath been glorified in and by you. I heard he had by his word and spirit spoken to your soul, and given you satisfaction, that he had loved you with an everlasting love. I rejoice in it from my soul. The Lord increase your comforts daily, and shew you all his glory. Dear Mrs. *T*——, think often of your departed sister. Follow her as she did Christ; and then shortly, where she is you shall be also. O the happiness she now enjoys! It is too dazzling for mortal eyes. I want to leap my seventy years, and fly away to God. Well, it will not be long. Dear Mrs. *T*——, let us patiently tarry till our change come. Our Lord will carry us safe through time, and waft us

triumphantly into eternity. The love of Christ constrained me to write these lines; accept them for his sake, from

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCL.

To Mr. H——, at Port-Royal, South-Carolina.
On board the Minerva, Feb. 16, 1741.

Dear Mr. H.,

THE love of Christ constrains me to write you a line, though as yet no further than the western islands. I trust the Lord hath called you by name, and enabled you to say "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." Who knows but he may call you yet further, even to minister before him? Whether it be so or not, make it your daily study to prepare your heart to serve the Lord in any station. To be a doorkeeper in the house of God, is a glorious post. Surely, you and I may sing of mercy and electing love. How often have we acted a part for the devil? The remembrance of it is grievous unto me. Let us both now labour daily to act a part for God. He heaps kindnesses on me every hour. We have hitherto had a wonderful pleasant passage. I hope it is in some measure owing to your prayers. Let this encourage you to pray again. Our God is a God hearing prayer. I write now, lest excess of business should prevent my writing in *England*. The Lord is girding me for the

battle, and strengthening me mightily in the inner man. “O give thanks unto the Lord of all Lords, because his mercy endureth for ever.” You will not fail writing to

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLI.

To the Reverend Mr. C——, in Charles-Town.
On board the Minerva, Feb. 17, 1741.

My dear Brother,

THE Lord hath been with me, and is now with me in an especial manner. I have been enabled to prepare nine discourses for the press. My body waxes stronger, and last night the great God in a glorious manner filled and overshadowed my soul. I am panting after the compleat holiness of Jesus my Lord. I have various scenes of action lying before me, and am waiting upon the Lord my God for direction. He assures me that he will be with me. He saith unto me, "Fear not, speak out, no one shall set upon thee to hurt thee." Dear Mr. *C*——, God's goodness quite surprizes me. I cannot express myself better, than in a stanza or two of *Erskine* in his Paraphrase upon *Solomon*'s song.

I.

What wonders Lord dost thou perform,
That stoopest thus so low,

To put thy beauty on a worm,

And then commend it so.

II.

What, dost thou praise a native black?

I blush to find it true;

O lend me words to render back

The praise to whom ’tis due.

I hope my love will find acceptance with all your flock who know me, and who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. I have often comforted myself and companions with this saying, “Now Mr. *C*—— and our other friends are praying for us.” At the receipt of this, turn your prayers into praises, and then turn your praises again into prayers, in behalf of, dear Mr. *C*——,

Your affectionate brother and fellow-labourer in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCLII.

To Mr. H. B.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 16, 1741.

My dear brother in Christ,

BEFORE this is brought to your hands, I suppose you will have been arraigned before the Chief Justice. I am persuaded our Lord will plead on your behalf, and strengthen you with his mighty power in the inner man. The greater progress you make in the divine life, the more you will discover of the enmity that is in the seed of the serpent. It bruised our master's heel; it will also bruise ours. Here is our comfort, God who cannot lie, hath told us, that "we shall bruise his head." In the strength of this promise, I can give men and devils the challenge. Whole legions are ready to beset me. By the help of my God, I shall triumph over all.—I hope we shall grow in grace before we meet again. You and I have weak crazy tabernacles; I hope you rejoice in the prospect of putting them off shortly; blessed be God, I do.—Dear Sir, get acquainted more and more with electing love; study the covenant of redemption, and see how God loved you with an everlasting

love. This will cause you to glory only in the Lord, and to pass through the valley of the shadow of death, with a full assurance of faith; knowing that Christ hath engaged to lodge you safe in eternal glory. Thither your dear wife is gone before us; I often think of, I could almost say envy her; but perhaps that is wrong. Yet a little while, and our precious Lord shall take both you, and

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLIII.

To Mr. B——, at Port-Royal.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 16, 1741.

Dear Mr. B.,

I Hope you will never forget that day, hour, or moment, wherein God met you at *Savannah*. If you have in some measure, do so no more. “Awake thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light.” Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. No man can serve two masters. Use the world, but let it be as though you used it not. The fashion of this world will soon, very soon, fade away. Dear Mr. *B——*, I am persuaded, will not be offended at this plain dealing. He knows I love him. God knows it also. With much affection, I subscribe myself

Your friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCLIV.

To Mrs. B.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 16, 1741.

Dear Mrs. B.,

WHEN you read that Jesus loved *Lazarus*, *Mary*, and their sister *Martha*, do you not make a particular application to your own family? I think our Lord has been equally kind to your houshold. Walk as becometh members of the houshold of faith. I hope you have had full satisfaction about your state, and know assuredly that Christ is your Saviour. If not, be not discouraged; go on the way of duty, is the way of safety. By-and-by your soul shall magnify the Lord, and your spirit rejoice in God your Saviour. This is the hearty desire of, dear Mrs. *B*——,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLV.

To Mr. J—— B——.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 16, 1741.

Dear Mr. B——,

YOUR name, *Jonathan*, puts me in mind of a good old testament worthy. Follow him in his faith, and dare to scale the wall of the *Philistines*. Be not afraid, though already bound over as a *libeller*; shortly you shall shine in the kingdom of your Father; I say, your Father; for God is your God, and will be your guide and guard unto death. Does not this astonish you? Do not you feel your heart melt? Are you not ready to cry out, "Why me, Lord?" The oftener you repeat such language the better. I love to see a soul lie in the dust under a sense of electing love; you and yours have been highly favoured. May God give you all grace to walk worthy of the holy vocation wherewith you are called. I write this out of the fulness of my heart. Though not present, yet I fain would converse with you. O that I may see you grown in grace! Remember me to your wife. The Lord be with you both: He hath been, he is now with me. You are often upon my heart. God reward you for

your kindness to the Orphans. Do not slack your hands towards them. Our bountiful master will richly reward you. Go on steadily in the use of, but do not trust in ordinances. You know what I mean. Be steady and bold, yet meek and catholic in your conversation and practice; and if God hath influenced you by my ministry, give him the glory, and for Christ's sake pray for

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLVI.

To Mr. B——, in Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 16, 1741.

Dear Mr. B.,

I Think of you often, indeed I do, I long to hear that complete salvation is come to your soul. I say complete salvation, for my dear friend knows that reformation is not conversion. O that you may experience a life hid with Christ in God! Some who seemingly put their hands to the plough, have already shamefully looked back; will Mr. *B.* also go away? Methinks I hear him say, "Whether shall I go? Jesus Christ alone hath the words of eternal life." True, Jesus alone is the way, the truth and the life; flee, flee to him, my dear friend; with arms he stands ready to embrace, and will save you to the uttermost. Remember, my friend, the vows of the Lord are upon you. These hands reached out to you the sacred symbols of his precious body and blood. These eyes saw you eat and drink of his bread and his wine. O do not betray, but manfully stand up for the Lord Jesus. You was once bold for satan, be now bold for your Christ. His love excites me to write to, and

pray for you. Your wife also I intreat the Lord to bless, together with your children. My friends join me in hearty wishes for your welfare. I am, dear Mr. *B——*,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLVII.

To the Rev. Mr. D——, at Edinburgh.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 16, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

IF I mistake not, Mr. *M.* informed me, that you was entered into the ministry; I pray God to enable you to make full proof of it. O dear Sir, how holy ought we to be, who are called to stand before the Lord.—When I consider the greatness of the office and my own unworthiness, I am sometimes quite abashed. This promise, "Lo I am with you always," is my daily support. Blessed be God, I find it fulfilled in my soul. A great work is begun in *America*, at *Georgia*, *South-Carolina*, *New-York*, *Philadelphia*, and *New-England*. God has confirmed the word by spiritual miracles and signs. You will see what I have wrote to dear Mr. *T*——. Your assistance in respect to the Orphan-house will be very acceptable. I am several hundreds of pounds in debt on that account. The God whom I serve is able to discharge it. You have heard of the liberality of the *New-England* people; dear Mr. *D*—— God's goodness astonishes me. What! can I think any thing

too much to do, or to suffer for so dear a Master? I was lately bound over at *Charles-Town* in *South-Carolina*, for libelling the clergy. The *libel*, falsely so called, I shall soon send you after my arrival. Thus opposition is coming on gradually: pray that the Lord may cover me with all his armour. I am a weak defenceless creature in myself; Jesus alone is my strength and my Redeemer. I write this on board, that you may know, you are not forgotten; no, tho' I never saw you in the flesh, you are much beloved by, dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and fellow-labourer in our dear Lord's vineyard,

G. W.

LETTER CCLVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. T——, at Edisto.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 17, 1741.

Dear Mr. T.,

PROVIDENCE prevented my coming to see you at *Edisto*,—however, I must not omit writing to you now. How is it with your heart? I hope you are not *nimis uxorius*; take heed, my dear *B——*, take heed. Time is short. It remains that those who have wives, be as tho' they had none. Let nothing intercept, or interrupt your communion with the bridegroom of the church. I hope you do not feel such damps of soul, as you used to complain of. May the Lord of glory dispel every black cloud, and cause you continually to rejoice in his salvation. You have strong passions. The Lord Jesus is stronger: In his strength may you subdue them, till you are meek as a lamb, and are become a very little child. I write thus, because I pray for you most heartily.—Deal with me in the same manner; and now, dear brother, farewel. The Lord be with you. He is pleased to refresh my soul, and give me the prospect of a short passage. I commend myself and affairs to the

prayers of your flock, and I earnestly recommend you to the God of all grace. That he may bless you and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mr. *T.*——,

Your affectionate brother and fellow-labourer in the Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCLIX.

To Mrs. B——, in Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 17, 1741.

Dear Mrs. B.,

I Am much obliged to you many ways. The Lord reward you a thousand-fold. Your prayers are heard. God is carrying us upon the wings of the wind. The angel of the covenant accompanies us in the way. The present season is a time of refreshing to my soul. I hope it will be a profitable voyage. I think I see more into the wickedness of my own heart, and the unsearchable riches of the Lord Jesus, who hath redeemed me by his precious blood. I believe you can say so: Why do you shake your head? Woman, why doubtest thou? Has not the Lord visited your soul? Have you not heard him say in his word, applied by his spirit, “I have loved thee with an everlasting love?” And do you think God would tell you so, if it was not so? Away therefore with all desponding fears; come boldly, with a full assurance of faith, and draw water plentifully out of the wells of salvation. O that all were comforted, as I am now comforted of God. I would not eat my

spiritual morsels alone. I hope, a letter from you will acquaint me, how good the Lord has been to your soul. I have no greater joy, than to hear that my Christian friends walk in the truth. The Lord be with you. Remember me to your father and sisters. That you all may be true members of the houshold of faith, prays

Your affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCLX.

To Mr. B. and his wife at Bethesda.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 17, 1741.

Dear brother B——,

WHEN I left *Charles-Town*, the Lord seemed to give me a full assurance, that we should have a speedy passage.—We have hitherto had scarce any contrary winds, and are now very near the Western Islands. We had one storm the first week, but almost ever since have been favoured with weather as well as wind. O that you would call the family together, and praise the Lord for the mercies conferred on us the unworthiest of the sons of men! I do not know that I have failed praying for you one day, since I have been out. I long to hear what the Lord hath done for your souls. What say you? Do you live in love? Do you strive together with me in your prayers? Are any of the Orphan Lambs bleating after their great Shepherd? Is your mouth opened? Is your heart enlarged? Is your soul swallowed up in God? Does *Bethesda* answer its name? Is it, indeed, an house of mercy? These questions, I hope to have answer'd in the affirmative. If you ask, how it is

with my soul? Blessed be God, I can reply, “Very well.” The Lord gives me a feeling possession of himself. I have been enabled to compose *nine discourses* for the press. God willing, you shall hear from me often. I write this, that I may be ready, if I should hear of any ship coming your way immediately upon my arrival; receive it as a token of my love, which God knows is unfeigned, from

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXI.

To Mr. J. B——, Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 17, 1741.

Dear Mr. B——,

I Think I owe you a letter; I believe you love me in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I hope our love is reciprocal. How can it be otherwise with those, who have drank of the same spirit? I long for that happy time, when we shall be swallowed up in the vision and full fruition of the glorious Godhead. The bunch of grapes makes me long to eat of the full clusters in the heavenly Canaan. The first-fruits make me pant after the full harvest. Perhaps you may go and partake of it first, and drink new wine before me in the kingdom of our Father; I hope I shall not stay long after you, if not called before. My soul is sick of love. Nothing can satisfy it, but the full sight and enjoyment of Christ. He now visits my soul, and causes it mightily to rejoice in his salvation. How lovingly he hath dealt with me in other respects, letters sent to other friends can best inform you. Haste, read, hear, and join with them in giving thanks and praying for

Your affectionate friend and brother and servant in Christ,
G. W.

LETTER CCLXII.

To Mrs. S——, in Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 17, 1741.

Dear Mrs. S——,

MY soul is now in an heavenly frame, swallowed up in God, and melted down by the love of my dear Lord Jesus. It is almost too big to speak. I will give it vent by writing to you. Our master hath been exceeding gracious, and has shewn me several tokens for good, which I desired of him in secret prayer. Last night, I think I received as full satisfaction as I could desire, in respect to *my marriage*. I believe what I have done, is of God; tho' I know not when my heart was more disengaged from earthly thoughts than now. I only desire, that the dear Jesus may be glorified in me, whether it be by life or by death. I depend on your sending me a particular account of affairs at *Charles-Town*. I have wrote to many; you will hear how my letters are received. I shall be glad to hear how it is with your own soul. I beseech you to live near to Christ, and to keep up a holy walk with God. Be inward with God in your duties. Trust and hang on God, even when he hides himself

from you. He will be your guide unto death. Hunger and thirst daily after the righteousness of Christ. Be content with no degree of sanctification. Be always crying out, “Lord, let me know more of myself and of thee; O let me receive grace for grace of thy dear Son.” This, at present, is the full desire of my soul. I am persuaded the Lord will satisfy it. God is love; we cannot think too highly of him; we cannot expect too great things to be done by him. His right hand, I believe, will bring mighty things to pass. I am now entering on a scene of trials. The Lord hath sent me on the seas to prepare me for them. Not that I depend on any stock of grace already received, I would look to Christ continually. But whither am I running? I forget myself. I almost fancy, I am talking with you. I have only room to acquaint you, that dear *J——— S———* sits by me, and cordially salutes you, with

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. S——, Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 17, 1741.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOU have been very kind to me in many respects; but I have been ungrateful to you, and infinitely more so to my gracious God. I have not failed frequently to bemoan my unworthiness. Since I have been on board, the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping, and now fills my soul with all peace and joy in believing. I have been much assisted in composing sermons for the press. At present my soul is closely adverting to God, who, I believe, will bring me safe to glory. My bodily strength is much renewed. In short, I am comforted on every side. Dear Sir, praise the Lord in my behalf. O let us magnify his name together. I hope you feel what it is to have fellowship with the Father and the Son, and experience the influences of the Holy Ghost, in delivering your blessed master's message. I salute Mr. *P——* and your whole church. My request is, "Brethren, pray and give thanks for us."—When you write to *New-England*, pray remember me to all

friends in the kindest manner. That country, and the people, lie very near my heart. I hope to be favoured with a line from you ere I return from *England*. Great perils there await me; but Jesus Christ will send his angel, and roll away every stone of difficulty. In his strength alone is my trust, and for his sake and in his name, I subscribe myself, reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and fellow-labourer in the Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXIV.

To Mr. J—— H——, at Bethesda.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 18, 1741.

My dear Friend and Brother,

YESTERDAY we humbled ourselves before God, and by prayer and fasting sought for a blessing, and direction in all our affairs. I wish I had kept family fasts at *Savannah*. Suppose you had one monthly at *Bethesda*? You will see, by dear Brother *B——*'s letter, the frame of my mind. Since that, I have been a little in the valley, but the Lord is my comforter. I hope I grow in grace, and in the knowledge of myself, and the Lord Jesus Christ. My heart is much united to Messrs. *W——s*, tho' we differ in some particulars. May God make us of one mind, as well as heart. I shall make all possible haste back, and remit money to you as often as I can. Mr. *P——* tells me, his brother is to send you upwards of a hundred pounds, and I suppose other supplies will be sent from the *Northward*. I have also wrote to *Charles-Town*. I am persuaded God will not let you want. I would not have any thing left undone, that is necessary for the family's comfortable

subsistence. The Lord is our Shepherd, therefore we shall not lack. I shall long to hear how the blessed Jesus deals with you. He is wonderfully gracious unto me, and hath made this voyage profitable to my soul. O my friend, my friend, the Lord be with you. My love is firm to you at the bottom, tho' sometimes it hath ebbed and flowed; in heaven it will not be so. On earth it is needful it should; otherwise, how should we learn to cease from man? But I am a worm and no man, and deserve to be the outcast of all people. My eyes are now ready to gush out with water. O the sovereign love of Christ in chusing me! My dear friend, let us study to be holy even as he is holy, and walk even as he also walked. Let these be your daily questions, "Am I more like Christ? Am I more meek and patient? Does my practice correspond with my knowledge, and am I a light to enlighten and enflame all that are around me?" I could say more, but I think to write again when I get on shore. God bless you and yours. I suppose you have heard that Mr. *P——* sails with

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXV.

To Mr. S—— W——, at Bristol.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 20, 1741.

AND does my friend *W——* look again towards God? Never did the Father with greater joy receive the returning prodigal, than I shall embrace you in these unworthy arms, if you are alive to God. I trust your late tepidity will now make you more fervent in spirit. I pray God to give you a settlement in Christ, that you may be rooted and grounded in love. My brother, the captain, gave me a particular account of your soul. I hope he will yet appear for God; will you also appear with him? Why should you strive to please a pleasure-taking world? Why should you keep in league with the apparent enemies of God? But no more of this. Let old things pass away, let all things become new. I believe God suffered you to fall, because you thought more highly of yourself than you ought to think. My love to all. I feel a great union of soul with Mr. *W——*; we differ in principles, but I hope the Lord will make us of one mind. You must not be surprized, if I publish an answer to Mr. *John W——*'s sermon, entitled, *Free Grace*. It is

wrote in much love and meekness. Adieu for the present. Give thanks on my behalf. The Lord hath dealt wonderously kind with, dear Mr. *W——*,

Yours eternally in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXVI.

To Mr. T—— S——, in London.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 20, 1741.

My dear Brother,

I Have kept your letter by me till now, that I might answer it on my voyage. It speaks the language of a perplexed heart, and plainly shews me, that satan loves to keep us in bondage. My dear Brother, I think you have done wrong in holding your peace. I am sure you once felt that freedom of soul, which you are a stranger to now. The way of duty is the way of safety. Whatever you may say to the contrary, unless you will give the lie to your own experiences, you must confess, that you have indeed tasted of the good word of life. You should, therefore, have went forwards, and not have turned back again, and thereby plunged yourself into darkness; darkness that may be felt. Alas, you have too eagerly embraced principles (I fear) contrary to the gospel of Christ. You are aiming at a false voluntary humility, and are returning back to the flesh pots of *Egypt*. I know my words will have but little force with some, but I must deliver my soul. God

was once pleased to work upon you by my ministry, and therefore I am more solicitous for your welfare. I know the advice you would give me is, "*be still*." I hope I am, so far as really to know the Lord; but yet *I will strive*, yet will I walk in all the ordinances of God, and go on from strength to strength till I come to appear before him in his heavenly Zion. I write this, out of the fulness of my heart. Indeed I love you, and the brethren; I am willing to be the servant of you all. I am less than the least. However, I dare not embrace tenets that are not agreeable to the form of sound words. Let me see you as soon as may be after my arrival, and in the mean while accept of hearty love, from

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXVII.

To Mrs. A. D.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 20, 1741.

My dear Sister,

MY conscience almost reproaches me, that I have not wrote to you often, nor full enough; accept this as an acknowledgement of my fault. I am sorry for it. We are now about a thousand miles off *England*. I hope this will provoke you to send me a letter immediately after my arrival. I find *Luther*'s observation to be true: "Times of reformation are times of confusion;" as yet the churches in *America* are quiet, but I expect a sifting time ere long. My family in *Georgia* was once sadly shaken, but now, blessed be God, it is settled, and, I hope, established in the doctrines of grace. Your name is precious among them. I wish you would send them a long letter. Your book on *walking with God* has been blessed to one Mr. *B——*, and others in *South-Carolina*. It hath also been serviceable to a dear friend now with me, as also to myself. I cannot well tell you what great things are doing abroad. I have a scene of sufferings lying before me; I

expect shortly to cry out with the spouse, “Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me, my mother’s children were angry with me.” My Lord’s command, now, I believe, is, “Take the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.”—Help me by your prayers. It is an ease thus to unbosom one’s self to a friend, and an instance of my confidence in you. O, my dear Sister, I am less than the least of all saints, I am the chief of sinners, and yet Jesus loves me, and sheds his love abroad in my heart abundantly by the Holy Ghost. I have been much assisted in composing some gospel sermons, which I intend for the press. I have sought the Lord by prayer and fasting, and he assures me, that he will be with me. Whom then should I fear? Hitherto we have had an extraordinary passage, praise the Lord. Herewith I send you a letter from one of the children which God has given me: He will rejoice to receive a line from you. If possible, I hope, tho’ you are in the decline of life, to see you face to face before I leave *England*. I should be glad to hear how you are as to worldly circumstances; if I can help you in any degree, freely command

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

To T—— K——, at London.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 20, 1741.

My dear Brother K——,

I Received your kind letter at *Savannah*, and though I hope to see you face to face soon after you receive this, yet love to your dear soul constrains me to write you an answer before I come on shore.

I find, since my departure, the brethren have fallen into errors. Dear Brother *K——* will not be offended, if I say, "He, I fear, is one of them;" for his letter bewrayeth him. My dear Brother, you say, "You have been striving a long, long while, but to very little purpose, &c." By this, I suppose, you have left off the means, and fallen into *stillness*; expecting now, that Jesus Christ will so work upon your heart, that you shall not feel the least stirring of indwelling corruption in your soul; in short, that you shall be completely perfect: This was pretty near my case about six years ago, and now I see why God suffered me thus to be tempted, "that I might be more capable of succouring my brethren, now they are tempted." My dear Brother, let us

reason together. “You have been striving (you say) a long while, but to very little purpose.” And what then? must you be therefore still, and strive no more? God forbid: No, you are yet to wait at the pool. “Constantly attend on ordinances;” and who knows but by-and-by the loving Saviour may pass by and visit your soul. Have you not, in some degree at least, felt his divine power in the use of the means? Why should not that encourage you to expect more in the same way? But you say, “I find all that is of self is sin.” And do you expect ever to do any thing, or to offer up to God one sacrifice, without a mixture of sin in it? If you do, indeed you are building a *spiritual Babel*. My dear Brother, even our most holy thoughts are tinctured with sin, and want the atonement of the Mediator; and therefore, if you leave off striving, because “whatever is of self is sin,” you must never attempt to do any duty whatsoever again. Your stillness hath as much a mixture of self in it, as your striving, and if you proceed in this manner, you must become a professed *Quietist*. Six weeks did satan keep me under this delusion, but the Lord helped me in the hour of extremity: May he also help my dear Brother *K——*! Another error you seem to be fallen into is, “that a man cannot be a Christian, at least that he is a very weak one, so long as he finds corruption stirring in his heart.” If I was to urge the seventh to the *Romans*, you would say, St. *Paul* only speaks of a man under first-awakenings, and not of a converted man; but my dear Brother, did you ever know a man, that was not really converted, delight in the law of God after the inner man? And yet such an one the Apostle speaks of in the latter part of that chapter. Be not deceived, we are to be holy as Christ is holy; we are to receive grace for grace; every grace that is in the blessed Jesus, is to be transplanted into our hearts; we are to be delivered from the power, but not from the indwelling and being of sin in this life. *Hereafter*, we are to be presented blameless,

without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing. If you labour after any other perfection here, you will labour in vain. St. *Paul* had attained no other, when he wrote to the *Philippians*, and to the other churches: But my dear Brother *K*—— seems to think, "I did wrong in writing to Mr. *H*—— to know his sentiments upon several texts of scripture, and in sending for several of *Calvin*'s books." And why, my dear Brother, was this wrong? Why you say, "you think it is contrary to St. *Paul* in his Epistles, when he says, he would not speak other men's words;" but St. *Paul* says no such thing: The place you aim at, I believe, is *2 Cor.* x. 16. "And not to boast in another man's line, of things made ready to our hand." My dear Brother, examine the context, and you will find the Apostle means no more than that he would not enter into other men's labours, as ver. 15. He would not preach where churches were already settled, but go where the gospel had not been delivered. This, and this only, is the meaning of the passage, which dear mistaken Mr. *K*—— has wrongly quoted. My dear Brother, did not St. *Paul* bid *Timothy* to give himself to reading? What, if the Holy Spirit is to lead us into all truth, does not the Holy Spirit make use of, and lead us by the means? Has he not indited the scriptures? Has he not helped holy men to explain those scriptures? And why may I not, in a due subordination to the Holy Spirit, make use of those men's writings? Has not my dear Brother *K*—— bought sermons? And why then does "He make use of other men's words?" O, my dear brother, you are in the wilderness; God bring you safe out of it.

I suppose, because the Dissenters oppose some of your new principles, you term them enemies; but, my dear Brother, though there are many Christless talkers, and hypocritical formalists among the Dissenters, as no doubt there are some such in the purest church under heaven; yet many of

them hold and practice the truth as it is in Jesus. But I have done. Count me not your enemy, because I tell you the truth. I expect that great numbers will look shy on me, for thus opposing what I think to be error. Thus the *Galatians* treated St. *Paul*; but I must be tried every way. I could add a thousand kind things, but I hope you shortly will have a personal interview with

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXIX.

To Mrs. J—— F——, in Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 25, 1741.

My very dear Friend,

I Know you will rejoice at the receipt of this: You have abundant reason; the Lord hath been wonderous kind. We are now flying on the wings of the wind, and if it continues, we hope to be at *Cowes* the beginning of next week. Your kind presents were of great service to my crazy body. The woman passenger has been serviceable in making us bread; and in short, God has wonderfully ordered all things for our great conveniency and comfort. O that my dear friends at *Charles-Town*, may hereby be excited to thankfulness on our behalf. I have frequently prayed for you both with my friends, and when in secret before the Lord. Indeed you are seldom out of mind. Dear Mrs. *F——*, I believe God sent you to invite me to your house, and I believe the Lord will plentifully reward both of you, for all your works of faith and labours of love. I think henceforward I must call you *Mary*, and your husband, I hope, will be truly stiled *James* the servant of the

Lord. I trust you will both serve the Lord Christ, and give yourselves up to the guidance of his blessed word and providences day by day. It is a glorious privilege to be led by the spirit of God. I think I have felt, and do feel, at this time, his sacred influences upon my soul. My body is but weak, though better by much than when I left *Charles-Town*; however, my soul hath confidence in God. The archers will shoot sorely at me that I may fall; but God will cause my bow to abide in strength, and my arms shall be strengthened by the hands of the mighty God of *Jacob*. I need not ask for a continuance of your prayers, nor you for mine. I hope we shall be always present with each other in spirit, at the throne of grace. My dear friend, adieu: All with me salute you. Write often to

Your unworthy guest, but truly affectionate servant, friend, and brother in the Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXX.

To Mrs. F——, in Charles-Town.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 25, 1741.

I Hope dear Mrs. *F——* will not be offended with these few lines; they are written with a sincere desire to promote your welfare. I want to see you entirely *dead to the world*, and alive to God. You have been often convinced under the word; may it sink deep into your heart. God, by the late fire, hath shewn you the vanity of all things here below; henceforward set your affections on things above. You are old, and at the head of a great family; you have sealed your promise to lead a holy life, more than once, by receiving the symbols of the blessed body and blood of Christ.

Henceforth let no profane delight
Divide your consecrated soul;
But give it Christ, who has the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

Be not ashamed to own you have vowed never to dance again: Dear Mrs. *F——*, fear not contempt. What is it? only a little breath. Rest not in duties;

rest not in outward partial reformation.—He that is in Christ, is a new creature. That old things may pass away, and all things become new in your heart, is the hearty prayer of, Madam,

Your sincere friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXI.

To the Rev. Mr. C——, in Boston.

On board the Minerva, Feb. 26, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

ACCEPT a few lines from one, who desires feelingly to stile himself, less than the least of all. I hope you received my packet from *Charles-Town*: What happened to me there, was only an earnest of future trials. God hath blessed the reading of the prophecy of the prophet *Jeremiah* to my soul; as also the history of *Joseph*, and hath let me see more into the covenant of redemption between the Father and the Son: I am more and more in love with the *good old Puritans*; I am pleased at the thoughts of sitting down hereafter with the venerable *Cotton*, *Norton*, *Elliot*, and that great cloud of witnesses, which first crossed the Western ocean for the sake of the gospel, and faith once delivered to the saints. At present, my soul is so filled, that I can scarce proceed. Dear Sir, God is with me of a truth; he now gives me a feeling possession of himself: I bless his holy name for sending me to sea; it is profitable both for soul and body. I find the Psalmist's words to be true,

“The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.” O that I may walk humbly with my God! The language of my soul is this:

Correct me when I go astray,

And lead me in thy perfect way.

And now, dear Mr. *C——*, I have in some measure unbosomed my heart. What shall I say more? Pray for me both in public and private; give thanks, as well as pray, especially for the mercies of this voyage. Dear Sir, adieu till I come on shore, which I hope will be very speedily, being now in soundings; then you shall hear again, God willing, from

Your truly affectionate friend, brother, and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXII.

To Mr. J—— H——.

London, March 25, 1741.

My dear Sir,

I Wrote to you immediately on my coming on shore. We arrived at *Falmouth* last *Wednesday* was sevennight, and got here the *Sunday* following.—Blessed be God, we had a summer's passage. Many of our friends, I find, are sadly divided, and, as far as I am able to judge, have been sadly misled. Congregations at *Moorfields*, and *Kennington Common*, on *Sunday*, were as large as usual.—On the following week days, quite contrary: Twenty thousand dwindled down to two or three hundred. It has been a trying time with me. A large orphan family, consisting of near a hundred, to be maintained, about four thousand miles off, without the least fund, and in the dearest part of his Majesty's dominions; also, above a thousand pounds in debt for them, and not worth twenty pounds in the world of my own, and threatened to be arrested for three hundred and fifty pounds, drawn for in favour of the Orphan house, by my late dear deceased

friend and fellow-traveller Mr. *S*——. My Bookseller, who, I believe, has got some *hundreds* by me, being drawn away by the *M*——*ns*, refuses to print for me; and many, very many of my spiritual children, who, at my last departure from *England*, would have plucked out their own eyes to have given to me, are so prejudiced by the dear Messrs. *W.*'s dressing up the doctrine of Election in such horrible colours, that they will neither hear, see, nor give me the least assistance: Yea, some of them send threatening letters, that God will speedily destroy me. As for the people of the world, they are so imbittered by my *injudicious*, and *too severe expressions* against Archbishop *Tillotson*, and the Author of the old *Duty of Man*, that they fly from me as from a viper; and what is most cutting of all, I am now constrained, on account of our differing in principles, publicly to separate from my dear, dear old friends Messrs. *J*—— and *C*—— *W*——*y*, whom I still love as my own soul: But, through infinite mercy, I am enabled to strengthen myself in the Lord my God. I am cast down but not destroyed, perplexed but not in despair. A few days ago, in reading *Beza's Life of Calvin*, these words were much pressed upon me, "*Calvin* is turned out of *Geneva*, but, behold a new church arises!"—Jesus, the ever loving, altogether lovely Jesus, pities and comforts me. My friends are erecting a place, which I have called a *Tabernacle*, for morning's exposition. I have not, nor can I as yet, make any collections; but let us not fear.—Our heavenly Father, with whom the fatherless find mercy, will yet provide; let us only seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other necessary things shall be added unto us. In about a fortnight, though I scarce know an oak from a hickery, or one kind of land from another, I am subpœna'd to appear before parliament, to give an account of the condition of the province of *Georgia*, when I left it. This, I suppose, is occasioned by

the party, which hath been so inveterate against the honourable the trustees, whom they accuse of misemploying the public monies. The event, which undoubtedly will be in favour of the trust, you may know hereafter. In the mean while, believe me to be

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXIII.

To Mr. J—— C——.

London, March 25, 1741.

My very dear Brother,

HASTEN hither with all speed, and then we shall see what God intends to do for and by us. It is a trying time now in the church.—The Lord give us a due mixture of the lamb and lion. Some that have been led astray, begin to recover. The Lord make way for his own truths. My love to the *Colliers*, and all friends. Many, I suppose, will be shy. I am become a monster even to several who were wrought upon by my ministry; but it must needs be that offences should come: otherwise, how should I learn to cease from man? Adieu; excuse brevity—Hasten, and speak face to face with

Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXIV.

To Mr. H——.

London, April 10, 1741.

My very dear Friend,

I Ordered Mr. *H——* to send you some sermons and accounts, some time ago: I suppose he has done it. I have been at the Parliament-house; the *Georgia* affair was adjourned. The gentlemen seemed apprehensive that my account of the colony, would have too much weight. It was somewhat of a trial to be in the House. I then remembered what the Apostle said, “We are become a spectacle to men and to angels.” My appeal will come to nothing, I believe. I have waited upon the Speaker; he received me kindly. I cannot yet determine when I shall see you. If you fear, I hope you will pray for me. The Lord blesses my ministry. Salute dear Mrs. *H——*: I will write to her next; but you two are one. The Lord be with you both. At present I am weak in body, and therefore must beg leave to subscribe myself

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXV.

To Mr. S—— M——, at London.

Bristol, April 27, 1741.

My dear Friend and Brother,

ON *Tuesday, April 22d*, I left *London*, and preached on *Wednesday* and *Thursday* morning at *Newbury*, to large congregations. On *Friday* evening I preached at *Bristol*, and have continued to do so twice every day to great and affected auditories. I received your kind letter, and thank you for it. I rejoice in the good news from *New-England*. Last night, I rejoiced much in seeing a soul wonderfully exult in God, just at the borders of death. Great manifestations of the divine presence have attended my sermons. Praise the Lord O my soul! I am glad to find Mr. *S*—— goes on well. Pray give my love to brother *G*——. My body is sometimes weak, but my soul rejoices in God my Saviour. I know not, whether I shall come so soon as proposed to *London*. I find it necessary, through the increase of awakened souls, to get a society-room built adjoining to our new tabernacle. I pray God to fill it with his glory, and beg leave to subscribe myself, dear Mr. *M*——,

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXVI.

To Mr. H—— H——.

Bristol, April 28, 1741.

My dear Brother,

BLESSED be God for knitting us together in love. May it continue, and increase till consummated in eternity! The Lord Jesus direct you. It is now a trying time with the church. Our Lord is now chiefly wounded in the house of his friends. The Lord keep us both from a party spirit on one hand, and from too much rashness and positiveness on the other. I speak thus, because you seem offended that some affirm, "That there is no such thing as dominion over indwelling sin, nor rest from working for life wholly." Now this is certainly true in one sense. We shall never have such a dominion over indwelling sin, as entirely to be delivered from the stirring of it; and the greatest saint cannot be assured, but some time or other for his humiliation, or punishment for unfaithfulness, God may permit it to break out into some actual breach of his law, and in a gross way too. Let us not be high-minded, but fear. It is equally true, that we shall not rest wholly from working for

life. For whilst there is any part of us unregenerate, that part will be always leading us to the old covenant. *Luther* often complained of the propensity of his heart this way. If we know ourselves, we shall find it to be so with us; but I suppose you have been tinctured with the doctrine of *sinless perfection*. No wonder therefore you write thus. May God give you a right judgment in all things, and enable you rightly to divide the word of truth! As for *assurance*, I cannot but think, all who are truly converted must know that there was a time in which they closed with Christ: But then, as so many have died only with an humble hope, and have been even under doubts and fears, though they could not but be looked upon as Christians; I am less positive than once I was, lest haply I should condemn some of God's dear children. The farther we go in the spiritual life, the more cool and rational shall we be, and yet more truly zealous. I speak this by experience. Dear brother *H——* will not be angry with me. I hope, and believe, you pray for me. The Lord Jesus carries me on. Many have been convinced at *London*. I preach here twice daily, to large congregations, with great power. The Lord, I believe, will yet bring mighty things to pass. I am, dear *H——*,

Your most affectionate brother in our dear Lord Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXVII.

To the Rev. Mr. S——.

Bristol, May 1, 1741.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Am glad to hear by brother *M——*, that the Lord is with you. May you increase with all the increase of God. The more we do, the more we may do for the dear Lord Jesus. He strengthens me here mightily.—I am enabled to speak here with great power, rather greater than when at *London*. My congregations are as large as usual, and they go refreshed away. This is the Lord's doings; may all that is within us praise his holy name! Exhort the dear *London* people to pray for us. The Lord be with you all. Dear Sir, pray for

Your affectionate brother and unworthy fellow-labourer in our Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXVIII.

To Mr. S——, at Worcester.

Gloucester, May 5, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

WITH this, I send you my answer to brother *Wesley*'s sermon, and my account of the Orphan-house. I have seen your letter to Mr. *N*——, and thank you for espousing the cause of a poor despised minister of Jesus Christ. I hope as I make advances in the spiritual life, I shall show my zeal more and more tempered with true Christian knowledge and prudence. I would willingly have none of my wild fire mingled with the sacred fire that comes down from God's altar. I desire not only to do things for God, but to do them in the best manner. I am a poor unworthy sinner, and yet, (O sovereign grace!) the Lord works by me day by day. At *Bristol*, error is in a great measure put a stop to. The Lord manifested himself in the great congregation there, and doth likewise here. Last night, we saw and felt his power. I have had the pleasure of seeing dear Mr. *P*——, and I long for that time when I shall see you, Reverend Sir, and all the chosen of God in the

kingdom of heaven. But I desire to wait till my change shall come. Dear Sir, be pleased to pray for me. I have prayed for you often. I am a weak sinful worm. As such pray remember, Reverend Sir,

Your affectionate though unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXIX.

To Mr. Wm. W——, at Edinburgh.

Bristol, May 16, 1741.

Dear Sir,

I Received both your kind letters, and with this send you my hearty thanks for them. I also thank you for your kind invitation of me to *Scotland*. God only knows when I can come.—All I can say at present is, I will come when the Lord permits. Sad tares have been sown here. It will require some time to pluck them up. The doctrines of the gospel are sadly run down, and most monstrous errors propagated. They assert, "That the very in-being of sin must be taken out of us, or otherwise we are not new creatures." O dear Sir, exhort all to pray for me, that I may be faithful to my Lord, and yet kept gentle in my temper. At present, our dear Lord causes me to triumph in every place. His gospel gets ground, and his power is manifested among us day by day. The fields are white, every where ready unto harvest. Our Lord I trust will gather his wheat into his heavenly garners. My kind respects attend Mr. *M*—— and Mr. *D*——. Had I time I would write a long letter to

each. But I am interrupted. However, I am glad to snatch a few moments to beg a continuance of your prayers for a poor unworthy worm, and to assure you that I am, dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXX.

To Mr. E—— E——, at Sterling.

Bristol, May 16, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Owe you much love. Only want of time, prevents my writing to you oftner. This morning I received a kind letter from your brother *Ralph*, who thinks it best for me wholly to join the associate presbytery, if it should please God to send me into *Scotland*. This I cannot altogether come into. I come only as an occasional preacher, to preach the simple gospel to all that are willing to hear me, of whatever denomination. It will be wrong in me to join in a reformation as to church government, any further than I have light given me from above. If I am quite neuter as to that in my preaching, I cannot see how it can hinder or retard any design you may have on foot. My business seems to be, to evangelize, to be a Presbyter at large. When I shall be sent into your parts I know not. I write this, that there may not be the least misunderstanding between us. I love and honour the associate Presbytery in the bowels of Jesus Christ. With this I send them my due

respects, and most humbly beg their prayers. But let them not be offended, if in all things I cannot immediately fall in with them. Let them leave me to God. Whatever light he is pleased to give me, I hope I shall be faithful to it. Our dear and precious master still carries me on. God enables me to fight my way through. The gospel doctrines, I believe, will yet prevail. I feel a divine power attending my ministrations. I preach twice daily, and am invited to many places. I believe the Lord intends to keep me on this side the water for some time. Blessed be God, all places are alike to me. O dear Sir, pray for me.—I am a poor unworthy worm. I love you tenderly, but am almost ashamed to subscribe myself

Your brother in the best of bonds,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

To D—— A——, in London.

Bristol, May 16, 1741.

I Am glad to receive a line once again from dear brother *A——*. I rejoice that God lets you see more and more into the corruptions of your heart. The more perfect you are, the more will you see and bewail your imperfections in thought, word, and deed; the more will you be made to sing, "In the Lord alone, and not in myself, have I compleat righteousness and strength." The doctrine of electing love, is precious to my soul. I am enabled to speak of it feelingly to others. My soul is kept in peace and sweetness. Our Lord's cause needs not noise and rashness. I desire that none of my wild-fire may be mixed with the pure fire of holy zeal coming from God's altar. I think it my duty to wait, to go on simply in preaching the everlasting gospel, and I believe we shall yet see the salvation of God. Methinks, the cloud begins to break off your mind; I pray God to keep you from extremes. Brother *H——* is more and more enlightned; but withal, more and more quickened every day. He finds there is no such thing as *sinless* perfection, and yet is pressing

after holiness of heart and life rather more than ever. May God make my dear brother *A*—— thus minded! For indeed I love him in the bowels of Jesus Christ. We have had frequently sweet communion with God, and one another. I should have rejoiced to have conversed with you at *Bristol*. This is my comfort, yet a little while and we shall converse in the kingdom of heaven, for ever and ever. My soul is waiting for this salvation. I know not when I shall go to *Axminster*. When I do, you shall have timely notice. God blesses my ministry, wherever he sends me. I am invited to fresh places daily. Dear Mr. *A*——, I, even worthless I, subscribe myself,

Yours most affectionately in the loving Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXII.

To Mr. I—— C——.

Bristol, May 18, 1741.

Dear Brother C——,

I Received your letter this morning, and am just setting out for *Wiltshire*. The Lord hath been much with us. Yesterday I preached three times. At every sermon, a sweet melting was observed in the congregation. Last night I gave your sister the sacrament; she is recovering. I afterwards, administered the sacrament at Mr. *T——*'s, and had a love feast. Jesus was in the midst of us. I know not but I may come towards *London* next week. I wonder not at your heaviness.—Before every increase of your work, you must expect some trials. Humblings are necessary for your spirit, and mine. I return my love to all. I must away. Brother *H——* rejoices in spirit, and joins with me, who am,

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. J.

Bristol, May 23, 1741.

My dear Brother,

I Bless God for making any thing of mine useful to your soul. May the blessed Jesus breathe upon you day by day, and make you eminently useful to the church of God. I think you write with a kind of prophetic spirit. The Lord only knows how he will be pleased to dispose of me. Great afflictions I am sure of having, and a sudden death, blessed be God, will not be terrible. I know that my redeemer liveth. I every day long to see him, that I may be free from the remainder of sin, and enjoy him without interruption for evermore. I desire patiently to wait, till my blessed change shall come. The Lord hath been with me here. There is a great awakening in *Wiltshire*, and the work is most wonderfully carried on in *New-England*. I hope to send you a letter, shortly, that will rejoice your heart. I leave *Bristol*, and go through *Wiltshire* to *London* next *Monday*.—I then purpose going to *Staffordshire*, and then through *Wales* to *Scotland*. A wider door than ever is

opened for preaching the everlasting gospel. I have now only time to beg your prayers, and to assure you that I am

Your most affectionate though weak and unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

To Mr. I—— R——, at Philadelphia.

Bristol, May 23, 1741.

Dear I——,

I Rejoice to find, that you see, feel, and bewail, the plague of your heart. May the Lord shew it you more and more! It will excite your love to the dear Lord Jesus more fervently.—I return my love to your sister. I thought ere now she had been with Jesus. I believe, she has the grace of God in truth, and therefore our Lord will make her conqueror over all. I am glad to hear of the success of the gospel in *Boston*. It is a gathering time there, but a winnowing time with us here. All is ordered for the good of the church, by Christ Jesus: Let us, my dear brother, keep close to him in this and every trying time. We shall find but few, very few, true followers of the Lamb of God. May you and I be in the happy number! God is pleased to give success to the word preached. Though I am opposed much, Jesus is my strength. The Lord will enable me to fight his battles. My love to *Peggy*, and all that love Jesus. Forget not to pray for

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

To Mr. T——.

Bristol, May 23, 1741.

Dear Sir,

I Am glad to receive a letter from you. I was fearful, lest I had done something to offend you. I thank you and the other gentlemen for their kind invitation of me to *Scotland*. I believe it will be near three months before I can see *Edinburgh*. On *Monday* I set out for *London*: then I purpose, God willing, to go into *Essex*, and then to return through *Bristol* and *Wales* in my way to you. I intreat all the brethren to pray for me, that I may come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. I am a poor, weak, unworthy worm. God hath been with me here, and in *Gloucestershire*. In *Wiltshire* there is a great awakening. Abroad in *New-England* the work goes on wonderfully. O dear Sir, never was such a weak wretch sent on such an important errand. I have many trials of various kinds. Jesus supports me; Jesus makes me more than conqueror. He is a dear and a tender master. Dear Sir, help me to praise him. I will write to all the gentlemen that wrote

to me, if I can any way redeem time. In the mean while, be pleased to remember me to them in the kindest manner, and believe me to be

Your affectionate though unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

To Mr. J—— H——, at Savannah.

London, June 1, 1741.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

I Received a short letter from you, but it was dated in *January* last.—I have sent several to *Georgia*, and lately also a parcel of things for the children. God appears much in our congregations. We seldom or never have a dry meeting. As to outward things, I never was more embarrassed; but my consolations are equivalent. Praise the Lord, O my soul! I am apprehensive of no opposition from the government. I have waited on the Speaker. He treated me kindly, and assured me that there would be no persecution in this king's reign: they know I am loyal from principle, but I believe I shall yet be greatly humbled. The story of *Joseph* in the prison, and *David* in his troubles before he came to the throne, has been much and comfortably pressed upon my soul. I hope you enjoy peace! May the Lord bless you and the whole household. I am sometimes enabled to pray with great faith for you all. The Lord will yet provide. I am to preach thrice to day. It is now

past five in the morning. I am going to the tabernacle lately erected for a morning lecture. We have sweet meetings, blessed be God! In the bowels of our common Jesus, I subscribe myself

Yours eternally,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXVII.

To Mr. I. C——, at Bristol.

London, June 3, 1741.

I Have enjoyed the especial presence of God ever since I came to *London*. I preach three times daily. The Lord is remarkably with me. Congregations increase. I am going to have a society-room joined to the tabernacle. The Lord is really on our side.—O let us be meek and quiet! O let us wait, and we shall see the salvation of God. I preach daily at *Deptford*. Our dear master helps me to preach and pray with great power. Your ministry hath been blessed. Let us both give all the glory to everlasting Love. Salute the dear brethren. Remember me most kindly to all in *Wine-street*.

Ever yours in the blessed Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. R—— E——.

London, June 4, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Have now a little time to myself. I must improve it and answer your kind letter. Blessed be God, for enabling me to write any thing, that may be of service to his church, and of comfort to your soul. Glory be to our dear and common Lord, his cause here succeeds. Truth gets ground. The Lord strengthens me mightily. His power is manifested in our congregations. Conversion work is going on apace among us. I am not yet determined, about the exact time of coming to *Scotland*: but I believe, I shall be with you in about three months. I can't but think the associate presbytery, are a little too hard upon me. If I am neuter as to the particular reformation of church government till I have further light, it will be enough. I come simply to preach the gospel, and to be received only as an occasional itinerant preacher by all, and not to enter into any particular connection whatever. The Lord, I hope, will order my goings in his ways. I desire to hear

frequently from you. I have need of your prayers. My trials are great, my comforts far greater. I am a poor worm, and yet Jesus delights to honour me. We are likely to have settled societies in several places. Jesus rides on from conquering to conquer. I am, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your unworthy fellow-labourer and affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

London, June 6, 1741.

My Brother H—— H——,

I Do assure you, that my heart is as your heart. I am quite sick of *Christless consenters*. They talk, and that is all. I (like you) am heartily despised by most of them. I am resolved to open against their luke-warmness, and worldly-mindedness. May God open my mouth wide when I come to *Wales*. Outward enemies are now more quiet. Enemies within the church, carnal professors, and self-righteous Pharisees, most try us. Let us not fear, Jesus Christ will give us the victory over all. God mightily strengthens me. Our congregations are very large and solemn. I never had greater freedom in preaching. God enables me to cast all my care upon him, with a full assurance that he careth for me. You need not fear my believing any reports to your disadvantage. I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I was not in the least offended, when *B—— H——* wrote me word that "you thought in some things I did not act as a *little child*." The more open you are with me the better. If nature and pride rise in my heart, I will go to Jesus,

abhor myself, and pray for my dear reprovers. All that I can say is, that I desire to be *a very little child*. All things are possible with Jesus Christ. He is wonderfully kind to me. Truth, I believe, will prevail. I want to see you face to face. Satan does not love that Christ's ministers should come together. I wish you could come up immediately, and stay at *London* whilst I am in the country: or rather go and preach at *B——l*, *Gloucester*, and *Wiltshire*, for about a fortnight, and then come up to *London*. This, I believe, will be best. About that time, God willing, I shall return from *Essex*, and then we can consult what is best to be done for the cause of our dear master. O Jesus is love! I am glad to hear brother *Rowl—d* is with you. Go on in the strength of our dear Lord, and you shall see satan like lightning fall from heaven. Times are not yet dark enough for the dawning of a thorough reformation. At even-tide God speaks. My love to all that follow Jesus Christ with an unfeigned simplicity. May the Lord hide your precious soul under the shadow of his almighty wings! Cease not to pray for

Yours eternally in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXC.

To the Rev. Mr. D——, at Dedham in Essex.

London, June 6, 1741.

Rev. and dear Sir,

MULTIPLICITY of business has prevented my answering your kind letter. However, I have often borne you upon my heart before the Lord. Your case, methinks, is somewhat like that man of God, *J. Bunyan*'s. He was often so depressed with a sense of sin in the pulpit, that he has been tempted to hold his peace. This has been my case also both in public and in private. I find the best way is to press forward, and to look up to Jesus Christ. He is faithful to his promises. I write but short, having but little time, and because I hope soon to see you in *Essex*. I pray God to clear up your evidences, and give you no rest till he fills you with a full assurance of faith. Our Lord rides on triumphantly here. He enables me to go on from conquering to conquer. I am a poor weak unworthy worm. As such, be pleased to remember, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in the gospel,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCI.

To Mrs. R——.

London, June 6, 1741.

Dear Mrs. R.,

I Have been much hindred in answering your letter. Perhaps you have expected too much comfort from man. That comfort is alone lasting, which comes from God. I know not your experiences, and therefore cannot so well judge of your case: however, I would have you press forward, and labour after a full assurance of faith. Judge not yourself by others joys and comforts. Look not too much upon the happiness you think others may enjoy. This may lead you to repine and murmur against God. Look to yourself, and to Christ. Remember, you deserve nothing, and therefore he does you no wrong. Remember also, that he is full of love, and therefore in his own due time will manifest himself to your soul. That you may patiently tarry the Lord's leisure, and be blessed with abundance of peace, is the hearty prayer of, dear Mrs. *R——*,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCII.

To Mr. K——.

London, June 8, 1741.

Dear Sir,

I Like your last letter best. There is one thing you still lack, “to be convinced of unbelief.” By faith, and not by works, are you to be justified in the sight of God. Make use of the means. You must take care that you do not rest in them. You must not think any thing you can do, will in the least recommend you to the favour of God; and yet you must strive, as if you were to be saved by your striving. The only cause of our acceptance with God lies at the feet of sovereign mercy, through Christ. Entreat the Lord to give you faith, and who knows but he may have mercy upon you. Remember you are a poor sinner, and deserve nothing. That God may reveal his dear Son in you, is the hearty prayer of

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCIII.

To Mr. J—— C——, at Kingswood.

London, June 8, 1741.

My dear Brother,

HOW sweetly does providence order all things for us! Just before yours came, I was resolved to send you 20*l.* to begin the society-room at *Kingswood*. Mrs. *C——* gives it, and I believe will make it up fifty. This gentlewoman hath been made happily instrumental in relieving me out of my late distress. You know how I was threatened to be arrested, soon after my arrival, for above three hundred pounds, due on account of the Orphan-house in *Georgia*, and I do not know but a writ was actually taken out. This drove me to my knees. God gave me to wrestle, with strong cryings and many tears, both before and after I went to rest—I could plead with him that it was not for myself but his poor. The example of *Professor Frank* encouraged me to pray, tho' I found he ventured only week by week; but my situation in such a foreign climate constrained me to run upon larger arrears.—God was pleased to give me an answer of peace. Having as I

thought a full assurance of immediate help from some quarter or another, I went to sleep most comfortably. Early the next morning a friend came to me to enquire, if I knew where a gentlewoman of his acquaintance might put out three or four hundred pounds. I replied, let her lend it to me, and in a few months, God willing, she shall have it again.—Upon being acquainted with my circumstances, she most chearfully sent me the sum I wanted, and thus my enemies were disappointed of their hope. Praise the Lord, O my soul!—But to return. I would have you lay the foundation immediately, but take care of building too large or too handsome. Notwithstanding my present embarrassments, who knows, but it may be in my power to discharge my Orphan-house debt, and make collections here for *Kingswood-school* too? When I could get no assistance at all from my old friends and spiritual (prejudiced) children, and was almost quite pennyless, and left to sit alone like a sparrow upon the house-top, a serious person, whom I never saw or heard of, came the other day and put a guinea into my hand. At receiving it, something as it were said to me, "Cannot that God who sent this person to give thee this guinea, make it up fifteen hundred?" As I told a friend immediately, to whom I ran down, so I shall tell you; I doubt not but this will be the case. My debt is all for God, and contracted in providing for the fatherless and widow. As to the work here, though perhaps I may be blamed by some for venturing so far, blessed be God, it goes on sweetly. All things happen for the furtherance of the gospel. I have wrote brother *S*—— to let you have twenty pounds.

Yours eternally in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCIV.

To the Rev. Mr. S——, at Charles-Town.

London, June 9, 1741.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Wrote you a few lines lately from *Bristol*. Since that, I have had the pleasure of receiving a letter from you; for which I thank you heartily. What Mr. *P*—— brings with him, will inform you how affairs stand here. Blessed be God, the word runs and is glorified. The heat of the battle is now, I hope, pretty well over. God is pleased to give me great power, and to strengthen me both in body and soul. Our congregations are large and awful. We generally see and feel much of the divine presence in the sanctuary. Many are pricked to the heart. I have three truly experienced young men that joined me. Affairs being somewhat settled here, I am going a long journey of several months, thro' several counties in *England*, *Wales*, and *Scotland*. The door was never opened wider for my preaching the everlasting gospel. I am glad to hear by Mrs. *S*——, &c. of your faithfulness to our common Lord.—O, dear Sir, what are we that we are called out to speak in his great

name! Let us never fear suffering for owning his eternal truths.—The witnesses cannot be slain ’till they have finished their testimony. At present here is no great fear of opposition from the men in power; tho’ I hear the House of Lords intend to give a hearing to my appeal. However it be, I am easy. The Lord Jesus over-rules every thing for the good of his church. I suppose I cannot come over to you ’till about next Spring. In the mean while, tho’ absent in body, I am present with you in spirit, and am, reverend and dear Sir,

Your very affectionate, but unknown brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCV.

To Mr. J—— P——, in Georgia.

London, June 9, 1741.

Dear brother P——,

I Am sorry to hear you are still in darkness. Let the little light you have, make you hold up your head, and think not of changing your station without a proper call. We are apt to place our happiness in places, and often think we do not please God, because we do not please ourselves. But I find the fault is in the heart, not the place. Wait, therefore, my dear brother, still patiently upon the Lord. Who knows, but by and by Jesus Christ may lift up the light of his blessed countenance upon your soul? Why should you doubt it? My dear brother, Christ is love. He tries, but yet supports me; nay, makes me more than conqueror thro' his love. You will hear by other letters, how it goes with the church in *England*. She is shaken, but it is only that she may be the more settled. My love to your wife. I hope you find her an help-meet for you. May the God of *Abraham*, *Isaac* and *Jacob*, bless, preserve, and

keep you. May you both walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and be edified; and may God give you hearts to remember

Your affectionate friend, and brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCVI.

To the Rev. Mr. F——, at Southampton.

London, June 13, 1741.

Rev. and dear Sir,

JUST now I received your kind letter, and the generous benefaction of you and your friends for the Orphan-house. It came very opportunely, and strengthens my faith in the blessed Jesus. I find he will help me by ways I know not. O, dear Sir, the love of God to such an unworthy worm quite amazes me. Surely, if I did not stand up for free distinguishing grace, the very stones would cry out against me. Blessed be our glorious *Emmanuel*, the gospel runs and is glorified. A wonderful power attends the word preached. Every day, I believe, some or other are pricked to the heart. I have also glad tidings from abroad. In *New-England* there is an extraordinary work of God. I hope the dear Jesus will set the whole world in a flame. Dear Sir, help me with your prayers. The archers shoot sore at me that I may fall, but the Lord is my helper. I hope my thanks will find acceptance with your other friends, who joined in helping my poor Orphans. Good

measure pressed down and running over, may the Lord return into your bosoms. Dear Sir, I pray God to make you a flaming fire, and fill you with a holy burning zeal for promoting our dear Redeemer's kingdom. I find but few truly zealous. The love of too, too many is waxed cold. I thank you, dear Sir, for encouraging me, and beg leave to subscribe myself, reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCVII.

To the Rev. Mr. H——.

London, June 13, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Received your kind letter. You do not know, and therefore think too highly of me. “Less than the least of all,” shall be my motto still. Providence is pleased to prevent my leaving *London* on *Monday* next. I must necessarily defer my journey to *Hertfordshire* and *Essex*, till the *Monday* following.—I approve of the circuit you have fixed, but I chuse to preach at each place twice. Dear Sir, I most heartily thank you for promising me your assistance in respect to the orphans. I am persuaded our Lord will be well pleased. He gives me great encouragement. We daily feel and see his presence in the great congregation. I hear glorious news from abroad: *New-England* is in a holy flame. O that we at home, may be stirred up to spend ourselves, and be spent, for the good of souls! Dear Sir, pray that such a mind may be given to

Your most affectionate, though unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. S——, at Worcester.

London, June 13, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Thank you heartily for your last kind letter: As you are so aged and infirm, I take it as an especial favour, that you are pleased to write to me. You need make no apology, reverend Sir, for your plain dealing: I love those best, who deal most sincerely with me. Whatever errors I have been, or shall be guilty of in my ministry, I hope the Lord will shew me, and give me grace to amend. This is the language of my heart;

Correct me when I go astray,

And lead me in the perfect way.

I also thank you, dear Sir, for your kind benefaction. My arrears upon the Orphan-house are yet large; but I hope ere long the Lord will enable me to pay them all. At present, I am kept from doubting. Unworthy as I am, Jesus Christ is yet with me, and is pleased daily to strengthen me both in soul and body. My ministry (for ever adored be sovereign grace) is attended with a

continual power. I am shortly going a large circuit, perhaps as far as *Scotland*. Dear Sir, let your prayers follow after me.—I am a poor, weak, unworthy worm; as such be pleased to remember, reverend and dear Sir,

Your obedient, though unworthy brother and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCXCIX.

To Mr. J—— C——, at Bristol.

Hertford, July 1, 1741.

My dear Brother,

THE Lord has been with me greatly, ever since I left *London*.—I have been enabled to preach twice every day, and to ride several miles. The congregations have been every where very large. God's presence has accompanied the word. People's hearts have been enlarged. Within these few days, we have collected near a hundred pounds for the poor orphans. Numbers of souls, I believe, are under convictions. In some places we have had near ten thousand hearers. Invitations are so pressing, that I purpose going another circuit to *Bedford*, and to preach in the counties round about for near a fortnight, and then return to *London*. I hope the Lord is with you; I am somewhat weak in body, but sweet and comfortable in my soul. Dear *J——* joins with me in love to you and all. Pray for,

Yours in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER CCC.

To Mr. J—— H——, at Savannah.

Colchester, July 12, 1741.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

I Have not heard from you since you wrote last *January*. I have been a circuit into *Hertfordshire*, *Essex*, *Bedfordshire*, *Cambridgeshire*, and *Suffolk*. I have been enabled to preach twice daily, and to ride several miles. Congregations have been surprisingly large; the word is attended with power, and the alarm in the country rather greater than ever. Contributions arise and increase. You are all much upon my heart. God will yet provide for you. I write this in great haste. God gives me much of his presence. I am more and more convinced, that evangelizing is my proper business at present. God gives me great access every where. The Lord be with you all, Amen and Amen! To the best of my knowledge, I have neglected no opportunity of writing. I am

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER [CCC.]

To Mr. J—— H——, at London.

Coggeshall, July 13, 1741.

I Received your letter at *Bury*; but cannot think matters are quite ripe, or you duly qualified for settling a church. God lets me see more and more, that I must evangelize. I find you are for settling: do as God shall direct, I am easy. I only wish you may find settled persons to be your assistants. Without this, a church cannot be rightly ordered. I have no freedom, but in going about to all denominations. I cannot join with any one, so as to be fixed in any particular place. Every one hath his proper gift. *Field-preaching* is my plan: In this I am carried as on eagles wings. God makes way for me every where. The work of the Lord increases. I am comforted night and day. O free grace to such an hell-deserving sinner! I pray God to give you a right judgment in all things. I am, dear brother *H——*,

Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCI.

To Mrs. D——, at Gransden.

London, July 17, 1741.

My dear Sister,

I Bless God that I saw you at *Gransden*. The Lord was with us, and has been with me the remaining part of my journey. We shall yet see greater things than these. Wonderful things from abroad. The inclosed will shew you, how desirous my family is of corresponding with you. Pray write to my dear little orphans, boys and girls. God, I hear, hath been working powerfully upon their hearts. I would have you also write to Mr. *J——B——*, a converted planter; to Mrs. *B——*, his kinswoman, who has lately received the assurance of faith; to Mr. *C——*, a dear baptist minister; to Mrs. *S——*, who is carried on the wings of faith and love; and to my dear Mr. *H——*, who is Superintendant of the Orphan-house affairs. You will excuse this freedom. I am willing your usefulness should be as extensive as may be. May the Lord bless you ever, more and more. I expect to go to

Scotland shortly. A ship will soon sail towards *Georgia*. Write soon, dear Mrs. *D*——, to

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCII.

To Mr. G—— H——, in Gloucester.

London, July 18, 1741.

My dear Friend,

GOD has mightily blessed my journey in the country. Thousands, and ten thousands, have flocked to hear the word. It was attended with power, and near a hundred and eighty pounds were collected for the Orphan-house. I know you will give thanks on my behalf. On *Thursday* morning, God willing, I hope to embark for *Scotland*: I am persuaded the Lord calls me thither. Invitations, both from the *Seceders*, and others that do not secede from the *Kirk*, are very strong. I should be glad of a line next post. It is now near eleven at night. I hope my friends will accept my thanks for their kind benefactions to the dear orphans, and with their prayers follow, dear Mr. *H——*,

Ever yours in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCIII.

To Mr. B—— S——.

Lewisham, July 23, 1741.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH I have but little time, yet I must redeem a little to answer your kind letter. God is doing great things, both at home and abroad. The inclosed will in some measure inform you. Every day our Lord appears for us in the great congregations. Weak as I am in myself, the Lord is my strength. O, dear Sir, I am a worm and no man; I deserve to be the outcast of the people, and yet the Lord delights to honour me. Free, free grace! I long to be above, that I may praise God as I desire. In about two days I hope to embark for *Scotland*. I will come and visit you when providence permits. In the mean while, I beg that you will pray that the glorious Jesus would bless all my poor endeavours to promote his glory! My love to all that love the dear Emmanuel. In his great name, I subscribe myself

Your affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCIV.

To Mr. G—— H——, at Gloucester.

Lewisham, July 23, 1741.

My very dear Friend,

I Thought to have embarked this morning for *Scotland*, but am likely to be detained a day or two. I must therefore send you a line. Wonderful things is the Lord doing for me. In the country I meet with surprising success. In *London* I see such things that I never saw in *England* before. A mighty power almost continually accompanies the word. The Lord Jesus is pleased to strengthen me very much in the inner man. O, my dear friend, give thanks for, and pray that I may walk humbly with my God. The Lord be with you and yours. I hope both you and dear Mrs. *H——* do keep close to God. My love to all that love the dear Lord Jesus. God willing, you shall have a line from *Scotland*. Wonderful news is come from abroad, which will ere long rejoice your heart, and cause you to give thanks in behalf of, my dear Mr. *H——*,

Ever yours in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCV.

To Mr. T——, at Colchester.

Lewisham, July 23, 1741.

Dear Sir,

PROVIDENCE detaining me one day more, I snatch a few moments to answer your kind letter, and to return Mr. *A*—— thanks for his kind present. How good is the blessed Jesus to me the chief of sinners! He takes care both of my body and soul. His power has attended me lately, more than ever it did before in *England*. God's right hand is bringing mighty things to pass. I earnestly intreat our Lord, that you may live above the world, and be dead to all things here below. Dear Sir, there is nothing like a life of faith. It is a glorious thing to be able to say, "Not I live, but Christ liveth in me." Then, are we Christians indeed, when we come to live on the invisible realities of another world. This, and this only, is true and undefiled religion. May God make you a lively partaker thereof. I hope my kind respects will find acceptance with Messrs. *V*——, *D*——, *J*——, and all friends. Fail not to pray for

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCVI.

To Mr. B——.

Greenwich, July 24, 1741.

My very dear B——,

TO-MORROW, God willing, I embark for *Scotland*, and hope to redeem time abroad to answer my dear lambs letters: They rejoiced me exceedingly. What I have done with yours, the inclosed will shew. Pray be particular in your accounts. Much good has been done by those sent already. You cannot tell how many hearty prayers are put up for you all, daily. May they enter into the ears of the Lord of *Sabaoth*! The work is beginning afresh in *England*. The Holy Ghost descends in a glorious manner, amidst the congregation. Weak, unworthy as I am, Jesus Christ works in and by me. O sovereign free grace! I have sent the letter to Mrs. *D——*. I have lately seen her. Her conversation is as weighty as her letters. You will receive more from her, I hope, before it be long. I believe you are where God would have you to be. I despair not of seeing your mouth opened remarkably for God. O that the dear Jesus may bless you, and the whole houshold! I should

rejoice to see you, but God, I believe, will detain me here the Winter. Mr. *P——*'s brother is to pay for the use of the Orphan-house seventy-five pounds. Shortly I hope to send you fresh supplies. In the mean while I assure you all, that you are constantly upon my heart. My head pains me; good night. The Lord be with you all. Expect to hear again very speedily from, dear Brother *B——*,

Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCVII.

To Mr. I—— B——, at South-Carolina.

Greenwich, July 24, 1741.

Dear Mr. B——,

WITH much pleasure I received your kind letter. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who I trust hath begotten you, and called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. What an honour is it, that we should be counted worthy to suffer the least degree of reproach for his great name sake? I am ashamed to think how little I do, or suffer for him. O free grace! sovereign and electing love! how sweet to the soul, who really feels the power of it! May we walk worthy of that holy vocation wherewith we are called! I hear your brother is dead; happy soul! you and I shall go and see him by and by. I thank you heartily for your kindness to the dear orphans. I am sure God will amply repay you. The Lord be with you and yours. I must away to the ship bound for *Scotland*. I will answer dear Mrs. *B——*'s letter, when I get on board. Adieu. O pray for

Ever yours in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCVIII.

To Mr. I—— F——, at Charles-Town.

Greenwich, July 24, 1741.

Dear Mr. F——,

I Rejoice to hear the Lord is carrying on a good work in your soul. I hope you will not think all is done, because you have been baptized and received into full communion. I know too too many that "make a Christ of their adult baptism," and rest in that, instead of the righteousness of the blessed Jesus. God forbid that you should so learn Christ. O my dear friend, seek after a settlement in our dear Lord, so that you may experience that life which is hid with Christ in God. *Dear Mrs. F——*, I thank you heartily for your kind letter. It rejoices my soul to hear, that you and Mr. *F——* are going on hand in hand to heaven. This is the sacred end of marriage; to be helpers of each other in the great things of God. I am not yet entered into that state. I am looking up to Christ, and shall wait his direction. The gospel runs, and is glorified. The work is beginning a fresh in *England*. Never was my preaching attended with so great power on this side the water. Our Lord

pours his comforts into my soul, and rejoices me with the glad news I hear from your parts. May you all increase and multiply in every good word and work. My most tender love to all. As fast as possibly I can, each shall hear from, my dear friends,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCIX.

To Mr. H——, at Georgia.

Greenwich, July 24, 1741.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

BEFORE the boat comes to take me down to the ship, I would write you a line or two. I greatly rejoice to hear that you live in love. But I shall not be surprised, if, after this remarkable work of the spirit, you meet with some trials. But fear not: we are all in the Mediator's hands. I find all things work together for my good, and so I am sure you will. My dear friends, I know you sympathize with me.—Indeed, I also do with you. My dear, dear family, you are continually upon my heart. I redeem a moment or two as often as I can to write to you. God only knows how I love and long after you in the bowels of the ever-blessed Jesus. O may you lean on his bosom, and may his banner over you be love. Adieu! for the present. I must soon away to the ship. I have ordered hats and shoes for the children, and intend sending brother *H*——'s order and other things, with some cash, very shortly. But the arrears hang on me yet. My Lord bears my burden; may he

bear all yours for you! I am persuaded he will. With great tenderness I subscribe myself, dear Mr. *H——*,

Your most affectionate, though unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCX.

To Mrs. S——, at Charles-Town.

In a boat going to Gravesend, July 24, 1741.

Dear Mrs. S——,

I Am now in a boat, in order to embark for *Scotland*. I have the conveniency of writing upon a trunk, and therefore cannot be easy without sending you a line. I rejoice to hear that you are carried upon the wings of love. Methinks I see you sitting under the Redeemer's shadow with great delight, and exalting his free grace in plucking you as a brand out of the fire. O when shall we go to heaven, that we may praise God for what he hath done for our poor souls! The Lord is better to me than ever. Conviction, and conversion, both in town and country, are beginning again. The divine presence is much manifested in our assemblies. Blessed be the Lord, who is also working with you. The spiritual prosperity of the orphan family, rejoices my heart. God will ere long, I believe, make a separation between the precious and the vile. Poor Mr. *G——*, Commissary *G——d*, and Chief Justice *W——*, bitter, bitter, though unsuccessful persecutors,

what will become of you? O that God may grant them repentance unto life! What reason have you and I, dear Mrs. *S*——, to exalt rich distinguishing grace! 'Tis that alone hath made the difference. I believe I need not remind you to pray, dear Mrs. *S*——, for

Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXI.

To Serjeant B——, at Gibraltar.

On board the Mary and Ann, bound from London to Leith, July 25, 1741.

Dear Mr. B——,

I Am glad to hear that you are yet alive, and what is more, I trust you are alive to God. Perhaps I may never see you again on this side eternity. O that we may approve ourselves good soldiers of Jesus Christ! How bright will our crown be then, at that last great day! I find there is nothing like being valiant for the truth. Jesus Christ is a glorious captain. He makes me more than conqueror through his love. I have seen great things, within these few months. I should have answered you sooner, but could not get time till now: I am embarked for *Scotland*. I hope you take particular care to beat down self-righteousness, and exalt the Lord Jesus alone in your hearts. I find, the only happiness is to lie down as a poor sinner at the feet of the once crucified, but now exalted Lamb of God, who died for our sins and rose again for our justification. I rejoice to hear, that some even at *Gibraltar* still

dare to own a too too much neglected Saviour. Blessed be God, the governor is so favourable to you. This is a great motive to love and thankfulness. The work of God still goes on in *England*, and other parts. O for that glorious period, when the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the seas! That our dear Lord may every day reign as king in all your souls, is the prayer of, dear Serjeant,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXII.

To Miss R——.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

Dear Miss,

A Few hours ago I came on board. To shew that you are in my mind, I employ some of my first leisure time in answering your letter. The condition you are in now, ought not to make you think that Jesus Christ has cast you off, and that it will be presumption in you to believe on him. The Lord is now shewing you, that you are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked, and such only are the persons that think they want his almighty aid. I fear you look too much into yourself, and from thence are discouraged. Whereas you should look directly to Christ, and come to him in all your blood. You will always fly from him, as long as you count him your enemy. But do not think so hardly of him; Jesus is the sinner's friend. O how doth his bowels yearn towards you! Are you made willing to be made whole? Christ invites and commands you to come to him; venture then upon him. If you never have believed yet, it is time for you to believe *now*. "Lord, give

me faith!" for faith is the free gift of God. What if your heart be hard, Jesus can soften it. What if you have yet no marks of your election? surely you dare not say, "You are not elected," or that Christ hath not died for you, even for you. It is, indeed, a bad thing to have only notions in the head, and no solid experience in the heart. But it is a good thing to be convinced of this. Blessed be God, who hath given you to bewail it. Look upon this as a token for good.—Trust not to means; when they are taken from you, Christ can and will work without them. The Lord may bring you help in a way, and at a time you know not of. Your extremity shall be God's opportunity. If the Lord vouchsafes to bless this letter in the least degree to your comfort, it will much rejoice the heart of, dear Miss,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXIII.

To Mr. J—— H——, at Georgia.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

My dear Brother,

WITH much pleasure I have again read over your kind letter. God is a God hearing prayer. My dear brother *H——* is awakened out of sleep. Help me men, help me angels, to praise God in his behalf! My dear brother, I pray God you may never lie down again. Christ is now giving you light; walk and rejoice in that light. Keep close, keep close, my dear man, and let nothing steal away your poor heart from the blessed Jesus. Give it all to him, give it to him, hard, earthly, sensual, devilish, as it is. He will wash it in his precious blood. Do not tie him down to any degree of conviction. So that he brings you home, let him do it in that way he shall think best. What a loving Saviour have you to deal with! You cannot conceive how kind he is, even *to me* every day. I feel and see his power more and more. He seems to be beginning his work afresh in *England*, and it gladdens my heart to hear he is among you at *Bethesda*. O do nothing to grieve the blessed spirit!

Let your conversation be such in all things, as becomes the gospel of the blessed Jesus. Have the greatest regard for the little lambs. Do nothing that may prove a stumbling block to their precious souls. Warm yourself by talking to them. Be not one moment idle. Redeem your precious time; for you know not when your Lord may come. My brother, my heart is full of love to thee.—May you be a beloved physician! Beloved of the Lord, beloved of the Lord's people, and a continual comfort to

Your most unworthy, though truly affectionate brother, and servant in the dear Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXIV.

To Mr. Wm. G——.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

My dear Brother G——,

YOUR kind letter I have just been reading over a second time. It gave me comfort; but the high stile extorted a smile or two from me. I believe you have been reading over Mrs. *D——*'s letters. You wanted to imitate her way of writing, but fail for want of her experience. It is a good thing not to go out of our depth. Methinks I see you look down and blush; but look up again immediately to Jesus Christ: He knows whereof we are made, and remembers we are but dust. Indeed I write to my dear man out of much love. Blessed be God, that all things are carried on with such decency and order. I pray God that you may so live, that all who come to see you may say, "Surely God is in this place." Your prayers in my behalf are heard. I am quickened, and strengthened mightily both in soul and body: controversial points are ended, and the Lord Jesus Christ triumphs gloriously. I find my heart often drawn towards *Bethesda*. I hope I shall yet meet you again in the

flesh, and embrace you one by one in my unworthy arms. In the mean time, I commit you to the bosom of Jesus. May you lean upon his breast, and sit under his shadow with great delight! May you be truly simple, truly childlike, and every way conformable to our great exemplar the spotless Lamb. I long for that time, when we shall sit down at his marriage supper: though I have the lowest place, it will suffice, dear brother *G——*,

Your affectionate brother, friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXV.

To Mr. J—— S——, at Georgia.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

Dear John,

YOUR case puts me in mind of that passage, where we are told that our Lord looked upon *Peter*. Surely, he has looked upon and prayed for you, otherwise how would Satan have sifted you? But see what comfort another passage may afford you, “Go tell my brethren and *Peter*.” Poor, weeping, penitent *Peter* must in no wise be forgotten. “Go tell them that I am risen.” Here are glad tidings of great joy to a disconsolate soul. May God apply it to your’s in particular. Dear *John*, may you learn from hence to stab your dear Saviour no more. I wonder not that you are in darkness. God will surely visit your offences with a rod, and your backslidings with some spiritual scourge. That is enough to keep us from sinning, though we know that his loving-kindness he will not utterly take from us, nor suffer his truth to fail. How dearly did *David* pay for his stolen sweets? What anguish has your poor soul felt, since I left you. Blessed be God, that he has awakened

you out of sleep. O free grace! I rejoice, yea and I will rejoice. That you may never provoke God to leave you to yourself, is the earnest prayer of, dear *John*,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXVI.

To Rebekah B——, an Orphan at the Orphan-house.
On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

Dear Bekky,

AND is the Lord still striving with you? O then admire his patience, and give him your whole heart. I had no other end in bringing you to *Bethesda*, but that you might be brought to Jesus. I hope you will yet find it a house of mercy to your soul. Take heed of resting in conviction. You know by experience how sadly it wears off. You may well wonder, that God has not sent you to hell long ago. I pray God, that his goodness may lead you to repentance, and that you may walk before the Lord in all well-pleasing, so long as you live. What sweet opportunities do you enjoy! How freely may you go into the woods, and pour out your heart before the dear Jesus. How early was *Samuel* acquainted with the Lord, and why should not you be acquainted with him? Unless you are, you can never be at peace. Come then, my dear lamb, and wander no longer; return to the shepherd and bishop of your soul. Behold, he shed his blood for you, and will carry you

to heaven, rejoicing over you to all eternity. Away to him then in all your blood, just as you are; and when you are near to God, forget not

Your affectionate friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXVII.

To Elizabeth G——, an Orphan.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

Dear Betty,

I Am glad you begin to feel the hardness of your heart, and your utter inability to pray. I pray God you may in all things see your helplessness, that you may come as a poor helpless nothing to Jesus Christ, and take him for your all in all. I wonder not that satan endeavours to terrify your soul. You know how he tore the young child in the Gospel, whilst he was coming to Jesus Christ. Your convictions at present seem to arise from a fear of hell; but before you receive this, I hope the Lord Jesus will have sealed your pardon, and have said, “Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee.” O *Betty*, why has God singled you out? Why was you brought to *Bethesda*? Away when you read this, and bless God for it, and devote yourself again and again to that Lord, who has bought you with his precious blood. Having much forgiven you, love much. Lie down in the dust, and be continually

looking to the rock from whence you are hewn. To hear that you, and my dear family, love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, will much rejoice the heart of

Your sincere friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

To Mary A——, an Orphan.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

Dear Molly,

UPON reading your letter, I put up this prayer, “Lord lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon her soul.” You once had joy. I found it puffed you up. I pray God to humble you by your present darkness. You may now see what a poor wretch you are, how proud, how earthly, how sensual, how devilish; and yet, stupendous love! Jesus Christ will still receive you. Your loving Saviour opens his arms, and invites you to throw the whole of your load upon him. I am persuaded he will receive you: go to him then, and confess that you have sinned. He will receive you; for what says the scripture? “Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved.” Surely *Molly A——* is included here. The dear Jesus is all love. He has brought you to a house of mercy. Out of love, keep his commandments, and love all that are around you. Be willing to be the servant of all, and from gratitude to God study to be a comfort to

Your sincere friend in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXIX.

To the Honourable J—— B——, Esq.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 26, 1741.

Hon. Sir,

WITH much pleasure I received yours by the hands of your son, who offered to do me any service that lay in his power. This, as well as your other past favours, quite surprize, and ought to humble me; for who am I, that I should be thus highly honoured? O sovereign grace! O distinguishing love! If I did not stand up in defence of that, the very stones would cry out against me. Indeed, honoured Sir, your kindness makes me almost to blush, and the love of Jesus quite confounds me. I am lost, I want to sink into nothing whenever I think of Christ's dying for me. I really think, I am the most ungrateful sinner that ever was, and yet the Redeemer follows me with his mercies every day. Unspeakable are the trials wherewith I have been visited since my arrival. But out of all the Lord delivers me. I experience daily much of his divine presence; a wider door than ever is opened for preaching the everlasting gospel, and God seems to be beginning his work

again in *Old-England*: it adds to my joy, to hear what the Lord is doing amongst you. Blessed, for ever blessed be God, for causing such a stirring among the dry bones. I pray the glorious Redeemer, to carry on the good work begun, and to make *New-England* the joy of the whole earth. I suppose you have heard, honoured Sir, of the remarkable effusion of the spirit among the children of the orphan-house. Surely, Jesus Christ is about to bring mighty things to pass. Whilst the kings of the earth are enlarging their dominions, I trust our Lord will usher in his.—I shall not be surprized, if after this great commotion in *New-England*, I hear that some outward troubles befal them. The removal of you, honoured Sir, from being governor, I take to be no good sign. I hope this has no other effect upon your own heart, than to make you more and more hunger and thirst after that righteousness, which neither men nor devils shall ever be able to take from you. God only knows, how often I have prayed, that this affliction may be sanctified unto you. I think, honoured Sir, I cannot forget you and your people. Both are dear, very dear to my soul. I sometimes long to see *Boston* again, that I may rejoice in what great things the Lord has done; but various circumstances concur to detain me on this side the ocean, all the next Winter. I am now in my passage to *Scotland*. What the Lord is pleased to do there, your honour may hear in my next. I rejoice, that I am a little retired from the world, and have the opportunity, honoured Sir, of writing to you. How sweet is retirement when Christ is present in the heart? Having him, I find I possess all things. Happy they that can wrap themselves in God. May you and yours be thus happy! This will enable you, honoured Sir, to rejoice in tribulation, and give thanks for every thing that does befal you. Tho' the ship is moving, and I am somewhat sick, I know not how to leave off. Indeed, I love and honour you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. That you

and yours may be rooted and grounded in his love, and filled with all the fulness of God, is the hearty prayer of, honoured Sir,

Your most affectionate, obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXX.

To the Reverend Dr. C——, at Boston.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 26, 1741.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Had the pleasure of yours, and have taken the freedom to publish part of it, because I thought our Lord's cause might be promoted thereby. Glory be to the ever blessed Jesus, for the great work begun in your province. Glory be to his great name, for raising up instruments to carry it on; especially for working so powerfully among the sons of the prophets. A most promising omen this for dear *New-England*. Reverend Sir, the searcher of hearts only knows, how deeply the welfare of your people is impressed upon my soul. I continually make mention of them in my poor prayers, both public and private, and have not failed to give thanks in their behalf. You seem a little offended, that I did not mention old Mr. *W——s*. It was, because by his conversation I could not find he came up to that character which you gave him. Mr. *S——* I truly value, and lately have had reason to think much better of him than formerly, when his experiences to me seemed too

superficial; but I am a poor, weak, fallible worm, and therefore my judgment is of little worth. I rejoice to hear that the ministers with you help forward the work of God. I find no such enemies to the cross of Christ, as those who keep up the form of religion, and are orthodox in their notions, but are ignorant of an experimental acquaintance with Jesus. However, the work of God is beginning afresh. I have free access every where, and have been upon the full stretch preaching to large auditories twice a day, for some time past. The Lord is pleased to strengthen me both in body and soul. His presence fills the assemblies, and, I verily believe, we shall yet see glorious days. I have sweet accounts from the Orphans. I thank you, dear Sir, for your care concerning them. I have been in great straits; but the dear Jesus helps me through them all. Help me, dear Sir, help me to praise him. My tender love awaits both you and your people. I am glad to hear, that my kind hostess is recovered. May the Lord strengthen her mightily, and cause her to go down to the grave in peace! I earnestly desire a continuance of your own and people's prayers in behalf of, reverend Sir,

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXI.

To John D——, at Boston.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 26, 1741.

My dear child,

I Thank you for your letter: I neither forgot you nor my promise. O that God may effectually work upon your heart betimes, for you cannot be good too soon, or too good. The little orphans at *Georgia* are crying out, “What shall we do to be saved?” And I am glad to hear, that this is the language of some little ones in *New-England*. If you know any of them, pray give my love to them, and tell them, I pray that Jesus Christ may be revealed in their dear hearts. How early was Jesus Christ in the Temple, first hearing, and then asking questions? How did he love the little children, how did he take them up in his sacred arms and bless them; and when he was just ascending to the highest heaven, how tenderly did he speak to *Peter*, and bid him “feed his lambs.” Let all this encourage you to come unto him. He will certainly receive you, tho’ you have been wicked; nay, he will abundantly pardon you. And what comfort will you enjoy, when you know your sins are

forgiven you? You will then have a heaven upon earth. In expectation of seeing you a Christian indeed, and grown in grace, I subscribe myself

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXII.

To the Honourable J—— W——, at Boston.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 26, 1741.

Honoured Sir,

PRESUMING it would not be disagreeable to you, I have taken the liberty to print part of the letter you was so kind as to send me. Surely it will rejoice the hearts of thousands, to hear what good things the Lord is doing in these parts. It has put much gladness into my heart, and caused me to give many thanks in behalf of the people of *New-England*. How good is our God! When things are a little troublesome without, he sends his gospel to comfort his children within. Surely Jesus Christ is about to set the world in a flame. He is working powerfully at home; he is working powerfully abroad. I trust he will continue working, 'till the earth be filled with the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. I hope you will yet feel more of this light and life in your own heart, before you go hence, and be comforted with the comforts wherewith I am daily comforted of God. Dear Sir, Jesus is a precious Master. He, as it were, dandles me upon his knees.

He carries me in his arms, he fights all my battles, and makes me more than conqueror thro' his love. My work is great, but my supports are greater. He assures me from day to day, that he will never leave me nor forsake me. My infirmities often make me blush, and yet Jesus passes them all by. Dear Sir, think often on the love of Christ: think of his dying love; that must give you comfort. I rejoice at this opportunity of writing to you. I thank you for your kind caution. I pray God to teach me how to improve it. Help me, dear Sir, with your prayers; and accept of these few lines from, honoured Sir,

Your most affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXIII.

To Mr. E—— D——, at Boston.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 26, 1741.

Dear Mr. D——,

I Am to be blamed for not sending you a line. I am an ungrateful creature; ungrateful to my earthly friends, unspeakably more so to the friend of all. Pardon me this once. God willing, you shall have no reason to complain of me any more. If you remember, once in my sermon I said, "O that *New-England* was full of new creatures!" I hope the Lord in some measure is going to answer that prayer.—It rejoices my heart, to hear that the gospel runs so swiftly, and is so remarkably glorified amongst you. This is the Lord's doings, and it ought to be marvellous in our eyes. Blessed are the eyes that see the things which we see; blessed are the ears that hear the things which we hear, for many righteous men have desired to see and hear them, and have not. I rejoice also to hear, that there is like to be a church in your house. O, dear Sir, take care that none of you rest, till you have got fast hold of the blessed Jesus. My kind love to dear Mrs. *D——*. May Christ's

justifying blood be upon you and your children. I return my love to all that are so kind as to remember me. I believe I shall not see you this Winter. The work is very great, and goes on very prosperous in *England*. However, you are all upon my heart, and the more heartily you pray for me, the sooner shall I be restored unto you. I hope I feel the benefit of your dear people's prayers; for God comforts and strengthens me daily, and carries me on from conquering to conquer. On shore, I have scarce time to write a line; being now on board, I take this opportunity of returning you my hearty thanks for your kind letter, and of assuring you that I am, dear Mr. *D*——,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. R——, at Boston .

On board the Mary and Ann, July 26, 1741.

My dear Brother R——,

HOW glad was I to receive a letter from your hands, having heard nothing of, or from you particularly, since we parted. What great things has the Lord shewn us since that time. Methinks I hear you say, "and yet I can tell of greater things." I believe we shall see far greater yet before we die. The work is beginning afresh here. I sometimes think *B—— G——* must take a voyage over to *Old-England*. Most of our *London* ministers too much shun the cross, and do not appear boldly for God.—Now the Lord hath worked so powerfully in your college, I have less to say against your joining with Mr. *W——*. I am glad to hear you speak plainly and closely. What comfort will this afford you in a dying hour? Go on, my dear brother, go on; venture daily upon Christ, go out in his strength, and he will enable you to do wonders. He is with me more and more. I have been sweetly carried thro' the heat and burden of every day's labour. Jesus bears all my burdens. Jesus

enables me to cast all my cares upon him. O then let us magnify his name together! I am now going to *Scotland*, knowing not what will befal me. What God does, you may expect to hear shortly. In the mean while, let us pray for and write to each other. As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the letters of a man his friend. Your last I have printed: God's glory called me to it. My dear brother, adieu! Dear Brother *S*—— sits by and salutes you. My kind love awaits Mr. *W*——, and all that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. In hopes of receiving another letter from you shortly, I subscribe myself, dear Mr. *R.*

Your very affectionate, tho' very unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXV.

To the Students, &c. under convictions at the colleges of Cambridge and New-haven,—in New-England and Connecticut.

Dear Gentlemen,

WITH unspeakable pleasure have I heard, that there seems to be a general concern among you about the things of God. It was no small grief to me, that I was obliged to say of your college, that "your light was become darkness;" yet are ye now become light in the Lord. I heartily thank God, even the Father of our glorious Redeemer, for sending dear Mr. *T*—— among you. What great things may we not now expect to see in *New-England*, since it has pleased God to work so remarkably among the sons of the prophets? Now we may expect a reformation indeed, since it is beginning at the house of God. A dead ministry will always make a dead people. Whereas, if ministers are warmed with the love of God themselves, they cannot but be instruments of diffusing that love among others. This, this is the best preparation for the work whereunto you are to be called. Learning without piety, will only make you more capable of promoting the

kingdom of satan. Henceforward, therefore, I hope you will enter into your studies not to get a parish, nor to be polite preachers, but to be great saints. This, indeed, is the most compendious way to true learning: for an understanding enlightened by the spirit of God, is more susceptible of divine truths, and I am certain will prove most useful to mankind. The more holy you are, the more will God delight to honour you. He loves to make use of instruments, which are like himself. I hope the *good old divinity* will now be precious to your souls, and you will think it an honour to tread in the steps of your pious forefathers. They were acquainted with their own hearts.—They knew what it was to be tempted themselves, and therefore from their own experience knew how to succour others. O may you follow them, as they followed Christ. Then great, very great will be your reward in heaven. I am sure you can never serve a better Master than Jesus Christ, or be engaged in a higher employ than in calling home souls to him. I trust, dear gentlemen, you will not be offended at me for sending you these few lines. I write out of the fulness of my heart. I make mention of you always in my prayers. Forget me not in yours. I am a poor weak worm. I am the chief of sinners, and yet, O stupendous love! the Lord's work still prospers in my unworthy hands.—Fail not to give thanks, as well as to pray for

Your affectionate brother and servant, in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXVI.

To Mr. D——, at Boston.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 25, 1741.

Dear Sir,

YOUR's as well as other letters, which I received from *Boston*, gave me no small satisfaction. Now, now I live, if poor sinners are flocking for life to the dear Lord Jesus. How may we suppose the angels to be rejoicing over *Boston*, and other places in *New-England*! How glad are they to see the lectures frequented as in times of old, and the spirit of your good forefathers reviving among you! Sure it must be delightful to see black and white, young men and maidens, old men and children, praising the name of the Lord. Blessed be God, who in this great awakening hath not passed by your house. Fear not, dear Sir: Who knows but the blessed Jesus may yet visit you with the light of his blessed countenance? I rejoice to hear he has been gracious to your wife and daughter. I pray God, you may be all built up in our most holy faith, and go on from strength to strength, till you come to appear before the Lord Christ in glory. I thank God, who hath heard prayer

on my behalf. I am strengthened daily both in body and soul, and have reason to think my ministry is blessed more and more. Let God's goodness to me, encourage you to expect great things from our Lord. He is able and willing to do for us more abundantly than we can ask or think. That you and your dear family may daily drink of his divine pleasures, as out of a river, is the earnest prayer of, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXVII.

To John R——, an Orphan, at the Orphan-house.
On board the Mary and Ann, July 27, 1741.

Dear John,

I Remember you once wanted to go away from *Bethesda*. Adore the free grace and mercy of that God, who has kept you there. I trust, it will prove the saving of your precious and immortal soul. To see oneself lost and condemned by nature, is the first step to conversion. I hope before this time you have found yourself saved by grace: for "by grace alone you are to be saved, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." The Lord Jesus hath indeed been knocking at the door of your heart. I trust, now he will break the door open, and give himself admission. Dear *John*, you may well wonder, that the Lord hath not sent you to hell. I trust, that you feel you deserve it. O that God may pluck you as a brand out of the burning. This was my only view in bringing you to *Bethesda*. This is the only desire of the dear friends who have the rule over you; they watch for your soul, &c. The devil (as you observe) watches to destroy it: and, therefore, my dear boy,

away to Jesus Christ. He can take away the heart of stone: he can give you an heart of flesh. All things are possible with Him. That God may give you grace to take the kingdom of heaven with a holy violence, is the hearty prayer of, dear *John*,

Your sincere friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXVIII.

To James M——, an Orphan.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 27, 1741.

Dear James,

I Am glad to hear by dear brother *B*——'s letters, that your soul has received comfort. I am comforted at the news. May God increase it daily, 'till your joy be full. I must think God loves you, and that he has begun a good work in your soul. I hope to find at my return that it is carried on, and that you have been pressing forward towards the mark for the prize of your high calling in Christ Jesus your saviour. Dear *James*, I do not forget you. I hope you never will forget the love of Christ, who died and hath given himself for you. Does not the very thought of this make you even to weep? Do you not want some private place where to vent your heart? Away then, I will detain you no longer. Retire into the woods. Go look to him whom you have pierced, and with a godly sorrow mourn for your sins, as a woman for her first-born. At the same time, forget not to sigh out a prayer in behalf of, dear *James*,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXIX.

To Thomas Webb, an Orphan.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 27, 1741.

Dear Thomas,

HOW inconsistent is the devil! How artfully does he strive to keep poor souls from Christ! Sometimes he labours to drive poor souls into despair; sometimes to presumption. These are the two rocks, against which he would fain have poor souls to make shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. I pray God to enable you to steer a middle course.—May you see your misery, and at the same time see your remedy in the cross and wounds of Jesus Christ. He calls to all weary heavy laden souls; consequently he calls you. Your coming to him, will be a proof of your election. The devils know nothing of God's decrees. If ever he should tempt you so again, say, "If I do perish, I will perish at the feet of Christ." He is willing to save, to save to the uttermost. He sees, he feels your anguish. He longs to rejoice over you. Venture therefore upon him. *Thomas*, be not faithless, but believing. Christ shall yet shew you his hands and his feet. He is the same now, as he was

yesterday, full of love and condescension to self-condemned sinners. That you may experience the full power and efficacy of the Redeemer's blood, is the ardent prayer of, dear *Thomas*,

Your sincere friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXX.

To William B——.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 27, 1741.

I Thought your father had sent for you from *Bethesda*; but I hope your heavenly Father has kept you there to bring you home to himself. Your deadness has often grieved me. O that I may have reason to sing, at my return, "*Billy B——* was dead, but is alive again; he was lost, but is found." You do well to pray to God, to search your heart, and to try your reins; for otherwise your treacherous heart will deceive you. I would not have you forget what the Lord is doing for you, for ten thousand worlds. O defer not repentance to a death-bed. It will be hard to strive with principalities and powers, when you can scarce turn in your bed. A man, at that time, can hardly bear up under his bodily infirmities; but a wounded spirit who can bear? Reject, therefore, such a horrid temptation, with the utmost abhorrence. Be a worker together with God; and now God is working in you to will and to do, see that you work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. Do not stab your Saviour any more. Dear *Billy*, think on his

bitter agony and bloody sweat, and fly to him, as a Redeemer ready and willing to receive you. That you may be happy in him here, and with him hereafter, is the hearty prayer of

Your sincere friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXI.

To R—— W——, an Orphan.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 27, 1741.

Dear Richard,

THE contents of your letter pleased me. I have sometimes thought, if God did not convert *Richard W——*, he would be one of the most unhappy boys in the world. You have *head-knowledge*; and unless you are made to see the sinfulness of your heart, it will much increase your condemnation. Blessed be God, who yet hath patience with you, and seems to be striving with your soul. I do not wonder that the devil tells you, "it is time to repent when you are a man." You may well say, it is the devil that tells you so: Such a suggestion cannot come from God. Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation! Jesus will even now accept you, vile as you are, and ungrateful as you have been: if you feel your misery, and fly to him for succour, he will accept you. Every conviction cries, "Come, *Richard*, come to me, that thou mayest have rest." Let me advise you, as old *Eli* advised young *Samuel*: say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

I am your sincere friend,
G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXII.

To John F——, an Orphan.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 27, 1741.

Dear John,

I Willingly fulfil your request, and sit down to write you a line or two. I am glad you begin to see the wickedness of your own heart. You cannot conceive what a mystery of iniquity is hid therein. The more you see it, the more you will find the want of a saviour, and adore God for giving his dear Son to die for sinners. There was once a young man, named *John*, who leaned on the Saviour's bosom, and was his particular favourite. What if you should be thus highly honoured. Would it not be an amazing instance of love and condescension? And what doth the Saviour do less, for all that feel themselves poor, lost, undone sinners? Nay, does he not do for them infinitely more? Yes, he does. Come to him, therefore, by faith, and he shall embrace you in the arms of his mercy, clothe you with his righteousness, sanctify you by his spirit, guide you by his counsel, and after death receive you up into glory. Look up, then, and never rest till you have it. Conviction

is not conversion. But you know who has promised not to quench the smoaking flax, or break the bruised reed. That this promise may be fulfilled in your soul, is the hearty prayer of

Your sincere friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXIII.

To L—— M——, an Orphan.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 27, 1741.

Dear L—— M——,

AND are little boys and girls, at this and that corner of the wood, crying unto the Lord? I hope you, dear *L——*, are always among them; and may the Lord hear your prayers, when you cry unto him! Surely he will, if you feel yourselves poor sinners. Never did Jesus reject an humble suppliant. "Suffer (says he) little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." Dear *L——*, take all possible care to cherish your convictions. God has spoken once, yea twice to you, in an extraordinary manner. You are one of the oldest; you ought to go before the rest, and to encourage them to follow the ever-blessed Jesus. Satan will, no doubt, be very busy; and therefore you ought to be busy also. You fight under a good captain, even Jesus Christ, who will tread all enemies under your feet. My dear child, redeem your precious time. Fight the good fight of faith; and when you are wrestling with God, fail not to pray for

Your sincere friend,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXIV.

To Mr. Thomas J——, at Savannah.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 29, 1741.

Dear Sir,

I Thank you for your continued kindness to my dear family. The God whom I serve, will richly reward you. I am more and more convinced, that the Orphan-house is of God. He will uphold it with his mighty arm. Dear Sir, there is nothing like a life of faith. It is more and more pleasant to me every day. I pray God, you may experience it every moment, and be enabled entirely to overcome the world. My letters, to my dear family, will inform you, how the Lord hath been pleased to deal with me. Blessed be his name, he hath delivered, he does, he will yet deliver. My soul has been among lions. Jesus hath been my helper. I am very comfortable within, and experience more of the divine presence in preaching, I think, than ever I did before in *England*. I suppose I shall not embark for *America* till Spring. Whatever good offices you are pleased to do for my family, shall be then fully acknowledged by, dear Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant in Christ,
G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXV.

To Mr. L——, at Bristol.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 29, 1741.

Dear Mr. L——,

WE are now within thirty miles of our desired haven. We have had a pleasant passage. Before I go ashore, I would fain answer your kind letter. Fear not for *Bristol*. No weapon formed against *Zion* shall prosper. Let us wait patiently, and we shall certainly see the salvation of God. The Lord is beginning his work afresh. I suppose brother *C——* has told you something of it. I never felt greater power in *England*. I have had God's continued presence during the passage. God has given me sweet sleep at night, and a good appetite to my food by day. Faithful is he who hath promised, that those who wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. I speak thus freely to you, because I know you will be thankful on my behalf. I hope both you and your dear wife, are making daily advances in the divine life. Whilst others are disputing, let us be growing. This will be the best way to convince those, who you find will not be convinced any other way. Adieu!

The Lord be with you. May your soul breathe nothing but gentleness and love!

I am, dear Sir, Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXVI.

To Mr. H——, at the Orphan-house.

On board the Mary and Ann, July 30, 1741.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

I Have been five days on board, and am now just at our desired haven. God's presence has sweetened the passage, and I have had freedom to write many letters besides those sent to *Bethesda*. If you, and dear brother *B——*, think proper, the little ones may be called, and the letters read before you. A word of exhortation, and a short prayer, may not be unseasonable. I thank you all for the tender care you take of the dear lambs. You serve a master, who will richly reward all your pains. I hope there will come a time, when I shall embrace and weep over you all with tears of love! At present, I feel myself a poor sinner, and stand amazed at God's goodness and patience extended towards me. I am less than the least of his mercies. You may expect to hear from me again shortly. O do not forget to pray for me. My dear friends, for the present, adieu! The Lord be with your spirit.

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

To Mr. J—— C——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 1, 1741.

My very dear Brother,

THE Lord was very gracious to me on board. He gave us a pleasant passage. As you know that the Messrs. *Erskines* gave me the first invitation to *Scotland*, and hath been praying for me in the most public, explicit, I could almost say extravagant manner, for near two years last past, I was determined to give them the first offer of my poor ministrations. Accordingly, I went yesterday to *Dumfermling*, where dear Mr. *R—— E——* hath got a large and separate, or, as it is commonly termed, seceding meeting-house. He received me very lovingly. I preached to his and the town's people.—A very thronged assembly—After I had done prayer, and named my text, the rustling made by opening the bibles all at once, quite surprized me: a scene, I never was witness to before. Our conversation after sermon, in the house, was such as became the gospel of Christ. They entertained me with various accounts of the success of the *Seceders* labours;

and, as a proof of God's being with them, Mr. *R*——'s son-in-law told me, that, at one of their late occasions, a woman was so deeply affected, that she was obliged to stop her mouth with an handkerchief to keep herself from crying out. They urged a longer stay, in order to converse more closely, and to set me right about church government, and the solemn league and covenant. I informed them, that I had given notice of preaching at *Edinburgh* this evening; but, as they desired it, I would in a few days return, and meet the associate presbytery in Mr. *R*——'s house. This was agreed on. Dear Mr. *E*—— accompanied me, and this evening I preached to many thousands, in a place called *The Orphan-house Park*. The Lord was there. Immediately after sermon, a large company, among whom were some of the nobility, came to salute me. Amidst our conversation, came in a portly, well-looking Quaker, nephew to Messrs. *E*——, formerly a Baptist minister in the north of *England*, who, taking me by the hand, said, "Friend *George*, I am as thou art; I am for bringing all to the life and power of the everliving God: and, therefore, if thou wilt not quarrel with me about my hat, I will not quarrel with thee about thy gown." In this respect, I wish all, of every denomination, were thus minded. I find God has blessed my works in these parts. I am most cordially received by many that love the Lord Jesus. I have just been in company with a nobleman, who, I believe, truly fears God; and also with a lady of fashion, that discovers a Christian spirit indeed. I already hear of great divisions. But Jesus knows how to bring order out of confusion. I hope the Lord is much with you, my dear brother. O may you be anointed more and more, till you are filled with all the fulness of God. Be pleased to read this to all in *Wine-street*; and remember me kindly to all that love the glorious Redeemer. He is a dear, dear Jesus. Tho' we die for,

yet let us not deny him in any wise. Pray that such a mind may be always given to

Your weak and unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. G. W——, at Maxton.
Edinburgh, Aug. 1, 1741.

Dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter, like all other tokens of my precious Master's love, quite amazes me. I hear you are a good old soldier of Jesus Christ. O that you had wrote to me sooner! I want the advice and exhortation of those who have been in Christ before me. The Lord is pleased greatly to bless me. His work seems to be beginning afresh in *England*. How it goes on abroad, the papers sent with this will inform you. Help me, dear Sir, help me with your prayers, that the Lord may bless my coming here. I hope some have felt the divine presence in this evening's exercise. Thro' grace I can say, I did, and do now. O that I could be humble and thankful! O that my heart glowed with the love of God and men! I would breathe nothing but love. I would love all that love the Lord Jesus, of whatsoever denomination. May the Lord heal our divisions, and grant that we may not thereby provoke him to send us a common persecution to drive us together! O that we may stand in

a trying hour. Dear Sir, I shall be glad to see you at *Edinburgh* any day after *Wednesday* next, and then we can settle when to come into your parts. I am willing to preach the gospel to all. It is now late, but I was willing to write, lest something should hinder me on *Monday*. Dear Sir, good night. I commend you to God, thank you for your prayers, and desire a continuance of them in behalf of

Your affectionate younger brother, and fellow-labourer in the Redeemer's vineyard,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

To Mr. Thomas N——, at New-York.

Edinburgh, Aug. 8, 1741.

My dear Brother,

I Have written you several letters; and I rejoice to hear that the work of the Lord prospers in the hands of Messrs. *T——s*, &c. am glad they intend to meet in a synod by themselves. Their catholic spirit will do good. The *associate presbytery* here, are so confined, that they will not so much as hear me preach, unless I only will join with them. Mr. *Ralph E——*, indeed, did hear me, and went up with me into the pulpit of the *Cannon-gate* church.—The people were ready to shout for joy; but, I believe, it gave offence to his associates. I met most of them, according to appointment, on *Wednesday* last.—A set of grave venerable men! They soon proposed to form themselves into a presbytery, and were proceeding to chuse a moderator—I asked them for what purpose? They answered, to discourse, and set me right, about the matter of church-government, and the solemn league and covenant. I replied, they might save themselves that trouble, for

I had no scruples about it; and that settling church-government, and preaching about the solemn league and covenant, was not my plan; I then told them something of my experience, and how I was led out into my present way of acting. One in particular said, he was deeply affected; and the dear Mr. *E——* desired they would have patience with me, for that having been born and bred in *England*, and never studied the point, I could not be supposed to be so perfectly acquainted with the nature of their covenants. One, much warmer than the rest, immediately replied, "that no indulgence was to be shown me; that *England* had revolted most with respect to church government; and that I, born and educated there, could not but be acquainted with the matter now in debate." I told him, I had never yet made the solemn league and covenant the object of my study, being too busy about matters, as I judged, of greater importance. Several replied, that every pin of the tabernacle was precious.—I said, that in every building there were outside and inside workmen; that the latter, at present, was my province; that if they thought themselves called to the former, they might proceed in their own way, and I should proceed in mine. I then asked them seriously, what they would have me to do; the answer was that I was not desired to subscribe immediately to the solemn league and covenant; but to preach only for them till I had further light. I asked, why only for them? Mr. *Ralph E——* said, "they were the Lord's people." I then asked, whether there were no other Lord's people but themselves; and supposing all others were the devil's people, they certainly had more need to be preached to, and therefore I was more and more determined to go out into the highways and hedges; and that if the Pope himself would lend me his pulpit, I would gladly proclaim the righteousness of Jesus Christ therein. Soon after this, the company broke up; and one of these, otherwise venerable men,

immediately went into the meeting-house, and preached upon these words, “Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night, if ye will enquire, enquire ye; return, come.” I attended; but the good man so spent himself in the former part of his sermon, in talking against prelacy, the common-prayer book, the surplice, the rose in the hat, and such like externals, that when he came to the latter part of his text, to invite poor sinners to Jesus Christ, his breath was so gone, that he could scarce be heard. What a pity that the last was not first, and the first last! The consequence of all this was, an open breach. I retired, I wept, I prayed, and after preaching in the fields, sat down and dined with them, and then took a final leave. At table a gentlewoman said, she had heard that I had told some people, that the associate presbytery were building a *Babel*. I said, “Madam, it is quite true; and I believe the *Babel* will soon fall down about their ears:” but enough of this. Lord, what is man, what the best of men? but men at the best! I think I have now seen an end of all perfection. Our brethren in *America*, blessed be God, have not so learned Christ. Be pleased to inform them of this letter. I have not time to write now. The Lord blesses my preaching here, and the work, I think, is begun afresh in *London*. I preach to many thousands daily, and several have applied to me already under convictions. I have been here about eight days. You may expect to hear from me shortly again. The Lord be with you. I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ: He will bless you for what you have done for the poor orphans. He comforts me on every side. O free grace! Dear brother *S——* salutes you all.

Ever yours in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXL.

To Mr. T—— G——, at London.

Edinburgh, Aug. 8, 1741.

YOU will see, my dear brother, by the following, what God is still doing for me. On *Sunday* evening, I preached in a field near the Orphan-house, to upwards of fifteen thousand people; and on *Monday*, *Friday*, and *Saturday* evening, to near as many. On *Tuesday* I preached in the *Cannongate* church; on *Wednesday* and *Thursday* at *Dumfermling*; and at my return on *Friday* morning, at about eight o'clock, I preached at a town called *Queens-Ferry*, seven miles from *Edinburgh*. Every where the auditories were large, and very attentive. Great power accompanied the word. Many have been brought under convictions; and I have already received several invitations to different places, which, God willing, I intend to comply with. At present I can say no more, but desire you to pray for, and expect soon to hear further from,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLI.

To the Rev. Mr. W——, at Dundee.

Edinburgh, Aug. 10, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Just now had the pleasure of your letter; for which be pleased to accept my hearty thanks. I trust your prayers will be heard in my behalf. Glory be to free grace! many are here brought under convictions. Unworthy as I am, the glorious *Emmanuel* is pleased to clothe his word with power. I am amazed at his loving-kindness, and want heaven and earth to join with me in praising his holy Name. By your son I have sent some papers, and shall gladly receive any from you. I wish you would not trouble yourself or me in writing about the corruptions of the Church of *England*. I believe there is no church perfect under heaven; but, as God, by his providence, is pleased to send me forth simply to preach the gospel to all, I think there is no need of casting myself out. The divisions in *Scotland* are affecting, and undoubtedly they will occasion great searchings of heart. I pray God to support us in a trying hour. I am not yet determined, when I shall come your way. I can

only promise, it shall be the first opportunity, and that you shall be apprized of it some time before. In the mean time, be pleased to bear me upon your heart. I am a weak helpless worm. Your correspondence will always be agreeable to me. That you may daily receive fresh anointings from above, is the hearty prayer of, reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate, tho' younger brother and servant in the Gospel,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLII.

To the Rev. Mr. O——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 10, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Thank you for your kind and obliging letter.—I had not time to answer it before. God willing, I hope to come into the northern parts. The precise time I cannot yet tell. For ever adored be the Lord for his free grace! the word is accompanied with great power. Several apply to me daily under convictions. I find it best simply to preach the pure gospel, and not to meddle at all with controversy. The present divisions are a sore judgment to *Scotland*. This is my comfort, Jesus is king. He will either heal, or bring good out of them. I have been with several of the associate presbytery; but I see no hopes of accommodation. O that the power of religion may revive! Nothing but that can break down the partition wall of bigotry. Dear Sir, forget not to pray for me. I see more and more that I am nothing, and that Jesus is all in all. Did I know how, I would send you some papers; but I

hope ere long to have a personal interview; and in the mean while, I beg leave to subscribe myself, reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord R——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 11, 1741.

My Lord,

THOUGH I am just going out, yet I cannot satisfy myself without snatching a few moments to write to you. I hope this will find your Lordship safe at your journey's end, rejoicing in God for giving his angels charge concerning you in the way. It will please your Lordship, to inform you that the Lord of all Lords hath dealt most lovingly with me, since your departure hence. His power hath been frequently made known in the great congregation, and many come to me daily, crying out, "What shall I do to be saved?" The work of the Lord also goes on in *America*, and in *England*, so that I hope we shall see the kingdom of God come with power. This is the full desire of my soul. I am determined to seek after and know nothing else. For besides this, all other things are but dung and dross. O my Lord, why should we that are pilgrims, mind earthly things? Why should we that are soldiers, entangle ourselves with the things of this life? Heavenly-

mindedness is the very life of a Christian. It is all in all.—I pray the Lord that your heart may be drawn more and more towards him, and be fill'd with all his fulness. I could say more, but Mr. *G——— W———* waits for me. I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLIV.

To Mr. H—— H——, in London.

Edinburgh, Aug. 11, 1741.

My very dear Brother H——,

THOUGH my eyes are dim, and my body calls for rest, yet I would fain send you a line before I go. The Lord Jesus is getting himself into many hearts. I scarce feel any restraint in preaching. Both in public and private, the Lord clothes his word with power. Poor souls come to me under deep convictions. Sweet letters are sent to me of the success of my writings and sermons; and several pressing invitations to many places. I hope God is beginning such a work here, as he begun, and is now carrying on in *New-England*. Night and day Jesus fills me with his love. My bodily strength is daily renewed. The Lord is pleased to open my mouth wide; praise him for it. I have preached twice, and talked, and walked much to day. My dear man, good-night. The Lord be with you!

Ever, ever yours, in the most adorable Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLV.

To the Most Honourable the M——ss of L——n.

Edinburgh, Aug. 12, 1741.

My Lord,

I Am surprized to find your Lordship so condescending as to write to me. How bright does humility shine in great personages? It is this renders God so amiable to his creatures. He is infinitely good, and withal infinitely condescending. What an unparalleled instance was that of his loving kindness, his giving his only begotten Son to die for sinful man. How low did Jesus stoop when he lay in a manger, much more when he hung upon the accursed tree. When I think of this mystery of godliness, I am lost in thought. This makes me to despise all human happiness, and sets my soul a longing for a full fruition of my Jesus. I pray God to give your Lordship grace to determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He is the only center of true happiness. In him alone, solid, lasting joys are to be found. Having Jesus, I find in him I possess all things. But whither am I going? Your Lordship will excuse me. My heart at present is enlarged. I

pray God to visit your Lordship with his great salvation. I thank your Lordship for your intended benefaction to the poor *Georgia* orphans. I hope the glorious Emmanuel will accept it at your hands. I have sent your Lordship another parcel, seeing the first hath miscarried. I shall follow it with my poor prayers, being, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

To Mr. H—— H——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 13, 1741.

My very dear Brother,

I Longed to receive a letter from you. Blessed be God, my longing was satisfied this day. My heart is much united to you, and carried out for you. I utterly disapprove of some persons separating principles. I find, Satan now turns himself into an angel of light, and stirs up God's children to tempt me to come over to some particular party. The associate Presbytery have been hard upon me; but I find no freedom, any longer than I continue just as I am, and evangelize to all. I know not that I differ from you in one thing. Glory be to God for what he has done at *London*! He is doing great things here. I walk in the continual sunshine of his countenance. Every day, fresh seals are given of my ministry. This morning God opened my voice to speak to preachers of the gospel. Be pleased to accept of this summary account of my proceedings. On *Sunday* morning, I visited and preached to the orphans here, and in the evening to as many people as the *Sunday* before. Every day

since, excepting *Monday*, I have preached either in the churches or field twice a day, and yesterday I collected upwards of ninety-three pounds for the *Georgia* orphans. People are daily coming under deep convictions, and fresh invitations are sent me to preach at divers places round about. On *Sunday*, I purpose to preach in the country, and also the greatest part of the following week, and shall return again, God willing, about *Friday* to this city. O my brother, exhort all to praise the Lord. I have most sweet letters from many awakened ones. God, I believe, will work in the ministers and young students hearts. Even so Lord Jesus. Amen. Pray fail not writing to

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

To Mr. D—— E——, at Sterling.

Edinburgh, Aug. 13, 1741.

My dear Brother,

I Received your kind letter, and heartily bless God, if any thing dropping from my unworthy lips was made of service to your soul. I believe, God inclined me to speak to you. The sons of the prophets are much upon my heart. I pray God that you may be polished shafts, and noble instruments in his hands, of building up living temples for the Holy Ghost. The treatment I met with from the associate presbytery, was not altogether such as I expected. It grieved me, as much as it did you. I could scarce refrain from bursting into a flood of tears. I wish all were like-minded with your honoured father and uncle: matters then would not be carried on with so high an hand. I fear they are led too much. Such violent methods, such a narrow way of acting, can never be the way to promote and enlarge the kingdom of the blessed Jesus. It surely must be wrong to fix such bounds to ourselves, as forbid even our hearing those who love the Lord Jesus in

sincerity, and have also been owned of him. Christ would not have done so. —Supposing the scheme of government which the associate presbytery contend for to be scriptural, yet forbearance and long-suffering is to be exercised towards such as may differ from them; and I am verily persuaded, there is no such form of government prescribed in the book of God, as excludes a toleration of all other forms whatsoever. Was the New Testament outward tabernacle to be built as punctual as the old, as punctual directions would have been given about the building it; whereas, it is only deduced by inference, and thus we see Independents, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians bring the same text to support their particular scheme, and I believe Jesus Christ thereby would teach us to exercise forbearance and long-suffering to each other. Was the associate presbytery scheme to take effect, out of conscience, if they acted consistently, they must restrain, and grieve, if not persecute many of God's children who could not possibly come into their measures; and I doubt not but their present violent methods, together with the corruptions of that assembly, will cause many to turn Independents, and set up particular churches of their own. This was the effect of archbishop *Laud*'s acting with so high an hand; and whether it be presbytery or episcopacy, if managed in the same manner, it will be productive of the same effects. Blessed be God, I have not so learned Christ. I preach the simple gospel, and our glorious Jesus is pleased to attend it with his power. Every day I feel more and more of the divine presence, and people are coming to me crying, "What shall we do to be saved." The love of Jesus fills my soul, and constrains me to write thus freely to you. O dear Sir, I love and honour your pious father. Remember me in the kindest manner to the good old man. I pray God, his last days may not be employed too much in the non-essentials of religion. My heart is knit to the family. God forbid,

that any thing should hinder us from taking sweet counsel together. God willing, I am to preach at *Falkirk* on *Tuesday* evening, and purpose to be at *Sterling* that night, and to preach twice there the next day. If it was thought advisable, I would collect for the Orphan-house at *Georgia* in the afternoon. The Lord be with you, and all the family. Forget me not in your prayers.—I am a poor unworthy wretch. As such, pray for

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

To Mr. H—— H——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 15, 1741.

My very dear Brother,

IT would make your heart leap for joy, to be now in *Edinburgh*. I question if there be not upwards of 300 in this city seeking after Jesus. Every morning, I have a constant levee of wounded souls, many of whom are quite slain by the law. God's power attends the word continually, just as when I left *London*. At seven in the morning, we have a lecture in the fields, attended not only by the common people, but persons of great rank. I have reason to think several of the latter sort are coming to Jesus. Little children also are much wrought upon. God much blesses my letters from the little orphans. He loves to work by the most contemptible means. O my dear brother, I am quite amazed, when I think what God hath done here in a fortnight. My printed journals and sermons have been blessed in an uncommon manner. I am only afraid lest people should idolize the instrument, and not look enough to the glorious Jesus, in whom alone I

desire to glory. Congregations consist of many thousands. Never did I see so many bibles, nor people look into them, when I am expounding, with such attention. Plenty of tears flow from the hearers eyes. Their concern appears various ways. I preach twice daily, and expound at private houses at night, and am employed in speaking to souls under distress great part of the day. I have just snatched a few moments to write to my dear brother. O that God may enlarge your heart to pray for me. This afternoon I shall preach out of town, and also to-morrow. Next post, God willing, you shall have another letter. I walk continually in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. The love of Christ quite strikes me dumb. O grace! grace! Let that be my song. Adieu. My dear fellow-traveller joins with me in hearty love to you all. I must away.

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXLIX.

To Mr. J—— H——, at Georgia.

Edinburgh, Aug. 24, 1741.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

WITH very great difficulty I get time to write this. The Lord is doing great things in *Scotland*. I preach twice daily to many thousands with great power. I have collected here very near two-hundred pounds, and have a prospect of collecting much more. Mr. *N*—— has drawn upon me for three hundred pounds sterling. I have paid two of it. Some hundreds remain yet unpaid. God gives me to put my trust in him. I have bought five hundred yards of cloth for the dear orphans winter's wear, and shall send you the other things you mentioned. I rejoice to hear that the Lord is with you. I do not wonder at the contempt you meet with, or the calumnies which are spread abroad. Remember the burning bush. O my friend, my dear friend, how shall I thank you for your prayers, care, and love? I am willing to wash all your feet. Perhaps in the Spring, I may embark; but cannot yet determine. I have written to you many letters, and I always remember you

in my prayers. I am glad to hear that you can go to market without money. The Lord increase your faith. My dear brother, I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I will do what I can for Mr. *B*——. I thank dear Mr. *J*——, from my heart, for his great kindness. I wrote to him and to Mr. *B*——, and near thirty more, a month ago. Expect also some money shortly. I had rather bear any burden, than have my dear family burdened. I thank Mr. *W*—— for his care. His brethren here are well. I have not time to tell you, how I love and esteem you for the care you take of the dear lambs. I long to weep over you all. Excuse me for not writing particularly. The Lord be with you all. As soon as I can possibly redeem time, you shall hear again, my dear Mr. *H*——, from

Ever yours in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCL.

To the Rev. Mr. R—— E——.

Edinburgh, Aug. 24, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Thank you for your kind letter. I believe it proceeded from love; but, as yet, I cannot think the solemn league and covenant is any way obligatory upon me. Indeed, dear Sir, you mistake if you think I temporize on account of the orphans. Be it far from me. I abhor the very thought of it. I proceed now, just as I have done ever since I came out in the ministry; and so far from not setting a hedge about our Lord's garden, that was I called to it, I should set a much closer hedge than that which the associate presbytery are planting. I should enquire into people's experiences, before I admitted them to the Lord's table. I would have church members meet in church fellowship, and tell one another what God has done for their souls. You seem to think I am not open to light. That I may give you satisfaction, I am willing to confer with Mr. *W——* at *Perth*, where I am to be by divine permission on *Thursday, September 3*. On *Tuesday* next, about four in the

afternoon, I purpose preaching at *Dumfermling*.—I am engaged to sup at your collegue's house, but intend to lie at yours. In the mean time be pleased to pray for me, and to remember my love to all your family; and believe me, reverend Sir, to be

Your most affectionate, though unworthy brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLI.

To the Reverend Mr. O——, at Aberdeen.

Perth, Sept. 3, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Have received two letters from you, which much affect me, knowing how unworthy I am of such endearing expressions, or indeed of any notice at all. But what shall I say? Grace! grace! Jesus loves me, and so does his servant for Jesu's sake. O free grace! I am sorry to find that any should insinuate, my not coming to *Aberdeen* is owing to your cold invitation. Such a thought never entered my heart, but quite the contrary. The distance of the way, and my pressing call to *England*, will keep me from you, and nothing else. I love and honour you for my master's sake. I should be glad to wash your feet, and if possible I will yet see you. But if God should not permit me, dear Sir, be not offended. The Lord is pleased to give me much freedom and power in preaching. Congregations are every where large, and they have been very liberal to my poor orphans. O that I was humble, and thankful! I am the chief of sinners: I feel myself such. O the efficacy of

Christ's blood! It is omnipotent; it hath saved me. Dear Sir, my heart is melted down with the love of Jesus. He is a dear master. He hath suffered no evil to befal me, as you have already heard. I have not so much as hurt my foot against a stone. Help me to praise him. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive all honour and glory and riches and power and blessing! With much difficulty, I get time to send you these few lines.—Reverend and dear Sir,

Your very affectionate, obedient friend, younger brother, and servant in the gospel,

G. W.

P. S. For nine days past, I have continued preaching with great power twice every day, to very large and affected auditories in many towns and villages.

LETTER CCCLII.

To the Rev. Mr. W——.

Edinburgh, Sept. 19, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

THOUGH nature calls for rest, and I am to preach four times to-morrow, yet I cannot go to bed without answering your kind letter. Blessed be God for any good done at *Dundee*! Not unto me, not unto me, but unto Jesus Christ be all the glory. Thanks be to God, I can yet send you more glad tidings. At *Creif* we had a most precious meeting. At *Glasgow* I preached ten times. The Lord was with me of a truth. The congregations were very large, as were the contributions, and many were brought under the deepest convictions. With great regret we parted, and with great joy was received at *Edinburgh*. I had some thoughts of abiding in *Scotland* longer, but last night I received a letter, which almost determined my return to *England*. Next *Saturday*, God willing, I purpose to leave this place, and shall return into these parts, if providence points a way, in the Spring. I do not despair of seeing *Scotland* like *New-England*. Reverend Sir, for the present adieu. My

poor body bids me to stop. O when shall I sleep no more! I am exceedingly weary, but am affectionately, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most unworthy and obedient brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLIII.

To Mr. T—— G——, in London.

Edinburgh, Sep. 24, 1741.

My very dear Brother,

THIS serves to inform you, that on *Sunday* last I preached here four times, twice in a church, and twice in the fields; in the evening I collected twenty pounds for the royal infirmary. On *Monday* morning, I visited the children in three hospitals, and preached in the evening in the park; also at *Kinglassy*, *Aberdour*, and *Innerkeithing*, on *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*. On *Thursday* I visited the prison, and in the evening preached to the children of the city, with a congregation consisting of near twenty thousand in the park. It is remarkable that many children are under convictions, and every where great power and apparent success attend the word preached. Calls to divers places, are so numerous and importunate, that I think it my duty to stay in *Scotland* some time longer: being in haste, can say not more at present. My love to all that love the Lord Jesus.

Your most affectionate friend, brother, and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLIV.

To the Right Honourable Lord L——.

Edinburgh, Sept. 25, 1741.

My Lord,

THOUGH nature calls for rest, yet love and gratitude oblige me to sit up to answer your Lordship's letter, lest I should not have time in the morning. Blessed be the glorious Redeemer! who seems in some degree to be working upon your heart. My prayer to God is, that these convictions may continue, 'till they end in a sound conversion. You do well, my Lord, to fear, lest they should wear off. I have not had so much acquaintance with the world as your Lordship; but I know it is a deceitful thing, and without the utmost care and watchfulness, will insensibly divert the soul from God. Your Lordship is in a dangerous situation. A fear of contempt, and a love for honour, falsely so called, render religion unfashionable amongst the rich and polite part of mankind. But the blood of Jesus is almighty, and makes the soul more than conqueror. Here is the fountain to which you and I must apply, to wash away all our sins. And is it yet open for all poor sinners?

Come then, my Lord, and lay yourself at the feet of the blessed Jesus. He can, he will, if you believe on him, abundantly pardon you. But faith is the gift of God. I pray God to give you no rest, 'till you have received the full assurance of faith. Then will you recover your primitive dignity, trample earth under your feet, and with your soul be panting after God. O my Lord, it is a blessed thing to have fellowship with the Father, and with the Son. I am a poor despised minister of Jesus Christ; but I would not change my Master for ten thousand worlds. I have food to eat, that the world knows nothing of. I long to have your Lordship taste of it too, and shall as it were travail in birth 'till Jesus Christ is formed in you. Your Lordship need not remind me to pray for you. Your eternal welfare is much upon my heart. My Lord, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. The blessed spirit is now striving with you, and saying, "My son, give me thy heart; what hast thou to do any more with idols?" I hope your reply will be, "Lord, I give thee my heart, my whole heart, and will no longer keep back from thee the least part." Then will your Lordship be truly happy; for so far as we are void of God, so far we are miserable. But whither am I running? It is late; but your Lordship desired a long letter, and therefore I have taken the liberty to write freely. I am sensible of the honour put upon me by your Lordship, and hope I shall never betray any trust reposed in me. I pray God to sanctify this, and bless our fellowship when we meet together. I thank your Lordship for your concern about the orphans. I am persuaded you will in no wise lose your reward. I hope your Lordship received my last letter, which gave an account of my intended preaching at *Kinglassie* and *Coupar*. May the glorious Jesus sanctify my continuance in these parts, to the promoting his own glory and the good of souls! I think I can say, "to me to live is Christ." It revives me to see so many seeking after Jesus. At

Kinglassie the power was extraordinary. O free grace! that God should make use of such a wretch as I am. I desire to lie humbly in the dust, and say, “Why me, Lord, why me?” Fear not, my Lord, I have received remission of sins by the blood of Jesus. Into his arms, I am just about to commend your Lordship. I pray God to visit your soul with his salvation; and hoping my humble respects will find acceptance with your Lordship, your lady, and lady *Ann*, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your Lordship’s most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLV.

To the Right Honourable Lord R——.

Gallashiels, Sept. 28, 1741.

My Lord,

YOUR letter I fear has been too long unanswered, but gratitude will not permit me to defer answering it any longer. I have also received your Lordship's liberal benefaction for the orphans, for which and all other favours, your Lordship hath my hearty thanks.—The innumerable instances of God's goodness quite melt me down. The word of God prevails more and more. Every where Jesus Christ is getting himself the victory in poor sinners hearts. Young and old from many quarters fly to the gospel, as doves to the windows. I trust, your Lordship's daughters will feel the power of Christ's blood. Happy they, who do feel it. They rest in God. They are sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. What a rich person is the poorest Christian? He is joint heir with Jesus Christ. Supported with this thought, and feeling the power of it in my soul, I can despise all sublunary enjoyments, and long to be wholly swallowed up in God. Happy day, when

we shall converse with the world no more! I pray God to give me patience to wait ’till Jesus comes. I would leap my seventy years, and fly upon the wings of faith and love, into the blessed Redeemer’s presence. I hope your Lordship is thus minded. May the glorious *Emmanuel* keep you so, ’till your soul is carried into *Abraham*’s bosom. This is the hearty prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship’s most obedient and obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLVI.

To the Right Honourable lord L——
Edinburgh, Oct. 2, 1741.

My Lord,

LAST night I returned from the south country, and receiv'd your Lordship's kind letter. My invitation to *Coupar* was in the name of many: who the persons were that signed the letter I cannot tell. I have sent it inclosed in this. Had I known it to have been more agreeable to your Lordship, I would have appointed the meeting at *Melvill*; but I fear, as such public notice has been given, it will be now impracticable. I cannot possibly stay with your Lordship all *Tuesday*, being to preach at *Dundee*. But in my return from *Aberdeen*, I hope to be at your Lordship's house. I am glad your Lordship intends to be at *Kinglassie*. I shall have both sermons very early, and hope the glorious Jesus will be with us in our going to *Melvill*. O my Lord, I want a thousand tongues to set off the Redeemer's praise. Having him, tho' I have nothing else, I find I possess all things. I have not forgotten your Lordship since I wrote last. You are, and will be much upon my heart.

I have heard of the piety of your Lordship's ancestors, and hope many prayers are yet in store for you. Above all, I trust, Jesus prays for you, and then you cannot but be a conqueror; nay, more than conqueror over the world, the flesh and the devil. Take courage then, my Lord, and fear not to follow a crucified Jesus without the camp, bearing his sacred reproach. Beware of honour, falsely so called: dare to be singularly good, and be not ashamed of Jesus or his gospel. O that you may find it to be the power of God to your salvation! Look but to Christ by faith, and your Lordship's great possessions will not retard, but further and promote your progress in the divine life. What sweet communion will your Lordship then enjoy with God, in your walks and gardens? It will then be a little paradise to your soul, and every thing you meet with, will only draw you so much nearer to *Jehovah*, in whom all fulness dwells. This I find by daily experience; and that your Lordship may daily experience the same, is the earnest prayer, my Lord, of

Your Lordship's most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLVII.

To Mr. H——.

Melvill, October 5, 1741.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

I Have, by the ship that brings you this, sent you 70*l.* worth of different sorts of goods to be disposed of, and the money to be applied for the use of the *Orphan-house*. You are to let Mr. *B*—— have 20*l.* I have also sent 600 yards of cloth, a present of my own, to make the boys and girls gowns and coats, some whereof I have had made up here. The other things were given by various persons. Amongst these, you will find some damask table-cloths, which I desire you will sell, they being too good, in my opinion, for our use. O my dear friend, how faithful is the Lord Jesus! He has now enabled me to pay my brother, and Mr. *N*——'s bill of three hundred pounds sterling. There is yet 200*l.* to be paid, which I borrowed since my arrival in *England*; but very shortly I hope to discharge that also. I have been in *Scotland* about two months, and think to be here about a fortnight longer. God is pleased to give me health, and to bless my ministrations in an abundant manner. The

little children in the hospitals, are much wrought upon. Saints have been stirred up and edified, and many others, I believe, are translated from darkness to light, and from the kingdom of satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son. The good that has been done, is inexpressible. I am intimate with three noblemen, and several ladies of quality, who have a great liking for the things of God. I am now writing in an earl's house, surrounded with fine furniture; but glory be to free grace! my soul is in love only with Jesus: he helps me more and more. I feel but little straitness in preaching, and we have often sweet appearances of the divine presence in our large assemblies. As to my own soul, it is very comfortable and composed; I feel the power of Jesus more, and the power of indwelling sin less. I am daily waiting for the coming of the Son of God. I fear I am too impatient to be gone; but what can the soul do, when sick of love? I have some thoughts of visiting *Ireland*. Whether I shall do that, or come to *America* in the Spring, God only knows. I pray for, and long to see you and the rest of my dear family. I trust, I then shall behold, what I long to behold, a houshold of faith, a company of poor sinners walking in the simplicity and love of the meek and lowly Jesus. O that you may so live, that whosoever comes amongst you may say, "Surely God is in this place." Thousands of prayers are put up for us, and thousands of lies are spread abroad against us. But Jesus enables me to fight my way through all, and I am persuaded he will make me more than conqueror through his love. In *England*, the work goes on well. Brother *C*—— is much blessed in *Wiltshire*; and brother *H*—— wrote me word some time ago, that he had examined about three hundred souls of our society, most of which had been wrought upon since my return from *Georgia*. Help me to cry, Grace! grace! My dear friend and brother,

for the present adieu! I love you in the bowels of a crucified Jesus. Brethren, pray for us.

I am ever, ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLVIII.

To Mr. H—— in Edinburgh.

Melvill, October 5, 1741.

Dear Mr. H——,

I Received your kind letter with the bill, and also that signed by you, and my other friends at *Edinburgh*. I take all they say in good part, but think some of their reasonings a little too worldly. The calumnies of evil men are not to be regarded. I value them not in the least. My largest donations have been from the rich and substantial. The mites which the lower sort of people have given, I am persuaded will not prevent their paying their debts, or impoverish their families. Mr. *W——*, in a letter to Mr. *S——*, wishes there may be a private contribution for myself; but I know nothing of, and will not admit of any such thing. I make no purse; what I have, I give away.—Freely I have received, freely I desire to give. "Poor, yet making many rich," shall be my motto still. My great and professed design, is to bring poor sinners to Jesus Christ: but as my orphan family abroad is now large, and daily to be provided for, without the least visible fund, and I believe

much glory will redound to God from that house; I think it my duty to speak to those, who I believe, for Christ's sake, are willing to help them. I would have no one afraid of doing too much good, or think, that a little given in charity will impoverish the country.—May God reward you, and all others that have assisted me for his dear Son's sake! My poor prayers will always attend my *Scotch* friends. When I shall go to *England*, I know not, but I hope God will direct me. I must have done. Dear Sir, may the Lord be with you, and be your ease in pain. My kindest respects attend your kind wife, and all my dear friends. I thank you and them for their advice, and desire to subscribe myself, with much affection, dear Sir,

Your obliged, and affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLIX.

To the Rev. Mr. M——, at Dornock.

Aberdeen, October 9, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

SOME time past, I received a letter from your Presbytery of *Sutherland*, and if I mistake not, with your name subscribed. However, as I this night have seen your son, I think it my duty in a letter to you, to thank the reverend presbytery for their kind invitation; but as my stay in *Scotland* is so short, and *Sutherland* so far Northward, I cannot think of going thither at this time. Notwithstanding, my prayer to God is, that the glorious gospel may flourish in your hands, and that you may bring many, very many souls to Jesus. This, reverend Sir, unless my heart deceives me, is my only aim.

For this let men revile my name,
I shun no Cross, I fear no shame;
All hail reproach, and welcome pain,
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain!

O, dear Sir, my heart is warmed with the love of Jesus; whilst I am writing, the fire kindles. Amazing, that Jesus should suffer me to speak for him! But what shall we say? His grace is free. Dear Sir, help me to cry, Grace! grace! Surely I shall sing it in heaven. I long to be there, but am willing to tarry the Lord's leisure. Dear Sir, excuse this freedom; I hope I am writing to one that loves Jesus. I would write more, but must away to give a word of exhortation. That the Lord Jesus may fill you with all joy and peace in believing, is the hearty prayer of, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend, brother, &c. in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLX.

To Major M——.

Aberdeen, October 9, 1741.

Dear Sir,

BEING come thus far Northward, and hearing that you are this way, I cannot forbear writing, though nature calls for sleep. I was concerned I could not see you at *London*; but hope this will find you retired from a noisy world, and walking with your dear spouse as becometh the gospel of Jesus Christ. It is what I have longed and prayed for many a time. I am of the same mind as formerly. Nothing but Jesus can satisfy the soul. Aided by his Almighty power, I still go on through good report and evil report, preaching the gospel. Blessed be God, I am not ashamed of it. For, I find it, as do many others, to be the power of God to our eternal salvation. O, dear Sir, I feel more and more of the love of Christ every day. It is past expression. I hope ere now you have had it shed abroad in your heart abundantly, by the Holy Ghost. A letter informing me of this, will rejoice my soul. Be pleased to direct to me at Mr. *T——*'s, *Edinburgh*. God willing,

I purpose leaving *Scotland* in about a fortnight. Whether I shall see you in the flesh, I know not. However, since I know what God once did for you, be not offended, if I charge you, dear Sir, not to let me miss you at God's right-hand in the great day. But God only can bring this to pass: That you and your dear wife may be kept by his mighty power unto salvation, prays, dear Sir,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXI.

To Mrs. Ann D——, at great Gransden.
Aberdeen, October 9, 1741.

My dear Sister,

THIS evening your letter came to hand. Though it is past eleven at night, and I have rode many miles this day, yet I cannot go to-bed without sending you a line. I fear, by your manner of writing, you are offended with me for my last letter. I knew very well, it would be a trial to you; but I wrote out of pure love, and am glad it is now in your power to clear your husband, which I much desired to do. I have too many aspersions of the same nature cast upon me, not to sympathize with you both. But Jesus is our advocate, and ere long we shall see all the accusers of the brethren cast down. In spite of all, Jesus has been, and is getting himself the victory in many sinners hearts. I am yet carried on day by day, strengthened in body, and much refreshed and comforted in soul. Your letter gives me a little present pain, lest my last should have pained you. But God permits these things to happen among ourselves, to teach us to look off from all creatures, and to centre all our

happiness in himself. Glory be to God for his almighty love! At my first coming here, things looked a little gloomy; for the magistrates had been so prejudiced by one Mr. *B*——, that when applied to, they refused me the use of the kirk-yard to preach in. This Mr. *B*—— is collegue with one Mr. *O*——, at whose repeated invitation I came hither. Though collegues of the same congregation, they are very different in their natural tempers. The one is what they call in *Scotland*, of a *sweet blooded*, the other, of a choleric disposition. Mr. *B*—— is neither a Seceder, nor quite a Kirk-man, having great fault to find with both. Soon after my arrival, dear Mr. *O*—— took me to pay my respects to him; he was prepared for it, and immediately pulled out a paper, containing a great number of insignificant queries, which I had neither time near inclination to answer. The next morning, it being Mr. *O*——'s turn, I lectured and preached; the magistrates were present. The congregation very large, and light and life fled all around. In the afternoon Mr. *B*—— officiated; I attended. He began his prayers as usual; but in the midst of them naming me by name, he intreated the Lord to forgive the dishonour that had been put upon him, by my being suffered to preach in that pulpit; and that all might know what reason he had to put up such a petition, about the middle of his sermon, he not only urged that "I was a curate of the church of *England*," but also quoted a passage or two out of my first printed sermons, which he said were grossly *Arminian*. Most of the congregation seemed surprized and chagrined, especially his good-natured collegue Mr. *O*——, who immediately after sermon, without consulting me in the least, stood up and gave notice, that Mr. *Whitefield* would preach in about half an hour. The interval being so short, the magistrates returned into the session's-house, and the congregation patiently waited, big with expectation of hearing my resentment. At the time appointed, I went up, and

took no other notice of the good man's ill-timed zeal, than to observe in some part of my discourse, that if the good old gentleman had seen some of my later writings, wherein I had corrected several of my former mistakes, he would not have expressed himself in such strong terms. The people being thus diverted from controversy with man, were deeply impressed with what they heard from the word of God. All was hushed! and more than solemn! and on the morrow the magistrates sent for me, expressed themselves quite concerned at the treatment I had met with, and begg'd I would accept of the freedom of the city. But of this enough. The Lord, my dear sister, my support; let us both continually fly to him, and then let men or devils do their worst. Christ will by and by take away our reproach. Into his hands I commend your spirit. Good night; the Lord be with you and yours! I hope to set out for *England* soon. Pray write when you hear of my arrival there, and so convince me, that you are not angry with

Your affectionate tho' unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXII.

To Mr. W——, at Edinburgh.

Aberdeen, October 10, 1741.

Dear Sir,

I Just snatch a few moments to answer your letter. Want of leisure prevented my doing it before. I have not as yet seen your mother's memoirs. Happy are you in having such a parent. No doubt many prayers are in store for you. As for your entering upon the ministry, I cannot advise you, 'till you have gotten full satisfaction that you are born again of God. I know more than one, who are ready to give up their ministry for want of this; and as for my own part, I could not feelingly press the love of God to others, unless I was sure of his love to myself. I know not what may have passed between God and your soul. You can tell, I suppose, whether or not God's spirit witnesseth with your spirit, that you are a child of God? For he that believeth, hath the witness in himself. If you have got this with a moderate share of learning, a good elocution and a burning love for precious souls, then, I think you may do service in a public station. If godly,

and real experienced friends are for your entering into the ministry, their advice is somewhat to be regarded. If their advice proceeds from worldly motives, do not mind them at all. The discouragements you meet with from some, are not worth your notice. If God loves you, he will try you every way. Prayer, meditation, and temptation, are three necessary qualifications for a gospel minister. I know not what to say about your going to *Georgia*. In *Pensylvania*, and other places, there are most noble opportunities of preaching the gospel of Jesus. But I hope to be in *Edinburgh* in about ten days, and then shall be glad to converse with you. In the mean time, dear Sir, I commend you to God, and desire you would not forget the unworthy creature, who now subscribes himself

Yours in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. J—— W——.

Aberdeen, October 10, 1741.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Have for a long time expected that you would have sent me an answer to my last; but I suppose that you are afraid to correspond with me, because I revealed your secret about the lot. Though much may be said for my doing it, yet I am sorry now, that any such thing dropped from my pen, and I humbly ask pardon. I find I love you as much as ever, and pray God, if it be his blessed will, that we may be all united together. It hath been for some days upon my heart to write to you, and this morning I received a letter from brother *H——*, telling me how he had conversed with you and your dear brother. May God remove all obstacles that now prevent our union! Though I hold particular election, yet I offer Jesus freely to every individual soul. You may carry sanctification to what degrees you will, only I cannot agree that the in-being of sin is to be destroyed in this life. O, my dear brother, the Lord hath been much with me in *Scotland*. I every morning feel

my fellowship with Christ, and he is pleased to give me all peace and joy in believing. In about three weeks I hope to be at *Bristol*. May all disputings cease, and each of us talk of nothing but Jesus, and him crucified! This is my resolution. The Lord be with your spirit. My love to brother *C——*, and all that love the glorious *Emmanuel*. I am, without dissimulation,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXIV.

To Peter B——.

Aberdeen, October 10, 1741.

My dear Brother,

I Write this, to ask pardon for mentioning your name in my answer to brother *W——*'s sermon. I am very sorry for it. Methinks I hear you say, for Christ's sake I forgive you. I thank you, and shall be glad of a conference with you when I come to *London*. There have been faults on both sides. I think, my dear brother, you have not acted simply in some things. Let us confess our faults to one another, and pray for one another, that we may be healed. I wish there may be no dissention between us for the time to come. May God preserve us from falling out in our way to heaven! The world and the devil are united against us; O that we could all unite against them! "God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God." I long to have all narrow-spiritedness taken out of my heart. Jesus is able to deliver me. His blood is Almighty. I trust I shall not rest, 'till I have felt the full power of it in my soul. Blessed be God, I am still carried on from conquering to

conquer. Jesus causes me to triumph in every place. I desire to lie as a poor sinner at his feet, and to cry, Grace! grace! I find I am shortly to be called before the higher powers. Help me, my dear brother, by your prayers. In about nine days I think to leave *Scotland*. I commend you to Jesus, and desire to subscribe myself, dear brother *B——*,

Yours affectionately in the bleeding Lamb,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXV.

To the Reverend Mr. C——.

Aberdeen, October 13, 1741.

My dear Brother,

I Received your letters, and am glad to hear that the glorious *Emmanuel* is pleased to countenance your ministry. May he smile on you more and more, and make you the spiritual father of many children! I have very great reason to be thankful to our common Saviour. He hath been with me greatly, both in *England* and *Scotland*. I generally preach twice every day, sometimes three, even four times, and generally expound in private every night. The Lord has fought many battles for me, and still continues to make me more than conqueror through his love. This morning I felt his power in the pulpit, and now feel it much in my soul. O what a blessed thing it is, to have God's spirit witness with our spirit, that we are God's children! This, glory be to free grace! I have continually; and let me be in what frame soever, my soul is waiting for the coming of the Son of Man. Blessed be God, it will not be long ere I shall see him as he is. The sight I have of him by faith, ravishes

my soul: how shall I be ravished when I see him face to face! “Lord, purify me, even as thou art pure; for only the pure in heart see thee!” My dear brother, the love of God now fills my soul. May you feel it shed abroad abundantly in your heart! About Spring, perhaps, I may leave *England*. Forget not to pray for me.

I am, dear Mr. *C——*,

Ever yours in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXVI.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of L——.

Brechen, October 17, 1741.

My Lord,

I Would have wrote to your Lordship from *Aberdeen*, but could not then determine when I should be at *Melvill*. This comes to acquaint your Lordship, that, God willing, I hope to be at your Lordship's house on *Wednesday* night, and to preach at *Coupar* on *Thursday*. I should be glad if the magistrates were apprized of it, and the tent fixed in a more convenient place, and at a less distance from the ground. I cannot tell your Lordship, how good the glorious *Emmanuel* has been unto me. He has caused me to triumph in every place, and fills my soul with joy unspeakable, even with joy that is full of glory. I wish your Lordship was not almost, but altogether such as I am, excepting my indwelling corruptions. O my Lord, none but Christians know the pleasure of renouncing the world for God. I am persuaded you felt unspeakable pleasure at *Coupar*. I hope those days have continued with you. Happy are you in having a consort that will forward

you in the spiritual life. That you may both live together as becomes heirs of the grace of God, and have all joy and peace in believing, is the earnest prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXVII.

To Mr. Thomas G——, at London.

Dundee, October 21, 1741.

Dear Brother G——,

YOU will see, by the following, what God is still doing for me. On *Wednesday* night last I left *Aberdeen*, after preaching there seven times, besides expounding in private. Before I came among them, numbers were much prejudiced against me; but God was pleased to attend my ministry with such power, that all opposition fell before me. Many were brought under great convictions. The magistrates made me free of the city; and the people much regretted my speedy departure from them. On *Thursday* last I preached at *Stonhithe* and *Benham*; on *Friday*, thrice at *Montrose*; on *Saturday* twice, and on *Sunday* thrice at *Brechen*, and lectured in the evening at a private house. On *Monday* I preached twice at *Forfar*; on *Tuesday* twice at *Coupar*, in *Angus*; and once at *Dundee*, five miles from *Coupar*, at four in the afternoon, and again at night; here I have also preached twice this day. The presence of God accompanies me more and

more. Wherever I have preached, I hear of the good fruits of it, both in convicting sinners, and reviving saints. At *Dundee*, the concern among the hearers is very remarkable. People are still more desirous to hear the word. But, God willing, I purpose shortly to set out for *England*. My dear brother, pray for me, that I may be humble and thankful. I am glad to hear your wife is recovered. My love to her, and all friends. I am, with cordial affection, Dear brother *G——*,

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

To the Right Honourable the Lord L——.

Edinburgh, October 26, 1741.

My Lord,

IT is now past eleven at night; all is wrapt in awful silence. My soul is in a quiet composed frame. I have been giving your Lordship's letter a second reading, with aspirations to God whilst I perused it. Surely God has not let me wrestle with him in vain. The Holy Spirit seems to be moving upon the face of your soul. I trust God hath said, "Let there be light," and therefore there is light. O that the work may be carried on, till you enter into that rest which remains for the people of God. I trust your Lordship will now awake into a new world, and know what it is to live by faith. Did I not know the power of Christ's blood, I should fear for you. But I commend you to a glorious Redeemer, that will certainly take care of you. As I left your Lordship's house, I was thinking, that the narrow escape your Lordship had between the stones, foreboded something good. Jesus has taken care of you when in your blood. I hope he is now passing by you, and saying unto you,

"Live." O that the stone of infidelity, which before lay at the door of your heart, may be now rolled away! O that you may rise, be loosed from your corruptions, and go about doing good! Satan will not let you go without much opposition. He will desire to have you, that he may sift you as wheat. But if Jesus prays for you, all will be well. The comfort which you had with him in reading the psalms, is a taste of the food believers daily eat, and which the carnal world knows nothing of. My Lord, if you could be brought once to love secret prayer, and to converse feelingly with God in his word, your heaven will begin on earth; you will enjoy more pleasure than in all manner of riches. What will those avail, if you are not rich towards God? Be, therefore, my Lord, much in secret retirement. Commune with your own heart in your chamber, and be still, and you will then hear the secret whispers of the Holy Ghost. As for praying in your family, I intreat you, my Lord, not to neglect it. You are bound to do it. Apply to Christ for strength to overcome your present fears. They are the effects of pride, or infidelity, or of both. After once or twice, the difficulty will be over. O that the blessed Spirit may enable you to make intercession with groaning that cannot be uttered! It rejoices me to think, that I shall one day perhaps see a church in *Melvill* house. Happy, happy are you, my Lord, in having such a consort, who will forward your Lordship in every good word and work. How sweet will it be for you to go early to your devotions, striving to live like the first happy pair, before they had eaten the forbidden fruit. As God shall enable me, I shall bear you both upon my heart. God forbid that I should sin against him in ceasing to pray for you. My riding upon your Lordship's horse, will often remind me to pray for the donor. My Lord, you are upon my heart. Methinks I would undergo the pangs of the new birth for you; but Jesus can carry you through. Fear not. Go on in his strength, and your

Lordship will be enabled to stand the shock of all. I should be glad to hear, from time to time, what the Lord is doing for your soul. Since your Lordship has laid your commands upon me, I shall write as often as possible. If your Lordship is pleased to write within this week, a letter may be directed to me at Mrs. *J——*'s, in *Abergavenny*. If afterwards, at Mr. *S——*'s, Grocer, in *Wine-street*, *Bristol*. Your Lordship may depend on my secresy; no one hath seen your Lordship's letter, but Mr. *S——*, who copies this, and who is as my own soul. His prayers, I trust, will benefit your Lordship. His humble respects await both you and your lady. Once more, I pray God to bless you both together. But it is late, the clock has struck twelve. Methinks I could wish the cry was now made, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh." My soul longs to go forth to meet him. This evening I was greatly refreshed by preaching on these words, "This is my beloved, and this is my friend, oh daughters of *Jerusalem*." O when shall I see him as he is! Well may your Lordship say, "He is altogether lovely." The more you know him, the more you will have reason to commend him. Eternity is too short to utter all his praise. With a heart full of affection and thanks for all favours, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXIX.

To Mr. J—— C——, at London.

Edinburgh, October 27, 1741.

My very dear Brother,

ALTHOUGH it be past eleven at night, yet I cannot miss a post. The Lord is doing very great things here. At *Dundee* the C—— was very extraordinary. On sabbath-day, the Lord enabled me to preach four times, and to lecture in the evening at a private house. Yesterday I preached three times, and lectured at night. This day Jesus has enabled me to preach seven times. Once in the church, twice at the girl's hospital, once in the park, once at the old people's hospital, and afterwards twice in a private house. Notwithstanding, I am now as fresh as when I arose in the morning. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount on wings like eagles." It would delight your soul to see the effects of the power of God. Both in the church and park the Lord was with us. The girls in the hospital were exceedingly affected, and so were the standers-by. One of the mistresses told me, she is now awakened in the morning by the voice of

prayer and praise; and the master of the boys says, that they meet together every night to sing and pray; and when he goes to their rooms at night to see if all be safe, he generally disturbs them at their devotions. The presence of God, at the old people's hospital, was really very wonderful. The Holy Spirit seemed to come down like a mighty rushing wind. The mourning of the people, was like the weeping in the valley of *Hadadrimmon*. They appear more and more hungry. Every day I hear of some fresh good wrought by the power of God. I scarce know how to leave *Scotland*. I believe I shall think it my duty to pay the inhabitants another visit as soon as possible. May the Lord order my goings in his ways! Above five hundred pounds hath been collected, in money and goods, for the poor orphans. Let all that is within me praise God's holy name. To-morrow, God willing, I shall leave this place, and go through *Wales*, in my way to *London*. You may hear from me on the road. At present, I must conclude; it is very near twelve. I intreat you to pray and give thanks for, dear brother *C——*,

Your's most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXX.

To the Right Honourable the Lord L——.

Abergavenny, Nov. 10, 1741.

My Lord,

I Cannot bear the thoughts of forbearing to write to your Lordship any longer. I know your Lordship will be pleased to hear that we had a good journey. Christ's presence made it so. The horse carried me exceeding well. My heart was often drawn out to pray for the donor. Does your Lordship's soul prosper? Has Jesus said, "Be of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid, thy sins are forgiven thee." Can it yet be said, "Behold, he prayeth." I find a restraint upon me now, so that I cannot write. God calls me to retirement; being to enter into the marriage state to-morrow. I am persuaded your Lordship will not fail to pray, that we may, like *Zachariah* and *Elizabeth*, walk in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless. I hope my most humble respects will find acceptance with your Lady. Indeed, my Lord, you are both much upon my heart. Though I have only liberty now to subscribe myself, with all gratitude, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and obliged humble servant,
G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXI.

To Mr. T——, at Edinburgh.

Abergavenny, Nov. 19, 1741.

THIS morning I received your kind letter; for which, and all other favours, you have my most hearty thanks. I remembered you in prayer, soon after your's came to hand: blessed be God for the news which it contained. I yet expect to hear of, if not to see far greater things in *Scotland*. The Lord has begun, and he will carry on a work, which shall make the ears of his enemies to tingle. I have enjoyed much of the divine presence since we parted. On *Saturday* I was married, in the fear of God, to one who, I hope, will be a help meet to me. God has been pleased to work, by my hands, since I have been in *Wales*. O stupendous love! O infinitely condescending God! Be pleased to direct your next to *London*. I hope to be there in about three weeks. My wife I shall leave in the country for some time. Dear Mr. *T——*, pray for us. I do for you and yours. Labour after an abiding of God in your soul, so that you may continually by faith see him who is invisible. Do not be content with being a dwarf in religion: aspire after the utmost

degrees of inward purity and holiness. I could go on, but must write some more letters. Dear brother *S*——, and my dear wife, salute you and all friends. They are not forgotten, dear Mr. *T*——, by

Your most unworthy, but most affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXII.

To the Right Honourable Lady D——, in Scotland.

Bristol, Nov. 22, 1741.

Honoured Madam,

AT length I have a little leisure. I must improve it, by writing a letter to your Ladyship. The many favours conferred on me, loudly called for a more speedy acknowledgment; but hitherto, business for my Master has prevented. Dear Mrs. *C*——'s letter will inform your Ladyship that I have altered my state; I trust for the better; for I think my soul is more intimately united to Jesus Christ than ever. I would humbly hope your Ladyship can say so too; for there is no happiness till we can feel an union of soul with God. That, and that only, as your Ladyship has often heard me assert, is true and undefiled religion. Your own experience will best convince you of the truth thereof. Your Ladyship enjoys great advantages, and glorious means of making progress in spiritual things. You are rich in this world's goods; may God make you rich in faith and good works! My Master will not forget the kindness you have shewn to one of the least of his servants. It gives me

comfort to think, what sweet freedom of spirit I have enjoyed, when opening the scriptures in your Ladyship's house. Surely God was with us of a truth. The savour of it is not yet gone off my own soul, nor, I hope, from your Ladyship's also. Since I left *Edinburgh*, I have put up many hearty prayers for you and your family. The Lord make it an houshold of faith, and make you perfect, entire, lacking nothing! The glorious *Emmanuel* seems to be repairing the breaches of his tabernacle, which were fallen down. In *Wales* we had much of the divine presence. The people there are so hungry after the word, that they are resolved not to leave wrestling with the Most High, till he shall be pleased to send me thither. O that God may incline your Ladyship to intercede in my behalf! for I long to be humble, and to lie low as a very poor sinner at the Redeemer's feet. I think I can say, he brings me nearer and nearer to himself daily; and I will not rest, till I am moulded into the image of my bleeding Lord. I pray God that your Ladyship may be content with no degrees of holiness; but may be daily pressing forward, till you arrive at the mark of the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus. Mr. *S*—— desires to join with me in sending our most affectionate respects and thanks to your Ladyship and all friends. Our particular respects await dear Mr. *M*^{c}*V*——. I trust he will yet live to see glorious days of the Son of Man. Surely Christ is getting himself the victory. May he long reign king in your soul, and reward you a thousand-fold for every token of love shewn to, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXIII.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of L——.

Bristol, Nov. 24, 1741.

My Lord,

MY heart longs to send you another letter. I wish, above all things, that your soul may prosper. I had an extraordinary power given me to pray for you lately in *Wales*. God gave me to wrestle, and I think an assurance that I should prevail. I am looking out for an answer. Your Lordship's next letter, I hope, will afford me matter for rejoicing in your behalf. Your Lordship is now entered on the field of battle: you are engaged in a cruel, but a glorious warfare. Go on; though faint, yet still pursue: *nil desperandum, Christo duce, auspice Christo*. My prayer for your Lordship is this:

Give him a will, give him the pow'r,
Still equal to the war;
Great Captain of Salvation, thou
Thy trembling soldier chear!

O, my Lord, it is a blessed thing to fight the Redeemer's battles: I find he makes us more than conquerors through his love. I still enjoy much of the divine presence, and hope I pass from glory to glory daily. I preach here at six in the morning, and also in the evening. God causes his goodness to pass before us. In a week I hope to set out for *London*. Be pleased to direct your next thither. The lords have returned my appeal. At present, a hook is put in the leviathan's nose. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh his enemies to be at peace with him." I hope your Lady prospers both in body and soul. My own, and dear fellow-travellers most humble respects and prayers attend your whole houshold. I am, with great affection, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXIV.

To T—— E——, in Edinburgh.

Bristol, Nov. 27, 1741.

My dear Friend,

WHEN we parted, I promised your wife to write upon the road; but I found it impracticable. Since I came to *Wales* I have had no time. Now I have, God gives me freedom. Though late, be pleased to accept a letter of thanks for all favours. I think we felt each others spirits, both, I trust, united mystically, really, and eternally to Christ, our common head, and to one another in love. O that all would center here. It would then be said once again, "See how these Christians love one another."—As for my own part, I am resolved not to rest till every thing, contrary to true, catholic, Christian love, be rooted out of my soul. Christ's blood and spirit are able to do this for me. I only need to pray to God to make me willing to have it done. Be pleased to help me, my dear friend, when God enables you to draw near unto him. My dear companion would beg the same. Our tender love awaits both you and your wife. I am lately entered into the marriage relation. Jesus

was called to; Jesus was present at the marriage. We have lately enjoyed much of the divine presence. Many precious promises have been pressed upon my soul. I believe I shall see greater things than ever. We cannot expect too great things from God. But I must have done. I am waited for. Accept these few lines in love, from

Your affectionate friend and brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXV.

To Mr. A——, in London.

Bristol, Nov. 30, 1741.

My very dear Brother,

I Thank you for your kind letter. Though I hope to see you on *Friday*, yet love constrains me to send you an answer. I rejoice that your soul is thirsting for holiness. God grant it may never cease till you experience the full and glorious liberty of his children. I see plainly how satan loves to drive to extremes. Since there is no such thing as having the in-being of sin destroyed, he would not have people press after a delivery from the power of it. This is also owing to the corruption of our own hearts. The old man doth not love to be crucified and slain; but I hope the language of your heart and mine is this,

Reign in me, Lord, thy foes controul,
That would refuse thy sway;
Diffuse thy image thro' my soul,
And bring the perfect day.

Scatter the last remains of sin,
And seal me thine abode;
O set me purified within;
A temple meet for God.
My root of holiness thou art,
For faith hath made thee mine;
With all thy fulness fill my heart,
Till I am wholly thine.

No wonder, when we come to be thus minded, if carnal ministers, and carnal professors of all kinds, cry out against us. Nay, even some who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, having slumbered and slept, and mixed too much with the world, even such frequently fight against their privileges, and rest in an infant state of piety. But, I believe, the Lord will rouse them, and let the world know, what the blood of Jesus can and will do. Blessed be his name, we have a growing church at *Bristol*. Yesterday, and several other times, the Lord hath filled many as with new wine. Sometimes I scarce have known whether I have been in or out of the body; but, I find, the more I receive of grace, the more I desire to lie as a poor, very poor sinner at the feet of the wounded Lamb. Several have just now been with me, who have this last week, especially yesterday, drank deep of divine love. They are now full of the comforts of the Holy Ghost. I pray that they may walk humbly with their God; for it is a good thing to know how to manage a manifestation aright: nature so frequently and artfully blends with grace, that, for want of a close watch and tender walk, we grieve the Holy Spirit. Hence arise deadness and darkness in the soul. Unbelief creeps in, the chariot wheels of divine love are taken off, and the soul drives heavily. Let us, therefore, my dear brother, live a life of great nearness to Jesus; and

labour day by day to perfect holiness in the fear of God. There is a glorious rest to be entered into even here. May the Lord make us partakers of it! But why should I in the least doubt it?

Thou wilt give strength, thou wilt give power, thou wilt in time set free:
This, great Deliverer, let me hope; this, not for self, but Thee.

For the present, adieu!

Yours most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

To Mr. J—— H——.

London, Dec. 7, 1741.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

I Came hither last *Friday*, and received a packet of letters from *Bethesda*; but wonder to find none from you. When I read brother *Grant*'s account of the circumstances of the family, I remember what the Lord pressed upon my soul on ship-board, "The bridegroom shall be taken from them, and then shall they fast in those days." However, be not discouraged; professor *F——*'s students were once obliged to sell their cloaths to buy candles. The work of God advances here greatly. We have a large society, consisting of several hundreds, and a noble place to meet in: I have called it a *Tabernacle*, because, perhaps, we may be called to move our tents. In *Wiltshire*, and at *Kingswood*, there are many good souls, and two new houses built. In *Wales* the door is opened wider than ever. From thence (*Abergavenny*) the Lord has given me a wife. Her name was *James*, a widow, between thirty and forty years of age. She has been a housekeeper

many years. Once gay; but, for three years last past, a despised follower of the Lamb of God. I left her about three weeks ago, and am going to-morrow to settle affairs, and to bring her up to *London*. I thank your dear wife for her letter: had I freedom I would answer it: but I have essayed several times before I could finish this. My sister *G——* is dead: I trust she slept in Jesus. God is pleased to let me feel more of his power than ever. O that his whole mind was in me! I hunger and thirst after righteousness: blessed be God, there is a promise that such shall be filled. By the letters sent with this, my dear family will see that I have not forgotten them. No: I pray for them continually. I cannot certainly tell when I shall leave *England*. Providence detains me here. The work is very extraordinary in *Scotland*. I hear daily accounts of its continuance and increase. The door is opened in all places. The Lords see through Mr. *G——*'s enmity, and will have nothing to do with my appeal: so that a hook is put into the leviathan's jaws. I believe we shall see greater things than ever. My dear friend, salute all most tenderly in my name; I am exceedingly engaged, or each of them should hear particularly from,

Ever, ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

To the Right Honourable Lord R——.

Gloucester, Dec. 19, 1741.

My Lord,

THIS comes to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's kind letter, dated *November 9th*. Business has prevented my answering it sooner. The Lord is yet pleased to deal bountifully with me. In *England*, as well as *Scotland*, the Redeemer is riding on from conquering to conquer. About Spring I hope to see *Scotland* again, and then, if possible, I will come as far as your Lordship's house. I have lately been at *Bristol*, and *London*, and have had the pleasure of seeing the church walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. I have preached here twice every day, for some days last past. The Lord greatly countenances my administrations, and gives me constant peace and uninterrupted joy in believing. This is what, I trust, our glorious *Emmanuel* will confer upon your Lordship. Christ wills that our joy should be full; but we entangle ourselves with the world, we indulge ourselves in sensual pleasures, we trifle away our time in what the world calls innocent

diversions, and thereby we grieve the spirit of God, and lose the comforts we should otherwise enjoy, from a close walk and communion with God. Most complain of a deadness and leanness in their souls; what is it owing to? Not to God, but to ourselves. We leave God, and then God leaves us. Not that we can keep ourselves by our own faithfulness; but notwithstanding, we must be faithful, and workers together with God. I know not why I am led to write thus to your Lordship, but nothing else occurs to my mind at present. I am athirst for holiness myself, and long to see others athirst also. O my Lord! I see such beauty and transcendent excellencies in Christ, that I long to have his whole mind and image stamped upon my soul. Nothing can satisfy me, but the highest degrees of sanctification and inward holiness. Here, I believe, I am laudably ambitious. My Saviour wills my sanctification, my Saviour would have me filled with all the fulness of God. Even so Lord Jesus come quickly! Dear Mr. *S*—— humbly salutes your Lordship, and prays for your temporal and eternal welfare, with, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

To Mr. J—— C——, at London.

Gloucester, Dec. 22, 1741.

My dear Brother,

LAST *Thursday* evening the Lord brought me hither. I preached immediately to our friends in a large barn, and had my master's presence. On *Friday* and *Saturday* I preached again twice. Both the power, and the congregation increased. On *Sunday* God by a particular providence opened a door for my preaching in St. *John's*, one of the parish churches. The late incumbent was my grand opposer. He being dead, and the new minister not having taken possession, the power of the pulpit was in the church-wardens hands. God inclined them to let me preach there on *Sunday* morning, and yesterday afternoon. Great numbers came, and the Lord gave me unspeakable power. On *Sunday* afternoon, after I had preached twice at *Gloucester*, I preached at Mr. *F*——'s at the hill, six miles off and again at night at *Stroud*. The people seem to be more hungry than ever, and the Lord to be more amongst them. Yesterday morning I preached at *Painswick* in the

parish church, here in the afternoon, and again at night in the barn. God gives me unspeakable comfort, and uninterrupted joy. Here seems to be a new awakening, and a revival of the work of God. I find, several country people were awakened when I preached at *Tewksbury*, and have heard of three or four that have died in the Lord, who were called under God by me. We shall never know what good field-preaching has done, till we come to judgment. Many who were prejudiced against me, begin to be of another mind, and God shews me more and more, "that when a man's ways please the Lord, he will make even his enemies to be at peace with him." To-morrow morning I purpose to set out for *Abergavenny*, and to preach at *Bristol*, in *Wilts*, *Gloucester*, and *Gloucestershire*, before I see *London*. The people in these parts seem excellently well disposed. I hope the work of the Lord prospers in your hand; though absent in body, I am present with you in spirit. May the Lord *Jehovah* comfort you continually with those comforts wherewith I am comforted in him! I hope my comforts are of a right nature; they humble at the same time that they exalt me. I find all my happiness lies in a crucified God.

To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.
A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

Pray for
Your unworthy brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXIX.

To the Right Honourable the Lord L——.

Abergavenny, Dec. 24, 1741.

My Lord,

THIS day I received a letter from your Lordship, which, I find, your Lordship wrote before my third and last came to hand, wherein I gave your Lordship an account of the circumstance of my marriage. As soon as I received your Lordship's letter, I kneeled down and prayed, that your Lordship might be entirely delivered from unbelief, and be made a partaker of that faith, which will make you more than conqueror over all. Blessed be God, for convincing you thus far. I hope the event will prove, that Jesus is taking possession of your whole heart. Your Lordship's opinion of those who call themselves Christians, is very just. Free grace has opened your eyes. Your Lordship can therefore join in the following verses, which I think applicable to your Lordship's case.

I.

Long did my soul in Jesu's Form,

No comeliness or beauty see;
His sacred name by others priz'd,
Was tastless still, and dead to me.
II.
Men call'd me Christian, and my heart
On that delusion fondly staid;
Moral my hope, my Saviour self,
Till mighty grace the cheat display'd.
III.
Thanks to the hand that wak'd my soul,
That shew'd me wretched, naked, poor;
That sweetly led me to the rock,
Where all salvation stands secure.
IV.
Glad, I forsook my righteous pride,
My moral, tarnish'd, sinful dress;
Exchang'd my loss away for Christ,
And found the robe of righteousness.

If your Lordship from your soul can sing thus, fear not that Jesus will leave you.

O unbelief, injurious bar,
Source of tormenting fruitless fear;
Wherein thy loud objections fall,
"Tis finished," still shall answer all.

Remember, my Lord, the Redeemer's love is everlasting. If he has passed by, and said unto you "Live," you shall live for evermore; for whosoever liveth and believeth in Jesus, shall never die. Does my Lord believe this?

Then welcome into the new world, welcome among the despised *Israel* of God, welcome into the Mediator's kingdom, where you shall have all peace and joy in believing. When first I was awakened,

Refreshed, I thought my joys compleat,
When lo! Immanuel's bounties rise;
Still fresh discoveries he unfolds,
The lovely treasures yet surprize!

My Lord, I now wonder no longer at the choice of *Moses*. Well might he count the reproach of Christ of more value than all the riches of *Egypt*. God forbid, therefore, that you or I should henceforth glory, save in the cross of Christ. It will be more honour to be a suffering servant of Christ, than to be the king's commissioner. Your Lordship will pardon this freedom. Methinks I hear you say, "There is no comparison." Indeed there is none. I would not change my post for ten thousand kingdoms. Blessed be God, that has given you a distant view of the emptiness of all things here below, and the insufficiency of every thing to make us happy besides God. May these things be realized, and stamped upon your Lordship's heart! Then what a happy creature will your Lordship be? How will it rejoice me to see your Lordship next Spring. I know not but my friends prayers may draw me there, about that time. In the mean while, I pray God from time to time to grant you a growth of grace, that you may know what it is to abide in God, and have a constant indwelling of the Holy Ghost. I rejoice to hear that lady *Ann* seems to look heavenward. May Jesus make her a wise virgin! For her encouragement, I have sent an extract of a letter lately sent to me by a friend in *London*; and that your Lordship may know how it is with me, I have sent a copy of a letter I wrote to that friend a day or two ago. Last night I came hither, and preached this afternoon. I purpose shortly to go to

Gloucester, *Bristol*, *Wiltshire*, and so to *London*. The church there as well as elsewhere flourishes. The time for favouring *Zion*, I believe, is indeed come. You see, my Lord, how long my letters are, when I have freedom and leisure. I have thought several times to write to your Lordship, but was restrained till I received your Lordship's letter this morning. Be pleased to direct your next to be left with Mr. *P—— S——*, *Leadenhall-street*, *London*. My prayers shall follow this. O may Jesus breath upon it, and then it must be blessed to your soul! I heartily and humbly salute the elect lady your wife.—May you both be filled with all the fulness of God! My dear wife and Mr. *S——* join heartily with me. We all plead at the throne of grace in your behalf, and God alone knows, how often you are remembered and wrestled for, by, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

To the Right Honourable Lady Mary H——.

Abergavenny, Dec. 24, 1741.

Honoured Madam,

THIS morning I received your Ladyship's kind letter; when perused, I laid it before the Lord of all Lords, and prayed for you and yours with all my power. My dear wife and Mr. *S*—— joined heartily with me, and by this send their most humble respects. We do not despair of waiting upon your Ladyship next Spring: but ere that time, we may be all launched into the world of spirits, where we shall sing glory to him that sitteth upon the throne for ever. Does not your Ladyship long for that happy hour? Methinks I hear you ready to say

I.

How long, great God! how long must I,
Immers'd in this dark prison lie?
When shall I leave this dusky sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear?

II.

I long to see that excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense;
My soul attempts to disengage
Her wings from this her earthly cage.

III.

Wouldst thou, Great Love, once set her free,
Hast'ning she'd quick unite to thee;
She'd for no guardian angels stay,
But fly and love thro' all the way.

This, I believe, was the language of your honoured mother's heart, who is now joined with the heavenly choir above. Methinks I hear her say, "Daughter, follow me as I followed Christ; aspire after the highest degrees of holiness, for the more holy you are, the nearer shall you sit to the God-Man Christ Jesus, the deeper insight shall you have into the beatific vision." This, honoured Madam, is a great motive to my soul to copy after my glorious Jesus. Blessed be God, that made my letter savory to your soul. For this, and all other mercies, I desire to lie in the dust, and kiss the Redeemer's feet. I do not wonder that *Mary* loved to sit there: I do not wonder that another *Mary* wiped them with the hairs of her head. Was my Lord here, I should wish for a thousand alabaster boxes of ointment, to break for him. But Jesus says, "Give me thy heart, and I desire no more." My soul replies,

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

How blest are they who still abide,
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side;
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

O honoured Madam, I am amazed at Jesus's love. I willingly, join with you in saying, "Amen, Hallelujah! Worthy, indeed, is the Lamb that was slain." I bless God for enlarging your heart, and giving you freedom to write. It is sweet to communicate our thoughts of Jesus. I hope the Lord will bless this to your Ladyship, and reward you for all past favours. My humble respects attend Mr. *H*——, and my hearty love to your little lambs. I prayed for them this morning. When I go to town, I hope to wait upon the *Marquis*.——I have been a short circuit into *Gloucestershire*, and find the divine presence accompanying me more and more. O that I was humble! O that I was thankful!

I.
And can it be that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for such as caus'd his pain,
Sinners who him to death pursu'd?

II.
'Tis mystery all, Messiah dies;
Who can explore this strange design?
In vain the curious seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine.

But whither am I going? Your Ladyship will excuse me; whilst I am writing, the fire kindles.

Thro' all eternity to God,

A grateful song I’ll raise;

But O eternity’s to short,

To utter all his praise.

With expectation of another letter, and with hearty prayers for your temporal and spiritual welfare, I subscribe myself, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship’s obedient servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXI.

To Mr. Samuel M——, in London.

Bristol, Dec. 28, 1741.

Dear Mr. M——,

BOTH my wife and I received your letters. I send this, to thank you for them. I came from *Abergavenny* on *Saturday* night. My dear wife was pretty well; I expect her here on *Friday*. We shall bring no more goods to *London*, than we shall use; but I know not what to say about coming to your house, for brother *S——* tells me, you and your family are dilatory, and that you do not rise sometimes till nine or ten in the morning. This, dear Mr. *M——*, will never do for me; and I am persuaded such a conduct tends much to the dishonour of God, and to the prejudice of your own precious soul. Sometimes I have looked upon you with grief; you have busied yourself about the outward affairs of religion in respect to others, and all the while I fear neglected to look into, and study the improvement of your own heart. I think you go backwards instead of forwards. I fear your present business will not answer, and I am sure you will have no solid comfort, till you look

less abroad and more at home. Somebody said, you was like the *Athenians*, who desired to hear some new-thing. I thought the observation was too just. You are jealous about principles, (which is right) but all the while your own practice is not sufficiently watched over. I have heard that you spend much time in coffee-houses, and from your own house. I hope these things are not so; and it is with grief and out of tender love that I now mention them to you. For some time I felt my heart quite locked up from writing to you. Mr. *M*—— will not be offended with me for this plain dealing. You know I love you, and I am sure this letter proceeds from love. I know too much of my own weakness and infirmities to insult others; and when a brother is overtaken in a fault, I desire to restore him in the spirit of meekness. But I know how much the glory of God is concerned in our walk. The eyes of the world are now in an especial manner upon you. How holy ought you and I, dear Mr. *M*——, to be, in all manner of conversation and godliness! Labour therefore, my dear brother, to get an abiding presence of God in your heart. Be willing to be searched. Pray that you may feel the full power of the Redeemer's blood; and walk in the continued comforts of the holy ghost. Be not slothful in business. Go to bed seasonably, and rise early. Redeem your precious time: pick up the fragments of it, that not one moment may be lost. Be much in secret prayer. Converse less with man, and more with God. Accept this advice, given in great love. I purpose staying here about a fortnight. Dear Mr. *M*——, I am

Your affectionate though unworthy brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

To the Rev. Mr. W——, at Dundee.

Bristol, Dec. 30, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Should blame myself much, for not writing to you before now, was I conscious it was owing to any wilful neglect: but my master's business hath so engaged me, that I really have not had an opportunity. God gave us a sweet journey to *England*. Since my return hither, I have been at *Gloucester*, *Bristol*, in *Wales*, and at *London*, and have great reason to bless our *Emmanuel* for what he has done for his church. My soul hath drank largely of the divine love. I have been carried as on eagles wings, and am now better in health than perhaps ever since I have been in the ministry. I preach here twice daily. In about a fortnight, I shall remove to *London*, where I purpose to continue, God willing, till the weather permits of field-preaching again. About Spring, if Providence favours, I hope to pay you a second visit. In the mean while, I should be glad to hear from you, what fruits you have seen spring from my first. I hope the Lord will make your

latter end greatly to increase. I shall rejoice to hear of your success. My soul is much engaged for poor *Scotland*. I shall be glad to hear who has succeeded the good Mr. *W*—— of *Perth*. Ah dear man! He is now gone into the world of spirits, where there is no seceding, but all join in one common strife, who shall praise their Lord and master in the most exalted strains. I long to follow, but desire patiently to wait till my blessed change come. What a comfort, dear Sir, is it to think, that death is conquered. How sweet to be one of Christ's waiting servants! It is a blessed post! And such honour belongs to all his saints. Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift. Dear Sir, whilst I am writing, the fire kindles. I long to leap my seventy years. Welcome eternity; I want to see time swallowed up. But I must have done, having other letters to write. My kind love to your household and all friends. I hope ere long you will send a line to, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, though unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

To the Reverend Mr. O——, at Aberdeen.

Bristol, Dec. 30, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Long to write you a line, to testify the undissembled love my soul bears towards you. I also long to hear what Jesus hath done at *Aberdeen*. I believe he sent me thither, and I am persuaded he did not send me there in vain. I have experienced fresh wonders of mercy, since I saw you. The Lord has blessed my ministry in *England*, and in *Wales*, where I trust I was married *in the* Lord; and as I married for him, I trust I shall thereby not be hindered, but rather forwarded in my work. O for that blessed time when we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be as the angels of God! My soul longs for that glorious season. Perhaps, sometimes I am too impatient. But who that has tasted of Jesus's love, can forbear longing to be with him? I long to see him as he is, and my soul will never be compleatly satisfied till I arise after his divine likeness. This, I believe, is the desire, and frequently the frame of dear Mr. *O——*'s soul. But I believe we both have crosses to

take up, and many trials to undergo, before we shall be admitted to the beatific vision. Alas! What a stranger am I to the meekness which was in Jesus? How much acrimony is there in my temper, that wants to be taken away? Blessed be God, my Saviour is omnipotent. He can, he will deliver me. He can, he will conform me to himself. I think I can sing these lines,—

My root of holiness thou art,
For faith hath made thee mine:
With all thy fulness fill my heart,
Till all I have be thine.

Dear Sir, what a fulness is there in Jesus? What a pity is it, that we should not draw largely out of it? Why should we be content with low degrees of holiness? Why should we be always dwarfs in religion? I am quite ashamed of my low stature. I am an unprofitable servant. O dear Mr. *O——*, pray for me, that the Lord may purge me, and that I may bring forth more fruit. I have lately been at *London*, *Gloucester*, *Wilts*, and *Wales*. The work of the Lord prospers. I preach here twice every day. That God may bless and reward you all, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mr. *O——*,

Yours most affectionately in Christ,
G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

To the Rev. Mr. W——, at Gallishiels.

Bristol, December 30, 1741.

Reverend and dear Sir,

THE love of Jesus constrains me to trouble you with a letter at this time. Nothing but his work should have prevented my writing to you sooner. But you know how it used to be with me. O how little do I for Jesus, who has done so much for me! I abhor myself in dust and ashes. I run to hide myself in his wounds. His righteousness, his blood alone can recommend me to the Father. O that I was like Christ, that his whole mind was wrought in my soul! I am now panting after his image; I am now thirsting after his purity and holiness; help me, dear Sir, help me by your prayers, that I may feel the power of the Redeemer's blood. He hath done great things already for me; but as yet I have asked nothing. Greater things are yet before me. There is an inexhaustible fulness, out of which the Redeemer would have me draw continually. O for faith, for strong faith!

I more would bless, I more would thank,

I more would live to Jesu's praise.

Since my return, I have been visiting the churches. They grow and increase daily. I preach twice every day. The Lord is among us. I hope I shall hear the same from you. In about fourteen days I go to *London*. About Spring I hope to see *Scotland* once more. I have good news from the Orphan-house. As yet, I have not freedom to write out the sermon which you mention. Through inadvertence, I did not send you Mr. *M*——'s letter. God's time is best. Perhaps disputes about church-government had better subside. I am determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Be pleased to remember me to dear Mr. *O*——, at *Kelso*. I hope he behaves like a good soldier of Jesus Christ. My kind respects attend your son. Be pleased to accept of the same in a most tender manner from dear Mr. *S*——, and from, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

To Mr. R—— S——, in London.

Bristol, Jan. 2, 1742.

My dear Brother S——,

I Find freedom to answer your kind letter immediately. I thank God for blessing my writing to your poor soul. Your salvation I long, and pray for. So that souls are built up in their holy faith, let the Redeemer make use of what instrument he pleases. Brother *Robert*, it is a blessed thing to have always a Catholic spirit. I am persuaded, Jesus will give it to me. I am resolved never to rest, 'till self-love, bigotry, prejudice, and all narrowness of spirit be expelled out of my soul. Blessed be the Redeemer's free grace! I see more and more into the inward recesses of my mind. Dear *Robert*, there is such a thing as passing from glory to glory. For Jesus Christ's sake, strive to enter in at the straight gate, and never cease striving 'till you enter into that rest which awaits the people of God. It is a sweet thing to abide in Jesus's wounds, and from a feeling possession of God in the heart, to be able to say, "My fellowship is with the Father and the Son." It is true we are

not to live, or rely on our frames. The righteousness of Jesus Christ alone, and not our doings or sufferings, can recommend us to the Father. But however, we ought always to labour to be in a sweet and humble frame, and be watchful against any thing whatever, that may interrupt our communion with God. Peace and joy should flow in a believer's soul, like a river. If any thing should obstruct the passage, he should not rest 'till faith overflows, and drives it away before him. I know not what others may say, but thro' grace I can sing with bishop *Ken*,

"To my soul it's hell to be,

But for a moment void of thee."

O the fulness that there is in Christ! It fills my heart, and out of the abundance of my heart my pen writeth. Dear *Robert*, may the Lord bless it to your soul, and that will greatly rejoice

Your most unworthy, though most affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

To Mr. I—— H——, in London.

Bristol, Jan. 2, 1742.

My dear Brother H——,

I Owe you a letter, and very much love. I thank you for calling to see me, when last in *London*. May the love of Jesus be shed abroad abundantly in your heart by the Holy Ghost. My soul is now thirsting after the Redeemer's love. I trust you and I, and all the brethren, shall watch and pray against every thing in our hearts, that is any way selfish, or contrary to the boundless love of our exalted head. I long after a solid, real, undissembled union with all that bear the Redeemer's image. If I know any thing of my heart, I care not how the old man be crucified and cut to pieces, so that I may put on the new man, which is created after God in righteousness and true holiness. Blessed be the free, rich, and sovereign grace of our glorious Redeemer! who has begun the good work in my soul. Great, very great things hath Jesus done for me, a worthless worm: but I see infinitely greater things lying before me. There is an inexhaustible fulness in Jesus Christ, out

of which I hope to draw to the endless ages of eternity. O the meekness, the love, purity and holiness, that is in Jesus. Why should we be dwarfs in holiness? If Christ came into the world, that we might have life, and so much the more abundantly, why should we not ask and seek for it, especially since we are sure to obtain? My dear brother, you see how free I write. Love constrains me to do so. O that I was a flame of fire! I have lately been at *Gloucester*. The Lord was with us of a truth. In *Bristol*, God attends me with his mighty power. Last night Jesus rode on triumphantly indeed. Sometimes my heart is so full, that I am tempted to think

——My joy complete:

When lo! Emmanuel's mercies rise,

Still fresh discoveries he unfolds,

The lovely treasures yet surprize.

Unbelief says, this will not hold to-morrow; when lo, "to-morrow is as the day past, and much more abundant." I find there is yet oil, if there be yet a vessel, and an empty heart to contain it. Pray that my heart may be emptied of self, and that Jesus may be my all in all. I pray God, that none of us may give in to narrowness of spirit, but look up to Jesus for power over self, in all its shapes. Yesterday I went to hear Mr. *C*——. The Lord helped him, I believe, in some part of his discourse. I would be free; I would meet more than half way; but we are all too shy. The Lord fill his soul with more of the disinterested love of Jesus. To-night I begin a general monthly meeting to read corresponding letters. Pray give thanks for the success of the gospel in my unworthy hands. It shall be returned, as Jesus shall enable

Yours most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

To Mrs. K——, in London.

Bristol, Jan. 4, 1742.

My dear Sister,

THIS morning, in a letter from brother *C*——, I heard that your dear husband was dangerous ill of the small-pox. I was touched with a tender sympathy of your case; I immediately kneeled down, and laid your circumstances before our compassionate high-priest. I doubt not, but he is touched with a feeling of your afflictions, and will give you grace to help in time of need. I hope the language of your heart is this:

Thy gifts, if call'd for, I resign,
Pleas'd to receive, pleas'd to restore;
Gifts are thy work, it shall be mine
The giver only to adore.

I was, before I received the news of your dear husband's illness, thinking that God's people must meet with uncommon trials. We shall often find God's providences as it were contradicting his promises. Thus it was with

Abraham and *Jacob*, and thus I believe it is in some degree or other with all the children of God; for otherwise, how can faith be exercised? I doubt not but the enemy of souls will now be very busy with you, and break in with his fiery darts upon your soul; but I pray Jesus to keep you from staggering through unbelief. May you be strong in faith, giving glory to God! Against hope, may you believe in hope. However your husband may be disposed of, my prayer for you is, "Lord! make her still and resigned." I think the love of Christ constrains me to write you this letter. Who knows but the Lord may bless it to your soul? However, as you love the Lord Jesus, I hope you will receive it as a token of unfeigned Christian sympathy and affection from, dear Sister,

Your most unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. Peter S——, in London.

Bristol, Jan. 7, 1742.

I Have been obeying your request: I mean, bowing my knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ in your behalf. O that he may live before thee; that he may escape the pollutions that are in the world through lust; that he may be filled with all the fulness of God, was the breathing and language of my heart. I trust the Lord is now working upon brother *S*——. He seems to have had some discoveries of the Redeemer's love. May my dear *Peter* receive the full assurance of faith, and be truly fixed upon the rock of ages! "Even so Lord Jesus come quickly. Amen and amen." Excuse my writing to you in this manner, but God has put into my heart such an undissembled love for you, and your dear brothers, that I cannot be satisfied 'till I see the Redeemer's love shed abroad in all your hearts by the Holy Ghost. Ah *Peter*, *Peter*, I trust Jesus prays for thee, and then the world shall not steal away thy heart from God. Satan hath been sifting me severely, these two or three days. I have had some close combats with the great

dragon, but Jesus hath gotten himself the victory. I am enabled greatly to rejoice. For, “Blessed is the man that endureth temptations; when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life.” The brightness of it, even at this distance, dazzles my sight. Yet a little while, and Jesus Christ shall give it unto us. Dear brother *K——* has got the start of us. Happy man! He is at the end of his race. I sympathize with, and have been praying for his surviving friends. The Lord enable us all to walk so circumspectly, that the common enemy may not have an occasion to speak reproachfully of us. But whither am I running? Excuse me, dear *Peter*. God gives me freedom in writing to, and praying for you. I hope dear brother *R——* received my last in good part. God only knows how the happiness of both of you is longed for by, dear brother,

Yours in the crucified Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

To Mr. J—— C——, in London.

Gloucester, Jan. 28, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

ON *Friday* last I left *Bristol*, having first settled affairs almost as I could wish. At *Kingswood*, I administred the sacrament. On *Wednesday* night it was the Lord's passover; on *Thursday* we had a sweet love-feast; on *Friday* the Lord was with me twice at *Tockington*; on *Saturday* morning I broke up some fallow ground at *Newport*, by preaching with power to about two thousand people, and in the evening to many thousands at *Stroud* with wonderous power; on *Monday* morning at *Painswick*, and ever since twice a day here. Our congregations I think are larger than at *Bristol*. The word proves sharper than a two-edged sword. Every sermon is blessed. These words follow, "I have much people in this city." I am just now going to *Chafford*. To-morrow I expect my wife. In my next, I will send you word what I intend to do. I was one day at *Bath*. I should be glad to see brother *R——*'s defence before it be published. I told him of it; I believe he will be

upon his guard. His soul prospers. Sinless perfection I fear will be propagated in these parts. The Lord in his due time will root out that pernicious weed. I thank you for writing to me. Pray write to me often. God willing, I shall examine *Hampton Society* to-night. The same I think to do in *Wiltshire*. I want to be in *London* as soon as may be. Pray that I may know the Lord's will. We must away to *Chafford*. The Lord be with you, and abundantly refresh you. My most tender love awaits all. Brethren, pray for

Yours most affectionately in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXC.

To the Rev. Mr. G—— T——.

Gloucester, Feb. 2, 1742.

Reverend and dear Brother,

I Have longed for some time to send you a line, and have wondered that I have heard no oftener from you; but as I know my own circumstances, I can the more easily guess how it is with you. God has been very good to me since my arrival. I found when I came at first, I had all my work to begin again. Brother *W*—— had so prejudiced the people against me, that those who were my spiritual children would not so much as come and see me; nay they have gone by me whilst preaching in *Moor-fields*, and stopped their ears. This I find in some measure hath been your case, and God wisely permits this, to teach us to cease from man. *Paul*'s Epistles to the *Galatians* much comforted me. Besides, I was embarrassed with brother *Seward*'s death. He died without making any provision for me, and I was at the same time much indebted for the Orphan-house.—But all this was to humble and prepare me for future blessings. The Lord hath enabled me, blessed be his

name, to keep steady to my principles and usual practice. A new and numerous church has been raised at *London*. In *Essex*, the Lord was wonderfully with me. Every where the congregations increase. In *Bristol* God enabled me to fight my way through. We have hired a large hall, and have expounded there twice a day. In *Scotland*, the work, for its beginning, is rather greater than at *New-England*. I hear continually of the seed sown increasing, and springing up. God willing, I purpose paying *Scotland* another visit. I have lately been at *Bristol*, and both there, and here, and also at *London*, the word runs and is glorified. Through the tender mercies of our God, I have been carried as on eagles wings through a variety of outward and inward trials. The greatness of which none knows but God and my own soul. About eleven weeks ago I married, in the fear of God, one who was a widow, of about thirty-six years of age, and has been a housekeeper for many years; neither rich in fortune, nor beautiful as to her person, but, I believe, a true child of God, and would not, I think, attempt to hinder me in his work for the world. In that respect, I am just the same as before marriage. I hope God will never suffer me to say, "I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come." I am glad that matters are settling so amicably at *Philadelphia*. What a pity is it, that we should fall out in the way to heaven! I would do any thing except defiling my conscience, and giving up what I think is truth, to prevent it. The associate brethren are much to be blamed; I never met with such narrow spirits. I do not forget you, or your brethren, or the churches in your parts. The Lord be with you. He is pleased to shew me more and more of my own heart, and day by day refreshes my soul. My body is weak as usual; but Jesus is my strength. Help me to praise him. Pray send a line to, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, though most unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCI.

To Mr. S——, at New-Brunswick.

Gloucester, Feb. 2, 1742.

Dear Mr. S——,

LAST week I received your kind letter. Blessed be God, who hath brought you out of darkness into his marvellous light. I hope the Redeemer hath now shewn you his hands and his feet, and you can now say, “My Lord and my God.” What have you to do now but to walk humbly with your God, and daily to aspire after the whole mind that was in Jesus? I find but few truly labouring after this. Who can say, “My soul is athirst for God, yea even for the living God:” and yet to such only is the promised blessedness, of being filled, given. As for my own part, I am ashamed to think how unlike I am to my Saviour; I see such beauty in him, that I long to be conformed to his divine image and likeness. May you and I, dear Mr. *S——*, never rest till we have attained unto it; and the more we do attain, the more willing we shall be to come, as poor sinners, to Jesus Christ; it is a blessed thing, dear Sir, to be brought out of self. It will be continually

creeping in: happy they who have power over it. I do not wonder at your being united with Mr. *J—— C——*: he is a dear soul, and one whom the Lord delights to honour. Blessed be God, the work in our hands every where increases. I am supported and encouraged, quickened and comforted day by day. Jesus loves and blesses me. May he bless you and yours more and more, and cause you to walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. My tender love to all. I hope yet to see you once more in the flesh. In the mean while I beg leave to subscribe myself, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCII.

To Mr. W——.

Gloucester, Feb. 2, 1742.

Dear Mr. W——,

I Thank you for your kind letter. It should have been answered sooner, had an opportunity offered. I bless God for you, who carries on in your soul the spiritual building. I doubt not but the top-stone will yet be brought out, and the builders be made with shouting to cry, "Grace! Grace!" I should think it was not of God, if the work was not opposed.—What difficulties did *Nehemiah* go through in building the wall? But fear not, the Lord is with you. He built not for man, but for the Lord. By his leave, I propose bringing a school-master and mistress with me. When I shall embark, I know not. The calls here are so loud and numerous, and so few labourers sent forth to act in a popular way, that I think it my duty not to leave *England* yet. God is pleased to work by my ministry more and more. My soul is refreshed, and my body strengthened and renewed day by day. In *Scotland* there is a very great awakening; and also in *London*, *Bristol*, *Wiltshire*, and

Gloucestershire. But, notwithstanding all this, my *American* friends are by no means forgotten. I continually pray for them. The Lord, in his due time, will send me to you. In the mean time, be pleased to remember me in the tenderest manner to all that love the glorious Redeemer. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon them and you: so prays, dear Mr. *W——*,

Your most affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCIII.

To Mr. James R——, in Philadelphia.

Gloucester, Feb. 2, 1742.

Dear Mr. R——,

I Was glad to hear (though by another hand) of your safe arrival. May your soul prosper, being rooted and grounded in love, and built upon the rock of ages, the dear Lord Jesus. Blessed be God, the church is in much greater peace than when you left *England*. There hath been a very great awakening in several places. God hath brought order out of confusion; and (as he always will) hath caused even our divisions, though no thanks to us, to work for good. I hear you have had a sifting time at *Philadelphia*. I never yet heard of a work of God, but some such thing happened. This is my comfort, the government of the church is upon the Redeemer's shoulders; and therefore the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail against it. I hope ere now Christ has revealed himself in your heart, and given you the witness of the Spirit. For he that believeth, hath the witness in himself. I suppose you will be glad to hear, that the Lord hath, in a good degree,

delivered me from the embarrassments with which I was environed when you embarked. God was then preparing me for further mercies. We must be humbled before we are exalted. I suppose you have heard of my marriage. The Lord hath given me a daughter of *Abraham*; she joins in sending love to you and all, with, dear Mr. *R*——,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCIV.

To Mr. G—— T——.

Gloucester, Feb. 5, 1742.

Reverend and dear Brother,

ON *Tuesday* I received yours. I bless God for delivering brother *R*—— out of the hands of his enemies. I am persuaded he will deliver your brother *William* also. By your desertion and temptations, I believe God is preparing you for a fresh work. I believe you would be better, if you would always evangelize. I shall write to some friends about Mr. *C*——'s principles. I thank you for your kind caution. My mistakes often humble me. Never did Jesus send out a more weak and worthless wretch. I have not freedom now to continue writing a journal as usual. I shall proceed, for the future, in a more compendious way. Since I wrote the inclosed, we have seen a glorious appearance of the Son of Man. O infinite condescension! The Lord is with me. That he may be abundantly with you, and bless your labours more and more, is the hearty prayer of, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate and loving, though most unworthy brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCV.

To Mr. B——, at Philadelphia.

Gloucester, Feb. 5, 1742.

Dear Mr. B——,

I Was much rejoiced to receive a letter from your hands. Blessed be God for carrying on the work, which, I hope, was begun in your heart long ago! I trust you will never rest till you are possessed of the whole mind which was in Christ Jesus. He is our pattern; and if we have true grace in our hearts, we shall be continually labouring to copy after our great exemplar. O the life of Jesus! How little of it is to be seen in those that call themselves his followers. Humility, meekness, love, peace, joy, goodness, faith, and the other blessed fruits of the Spirit, whither are they fled? I fear most take up with the shadow, instead of the substance. God forbid that I, or dear Mr. *B——*, should be of that unhappy number. Dear Sir, there is an unspeakable fulness, unsearchable riches in Christ. Out of him we are to receive grace for grace. Every grace that was in the Redeemer, is to be transcribed and copied into our hearts. This is Christianity; and without this, though we

could dispute with the utmost clearness, and talk like angels, of the doctrines of grace, it would profit us nothing. To prevent the growth of this inward life, I am persuaded satan introduces heresies in the church, hoping thereby to stir up strife, envy, prejudice, and narrowness of spirit; and where these are, there will be every evil work. To this end, *sinless perfection* hath been propagated in *England*, and *Antinomian principles* suffered to be spread among you. But, blessed be God, both in *England*, and with you, I trust disputations and distractions are abated, and love and unity once more are lifting up their heads. This, at present, is the language of my heart:

Let us find out the ancient way,
Our wond'ring foes to move;
And force the heathen world to say,
See how these Christians love.

"Love is of God; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God." I am glad you are erecting a society to promote this love. Fear not the smallness of your beginning. What is begun in the fear of God, he will prosper. I believe them to be true followers of Jesus Christ; and though we agree not in all things, yet I pray God to make us one in heart. Now, dear Mr. *B*——, what shall I say more. The blessed Jesus has been superabundantly good to my soul since my arrival. I have been carried, though through much weakness, as on eagles wings. In *England*, *Wales*, and *Scotland*, God hath blessed my poor labours more than ever. The calls to divers places, are loud and importunate; and, as God has raised up many labourers among you, I think it my duty to stay here some time longer, and to visit *Scotland* once more. However, my friends abroad are continually upon my heart. I pray God for you night and day. May the Lord fill you with all his fulness! I desire to be

remembered to all mentioned in your's, and to all that love the Lord Jesus. I love you unfeignedly, and entreat you to write again to, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCVI.

To the Reverend Mr. C——, at Bath.

Gloucester, Feb. 5, 1742.

My dear Friend and Brother,

TO shew you how willing I am to comply with your request, and make dear Mr. *C*—— one of my close correspondents, I sit down this evening to write an answer to your kind letter. What has been doing lately, the transcript on the other side will shew you. Since the writing of that, the blessed Jesus hath been wondrous kind. Yesterday I preached three times, and visited a private society in the evening. To-day I was enabled to preach three times, with great power. Here is such an awakening in this country, as I never heard of, or saw in these parts before: "The fields are white already unto harvest." It is pleasant to hear the people come and tell how God wrought upon them by my unworthy ministry two years ago. The fruits of the Spirit are now apparent in their lives and conversations. Letters from *Scotland* bring blessed tidings, as also from *Philadelphia*. O the blessed effects of field-preaching! O that I was humble, that I was thankful! Help

me, my dear friend, to entreat the Redeemer to make me as a little, *a very little child*. The beginning of next week I hope to be at *Bath*; but cannot tell exactly the day. I thank my friends for their kind intention to meet me, but I had rather avoid it: the less parade the better. Let us stand still, and we shall see the salvation of God. He will not bless what doth not come from himself. May the Lord make me an *Israelite* indeed, in whom is no allowed guile! I am glad dear Mr. *T*—— is coming. My hearty love to him. O that our meeting may be blessed, and all three of us be made a flame of fire! Dear Mr. *C*——, I love you unfeignedly. I wish, above all things, your soul may prosper. Good night. My soul is filled with Jesus's love. I am going to pray for you and yours, being, dear Mr. *C*——, without dissimulation,

Yours most affectionately in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

To the Right Honourable the ——.

Thales, near Reading, Feb. 23, 1742.

AND does the dear —— know assuredly that Jesus hath died for him? Sing, O heavens! Rejoice, O earth! I would join with angels and archangels in singing "Glory to God on high." Welcome, my ——, into the world of new creatures. You are infinitely more happy than those who have lately been preferred, and kissed his Majesty's hand. Jesus hath holden out his golden scepter, and given you a patent for eternal life. Methinks I hear your —— now saying, "I account the reproach of Christ, of more value than all the riches of *Egypt*."

Be gone, vain world, my heart resign,
For I can be no longer thine;
A nobler, a diviner guest,
Hath took possession of my breast.

Well may your —— say, "you have been in a dream." When God first shewed me that I must be a new creature, I awaked as it were, into a new

world. I stood quite amazed. I was astonished to think, what a deep sleep the world around me was in. Thought I, O that I was made instrumental to some of them! The Lord heard my prayer. He has sent me to awaken the dear man I am now writing to. Not unto me, O God, not unto me, but to thy free grace and rich mercy be all the glory! With your Lordship's letter to-day, came several others from different parts, all with glad tidings of great joy. O that I was humble and thankful! Why me, Lord, why me? Surely I will join with your —— in saying, not because I chose God, but God (O infinitely condescending majesty!) did chuse me. What shall we render to the glorious *Emmanuel*? Methinks I hear your —— saying, "Behold, Lord, henceforward I look upon myself as a steward, and not as a proprietor of thy manifold gifts; I will live no longer to myself, but to him that died for me." Amen, Lord Jesus, amen and amen! Be pleased to excuse the defects of this, being written upon the road. I am now going to *London*. There has been a great awakening lately in *Gloucestershire*. I rejoice to hear that the lady —— is so well disposed. May a church be always in your —— house; and every one of your —— family be made a living member of the houshold of faith! No greater thing can be desired in your behalf by, my ——,

Your —— most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCVIII.

To the Right Honourable Lady M—— H——.

Thales, (near Reading) Feb. 23, 1742.

Honoured Madam,

I Am now upon the road to *London*. This morning your acceptable letter came to hand. Though somewhat wearied, I would fain answer it before I retire to rest. Blessed be God who causes your Ladyship to be never less alone, than when alone. O Madam, what a comforter is the Holy Ghost? What sweet company is Jesus Christ? What a privilege is it to have fellowship with the great Three-One? A world lying in wickedness knows nothing of it. Every thing yields comfort when the blessed Spirit breathes upon it. Even this scribble, from the chief of sinners, from one who is less than the least of all saints, shall again refresh your soul, if Jesus speaks the word. Amazed am I, that God should work by my hands. But Jesus is love. He yet delights to honour me. I have lately seen the Redeemer riding in his strength, and getting himself the victory in poor sinners hearts. Letters from abroad inform me of the same. O that our glorious Jesus may set the world

in a flame of love! Hasten that time, O blessed Jesus: O let thy kingdom come! I have heard from my dear Orphans to-day. They have been reduced to straits; but the Lord hath stirred up a wealthy friend or two to assist them. The everlasting God reward all their benefactors! I find there has been a fresh awakening among them. I am informed, that twelve negroes, belonging to a planter lately converted at the Orphan-house, are savingly brought home to Jesus Christ. This will rejoice your Ladyship's heart. I am glad to hear that the work goes on in *Scotland*. The Lord, I trust, will ripen your soul apace for glory. He hath various ways of perfecting his saints. Methinks I see your Ladyship sitting in your chair, and ravished with the Redeemer's beauty day by day. Sometimes you are as it were washing his feet with your tears; at other times sitting by faith at his feet, and hearing or reading his word. Sometimes your heart is too big to speak; then again, out of the abundance of your heart, your mouth poureth forth hallelujahs. Sometimes you are lost in wonder; at all times longing to be dissolved and to be with Christ; for, when you hear him say, "Rise up, my love, and come away,"

Your heart would fain outfly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

This, I trust, is the life your Ladyship lives. This is life indeed. They who live otherwise, are dead whilst they live. They call for our compassion and prayers; for who hath made the difference? Distinguishing grace! O the unsearchable riches of Christ? I could speak of him for ever; but it grows late; nature calls for rest.

O when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns with the celestial quire

Incessant sing, and never tire?

Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! The Lord be with your spirit, and abundantly bless both you, Mr. *H*——, and your child. Indeed I do not forget your Ladyship; your last should not have remained so long unanswered, but it came only to-day into the hands of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCXCIX.

To Mr. Thomas N——, at New-York.

London, Feb. 26, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

I Have herewith sent you a parcel. Be pleased to read the letters, and send them as directed. I received your kind letter, dated in *December*, and thank you for all kindnesses shewn to the poor orphans. The Lord Jesus will richly reward you. Before yours came, the Lord had given me an enlarged heart, and unfeigned love and freedom to converse with all his dear children, of whatever denomination. I talk freely with the Messrs. *W*——'s, though we widely differ in a certain point. Most talk of a catholic spirit; but it is only till they have brought people into the pale of their own church. This is downright sectarianism, not catholicism. How can I act consistently, unless I receive and love all the children of God, whom I esteem to be such, of whatever denomination they may be? Why should we dispute when there is no probability of convincing? I think this is not giving up the faith, but fulfilling our Lord's new command, "Love one another:" and our love is but

feigned, unless it produces proper effects. I am persuaded, the more the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts, the more all narrowness of spirit will subside and give way: besides, so far as we are narrow spirited, we are uneasy. Prejudices, jealousies, and suspicions make the soul miserable, so far as they are entertained. But enough of this: my dear brother *N*—— is of my mind. Only let me give you one caution: Take heed that your getting acquainted with any new set of Christians, does not lead you insensibly to despise others of your old acquaintance. Watch, and deal very tenderly with all; otherwise you will grow reserved and artful, and lose a simple, open, guileless, *Israelitish* spirit, before you are aware. There needs a close adherence to the motions of the Holy Spirit, and a constant watching over the corruptions of our own hearts, in order that we may walk before God as very little children. O that I was a little child indeed! Jesus can make me one. My dear brother, I thank you for your kind invitation. God willing, I shall accept it, if ever I see *New-York*. But I think Providence calls me once more to *Scotland*. I have been lately plowing up some fallow ground, and now preach twice every day. The Lord does indeed bless the word, and gives me to rejoice in the felicity of his chosen. Be so kind now and then to drop a line to my dear orphan-family. As opportunity offers, and the Lord gives freedom, you shall hear from, dear brother *N*——,

Yours most affectionately in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCC.

To Miss —— ——, at Edinburgh.

London, Feb. 27, 1742.

Dear Miss,

I Did not receive your letter till this night. Whilst I was reading it, my heart grew warm with thankfulness to that God, who, I trust, by his almighty Spirit hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light. In his light you now see light. Do you not, dear Miss *W*——, find what I said to be true, "That Jesus Christ is the fairest among ten thousands." Is he not altogether lovely? Henceforth you may well say,

I bid this world of noise and shew,

With all its flattering snares, adieu.

The greater advances you make in the divine life, the more you will see what a dream you and the polite world have been in. And O the distinguishing grace of God to you! Methinks I hear you calling on angels and archangels to join in praising our common Lord. Well may you say, "You are not henceforth your own:" No, dear Miss, let Jesus have your

whole heart. Let his blood, his wounds be continually before you. God forbid that you should now glory, save in the cross of Christ, by whom the world is crucified to you, and you unto the world. Pity the poor christless creatures about you. Pray for them, as the Holy Spirit gives you freedom. Tell them of the love of Jesus. They need no other motive. This, backed with almighty power, must break the most hardened heart. With much pleasure I reflect on the blessed consolations I have been favoured with, whilst explaining the scriptures to you and your honoured relations. O that not one may remain unconverted! May Jesus look on them; then will they look on him and be saved. Blessed be God for sending me to *Scotland*, if it was only to bring you home. Ere long I hope to visit your country again; and then, O that I may see you all meek, humble, heavenly-minded, close followers of the bleeding Lamb! Thanks be to God, he hath directed me to a wife, who was once gay, but now with you can sing,

I.
Come, Saviour Jesus, from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Withdraw my heart from worldly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

II.
O let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free;
Which pants to have no other love,
But night and day to feast on Thee.

III.
That path with humble speed I'll seek,
Wherein my Saviour's footsteps shine;

Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.

IV.

To Thee my ling'ring soul aspires;
To Thee I offer all my vows;
Keep me from vain and false desires,
My God, my Saviour, and my spouse.

V.

Wealth, honour, or whatever else
This transitory world can give,
Tempt as you will, my heart repels,
To Christ alone resolved to live.

VI.

Thee I can love, and thee alone,
With inward joy and holy bliss;
To find thou tak'st me for thy own,
O what a happiness is this!

Dear Miss, whilst I am writing, the love of Jesus fills my soul. I have been talking to night of his love to poor sinners. O that his spirit may break afresh upon your soul when you are reading this! I must now commend you to the Redeemer's care. In the world you shall have tribulation; be not afraid, Jesus hath overcome the world.—I have many letters before me unread; but I could not help writing this long one to you. Accept it as a token of unfeigned regard for the good of your precious soul, and depend on the prayers of, dear Miss *W——*,

Your most affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCI.

To the Reverend Mr. C——.

London, March 4, 1742.

My dear Friend and Brother,

I Remember my promise. You are to be one of my close correspondents. I am unworthy to write to any; but love, the love of Jesus will constrain me frequently to write to you. I hope you are not offended, because you did not see me in *Bath* again. The glorious *Emmanuel* pointed out my way hither. Since I came (O amazing goodness!) he has been wonderfully kind to me, and to his people. I am much assisted daily, in preaching to poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ. Life and power fly all around, and the Redeemer is getting himself the victory daily in many hearts. Letters from abroad give me glorious accounts. In *New-England*, the work goes on amazingly. In *Scotland*, the awakening is greater and greater. The spirit of God has been striving among the little orphans in *Georgia*, and in *Carolina* I hear that twelve negroes belonging to a planter, converted at the Orphan-house, are savingly brought home to Jesus Christ. Indeed the Lord is about

to do great things. “Blessed are the eyes that see the things which we see; blessed are the ears that hear the things that we hear;” blessed are those that the Lord employs as his own children, to bring about his great designs. O that my dear Mr. *C*—— may be made a flaming fire, and a spiritual father to thousands! Dear Mr. *T*——, who was so kind as to come and see me last night, I trust is coming on. I hope both you and him will experience a solid establishment in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is no rest here, no true solid lasting rest, till we come to this. Our hearts are deceitful above all things. We seek rest in outward things. We change our places, circumstances, and stations;—but if Jesus loves us, he will put a thorn in the place where we would fain nestle. A soul that has had some awakenings, and been wandring from Christ, is like *Noah*’s dove which could find no rest for the sole of its foot, till it came back to the ark again. This ark is Christ, and when we are safely locked in there, and the soul hath received an abiding witness, then out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. This is the reason why Jesus bid his disciples to wait for the promise of the Father. Filled with this, the woman of *Samaria* could not but call on others to come and see. And were we but animated, led and influenced by this spirit, what a blessed union would there be among all the churches of Jesus Christ? It is a want of more of this, that now at present disunites us. I despair therefore of a greater union, till a greater measure of the spirit be poured from on high. Hence, therefore, I am resolved simply to preach the gospel of Christ, and leave others to quarrel by and with themselves. To contend, where there is no probability of convincing, only feeds and adds fuel to an unhallow’d fire, which a misguided zeal kindles in the heart. Love, forbearance, long-suffering, and frequent prayer to your dear Lord Jesus, is the best way to extinguish and put it out. O love, true,

simple, Christian, undissembled love, whither art thou fled! The language of my heart is,—But whither am I going? You see, my friend, how freely I write. The blessed Jesus warms and fills me, whilst I am writing. I know, though I am unworthy, you will send me a line in return. Methinks I could wash your feet. Methinks, I long to see your shackles drop off, and your soul free for the uninterrupted service of the best of masters. Faith in his bloody wounds is the only means. Lord, evermore give my dear friend and his wife living faith, which may purify their hearts, enable them to overcome the world, and will work by love! The Lord make you both as little children before him! This is the prayer of, dear Mr. *C*——,

Yours affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCII.

To Mr. A——.

London, March 4, 1742.

Dear Mr. A——,

I Received your comfortable letter concerning the dear lambs at *Heriot*'s hospital. I pray God give you grace to feed them, that they may grow in grace as they grow in years, and make perpetual advances in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Be pleased to salute them from me, in the kindest manner. Entreat them, O exhort them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and to keep close by his wounded side. Tell them, dear Sir, from time to time, of the power and efficacy of his all-atoning blood: it purifies the heart, overcomes the world, and fills the believer with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Watch over their dear souls day by day, and wait closely upon the Lord yourself, that you may be taught of him to feed his lambs. It is a work of the utmost importance. No less than infinite wisdom can be sufficient for you; but if any man lack wisdom, let him ask it from above; God giveth liberally to the lovers of his dear Son, and upbraideth not. Dear

Sir, God is love. He hath loved me, and is pleased to work by me more and more. At home, and abroad, Jesus Christ rides on gloriously. I hope, at my return to *Scotland*, to see greater things than ever. When it shall be, I know not yet. God's people must pray me to them. With difficulty I get time to write this. I once more salute you and the dear lambs, and am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCIII.

To Mr. J—— K——, at Exon.

London, March 6, 1742.

Dear Sir,

I Now snatch a few moments to answer your kind letter. As yet, I have no intimation from providence in respect to coming into your parts. The cloud at present doth not seem to move that way. So many places want supplies, that I could wish I had a thousand lives and tongues. Jesus Christ should have them all. Only I am astonished, that the Lord of the harvest should send out such a worthless labourer, or rather loiterer as I am. But his grace is free, like himself infinite; “For to me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach to poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Christ.” Blessed be God, I do not preach in vain. The accounts from *New-England*, *Scotland*, and *Carolina*, are surprizing. In *London*, the word of the Lord runs and is glorified. Every day we see the Redeemer’s stately steps. I have not time, dear Sir, to tell you what great things our great master is doing for his people, and yet I believe we shall

see greater things than these. From *Georgia* also, I have great accounts. The spirit of the Lord hath been breathing upon the orphans. I thank you, dear Sir, for your intended benefaction, and kind invitation. If ever our dear Lord calls me your way, I shall accept it: though I am utterly unworthy to come under any one's roof, but more especially that Jesus should come under the roof of the house of my soul.—But Jesus is love. That his love may be abundantly shed abroad in your heart, by the Holy Ghost, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and servant unknown,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCIV.

To Mr. G—— H——, in Gloucester.

London, March, 12, 1742.

Dear Mr. H——,

BY no means leave off reading to the society. It is not taking too much upon you, or going out of your depth. The cause of your so much as thinking to decline, is not good. The more unworthy you are, the more glory will you give to a glorious Redeemer: the greater sinner you are, the more feelingly will you read of, and recommend the glorious Ransom paid for sinners. Go on, my dear man; venture boldly to the throne of grace; fear not. —God will heal our backslidings; he loves us freely. Jesus hath been my glorious Saviour. I would have mentioned this affair of the society in my last, but I was then ignorant of it.—My dear wife has written to dear Mrs. *H——*. How does the dear woman as to spirituals? I do not despair of seeing you both good Christians. Jesus is almighty. Go to him just as you are. The Lord be with you both! I suppose you have seen the letter sent to dear M. *C——* by brother *S——*. My tender love to him, and all that love

the blessed *Emmanuel*. I have seen Mr. *J——*. The Lord is wonderfully good to me. Pray send a line to, dear Sir,

Yours affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCV.

To Miss R——.

London, March 18, 1742.

Dear Miss,

I Am yet of opinion, there is mercy and love laid up for you in the heart of the blessed Jesus. You look backward, instead of forward. You look into yourself, instead of looking up to Him, who is mighty and willing to save. O that you may have strength to go to him just as you are! You would then be delivered from your bondage. The case of the poor *Syrophœnician* woman may give you comfort. How did the Lamb of God seem as it were to turn lion? How did he seem to turn a deaf ear to her complaints? And yet heard and loved her all the while. Why may not you believe? He will yet say to you, “Be it unto you even as thou wilt.” I fear some tell you, that it is well to doubt. Indeed they are mistaken. Dear Miss, expect great things from Jesus Christ. “He is able to do abundantly for you above what you can ask or think.” His name, his nature is Love. Fear not; be not faithless, but believing. Wait, and you shall yet see the salvation of God. In Jesus there is

plenteous redemption. That you may feel the full power of his blood, prays, dear Miss,

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCVI.

To Mr. W——, in Bristol.

London, April 6, 1742.

My dear, yea very dear Brother,

YOU must needs think, that your kind letter gave me no small pleasure. Glory be to God for that rich love wherewith he hath loved you! Surely Jesus Christ will be now exceeding precious to your dear soul. What does he now require of you, but to walk humbly, closely, and with a child-like simplicity before him? He hath followed you, as well as prevented you with his mercies, and would suffer nothing to take you out of his hands. Satan hath desired you, satan has sifted you as wheat; but Jesus, that friend of sinners, hath prayed for you, and therefore your faith hath not failed. The Lord hath looked upon my dear *Samuel*. Methinks I see him weeping tears of love, and saying, "*Speak*, Lord, *thy servant heareth* now."

I doubt not but many will reproach you for your past backsliding, and question your future stability. Let all serve to humble you in the dust, and drive you to the loving Jesus for refuge. "In him," surely shall my dear

friend say, “I have righteousness and strength.” Look up to him, and you shall be delivered from, nay, made more than conqueror over every temptation. He will fight your battles for you, and crown you when you have done. Dear Mr. *W——*, the love of Jesus now swallows up my soul. I see him more and more lovely every day. In Jesus there is plenteous redemption. He came, that we might have life, nay that we might have it more abundantly. O what a blessing is it to be redeemed from a vain conversation, and from this present evil world. O that every poor sinner felt it! Then would his children agree in one, and divisions would be at an end. Blessed be our Lord, there is a greater prospect of union than ever. It is what my soul longs after, and labours for. It is a great pity that poor pilgrims should fall out in their way to heaven; but this will be, till we get more of the divine spirit. Pray we therefore for a great effusion of the Holy Ghost. Blessed be God, we feel the Holy Ghost daily in our congregations. It surprizes me to see what a company of settled, solid Christians are amongst us. The work goes on daily. This morning, how did Jesus pierce and melt poor sinners hearts? Amazing accounts are brought from abroad. —Fresh awakenings in many places at home. Does not your soul long to tell sinners, Jesus is Love. I am glad to hear you are so active. Go on in the strength of the triumphing Lamb. My heart is warm. Welcome home again, my dear friend, welcome to Jesus your Lord and your God. Pray write often, dear Mr. *W——*, to

Your most affectionate friend, brother and servant in the glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCVII.

To Mr. O——, in Leominster.

London, April 6, 1742.

My dear Brother,

YOUR letter gave me uncommon pleasure, and confirm'd me more in the opinion, that where our Lord gives a will, he will also give an opportunity of glorifying his great and most adorable name. Indeed, I believe there is such a work begun, as neither we nor our fathers have heard of. The beginnings are amazing; how unspeakably glorious will the end be! From *New-England*, fresh and surprizing glad tidings are sent; the Lord takes poor sinners there by hundreds, I may say by thousands. In *Scotland*, the fruits of my poor labours are abiding and apparent. In *Wales*, I hear the word of the Lord runs and is glorified, as also in many places in *England*. In *London*, our Saviour is doing great things daily; we have many dear growing children among us, who can say, "Our fellowship is with the Father and the Son." We scarce know what it is to have a meeting without tears. Our Lord always meets with us. My dear brother, I rejoice to hear that

you are helped in your work. Let this encourage you; go on, go on; the more we do, the more we may do for Jesus. I sleep and eat but little, and am constantly employed from morning till midnight, and yet I walk and am not weary, I run and am not faint. My strength is daily renewed. My bow abides in strength, and my hands are upholden by the arms of the mighty God of Jacob. O free grace! It fires my soul, and makes me long to do something more for Jesus. It is true indeed, I want to go home; but here are so many souls ready to perish for lack of knowledge, that I am willing to tarry below, as long as my master hath work for me to do.—When I shall come your way, I cannot determine.—All I say is, I will come when the Lord gives me leave. At present my call is in *London*, where I propose staying for some time. My wife came up last *Saturday*, and joins with me in wishing you all manner of success. I am, my dear brother,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCVIII.

To Mr. J—— C——, in Gloucestershire.

London, April 8, 1742.

Dear Mr. J—— C——,

YOURS came to hand last night. I rejoice to hear that the Lord is with you, and that he was pleased to bless my poor labours in *Gloucestershire*. I would have you to dispute as little as possible. Awakened souls should be told to look continually to the Lord Jesus. The more you are acquainted with Christ, and the more deeply you drink into his spirit, the more solid you will grow. Fear not because of your present trials; "the Lord is thy God; he will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Cast all your care upon him, he careth for you. Your wife's illness shall work for good. The things I promised, are provided and shall be sent speedily. Brother *H*—— will be with you, God willing, next week; I pray God that his coming may be in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace! Our Lord is with us much here. I preach twice daily. Our society grows. My master fills me with his presence, and continually meets with us. My tender love awaits all the

society. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Seek after a nearer conformity to the blessed Jesus. Grow in grace; and as you are enabled, dear *John*, pray for

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCIX.

To Captain G——, in Philadelphia.

London, April 22, 1742.

Dear Brother G——,

I Hope this will find you very happy in the love of Christ. I was glad to hear you had so good a time, before our friends left you. I wish you no less, than that you may be filled with all the fulness of God. We have had a glorious *Easter*, or rather a *Pentecost*. Jesus Christ is risen indeed. I have been preaching in *Moorfields*, and our Saviour carries all before us. Nought can resist his conquering blood. It would have delighted you, to have seen the poor sinners flock from the booths, to see Jesus lifted up on the pole of the gospel. I have received many tickets from young apprentices, &c. &c. Our society goes on wonderfully well. Every day we hear of fresh conquests. God's children are expecting very great things. I believe they will not be disappointed of their hope. But I am in haste. Your wife was well the last time I saw her. Brother *S*—— and his wife have been to see

her.—My dear wife and brother *S——* kindly salute you, and all that love our glorious *Emmanuel*. Pray write a line to, dear brother *G——*,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCX.

To the Reverend Mr. J——, in Yorkshire.

London, April 22, 1742.

My dear Brother,

I Thank you and your wife for your kind benefaction. Our Saviour, I believe, will take it kindly at your hands. I rejoice that the work of our common master is carried on in *Yorkshire*. We see greater things than ever at *London*. The awakening is quite fresh. I never was strengthened more. Every day, poor sinners are brought home to Jesus Christ. Our people are filled as with new wine; it seems to be a *Pentecost*. I have preached six or seven times in *Moorfields*, these holidays. It would rejoice you to see the people flock from satan's booths to hear the gospel of the Son of God. The people seem to have such a spirit of supplication poured out upon them, that I believe we shall see great things. I am often weak in body, but, as my work requires, I am proportionably strengthened in the inner man. Was there ever such a sinner as I am? Was there ever such a Saviour as my Saviour?

Low at thy feet, O Jesus, let me lie,

And love and praise to all eternity.

I salute all that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and am, dear brother *J——*,

Yours most affectionately in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXI.

To Mr. L——.

London, May 11, 1742.

WITH this, I send you a few out of the many notes I have received from persons, who were convicted, converted, or comforted in *Moorfields*, during the late holidays. For many weeks, I found my heart much pressed to determine to venture to preach there at this season, when, if ever, satan's children keep up their annual rendezvous. I must inform you, that *Moorfields* is a large spacious place, given, as I have been told, by one *Madam Moore*, on purpose for all sorts of people to divert themselves in. For many years past, from one end to the other, booths of all kinds have been erected, for mountebanks, players, puppet shows, and such like. With a heart bleeding with compassion for so many thousands led captive by the devil at his will, on *Whit-Monday*, at six o'clock in the morning, attended by a large congregation of praying people, I ventured to lift up a standard amongst them in the name of Jesus of *Nazareth*. Perhaps there were about ten thousand in waiting, not for me, but for satan's instruments to amuse

them.—Glad was I to find, that I had for once as it were got the start of the devil. I mounted my field pulpit, almost all flocked immediately around it. I preached on these words, "As *Moses* lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so shall the son of man be lifted up, &c." They gazed, they listened, they wept; and I believe that many felt themselves stung with deep conviction for their past sins. All was hushed and solemn. Being thus encouraged, I ventured out again at noon; but what a scene! The fields, the whole fields seemed, in a bad sense of the word, all white, ready not for the Redeemer's, but Beelzebub's harvest. All his agents were in full motion, drummers, trumpeters, merry andrews, masters of puppet shows, exhibiters of wild beasts, players, &c. &c. all busy in entertaining their respective auditories. I suppose there could not be less than twenty or thirty thousand people. My pulpit was fixed on the opposite side, and immediately, to their great mortification, they found the number of their attendants sadly lessened. Judging that like saint *Paul*, I should now be called as it were to fight with beasts at *Ephesus*, I preached from these words: "Great is *Diana* of the *Ephesians*." You may easily guess, that there was some noise among the craftsmen, and that I was honoured with having a few stones, dirt, rotten eggs, and pieces of dead cats thrown at me, whilst engaged in calling them from their favourite but lying vanities. My soul was indeed among lions; but far the greatest part of my congregation, which was very large, seemed for a while to be turned into lambs. This encouraged me to give notice, that I would preach again at six o'clock in the evening. I came, I saw, but what —thousands and thousands more than before if possible, still more deeply engaged in their unhappy diversions; but some thousands amongst them waiting as earnestly to hear the gospel. This satan could not brook. One of his choicest servants was exhibiting, trumpeting on a large stage; but as

soon as the people saw me in my black robes and my pulpit, I think all to a man left him and ran to me. For a while I was enabled to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and many heard the joyful sound. God's people kept praying, and the enemy's agents made a kind of a roaring at some distance from our camp. At length they approached nearer, and the merry andrew, (attended by others, who complained that they had taken many pounds less that day on account of my preaching) got upon a man's shoulders, and advancing near the pulpit attempted to slash me with a long heavy whip several times, but always with the violence of his motion tumbled down. Soon afterwards, they got a recruiting serjeant with his drum, &c. to pass through the congregation. I gave the word of command, and ordered that way might be made for the king's officer. The ranks opened, while all march'd quietly through, and then closed again. Finding those efforts to fail, a large body quite on the opposite side assembled together, and having got a large pole for their standard, advanced towards us with steady and formidable steps, till they came very near the skirts of our hearing, praying, and almost undaunted congregation. I saw, gave warning, and prayed to the captain of our salvation for present support and deliverance. He heard and answered; for just as they approached us with looks full of resentment, I know not by what accident, they quarrelled among themselves, threw down their staff and went their way, leaving however many of their company behind, who before we had done, I trust were brought over to join the besieged party. I think I continued in praying preaching and singing, (for the noise was too great at times to preach) about three hours. We then retired to the tabernacle, with my pockets full of notes from persons brought under concern, and read them amidst the praises and spiritual acclamations of thousands, who joined with the holy angels in rejoicing that so many

sinners were snatched, in such an unexpected, unlikely place and manner, out of the very jaws of the devil. This was the beginning of the tabernacle society.—Three hundred and fifty awakened souls were received in one day, and I believe the number of notes exceeded a thousand; but I must have done, believing you want to retire to join in mutual praise and thanksgiving to God and the Lamb, with

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXII.

To the same.

London, May 15, 1742.

My dear Friend,

FRESH matter of praise; bless ye the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously. The battle that was begun on *Monday*, was not quite over till *Wednesday* evening, though the scene of action was a little shifted. Being strongly invited, and a pulpit being prepared for me by an honest quaker, a coal merchant, I ventured on *Tuesday* evening to preach at *Mary le bon fields*, a place almost as much frequented by boxers, gamesters, and such like, as *Moor-fields*. A vast concourse was assembled together, and as soon as I got into the field pulpit, their countenance bespoke the enmity of their hearts against the preacher. I opened with these words—"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." I preached in great jeopardy; for the pulpit being high, and the supports not well fixed in the ground, it tottered every time I moved, and numbers of enemies strove to push my friends against the

supporters, in order to throw me down. But the Redeemer stayed my soul on himself, therefore I was not much moved, unless with compassion for those to whom I was delivering my master's message, which I had reason to think, by the strong impressions that were made, was welcome to many. But satan did not like thus to be attacked in his strong-holds, and I narrowly escaped with my life: for as I was passing from the pulpit to the coach, I felt my wig and hat to be almost off. I turned about, and observed a sword just touching my temples. A young rake, as I afterwards found, was determined to stab me, but a gentleman, seeing the sword thrusting near me, struck it up with his cane, and so the destined victim providentially escaped. Such an attempt excited abhorrence; the enraged multitude soon seized him, and had it not been for one of my friends, who received him into his house, he must have undergone a severe discipline. The next day, I renewed my attack in *Moor-fields*; but would you think it? after they found that pelting, noise, and threatnings would not do, one of the *merry Andrews* got up into a tree very near the pulpit, and shamefully exposed his nakedness before all the people. Such a beastly action quite abashed the serious part of my auditory; whilst hundreds of another stamp, instead of rising up to pull down the unhappy wretch, expressed their approbation by repeated laughs. I must own at first it gave me a shock; I thought satan had now almost outdone himself; but recovering my spirits, I appealed to all, since now they had such a spectacle before them, whether I had wronged human nature in saying, after pious *Bishop Hall*, "that man, when left to himself, is half a devil and half a beast;" or as the great Mr. *Law* expressed himself, "a motley mixture of the beast and devil."—Silence and attention being thus gained, I concluded with a warm exhortation, and closed our festival enterprizes, in reading fresh notes that were put up, praising and blessing God amidst thousands at

the tabernacle, for what he had done for precious souls, and on account of the deliverances he had wrought out for me and his people. I could enlarge; but being about to embark in the *Mary and Ann*, for *Scotland*, I must hasten to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

P. S. I cannot help adding, that several little boys and girls who were fond of sitting round me on the pulpit, while I preached, and handing to me peoples notes, though they were often pelted with eggs, dirt, &c. thrown at me, never once gave way: but on the contrary, every time I was struck, turned up their little weeping eyes, and seemed to wish they could receive the blows for me. God make them in their growing years great and living martyrs for him, who out of the mouth of babes and sucklings perfects praise!

LETTER CCCCXIII.

To the Rev. Mr. M——, in the Isle of Man.

On board the Mary and Ann, bound to Scotland, May 26, 1742.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Received your letter on *Saturday* last, and felt great concern on my soul, while perusing it. One thing especially pleased me; I found by the contents, that a report I had lately heard concerning you was false; for I had heard, that the bishop seeing your zeal, and finding his opposition had inflamed, at last had ordered the clergy to open the church doors for you, and that now you had done with appearing openly in the defence of the glorious Gospel. Blessed be God this is not true! Though I find, both you and your people have been greatly discouraged. I see no way of extricating yourself, but by acting up to the dictates of your own conscience, and leaving the consequences to the great head and king of the church. You find, dear Sir, a sensible withdrawing of the spirit ever since you gave way. It would not have been so, had you obeyed God rather than man. Up then, and be doing, and the Lord will be yet with you. If you cannot preach freely in the *Isle of*

Man, go whithersoever the Lord shall be pleased to lead you. Our commission is very extensive: “Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” We want labourers much in *England*. If our ascended Saviour hath given you popular gifts, and freedom and authority in speaking without notes, you need not fear. He will assist you from time to time, and make you a blessing to many souls. Your being a minister of the established church, will be an advantage, and your age also will give you yet more authority; but an unction from the Holy One of *Israel* is the best qualification; I would therefore, dear Sir (if such a one as I, am capable of advising) by all means persuade you to humble yourself before the great bishop of your soul, and ask him again and again what he would have you to do? I am apt to think, he will not restore to you the comforts of the Holy Ghost, or stablish you with his free spirit, ’till you give up yourself simply to follow the dictates of his providence and spirit. Then let men or devils say or do their worst. How can we know God’s power unless we try it? Not that I would have you, dear friend, do any thing rashly. No, “he that believeth doth not make haste.” Wait upon the Lord, and he will certainly shew you what he would have you to do. I wonder not that your brother’s love is grown cold. It is hard for one in his station, unless he be thoroughly inured to contempt, and will give God leave to act in his own way, to withstand a whole body of lukewarm, prejudiced, envious, malignant clergy. These, have always been the greatest opposers of true vital religion. These, were our Saviour’s most bitter enemies. These, will be ours also, if we come forth in his spirit, and preach by his power. But blessed be God, I can say by happy experience, our glorious *Emmanuel* will make us more than conquerors over them all. He hath continually fought my battles for me, and I am persuaded will do so to the end. Of late, I have seen more of

his power and goodness than ever, and I trust we shall yet see greater things than these. I am now once more going to *Scotland*, and purpose (God willing) the latter end of the year to embark for *America*. Pray let me hear from you, and if possible let me have a personal interview. I hope this will reach you. In the next, be pleased to tell me how to direct, for I have forgotten. The Lord be with you. I wish you abundant prosperity in the name of the exalted Redeemer, and am

Your affectionate brother and servant, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXIV.

To Mr. S—— M——, in Gainsborough.

On board the Mary and Ann, May 26, 1742.

My dear Brother,

YOUR letter dated *May 5th* was very agreeable to me. I think it savoured of a true Israelitish spirit, and therefore I find freedom to send you a plain and simple answer. Who *J—— H——* is, I cannot tell. If he was converted by my unworthy ministry, or others by his means, let our dear Jesus have all the glory. I shall know who they are, at the great day. Mr. *P——* I know very well. I believe he is a good man, but am not enough acquainted with his proceedings, either wholly to commend or condemn them. Whether he preaches in public, or converses only in a private manner, I know not. This one thing I know, if he be sent of God, I wish him prosperity. The answer which our Lord gave to those who forbad such as were casting out devils in his name, because they followed not with them, makes me particularly cautious, how I interrupt any one that seems to speak of Jesus with sincerity of heart. As for his speaking so little against the church of England, I cannot

discommend him for that. I find it best to talk only of Jesus's blood, and the power of his Redemption, and not dwell much on outward things or outward worship. When the woman of *Samaria* asked our Lord, "where men ought to worship," he diverted the discourse from the outward to the inward worship. "The worship of the Father in spirit and in truth." Some things may be wrong in the church of *England*, and in this mixed state we must never expect to see a perfect church, or a perfect man. It is therefore my constant aim to agree with all the children of God, as far as I can, and not to quarrel though we differ in some points. In civil society, one family does not differ with another, because it hath not the same orders in every respect. Would to God we observed the same rule in spirituals. The world falls out enough with us; it is pity we should fall out among ourselves. My brother, I have written to you out of the fulness of my heart; whether I shall see your face in the flesh, I know not. At present, my call is to *Scotland*.—If the cloud should move towards *Lincolnshire*, my answer is, "Lord, lo I come!" I am quite confounded when I think that such a wretch as I should ever be employed in preaching the everlasting gospel. I often fall down under a sense of God's distinguishing mercy, and with awful adoration am frequently made to cry out, "Why me, Lord; why me?" O my brother, help me to praise the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world. A wonderful work is carried on both at home and abroad. I shall be glad to hear from you again. Be pleased to direct as before. I am, in the bowels of Jesus Christ,

Your affectionate friend, brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXV.

To Mr. J—— B——, in London.

On board the Mary and Ann, May 27, 1742.

My dear Brother B——,

YOUR letter was sweet to my heart. Business prevented my answering it on shore. Our Saviour is pleased at this time to give me leisure and freedom. I will now endeavour to answer it on board. I need not tell you, I love you. God has often bore witness to our fellowship, by giving us his presence, and filling us as with new wine. What has happened of late to disunite, will in the end, I am persuaded, only promote a closer union. “Out of the eater will come forth meat, and out of the strong will come forth sweetness.” Blessed be our Saviour’s free grace! I feel my heart more and more enlarged towards, and more and more disposed to love and honour all denominations of believers, than ever I experienced before. In all societies of Christians under heaven, there must necessarily be persons of a different standing in the school of Christ. Those who are not solidly established in the love of God, will fall too much in love with the outward form of their

particular church, be it what it will. But as the love of God gets the ascendency, the more they will be like him and his holy angels, and consequently rejoice when souls are brought to Jesus, whatever instruments may be made use of for that purpose. If therefore some that you and I know, are too confined (as I believe is too much the case); if they do not preach more frequently, and abound more in good works, I think it is for want of having their hearts more inflamed with the love of God, and their graces kept in more constant exercise. To stir up the gift of God that is in us, is an apostolical injunction; and if we do not keep upon our watch we shall fall into a false stillness. Nature loves ease; and as a blind zeal often prompts us to speak too much, so tepidity and lukewarmness often cause us to speak too little. Divine wisdom alone, is profitable to direct; and I would be very cautious how I speak, least I should take too much upon me. I love those you mention, from my soul; and all I can say is, "Lord, do thou lead and guide both them and us." We are blind helpless creatures. I wish there was more confidence between us all; but I see that none but the spirit of God can outwardly unite us, and therefore I have now given it up into the Redeemer's hand. Only this I pray, that I may be one of the first and not the last in bringing back the king. If I have at any time set improper bounds to the spirit of God, or grieved it in his children, I desire to be very low, and to be broken hearted for it. I am sure it hath not been done willingly. I must own, I have sometimes opposed you, because I think you have made, and are yet making, too much haste. You seem to be like-minded with those, who in our Saviour's time thought that the kingdom of God would then come: but you know how our Lord checked them for it, and told them, "it was not for them to know the particular times and seasons of his coming to set up his kingdom." I believe with you, that our glorious *Emmanuel* is

about to do great things. But how, when, and where, I leave to his divine, sovereign disposal. I desire strictly to mind the particular plan assigned me; at the same time to look about, and see what others the wonderful counsellor is pleased to employ in other districts: and though they may differ from me in some points, I wish them abundant prosperity in the name of our common Lord. I am of your mind with respect to the church of *England*. This, this is the constant, abiding, intense language of my heart; "Lord Jesus, let thy kingdom come." You see, my dear brother, how fully I write to you. It is because I love you. O that we may be taught to bear one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ! May the Lord keep us all from falling out in our way to heaven. Amen and amen! You and yours will join heartily in the same petition, with

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXVI.

To the Rev. Mr. O——, at Leominster.

On board the Mary and Ann, May 27, 1742.

My dear Brother,

I Have not till now had time to answer your kind letter. I rejoice abundantly in the use our dear Lord is beginning to make of you. May he use and bless you ever more and more. Our Lord loves to encourage faith. They that trust in him, shall find now as well as formerly, that "it shall be given them in that hour what they shall speak." This I find true by happy experience, and am persuaded shall prove the truth of it more and more. Since my last, the captain of our salvation has carried me on to fresh conquest, and caused his people to rejoice exceedingly in his great salvation. Our society is in great order. If the Lord gives us a true catholic spirit, free from a party sectarian zeal, we shall do well. I am sorry to hear that there is so much narrowness among some of the brethren in *Wales*. Brother *H——* complains sadly of it. I hope dear Mr. *O——* will be kept free, and not fall into disputing about *Baptism* or other non-essentials; for I

am persuaded, unless we all are content to preach Christ, and to keep off from disputable things, wherein we differ, God will not bless us long. If we act otherwise, however we may talk of a catholic spirit, we shall only be bringing people over to our own party, and there fetter them. I pray the Lord to keep dear Mr. *O*—— and me from such a spirit. Dear Sir, may the Lord be with you! Remember us poor but willing pilgrims, especially him who is less than the least of all, but

Your affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXVII.

To the Rev. Mr. J—— S——, at Stockport.

On board the Mary and Ann, May 29, 1742.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Received your letter some time ago, but through multiplicity of business could not possibly answer it on shore. I do not remember seeing you at *London*; but if you love the Redeemer in sincerity, and preach the gospel in the demonstration of the spirit and with power, I wish you all possible success in the name of the Lord. As for coming into your parts, it is intirely uncertain. My present call is to *Scotland*. How my Master will dispose of me hereafter, I know not. I simply desire to go whither he shall be pleased to call me. I am amazed that he should call me any where, or employ me as his ambassador to beseech poor sinners to be reconciled to God. But what shall we say? I can only fall down at the feet of the Lamb, and cry, Grace! grace! Of late the Lord hath done greater things for me, and his church, than ever; and yet greater things I am persuaded he is about to bring to pass. Dear Sir, help me at the throne of grace, and as you seem to have a thirst for

the Redeemer's glory, recommend me to the prayers of God's people, being the chief of sinners, but, for the Redeemer's sake,

Your most affectionate friend, brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXVIII.

To the Rev. Mr. D——, in Essex.

May 29, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

YOUR letter lies by me, yet unanswered; the contents however have not been forgotten before the Lord. Surely the days of your pilgrimage will ere long be ended, and the star which you once saw, appear to you again, and cause you to rejoice with exceeding great joy. I think there is something very extraordinary in the Lord's dealing with you. I can only resolve it into the divine sovereignty, and say, "even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight." This is often the language of my heart, with respect to God's dealing with my own soul. Many things our Saviour does to me, which I know not now. It is sufficient that I shall know hereafter, and that I know thus far even now, "that all things are working together for good." Dear Mr. *D*——, indeed I love and pray for you. Our Saviour, I trust, will yet set your feet in a large room, and enable you to run the way of his commandments;

Thro’ winds, and clouds, and storms, he’ll gently clear the way;

Wait then his time, so shall this night soon end in joyous day.

My tender love await the flock at *D——m*; I pray for them and you. Our Saviour hath done great things of late in *London*. I believe he will yet do more in *Scotland*. O my brother, forget not to pray for the chief of sinners.

Your truly affectionate friend, brother and servant in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXIX.

To the Rev. Mr. C——, at Bath.

On board the Mary and Ann, May 29, 1742.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

NOT want of love, but excess of business prevented my answering your kind letter dated *April 6th*. In *London* I had scarce time to eat bread, or to take my natural rest. Our blessed Saviour, with his own right hand got himself the victory in many hearts, and brought mighty things to pass. I never saw the like before. I must renew my old request, "Help, my dear friend, help me to be thankful." I am now going a second time to *Scotland*, and purpose, God willing, at the latter end of the year to embark for *America*. My soul is a thirst for the salvation of poor sinners. These words, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, &c." have been particularly pressed upon my heart. O, dear Mr. *C*——, if the Lord has accounted us worthy, putting us into the ministry, how careful should we be to make full proof thereof? God willing, when I come on shore I will begin in earnest. For alas! *hactenus nihil feci*.—Indeed I am

ashamed of myself from the bottom of my heart. Was not my Master's love like himself, *infinite*, I should have been cast off long before this time. But I find those whom he loves, he loves to the end. Mr. *W*——, myself, and others, are instances of this. I hope our great Shepherd will now carry him in his arms, and not let him to stay again. I have wrote to Mr. *T*—— from on board.—If you go to him, or labour elsewhere, that the blessed Jesus may be always with you, is the hearty prayer of, dear Mr. *C*——,

Your most affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXX.

To Mr. J—— H——, in London.

On board the Mary and Ann, May 29, 1742.

Dear Sir,

YOUR letter much affected me. I hope the contents have made the angels to rejoice, and that before this time you have found rest in the wounded Lamb. That God, who first spoke light out of darkness, I trust is beginning to shine into your heart, and to perfect a new creation in your soul. You are not the first, dear friend, by thousands, who have thought themselves rich and increased in goods, not considering they were poor and miserable and blind and naked. I suppose you can now join with me in the following verses:

I.

Long did my soul in Jesu's form
No comeliness nor beauty see;
His sacred name by others priz'd,
Was tasteless still and dead to me.

II.

Men call’d me Christian, and my heart
On that delusion fondly stay’d;
Moral my hopes, my Saviour self,
’Till mighty grace the cheat display’d.

III.

Thanks to the hand that wak’d my dream,
That shew’d me wretched, naked, poor;
That sweetly led me to the Rock,
Where all salvation stands secure.

IV.

Glad, I forsook my righteous pride,
My moral, tarnish’d, sinful dress,
Exchanged my dross away for Christ,
And found the robe of righteousness.

These lines, dear Sir, I think are very emphatical. I trust you can now repeat them from your heart. If so, hail happy man! Jesus hath washed you in his blood, and given you eternal life. You now then have nothing to do, but to live to him, who hath lived and died for you, and if necessary would die again for you with all his heart. Surely our Saviour loves you, otherwise he would not have shewed you all these things. I love you for his sake (though unknown); and if he hath been pleased to work by my unworthy ministry, let him have all the glory, and forget not to pray for the poor, weak instrument, who has not forgotten to pray for you, being, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and servant, in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXI.

To Mr. H—— H——, in Wales.

On board the Mary and Ann, May 29, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

THOUGH I could not write to you on shore, yet I must not omit writing to you on board. I am heartily sorry that such a narrow spirit prevails in *Wales*. I have written to Mr. *H——*. But what shall we say? The Redeemer's love alone can unite and keep together his flocks. Disputing with bigots and narrow-spirited people will not do. I intend henceforward to say less to them, and pray more and more to our Lord for them. "Lord, enlarge their hearts," is my continual prayer for such, who are so streightened in their own bowels. Blessed be God, this partition-wall is breaking down daily in some of our old friends hearts in *London*. I exhort all to go where they can profit most. I preach what I believe to be the truth, and then leave it to the spirit of God to make the application. When we have done this, I think we have gone to the utmost bounds of our commission. O my brother, I find more and more, nothing but that wisdom, which is from

above, can teach us how to build up souls. I never was so much assisted in this kind of work, as since I came to *London* last. We have public societies twice a week, and a general meeting for reading letters once a month. Our Lord has been much with us. We seem to move on now in gospel dignity, and are terrible as an army with banners. If the Lord inclines you, a visit to *London* would be very acceptable. Our people can now bear searching more than formerly. I find that our Lord hath particularly blessed you that way. We have had a most blessed funeral of one of our sisters in Christ, and the awakening, I think, has been as great as when I first came out, and abundantly more solid. The *Easter* Holidays were high days indeed. My wife doth not forget her friends in *Wales*. But our Lord has seen fit to exercise her with exceeding close inward trials. She and all with me most cordially salute you. I expect great things in *Scotland*. If possible, at my return, I hope to see you in *Wales*. But future things belong to God. Adieu. Forget not to pray for

Your affectionate brother pilgrim,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXII.

To Mr. A——, in London.

Edinburgh, June 4, 1742.

My dear Brother A——,

FROM a heart overflowing with a sense of God's love, I write you these few lines. Yesterday our Saviour brought us hither. On board, I spent most part of my time in secret prayer. Satan shot many of his fiery darts against me. Our great *Michael* gave me a shield of faith, by which I was enabled to repel them all. As soon as I came on shore, the holy spirit filled my soul. The Lord commanded people to receive me and my fellow pilgrim into their houses. Our souls rejoiced in him. The people were soon alarmed at my arrival. As soon as I came on shore at *Leith*, many came blessing me, and weeping, took hold of me. About four in the afternoon we came to *Edinburgh*. Great numbers followed our coach, and almost catched me in their arms, as soon as I came out of it. How did they weep for joy! It would have melted you down to have seen them. When I came to my lodging, many dear friends came to salute us in the name of the Lord. About seven

o’clock I went to see some persons of distinction, whose hearts the Lord reached, when I was here last. Some were ready to faint with excess of joy: with these I prayed and gave thanks. The Holy Ghost filled us with all joy and peace in believing.—At eight I went to a nobleman’s house, where his lady and several other dear friends received us with great gladness. The cushions and bible were immediately brought. I gave a word of exhortation. We sung, and prayed, and spent the remainder of the evening most delightfully in talking of the things of God. When we came home, we joined in blessing God’s holy name. Though late, I scarce knew how to go to rest.—This morning I received glorious accounts of the carrying on of the Mediator’s kingdom. The work of God is beyond expression. Three of the little boys that were converted when I was last here, came to me and wept, and begged me to pray for and with them. A minister tells me, that scarce one is fallen back, who was awakened, either among old or young. The serjeant, whose letter, brother *C*—— has, goes on well with his company. O my dear brother, help me to praise the Lamb that sitteth upon the throne for ever; and desire all the society to join with you. I believe within these four months you will hear of very great things. Pray that I may be very little in my own eyes, and not rob my dear Master of any part of his glory. We do not forget you. Once a day we meet together and pray for absent friends. He gives us leave, as it were, to ask of him what we will, and promises never to leave or forsake us. For the present, my dear brother, adieu! As opportunity offers, and if possible every post, some or other of my dear friends shall hear, dear brother *A*——, from

Your most affectionate, though most unworthy brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXIII.

To the Right Honourable Lord R——.

Edinburgh, June 4, 1742.

My Lord,

YESTERDAY morning our glorious *Emmanuel* brought us hither. Your Lordship's kind letter was put into my hands. I heartily sympathize with your Lordship; but could not help rejoicing on your honoured lady's account, knowing she is now entered into her blessed Master's joy. Indeed, my Lord, I think, among Christians, death hath not only lost its sting, but its name. I never was so joyful as I am now at the death of those who die in the Lord; and never was so reconciled to living myself. My general language, when I hear of the saints departure, is, "Let them go." Lately at *London* we had a sister in Christ departed. Her last words were, "Holy, holy, holy!" she could say no more here; but our Saviour sent for her to finish her song in heaven. I preached over her corpse; our society attended: but surely never did souls triumph over death more than we did that night. Many would say, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?" As for my

own part, I was enabled to trample death under my feet: and, blessed be God, through rich grace I can do that daily. But then your Lordship may ask, “Why are you reconciled to life?” Because I can do that for Jesus on earth, which I cannot do in heaven: I mean, be made instrumental in bringing some poor, weary, heavy laden sinners to find rest in his blood and righteousness: and, indeed, if our Saviour was to offer either to take me now, or to stay only to take one sinner more, I would desire to stay to take him with me. But whither am I running? O my Lord, death is a delightful topic. Excuse me if I forget myself when writing about it. Blessed be our God for supporting your soul under so close a trial! How sweet will it be to meet your Lady glorified at the great day! Yet a little while, and that happy day shall come. But it is time to answer your Lordship’s question: “How was you on the 24th of last *November*?” I thank God, very well. My soul was much refreshed with the Redeemer’s presence; and I was rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. I hear of wonderful things in *Scotland*. I can only fall down and worship. I have seen greater things than ever in *England*. I expect to see far greater in *Scotland*. Our Lord will not let his people be disappointed of their hopes. But I must away. We were very happy together with some other dear friends last night. I have not seen your Lordship’s daughters, though they have been so kind as to send to enquire after my health. I hope to see them to-day; and am, my Lord, with all possible respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship’s most obedient humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. M——, at Cambuslang.

Edinburgh, June 8, 1742.

Reverend and very dear Brother,

I Heartily rejoice at the awakening at *Cambuslang*, and elsewhere. I believe you will both see and hear of far greater things than these. I trust that not one corner of poor *Scotland* will be left unwatered by the dew of God's heavenly blessing. The cloud is now only rising as big as a man's hand; yet a little while, and we shall hear a sound of an abundance of gospel rain. Our glorious *Emmanuel* has given us much of his divine presence since my arrival. O that it may accompany me to *Cambuslang*! God willing, I hope to be with you the beginning of next week; but cannot exactly tell the day. In the mean while, forget not to pray for, reverend and dear brother,

Yours most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXV.

To the Reverend Mr. E—— E——, at Sterling.

Edinburgh, June 10, 1742.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I Am now at Mr. *G——*'s house; and finding his wife about to set out for *Sterling*, the love which I bear you, for my dear Master's sake, constrains me to send you a line. It is some concern to me, that our difference as to outward things, should cut off our sweet fellowship and communion with each other. God knows my heart, I highly value and honour you. Reverend and dear Sir, I do assure you I love you and your brethren more than ever. I applaud your zeal for God; and though, in some respects, I think it not according to knowledge, and to be levelled frequently against me, yet indeed I feel no resentment in my heart, and should joyfully sit down and hear you and your other brethren preach. I salute them all; and pray our common Lord to give us all a right judgment in all things. I hope the glorious *Emmanuel* will be present at the sacrament, and make himself known to you in breaking of bread. I have made bold to send you the

inclosed pamphlets, and should be glad to know your opinion of them. When I shall come to *Sterling*, I know not. However, I earnestly pray for you and yours. I could drop a tear. O when shall the time come, when the watchmen will see eye to eye? Hasten that time, our Lord and our God! But perhaps I am troublesome. Forgive me, reverend and dear Sir, being, without dissimulation, your

Younger brother and servant in the gospel of Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXVI.

To Mr. D—— A——, in London.

Edinburgh, July 7, 1742.

Dear Friend,

I Arrived here last *Saturday* evening from the *West*, where I preached all the last week: as, twice on *Monday* at *Paisley*, six miles from *Glasgow*; on the *Tuesday* and *Wednesday*, three times each day, at *Irvine*, 16 miles from thence; on *Thursday*, twice at *Mearns*, fifteen miles from that; on *Friday*, three times at *Cumbernauld*; and on *Saturday*, twice at *Falkirk*, in my way to *Edinburgh*. In every place there was the greatest commotion among the people as was ever known. Their mourning in most of the places, was like the mourning for a first-born. The auditories were very large, and the work of God seems to be spreading more and more. Last sabbath-day I preached twice in the park, and once in the church, and twice every day since. A number of seats and shades, in the form of an amphitheatre, have been erected in the park, where the auditory sit in a beautiful order. I have received very agreeable news from my family abroad.—I purpose going to

Cambuslang to-morrow, in order to assist at the communion; and shall preach at various places westward before I return here. I intend to embark for *America* as soon as possible after I leave *Scotland*. Thus you see, my dear brother, how I have been employed. O give thanks to our blessed Saviour, for his great unparalleled goodness to a most unworthy worm. Indeed I have seen and felt such things, as I never saw and felt before. I never was enabled to preach so powerfully as whilst I have been in the *West*. I hear that brother *C*—— is in the country, and that you exhort in the society. May the Lord open your mouth, and cause your lips to shew forth his praise! Let us talk of his loving-kindness all the day long. God gives me faith for my poor orphans. Help me with your prayers. God will supply all my wants. Glory be to his name, I am kept from doubting. My brother, I love you dearly. You have been a close and faithful brother. May the Lord bless you and yours. Adieu! Pray fail not of writing as particular as may be, to,

Most affectionately yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXVII.

To Mr. H——, at the Orphan-house.

Edinburgh, July 7, 1742.

My very dear friend, faithful steward, and brother in Christ,

LAST *Monday* I received an agreeable packet of letters from you. I think they are dated in *October* and *December* last. They rejoiced our hearts. As soon as I read yours, my wife said, let us give thanks and pray. Accordingly we kneeled down, and had very near access to the Father of Mercies on your behalf. At night, after our coming home, we did the same. Our common Lord enabled us to wrestle in faith. We all felt our hearts drawn mightily towards you. I could wish for wings to fly unto you. I long to thank you in person, for your faithfulness to your poor unworthy, but most affectionate friend. My dear brother, God is still doing greater things for me than ever. The awakening here in *Scotland* is unspeakable. The congregations in the *West*, are just like those which you and I saw at *Foggs-Manor*, in *Pensylvania*. God seems to awaken scores together. I never was enabled to preach so before. O that I may lie low at the feet of my dear

Redeemer! to whose image I am studying to be more conformed every day. Your letter to dear brother *A*—— pleased us very much. I have desired him to print it. I paid a three hundred pound bill drawn upon me by Mr. *N*——, as well as Mr. *B*——'s: whether you include that in the eleven thousand pounds, I know not. However, blessed be God, if it were eleven thousand more I hope I should be kept from doubting. At present, I am looking up to our great Housholder for fresh supplies; which I believe he will give me, and which I will send to you as soon as possible. I hope to see you soon, and to thank you in particular for your faithfulness to me. My friend and brother, you shall in no wise lose your reward. I believe God will take *Georgia* into his own hands. Its affairs have lately been before the House of Commons. Mr. *Ste*—— was reprimanded for his abuse of the trustees; the use of rum was granted, but the use of slaves denied. Let us stand still, be instant in prayer, and we shall certainly see the salvation of God. I am yet made to hope against hope, in behalf of poor *Georgia*. The Lord strengthen your weak body, and continually comfort your soul. That you may be filled with all the fulness of God, is the hearty prayer of, dear Mr. *H*——,

Yours eternally in the strictest bonds of gospel love,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

To Mrs. Whitefield.

Edinburgh, July 7, 1742.

My dear Love,

SINCE I wrote the last, I have seen such things as I never beheld before. Yesterday morning I preached at *Glasgow* to a very large congregation. At noon I came to *Cambuslang*, the place which God hath so much honoured. I preached at two, to a vast body of people, and at six in the evening, and again at nine at night. Such a commotion surely never was heard of, especially at eleven at night. It far out-did all that I ever saw in *America*. For about an hour and a half there was such weeping, so many falling into deep distress, and expressing it various ways, as is inexpressible. The people seem to be slain by scores. They are carried off, and come into the house like soldiers wounded in, and carried off a field of battle. Their cries and agonies are exceedingly affecting. Mr. *M*—— preached after I had ended, till past one in the morning, and then could scarce persuade them to depart. All night in the fields, might be heard the voice of prayer and praise.

Some young ladies were found by a gentlewoman praising God at break of day. She went and joined with them. The Lord is indeed much with me. I have preached twice to-day already, and am to preach twice, perhaps three times more. The commotions increase. To-morrow, and on sabbath-day, I shall preach at *Calder*; on *Monday*, here again; and on *Tuesday* at *Kilsyth*, and then, God willing, at *Glasgow*. I am persuaded the work will spread more and more. My kindest respects to all. Accept of the same from, my dear love,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXIX.

To the Reverend Mr. W——, of Dundee.

Edinburgh, July 7, 1742.

Reverend and dear Sir,

YOUR letter gave me some little concern, I thought it breathed much of a sectarian spirit; to which I hoped dear Mr. *W——* was quite averse. Methinks you seem, dear Sir, not satisfied, unless I declare myself a Presbyterian, and openly renounce the church of *England*. God knows that I have been faithful in bearing a testimony against what I think is corrupt in that church. I have shewn my freedom in communicating with the church of *Scotland*, and in baptizing children their own way. I can go no further. As for what you mention about the Quakers, I know not what particular exceptionable passages there were in my sermons, in which I mentioned them. That some good souls are among the Quakers, I doubt not.—For such I have charity, because our Lord hath given to them his spirit.—Though I am a strenuous defender of the righteousness of Christ, and utterly detest *Arminian* principles, yet I know that God gave me the Holy Ghost, before I

was clear in either as to head-knowledge: and therefore, dear Sir, I am the more moderate to people who are not clear, supposing I see the divine image stamped upon their hearts. Mr. *W*——, Mr. *L*——, &c. I take to be holy men of God, though they think far widely from me, and from each other in some particular branches of doctrine. Dear Sir, be not offended at my plain speaking. I find but few of a truly catholic spirit. Most are catholic till they bring persons over to their own party, and there they would fetter them. I have not so learned Christ. I desire to act as God acts. I shall approve, and join with all who are good in every sect, and cast a mantle of love over all that are bad, so far as is consistent with a good conscience. This I can do without temporizing; nay I should defile my conscience if I did otherwise. As for my answer to Mr. *M*——, dear Sir, it is very satisfying to my own soul. Morning and evening retirement is certainly exceeding good; but if through weakness of body, or frequency of preaching, I cannot go to God in my usual set times, I think my spirit is not in bondage. It is not for me to tell how often I use secret prayer; if I did not use it, nay, if in one sense I did not pray without ceasing, it would be difficult for me to keep up that frame of soul, which by the divine blessing I daily enjoy. If the work of God prospers, and your hands become more full, you will then, dear Sir, know better what I mean. But enough of this. God knows my heart, I would do every thing I possibly could, to satisfy all men, and give a reason of the hope that is in me with meekness and fear; but I cannot satisfy all that are waiting for an occasion to find fault: our Lord could not; I therefore despair of doing it. However, dear Sir, I take what you have said in very good part: only I think you are too solicitous to clear up my character to captious and prejudiced men. Let my master speak for me. Blessed be God, he will, so long as I simply throw myself into his almighty arms. I am glad the work

goes on with you. Glory be to God, we have seen glorious things in the *West*. My tender love to all that are pleased to remember me. When I shall come your way, I know not. On *Friday*, God willing, I go to *Cambuslang*, where I expect to see great days of the son of man. That God may bless you abundantly more and more, and cause your latter end greatly to increase, is the hearty prayer of, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXX.

To the Reverend Mr. A——, in Dublin.

Glasgow, July 12, 1742.

Reverend and dear Sir,

ON *Saturday* I received your very kind letter, and being just now returned from *Cambuslang*, I snatch a few moments to acknowledge it. I have long since waited for a call to *Ireland*. In such an important step, I care not to proceed without great caution. When I find the cloud of divine providence moving your way, I trust the language of my heart will be, Lord, I come to do or suffer thy will! In the mean while, I will watch unto prayer. I doubt not but you, reverend and dear Sir, will help me herein. I thank you most heartily, for being jealous over me. I believe it is with a godly jealousy. I wish I was more jealous over myself. But blessed be God, this I can say in the midst of the honours wherewith the glorious *Emmanuel* hath honoured me, "Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy name be all the glory." Dear Sir, I think I am the worst of the sons of men. Yet I dare not deny what the blessed Jesus hath done for my sinful soul. He is pleased (O infinitely

condescending God!) to honour me still more and more. *Saturday* last I came to *Cambuslang*, and I think I never saw such things before. The work seems to be spreading. O that it may reach and overspread poor *Ireland* also! All things are possible with God. Now the Lord is watering so many other places, I pray he may not leave that intirely destitute and dry.—O for faith to expect great, and very great things from God! He does not love to disappoint people of their hope. Dear Sir, my heart is now enlarged with a sense of the freeness and fulness of the Redeemer's loving-kindness. You, dear Sir, are an old weather beaten soldier. You are ripened for glory, and are ready to sing your *Nunc dimittis* [1].—I am just about to begin to be a soldier. But, blessed be God, I shall follow soon. The hopes of bringing more souls to Jesus Christ, is the only consideration that can reconcile me to life. For this cause I can willingly stay long from my wish'd-for home, my wished-for Jesus. But whither am I going? I forget myself when writing of Jesus. His love fills my soul, O free grace! Surely I shall sing the loudest in heaven; but I must have done; nature calls for rest. Depending on the continuance of your prayers, and with my hearty salutation to all that love the blessed Jesus, I subscribe myself, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, though younger and most unworthy brother and servant in the gospel of God's dear Son,

G. W.

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1. Now lettest thou thy servant, &c.

LETTER CCCCXXXI.

To Mr. J—— C——, in London.

New-Kilpatrick, July 15, 1742.

My dear Brother,

OF all my fellow-labourers letters, I think yours come the sweetest to my soul. You do not forget the rock from whence you was hewn, and therefore the Lord will honour you more and more. Though I have so small a degree of humility myself, I can see and admire it in others. It is the queen of graces. O beg of the exalted Jesus to make me humble. Indeed I have need of humility, for I am honoured more and more. What I have sent you already, does not near come up to what I have seen since. Last *Thursday* night, and *Friday* morning, there was such a shock in *Edinburgh* as I never felt before. O what a melting and weeping was there! I have heard blessed effects of it since. All glory be to God through Christ. On *Friday* night I came to *Cambuslang*, to assist at the blessed sacrament. On *Saturday* I preached to above twenty thousand people. In my prayer the power of God came down and was greatly felt. In my two sermons, there was yet more

power. On sabbath day, scarce ever was such a sight seen in *Scotland*. There were undoubtedly upwards of twenty thousand people. Two tents were set up, and the holy sacrament was administered in the fields. When I began to serve a table, the power of God was felt by numbers; but the people crouded so upon me, that I was obliged to desist and go to preach at one of the tents, whilst the ministers served the rest of the tables. God was with them, and with his people. There was preaching all day by one or another, and in the evening, when the sacrament was over, at the request of the ministers I preached to the whole congregation. I preached about an hour and a half. Surely it was a time much to be remembered. On *Monday* morning, I preached again to near as many; but such an universal stir I never saw before. The motion fled as swift as lightning from one end of the auditory to another. You might have seen thousands bathed in tears. Some at the same time wringing their hands, others almost swooning, and others crying out, and mourning over a pierced Saviour. But I must not attempt to describe it. In the afternoon, the concern again was very great. Much prayer had been previously put up to the Lord. All night in different companies, you might have heard persons praying to, and praising God. The children of God came from all quarters. It was like the passover in *Josiah*'s time. We are to have another in about two or three months, if the Lord will. One Mr. *W*——, a minister, who has great popular gifts, was as well as others much owned and helped at this time. On *Tuesday* morning I preached at *Glasgow*, (it was a most glorious time) and in the afternoon twice at *Inchannon*. The Lord gave a blow to many. Yesterday morning I preached there again, and here twice. Every time there was a great stir, especially at this place. A great company of awakened souls is within the compass of twenty miles, and the work seems to be spreading apace. I am exceedingly strengthened, O

unmerited mercy! both in soul and body, and cannot now do well without preaching three times a day. The Lord gives me great confidence about the Orphan-house, and assures me that he will provide for me and mine. O help me to thank him. Call upon all to bless his holy name. I know you will not be slack to praise him. I rejoice, my dear brother, to find that you enjoy so much of God. May he fill you with all his fulness. The trials you meet with, will only make you a more able minister of the New Testament. I am of your mind with respect to ——. He will not prosper. The Lord hates sectarian zeal. Dear brother, adieu. Expect to hear every opportunity from

Yours most affectionately and eternally in the blessed Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXII.

To the Reverend Mr. R——, in London.

Inchannon, July 21, 1742.

Reverend and dear Sir,

I Heartily rejoice that the Lord is blessing and owning you. Go on, dear Sir, go on, and you will certainly find the glorious *Emmanuel* will be with you more and more. It is observable, that there is but one thing in scripture, that we are commanded to do out of season, *preaching*. Be instant therefore, dear Sir, in season and out of season. The Lord will stand by you and strengthen you, and deliver you from wicked and unreasonable men. You will find the blessedness of the cross, and the spirit of Christ and of glory to rest upon your soul. The Messrs. *E*—— and their adherents, would you think it, have appointed a publick fast to humble themselves, among other things, for my being received in *Scotland*, and for the delusion, as they term it, at *Cambuslang*, and other places; and all this, because I would not consent to preach only for them, till I had light into, and could take the solemn league and covenant.—But to what lengths may prejudice carry

even good men?—From giving way to the first risings of bigotry and a party spirit, good Lord deliver us!

Your most affectionate brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXIII.

To Mr. M—— A——, at Morpeth.

Edinburgh, July 26, 1742.

Dear Sir,

I Just now received and read your letter. It much affected me. It bespeaks the language of an uneasy restless heart. In reading it, I thought of the great *Austin*, who used, when he prayed against lust, secretly to wish that his prayer might not be answered, and yet he made a most eminent saint, and shone in the church as a star of the first magnitude. I likewise thought how our Saviour would receive you, if here on earth; even as he received and answered the poor woman taken in adultery.—I am sure he would say, "Neither do I condemn thee." Another text offers itself, "I will heal their backslidings, and love them freely." God does not say, I will heal thy backsliding for any certain term of years, but I will heal thy backslidings in general. Dear Sir, if you have been a backslider these fifty years, nay, was it possible for you to have been a backslider a thousand years, yet if with hearty repentance and true faith you turn unto him, he will abundantly

pardon you. O dear Sir, if any one had need to despair of mercy, I had; but Jesus has washed me in his blood, and I know that my Redeemer liveth. Your temptations, and atheism, and hard thoughts of God, do not surprize me. Dear Sir, what else can be expected from a heart desperately wicked, and deceitful above all things? Dear Sir, let all this drive you to the fountain which is open for sin and all uncleanness. I once, in your circumstances, thought Christ was hard-hearted; but now I find, nay have long since found, that his heart is full of love. Take courage, dear Sir; draw near to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. Return, thou wandering prodigal, thy heavenly father is running to meet thee.—Come back, thou fluttering dove, Jesus is ready to take thee into the ark. May God bless this to you! If he does, I will bless his name. I am a vile sinner, and have need to lie low before him, whom I have pierced by my transgression and unprofitableness, times without number. In his blood and righteousness I find perpetual refuge. Many in these parts are flying to him. May you, Sir, add to the happy number. You are but a sinner, and Jesus died for sinners. Come and welcome to Jesus Christ. I expect to remain in *Scotland* a few months, and hope to be your way, if the Lord direct. If your way should be directed hither, I should be glad to see you; if not, you are welcome to write to me. As my multiplicity of affairs will admit, you shall be answered by, dear Sir,

Your truly affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. M^cL——.

Edinburgh, July 28, 1742.

Reverend and dear Sir,

WITH this, I suppose, you will receive several young ones, who I think have acted wrong in leaving their respective employs under parents and masters to go after me. Be pleased to examine them, and send them home. The Lord was with me at *Falkirk*, and is pleased to work by me here. O free grace! I am persuaded I shall have more power, since dear Mr. *G*—— hath printed such a bitter pamphlet. Now I begin to be a disciple of Jesus Christ, I rejoice and am exceeding glad. The archers shot sore at me that I might fall, but the Lord is, and the Lord will be my helper. At present I can add no more; but beg the continuance of your prayers for me and mine. We all join in hearty salutation to you and your whole houshold. I am, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant, and brother in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXV.

To Mr. D—— A——, in London.

Edinburgh, July 30, 1742.

Dear Brother A——,

WHAT is the meaning I hear no oftner from you? It always gives me great pleasure to hear of your welfare. I write to you as often as possible. At present I am somewhat indisposed in body; but, glory be to God, the joy of the Lord is in my soul. I feel a blessing I cannot express.

July 31.

So far I wrote yesterday, but was obliged through illness to leave off.—Notwithstanding, in the pulpit the Lord out of weakness makes me to wax strong, and causes me to triumph more and more. One of the associate presbytery has published the most virulent pamphlet I ever saw, ascribing all that has been done here, and even in *New-England*, &c. to the influence of the devil. O how prejudice will blind the eyes even of good men. Last night some of my friends thought I was going off; but how did Jesus fill my heart! To-day I am, as they call it, much better; next post, if able, I will send

you some more news. My health will not permit me to enlarge now. In less than a month, we are to have another sacrament at *Cambuslang*, a thing not practised before in *Scotland*. I entreat all to pray in an especial manner for a blessing at that time. Our blessed master is exceeding good to us. O help me to praise him for the signal unmerited mercies conferred on, dear brother *A——*,

Your most affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXVI.

To Mr. H—— B——, in South-Carolina.

August 6, 1742.

Dear Mr. B——,

I Have just been walking with a nobleman in his fine house, and likewise talking with him about the house not made with hands, of which you and I are heirs. Blessed be God, who has given us the earnest of an inheritance amongst all them that are sanctified. This you shall surely in a very little time be a possessor of, notwithstanding of late satan has bruised your heel. That cunning, cruel archer has shot sorely at you, that you might fall, but the Lord has been, and the Lord will be your helper. Even this shall work together for good to your own and many other souls. Our Saviour would never have given satan leave to have sifted you, had he not prayed for you, and intended to bring great good out of it. If it makes you more like a little child, and your friends and acquaintance more watchful and self-diffident, it will be very well. O dear Sir, I see every day plainer and plainer that I am nothing, have nothing, and can do nothing, and yet I can do all things

through Jesus Christ strengthening me. What God has lately done for me and his church, is unspeakable. Ere long I hope to tell you face to face. In the mean time, be pleased to remember me in your prayers and praises. Accept my hearty thanks for all favours conferr'd on my orphan family. Be pleased to remember me in the kindest and most cordial manner, to all your dear relations, and believe me to be, dear Mr. *B*——,

Your most obliged affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXVII.

To Mr. R—— S——.

Strath-martin, August 10, 1742.

Dear brother Robert,

I Can never let a letter of yours lie long unanswered. The love I bear to you and yours is unfeigned, and I continually remember you before the Lord. His word runs and is much glorified in these parts. I trust it also makes advances in your soul. How is it with you, my dear brother *R——*? Do you grow in grace? Is the world more under your feet than usual? Do you find a real, solid, abiding rest in Jesus Christ? Or is it only transitory and superficial? It is a very uncommon thing to be rooted and grounded in the love of Jesus. I find persons may have the idea, but are far from having the real substance. To say, "I am a poor sinner," and to be a poor sinner indeed, are two different things. Methinks I hear my dear man say, and so they are. Well then, let us go to Jesus, and he will make us poor and yet free. Blessed be his name, I feel the power of his precious, life-giving, all-atoning blood more and more every day. I was happy when at *London*. I am

ten times happier now. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. How is my dear *Peter*? Is his heart yet established and settled upon the rock? Or is the dove only fluttering about the door of the ark? If so, may the dear Redeemer reach out his almighty and extended arm, and take him in! Dear *B*—— I hope grows, because he seems to see more of his heart. We shall certainly bear fruit upwards, in proportion as we take root downwards. May the eternal spirit breathe upon this letter, and bless it to your soul! O my brother, keep close to Jesus. Do not be content, unless you feel a sensible growth in your soul. Accept my hearty love from,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXVIII.

To P——, at London.

Strath-martin, August 10, 1742.

Dear P——,

THE great trouble which I gave you when at *London*, and the readiness you shewed in waiting upon a poor unworthy minister of Christ, hath made me often to pray for you, and also to hope, that in time you would be brought to love the Lord Jesus himself. I trust that time is now come, and that the glorious *Emmanuel* hath at length captivated and taken full possession of your heart. Will you give me leave to ask a few friendly questions? Has religion sunk out of your head into your heart? You was civilized when I was at *London*: Are you yet really converted? Your affections were now and then raised towards,—are they now centered in and fixed on the Lord Jesus? If you can answer these questions in the affirmative, I pronounce you a wise virgin, even wise to eternal salvation; blessed art thou among women. If not, I do not despair of you. Jesus can change the heart. Jesus can make of a proud pharisee, a poor sinner. Let you

and I then, dear *P——*, apply to the Redeemer's blood. He can wash us as white as snow. I feel his power every day more and more, and so do those with me. May we go on from strength to strength, till grace be swallowed up in glory. We see great days of the son of man in *Scotland*. May the kingdom of God come with full power over all the earth! The Lord be with you. Accept this as a token of unfeigned love, from

Your affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXXXIX.

To Mr. B——, at the Orphan-house.

Cambuslang, August 17, 1742.

AND has my dear brother *B——* got the start of me? What, put into prison before me? I wish you joy, my dear brother, with all my heart. Had I been at *Savannah*, surely I would gladly have come (and if there had been need) gladly have washed your feet. I doubt not but your imprisonment was for Christ's sake. I am persuaded, the letter from your friend that doubted, was the sorest stab of all; but all is intended to draw us from the creature, even from the new creature, and bring us nearer to the Creator, God blessed for evermore. *Paul*'s friends deserted, and no doubt judged him. "All they in *Asia* forsook me," says he; and again, "At my first trial no man stood by me;" and what follows? but "the Lord stood by me:" and will he not, dear brother, also stand by you? I cannot help believing but that *Georgia* will yet be a glorious colony. The counsel of God shall stand. He surely put it into my heart to build the Orphan-house. He certainly brought you to *Georgia* to superintend it. He will bless you and yours. I join in blessing God with you,

and in admiring how he has spread a table for my dear family in that wilderness. But what shall we say? The Lord loves to encourage faith; and since his honour is so much concerned, I am sure he will vindicate it, and never suffer his enemies to say thus of us, “There, there, so would we have it.” I am kept from the least doubting; and God only knows how many prayers of faith I have put up for you. I have often wished as it were for the wings of a dove, that I might fly unto you, and take you one by one into my unworthy arms, and weep over you with tears of love. Blessed be God, the time draws near apace. I am just now about to publish a further account of the Orphan-house, and hope shortly to collect some more money towards its support. I am blessed with far greater success than ever, and satan roars louder. You will see by what I here send, how the archers of different classes shoot at me; but the Lord (for ever adored be his never-failing love) causes my bow to abide in strength, and enables me to triumph in every place. The comforts and success the Lord gives to me, is unspeakable. Last Lord’s day, I believe there were here thirty thousand people, and above two thousand five hundred communicants. The work spreads, and I believe will yet spread. My bodily strength is daily renewed, and I mount on the wings of faith and love like an eagle. I can only cry Grace! grace! My dear brother, I feel every day more and more, that I am a poor, very poor sinner. I often wonder why Jesus suffers me to live, much more to speak for him. But he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy. O free grace! Oh unparalleled love of an infinitely condescending God! Whilst I am musing, the fire kindles. Surely we shall have a happy meeting in *Georgia*. My Master will, I trust, come along with me. Otherwise, may I not go up hence. In the mean while, I pray him to quicken and revive your dear souls, and fill you as with new wine. Thus he deals with me and mine daily. I am retired

for a day, on purpose to write letters. The Lord bless them to your dear souls, whom I love in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I wish you had told me who stood by at *Savannah* and brought you refreshment. Greet them, and give them particular thanks in my name. My heart is full; I know not how to stop. But I must write to the trustees, and to others. I heard nothing of the affair, till I received your letter last week. A word or two of yours to Mr. *O——*, I think a little too harsh; but *Paul* spoke once a little too harsh to the high-priest. Our Jesus will overlook this; and reward you for your imprisonment by and by. Adieu! my dear man, adieu! Forget not,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXL.

To the Honourable Trustees for Georgia.

Cambuslang, Aug. 17, 1742.

Honoured Gentlemen,

SOME letters, which I received last week from *Georgia*, occasion my troubling you with this, which I doubt not will meet with a candid reception at your hands. I find that Mr. *H*—— and Mr. *B*—— have been taken up by a warrant, and were imprisoned above a week, for a thing which, I believe, none of you, honoured gentlemen, will judge cognizable by the civil magistrate. It seems that Mr. *B*——, in a private conversation with Mr. *O*——, (who, I suppose, is the present minister of *Savannah*) told him, "He was no 'christian'; that he wondered at the impudence of young men in subscribing articles they did not believe; and that he should think it his duty to warn his friends not to hear him." I acknowledge that such language was too harsh; but Mr. *H*——, who did not say near so much, was linked in the same prosecution, and imprisoned with him. Mr. *J*——, who was then at *Frederica*, being informed of it, declared such a procedure to be illegal; and

his Excellency General *Oglethorp*, desired my friends to lay the matter before the board of the Honourable Trustees. I being now upon the spot, they have sent to me a very particular account of what has passed; which, if you please, honoured gentlemen, I will transmit unto you, or, when I come to *London*, will wait upon you in person. I find also, that my friends were denied a copy of the proceedings of the court: in which, I am persuaded the honourable gentlemen to whom I am writing, will think they have been wronged. My friends require no satisfaction, but only desire such a proceeding may be animadverted upon; knowing that otherwise it will be a great discouragement to people's settling in *Georgia*. I am sorry also to inform you, honoured gentlemen, that five very small children, (*Swiss* or *Dutch*) whose parents lately died in their passage from *England*, have had their goods sold at *Vendue*, and are bound out till the age of twenty-one years. This I think directly contrary to the grant given me by you, honoured gentlemen; for thereby I was impowered to take as many orphans into the house as my fund would admit of. The magistrates, I understand, have also been at the Orphan-house, and claim a power to take away the children when they please, whether the children chuse it, or complain of ill-treatment, or not. This grieves some of the children, and makes others of them insolent, who are hereby taught, that they have a power to go away when they will. This, honoured gentlemen, must be very discouraging to those who are entrusted with their education; and who, I am persuaded, aim at nothing but the glory of God, the welfare of the colony, and the salvation of the children's souls. I suppose that the magistrates (I mean Mr. *P*—— and Mr. *T*——) have taken such a liberty from the instructions which were sent, honoured gentlemen, from you some time ago. But Mr. *J*—— has told them, they have misunderstood you; and his Excellency General *Oglethorp*

I find has wrote to you, honoured gentlemen, about it. By the accounts I have, our plantation thrives well; and Mr. *H*—— hopes we shall do with white servants alone. I do assure you, honoured gentlemen, I will do all I can, with the most disinterested views, to promote the good of *Georgia*: only I beg the management of the Orphan-house, and orphans, may be secured to me and my successors for ever; and that the magistrates be not suffered to disturb us, when there is no ground of complaint. They acknowledged, when at the Orphan-house last, that the children were taken good care of, both as to their bodies and souls; and will it not then, honoured gentlemen, tend much to the welfare of the colony, that the Orphan-house should meet with all possible encouragement. His Excellency General *Oglethorp* has informed my friend Mr. *H*——, that, if I desired it, he thought you would grant me a greater tract of land, which I should be obliged to give away in a certain term of years, and that we might have our own magistrates, as have the people of *Ebenezer*. Whether I shall desire such a favour, I know not; but, if I should, I desire to know, what you, honoured gentlemen, would say to it. Many have applied to me to settle in *Georgia*; hitherto I could give them no encouragement. I wish I may be enabled to give them a great deal for the future. Indeed, honoured gentlemen, I do not desire to find fault. I doubt not but you have been prejudiced both against me and my friends. The event will shew what friends we are to *Georgia*. The Orphan-house will certainly be of great utility to the colony; and the children educated therein, I trust, will be the glory of the society to which they belong. They are bred up to industry, as well as to other things; and are taught to fear God, and honour the king. I am glad to hear that you have lately sent over a gentleman who (I suppose) will do justice. I think I desire nothing else; and heartily pray God to bless

him, and you, honoured gentlemen, and all that are concerned in the management of *Georgia* affairs. I hope to be in town in about two months; in the mean while, I would beg the favour of a line by your secretary; and also entreat you, honoured gentlemen, to write to the magistrates of *Savannah*, to let the Orphan-house managers alone. If I or my friends should happen to say or do any thing amiss, I assure you, honoured gentlemen, you shall have all possible satisfaction given you by them, and also by, honoured gentlemen,

Your very humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLI.

To Mr. H——, in Georgia.

Cambuslang, Aug. 17, 1742.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

WITH a great deal of pleasure I received your letters dated *May 14th*, *26th*, *29th*, and *June 1st*. Blessed be God! for all his goodness, in providing for my dear family in that wilderness, by such various unexpected ways. It caused my heart to leap for joy. I find you have been wrongfully imprisoned. I should have been glad (if time had permitted) that you had wrote me word, how it has been with your soul under such a circumstance. I hope the spirit of Christ and of glory rested upon you. Glad should I have been to have sung and prayed with you; but my hour is not yet come. I have just now wrote to the trustees, and intend waiting upon them as soon as I come to *London*. I am persuaded the Lord will influence their hearts to do us justice. I am glad you wrote so properly to the General, and that God hath given you favour in his sight. "When a man's ways please the Lord, he makes his very enemies to be at peace with him." I intend sending him and

Mr. *Jones* a letter of thanks. I owe Mr. *S*—— only about ninety pounds, and about a hundred and fifty more in all, upon the Orphan-house account in *England*. I am just publishing a further account, which I am persuaded the Lord will bless. I would not have you to undertake any business you do not like. I think the Lord has fitted you for your present station. Professor *Franck* held it dangerous to change persons frequently, who were entrusted with the care of the orphans. I am of your opinion as to hiring servants.—It is impossible to tell you, my dear man, what I have seen, heard, and felt since I came last to *Scotland*. The glorious *Emmanuel* rides daily on in the chariot of his gospel, from conquering and to conquer. The congregations are just like that at *Fogg-Manor*.—I am opposed on all sides. Dear Mr. *E*——'s people have lately kept a fast upon my account. The kirk presbyters also, now they see the Seceders splitting, notwithstanding I have been instrumental in God's hands, in some degree, in stopping the secession, begin to call some of their ministers to account for employing me: but who can stand before envy? In the midst of all, my dear Master keeps me leaning upon himself, and causes me to walk in the comforts of the Holy Ghost from morning to night. I wish time would have allowed you to have wrote a little about his love, and to have abounded more in thanks for the opportune supplies which he sent you. But I am sure that my dear Mr. *H*—— is not wanting in either of these. I think that I see you grow in grace. I assure you, you are dearer to me than ever. My wife readily excuses your not writing, knowing what it is to be in a hurry of business. O pray that we may have a prosperous voyage to you, by the will of God. By this time I suppose you are a father. May God teach you and your wife how to order the child! I have much to say to you both, when I see you. My dear old friend, and first fellow-traveller, God has yet great blessings in store for us.

He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he with-hold from them that lead a godly life. Methinks I am conversing with you now. May God give us a happy meeting! He will, he will! For the present I must bid my dear man good night. I stole this day from public preaching, to dispatch my private affairs. All join in hearty love to, and prayers for you. Accept of the same in the most tender manner, from, my dear Mr. *H——*,

Your most affectionate friend, brother, and servant till death,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLII.

To his Excellency General Oglethorp.

Cambuslang, Aug. 18, 1742.

Honoured Sir,

I Most heartily thank you for being so kind to my family in *Georgia*, and for espousing my friends cause when I think they were apparently wronged. In a letter, I yesterday laid the case before the honourable trustees, not doubting but they will preserve us from oppression, and from persecution in all its shapes. I think we have only the glory of God, and the good of the colony at heart. Prejudices may be raised against us by evil reports and misrepresentations; but your Excellency is more noble than to hearken to insinuations, which are not supported by evident matters of fact. I am sure God will bless you for defending the cause of the fatherless, and espousing the cause of injured innocence. My friends, I trust, will at all times readily acknowledge any thing they may either say or do wrong; and, if I know any thing of my own heart, I would not offend any one causelessly and wilfully,

for the world. In a few months I hope to see *Georgia*. In the mean while, I beg your Excellency to accept these few lines of thanks from, honoured Sir,

Your Excellency's most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLIII.

To Thomas J——, Esq., in Georgia.

Cambuslang, Aug. 18, 1742.

Dear Mr. J——,

WITH this I send you my repeated thanks for your great kindness to my dear family. The Father of Mercies and the God of all Consolations will plentifully reward you for such well-doing. In a few months I hope to thank you in person. God hath done, and is still doing greater things for me than I am able to express. Indeed many souls have been born again, both in *England* and *Scotland*, since I left you at *Georgia*. I desire to cast my crown at the feet of Jesus, and to cry Grace! grace! Dear Sir, what a charming word is that? I am sure I can freely own, that all my salvation is of grace, unmerited, distinguishing, electing grace! If I could be saved by my own righteousness, I had rather be saved by the righteousness of Christ; because that way of salvation brings most glory to our glorious God. I doubt not but Mr. *J——* is like-minded. May he be so more and more, and daily feel the

full power of the Redeemer’s blood! Be pleased to remember me to all that are pleased to enquire after unworthy me, who am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLIV.

To Mrs. B——, at the Orphan-house.

Cambuslang, Aug. 18, 1742.

Dear Sister B——,

HAS the Lord called for your dear lambs? If so, I trust you have been enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." I am glad to find you was so well reconciled to your dear husband's imprisonment. It is sweet when wives are strengthened to encourage their husbands in a suffering hour. Then are they helps meet for them indeed. You do well, my dear Sister, to lament the vileness of your heart. I find more and more that my heart is desperately wicked. But, blessed be God, I have a fountain to go and wash in every moment, even the blessed fountain of the Mediator's blood. There I can have free access; there I can wash, and daily be made clean. Indeed, my dear sister, without dissimulation, I am a poor, very poor sinner; but I am rich in Jesus, and rejoice in his great salvation from day to day. I long to see you and my dear family, to acquaint you what God hath done for my soul: and yet he is still

doing more and more. He does, he will delight to honour me. I thank you for the great respect you pay me for his great name's sake. I will endeavour not to be behind with you, and the rest of my dear friends, in humility and love. I am, my dear sister, most sincerely,

Your affectionate friend, brother, and servant in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLV.

To Mr. B——.

Cambuslang, Aug. 18, 1742.

Dear Mr. B——,

I Think there is a mystery in the Lord's dealing with you and your brother. Surely he would never suffer you to be thus tempted, did he not intend to honour you by and by. What our Saviour does to us now we know not; it is enough that he hath assured us we shall know hereafter. I rejoice to hear that you have so many Christian negroes. I hope they are only the first-fruits of a more glorious harvest. Though the work may be at a stop for a while, fear not; Jesus will revive his own work in his own time. Notwithstanding our blunders, imprudence, and the opposition of enemies from without, yet the counsel of the Lord shall stand, and he will set his king upon his holy hill of *Zion*. The Mediator's kingdom makes glorious advances here. I cannot tell you the hundredth part. I verily believe we shall see greater things abroad. I know you pray that I may have a prosperous

journey to you, by the will of God. I expect to embark for *Georgia* in a few months. In the mean while, you shall not be forgotten by, dear Mr. *B*——,

Your most affectionate friend, brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLVI.

To Mrs. T——, in South-Carolina.

Cambuslang, Aug. 18, 1742.

My dear Friend,

I Am glad to hear by your sister, that you are become a despised follower of the lowly Jesus.—O glorious character! I am persuaded you had rather have that title truly applied to you, than to be empress of the universe. I long to see you, and to hear you tell what a happy change you feel. How does dear Mr. *T——*? Is he yet truly broken, and going hand in hand with you to heaven? Happy pair!—I know, by sweet experience, the comforts you enjoy. Death itself shall not part you. I hope, nothing that has happened to dear Mr. *B——* will prove a stumbling block to your soul. Such things must be glory to him, that has said "all things shall work together for good." My dear friends, what a mystery is the Christian life? Happy those, who are acquainted with it. That it may be revealed more and more in your hearts, is the earnest prayer of, dear friends,

Your most affectionate friend, brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLVII.

To Mr. H—— H——.

Cambuslang, Aug. 26, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

GLAD was I last night to receive a letter from your hands. I love your simple honest heart, and earnestly pray the dear Redeemer to give you a true, lasting, abiding rest in himself. Blessed be his name, I think I can say, through free grace, that I am in a measure entered into it, and know what it is by happy experience, to pass from glory to glory every day. My dear brother, I am opposed on every side; the archers shoot sore at me that I may fall, but the Lord is my helper. He causes my bow to abide in strength, and makes me more than conqueror through his love. The account sent with this, will shew you how often I have been enabled to preach; but with what efficacy and success, pen cannot describe. The glorious Redeemer seems to be advancing from congregation to congregation, carrying all before him. The Messrs. *E——*'s people have kept a fast for me, and give out, that all the work now in *Scotland* is only delusion, and by the agency of the devil.

O, my dear brother, to what great lengths in bigotry and prejudice may good men run? Blessed be God, I can see the differences between God's children, and yet love them from my heart. What you said about poor *Wales*, affected me. I laid upon my face this day, and for some time pleaded with groans unutterable, for direction in that, and several other matters of great consequence. I fear my dear brother thinks too highly of me. Indeed, I feel myself to be a poor sinner, and yet I am rich in Christ, and lean upon his bosom from morning to night; nay, all the night long. By his grace alone I am what I am; and if he is pleased to honour me so far, I should be glad to help the brethren in *Wales*. I am sorry to hear there has been such divisions. But dividing times generally precede settling times. Upon the receipt of your last, I wrote to Mr. *O*——. Last night I received his answer. He speaks very honourably of you, but thinks that you are too censorious, in condemning a whole society for the faults of but some, and too bigotted also to your own way. My dear brother will excuse this. I would not deal so freely, or take such liberty, did I not believe you would take it kindly. My brother, my soul loves you. Dear Miss *Nancy* wrote me word you was at my house, (I rejoiced) and that you prayed heartily for unworthy me. The Lord reward, and fill you with all joy and peace in believing! Our Lord is sovereign in his dealing with his dear children. I walk in much liberty. O free grace! Your being so exercised with inward conflicts, helps you to search hypocrites. But glory be to our heavenly Father, there is a glorious rest awaits us, and all the children of God. I think I feel a foretaste of it now; nay, I believe I feel the thing itself in a degree, and when I speak of it, I speak what I know. O infinitely condescending God! My brother, my heart is full. The Lord Jesus bless you, and fill your dear soul with all his fulness! So prays, with his whole heart,

Your most affectionate though most unworthy brother, and willing servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLVIII.

To Mrs. L——, in Bristol.

Cambuslang, Aug. 26, 1742.

Honoured Mother,

I Rejoice to hear that you have been so long under my roof. Blessed be God, that I have a house for my honoured mother to come to. You are heartily welcome to any thing my house affords, as long as you please. I am of the same mind now, as formerly. If need was, indeed these hands should administer to your necessities. I had rather want myself than you should. I shall be highly pleased when I come to *Bristol*, and find you sitting in your youngest son's house. O that I may sit with you, in the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens! Ere long, your doom, honoured mother, will be fixed. You must shortly go hence, and be no more seen. Your only daughter, I trust, is now in the paradise of God. Methinks I hear her say, "Mother, come up hither." Jesus, I am sure, calls you in his word. May his spirit enable you to say, "Lord, lo I come!" My honoured mother, I am happier and happier every day. Jesus makes me exceeding happy in himself.

I hope by Winter to be at *Bristol*. If any enquire after me, please to tell them, I am well both in body and soul, and desire them to help me to praise free and sovereign grace. O that my dear, my very honoured mother may be made an everlasting monument of it! How does my heart burn with love and duty to you? gladly would I wash your aged feet, and lean upon your neck, and weep and pray ’till I could pray no more. With this I send you a thousand dutiful salutations, and ten thousand hearty and most humble thanks for all the pains you underwent in conceiving, bringing forth, nursing, and bringing up, honoured mother,

Your most unworthy, though most dutiful son, ’till death,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXLIX.

To Mr. A——, in London.

Cambuslang, Aug. 27, 1742.

My very dear Brother A——,

THIS day fortnight I came to this place, to assist at the sacramental occasion with several worthy ministers of the church of *Scotland*. Such a passover has not been heard of. The voice of prayer and praise was heard all night. It was supposed, that between 30 and 40,000 people were assembled, and 3000 communicated. There were three tents. The ministers were enlarged, and great grace was among the people. I preached once on *Saturday*, once on the Lord's Day morning, served five tables, and preached about ten at night to a great number in the Church-yard. Though it rained much, there was a great awakening. On *Monday* at seven in the morning, the Reverend Mr. *Webster* preached, and there was a very great commotion, and also in the third sermon when I preached, a very great and serious concern was visible through the whole solemnity. The Lord's people went home much refreshed. On *Thursday* I preached twice at *Greenock*; on

Friday three times at *Kilbride*, and again on *Saturday* once, and twice at *Stevenson*; on *Sunday* four times at *Irvine*. On *Monday* once at *Irvine*, and three times at *Kilmarnock*; on *Tuesday* once at *Kilmarnock*, and four times at *Stewarton*; on *Wednesday* once at *Stewarton*, and twice at the *Mearnes*; and yesterday twice at this place. I never preached with so much apparent success before. At *Greenock*, *Irvine*, *Kilbride*, *Kilmarnock*, and *Stewarton*, the concern was great: at the three last very extraordinary. The work seems to spread more and more. O, my friend, pray and give praise in behalf of the most unworthy wretch that was ever employed in the dear Redeemer's service. I speak this from my inmost soul. I must cry out continually, "Why me Lord, why me?" My dear brother *A*——, I love you dearly in the bowels of the Lord Jesus Christ. I think I could live with you always. The Lord, I think, hath given you a meek and teachable disposition. O what is it to be as little children! I am glad to find, you so hunger and thirst after a continual abiding rest in God. Assure yourself, the Lord will fill and satisfy your soul. He is faithful, who hath promised, who also will do it. Wait, and thou shalt see and feel the salvation of God. I think I have seen it more for some days past, than in any journey before. Our Saviour loves to let us see yet greater things. O for a large heart to receive all the fulness of God! I rejoice to hear that the Lord is with you at the Tabernacle. May his glory appear, and shine in it more and more! I believe it will: I believe God will bless your school. Our Lord's Disciples are generally too much in a hurry; at least I am. They are not content to wait. "He that believeth, doth not make haste." O for a passive, tender, truly broken, child-like heart! that we could watch in reality, and from moment to moment hear the cry of every Christian, with every call from God, whether by his providence or spirit. It is said, that God brought and kept *Abraham* at his feet. O that we were always there, waiting

for divine direction! Blessed be his name, I am for the most part at the feet of Jesus, and indeed he graciously teaches me moment after moment. I have many things before me now. I know brother *A*—— will help me by his prayers. Blessed be God, our heaven is begun here.

Your truly affectionate brother and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCL.

To Mr. S—— C——, in Deptford.

Glasgow, Sept. 2, 1742.

My very dear Brother C——,

I Am just now come from the pulpit, wherein I have experienced much of the Redeemer's power, and seen his stately outgoings in the sanctuary. My brother, the cry of my heart is, "and will God indeed dwell with such a wretch as I am." Methinks a voice echo's from above, "I have dwelt in thee, I do dwell in thee, I will dwell in thee for evermore." My heart replies, "Lord, I believe and worship."

A heart that no desire can move,

But still to adore, believe, and love.

This, my dear brother, is the present, and indeed continual bent of my soul, which I trust prospers. I feel myself to grow more poor inwardly; I see, I am but a learner in the school of Christ, and my dear Master teaches me new lessons every day. About a week ago, I think he did more for me than ever I saw before. Glory be to God, that he is so much with you at

London. I rejoice, yea and I will rejoice. I am amazed when I hear, as I do almost every day, of some fresh persons wrought upon by my unworthy ministry. This humbles me very much, and brings me very low at the feet of the ever-loving Jesus. I dare not deny that I am one of his chosen; but I am jealous for myself and for those about me, lest we should grieve the holy Spirit, and oblige him to withdraw for our ingratitude, unfruitfulness, pride, selfishness, and insensibility of the blessings we enjoy. Last night I went to sleep quite angry, but chiefly with myself.—I saw that I had received much, and did so little for my God, and Christ, that I could feelingly smite upon my breast, lay my head upon my pillow, and close my eyes with these words, "God be merciful to me a sinner?" And to-day, what have I seen and felt, yea what do I now feel? My soul is swallowed up in God. His presence is filling my soul, and renewing my bodily strength. Here is free grace, my dear brother. Was you here, I think I could now warm your heart with a lecture upon the unparalleled love of Jesus; but time is short: blessed be God, an eternity is before me, but "eternity too short to utter all his praise." I think I love you and yours unfeignedly, and rejoice that you enjoy sweet fellowship together. Glory be to God, that you have gotten many living stones. Trust the great Redeemer, the all-wise contriver and perfecter of his spiritual temple, to put them together. I have been faulty in looking too much to foreign help, and despising that which God had given me. When our Lord was to feed the multitude, he would not create new bread, but multiplied the loaves that were already at hand. "Ye need not send them away, give ye them to eat," said he: so say I to my dear brethren at the tabernacle. "Work with the materials you have." In doing the work, God will teach you how to do it.—Experience will grow up with the work itself. Thus God hath dealt with me, and so he continues to deal. May his blessed

spirit guide you all into all truth, and give you a right judgment in all things! I love to see the little child in others, though I see so little of it in my unworthy self. But I must not exceed; other business demands my attention. Write to me often about the state of the church. Mr. *E——*'s people rather run greater and greater lengths in misguided zeal. Our love to all. I intreat a continuance of your prayers, because the archers are shooting from every quarter at, dear brother *C——*,

Your poor weak brother in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLI.

To Brother T——, in London.

Glasgow, September 4, 1742.

My dear Brother,

I Hope this letter will find you, where your last left you, at the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus. My dear brother, it is a delightful situation: *Mary* found it so. O true poverty of spirit, what a rare, yet what a precious thing it is! The foundation of it, is a deep, abiding knowledge of the corruption of the heart, and its desperate wickedness. I find more and more the necessity of leaning upon my beloved, whilst travelling through the wilderness of this world. I find I am yet but learning in the school of Christ, and scarce know any thing as I ought to know. I often blush at a sense of my unfruitfulness, ingratitude, &c. and yet am made continually to rejoice in his great salvation. My brother, press on and faint not; though faint, yet still pursue. When your father and mother forsake you, the Lord will take you up. I do not wonder at your father's opposition. His letter bespeaks him to be a man of a very bad spirit. I thought proper to burn it. My brother, pray for him,

and beg of Jesus that you may behave with all meekness, humility and love. I would enlarge, but time is short, and much of my dear Master's business is lying before me. For the present, adieu! My kind love to all. May the Lord keep you unspotted from the world. You shall overcome by the blood of the Lamb. We see wond'rous things here. Pray and give thanks for

Your affectionate friend, and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLII.

To Mr. B——, in London.

Glasgow, Sept. 4, 1742.

My dear Brother B——,

I Embrace a few moments to answer your kind letter. Not want of love but leisure prevented my doing it before; yet I have not forgotten you in my prayers. Your case hath been upon my heart. I pray God you may be enabled, at this time especially, to plead the promise of temporal blessings. Remember, my dear brother, you can call God, your God and Father: if so, your God will supply all your wants. These words were so pressed upon my soul once when in extremity, that I hope I shall never forget them: "Be careful for nothing, but by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." I have for these eight or nine years past, had no visible settled fund, but fetched in all temporal supplies by pleading the promises. My God never failed me, he never will. This morning I have been lecturing upon *Elisha*'s multiplying the widow's oil. The Lord God of *Elisha* is yet living. O that you may have faith to apply to

him. O that you may be willing to be made poor. My brother, I find freedom in writing to you. Blessed be God, who hath made any thing that I have spoken of use to your soul. Tell your wife, she must take my advice, and pray with you. She sins, I think, in omitting it. I rejoice to hear that the Lord is with you at the tabernacle. May he be with you more and more! My brother, God is doing wonders here indeed. Every day he shews us great things. Yesterday, and the day before, how did he display his power? I am lost when I think of it. O that God should ever dwell with such an ill and hell-deserving wretch as I am! Amazing! Thy mercies, O God, they humble me. Adieu.

Your unworthy and affectionate friend and brother,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLIII.

To Mr. J—— N——.

Edinburgh, Sept. 13, 1742.

My very dear brother N——,

I Have just been writing to our dear brother *G—— T——*, and now sit down to write to you. Both your letters came to me at the same time, and had I not been used to trials of that nature, would have affected me much. Dear Mr. *T——* speaks many things, that I know are too true of the *Moravian Brethren*; but his spirit seems to be too much heated, and I fear some of his own wild-fire is mixed with that sacred fire of zeal, which comes from God. My dear brother, I want to be more like unto God, who sees and corrects all things that are amiss, and yet continues unmoved in his own nature. I want to be more like unto Jesus, God blessed for evermore! who sees all the quarrels and heart-risings of his children one amongst another, and yet bears with, and loves them still. My heart doth not reproach me, for my kindness and friendship with those that differ from me. I think I have been led by the word and spirit of God into this part of my conduct;

but I confess that I am jealous, and trust with a godly jealousy, over many who talk and write of the Lamb, and who mimic some particular persons in their outward way of behaviour, but yet are not truly poor in spirit. They act too much like me, who at my first setting out imitated the outward shew of humility in Monsieur *Dezenly*, before I got true simplicity of heart. Indeed, I have too little of it now. But, blessed be God by his free grace, I am what I am. I think I can say I am made unfeignedly happy in the Lord Jesus Christ, and can discover in some measure between a false and disguised holiness. Glory be to the Redeemer's name, I walk in light and liberty, and am enabled to rejoice in the Lord always. Though I can say to corruption, "Thou art my sister," yet I can with a full assurance of faith at all times say, "God is my father, and all is mine, because I am Christ's." My dear, very dear host and brother, I pray God that you and I may more experience the glorious liberty of the children of God: a liberty not from the in-being, but from the reigning power and dominion of sin. Jesus came to make us kings, as well as priests, and it is our privilege to reign upon the earth. We that believe, do enter into rest. Faith is of an all-conquering nature, and causes us to trample sin, death, and hell under our feet. My dear brother, I experience more, unspeakably more of the Redeemer's power, than when I saw you last. My happiness increases daily, and I am persuaded will increase, 'till grace is swallowed up in glory. My principles as to the fundamentals of the gospel are just the same as yours. I cannot renounce those precious truths, that I have felt the power of, and which were taught me not of man but of God. At the same time, I would love all that love Jesus, though they differ from me in some points. The angels love all the true worshippers of Jesus every where, and why should not we? If our brethren will quarrel with us, let us not quarrel with them. O my dear

brother, I pray our dear Redeemer to give you meekness to those, who may not see so far as you do. I entreat you, my dear brother, to overcome their evil with your good. Zeal for God may excite others to oppose you, as well as you to oppose them; therefore bear with and love them. This will shew you to be a disciple indeed, and to have that mind, which was in Christ Jesus. O that we grew up into his divine likeness, and were indeed conformed to our great Exemplar! How truly simple and void of guilt should we be! Our brother, I fear, has not dealt uprightly with me. At first he called me a servant of God, and then a blasphemer and deceiver, and said, I should be in a miserable condition. Pray tell *P——* of it, and acquaint him at the same time, that I grow happier and happier in the Lamb every day, and more and more honoured by the great Head and King of the Church. O simplicity! whether art thou fled?—In a short time I hope to embark for *Georgia*, and then, God willing, I shall see you face to face. Wonderful things have been doing here; things unspeakable and full of glory. The confusions abroad are no greater than what I expected to hear of. Just such a scene hath been at home; but the glorious *Emmanuel* will over-rule all for good. Why have you not written to my poor family in *Georgia*? I am persuaded great things will come from the orphan-house. O remember, my dear brother, to exercise catholic love in all its branches. I love and long much to see you. I shall write, God willing, to Mr. *W——*. I find his spirit is also imbittered. May the Lord sweeten all your hearts! With hearty thanks for all favours, I am, my very dear brother,

Most affectionately yours in the glorious Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLIV.

To Mr. E——, in Philadelphia.

Edinburgh, Sept. 14, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

YOUR kind letter came to hand a few days ago, and I rejoice to hear that you are now happy. I wish you may be really settled and rooted and grounded in love, and no longer so tossed about as you have been in times past. I find many talk and boast of rest, of which I fear they have not yet got a feeling possession. There is as much difference between these two, as between a shadow and the substance. Far be it from me, to think thus of you, my dear brother. No, I believe our Saviour has really loved and washed you in his blood, and redeemed you unto God, that you might be a king and priest, and reign upon the earth. There is plenteous redemption in the blood of Jesus. He came, not only that we might have life, but that we might have it more abundantly. He that believeth on Jesus, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. They that believe enter into rest. O glorious redemption! O glorious liberty of the children of God! Blessed are they who

have not seen, and yet have believed; they, who having not seen, yet have loved Jesus, and do rejoice with joy unspeakable, even with joy that is full of glory. Blessed be God, that you feel more of this than you did a twelvemonth ago. In a year's time, you will be ashamed to think what a dwarf you are now. A believer is to pass from glory to glory. It is ignorance and pride that makes us think we have already attained. The more we are acquainted with Jesus, the more we shall be acquainted with our own hearts, and grow more truly poor in spirit every day. Indeed, my dear brother, I am a thousand times happier than when you saw me. Jesus hath saved me from many corruptions, and is every day transforming me more and more into his own likeness. I cannot rest, unless I feel a sensible growth in my soul, and find that I get more of the true artless simplicity that was in Jesus. Blessed be God for that fulness which is in Christ, out of which we are all to receive grace for grace. Many, many souls have lately been drawing out of this fulness. I am amazed at his love to me! O free grace! O sovereign, distinguishing, unmerited love!—I think you did well in receiving some particular persons into your house. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers," says the Apostle. I cannot think it is right, to be so far carried away with an orthodox scheme, as to neglect acts of love to the members of Christ's body. Give me leave, my dear brother, to behave with all meekness toward those, who may not be so well affected toward such whom you love. If you do not take care, and keep close to the blessed Jesus, your spirit may be imbittered, and you may yet insensibly sink into bigotry. Some of our *English* friends, I am sure, have done so. It is a blessed thing to be kept free. Jesus can do this for you, my dear brother, and I am persuaded he will. In the love of a crucified Jesus,

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLV.

To Mr. M——, at Cambuslang.

Edinburgh, Sept. 15, 1742.

Rev. and dear Brother,

YOUR kind letter I received this morning. I wonder you can love me, for I feel myself more unworthy every day; and yet, dear Sir, the King of Kings still delights to honour me. At *Cumbernauld*, and *Torphichen*, the Lord was with me. I was much led to discourse upon walking with God, and had a sweet opening upon those words, "And *Enoch* walked with God, &c." Since I have been at *Edinburgh*, the Lord has much blessed me, and given me some fresh teachings from his blessed spirit. I believe hundreds are fed day by day. O dear Sir, help me to adore free grace. May God reward you for all kindnesses shewn to me and mine! Indeed, dear Sir, I have scarce patience with myself. I can do so little in the day for God, that when I go to bed at night, I am quite ashamed. I trust I shall begin to do something now. Dear Sir, help me, help me by your prayers, that I may stir up the gift of God that is in me. I shall not easily forget you; fear not, the Lord will yet be

with you. I have sent to Messrs. *O*—— and *L*——. I fear I cannot reach either of their places; but, God willing, I purpose to come home once more to *Cambuslang*, and then must take a long, long farewel. Blessed be God, we shall meet by and by, never to part any more. Then, dear Sir, our warfare will be accomplished, and the archers will shoot at us no more. My soul glows with love whilst I am writing. Sometimes I am enabled to look within the veil, and to take a view of the promised land. I am nothing, but Christ is my all. For the present, adieu! Dear Sir, adieu! My love to *Robert*, surnamed *Nathaniel*. All with me dearly love him. O join with him in praying, and giving thanks for us, especially, dear Mr. *M*——, for

Your weak, unworthy, though happy brother and servant in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLVI.

To Mr. F——, in Pensylvania.

Edinburgh, Sept. 22, 1742.

My dear Brother F——,

I Received your two kind letters, dated *June* the 1st and 6th, and can only say, Christ is king in *Zion*, and orders all things well. I think you cannot have a scene of greater confusion among you, than there has been in *England*. But blessed be God, matters are brought to a better issue, and though we cannot agree in principles, yet we agree in love, Tho', as you know, I am clear in the truths of the gospel, yet I find that principles of themselves, without the spirit of God, will not unite any set of men whatever; and where the spirit of God is in any great degree, there will be union of heart, though there may be difference in sentiments. This I have learnt, my dear brother, by happy experience, and find great freedom and peace in my soul thereby. This makes me to love many, though I cannot agree with them in some of their principles. I dare not look upon them as wilful deceivers, but as persons who hazard their lives for the sake of the

gospel.—Mr. *W*—— I think is wrong in somethings, and Mr. *L*—— wrong also; yet I believe that both Mr. *L*—— and Mr. *W*——, and others, with whom we do not agree in all things, will shine bright in glory. It is best therefore for a gospel-minister, simply and powerfully to preach those truths he has been taught of God, and to meddle as little as possible with those who are children of God, though they should differ in many things. This would keep the heart sweet, and at the same time not betray the truths of Jesus. I have tried both the disputing, and the quiet way, and find the latter far preferable to the former. I have not given way to the *Moravian* Brethren, or Mr. *W—y*, or to any, whom I thought in an error, no not for an hour. But I think it best not to dispute, when there is no probability of convincing. I pray you, for Christ's sake, to take heed lest your spirit should be imbittered, when you are speaking or writing for God. This will give your adversaries advantage over you, and make people think your passion is the effect of your principles. Since I have been in *England* this time, *Calvin*'s example has been very much pressed upon me. You know how *Luther* abused him. As we are of *Calvinistical* principles, I trust we shall in this respect imitate *Calvin*'s practice, and shew all meekness to those who may oppose. My dear brother, you will not be offended at my using this freedom. I am a poor creature, unworthy to advise you; but I simply tell you a little of my own experience. May the Lord give you, and all that stand up for the doctrines of the gospel, a right judgment in all things! For Jesus Christ's sake, as much as in you lies, put a stop to disputing. It imbitters the spirit, ruffles the soul, and hinders it from hearing the small still voice of the Holy Ghost. May you be filled with all joy and peace in believing! God has been very gracious to me here. Wonderful things have been done in *Scotland*. When I shall come to you, I cannot as yet determine. I hope to

embark in a few months. In the mean time, be pleased to remember me to all that love the glorious *Emmanuel*, and accept this in tenderest love from, my very dear brother,

Your most affectionate though most unworthy brother and servant in the kingdom and patience of Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLVII.

To Mr. H——.

Edinburgh, Sept. 24, 1742.

My most endeared Friend and Brother,

YOUR short letter, dated *July* the 14th, I received two days ago, to my great satisfaction. I am glad my dear family is removed to Mr. *B——*, and rejoice, that our glorious God had raised him and his brother up, to be such friends in time of need. Our all-wise Saviour saw this, and therefore sent them to be converted at the Orphan-house. O Lord, thou art fearful in praises, glorious in holiness, doing wonders! I trust this will find you, my dear friends, and my dear lambs, happily settled at *Bethesda*. I cannot think, God will give you over into the enemies hands, or that he will suffer the enemy to abide in *Georgia* for any considerable time. My thoughts have been variously exercised, but my heart kept stedfast and joyful in the Lord of all Lords, whose mercy endureth for ever. The kings taking *Lot*, and *Abraham* recovering him out of their hands, hath been much pressed upon my heart. *Abraham*'s going into the land of *Canaan*, and being driven out

by a grievous famine soon after he came there, has also been applied to my soul. And those words of *Moses*, "These enemies which you see, you shall see them no more," have fallen with great warmth, and wait upon me. These things put together, keep my mind humbly depending upon God, in a full assurance that some great and good event for the kingdom of Jesus will ere long be brought about. I am supported in a peculiar manner, and kept from staggering through unbelief.—With this, I send you a continuation of the Orphan-house account, which I printed to satisfy the public, and to promote future collections. The news about the *Spaniards*, perhaps may strike a damp upon the collection at this time; but even this shall work for good. God has a wheel within a wheel. O, my dear brother, how do I long to be with you! You need not say, "if possible now come over," for I have long wished for the wings of a dove to fly to *Georgia*. I yet owe upwards of two hundred and fifty pounds in *England*, upon the Orphan-house account, and have nothing towards it. How is the world mistaken about my circumstances: worth nothing myself, embarrassed for others, and yet looked upon to flow in riches? Our extremity is God's opportunity. O faith, thou hast an all-conquering power! Surely, my dear man, you and the rest of you will grow now in this time of trial. Fear not, neither be dismayed: the Lord your God will fight for you. I put my trust in him, and through his mercy I shall not miscarry. He still strengthens me to go on from conquering to conquer. I pray for you, I think and dream of you almost continually. I long, I long to be with you, and methinks could willingly be found at the head of you kneeling and praying, though a *Spaniard*'s sword should be put to my throat. But alas! I know not how I should behave, if put to the trial: only we have a promise, "that as our day is, so our strength shall be." I would gladly write to you all, but being so variously employed,

having the superintendency of so many souls and so many spiritual affairs, in many different places, I feel a little of what St. *Paul* says, when he wrote these words, “besides that which cometh upon me daily, the care of all the churches.” What am I? Lord, I adore and worship! I hope ere now you have had letters from brother *G——* and *Philadelphia* friends. Some there, are suspicious that I am joined with the *Moravian* Brethren, but indeed I am not. My principles are still the same; only as I believe many of them love the Lord Jesus, I would love and be friendly to them, as I would be to all others, who I think bear the image of our common Master, notwithstanding some of my principles differ from theirs, and are as far distant as the East is from the West. Glory be to God, for keeping me stedfast to those truths, which himself and not man hath taught me. I feel the power of them more and more every day, and am continually made happier and happier in the righteousness of the glorious Redeemer. O free, sovereign, distinguishing, electing, everlasting, infinitely condescending love! it quite amazes me. The thoughts of this love carry me above every thing. My dear friend, the *Spaniards* cannot rob us of this, nor can men, or devils. It is immutable and eternal as God himself. May the meditation on this, lead us nearer and nearer to God in Christ, that we may every day, every hour, every moment be more and more conformed to his blessed image, and ripen more and more for eternal glory. But I must have done. Adieu! my dear man, adieu! I am ready to weep tears of love. Humbly hoping, that I shall shortly hear of the spiritual and temporal welfare of you all, I subscribe myself, with the utmost sincerity and affection,

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLVIII.

To the Reverend Dr. C——, in Boston.

Edinburgh, Sept. 24, 1742.

Reverend and dear Sir,

TO my great and abundant satisfaction, I received your long wished for letter of *June 3*. It was late at night ere it came to hand; but I could not go to rest without reading it. I read, and rejoiced, and prayed for the writer with my whole heart. O reverend and dear Sir, God only knows how closely I am knit to the dear ministers and people of *New-England*. They are ever upon my heart, and it rejoiced me to find I was not forgotten (unworthy as I am) by them. Dear Sir, I am glad to hear that the work still goes on; be not surprized, if you are forsaken. *Paul* was served so, and when I came to *England* most of my old friends and spiritual children were exceedingly prejudiced against me. Our great high-priest sees these trials to be necessary for us, to try our faith, and teach us to cease from man. I hope they have produced this blessed effect in some measure upon my soul. There seems to be such a scene in *Philadelphia*, as we have had in old *England*. I have

wrote to Mr. *T*——. He in a late letter thinks me too charitable; but my conscience doth not reproach me for that. My principles are still the same. I embrace the calvinistical scheme, not because *Calvin*, but Jesus Christ, I think, has taught it to me. I go on preaching the cross and power of the Redeemer, and desire to say as little as possible about others, lest thereby I should divert people's minds from the simplicity of the gospel. I have often found that opposing, instead of hurting, makes erroneous people become more considerable. This made me wish, that the *Boston* ministers would not take up so much time in speaking against the Exhorters. It will only set the people the more upon following after them; but I cannot well judge at such a distance, and indeed I find I am such a poor creature, that I scarce know any thing yet, as I ought to know. At the same time, I will not deny what I have received; no, this would be dishonouring my dear Saviour. He makes me daily more and more happy in himself, and I continually rejoice in his great salvation. At present he supports me in an uncommon manner, and the news of the *Spaniards* attacking *Georgia* affects me no otherwise, than to increase my faith and confidence in him, whom I am sure careth for me and mine. O dear Sir, what a glorious thing is divine faith! May you have much of it, and feel the power of it more and more every day! With repeated salutations and returns of love, I once more subscribe myself, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend, younger brother, and servant in the glorious gospel of the ever blessed Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLIX.

To Jonathan B——, Esq., in New-England.

Edinburgh, Sept. 25, 1742.

Honoured Sir,

I Rejoiced to hear by the reverend and dear Dr. *C——*, that you are retired from the world, full of piety and devotion. I congratulate you, honoured Sir, upon your happy change, and pray that you may be filled with all the fulness of God. Exceedingly engaged as I am, I could not but send a line to you, because I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I remember your command; I have you upon my heart, and pray the glorious *Emmanuel* to do more abundantly for you and yours, than you are able to ask or think. It is impossible to tell you what the Lord hath done for unworthy me. Honoured Sir, I feel a bliss I cannot express. My happiness in Jesus increases daily. I am only ashamed of my unfruitfulness, and the little I do for God. Indeed, honoured Sir, I could wish for a thousand lives. My Jesus should have them all. Methinks I hear you say, “thus it is with me.” Hail then happy man! All generations shall call you blessed. Honoured Sir, my soul is full in the midst

of many trials. O what a glorious redemption hath Jesus purchased for us! Indeed it is a plenteous redemption. By the power of his death we are enabled to tread sin, death, and satan under our feet. This is the present frame of my soul. O free grace! unsearchable riches! The brightness of it dazzles the eyes of my faith. Lord, I adore and worship in the temple of my heart! Honoured Sir, be pleased to accept these few lines from a heart overflowing with love to God, and for his great name sake to you. With most humble respects, and affectionate returns of gratitude for all favours, I beg leave to subscribe myself, honoured Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLX.

To Mr. E——, in Philadelphia.

Edinburgh, Sept. 25, 1742.

My very dear Brother E——,

SINCE I wrote last, your other kind letter, dated *July 24*, came to hand, by which I find matters at *Philadelphia* are much the same as when you wrote before. I pray God to give me wisdom, and a right understanding, to judge of those different jarring accounts that are sent me. As far as I am able to determine, I think some who have the truths of God on their side, defend themselves with too great a mixture of their own spirit, and by this means perhaps some persons may be prejudiced even against truth itself. This is one rock, I pray God, my dear brother, to keep your soul from splitting against. Again, I think the *M——n* Brethren shew a better and milder spirit in the general; but many of their principles deviate as far from the truths of Jesus Christ, as the east is from the west, or the north from the south. I wish you may not have gone a step too far. It was unjust for Mr. *B——*'s brother to be denied preaching in the new building. Shall I commend Mr. *B——* for

this? I commend him not. The brethren should have some other place to preach in, and not make that house a Babel. I cannot give up truth for them, or for any other under heaven. I find they are as weak and fallible as those whom they judge not to have drank so deeply of the spirit of Christ; and therefore, my dear man, though we love all, we must be upon our guard, and follow not man's teaching, but the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Though principles are not to be rested in, yet it is a good thing to have a clear head as well as a clean heart. Some people make nothing of principles; but why are they so zealous in propagating their own? I think, my dear brother, I am a happy sinner, and have really entered into an abiding rest in God, through the Lord Jesus Christ; but yet the stirrings of corruption I expect in some degree or other, till I breathe my last. This I hope is all that dear Mr. *T*—— insists on. My dear brother, love the brotherhood, but do not give up the truths of God; and when you are brought off from idolizing one creature, take care you do not insensibly fall into idolizing another. Do not think that all things the most refined Christian in the world does, is right; or that all principles are wrong, because some that hold them are too imbittered in their spirits. It is hard for good men, when the truths of God are opposed, to keep their temper, especially at the first attack. Nothing but the all-conquering blood of the dear Redeemer can destroy the wild-fire in the heart. You will see what I have wrote to the dear Trustees. I hope our loving Saviour will incline you to comply with my advice. I believe it is from him, and will much tend to the prosperity of Zion. That, I trust, we have all at heart. I pray God we may be enabled so to act, as to do nothing to obstruct it, but bear and forbear with one another in love, and give way in some things to promote the common good. You see, my dear man, how freely I write to you. It is out of the fulness of my heart. I hope you and I shall be

happily surprized, in finding each other better than we expected. God forbid that we should live one hour without growing more like the blessed Lamb of God. I am too credibly informed, that some make it their business to prejudice my friends against me. Such wisdom cometh not from above. They are as the false apostles, of whom Saint *Paul* spoke, “They would exclude us, that you might affect them.” But glory be to free grace! I can repose myself in Jesus, and am happy in him. However I may be dealt with by man, blessed be his name, I am now happy in the midst of various trials, even beyond expression. I only add, through grace I have laid the foundation; let others beware how they build thereon. Adieu, my dear brother. I am, with cordial respects and affection,

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXI.

To the Reverend Mr. E—— J——, in Wales.

Edinburgh, Oct. 6, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

YESTERDAY your kind and profitable letter came to hand. My dear wife being embarked, I opened, read, and now snatch a few moments to answer it. I took your hints upon *Jacob*'s ladder, and preached upon it with freedom yesterday in the afternoon. I trust some will be induced to begin to climb, and others be stirred to climb faster; at least I shall myself for one, for indeed I am ashamed I have mounted no higher yet. Blessed be God, I am ascended so far as to have the world almost out of my sight, and I see my dear master standing at the top reaching out his hand, ready to receive me up into heaven. Indeed, my dear brother, the Lord hath dealt most bountifully with me; he gives me to rejoice in all his dispensations towards me. It well becometh God's children to give thanks for all things that befal them, since it is God's will concerning them. I am taught more and more every day to live by faith in the Son of God, who loved and gave himself

for me. God keeps me, and brings me where I would desire to be, at his feet, waiting his will, and watching the motions of his blessed spirit, word, and providence. Here I find safety and refuge amidst the various storms of opposition and reproach which I daily meet with. God is on my side, I will not fear what men nor devils can say of, or do unto me. The dear Messrs. *E——s* have dressed me in very black colours.—Mr. *G——*'s pamphlet will shew you how black. Dear men, I pity them. Writing I fear will be in vain. Surely they must grieve the holy spirit much. O for a mind divested of all sects and names and parties! I think it is my one simple aim to promote the kingdom of Jesus, without partiality and without hypocrisy, indefinitely amongst all. I care not if the name of *George Whitefield* be banished out of the world, so that Jesus be exalted in it. Glory be to his great name, we have seen much of his power and greatness in *Scotland*. The work in the west still goes on and increases. Last sabbath-day, and *Monday*, very great things, greater than ever, were seen at *Kilsyth*. There is a great awakening also at *Muthel*, and many living stones building up in *Edinburgh*. I preach twice every day with great power, and walk in liberty and love. At the same time I see and feel my vileness, and take the blessed Jesus to be my righteousness and all. I purpose, God willing, to go through *Newcastle* and *Yorkshire* to *England*. *Ireland* I believe must be left till another circuit. In about three weeks, I purpose, God willing, to leave *Scotland*, and hope to spend a month ere long in *Wales*. My dear and honoured brother, I hope the Lord will give you an heart to pray for me, for indeed I am a very poor sinner, and many are waiting for my halting; but Jesus is able and willing to make me stand. I have been much strengthened, since the *Spaniards* have invaded *Georgia*. I think I am like the ark surrounded on all sides with waves, but through free rich grace am enabled to swim above all. Ere long,

I shall rest on mount *Zion* in the arms of my beloved Jesus. Here is love would make me drop a tear, and set my pen a writing quicker, but other business calls for me. Dear Sir, be pleased to pray for me, and remember me to your dear wife, and all the followers of the Lamb. Pray write to Mr. *M*^{c}*C*—— immediately, and send as often as you can, dear Mr. *J*——, to

Your weak, unworthy, but truly affectionate brother and servant, in the kingdom and patience of Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXII.

To Colonel G——.

Edinburgh, October 7, 1742.

Honoured Sir,

THOUGH I never had the pleasure of seeing you, yet I have often prayed for you, and can assure you I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. I hope you will not be offended with me, for troubling you with this. Your honoured lady tells me, you will not. Love, I am persuaded, inclines me to write, and I doubt not but you will receive it in the same spirit. Dear Sir, I rejoice to hear that you are a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and that you delight to fight the Redeemer's battles. May you be covered with all his armours and filled with all his fulness! I have the pleasure often to go without the camp, and to bear a little of his sacred reproach, and I prefer it to all the treasures in the world. Weak as I am, my Jesus makes me more than conqueror through his love. He has brought mighty things to pass here, and gotten himself the victory in many hearts. I trust, there is not a day passes but some poor creature or another is plucked as a brand out of the

burning. I wish I could hear God was more in the camp. Blessed be his name for raising you up, honoured Sir, to lift a standard for him. May you be endued with the meekness of *Moses*, the courage of *Joshua*, the zeal of *Paul*, and a large portion of the blessed spirit of Christ! I hope, honoured Sir, you will now and then remember me a poor sinner, and speak a word for me to the King of kings and Lord of lords, that I may not turn my head in the day of battle, but rather die for, than deny him in any wise. Neither you nor yours are forgotten by me. Indeed I am a poor creature, but happy, very happy in the once crucified, but now exalted Jesus. For his sake, and in his great name, I beg leave to subscribe myself, honoured Sir,

Your affectionate humble servant, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXIII.

To the Reverend Mr. J—— W——.

Edinburgh, October 11, 1742.

Reverend and dear Sir,

ABOUT ten days ago, I sent you a packet by my dear wife, which I hope you will have received ere this comes to hand. Yesterday morning I had your kind letter dated *October 5*. In answer to the first part of it, I say, “Let old things pass away, and all things become new.” I can heartily say, “Amen” to the latter part of it. “Let the king live for ever, and controversy die.” It has died with me long ago. I shall be glad to see the extract of your journal. Be pleased to send it immediately, under cover, to Mr. *E——*, member of parliament in *Edinburgh*. I shall not leave *Scotland* in less than three weeks. Before yours came, I had engaged to go through *Newcastle* in my way to *London*. I rejoice to hear the Lord has blessed your dear brother’s labours. I am enabled to preach twice daily with great power, and find I walk in light and liberty continually. Like the ark, I am surrounded on all sides, but enabled to swim triumphantly over all. O free grace! I thank

you, dear Sir, for praying for me, and thank our common Lord for putting it in your heart so to do. I have been upon my knees praying for you and yours. O that nothing but love, lowliness, and simplicity may be among us. It grieves me to see what a sad spirit prevails among Mr. *E*——'s people. Father, forgive them! I trust you will remember my poor orphans. God gives me strong faith for them, though no news yet of the *Spaniards* leaving *Georgia*. Yesterday morning a dear little hospital girl went off in triumph. The work is still increasing in *Scotland*, especially at *Kilsyth*. Surely we shall see great things ere long. Dear friend, my soul is on fire. O let us not fall out in the way! Let us bear with, and forbear one another in love. God be praised for giving you such a mind. My kind love to all that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. In much haste, and with great thanks for your last letter, I subscribe myself, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, though younger brother, in the gospel of our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXIV.

To Mrs. Ann D——, in Huntingdonshire.

Edinburgh, October 13, 1742.

My very dear Sister,

WITH great pleasure I received your kind letters. They increased that love, which I had before to the writer of them. I redeem a few moments to return you an answer to them, and am ashamed to think how I put you off; but I see you consider my circumstances, and love to our dear Jesus inclines you to excuse me. Blessed be God, I can still send you an account of the increase of *Emmanuel*'s kingdom. I preach always twice, sometimes three or four times in a day. The people are more eager than ever, and much solid work is done for God. My strength is daily renewed. Still I desire to cry, grace! grace! I am fondled exceedingly, I scarce have any damp. My soul continually magnifies the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour. I know you will help me to praise him. I collected last week 128*l.* for my poor orphans. I have sent you an account of them. You will continue writing to, and praying for my dear family. I hope to see you before I embark. By

this, you will receive a line from one Mr. *R*——, an humble walker with God, and Mr. *T*——, a bookseller, who I believe loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Pray answer them. I would have your correspondence enlarged, and therefore I set other people writing to you, though I cannot write so much myself. My dear sister, adieu. The Lord be with you, and yours. I am now in a lady's family, whom God has blessed.—We have several such here. With great sincerity and affection, I subscribe myself,

Ever yours, in yours and mine,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXV.

To Mr. T——, in Edinburgh.

Glasgow, October 20, 1742.

Dear Mr. T——,

YOUR letter much refreshed me. Thanks be to God, for putting it into your heart to write to unworthy me. The blessed Jesus hath been the author of our friendship, and therefore it will be blessed. I rejoice much, that the Lord is with you and your ministers. May you all increase with all the increase of God! O that the societies may remember to pray and give thanks on my behalf. Dear Mr. *T——*, what deliverances hath the Lord wrought for me? Before the news came of the *Spaniards* leaving *Georgia*, the words came to my mind, that were pressed on me in the park with great power: "These enemies which you have now seen, you shall see no more." What a life is a life of faith? I know I am reckoned enthusiastic, even by many Christian friends, in respect to my Orphan-house; but "he that believeth, doth not make haste." I find we must be tried by friends, as well as by foes. All is intended to bring us nearer to the friend of all. I hope I improved my

interest in him just now, for you and yours, and for all *Edinburgh* friends. As soon as we had perused the letters, we kneeled down, and prayed, and gave thanks. Good news came from *London*, I hope, next post, to hear that our dear friends have got safe thither. O what reason have I to be thankful! Help me still, my dear Mr. *T*——, to praise the Lord. I hope to be with you next week. In the mean time pray for, and if leisure permit, drop a line to, dear Mr. *T*——,

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXVI.

To Mr. J—— T——, in Edinburgh.

London, Nov. 6, 1742.

Dear Mr. T——,

ABOUT five this evening, our ever blessed Jesus brought us hither, and gave us a happy meeting with our dear friends. How good is Jesus to the chief of sinners! He solaced my soul all the way, and gave his angels charge concerning us, otherwise we must have been frequently hurt in our ways: but he heard the prayers of his people. I am persuaded he gave them a spirit of supplication in our behalf. I felt it, I feel it now, and long to preach again. My dear friend, remember us in the dearest manner to all. I hope to write to several on *Monday* next. How sweet is rest after fatigue! How sweet will heaven be, when our journey is ended. Forgive the brevity of this.

Ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXVII.

To Mr. J—— H——, at Bethesda.

London, Nov. 12, 1742.

My dearest Friend and Brother in a crucified Jesus,

HOW do I long to come over to see you, and the rest of my dear family? How do I long to hear how it is with your dear souls, and that you are returned to *Bethesda* in safety! The cloud seems now to be moving toward *America*. I trust I shall be with you in a few months. Wonderful great things did the Lord perform for me and his people in *Scotland*. The concern expressed at my departure, was really unspeakable. O my dear, my very dear brother, the love of God to such an unworthy wretch quite amazes me. I rode post, and came here in rather less than five days from *Edinburgh* on *Saturday* last, and here seems to be a new awakening. We have been obliged to enlarge the tabernacle. The Lord's glory does indeed appear in it. Dear brother *H——* has been sent with a sweet searching commission. Brother *C——* is much blest in *Wiltshire*. The word runs and is glorified in *Wales*, and God is raising some fresh witnesses of the power of his dear

Son's blood in *Gloucestershire*. Blessed are the eyes that see the things that we see. God doth greatly countenance us indeed. O free grace! O electing love! The collections in *Scotland* were large. At *Edinburgh*, I collected 128*l.* at one time, and 44*l.* at another; at *Glasgow* about 128*l.* with private donations. I think we got about 300*l.* in all. Blessed be God, I owe nothing now in *England* on the Orphan-house account; what is due is abroad. I think since I have been in *England*, we have got near 1500*l.* The Lord will raise up what we want further; glory be to his name. He keeps my faith from failing, and upholds me with his right hand, and makes me happier in himself every day. My wife lies now very weak. She was tossed for ten days in her voyage from *Scotland*: The ship was in imminent danger, but the Lord gave her much of his presence, and I trust she will be ready shortly for another voyage. She heartily and most lovingly greets you all, as does in haste,

Ever, ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXVIII.

To Lady Frances G——.

London, Nov. 13, 1742.

Honoured Madam,

MINDFUL of my promise, which I made before I left *Edinburgh*, I now steal a few moments to send your Ladyship a letter of thanks, and which I trust will find you sitting under the Redeemer's shadow with great delight. It rejoiced me when I heard that our infinitely condescending God had blessed my unworthy ministry, to recover your Ladyship from a state of darkness and spiritual desertion. Glory, glory be to rich, free and sovereign grace! I trust your Ladyship will now be kept in the love of God, and no idol interpose between the Redeemer and your soul. I hope the dear Colonel is now in his proper place, and that you can think of him without anxiety or distracting care. This is that freedom, wherewith Jesus Christ makes us free. To love all things in him, and for him, and to love him above all. Thus we have peace and joy. Whenever we deviate from it, we fall into darkness and distress of soul. I pray God your Ladyship may be thus kept, and enabled to

rejoice in God all the day long. For ever adored be free grace. I have enjoyed much freedom of soul since I left *Edinburgh*. Very good was my master to us on the road, and still better to me now I am in *London*. We have blessed seasons. O who can express the loving-kindness of the Lord, or show forth all his praise! We beg your prayers; and wishing you and your honoured Colonel all manner of prosperity, I beg leave to subscribe myself, with unfeigned thanks for all past favours, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXIX.

To Miss S——.

London, Nov. 13, 1742.

AS I have been writing to the honourable lady *Frances*, I am willing to inclose a line to you. I trust it will find you walking by faith, and trampling upon the lust of the eye, the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. This is the happiness which Jesus Christ has purchased for poor sinners. This is that better part, which I hope you have been enabled to choose, and in which, I trust, through grace you will be enabled to persevere even to the end. Dear Miss, if this be the case, well will it be with you, and happy, exceedingly happy shall you be. Methinks I hear you say, "I feel my happiness begun." Keep close, Dear Miss, keep close to the lovely Jesus, and you will find it increase day by day. Many, many temptations and difficulties you will meet with; but fear not; look unto Jesus, and he will make you more than conqueror through his love. Never rest without looking up to him, in and for every thing you stand in need of. He will richly supply

all your wants. I speak this by happy experience. Many blessings have I received since I came hither. O help me to praise our prayer-hearing God.

Your most affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXX.

To the Honourable Lady Jane H——, in Edinburgh.

London, Nov. 13, 1742.

Honoured Madam,

IT is with some regret, that I look back upon my not writing to you, when I was at *Glasgow*. I resolved ever since, to send your Ladyship a line as soon as possible, after I reached *London*. Being now somewhat settled, I attempt in the divine strength to put my design in execution. And now, honoured Madam, what shall I say? I hope this will find you a very poor sinner, and sitting at Jesu's feet. With pleasure I have often thought your Ladyship has been made willing to become truly, inly poor, and to feel the full power of the Redeemer's precious blood. If I mistake not, your soul is athirst for God, yea to be filled with all the fulness of God. Go on, dear Madam, for God shall satisfy all your desires: He has promised, and he will perform. I find my happiness in Jesus increasing daily, and that there is no end of his goodness. Greatly did he strengthen me on the road; greatly has he blessed me since I came hither. I believe your Ladyship will hear shortly

from Mr. *H——*. He is a dear soul indeed, and left *London* on *Thursday* morning last, full of simplicity and love. The work goes on bravely in *Wales*, and elsewhere. Surely it is the midnight cry; Surely the bridegroom is coming. Methinks I hear your Ladyship say, “Then I will make ready to go forth to meet him.” That you may be always ready to obey the most sudden call, is the hearty prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship’s most obliged humble servant in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXI.

To Miss N——'s.

London, Nov. 13, 1742.

Dear young Ladies,

THIS week I wrote a few lines to your honoured mamma. I now snatch a few moments to send a line to you. And why? Because I love you both in the bowels of Jesus Christ, and wish above all things, that your dear souls may prosper. I saw a happy alteration in you for the better, whilst I was at *Edinburgh*, and my constant prayer is, that you might still go on from strength to strength. Here seems to be a new awakening. We had a glorious fast-day indeed. I trust you had the same at *Edinburgh*. I am sure we prayed heartily, it might be so. O *Edinburgh! Edinburgh!* I think I shall never forget thee. Surely many can say, "Our fellowship has been with the Father and with the Son." And now though absent, we may have fellowship together in and through the eternal Spirit. Thus it is with me, and thus it is, I believe, with my dear wife. She most heartily joins with me in saluting your most honoured mamma, as well as yourselves. Wishing that your lamps may be

always trimmed, and your loins always girded, and that you may be continually in readiness to meet the heavenly bridegroom; I subscribe myself, dear young ladies,

Your most affectionate friend and servant in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXII.

To ——.

London, Nov. 15, 1742.

My Lord,

IT has given me some concern, that I could not write to your Lordship before I left *E——*. My departure from thence was very sudden, and it was but a few days before that I heard of your Lordship's illness. However, I have not been unmindful of your Lordship, and I trust, in answer to prayer, our Lord has rebuked your fever, and that this will find you risen and ministring unto him. O, my Lord, I think I can say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" for had it not been so, I should have gone astray. How apt are we when in health, to follow Jesus afar off, and sink into tepidity and a laodicean spirit? May this sickness be sanctified to the purging of your Lordship's soul, and be a means of drawing you nearer to God! Our glorious High-priest still continues to load me with his benefits. He dealt most tenderly with me on the road, and blesses me much here. I am now in my winter quarters, preparing for a fresh campaign. Happy they that fight

under the Redeemer's banner! That your Lordship may be always fighting the good fight of faith, and at length lay hold on eternal life, is the earnest prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXIII.

To Mr. S——, of Bristol.

London, Nov. 15, 1742.

My dear Brother S——,

I Gave thanks on your behalf, when I read your letters; being encouraged thereby to hope, that Jesus Christ is indeed about to take full possession of your soul. A proper season this to enter into the marriage state, an union representing the mystical union between Jesus Christ and his Church. My brother, you cannot think of it with too much solemnity. It is a matter of great importance, in which the future comfort of your life much depends. I would advise you to read over the matrimonial office, and turn it into a prayer. As for outward affairs, I think it quite proper to have them settled, as I am a minister of Jesus Christ, and ought therefore to be freed as much as may be from all worldly incumbrances. Be pleased to draw out your account, and when the captain comes, desire him to draw out his, that receipts may pass on both sides. I shall pay Mr. *N*—— as desired. I am glad

you are so friendly with Mr. *W——*. I trust we shall learn more and more to love one another.

Yours most affectionately in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXIV.

To the Bishop of Bangor.

London, Nov. 17, 1742.

My Lord,

THE inclosed was sent by a young man, who was coming up to *London*, and was in his way as far as *Ludlow*, on purpose to wait on your Lordship about the contents of it. If your Lordship pleases, I will wait upon your Lordship for your Lordship's answer. The character your Lordship has for candour and moderation, makes me believe, your Lordship will not favour any persecuting proceedings against those that love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. If your Lordship thinks proper to speak with me, upon the least intimation, you shall be attended by, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXV.

To Mr. J——, of Toven in Wales.

London, Nov. 18, 1742.

My dear Brother,

HOW sweetly does the blessed Jesus guide the meek in his way! I believe your turning back from *Ludlow* was of God. Dear brother *H——* was about that time going into *Wales*, and the Lord sending me hither (unworthy as I am) to transact affairs for you. I have seen your letter to Mr. *L——*, and likewise that from brother *C——*, to the bishop of *Bangor*. I am just now sending it to him, with a letter from myself, desiring leave to wait upon his Lordship. What the event will be, our Lord only knows. This, however, we know, "All things shall work together for good to those that love God;" and the gates of hell shall never prevail against the church of Jesus Christ. What you have met with, is no more than might be expected long ago. There has been a hook in the Leviathan's jaws, or otherwise our mouths had been stopped long before this time. I had once the honour of being publickly arraigned, for not reading the Common Prayer in a Meeting-house. At

another time, I was taken up by a warrant for correcting a letter wherein were these words, “Shall our Clergy break the Canons.” The prosecutions were unjust, but there is our glory. I remember when *Socrates* was about to suffer, his friends grieved, that he suffered unjustly. What, says he, would you have me suffer justly? If we are buffetted for our faults, and take it patiently, says a greater than *Socrates*, we are not to glory; “but if we are reproached for Christ, and suffer as Christians, happy are we.” I think our present sufferings are for him. Surely the spirit of Christ and of glory will rest upon you. However, I trust this storm will soon blow over. If possible, let an open separation from the church be avoided. Mr. *H*—— can tell you more by word of mouth. I trust the glorious Jesus has sent him amongst you, in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace. He is a dear soul. I am persuaded you are dear to him: I find you are dear to me, though I never saw you. It is enough, that we have drank into one spirit. This creates an indissoluble union. Pray remember my kind love to dear brother *C*——. I wish him joy with all my heart; but would not have him deny that exhorting is preaching. The Chancellor will be too many for him; for to be sure, exhorting is at least one part of preaching. Granting this, he has warrant enough, notwithstanding, from scripture, to tell others what God has done for his soul, and to bid them come and see and believe in a precious Christ. O that word! How sweet is it to my soul? It is like ointment poured forth. Had I time, I could tell you much of his love. He has been exceeding good to me in *Scotland*: He is still so to me here. Vile, base, ungrateful as I am, he lets me lean on his bosom night and day. My dear brother, help me to praise him, and engage all the brethren’s prayers in behalf of one, less than the least of all saints, but

Yours most affectionately in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXVI.

To the Reverend Dr. C——, in Boston.

London, Nov. 18, 1742.

Rev. and dear Sir,

GLAD was I to receive another letter from you, before I sent off my packets. I thank our loving Lord, for granting me the continuance of his ministers affections. I hope this, and all his other mercies, will lead me nearer and nearer to himself the fountain of all mercies. Surely the friends of Jesus pray in my behalf; for I am still strengthened more than ever, and enabled to rejoice in his goodness all the day long. The confusion at *New-England* has given me concern; but our Lord will over-rule all for good. I was sorry to hear of Mr. *D*——'s imprisonment; and to be imprisoned for an unguarded expression, I think is too, too severe, and not for the honour of *Boston* at all. Had I been in his place, I should have accepted bail. When I shall come to *Boston*, the Lord Jesus only knows. I believe it will not be long. I find I shall come in perilous times; but that all-gracious Saviour, who has helped me hitherto, will guide me by his council, and give me a

true scriptural zeal. This is what I desire all my friends to beg in my behalf. How hard is it to keep in the true narrow path, when speaking for the Lord Jesus? God preserve me, and all his ministers, from defending his truths and cause in our own, or under the influence of a false spirit! It destroys the very cause we would defend. As yet, in *Scotland* there have been but few of the disorders complained of amongst you. But as the work increases, I suppose the enemies stratagems will increase also. This is my comfort, Jesus reigns. The gates of hell shall never be able to prevail against his church. I have had a late instance of his power and goodness, in driving the *Spaniards* out of *Georgia*. I hear they are gone. I hope the Orphans are now at *Bethesda* in peace. The continuation of my account, I have sent with this, and a parcel of my sermons. Be pleased to dispose of them, as you shall think proper. I salute all my Reverend brethren that preach Jesus Christ in sincerity. I wish them prosperity with all my heart, and pray for them every day, Reverend Sir, my soul is now filled with a sense of redeeming love. O why me, Lord, why me? Even so my Saviour, for so it seemed good in thy sight! But I can write no more, having much business on my hands. We go on well here. Our Lord blesses us much. I am, with much affection, Rev. Sir,

Your most unworthy and younger brother in the gospel of Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXVII.

To Mr. J—— E——.

London, Nov. 18, 1742.

Dear Sir,

YOUR letter pleased me much. As soon as I read it, I kneeled down, prayed, and gave thanks on your behalf. How faithful is he that hath said, "I will never leave thee, or forsake thee." Surely the Lord intends to honour you, in making you an instrument in bringing many sons to glory. I hope he will bless your first public essays to serve the interest of his great name, and enable you to go on from strength to strength. I cannot think you will be long without a feeling possession of your God. Shortly, I trust, you will be touched with a coal from the heavenly altar, and be made to say, "Lord send me." I think our Saviour has given you great knowledge in the scriptures. May you be kept close to and be daily taught of him. My prayer for you is,

Take his poor heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee.

I think you may study conveniently in *Scotland*; but in this and every thing else, I pray the Lord Jesus to direct and guide your soul. I most heartily love you, and wish you prosperity in the name of the Lord. Our blessed Saviour has been exceeding kind, since I have been here. I go on my way rejoicing, and am strengthened day by day. That you may abundantly experience the same, is the hearty prayer of, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXVIII.

To Mr. M——, Isle of Man.

London, Nov. 19, 1742.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Am concerned to find by your last, dated *November 4th*, that the letter I sent you from *Scotland* did not come to hand. But providence over-ruleth all things; even this shall work for good. I wonder not, if the Lord has given you more zeal, that you meet with more opposition. However, I would not have you rash, or over hasty in leaving the *Isle of Man*. Wait, continue instant in prayer, and you shall see the salvation of God. I have not heard from my family abroad for some time, and cannot give you any determinate answer about your going to *Georgia*, because I know not how their affairs stand. God will yet shew you what he would have you to do. Even so Lord Jesus, Amen and Amen! Our glorious *Emmanuel* blessed me exceedingly after we parted from *Scotland*, and blesses me in like manner, now he has brought me to *England*. Vile, ungrateful as I am, he vouchsafes to give me much of his presence, and keeps me under the shadow of his wings. Let his

goodness to me, encourage you to hope and trust in him. Remember, dear Sir, Jesus came to make poor sinners happy, and to give them victory over their lusts and passions. Plead his promises, be much in secret prayer, and never give God rest, 'till your soul is filled with all his fulness. That the Lord may hasten that blessed time, wherein his kingdom shall come with full power into your dear soul, is the earnest prayer of, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend, brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXIX.

To Mr. B——, at Bethesda.

London, Nov. 19, 1742.

BLESSED, blessed be God, the packet is not gone; so that I have just time to tell you, I received your kind, very kind letter, though I have not time to read it thoroughly, least I should miss this opportunity. God only knows how I sympathize with you and my dear family. Though I have no money to pay Mr. *Jones*, &c. yet, if I can take up two or three hundred pounds upon my own account, I will come over, God willing, the very first opportunity. The time of your fasting, I hope is now near over, and the days of your mourning ended. Remember the burning bush; it was on fire, but not consumed. Surely some great good is to come out of the Orphan-house. Blessed be God, for strengthening you to stay with my dear family. Ten thousand blessings descend upon your soul! I wish dear brother *G——* joy. I am much obliged to my dear friend and faithful steward. Next ship, I hope to answer his letters distinctly. O my dear man, I do not forget any of you. God, and not my own will, has kept me on this side the water so long. But

surely you must judge me sometimes. You need not make any apology for moving; it is what I wished you might do. Your care and tenderness towards me, makes me long to embrace and weep over you one by one. Forget you! no, no; I think I could rather die for you. My brother, my dear brother, go on. Surely God is with us. Great things are to come out of *Georgia*. Remember *Abraham*, how did he sojourn in the land of Promise, as in a strange land? The Lord increase your faith. My tenderest love, and ten thousand thanks, to dear Mr. *J——s*. God will bless him for helping you. The Lord Jesus be with you all.

Ever, ever yours,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXX.

To the Bishop of Bangor.

London, Nov. 19, 1742.

My Lord,

THIS evening I received your Lordship's kind letter. I humbly thank your Lordship for it. It confirmed me in the character given me of your Lordship's spirit. I verily believe your Lordship abhors every thing that has a tendency to persecution, and yet, in my humble opinion, if Mr. *C*—— is not somewhat redressed, he is persecuted indeed. That your Lordship may know his spirit, and the spirit of the person who came as far as *Ludlow* on the business, I have sent your Lordship a letter from each, which was written some time ago to Mr. *H*—— *H*——. In them your Lordship will see their whole hearts. I verily believe they would rather die than wilfully speak or write a falshood. My Lord, the whole of the matter seems to be this: In *Wales* they have little fellowship meetings, where some well-meaning people meet together, simply to tell what God has done for their souls. In some of these meetings, I believe Mr. *C*—— used to tell his experience, and

to invite his companions to come and be happy in Jesus Christ. He is therefore indicted as holding a conventicle; and this I find is the case of one, if not two more. Now, my Lord, these persons thus indicted, as far as I can judge, are loyal subjects to his Majesty, and true friends to, and attendants upon the Church of *England* service. You will see by these letters, how unwilling they are to leave her; and yet, if all those acts, which were made against persons meeting together to plot against Church and State, were put in execution against them, what must they do? They must be obliged to declare themselves Dissenters. I assure your Lordship, it is a critical time in *Wales*. Hundreds, if not thousands, will go in a body from the Church, if such proceedings are countenanced. I lately wrote them a letter, dissuading them from separating from the Church, and I write thus freely to your Lordship, because of the excellent spirit of moderation discernible in your Lordship, and because I would not have (to use your Lordship's own expression) "such a fire kindled in, or from your (Lordship's) diocese." I would beg the favour of your Lordship to return me the inclosed, because I have not kept copies. I send them to your Lordship just as they are, that your Lordship may see the whole affair, and censure what is exceptionable. I really believe the writers will thank your Lordship for it. I ask pardon for taking up so much of your Lordship's time, but I thought your Lordship would desire to have all possible information, that you might be better capable of judging. I pray the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls to direct your Lordship in this, and every other affair that comes before you, and that you may be saluted at the great day with an *Euge bone*, is the hearty and fervent prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXI.

To Mr. C——.

London, Nov. 20, 1742.

My dear Brother C——,

I Catch a few moments to give you an account of my agency. Your letter I sent to the Bishop of *Bangor*, inclosed in one from myself. His answer you have transcribed in this. That he might not be imposed upon by the Chancellor's representing of things, I last night sent his Lordship another long letter, with that which you wrote to dear brother *H——* some time ago. As the Bishop seems to be a man of a moderate spirit, I trust this storm will blow over. In the mean while, let us wait upon the Lord, commit the cause into his hands who judgeth righteously, and pray, that we may be "as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Glad shall I be to serve you, my dear brother, in this, or any other affair, for advancing our glorious Mediator's kingdom. Let this be our comfort, the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail against it. Let us go on then, and never fear what men or devils can say of, or do unto us. I suppose this is the language of your heart,

The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men:
All hail reproach, and welcome pain,
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

And if so, surely the spirit of Christ and of glory will rest upon you. Our dear brother *C——* is sadly used in *Wiltshire*. The compassionate Redeemer of souls pities my weakness, and suffers very little disturbance to be made. We have sweet times, and, vile as I am, Jesus is pleased to keep me near him. I hope this will find your dear soul sitting under his shadow with great delight. I know you not in the flesh, but hope to see you before I embark. Letters call me loudly to *Georgia*. My dear family are returned to their *Bethesda* in safety. O help me, my dear brother, to praise the Lord. Salute all the brethren in behalf of

Yours most affectionately, &c.

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXII.

To Mr. V——, Secretary to the Trustees of Georgia.
London, Nov. 20, 1742.

Dear Sir,

GOD willing, I intend waiting upon the honourable Trustees at the time appointed. Yesterday I received a packet of letters from my friends at the Orphan-house. I find they are returned in safety to *Bethesda*, and give a noble account of the General's conduct. Blessed be God, for enabling him to repel the enemy; but now another distress is come upon poor *Georgia*. A violent sickness rages and has taken off many. My letters say, the Orphan-house surgeon had 50 under his hands. This, I trust, will more and more convince the Honourable Trustees, of the benefit the Orphan-house is and will be to the Colony. I hear, that Mr. *O——*, the minister of *Savannah*, is dead. I know one Mr. *M——*, a clergyman in the *Isle of Man*, who would go over and supply his place, if he was applied to. The Bishop of *Sodor and Man* I believe will give him a recommendation. You may acquaint the Honourable Trustees with this, and let me know their answer. I hope in

about two months to embark for *Georgia*. I find God has given my family a good crop; but the hands are sick, so they cannot speedily carry it in. What condition the Orphan-house was in lately, the inclosed will shew. Be pleased to let the Honourable Trustees have a sight of it, and believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your obliged friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIII.

To Mr. C——.

London, Nov. 20, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

THE first part of your letter did not surprize me at all, though it made me look up to the Lord for you. I believed you would be down in the valley of humiliation soon; but fear not, it is only that you may be exalted the more. I trust, this will find you mounting on wings like an eagle, walking, yet not weary; running, yet not faint. God has, does, and will remarkably appear for you. Doubtless, you are his servant and minister. He therefore that touches you, touches the apple of God's eye. Poor *Wiltshire* people! I pity them. If I knew their Bishop, I would apply to him on their behalf. I wrote to the Bishop of *Bangor* for our brethren in *Wales*, and have received a very favourable answer. The wrath of man shall turn to God's praise, and the remainder of it he will restrain. How wonderfully has he appeared in all ages for his church and people! My dear family abroad has been marvellously preserved. Blessed be God, they are returned to *Bethesda* in

peace. We have sweet seasons daily, and I am carried in the arms of love. My Master careth for me, and seems to order my goings in his way. O help me to praise him. I think you are never forgotten by, my dear *C——*,

Your most affectionate brother and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIV.

To Mr. J—— E——.

London, Nov. 23, 1742.

Dear Sir,

HOW gently does the Lord deal with his followers? “As a father pitieth his own children, so is the Lord merciful to them that fear him.” Now your father is a little uneasy, your grandfather is more favourable. The Lord will never suffer you to be tempted above what you will be enabled to bear. He will make a way for you to escape. I am glad you have determined to study at *E——*. Two things, I would earnestly recommend to your constant study, the *book of* God, and *your own heart*. These two, well understood, will make you an able minister of the New Testament. In what manner you shall be hereafter employed, I would have you be indifferent about. “Take no thought for the morrow.” Let the Lord send you, when and where he will send you. In the mean while, do as much for God in a private way as you can. “Exercise thyself unto godliness,” and walk so humbly, that all may know our Lord has chosen you to be a gospel prophet. I rejoice, that the

work is still going on. Blessed be God, we have good times here. I am kept in great liberty. Be pleased to desire all to accept of hearty love from, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXV.

To the Earl of ——.

London, Nov. 23, 1742.

My Lord,

SINCE I wrote to your Lordship, I have received a comfortable packet of letters from *Georgia*, giving me an account of my family's safe return to their *Bethesda*. The deliverance of *Georgia* from the *Spaniards*, one of my friends writes me, is such as cannot be parralleled, but by some few instances out of the Old Testament. I find that the *Spaniards* had cast lots, and determined to give no quarter. They intended to attack *Carolina*, but wanting water they put into *Georgia*, and so would take that Colony in their way. But "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Providence ruleth all things. They were wonderfully repelled and sent away, before our ships were seen. Surely God remembered the prayers of the poor orphans, and the earnest cries which have been put up on their behalf. I find they now live at a smaller expence. They hunt and shoot for a good part of their food. Their crop gives them a considerable quantity of peas, potatoes,

&c. and they kill some of their own stock. There has been a great sickness at *Savannah*. Some of the labourers have been taken off, but none of the children, as I hear, have died as yet. I hope this will find your Lordship perfectly recovered, and your honoured consort, Lady ——, and all your Lordship's family, rejoicing in God. He is pleased to give me much of his love, and to bless me every day. Several of our friends in *Wales* have been unjustly excommunicated. I have sent two letters, and have received kind answers from the Bishop of *Bangor*. Perilous times, perhaps, are coming on; but this is my comfort, "the gates of hell shall never prevail against the church of Christ." Hoping for a line from your Lordship, if it be not too much trouble, I subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient, obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXVI.

To Miss W——.

London, November 23, 1742.

My dear Miss W——,

YOUR letter affected me much, and if it had not been for business, I should have answered it ere now. It is the hardest thing in the world to keep the creature in his proper place. We are apt to esteem the ministers of Jesus either too much or too little. One while, we could pluck out our eyes to give them; at another time, run into a contrary extreme, and not pay them that respect which is their due for their Master's sake. The love that a child of God feels for its spiritual father, is certainly unspeakable. O how can I but love him, who under God has brought me from darkness into light! Methinks I hear dear Miss *W*—— say, "how indeed!" But here is danger, lest the affections should be too much entangled, and we unwilling to give up the beloved object to our God. This, I suppose, is dear Miss *W*——'s case, and I can say,

I know how sore this trial is,

For I have felt the same.

O what have I suffered in parting from spiritual friends, especially such as were my *Isaac*'s! But Christ's grace has been sufficient for me, and so it will be for you. I have prayed for you, and hope by this time dear Miss *W*—— can say, my spiritual Father keeps his proper place, and I walk in liberty and the love of God. Indeed, my dear Miss, no one but the searcher of hearts knows, what a real concern I have for your eternal welfare. I verily believe I shall see you sitting at the right hand of your Redeemer. Surely he has captivated and stolen your heart away. I hope nothing will divert you from him; but with a single eye to his glory, you will go through good report and evil report, 'till you come to the blessed place, where the wicked will cease from troubling, and your weary soul enjoy an everlasting rest. Glad shall I be to hear from you every opportunity. Ere long I must away. Pray our Saviour to help me under all my difficulties, but at the same time help me to praise him: for amidst all my various circumstances, I am kept joying in God, and made more than conqueror through his love. We have had blessed times since my arrival here.

Your most affectionate friend and servant in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXVII.

To the Bishop of Bangor.

London, Nov. 23, 1742.

My Lord,

I Humbly thank your Lordship for your Lordship's second kind letter. Your Lordship shall have Mr. *C——*'s letter whenever your Lordship pleases to demand it. I sent it for no other purpose, than to let your Lordship into the affair as far as lay in my power. I am quite willing your Lordship should hear both sides. I doubt not but your Lordship will do justice. The candour and moderation which breathe in your Lordship's letters, and your condescension in writing to me, incline me to take the freedom of begging your Lordship's acceptance of my last volume of sermons, and the Orphan-house accounts, from, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged, obedient son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXVIII.

To Professor Frank, in Germany.

London, Nov. 24, 1742.

Rev. Sir,

LONG have I designed writing to you, but something or another has always prevented me. However, I can now defer it no longer. For though I never saw you in the flesh, yet I love and highly esteem you in the bowels of Jesus Christ, and wish you much prosperity in the work of the Lord. Your honoured father's memory is very precious to me. His account of the Orphan-house hath, under God, been a great support and encouragement to me in a like undertaking. How it prospers, the account sent with this will inform you. Only it will be proper to observe, that since the publication of the last, there have been upwards of 300*l.* collected. I am yet about 400*l.* in arrears. But I know in whom I have believed, for the carrying on of that building. Hitherto it has answered its motto, and has been like the burning bush on fire, but not consumed. The Colony's late deliverance from the *Spaniards* was very extraordinary. I cannot but think the Lord intends yet to

do great things for *Georgia*. How is it with the *Saltzburghers*? I have not heard. Sometime ago I sent them over twenty pounds, and wish it was in my power to send them more. About *January*, God willing, I intend to embark. In the mean while, I should be glad to know, Rev. Sir, how it is with your Orphan-house? and whether you have any commands to *Georgia*? I suppose you have heard of the work of God in *Scotland*. Indeed the word has run and been glorified, and Jesus has gotten himself the victory in many hearts. In *England* also he is pleased to bless us. Here are many close followers of the blessed Lamb of God, and though there is a difference of opinion between me and Mr. *W*——, yet Jesus pities us and blesses us all. I long for that time, "when the watchmen shall all see eye to eye; when the leopard shall lie down with the kid, the lion eat straw like the ox, and the people of God learn war and jangle no more." Hasten that time, O glorious *Emmanuel*, and let thy kingdom come!—Rev. Sir, whilst I am writing, the fire of love kindles in my heart. I am amazed, to think the blessed Jesus should employ such an unworthy wretch as I am: But thy grace is free, for, O my God, it found me out. The love you bear to the lovely Jesus, I am persuaded will excite you to pray for me. Glad should I be of a line from you, and the Rev. Mr. *Ulspurgher*; but I deserve no regard for not writing to you both. But you know how to forgive, for God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Hoping therefore for a line from you by the hands of the Rev. Mr. *Z*——, I subscribe myself, Reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged, affectionate, tho' unworthy younger brother and servant in the kingdom and patience of the blessed Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCLXXXIX.

To Mr. P——, of Newbury.

London, Nov. 27, 1742.

Rev. and dear Sir,

THIS morning I received your sweet and lovely letter. It humbled me before God; but I rejoiced, as I had long since publickly recanted all that is exceptionable in that extract. I think I was overseen in publishing it; but this is not the first blunder I have made. My mistakes have been so many, and my imprudence so great, that I have often wondered that the glorious Jesus would employ me in his service. But he has proved his eternal goodness, long-suffering, and love, by bearing with me, and, Rev. and dear Sir, he still delights to honour me. Since I have been in *London*, he has given me great freedom of soul, and caused his word to come with power. I have news of my family being safe at *Georgia*. God willing, I purpose to embark next *January*. I most heartily thank you for this last instance of your love, and pray our dear Jesus to reward you for it. Your seeing what a poor, weak, fallible creature I am, I trust will stir you up to be more earnest for me at the

throne of grace. Next week I intend sending you a parcel, wherein you will have more particular accounts of the work in *Scotland*. I hear the gospel flourishes in *Gloucestershire* and *Wales*. Dear Mr. *C*—— will be sadly missed. But he is in peace, and the residue of the spirit is in the Redeemer's hands. That you and your dear flock and family may experience a large effusion of it in your dear souls, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, dear and Rev. Sir,

Your most affectionate, tho' most unworthy brother and servant in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXC.

To the Bishop of Sarum.

Nov. 30, 1742.

My Lord,

I Beg your Lordship's pardon for troubling you with this. I believe your Lordship will not be offended, when you know the cause. There is one Mr. *C*——, a true lover of Jesus Christ, who has been much honoured in bringing many poor sinners in *Wiltshire* to the knowledge of themselves and of God. He is a member of the Church of *England*, but sadly opposed by the clergy in *Wiltshire*, as well as by many that will come to hear him preach. In a letter, dated *November 16th*, from *Toxham*, he writes thus: "The enemy seems to be more awakened in the villages round about us, than before. The ministers of *Bramble*, *Segery*, *Langley*, and many others, have strictly forbidden the church-wardens and overseers to let any of the *C*——'s have any thing out of the parish; and they obey them, and tell the poor, if they cannot stop them from following any other way, they will famish them. Several of the poor, who have great families (to my own knowledge) have

already been denied any help, for this reason, because they follow this way. Some of the people have, out of fear, denied they ever came, and others have been made to promise they will come no more; whilst the most part come at the loss of friends and all they have. When the officers threatned some to take away their pay; they answered, if you starve us, we will go, and rather than we will forbear, we will live upon grass like the kine. Surely the cries of the distressed people have already entered into the ears of the Lord of *Sabaoth*." In another letter I received from him last night, he writes thus: "I should be glad if you could mention the cruelty of the ministers of *Bramble*, and *Segery*, to the Bishop of *Sarum*; indeed, their doings are inhuman. The cry of the people, because of their oppression, is very great; several suffer amazingly."—In compliance with my dear friend's request, I presume to lay the matter, as he represents it, before your Lordship, being persuaded that your Lordship will not favour persecuting practices, or approve of such proceedings to keep people to the Church of *England*. Should this young man leave the Church, hundreds would leave it with him. But I know that at present he has no such design. If your Lordship pleases to give me leave, I would wait upon your Lordship upon the least notice. Or if your Lordship is pleased to send a line into *Wiltshire*, to know the truth of the matter, and judge accordingly, it will satisfy, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXCI.

To Mr. J——.

London, Dec. 4, 1742.

IF my dear brother *J——* took it kind, that I called at his house, I am sure I took it much kinder that he was pleased to send unworthy me so kind a letter. It has so affected me, that I have been praying before my Saviour for you; and though nature calls for rest, I cannot obey it, before I have written to my dear Mr. *J——*. Vile, unfaithful as I am, my Master lets me have my hands full of work. From morning 'till midnight I am employed, and, glory be to rich grace, I am carried through the duties of each day with chearfulness, and almost uninterrupted tranquility. Our society is large, but in good order, and we make improvements daily. My Master gives us much of his gracious presence, both in our public and private administrations. In our love-feasts, Jesus comes and says, "Peace be unto you." In our great congregation, he gives poor sinners to look, and mourn, and live. In *Scotland* the work was very extraordinary. In *Wales* the word runs and is glorified much. In *Gloucestershire*, *Wiltshire*, and *Bristol*, our Lord gets

himself the victory in many hearts. In *Newcastle*, our brother *W*——'s are blessed much, and I heartily rejoice to hear that our dear Saviour is so much among you. If I know any thing of this my desperately wicked heart, I am dead to parties, and freed from the pain, which on that account once disturbed the peace of my soul. Indeed, Jesus has taken many things from me, and made me to experience, that in him there is plenteous redemption. About *January*, I purpose, God willing, to embark for *Georgia*. My dear family hath been wonderfully preserved. As the Orphan-house was built by faith, I trust the gates of hell shall never prevail against it. Methinks I hear my dear Mr. *J*—— say, Amen. I most cordially salute your dear Lady, dear brother *S*——, and all the brethren. I saw our dear *S*—— before he went. I intended having some sweet fellowship with the church in *Yorkshire*, but was prevented by riding post. If dear brother *H*——, or *D*——, or any of the brethren, have any thing to say to a poor sinner, I should be glad to hear from them. Let this provoke you, my dear brother, to send me another letter. I'll redeem time from sleep, rather than it should not be answered by, my dear Mr. *J*——,

Your most affectionate, though unworthy, sinful and younger brother in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXCII.

To the Bishop of Bristol.

London, Dec. 5, 1742.

My Lord,

AS your Lordship was pleased to contribute towards the Orphan-house in *Georgia*, I think your Lordship has a right to hear how that undertaking succeeds. I have made bold to send your Lordship the accounts of it, which are published. Since the last was printed, I have collected about 300*l.* and have heard that my family are all safe at the Orphan-house. I have also taken the freedom of sending your Lordship my last volume of sermons; in accepting of which, your Lordship will much oblige

Your Lordship's most obedient son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXCIII.

To Mr. S——, at Worcester.

London, Dec. 9, 1742.

Rev. and dear Sir,

HOWEVER engaged I may be, I think it my duty to answer your kind letter as soon as possible. It is not fit that my Master's aged servant should wait long for an answer from a younger brother, especially as I know you write with so much difficulty. I thank you, Rev. Sir, for your plain dealing. It is what pleaseth me well. Indeed, I feel myself a poor, vile, worthless creature, and am glad to receive advice from you, who have been so long in the Redeemer's service. However ungrateful it may be to the old man, the language of my heart is, "Lord, search me and try me, and whatever secret wickedness lurks in my soul, discover it to me, and give me power over it, that nothing may divert me from that way, which leads me to life everlasting." Your advice, Rev. Sir, in respect to preaching, was salutary and good, and if I may speak any thing of myself, is what I keep close to. I am remarked for my evangelical preaching, and comforting the mourners of

Zion. I am never so much in my element, as when I preach free grace to the chief of sinners. As to the gentleman you mention, I do not remember I ever conversed with such a person. I believe there can scarce an instance be given of any one sent to *Bedlam* by my sermons. But I rejoice in this, and all other calumnies that are cast upon me.

All hail reproach, welcome pain,
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

I must have some thorn in the flesh, to serve as a poise to the great honour my Master is pleased to put upon me. In *Scotland*, my reception was extraordinary. It was almost wholly amongst the people and clergy of the *kirk*, with many of the highest rank. I was very intimate with several persons of quality, who I trust have been awakened to a true sense of the divine life, and enabled to count all things but dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus their Lord. My chief opposition was from the dear Mr. *E——s* and the associate presbytery. They first invited me to *Scotland*; but finding I would preach for the ministers of the established church, as well as for them, they spoke all manner of evil against me falsly, and imputed all the work in *Scotland* and *New-England* to the agency of the evil spirit. I pitied, prayed for, and loved them, and do so still. O, reverend Sir, what thanks shall I give to my Lord for carrying me through so many trying dispensations? I know you will help me to adore and praise him. I am much blessed here. We have many gracious souls. Ere long I must leave them. I have not the least thought of seeing *Worcester*. Glad shall I be to kiss your aged hands; but I shall see you in glory. Begging the continuance of your prayers, and with all possible thanks for all favours, I subscribe myself, reverend and dear Sir,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend and younger brother and servant in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXCIV.

To Mr. D——, of Edinburgh.

London, Dec. 18, 1742.

My very dear Friend and Brother,

LAST night, just before your kind letter came to hand, I had been lying on my face before our compassionate High-Priest, telling him what great expences lay before me for his great Name sake. I wanted 300*l.* to pay for the Orphans, and much to pay for my own necessary expences, which he, by his providence, brought upon me. Your letter came as an answer to my prayer. It humbled, at the same time that it elated my soul, and greatly strengthened my faith. Surely the Lord is on my side, and the Orphan-house will stand unconsumed in fire. The enemies, and even many friends of Jesus speak against it; but this is all to bring me nearer to the blessed Jesus, and to convince me that our extremity is God's opportunity. My dear man, God will abundantly bless you for helping me at this juncture. I can find but few, who think it a favour to do any thing for God, and love to help a friend to the very last. O, dear Sir, was you here, I could weep over you, and thank

you most heartily. Last night I was enabled to intercede for you very much. God will hear my prayer, and not let my dear friend lose his reward. The 16th of this month was my birth-day. It made me blush to think how much sin I have committed against, and how little good I have done for God. As soon as I opened and read your letter, amazed, I cried out, I am the vilest wretch living, and so I think now. I know you will pray for me, and thank our Saviour too. He is very kind to me. Our society goes on well. I am now in my winter-quarters, preparing for a fresh campaign. Though I richly deserve it, yet our infinitely condescending Jesus will not lay me aside, until he has performed all his good pleasure in and by me. Wishing you, my dear Sir, all the blessings of the everlasting covenant, and sending you ten thousand thanks for all favours, I subscribe myself,

Your most obliged affectionate friend, brother, and unworthy servant in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXCV.

To Mr. I——.

London, Dec. 21, 1742.

My very dear Brother,

WHEN your letters come, I find great freedom to send immediate answers. A proof this, I trust, that our Saviour intends our brotherly love not only to continue, but increase. This day I dined with old Mr. *F——*, and was kindly entertained by him and his wife. I then remembered what sweet counsel we had there taken together, and rejoiced in the happy prospect of our being ere long for ever together with our blessed and glorious Lord. My brother, what has our Saviour done for us since that time? What is he doing for us now? what did he do ere time began? what will he do when time shall be no more? O how sweet is it to be melted down with a sense of redeeming love! It is this must strike the rock, and break the bars of unbelief asunder. O! to be kept always low at the feet of Jesus! It is right, my brother, always to insist on poverty of spirit, and emptying the creature of self. I heartily join with you in your petition for yourself and unworthy me. I know what a

dreadful thing it is, to carry much sail without proper ballast, and to rejoice in a false liberty. Joy floating upon the surface of an unmortified heart, is but of short continuance. It puffs up, but doth not edify. I thank our Saviour that he is shewing us here more of our hearts, and more of his love. I doubt not but he deals so with you. I heartily greet your dear houshold, and your societies, and return my love to Mr. *S*——. I have heard him mentioned by lady *F*—— *G*——. If our Saviour gives me leave, I would gladly come to *Yorkshire*. But I think the cloud points strongly towards *Georgia*. He hath taken wonderful care of the sheep left in yonder wilderness, and interposed mightily in their behalf. I know you will thank him for it. I have had a loving conference with dear Mr. *B*——, and have received a sweet gospel-letter from dear Mr. *H*——. With this I send to him, you, and yours, and all the brethren, most hearty love, and am, my very dear brother,

Ever yours in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXCVI.

To the Honourable Colonel G——.

London, Dec. 21, 1742.

Honoured Sir,

YOUR kind letter put me in mind of righteous *Lot*, whose soul was grieved day by day at the ungodly conversation of the wicked. It was the same with holy *David*. His eyes, like yours, honoured Sir, gushed out with water because men kept not God's law. Let this be your comfort, honoured Sir, that ere long "the wicked shall cease from troubling you, and your weary soul shall be at rest." Our Saviour will give you a discharge, when you have fought a few more battles for him. An exceeding and eternal weight of glory is laid up for you, which God the righteous judge shall give you at that day. I confess your situation and employment cannot be very agreeable to a disciple of the prince of peace. But persons can better judge for themselves, than strangers can judge for them. However, I cannot say, I would change posts. Indeed, honoured Sir, I think mine is a glorious employ. I am not ashamed of my master, though my master may well be

ashamed of me. I know no other reason, why Jesus has put me into the ministry, than because I am the chief of sinners, and therefore fittest to preach free grace to a world lying in the wicked one. Blessed be God, he gives much success, and for the generality answers your prayers, by giving me a thriving soul in a healthful body. But O my unfruitfulness! I am often ashamed that I can do no more for that Jesus who hath redeemed me by his own most precious blood. Honoured Sir, the thoughts quite confound me. O that I could lie lower! then should I rise higher. Could I take deeper root downwards, then should I bear more fruit upwards. I want to be poor in spirit. I want to be meek and lowly in heart. I want to have the whole mind that was in Christ Jesus. Blessed be his name for what he has given me already. Blessed be his name, that out of his fulness I receive grace for grace. O that my heart was Christ's library! I would not have one thief to lodge in my Redeemer's temple. "Lord, scourge out every thief," is the daily language of my heart. The Lord will hear my prayer, and let my cry come unto him. I have just been writing to your honoured lady. I think she grows in grace. May you and yours be filled with all the fulness of God! In about six weeks, God willing, I purpose to embark for *Georgia*. Our Lord has wonderfully appeared for my poor orphans. I am yet in arrears for them, but my God knows how to supply all my wants. I am enabled to cast all my care upon him, believing that he careth for me. I hope to have the favour of another letter before I embark. In the mean while, I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, honoured Sir,

Your most affectionate, though very unworthy brother, and servant in our glorious head,

G. W.

LETTER CCCCXCVII.

To Lady Jane H—— C——.

London, Dec. 23, 1742.

Honoured Madam,

HOW are we obliged to your Ladyship? Had I time I would endeavour to tell you; but this is my comfort, when I have not time to write, I have a heart given me to pray for my dear friends, and you, Honoured Madam, have a constant share in my poor petitions. I find by yours to my wife, that you complain of darkness. Ere now, I hope the day-star hath again risen in your heart, and you have been made to rejoice with exceeding great joy. Our Lord will not leave you comfortless; he will send the Holy Ghost to comfort you. The time of singing of birds shall come. Our Lord will not be always chiding.—This is only to shew you more of your heart, and make you what you long to be, a very poor sinner. Our hearts, Honoured Madam, are so desperately wicked, deceitful above all things, that without repeated instances of feeling our helplessness and misery, we should forget ourselves, and run away from the feet of our Lord and Saviour. He

therefore, in love, empties before he fills; humbles before he exalts. At least, he is pleased to deal thus with me. I thank him for it, from my inmost soul: for was it not so, his mercies would destroy us. He helps me also to praise him. When I discover a new corruption, I am as thankful as a centinel keeping watch in a garrison, would be at spying a straggling enemy come near him. I stand not fighting with it myself in my own strength, but run immediately and tell the captain of my salvation. By the sword of his spirit, he soon destroys it, and makes me exceeding happy. This is what I call a simple looking to Christ. I know of no other effectual way of keeping the old man down, after he has gotten his deadly blow. Look up then, dear Madam, to a wounded Saviour. Go to him as a little child. Tell him your whole heart. He will hear your lisping, and set your soul at liberty. He is pleased graciously to answer my petitions, and to bless my poor labours. We have many good souls in our society, that are gently coming into the knowledge of themselves. Our Saviour deals most lovingly with us indeed. Last night we had a general love-feast. It was exceeding awful and refreshing. I could have wished for some of my dear *Scotland* friends. I was enabled to pray for them most fervently. May Jesus bless this letter to your soul! Wishing, above all things, that it may be in health and prosper, and with humble acknowledgments for all favours, I subscribe myself, Honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship’s most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

The End of the First Volume.