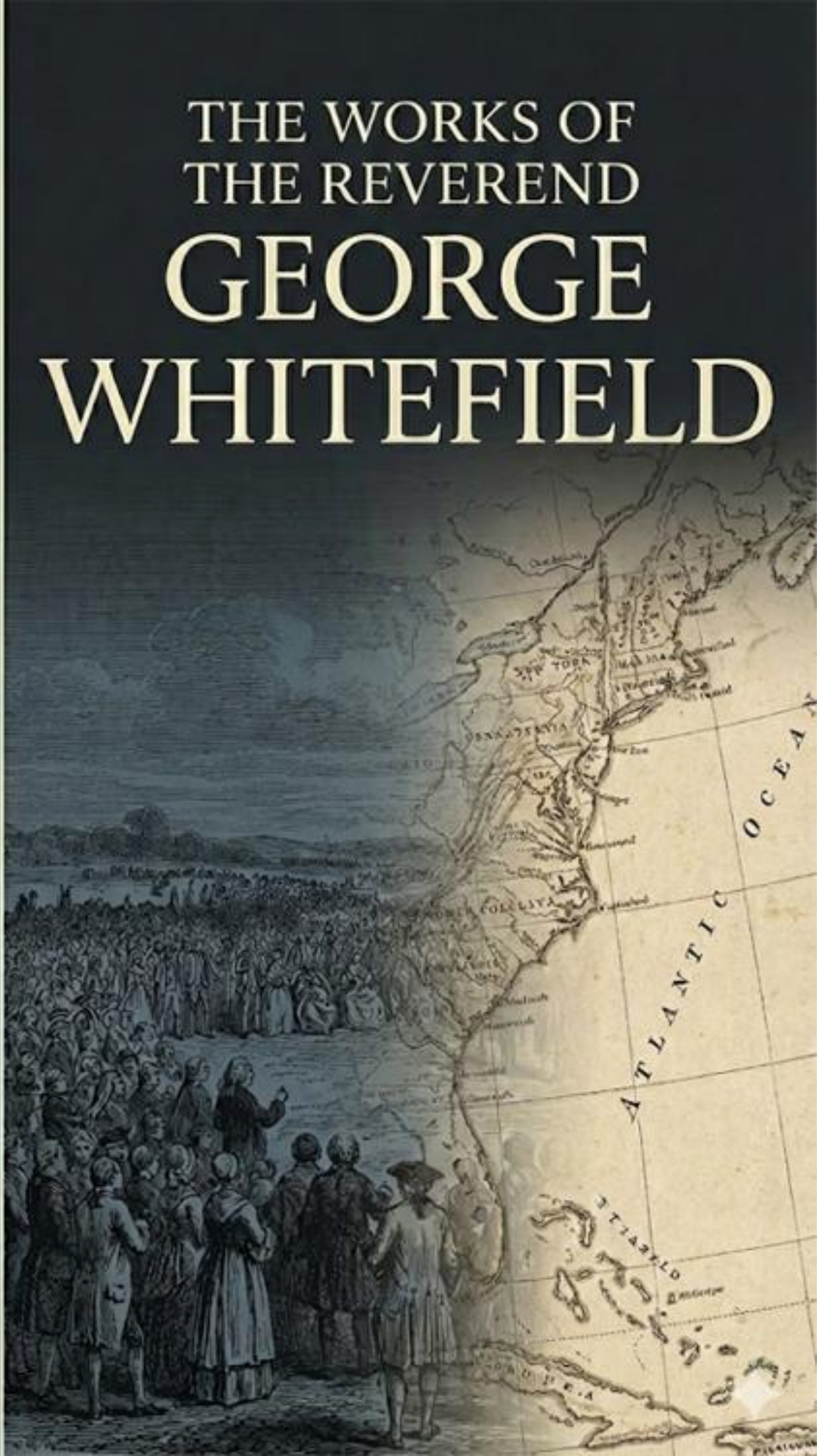
THE WORKS OF THE REVEREND GEORGE WHITEFIELD

VOLUME III



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

VOLUME III.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD

Monergism Books

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LETTER DCCCCLXV.

To Mr. J—— B——.

London, February 1, 1753.

My very dear friend,

THOUGH I have had no answer to my last, yet I suppose it hath reached your hands, and I am glad to hear that *Ephrata* plantation is in some degree opened, and thereby a preparation made for a future progress this spring. Mr. *Fox* not coming, and going upon lumber, hath been a great loss to my poor family, but I hope ere now all is settled, and the sawing carried on with vigour. That seems to be the thing which providence points out at present, and as so many negroes are ready, it will be a pity that *Bethesda* should not do something, as well as the neighbouring planters. If it was not that I am erecting a large place for public worship, eighty feet square, and am called to preach to so many thousands in various places, I would come over immediately myself. But perhaps it will be best to stay till the new Governor is appointed and embarks, or at least to come a little before him. I hear that Colonel *Vanderdison* will in all probability be the man; they are

determined I find to have a military person. With this, I send your brother a power to dispose of *Providence* plantation, and I hope to hear shortly that Doctor *B*——, with your assistance, hath purchased more negroes,—My dear friend, do exert yourself a little for me in this time of my absence, and I trust the Orphan-house affairs will shortly be so ordered, that none shall be troubled about its affairs, but my own domestics. As *Nathaniel P*—— is so willing, and hath hitherto behaved so faithfully, I have sent him a full power in conjunction with Mrs. *W*—— to act under you. The man and woman that bring this, are with their son indented to me, and I have an excellent school mistress and a young student, engaged to come over shortly. Ere long, I suppose we shall have a large family. Lord grant it may be a religious one! I would have nothing done in respect to the building, besides repairing the piazza, and what else is absolutely necessary, till I come. Perhaps I may bring a carpenter along with me, who will stay some years. I cannot tell what can induce me to take care of a place, where the gospel is so little regarded, unless it be a principle of faith. Surely it will not always be so. What difference is there between *Georgia*, and several parts of *England*? Here thousands and ten thousands run, and ride miles upon miles to hear the gospel.—There—but I do not love to think of it. O my dear friend, whatever others do, may you and your houshold serve the Lord! I see there is no happiness, but in keeping near to Jesus Christ.—But this prosperity,—this worldly mindedness,—how many fools hath it destroyed; how many of God's own children hath it awfully bewildered! May the Lord keep all my dear friends clear of this dangerous rock! My love to all. How is Mr. *V*——? Pray do your utmost to bring about a reconciliation between him and Mr. *B*——. I could give several particular and powerful reasons; at

present I can add no more. My dear friend, pray for us, and exert yourself for *Bethesda*; *Bethesda*'s God will richly reward you.

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVI.

To Lady H——n.

London, February 9, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

IT gives me pain, when any of your Ladyship's letters lie by me unanswered,—I would always write immediately if I could. For many days I have been much engaged, but can now refrain no longer. Your Ladyship's letter was immediately forwarded to *Philadelphia*.—It will be an acceptable present to the good old Governor. I wish Mr. *T*—— may not make too great compliances,—but I fear instability is his weak side. I have not heard from *South Audley Street*, since I wrote last to your Ladyship.—The *Moravian*'s outward scheme, I am apt to believe will soon be disconcerted. Strange! Why will God's children build *Babels*? Why will they flatter themselves, that God owns and approves of them, because he suffers them to build high? In mercy to them, such buildings, of whatever kind, must come down. I hope our new-intended tabernacle is not of this nature. It would have pleased your Ladyship, to have seen how willingly the people gave last

Lord's day. At seven in the morning we collected fifty pounds, in the evening one hundred and twenty-six pounds. Blessed be God, we have now near nine hundred pounds in hand. He that hath begun, I trust will enable us to go on, and bring out the top-stone, shouting Grace! Grace! Our Lord still continues to work in our old despised place. I trust it hath been a *Bethel* to many, many souls. This your Ladyship knows may be any where. *Clifton*'s a *Bethel* when God is there. That your Ladyship may enjoy more and more of the divine presence, and increase with all the increase of God, is the continual prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVII.

To Mr. G——.

London, February 19, 1753.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I HAVE two of your kind letters lying by me unanswered.—I am not usually so dilatory, but business and bodily weakness have prevented me. At present, I have a cold and fever upon me, but I preach on, hoping one day or another to die in my work. One Mr. *Steward*, a dear minister of Christ, that began to be popular in the church, entered into his rest last week. I saw him just before he expired. Methinks I hear him say, "Love Christ more, and serve him better." O that I may do so in earnest! For indeed my obligations increase continually. We have had a blessed winter. Many have been added to our flock.—Next week I intend, God willing, to lay the first brick of our new tabernacle. I am now looking up for direction about my removal.—Which are the best seasons for the north? I should be glad to know speedily. Have you the first account you wrote of your conversion? Or have you leisure to draw up a short narrative of the rise and

progress of the work of God in your parts? A dear Christian minister in *Scotland*, is about to publish two volumes, relative to the late awakenings in various places. Such things should be transmitted to posterity; in heaven all will be known. Thanks be to God that there is such a rest remaining for his dear people. I am too impatient to get at it. But who can help longing to see Jesus? What but a hope and prospect of furthering his glorious gospel, can reconcile us to this *aceldama*, this wide howling wilderness? If we had not our beloved to lean on, what should we do? Go on, my dear Sir, in his strength; I wish you much, yea very much prosperity. The Lord bless you, and all the dear souls in your parts, with all spiritual blessings. I am glad you have received the books. I am now publishing two more sermons, and a small collection of hymns for public worship. *Benedictus benedicat et benedicentur.* I commend you and all to his never-failing mercy, and myself to your continual prayers, as being, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXVIII.

To C—— W——.

London, March 3, 1753.

My dear Friend,

I THANK you and your brother most heartily for the loan of the chapel. Blessed be God, the work goes on well.—On *Thursday* morning, the first brick of our new tabernacle was laid with awful solemnity. I preached from *Exodus* the twentieth, and the latter part of the twenty-fourth verse; “In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee and bless thee.” Afterwards we sung, and prayed for God’s blessing in all places, where his glorious name is recorded. The wall is now about a yard high. The building is to be eighty feet square. It is upon the old spot. We have purchased the house, and if we finish what we have begun, shall be rent-free for forty-six years. We have above eleven hundred pounds in hands. This I think is the best way to build. Mr. *Steward*’s death so affected me, that when I met the workman that night to contract about the building, I could scarce bear to think of building tabernacles. Strange! that so many should be so soon

discharged, and we continued! Eighteen years have I been waiting for the coming of the son of God; but I find we are immortal till our work is done. O that we may never live to be ministered unto, but to minister! Mr. *Steward* spoke for his Lord as long as he could speak at all. He had no clouds nor darkness. I was with him, till a few minutes before he slept in Jesus. I have good news from several parts; a door is opening at *Winchester*. Surely the little leaven will ferment, till the whole kingdom be leavened. Even so, Lord Jesus, Amen! Pray how does our elect Lady? I hope to write to her Ladyship next post. Joint love attends you and yours, and your brother and his houshold.—That all may increase with all the increase of God, is still the earnest prayer of, my dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXIX.

To Mr. M——.

London, March 10, 1753.

My dear Mr. M——,

I AM glad you have had such good times. I was grieved that Mr. *E——* was taken from *London*, because Mr. *M——* was taken ill, and a carnal preacher put up in his room. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Let this consideration reconcile you to my not preaching at Mr. *B——*'s. I went as far as Mrs. *S——*'s, but so many things occurred, that I went no further. You may hear more when we meet again. I have preached at *Spitalfields* chapel twice. Both the Mr. *W——*s are agreed, as the younger brother writes me word, in answer to my letter. Let brotherly love continue! I do not like writing against any body, but I think, that wisdom which dwells with prudence, should direct you not to fill Mr. *W——s* people (who expect you will serve them) with needless jealousies. He that believeth doth not make haste.—I therefore wait, being assured of this, that every plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted out. I hope to see the time,

when you will talk less of persons and things, and more of Him, who is the common head of his whole mystical body. This, and this alone can make and keep you steady in yourself, and extensively useful to others. I am glad you know when persons are justified. It is a lesson I have not yet learnt. There are so many stony-ground hearers that receive the word with joy, that I have determined to suspend my judgment, till I know the tree by its fruits. You will excuse this freedom. I love you with a disinterested love, I only wish you may be happy in Jesus. This will make you see things with new eyes, and give you such a freedom of heart as is unspeakable, and full of glory. For the present I must bid you adieu. That the Lord of all Lords may confirm, strengthen, stablish, and settle you in his love, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr. *M*——,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXX.

To Mr. S——.

London, March 21, 1753.

My very dear friend,

BY last *Monday*'s waggon there was sent a box of books. May the Redeemer own and bless what is sent in it! Then all will be well. I know your prayers will not be wanting. I am glad you have found out another thief, that lay hid in the chambers of imagery, which are in your heart. Time and temptation will draw out ten thousand more, which as yet, you know nothing of. Happy they, who can discover, pluck out, and cut off their right hand and right eye corruptions. This must be done, or we shall only take up with the bare semblance of holiness. The Redeemer must sit as a refiner's fire upon our hearts, or we shall never be purified as gold or silver. This is our comfort, when we are tried we shall come forth like gold. The offences that we meet with in the church, are most trying;—therefore they are permitted to come. I wish my dear Mr. *G——*, as well as yourself, may learn experience from what hath happened, and never run yourselves into

needless difficulties. What is happening to the *Moravians* is no more than I have long expected, and spoken of to many friends. Their scheme is so *antichristian* in almost every respect, that I am amazed the eyes of the *English* brethren have not long since been opened, and the *Babel* stopt at the first. But the glorious God generally suffers such buildings to go high, that their fall may be more conspicuous. May the builders rise (I mean as to spirituals) by their falls, and gain by their losses! That is all the harm I wish them. My dear man, what a blessed thing it is to live and walk in the simplicity of the gospel! How happy is that man, who being neither fond of money, numbers, nor power, goes on day by day without any other scheme, than a general intention to promote the common salvation amongst people of all denominations. Will you pray that I may be thus minded? I cease not to pray for you and yours, and my other dear friends at *Leeds*; and I would set out immediately for the north, was I not obliged to be here in about two months, to attend and give further orders about our building. But some time in the summer—What?—I hope to see the fields white, ready unto harvest again, and to rejoice together with you in our common Lord.—In the mean while, let us be busy for so blessed a Master, and be continually pressing forward towards the mark for the prize of our high calling. The Lord Jesus say Amen! Adieu. With joint love to all, I subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXI.

To Mr. G——.

Norwich, April 17, 1753.

Dear Mr. G——,

IT hath given me concern, that your letter, with Mr. *D*——'s and Miss *A*——'s, have lain by me so long unanswered. Business, and not want of love, hath prevented my writing. Was it not sinful, I could wish for a thousand hands, a thousand tongues, and a thousand lives: all should be employed night and day, without ceasing, in promoting the glory of the ever-lovely, ever-loving Jesus. Thanks be to his great name for reviving his work in the midst of the years. I trust that his people every where will be made to sing, "The Winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." All things promise well at *London*; and I hope you will yet see greater things than ever in the *North*. Some time this Summer I hope to see you all again. In the mean while, you must not fail to pray for me. I must now begin to enter upon my Spring circuit. For these three days past, I have been

preaching here twice a-day. In the mornings we have been quiet, but in the evenings the sons of *Belial* have been somewhat rude. The place built here for public worship, is much larger than yours at *Newcastle*; and, I believe, hundreds of truly awakened souls attend. What cannot God do? What will the end of this be? The destruction of *Jericho*.—The rams-horns must go round, till her tow'ring walls fall down. Who would but be one of these rams-horns? My dear Sir, let us not be ashamed of the cross of Christ: it is lined with love, and will ere long be exchanged for a crown. Jesus himself will put it on our heads. I am called away, and therefore cannot enlarge. To-morrow, God willing, I return to *London*, and hope soon to get time to answer my other *Newcastle* correspondents. In the mean while, pray remember me to them and all in the most cordial manner, and beg them never, never to cease praying for, my dear Sir,

Their and your most affectionate friend and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Norwich, April 18, 1753.

My very dear Friend,

HOW does God delight to exceed even the hopes, and to disappoint the fears of his weak, though honest-hearted people! In spite of all opposition, he hath caused us to triumph even in *Norwich*. Thousands attend twice every day, and hear with the greatest eagerness. I hope it will appear yet more and more, that God hath much people here. I am greatly importuned to stay over Lord's-day, but I hope to be in *Spitalfields* on *Saturday* evening, and to spend the holydays in *London*. O that they may prove glorious days of the Son of Man! Thanks be to God, it is the Christian's privilege to keep holyday all the year round. "Christ, our passover, is sacrificed for us," and we are called to keep a perpetual feast. Happy, happy they, who know what it is to banquet on the love of Jesus. Surely it passeth all understanding. Of this happiness, you and yours have been made partakers. What need have we then to cry out, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all his

mercies!" O my dear Sir, let us keep close to our loving Lord, and not suffer the noise and hurry of business, to rob us of one moment's communion and fellowship with the ever-blessed God. I commend you both to his never-failing mercy; and wishing you, from my inmost soul, the very best of blessings, even the sure mercies of *David*, I subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXIII.

To Mr. D——.

London, April 27, 1753.

Dear Sir,

ON *Saturday* evening a never-failing Redeemer brought me safe to *London*, where I have been indisposed ever since. But I shall little regard the weakness and indisposition of my body, if I can but have the pleasure of hearing, if not before, yet at the great day, that good was done to one precious soul at *Norwich*. Blessed be God for the seed sown there. I doubt not but it will be watered with the dew of his heavenly blessing, and bring forth a divine increase. O that it may spring up, and bear fruit abundantly in the heart of you and yours! My poor prayers shall not be wanting in your behalf. This is the only return I can make to you both, for the great kindnesses conferred on me at your house. You know who hath promised, "That a cup of cold water, given for his name's sake, shall not lose its reward." What a Saviour is this! Who would but love and serve him! Surely his service is perfect freedom! I hope all my dear *Norwich* friends will find

it so every day. Be pleased to salute them all most affectionately, as they come in your way. I trust they will remember me at the throne of grace. You all know my name: I am the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints, but

Their and your obliged friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXIV.

London, May 1, 1753.

My dear David,

DO you enquire where I am? I answer, in *London*, longing to come to *Leeds*, and yet withheld hitherto by His providence who ordereth all things well. Let us have a little more patience, and then in a few weeks I hope to have a blessed range in the *North*. God's time I have always found to be the best time in the end. Ere now, I suppose, Mr. *L*—— hath received my letter from *Norwich*. The word ran and was glorified there. Preaching so frequently, and riding hard, almost killed me; but what is my body in comparison of precious and immortal souls? O that this Spring may prove a Spring-time every day! Indeed I want to begin to begin to do something for Jesus. At present I am engaged in a very ungrateful work; I mean, in writing against the leading *Moravian* brethren. When you see it, you will know whether there was not a cause: a second edition of the pamphlet is just come out. I fear the third part of the Journals cannot be procured: perhaps it is not much matter. I am sick of all I do, and stand astonished that the

Redeemer still continues to make use of and bless me. Surely I am more foolish than any man; no one receives so much, and does so little. If you was here, we would weep together: friends know what it is to exchange hearts. May the common friend of sinners keep both our hearts near himself, and then all will be well. I cannot think of *Leeds* without weeping. I love that people, and pray that they may increase with all the increase of God. “Brethren, pray for us,” is still the earnest request of my poor heart. I am weaker than the weakest, less than the least of all. Write to me; I do not like your sending such round-about ways: friends letters always pay postage. O let us send often by post to heaven; I mean, on the wings of faith and love: from thence we shall assuredly receive good answers, though not always in our own way or time. For the present, farewel. My hearty love to all the true followers of the Lamb. I hope to write to all in time. In great haste, but much greater love, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXV.

To Mr. S——.

Haverford-west, May 27, 1753.

My dear Man,

THOUGH my wife hath not sent me the letter, yet she writes me, "That you have sent me a threatening one." I thank you for it, though unseen, and say unto thee, if thou art thus minded, "What thou doest, do quickly." Blessed be God, I am ready to receive the most traiterous blow, and to confess before God and man, all my weaknesses and failings, whether in public or private life. I laid my account of such treatment, before I published my expostulatory letter.—And your writing in such a manner, convinces me more and more, that *Moravianism* leads us to break through the most sacred ties of nature, friendship, and disinterested love. But my wife says you write, "That *I am drunk with power and approbation*." Wast thou with me so long, my dear man, and hast thou known me no better? What power didst thou know me ever to grasp at? Or what power am I now invested with? None, that I know of, except that of being a poor pilgrim.

And as for approbation, God knows, I have had little else besides the cross to glory in, since my first setting out.—May that be my glory still! But my wife says you write, “That I promised not to print.” I remember no such thing. I know you advised me not to do so, but I know of no promise made. If I remember, I had not then read *Rimius*; but after that, I both heard and saw so many things, that I could not, with a safe conscience, be silent. My wife says likewise, that you write, “The bulk of my letter is not truth.” So says Mr. *Peter B——*; nay, he says, “that all is a lie:” and I hear he declares so in the pulpit. So that whether I will or not, he obliges me to clear myself in print; and if he goes on in this manner, will not only constrain me to print a third edition, but also to publish the dreadful heap that lies behind. My answers to him, the Count, and my old friend *H——*, are almost ready. I cannot send them this post, but may have time ere long. O my dear man, let me tell thee, that the God of truth and love hates lies: and that cause can never be good, which needs equivocations and falshoods to support it. God willing, you shall have none from me. I have naked truth. I write out of pure love: and the Lord Jesus only knows, what unspeakable grief and pain I feel, when I think how many of my dear friends have so involved themselves. If any thing stops my pen, it will be concern for them, not myself. I value neither name, nor life itself, when the cause of God calls me to venture both. Thanks be to his great name, I can truly say, that for these many years last past, no sin hath had dominion over me; neither have I slept with the guilt of any known, unrepented sin lying upon my heart: if you will tell me of any, I will be obliged to you. In the mean while, I wish thee well in body and soul, and subscribe myself, my dear *John*,

Your very affectionate, though injured, friend for Christ’s sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Newman, June 2, 1753.

DO not think that I have forgotten either you or yours, or my promise of writing to you. Travelling and preaching have prevented me. Within a little more than a fortnight, I have rode three hundred and fifty miles, and preached above twenty times: with what success the great day will discover. Then we shall know who are stony-ground hearers, and who receive the word into honest and good hearts. At *Narboth*, *Pembroke*, *Haverford-west*, &c. congregations were large; and a gracious melting seemed to be among the people. Nature now cries out for a little ease, but faith says, "It is now just time to begin to begin." Perhaps you may hear me preach next *Thursday* evening. *London* people attract me much. O that our hearts may be more and more drawn towards Jesus! I hope this will find you (like the impression of my seal) with your soul winged for heaven, and this poor, earthly, good-for-nothing world, under your feet. Could I fly away, you should never see me till we meet at the right hand of God. There the

wicked, and even my own mother's children, nay my spiritual children, will cease from troubling me, and my weary soul will enjoy an everlasting rest. I can now no more. I am baiting at an inn not far from *Gloucester*, hoping shortly to see you and yours grown in grace; and begging all your dear relations to accept hearty love, I subscribe myself, my dear, dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXVII.

To Mr. ——.

London, June 8, 1753.

My very dear Friend,

I WAS glad, at my return from a late excursion, to find a letter from you, especially as it bespoke your heart to be nearer than usual to the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. May this intimacy increase daily, and the fruits of it appear in your abounding in every good word and work! I find more and more, that one's whole life ought to be a continued sacrifice of love. I am glad Mr. *R*—— is owned. This gives me hopes, that he begins to preach as when he first set out, and as he told a friend, a little before his embarking, "that he hoped he should." It never went better with his heart than then. God keep him and all from further entanglements by fleshly wisdom and worldly policy! which I think have nothing to do with the work of the Lord. Mr. *S*—— can tell you what concern the *B*——*n*'s awful conduct hath given me. Surely if the Redeemer had not supported me, I should within these two months have died with grief. But I will say no more:—Jesus

knows all things. He will not long bear with guile. You know my temper. The Lord help me in simplicity and godly sincerity to have my conversation in the world, and in the church! By this time twelvemonth (if in the land of the dying) I hope to see you. In the mean while, let Mr. *S*—— speak. I hope he hath succeeded to his wishes; and I pray earnestly that the God of the seas and of the dry land, may bring him safe to the desired haven. Ere long we shall all arrive, I trust, in *Abraham*'s harbour; from thence we shall never put out to sea any more. There the wicked world, and even God's own children, will cease from troubling, and our weary souls enjoy an everlasting rest. May you and yours enter with a full gale! Let us write to, though we cannot as yet see each other. Our hearty love and respects await Mr. *P*——, and all enquiring friends. I am glad to hear Mr. *T*—— is coming over with Mr. *D*——. If they come with their old fire, I trust they will be enabled to do wonders. I and Messrs. *W*——'s are very friendly. I like them, because they go out and let the world see what they are at once; I suspect something wrong, when so much secrecy is required. But I must have done. Only let me tell you, that the Redeemer still owns my feeble labours. I have been a circuit of about 700 miles, and preached to many thousands. My body yet is upheld, and my soul rejoices in God my Saviour. Help me, help me to praise him. I thank you for what you have done for Mr. *H*——, and for all past favours. That grace, mercy and peace may be multiplied upon you and yours, every day and hour, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXVIII.

To Lady H——n.

London, June 20, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

I HAVE been unaccountably detained in *London* longer than I expected, but am just now setting out for *Portsmouth*. However, I cannot help sending your Ladyship the inclosed. It hath set me at liberty, and fully convinced me, against what a disguised spirit I have been testifying. At present, I shall go on in my old way, preaching the everlasting gospel. Blessed be God, it is successful here. We had a most glorious sacrament last *Sunday* in our new Tabernacle; the Master of the feast was with us of a truth. As I purpose returning from *Portsmouth* next *Tuesday*, I should think myself highly honoured by receiving a few lines from your Ladyship. May this find you in the blissful enjoyment of him, who I am persuaded is your Ladyship's all in all! I can only add, that words cannot well express how much I am, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXIX.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Portsmouth, June 23, 1753.

My very dear Friend,

FROM *April* to near *July*, is a long time for a kind letter to lie by unanswered; but necessity hath no law. A great variety of circumstances hath occurred lately to prevent my corresponding with you, and many other dear friends. Some time next month perhaps you may be acquainted with them. I have thoughts of seeing *Edinburgh* then, though I must push hard to bring it about. I purpose at my return, to stay in *London* but one night, and then set out for the *North*. O for a gracious gale of divine influence! The sacred wind hath blown sweetly in our new Tabernacle; and I trust it will be said of this and that man, at the great day, that they were born of God there. At *Bristol*, in *Wales*, and *Gloucestershire*, our Lord was pleased to smile on my feeble labours; and here in this place are several who bring forth fruit unto God. Affairs go on well at *Bethesda*. Mr. *T——*, I find, is coming over in behalf of *New-Jersey* College. Lord, make us all flames of fire! The

language of my soul is this, “Quicken me in thy way.” You must continue to pray for me; you must remember me in the kindest manner to all my dear friends, and to your father and relations in particular, as being assured, that I am, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXX.

To Mr. N——.

Portsmouth, June 23, 1753.

Dear Sir,

NOT want of love, but leisure, prevented my answering your kind letter much sooner. As I lead a pilgrim life, have a weak body, and am almost continually surrounded with a variety of trials and temptations, I cannot write so frequently as I otherwise would choose to do. However, my friends are always upon my heart and some time next month, I hope to see you, amongst the rest of my *Edinburgh* acquaintances, grown in grace, and upon the full stretch for Him who bled, and groaned, and died for us. If your trials are not over, and you have indeed entered upon the field of battle, I wish you joy. Fear not, neither be dismayed. *Nil desperandum Christo duce.* Let this be the language of your heart and mine:

Give me strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow or thunders roar;
Thy faithful witness will I be:

’Tis fix’d—I can do all through Thee.

I need not inform you, dear Sir, that our Lord hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong; and things that are not, to bring to nought the things that are. If it was not so, what should such a poor, weak, helpless wretch as I am do? In Jesus, and in him alone, is all my strength and support found. Still he continues to uphold me, and crown my feeble labours with success. In *Wales*, *Gloucestershire*, and *Bristol*, we have lately felt his power; and in our new Tabernacle at *London*, he hath also manifested forth his glory. O for a good gale in the *North*! Who knows but we may see each other some time the next month? I have thoughts of setting forwards from *London* next week. May the good Lord direct my goings in his way! You must desire all of the hospitals, and in the society, and all my other dear friends, to pray most earnestly for me. I retain my old name: I am the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints, but for Christ’s sake, dear Mr. *N*——,

Their and your most affectionate and willing friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXI.

To Mr. S——.

Leicester, July 1, 1753.

My very dear Friend,

I CANNOT go farther (as Mr. *Middleton* returns to *London* to-morrow) without sending you a few lines. They bring good news, even that the Redeemer hath much owned and blessed the first part of my circuit. At *Oulney* we had two good meetings; and at *Northampton* our Lord filled his people as with new wine. One aged saint told me, "that the meeting-place was no other to him than the house of God, and the gate of heaven." Several thousands attended; and I could indeed say, "It is good for me to be here." Last night I came to this place quite fatigued in my body, but willing, I hope, to employ a thousand souls (if I had them) for the dear Lord Jesus. This is a cold place, but people stood very attentive this morning, and some were affected. To-morrow I must move to *Nottingham*. You and yours must promise to follow me with your prayers. I hope you will hear that they are answered. You may be assured of mine; they are your due; they are a poor,

but as they are the only return I can make, I hope they will be accepted by, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXII.

To Mr. S——.

Leeds, July 7, 1753.

My dear D——,

WHAT! just come from the borders of the grave, and still capitulating! Will you never give up your whole heart to Him, who hath dealt so bountifully with you? Was this once done, you would not (especially as you have a competency) talk of a hundred a year, but you would count the work of the ministry its own wages, and esteem the reproach of Christ above all the riches in the universe. Pray remember what *Moses* said to *Pharaoh*, "not a hoof must be left behind." Christ will have all or none. Halt no longer between two; sin no more by withholding from God what is his just due, lest a worse evil befall you. Accept all this in love. Your letter hath extorted it from me. I pity you amidst all your gaudy shew. The pleasure I have had but this week in preaching the gospel, I would not part with for a thousand worlds. Blessed be God, we have had sweet seasons on the road; and last night at this place, the cups of many ran over. O Lord, keep me a pilgrim,

till thou art pleased to call me home! I can now no more. My hearty love to our dear Mr. *H——*. O that you was like-minded with him! Accept this as from one, who is indeed, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXIII.

York, July 11, 1753.

My dear Mr. D——,

THUS far, but no farther, am I as yet advanced in my way to *Scotland*, and was I to comply with the pressing invitations of the *Yorkshire* people, I know not when I should get there. The fields are exceeding white, ready unto harvest; but by preaching thrice a day to great multitudes, my poor tabernacle is enfeebled, and I have such a cold that I cannot well write much. Strange, that I can do no more for Him who hath done and suffered so much for me! Be pleased to remember me to all; and acquaint dear Mr. and Mrs. *S——*, that I hope to send them an historical letter from *Newcastle*, where I expect to be next Lord's-day. I shall be glad to hear that your soul prospers, and that all goes on well at the Tabernacle. I hope to see *Edinburgh* next week. My hearty love to all. Accept the same yourself, from, dear Mr. *D——*,

Your affectionate friend and servant for Jesus Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXIV.

To Mr. S——.

Newcastle, July 14, 1753.

My very dear Sir,

BEING, through the goodness of a never-failing Redeemer, just come hither, I sit down to perform my promise by writing to you. But where shall I begin, or where shall I end? Surely the goodness of the Lord to such a wretch as I am, is unspeakable. I will inform you of a little. After leaving *Leicester*, I went to *Nottingham*, where a great multitude came to hear, and I trust good was done, though a son of *Belial* endeavoured to disturb us. From thence I went to *Sheffield*, where we had two good meetings. The congregation in the afternoon consisted of several thousands. Here some dear friends from *Leeds* met me, two of which were my spiritual children, and all had been blessed under the word. The next morning we set out for *Leeds*, and in our way preached at *Rotheram* and *Wakefield*. At the former place, I had been disturbed twice or thrice, and was almost determined to preach there no more. But we are poor judges. A person told me, "That God

had made me instrumental in converting his wife and brother," who had both been bitter persecutors, but now gladly received me under their roof. After preaching, a young man was set at liberty, who had been groaning under the spirit of bondage four years; and whilst I was baptizing a child, the Holy Spirit was pleased to baptize several, one in particular with a holy fire. What we saw, and felt, and heard at *Leeds*, cannot well be expressed. Thousands attended daily; and on the Lord's-day it was computed that near twenty thousand heard at once. I preached thrice, and the next day at *Burstall* and *Bradford*, where many thousands flocked also. Many were filled as with new wine; and as for myself, I scarce knew whether I was in heaven or on earth. On *Tuesday* morning, though we had drank plentifully before, yet our Lord kept the good wine till the last. We had a glorious parting-blessing. At *York* I preached four times. Twice we were disturbed, and twice we had sweet seasons. There is a good work begun there. The prospect all around is so glorious, I almost repent that I have engaged to go to *Scotland*. God willing, I shall come back as fast as possible. What a pity is it that I have but one body, and that a very weak one too. Lord, magnify thy strength in my weakness, and send me where thou wilt. Here I am most kindly received. How the Lord will be pleased to deal with me, you may know hereafter. I can now only entreat the continuance of the prayers of you and yours; and with repeated thanks for repeated favours, beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXV.

To Lady H———n.

Newcastle, July 17, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

I WROTE to your Ladyship just before I set out for *Portsmouth*, and thought to have written again at my return, but was hindered by staying only one night at *London*. Ever since I have been upon the range for lost sinners, and blessed be God, have been much owned by him who delights to work by the meanest instruments. In *Northamptonshire* our cup ran over. In *Leicester*, the Redeemer caused us to triumph; and in *Yorkshire*, at *Leeds* and the adjacent places, I have sometimes scarce known whether I have been in heaven or earth. I have been enabled to preach thrice a day, and once at *Leeds*, perhaps to near twenty thousand, as they were computed. Indeed we kept holy-day there. Many came to me that were awakened at my former visits. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy free and unmerited mercy be all the glory! In my way hither I preached four times at *York*; twice we were disturbed, and twice all was quiet; and a sweet

influence attended the word. I lodged at Mrs. *G——*'s, who keeps steady. She enquired most heartily after your Ladyship, and begged to be remembered in the most respectful manner. Hither I came on *Saturday*, and have preached seven times, and once at *Sunderland*, where a great multitude attended, and were deeply impressed. At five in the morning the great room is filled, and on Lord's-day the congregation without was great indeed. Surely the shout of a king hath been amongst us. All is harmony and love. I am now going to a place called *Sheep-hill*, and shall return in the evening to preach here again. To-morrow, God willing, I set forwards to *Scotland*. I could almost wish this was to be the end of my circuit, for I want to go to various parts. Lord Jesus, magnify thy strength in my weakness, and send me where thou wilt! If your Ladyship pleases, this may be communicated to *C—— W——*, to whom I would write if I had time. I can only now entreat the continuance of your Ladyship's prayers, and beg your Ladyship's acceptance of repeated acknowledgments for repeated favours, from, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER [DCCCCLXXXV.]

To Mr. G——, at Glasgow.

Edinburgh, July 21, 1753.

YOURS I just now received, but know not what to say by way of answer. The inward discouragements I have felt for above a week, against coming to *Scotland*, have been very many. I have left a people full of fire. Thousands and thousands flocked to hear the glorious gospel. Awakenings I have heard of in every place; saints have been revived, and heaven as it were come down on earth. We have enjoyed perpetual *Cambuslang* seasons. My eyes gush out with tears of joy, (and I trust at the same time with godly sorrow for my vileness) at the very thought of it. My heart is quite broken, to think poor *Scotland* is so dead. O how gloomy hath been the aspect! I have been afraid of catching cold, though, alas! I am too too cold towards Him, who out of warm love bled and died for me. O that *Glasgow* friends, if I do come, may pray for me! I could scarce believe your letter, that your people would be glad to see such an ill and hell-deserving, good for nothing creature as I am. If I lose the opportunity of seeing you, I shall be

disappointed indeed. I believe I shall keep to the time proposed. O time, time, how slowly dost thou go on! When shall I be wafted to an happy eternity? Often within these three weeks have I hoped to die in the embraces of my God. Had I a thousand souls and bodies they should be all *itinerants* for Jesus Christ. I want to see all on a flame of fire. You know, dear Sir, what fire I mean. O! break heart strings, break, and let the imprisoned soul be set at liberty. I want to go where I shall neither sin myself, nor see others sin any more. My tender love to all. I can no more for weeping. When I forget to pray for my ungrateful vile self,—then will my worthy and dear friend cease to be remembered by, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXVI.

To Mr. B—— S——.

Glasgow, July 25, 1753.

BOTH your letters came safe to hand, and met with such a reception, as none but those who are knit together in the love of God can either experience, or have any idea of. What you mentioned concerning a certain gentleman, melted me down.—For having met with some unexpected pull-backs, I last night and this morning had been praying, that relief might come from what quarter our Lord thought most proper. How true is the saying of *Luther*:

Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,

So shall thy work be done.

This, I trust, will teach me more and more to be disinterested in what I do for Christ and souls, and then never fear; even ravens shall be sent to feed and nourish upright *Elijahs*. But above all, am I humbled and comforted at the good news from *Leeds*, and *York*. And will the high and lofty one then continue to delight to honour such a wretch as I am? Then, through the

divine strength, let me now begin to preach more than ever. Yesterday I was enabled to preach five times, and I suppose the last time to near twenty thousand, and almost to as many in the morning. People flock and are more fond than ever to hear; at *Edinburgh* also, I preached twice every day to many thousands; among whom are many of the noble and polite.—Attention sits upon the faces of all, and friends come round me like so many bees, to importune for one week longer stay in *Scotland*. But I think I am fixed. God willing, on *Thursday* I return to *Edinburgh*, and the *Tuesday* following shall set out for *Berwick*, &c. Haste, time! Fly, fly on (so that I can but keep pace by filling thee up with duty) and bring me to see the face of God in heaven. I hope to write again soon; then you will know my rout. O that Jesus may direct my goings in his way! He will, he will. He will never leave nor forsake those that put their trust in him; and he knows, that as far as I know my heart, I think his work the very best wages that can be given to,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXVII.

To Mr. G——, at Glasgow.

Newcastle, August 12, 1753.

My very dear Sir,

I WOULD have answered your kind letter before I left *Edinburgh*, but I had not a moment's leisure. With great difficulty I got away, after a heart-breaking parting on *Tuesday* about noon. On *Wednesday* evening, and the *Thursday* morning, I preached at *Berwick*, and on *Thursday* evening at *Alnwick*, in the street. It being the time of the races, I discoursed on these words, "So run that ye may obtain." Whilst I was discoursing, the gentlemen came down from the race, and surrounded the congregation, and heard very attentively. The next morning at five I preached again, and about noon at a place called *Placy*, and in the evening about nine at *Newcastle*, where a great number expected me. My text was "At midnight a cry was made, behold the bridegroom cometh." The next morning I received the following note, "Dearly beloved in the Lord, I write to you good news. Your labour was not in vain last night, for my wife answered to the midnight cry,

and received Christ into her soul." O that we may all praise the Three in One! Last night I prepared for, and this morning I opened the gospel fair from these words, "Ho! every one that thirsteth." Much of the divine presence was in the congregation, and I believe many tasted of Christ's wine. I am to preach three times almost every day this week. This promise supports me. "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." By the inclosed, you will see the devil owes me a grudge for what was done at *Glasgow*. Would it not be proper to insert a paragraph to contradict it? Thousands and thousands come to hear notwithstanding. Lord, what am I? A poor hell-deserving creature; and yet the Lord makes use of such to thresh the mountains with. May the Lord help me so to do, and then let him deal with me as seemeth good in his sight. Please to remember us in the kindest manner to dear Mr. *M——n*, our kind host and hostess, and all friends. I shall not forget you and yours, or your undertaking. The Lord prosper this, and every other work of your hands upon you! My lot is to be a pilgrim, a run-about for Christ. Commend me to Him who gives strength to the weak, and for whose sake I am,

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. B—— S——.

Newcastle, August 13, 1753.

My very dear Friend,

MY rout is now fixed. After having preached here and hereabouts three times each day, I am to leave this place on *Thursday*, to be at *Stockton* on *Sunday*, at *Osmotherly* on *Monday* noon, lie at *Topcliff*, and reach *York*, God willing, by way of *Burrough-bridge*, on *Tuesday* next, and then come forwards to *Leeds*. I trust that our meeting will be like that of *Jonathan* and *David*. Only sometimes I must change names; where it is said "*David* exceeded," there I will be *David*, and you *Jonathan*. Where *Jonathan* exceeds, there I will be *Jonathan* and you *David*. But more of this hereafter. —I must now tell you good news. I could not finish this letter last night, it is now *Tuesday* morning. But surely heaven came down amongst us, under the last evening preaching: it was almost too much for my body. O that the prison door was set open, and the bird suffered to fly out of the cage! Then would I fly to heaven, and upon one of the boughs of free grace sing the

praises of redeeming love for ever and for ever. Till then, may we be employed in singing here on earth! But I must away to *Horsey* to preach, from whence I am to return to preach again in the evening. Thrice a day tries me, but in the Lord have I righteousness and strength. If you hear of a mob's being raised by my preaching at *Glasgow*, assure all your friends that there was none, but Satan owes me a grudge for speaking against the playhouse. Particulars expect when we meet. In the mean while, give my tender love to all, and forget not to pray for, my dear friend.

Yours in our precious Christ,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCLXXXIX.

To Lady H——.

Newcastle, August 13, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

NOT want of respect, but leisure, hath prevented my writing to your Ladyship. Since my last, I have been travelling and preaching twice or thrice, and once five times a day. I cannot tell your Ladyship of one thousandth part of what we have seen and felt. In *Scotland* the congregations were larger than ever. At *Glasgow*, the man who owned the playhouse was made so uneasy by the word preached, that he took down the roof himself. For this Satan owes me a grudge, and therefore it is put in the paper, that a mob was raised. But there was not the least appearance of any such thing. Our weapons are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of Satan's strong-holds. At *Newcastle* our Lord fills his people with new wine. Last night much of heaven was let down into the congregation. I am now going into the country, and am to return in the evening to preach. Thrice a day is almost too much for this weak tabernacle,

but in the Lord have I righteousness and strength. Next week I am to be at *York*; the word I find fastens. On *Sunday* I hope to see Mr. *H*——. Ere long I hope to see our common Lord in glory. O that I may be one day lifted up from the pulpit to the throne. Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit; deal with me as seemeth good in thy sight! I doubt not but he deals bountifully with your Ladyship; that you and yours may greatly increase with all the increase of God, is the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged, dutiful and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXC.

To Lady F—— S——.

Leeds, August 23, 1753.

Honoured Madam,

HITHERTO the Lord hath helped me. Blessed be his glorious name, the fields have been every where white, ready unto harvest. I have been of late generally enabled to preach thrice a day, and in all appearance the word never was attended with more success. Satan rages and belies me, about the taking down the *Glasgow* play-houses; but I hope my letter lately published in the *Newcastle* journal, will set all things right. Thanks be to God, without the assistance of mobs and riots, (which my soul abhors) the Christian's weapons, through divine assistance, are mighty to the pulling down of Satan's strong-holds. Alas! how many of these hath he gotten in every unregenerate person's heart! Blessed be his holy name for any begun conquests there; surely his name is wonderful that hath done it. What a miracle of grace is it, honoured Madam, that a spark of fire should be kept in, amidst an ocean of corruption! that the bush should burn, and yet not be

consumed! Such a standing miracle I trust your Ladyship will be. To be a martyr, a living witness for Jesus, amidst the tip-top allurements of high life —by this we prove the strength of Jesus to be ours indeed. May the Lord of all Lords help you, honoured Madam, to hold on and hold out. My prayer to him for you is, "That your progress may be made known to all men, and that you may increase with all the increase of God." Glory be to free grace, I find the happiness of the divine life an increasing happiness indeed.— Lately our common Lord hath taken his people into the banqueting house, and caused their cup of consolation to run over. Surely we have been in the suburbs of heaven: ere long we shall enter into the city itself. Our Lord is gone before to prepare the way. To the tender and never-failing mercy of this gracious forerunner, do I humbly and heartily recommend your Ladyship, as being, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCI.

To Lady H——n.

York, September 11, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

LAST *Saturday* I returned to *Leeds*, from whence I had been absent a fortnight. But what the glorious *Emmanuel* gave us to see and feel, is indeed inexpressible. What a sacrament at *Howarth*! We used thirty-five bottles of wine on the occasion. I have been as far as *Bolton*, *Manchester*, and *Stockport*. At the last place so much of the divine presence came amongst us, that it was almost too much for our frail natures to bear; at the former, our cup was also made to run over. Every where the congregation looked like swarms of bees, and the more I preached the more eager they seemed to be. At *Burstall* last Lord's day, perhaps there were near twenty thousand, and on *Monday* morning at *Leeds*, the parting was the most affecting I ever saw: it has been almost too much for me. I have not as yet half recovered it. Lord, hasten the time when thy people shall part no more! Last night I came hither, and preached with quietness. This morning I am setting out for

Lincolnshire, and have some thoughts of taking a trip to *Ireland*. Lord Jesus, what am I that I should be called to go out into the high-ways and hedges? Besides travelling, I have been enabled to preach thrice a day frequently. Arrows of conviction have fled, and of souls I hear scores have been awakened; they tell me that a hundred have been added to *Sunderland* society. O that the leaven may ferment till the whole be leavened! Never did I see the work more promising. God be merciful to me a sinner, and give me, for his infinite mercy's sake, an humble thankful and resigned heart! Surely I am viler than the vilest, and stand amazed at his employing such a wretch as I am; but his name is Love. I could enlarge, but must away to preach. Ever-honoured Madam, let me intreat the continuance of your prayers, and thereby increase the innumerable obligations already conferred on the unworthiest of the sons of men, but, for Christ's sake, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCII.

To Lady H——.

London, September 26, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

YESTERDAY about noon, a good and never-failing Redeemer brought me and mine in safety to town, where I expect to stay only a few days. Thanks be to God for this last circuit! I think this day three months I left *London*; since which time I have been enabled to travel about twelve hundred miles, and to preach about one hundred and eighty sermons to many, very many thousands of souls. More glorious seasons I never saw; parting has almost killed me. My last excursion hath been to *York*, *Lincolnshire*, *Rotheram*, *Sheffield*, *Nottingham*, *Northampton*, where I believe near ten thousand souls came to hear last Lord's day. It was a Lord's day indeed. Praise the Lord O my soul! I hope your Ladyship received Governor *B——*'s letter. I hear that your Ladyship hath honoured me with one, but find it is gone to *Nottingham*; I expect it to-morrow; but though somewhat fatigued, could not omit thanking your Ladyship to-night for this

and all other favours. Innumerable are my obligations.—But the all-gracious and all-glorious Jesus must discharge them for me. My poor prayers, is the only pepper-corn I have got to offer by way of acknowledgment. O that I could do something to express my gratitude! By the help of my God, I will now begin to begin to love him. I am sure it is high time.—And in doing so, and studying to promote by my feeble letters his glory and the good of souls, I shall make the best return your Ladyship desires. I have some thoughts of seeing *Ireland*; the Lord direct my goings in his way! I must now wish your Ladyship a good night. My wife joins in sending most dutiful respects, with, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCIII.

To Mr. D——.

Northampton, October 7, 1753.

WHAT! have the birds of prey been pursuing, pecking at, and wounding one of Christ's doves? Come, my dear man, play the man, be strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus, and be not like a silly dove that hath no heart. Look to him, and you shall be saved;

He will give strength, he will give power,

He will in time set free.

These enemies which so perplex us, ere long, blessed be God, we shall see no more. *Pharaoh* and his host shall be drowned in the sea.

Through Christ we shall

Break through them all,

And sing the song of Moses.

Courage then, my dear Mr. *D——*; Christ's blood shall yet purge out all remaining gall. Alas! alas! how little do we know of our hearts? What feathers are we, when tossed in the wind of temptations? What greater and

greater abominations shall we find, when the spirit leads us more and more into the chambers of imagery that are within us! We shall find, that, comparatively speaking, we know nothing as we ought to know. O my ignorance! my ignorance! My leanness, my leanness! Pray for me, dear Mr. *D*——, and salute all dear friends in my name. I will write as soon as I can. My stay in *London* was but short, yet I trust profitable and sweet to many. The new tabernacle was filled with God's glory under the word preached, on the letter day, and at sacrament. I am now bound for *Staffordshire*; follow me with your prayers, and believe me to be

Your affectionate sympathizing friend, in our dear Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCIV.

To Mr. S——.

Northampton, October 10, 1753.

My very dear Sir,

IT is now near eleven at night, and I am to ride beyond *Coventry* to-morrow: but I cannot close my eyes without sending you a short account of my week's work. On *Saturday* last, I preached at *Oulney*, and had a blessed season. On the Lord's day we had two glorious opportunities in this place, where the congregations were much larger than before. On *Monday* I went to *Oxen* near *Harborough*; it was their feast-day, but if I mistake not, some of their feasting was spoiled. In the evening I preached at *Bosworth*; the congregation was large as well as that at *Oxen*, and the power as great. About nine at night I got to *Kettering*, where I preached the next morning to many souls; the Redeemer gave us a spiritual breakfast. About five in the evening I reached *Bedford*, and preached in the *Green* last night, and this morning. This afternoon we had another blessed season at *Oulney*, and this evening I sojourn here, in order to set out for *Birmingham* to-morrow. A

new scene of usefulness hath opened this week. O that nothing may retard me in my pilgrim life! It is worse than death to me, to be stopt in that. You, my dear Sir, are called to trade, I to travel for my God. Whilst trading, you are in effect travelling and preaching to thousands; for you greatly strengthen my hands in the Lord. Great shall be your reward in heaven. O what a bountiful master do we serve! I am loath to go to sleep, and yet this vile body stands in need of it. My dear, very dear Sir, good night. God bless you and yours. I pray for your dear yoke-fellow, and little maid, incessantly. As you learnt long ago to look through and above unworthiness, I must still beg you to increase my obligations, by following with your prayers.

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCV.

To Dear A——.

Birmingham, October 13, 1753.

"HAVING loved his own, he loved them unto the end," says the beloved disciple, concerning Jesus Christ. I would copy after this great exemplar, and have my love like his, steady and disinterested. Thus you have found, and I trust always will find my love to you. Works speak better than words. I am reposing the utmost confidence in you and yours. You are going to assist in a house, built in answer to millions of prayers, and which I doubt not, will prove a blessing to many that are now unborn. Look upon it in this light; think of the honour God is conferring upon you; then you will launch into the deep with a holy confidence, and when arrived at your wished for port, will behave with humility, disinterestedness, integrity and diligence. You need not ask any prayers, they will follow after you, though you should even fly upon the wings of the wind. I have pawned my word for your good behaviour in every respect, and hope to have my most sanguine expectations answered. Get but humility, and all will be well. I am satisfied

about your passage and your room. You will remember, that God is about your bed, as well as your other paths, and take care to behave accordingly. To be a Christian husband is no small matter. How much fresh grace is now necessary for your new state of life! Your sufficiency lives only in Christ. To his never-failing mercy do I commend you, and, for his great name's sake, subscribe myself, dear *A*——,

Your affectionate and ready friend,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCVI.

To Mr. S——.

Nantwich, October 18, 1753.

My very dear Sir,

I am now at an Inn, but cannot go farther, without giving you an account of my last week's circuit. Since my last, I have been at *Birmingham*, and several adjacent places. Still fresh work hath been done, and souls fled to the gospel like doves to the windows. At a place near *Dudley*, called *Guarnall*, I heard of a whole company awakened by reading my poor sermons. I met with others awakened years ago; and at one place, an old saint said, "this is the old story fifty-five years ago." Another near as old, said, "I was comforted when you came last, now God hath sent you to me again, and I can go more chearful to heaven." I have heard of a great reprobate, a notorious persecutor and drunkard, who hath been struck most powerfully. O my dear Sir; what shall you have for helping me in outward things, assisting me by your prayers, and thereby causing me to press forward more chearfully in this delightful work of publishing the

everlasting gospel! I am now going to a neighbouring village, after that to *Chester*, and from thence, purpose to return through *Staffordshire*. God willing, you shall hear how it goes on, when I come to cross-plough the ground again. In the mean while, be pleased to accept this as a token of my love, gratitude, and respect unfeigned, and after giving my most hearty love to dear Mrs. *S*—— and your dear little daughter, I subscribe myself, very dear Sir,

Your most unworthy, though most obliged friend, and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCVII.

To Mr. S——.

Wolverhampton, October 27, 1753.

My very dear Sir,

MY last, I think was from *Nantwich*. Since that, the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus, hath vouchsafed to employ me in breaking up new ground. I have preached four times at *Alperam* in *Cheshire*, where the Lord was with us of a truth, and where he had sweetly prepared my way, by blessing several of my poor writings. At *Chester* I preached four times; a great concourse attended; all was hushed and quiet, several of the clergy were present, and the word came with power. I have since heard, that the most noted rebel in town, was brought under deep conviction, and could not sleep night or day. Within doors, where I preached early in the morning, conviction seemed to go through the whole congregation. At *Liverpool*, the way was equally prepared.—A person who had been wrought on by some of my printed sermons, met me at landing, and took me to his house; a great number at a short notice was convened; all was quiet here also. Some came

under immediate conviction; and I could wish to have stayed much longer, but notice was given for my preaching at *Wrexham*, which I find since, hath been a rude place indeed. Upon my coming, the town was alarmed, and several thousands came to hear. Several of the baser sort made a great noise, and threw stones, but none touched me, and I trust I can say, our Lord got himself the victory. The next day, near *Alperam*, we had another heaven upon earth. A divine power descended among the people, and we could say, how awfully sweet is this place! The next morning I intended to preach near *Nantwich*, where a Methodist meeting-house hath lately been pulled down. Here Satan roared.—The mob pelted Mr. *D*—— and others much, but I got off pretty free, and had opportunity of preaching quietly a little out of town. Last night I preached here in the dark, to a great body of hearers, for this country, and am now bound for *Wednesbury*, *Dudley* and *Kidderminster*. From thence, perhaps I may come to *London* for a few days. But this as yet is not determined. You will either see or hear again from me soon. In the mean while, I commend myself to the continual remembrance of your whole self, and with ten thousand thanks for all favours, beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our blessed Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCVIII.

To Mr. E——.

London, November 8, 1753.

Dear Mr. E——,

MAN appoints, but it is God's prerogative to disappoint, when disappointments are necessary for our good. But how hard is it to believe this? How apt are we in our haste to say, all these things are against us! But what says Doctor *Watts*?

Where reason fails with all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails and love adores.——

Come then, my dear Sir, and chearfully give up your *Isaac* for God. He will be better to you than a thousand creatures.

Leave to his sovereign sway,
To choose and to command;
So shalt thou wond'ring own his way:
How wise! how strong his hand!
Far above thy thoughts,

His counsel shall appear,

When fully he the work hath wrought,

That caus'd thy needless fear.

Ere now, I trust, the storm is blown over, and that the Redeemer hath made you happy in himself. His love is unchangeable; this rock of ages can never fail you. Build upon him, and you are quite safe. I could enlarge, but time fails. Be pleased to remember us to all, and believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your affectionate brother and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER DCCCCXCIX.

To Mr. P——.

Gloucester, November 16, 1753.

My dear P——,

I THANK you for your kind letter; it found me just returned from another tour in the north, which, like the former, I trust hath been owned and blessed to many precious and immortal souls. At *Liverpool*, *Chester*, *Dudley*, *Wednesbury*, *Birmingham*, *Coventry*, *Northampton*, and various other places, the gospel report was believed, and the arm of the Lord was revealed. At *Nantwich* and *Wrexham*, I met with a little rough treatment; but what have pilgrims to expect better, in their journeying through the wide howling wilderness of this noisy and troublesome world? At *London*, we had blessed seasons; and here, in my native country, the Lord of all Lords hath repeatedly made us cry out, "how dreadful is this place!" After Lord's day, I am bound for *Bristol* and *Plymouth*, and hope to get into my winter quarters some time before *Christmas*. Glad should I be to travel for Jesus all the year round. It is more to me than my necessary food. Thank you, thank

you my dear singing friends, for praying for me. I am persuaded, you help to hold up my weak hands. O continue to pray, that I may at length begin to be a pilgrim indeed. No other honour do I desire, whilst on this side eternity. I hope to send you some new tunes ere long. And what is better, infinitely better, I hope to join with you in singing the song of *Moses* and the Lamb ere long in the kingdom of heaven. Till then, though as yet we are embodied spirits,

We'll strive to sing as loud as they,

Who shine above in brighter day.

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied upon you all. But a word or two concerning *Jenks on the righteousness of Christ*. It is a precious book, and I think your extracting Mr. *Hervey*'s recommendation, and putting it by way of preface, to a new edition, will be sufficient. This I know is all he would consent to have done some time ago, when applied to by a *London* bookseller. God prosper this work of your hands upon you. Pray remember me to all my never to be forgotten friends, and assure them, that not want of love but leisure prevents their hearing more frequently from, my dear Sir,

Theirs and yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER M.

To Mr. G——.

Gloucester, November 16, 1753.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter I received, and would have answered it during my stay in *London* (which was only a few days) but really I was almost killed with a multiplicity of business. The journals also I would have sent immediately, but knew not how.—My wife promised me to embrace the first opportunity that offered, and I hope ere long they will come safe to hand. As for my pointing out particular passages, it is impracticable; I have neither leisure nor inclination so to do. At present, my doings and writings appear to me in so mean a light, that I think they deserve no other treatment than to be buried in eternal oblivion. “Behold, I am vile, I am vile,” is all that I can say to God or man. And yet, amazing love! vile as I am, the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, still delights to honour me, by owning and succeeding my poor feeble labours. Great things were done in and about *Newcastle*; but far greater did we see afterwards in *Yorkshire*, *Lancashire*,

&c. Since that, I have been another tour, and have preached at *Liverpool*, *Chester*, *Coventry*, *Birmingham*, *Dudley*, *Wednesbury*, *Kidderminster*, *Northampton*, *Bedford*, &c. &c. Ere now I suppose Mr. *B*—— *P*—— hath informed you, what apostolical treatment we met with at *Nantwich*. Lord, what am I, that I should be accounted worthy to suffer reproach for thy great name sake? At present I am in my native country, where the Lord of all Lords hath vouchsafed to give us several precious meetings. After a few days sojourning here, I am bound for *Bristol* and *Plymouth*, and in about three weeks, I purpose to betake myself to my winter quarters. Blessed be God, I have had good news from *Georgia*. O that we all may at length safely arrive in *Abraham*'s harbour! From thence we shall never put to sea again. My dear Sir, in the mean while, let us pray for each other. Christ is in our ship, and therefore it will not sink. I commend you and yours, and all my other never to be forgotten *Glasgow* friends, to his never-failing protection, and beg them, for Christ's sake, to always remember to pray for, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MI.

To Mr. S——.

Gloucester, November 17, 1753.

My very dear Sir,

IT is now just a week since I left *London*. I must not, I cannot go any further without writing to him, who doth so much to strengthen my hands in the Lord. And what shall I say? Truly the glorious *Emmanuel* still continues to smile upon my feeble labours. Although I am in my native country, yet he hath not left himself without witness. Last Lord's day was a high day, and since that, we have had some more beautiful seasons in the country. I write this from a nineteen years friend's house, an Alderman of the city, who with his wife, are my spiritual children. Lord, what am I? To-morrow I am to move, and expect, besides riding, to preach thrice for some days.

Christ's presence will my pains beguile,

And make me, though fatigu'd, to smile.

After visiting *Bristol* and *Plymouth*, I purpose hastening to my winter quarters. Winter quarters!—The word *winter* almost shocks me. Alas,

winter come already, and I, ungrateful, ill and hell-deserving I, have done so little for my God in the summer? How can I lift up my guilty head? I blush and am confounded before thee, O Lord. Behold, I am vile; O dig and dung round me, that I may bring forth more fruit to thee my God! Still, my dear Sir, I must beg your prayers, and those of your dear yoke-fellow, whom I love and honour, and whom (with your dear little daughter) I salute much in the Lord. A sense of my own unfruitfulness, and of God's amazing condescension in employing such a wretch, at present so over-powers me, that I am obliged to retire, to give vent to my heart, after having subscribed myself, my very dear Sir,

Yours under innumerable obligations, in the best of bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MII.

To Mr. A——.

Bristol, November 21, 1753.

My very dear friend,

I HOPED a few days ago to send you glad tidings, and blessed be God, I am not disappointed. Never had I before such freedom in *Gloucestershire*. It was so pleasant, that I intend taking it again in my way to *London*. *Sunday* was indeed an high day. I preached and gave the sacrament at the new-house in the morning, and preached again at Mr. *G——*'s and Mr. *F——*'s in the field, at noon and in the evening. Showers of blessings descended from above. Mr. *L——* supped with me; our Lord gave us richly to feast upon his great love. At *Painswick* we had two pleasant seasons, and the same favour was vouchsafed us at *Chafford* and *Tedbury*. At *Gloucester* also a time of refreshing came from the presence of the Lord, and the dear Alderman's house was made a *Bethel* to my soul. God brought me here on *Monday* evening, and to my great disappointment the new tabernacle is not finished, so that I know not well what to do. However, we had a good time

last night at the hall, and I hope all this is but the beginning of a warm winter. I am glad that the Lord Jesus deals so bountifully with you at *London*. May he do so more and more! I believe he will. Your motion to go to *Norwich* I much approve of. Whatever others design, that is nothing to us. Simplicity and godly sincerity will carry all before it in the end. O that the sons of *Zeruiah* could be persuaded to let us alone! But how then should we be able to approve ourselves sons of *David*? By thorns and briars, the old man must be scratched to death.—O this crucifixion work! Lord Jesus help us to go through it! He will, he will. I commend thee and thine to his almighty protection and never-failing mercy, as being, my very dear man,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MIII.

Stroude, November 27, 1753.

Dear Mrs. C——,

YOUR letter came to my hands at *Wrexham*, but being upon the road I could not answer it. What said God to *Abraham*, “Fear not; I will be thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.” Now is your time to approve yourself his daughter.—My heart’s desire and prayer to the Lord of all Lords is, that you may be strong in faith, and thereby give glory to God.—I am much obliged to those who dissuade you from going.—I find most love to be friends till they begin to have their *Isaacs* demanded.—Let them have but a little patience: perhaps I may embark myself.—If they do not think it a privilege to go for Christ over the waters, I do.—This, even this is the language of my heart,

Lord, obediently I’ll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou my leader be,
And I still will follow Thee.

O for a pilgrim heart! This I believe God hath given you, and I do not fear repenting the confidence I have reposed in you.—That the Lord may make you a mother in *Israel*, and bless you in taking care of his dear lambs, is the hearty prayer of, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most assured friend and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

P. S. We have had blessed seasons in the country: the Lord has been with us of a truth. Grace! grace!

LETTER MIV.

To Mr. S——.

Bristol, December 1, 1753.

My very dear friend,

THIS hath been a long fortnight, for so long it is since I wrote to my very dear friend; but I waited to send him a bundle of good news together. Blessed be God, I am not disappointed of my hope. Since my last, I have preached several times in *Gloucestershire*, where the people, as well as the unworthy preacher, drank plentifully of the good wine of the kingdom. In the fields several thousands attended. Here we have also enjoyed much of God; twice I preached in my brother's great house to the quality, amongst whom was one of *Cæsar*'s houshold. On *Sunday* I opened the new Tabernacle. It is large, but not half large enough: would the place contain them, I believe near as many would attend as in *London*. Last *Monday* I set out for *Somersetshire*, intending to have gone as far as *Plymouth*, but the weather was so violent, and my call to *London* likely to be so speedy, that I turned back. However, I preached in *Somersetshire* four or five times. Some

told me, they were scarce able to stand under what God gave them. On *Tuesday*, at seven in the evening, I preached in the open air to a great multitude; all was hush'd and exceeding solemn; the stars shone exceeding bright, and then, if ever, by an eye of faith, I saw him who calleth them all by their names. My soul was filled with an holy ambition, and I longed to be one of those who shall shine as the stars for ever and ever. My hands and body at this, and at other times were pierced with cold; but what are outward things when the soul within is warmed with the love of God? O my very dear Sir, increase my obligations by continuing to pray, that this unspeakable gift may be shed abroad abundantly in my heart by the Holy Ghost. Then shall I not grovel as I do now here below, but mount on wings like an eagle; I shall walk and not be weary, I shall hold on and not be faint. O that I may die in the field! But die when or where I will, I shall die under the strongest obligations to you and your dear yoke-fellow, who will both know, at the day of judgment, how sincerely I subscribe myself, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MV.

To Mr. S——.

Bristol, December 3, 1753.

WHEN I saw the seal of your last sweet letter, I guessed at the contents of it. Blessed be God, I was not disappointed. The heart was soaring aloft, mounting on the wings of faith and love, and had fled out of sight of this poor and troublesome world. Thus may that God, who is rich in mercy, pay and reward all that love ill and hell-deserving me! The devil himself dares not accuse us, for serving and loving God or man, for these wages. They are wages of God's appointing, God's promising, God's paying. May my dear friend always find such payment! I believe he will.

O Lord, enlarge our scanty thoughts,
To see the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell,
Thy love immense, unspeakable.

I rejoice in the promising prospect of the happiness of your brother's houshold. May it widen and spread over all! If I have any time, I hope to

send him a few lines. Lord, hasten the time when my poor kinsmen and brethren after the flesh shall be joined to thee by one spirit! Till then, help me, O Lord, to be continually crying out, "Why me, Lord, why me?" Well may distinguishing grace, and the thoughts of everlasting love, swallow up your whole soul. Strange! that God's children should not know their own bread. But these corrupt hearts of ours still verge towards the law. Grace, omnipotent grace alone, can enable us to see our compleatness in Christ, and yet excite us, from principles of gratitude and love, to faithfulness and zeal, as though we were to be saved entirely by them. Glorious mystery! Like the blessed angels, may you and yours, my dear friend, be continually employed in looking into it! This is what I have been preaching on last week in *Somersetshire*. The fire there warmed and enflamed me, though I preached in the air on *Tuesday* evening at seven o'clock, as well as on *Wednesday* and *Thursday*. I purposed to go as far as *Plymouth*, but providence hath brought me back, and I am now hastening to *London*, to pay my last respects to my dying friend. It may be, that shortly Mr. *J——W——* will be no more; the physicians think his disease is a galloping consumption. I pity the church, I pity myself, but not him. We must stay behind in this cold climate, whilst he takes his flight to a radiant throne, prepared for him from the foundations of the world. Lord, if it be thy blessed will, let not thy chariot wheels be long in coming. Even so come Lord Jesus, come quickly! Poor Mr. *C——* will now have double work. But we can do all things through Christ strengthening us. The residue of the Spirit is in the Redeemer's hands, and he hath promised not to leave his people comfortless. Our eyes, O Lord, are unto thee from whom cometh all our salvation. Here I could enlarge, but I must send a few lines to *London*, which I hope to reach myself some time this week. Be pleased to direct

your next there. My *Leeds* friends have my cordial acknowledgements for their kind enquiries concerning me. I hope this will find them all, with your dear yoke-fellow, leaning on the Mediator's bosom. There am I now reclining my weary head. Adieu. The Lord Jesus be with your spirit.

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MVI.

To Mr. C—— W——.

Bristol, December 3, 1753.

BEING unexpectedly brought back from *Somersetshire*, and hearing you are gone upon such a mournful errand, I cannot help sending after you a few sympathizing lines. The Lord help and support you! May a double spirit of the ascending *Elijah*, descend and rest on the surviving *Elisha*! Now is the time to prove the strength of Jesus yours. A wife, a friend, and brother, ill together. Well! this is our comfort, all things shall work together for good to those that love God. If you think proper, be pleased to deliver the inclosed. It was written out of the fulness of my heart. To-morrow I leave *Bristol*, and purpose reaching *London* by *Saturday* morning or night. Glad should I be to reach heaven first; but faith and patience hold out a little longer. Yet a little while, and we shall be all together with our common Lord. I commend you to his everlasting love, and am, my dear friend, with much sympathy,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MVII.

To the Reverend Mr. J—— W——.

Bristol, December 3, 1753.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

IF seeing you so weak when leaving *London*, distressed me, the news and prospect of your approaching dissolution hath quite weighed me down. I pity myself, and the church, but not you. A radiant throne awaits you, and ere long you will enter into your Master's joy. Yonder he stands with a massy crown, ready to put it on your head amidst an admiring throng of saints and angels. But I, poor I, that have been waiting for my dissolution these nineteen years, must be left behind to grovel here below! Well, this is my comfort, it cannot be long ere the chariots will be sent even for worthless me. If prayers can detain them, even you, reverend and very dear Sir, shall not leave us yet: but if the decree is gone forth, that you must now fall asleep in Jesus, may he kiss your soul away, and give you to die in the embraces of triumphant love. If in the land of the living, I hope to pay my last respects to you next week. If not, reverend and dear Sir, farewel.—*I*

præ, sequar, etsi non passibus æquis. My heart is too big, tears trickle down too fast, and I fear you are too weak for me to enlarge. May underneath you be Christ's everlasting arms! I commend you to his never-failing mercy, and am, very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, sympathizing, and afflicted younger brother in the gospel of our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MVIII.

To Mr. C—— W——.

London, December 13, 1753.

My dear Friend,

THE searcher of hearts alone knows the sympathy I have felt for you and yours, and what suspence my mind hath been in concerning the event of your present circumstances. I pray and enquire, enquire and pray again, always expecting to hear the worst. Ere this can reach you, I expect the lot will be cast either for life or death. I long to hear, that I may partake like a friend either of your joy and sorrow. Blessed be God for that promise, whereby we are assured, that “all things shall work together for good to those that love him.” This may make us at least resigned, when called to part with our *Isaacs*. But who knows the pain of parting, when the wife and the friend are conjoined? To have the desire of one’s eyes cut off with a stroke, what but grace, omnipotent grace, can enable us to bear it? But who knows, perhaps the threatened stroke may be recalled. Surely the Lord of all lords is preparing you for further usefulness by these complex trials. We

must be purged, if we would bring forth more fruit. Your brother I hear is better; to-day I intended to have seen him, but Mr. *B*—— sent me word he thought he would be out for the air. I hope Mr. *H*—— is better; but I can scarce mention any body now but dear Mrs. *W*——. Pray let me know how it goes with you. My wife truly joins in sympathy and love. Night and day indeed you are remembered by, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MIX.

To Mr. S——.

London, December 13, 1753.

My dear Friend,

THE mail not coming in till to-day, I began to fear lest something had happened to prevent your writing. But, blessed be God, my fears are dispelled, my friend is well, his temporals, his spirituals prosper: herein I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. But what news do you tell me? Hath an infinitely condescending God vouchsafed to breathe on my poor worthless scribble? Hath life and power attended inanimate ink and paper? This then, my God, shall be the language of my heart!

Forgive my faults, and work thy will
By such a worthless instrument;
It will at once thy goodness shew,
And prove thy power omnipotent.

Whatever some may boast of, I know not; but this I can say, that although, through rich, free, and sovereign grace, I have been enabled these nineteen

years to say unto God, “Thou art my father,” yet I can still say to corruption, “Thou art my sister.” Time and experience will convince others also of this important truth. God keep me, and all concerned with me, from such manifestations, as do not lead us more and more into the chambers of imagery, which are latent and undiscovered in the secret corners of our hearts! Such only come from God: illuminations which engender pride, and lead us from a deep and pungent feeling of our own nothingness, and the remainders of in-dwelling corruption, are either of a diabolical extraction, or at least are perverted by the devil and proud nature, to feed that disease, which when operating in a genuine way, they have a native tendency to remove. Well might Mr. *Fleming* say, “Lord, grant me a divine manifestation, but O teach me to manage it after thou hast granted it.” *Paul* needed a thorn to teach him how to manage such favours aright. I tremble for those who hug their delusions, and look upon the dunghill of corruption as quite removed, when it is only covered over as it were with a little snow. How white did the most foul places look only a few days ago! But the thaw is come, the whiteness is vanished, and filthy dunghills are dunghills still. My dear friend knows how to make the application. Blessed be God for leading you into the knowledge of the mystery of gospel holiness.—Holiness, not built on *Moses*, or the sandy bottom of our own faithfulness, but on Jesus, that rock of ages, whose faithfulness makes us faithful, and a reliance on whole compleat and all-sufficient righteousness, doings, and sufferings, carries the believer on (without thinking of a reward) to do and suffer, what a legal heart will shrink and boggle at. May this mind be in you and me, and all that love our dear Lord Jesus in sincerity! When the Son of Man makes them thus free, then will they be free indeed. You may easily see, that part of your letter hath led me insensibly into this strain of writing.

If it pleases or profits, or both, it will answer the end designed, and the dear, ever-dear, ever-loving, and ever-lovely Redeemer shall have all the glory. As our acquaintance was begun in him, and I trust hath hitherto been blessed, so I would have it continue to run in the same channel, and, whether absent from or present with each other, sweetly lead us to our ocean, God. I am only sorry you have such an unprofitable correspondent. Tears are ready to gush out at the thought, and I am ready to sink into the earth, when I consider how little I can do for that Jesus, whom I love for himself, or for my friends, whom I love for his great name's sake. Friend of sinners, circle me in thy own compleat and all-sufficient Self! Good night, my dear Sir, good night. If you guess at my present frame, you will know at whose cross this leaves me, and how much I am

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MX.

To Mr. V——.

London, December 15, 1753.

My very dear Mr. V——,

JUST now I received, and have read over your kind letter, dated *August* 22d, and in reading it, could have wished for the wings of a dove, that I might have fled and embraced you in these unworthy arms, and wished you joy of being assured of his love, who so loved us as to give himself for us. May this find you in the same happy frame, and may you for ever hereafter be blessed with the uninterrupted witness of God's Spirit, witnessing with your spirit, that you are indeed his child! As you have undergone a long and tedious law work, I hope your joys are of the right kind, and will be more substantial and lasting, than those who leap into a fancied liberty at once, and having no root in themselves, in time of temptation fall away. Your house, my dear friend, I believe, is not built upon the sand, but upon Jesus, even Jesus of *Nazareth*, the rock of ages; against which the gates of hell shall never be able to prevail. Whoever hath been the instrument of bringing

you into this happy frame, it is no matter to me; I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. If I know any thing of my heart, I am just the same disinterested person as when I saw you, and believe me, you are my dear, very dear *Gaius*, my son, my friend still. Mr. *S*—— can tell you, why you received no letters. They are ready, and were sent to his lodgings:—but to my great surprize I was told, a coach came for him and the other passengers. Ever since I have been preaching and travelling as usual, generally twice, and frequently thrice a day. I came only last *Saturday* into Winter quarters, and shall long for the Spring again, that I may enter upon a fresh campaign. O that my dear Lord may never discard me from this divine employ! An itinerant pilgrim life is that which I choose.—And why? It was the life of my blessed Lord. I hope you will not fail of calling out dear Mr. *Z——y* to it every year.—I am sure *America*, dear *America* stands much in need of it. Let envious, lukewarm elder brethren say what they please against it, this is the way that God hath honoured, yea and I believe will honour even unto the end. But I find, love of honour, power, ease, and fulness of bread, make even good people to think, and speak, and act unlike themselves. These, these are the things which have led the *Moravian* brethren on this side the water, from the cross of Christ, and made them to differ as much from what once they were, as light from darkness. O how have my dear spiritual children, (for whom I travailed in birth, and whom I love as my own soul) been insensibly led away, and robbed of their spiritual and temporal substance, at least for a while, by some self-designing and deceitful men. Against these, and not the dear people, who have been eaten up as bread, with a bleeding heart, have I drawn my pen; and I believe shall rejoice that I have done so to my dying day. God grant that the like scene may never be

opened on your side the water! But I forbear.—O for heaven! O for that time when we shall get out of this church militant! I long to be

Where sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is joy and calm and peace.

Dear Mr. *J—— W——* is going thither apace: he is supposed to be in a galloping consumption. Lord Jesus, give me patience to wait till my wished-for change also shall come! I long to awake after thy likeness; I long to be dissolved to be with thee! Then, then shall I meet you, my dear friend, and rejoice, together with all the blessed train that shall follow the Lamb! O my dear Sir, bear with me, bear with me, I pray you, for indeed I am sick of love. Surely of all the redeemed, I, even ill and hell-deserving I, shall sing loudest in heaven. Behold I am vile! black, but yet comely: not in myself, but in the comeliness which my dear Jesus hath put upon me. I can now no more. I must retire to pray for you and yours. The Lord bless you, and keep you, and give you a heart continually to remember before his throne, my dear Mr. *V——*,

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

G. W.

LETTER MXI.

To Lady H——n.

London, December 15, 1753.

Ever-honoured Madam,

THE mail not coming in regularly, your Ladyship's letter did not reach me till *Thursday* afternoon. Yesterday morning I obeyed your Ladyship's commands, and carried the inclosed to Mrs. *G——*, at St. *James*'s palace. I was much satisfied with my visit, and am much rejoiced to find, that she seems resolved to show out at once. The court, I believe, rings of her, and if she stands, I trust she will make a glorious martyr for her blessed Lord. O that your Ladyship could see your way clear to come up! Now seems to be the time for a fresh stir. Few have either courage or conduct to head a Christian party amongst persons of high life. That honour seems to be put upon your Ladyship:—and a glorious honour indeed it is. Till Mrs. *G——* can meet with company that is really in earnest, I think the closer she keeps to her God and her book, the better. The Lord strengthen, stablish, and settle her in his ways and will! I am yet kept in suspence about Mrs. *W——y*; and

have been much concerned, lest by intense sympathy, your Ladyship should contract an illness yourself. But your Ladyship hath long since learnt, that as your day is, so shall your strength be. I pray the Lord of all lords to lengthen out your important life, and make your Ladyship ten thousand times more useful than ever, long after my worthless head is laid in the silent grave. If I should live to see my dear brother truly converted unto God, O how would it delight me! The distant prospect is so pleasing, that I could scarce contain myself at the news of it. I hope to hear from him soon, having written to him lately. On *Tuesday* I am to dine with Mr. *J——W——*, who was yesterday for a few minutes at the Foundery: but I hear his lungs are touched. I cannot wish him to survive his usefulness. It is poor living to be nursed. But our Lord knows what is best for his children. I wish I might have the use of *Weststreet* chapel once or twice a week; many want to hear at that end of the town: the Messrs. *W——y*'s are quite welcome to all the help I can give them. I have no desire but to promote the common salvation among all.

From self and party spirit free,

Simply, O Lord, I'd follow thee.

Your Ladyship will still add to my innumerable obligations, by praying that such a mind may be given to, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXII.

To Mrs. G——.

Tabernacle-House, December 17, 1753.

Dear Madam,

I WAS so well satisfied with the frame I found you in yesterday, that I could not refrain sending you a few lines to-day. O that you may have grace given you, to stand the first attacks that you must necessarily meet with from every quarter! Blessed be God, that you are determined to shew out at once, and to let all know, that you are determined not so much as to attempt to compromise matters between Christ and the world. One might as well attempt to reconcile light and darkness, heaven and hell. Happy they who set out on a disinterested bottom; it is the foundation which our great High-priest hath laid, and is a rock that will never fail. Never fear, Madam, though storms and billows, afflictions and temptations abide you; he that enabled the three children to pass unhurt through the fiery furnace, and kept his beloved *Daniel* from being devoured in a den of lions, can and will preserve you unspotted and undefiled, though surrounded on every side. My

poor worthless prayers shall not be wanting for you night and day. Look up, dear Madam, determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified, and he will make your very enemies to be at peace with you. But faith must be tried, and grace, when given, must be kept in exercise. Welcome, welcome dear Madam, into the glorious kingdom of the children of God. O that all of *Cæsar*'s houshold were in the same situation! How would they exult in the happy change! A change from darkness to light, from bondage and misery to the most consummate liberty and happiness. For those whom the Son of man makes free, they are free indeed. Now, now may you sing,

Be gone, vain world, my heart resign,
For I must be no longer thine;
A nobler, a diviner guest,
Now claims possession of my breast.

I could enlarge, but am afraid of being too bold. The freedom already taken, proceeds from unfeigned regard to our common Lord, to good Lady *H*——, and to yourself, for his great name sake. I just now informed her Ladyship of the honour done me yesterday, and of the providential call she seems to have to town. Her Ladyship is a mother in *Israel* indeed, a mirror of piety, detached from worldly hopes and worldly fears, and therefore no wonder that she so simply copies after her great Exemplar, and glories only in his blessed cross. Till you can find some like-minded, I believe you will find your God and your book the best company.—That you may be never less alone, than when you are alone, and that you may be continually directed so to speak and act, that you may win many souls among the rich and great to the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus, is and shall be the earnest constant prayer of, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXIII.

To Mr. B——.

London, December 17, 1753.

Dear Mr. B——,

I AM sorry to find by your last, which came to hand on *Saturday*, that the tumults in your parts still continue at such an height. I heartily wish, that the kind and generous Justice who hath so laudably exerted himself, may have courage to proceed in a due execution of the laws, and I doubt not but the issue will be, that you will have peace. In the mean while, may the Redeemer enable you and all concerned to possess their souls in patience! I think the storm is too violent to hold long. The death of dear Mr. *J——W——*, if that should be the issue of his present illness, I think is of a far more threatening nature. At present, I hear he is somewhat better, but if his distemper be a galloping consumption (as they say it is) there are but little hopes of his surviving long. But all things are possible with God. O that my tardy pace may be quickened, and my sluggish soul begin to be alive to God! He hath dealt bountifully with me since we parted. In various places

the word ran and was glorified, and we had a lovely shutting-up of the Summer's campaign in *Gloucestershire*.—I am now in my Winter quarters, moaning and bewailing myself, for not having done more when the days were longer. O for Spring, that I may spring afresh for my Lord! You and all must pray for me. I send you and yours, Mr. *C*—— and his son, and all enquiring friends (not forgetting poor *Peggy*) my hearty love. My wife joins with, dear Mr. *B*——,

Your very affectionate, sympathizing friend, and servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXIV.

To Mr. E—— P——.

London, December 17, 1753.

Dear Sir,

I DOUBT not but the receipt of this will fill you with surprize; yet I hope it will be a pleasing one. Last night after preaching, your son, who hath been lately confined, came to me and gave me a particular detail of his seemingly unhappy circumstances.—The narration affected me, and I asked him to stay supper; the company then with me I thought was what he wanted.—The consequence was, that he went home rejoicing in God; temptations subsided. I cannot help thinking, but that if he conversed with proper persons who knew his case, he might yet come forth as gold tried in the fire. His experience is somewhat uncommon, and perhaps when sufficiently humbled, the glorious Redeemer may exalt him. Satan hath certainly desired to have him to sift him as wheat; but I verily believe Jesus hath prayed for him, and therefore his faith shall not fail. As I know what unspeakable concern, tender parents must necessarily undergo for a child in

such a way, I could not help sending a few lines to you. If the glorious *Emmanuel*, whose love constrains me to write, should vouchsafe to bless them to the consolation of you and yours, it would much rejoice, dear Sir,

Your sympathizing though unknown friend, and servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXV.

To C—— W——.

London, December 20, 1753.

My dear Friend,

I MOST sincerely rejoice in, and have given private and public thanks for the recovery of your dear yoke-fellow. My pleasure is increased by seeing your brother so well, as I found him on *Tuesday* at *Lewisham*.—O that you may both spring afresh, and your latter end increase more and more! Talk not of having no more work in the vineyard; I hope all our work is but just beginning. I am sure it is high time for me to do something for Him, who hath done and suffered so much for me.—Near forty years old, and such a dwarf! The Winter come already, and so little done in the Summer! I am ashamed, I blush and am confounded. And yet God blesseth us here. Truly his out-goings are seen in the tabernacle. The top-stone is brought forth; we will now cry Grace! grace! I must away. Our joint respects attend you all. I hope Mr. *H*—— mends; I hear that his brother is dead. Lord, make us also

ready! My most dutiful respects await our elect Lady.—God willing, she shall hear soon from, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MXVI.

To the Marquiss L——.

London, December 27, 1753.

My Lord,

A MATTER of some importance, is the occasion of my troubling your Lordship with another letter. The reverend Mr. *G—— T——* of *Philadelphia*, and the reverend Mr. *D——* from *Virginia* (both eminent ministers of Jesus Christ) are just arrived. They are commissioned to apply for a general collection in *Scotland*, and to procure private contributions for the building and maintaining a presbyterian college in *New-Jersey* province. What I would therefore beg of your Lordship is, that your Lordship would do them the honour of permitting them to wait upon you, and that they may be also introduced to Lord *L——*. One Mr. *D—— D——*, who I believe was lately chosen a correspondent member of that society, over which your Lordship presides, and who is a steady friend to the interests of the Redeemer, if your Lordship is pleased to give leave, will come along with them. I shall wait for your Lordship's answer, and then apprize them of it.

In the mean time, I heartily wish your Lordship not the compliments, but the blessings of the season, even all those blessings that have been purchased for a lost world by the death and sufferings of an incarnate God. —Adored, for ever adored be his free grace, he vouchsafes to manifest himself amongst us here. Conviction and conversion work seems to go on prosperously, and God's people are abundantly refreshed. That your Lordship may continually drink of divine pleasures as out of a river, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful, obliged and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXVII.

To Mr. G——.

London, December 27, 1753.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I AM surprized to find by your last kind letter, that my poor journals are not come to hand. My wife informs me that they were sent to, or by one Mr. *E——*, who was to send off goods the very next day. Perhaps it will please you to hear that Messrs. *T——* and *D——* supped with me last night; may the good Lord prosper the work of their hands upon them! I hope they will be introduced soon to the Marquiss of *L——*, and by him to Lord *L——*. I shall help them all I can. At the great day all things will be laid open. O how do I long for it! And yet, how ashamed shall I be to appear before my Lord, when I have done so little for him, and made such poor returns for his dying love! Would you think it? I am this day thirty-nine years of age. Did not my business require my attendance, I could lock myself up, and lie prostrate all the day long in deep humiliation before him, who hath vouchsafed to call me by his grace, reveal his son in me, and I trust made me the instrument,

(O amazing love!) of calling some others to the experimental knowledge of the same unspeakable gift. My dear, very dear Sir, let none of my friends cry to such a sluggish, lukewarm, unprofitable worm, "Spare thyself." Rather spur me on, I pray you, with an "Awake thou sleeper, and begin to begin to do something for thy God." The Lord being my helper, I will. Do thou strengthen me, my Lord and my God, and I will go for thee, at thy command, to the uttermost parts of the earth! O break, break my heart, look to him, whom thou hast pierced.—Look and love, look and mourn, look and praise; thy God is yet thy God! Every day, Sir, we hear of fresh work; scores of notes are put up by persons brought under conviction, and God's people are abundantly refreshed. Last night the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle; I cannot tell you half.—I am lost, I am lost in wonder. I must retire to give vent to my heart. For the present, my dear Sir, adieu! The Lord bless you and yours, and all my other dear friends. Ere long, I hope to spend an eternal new year with you in the *Jerusalem* which is above. That in the mean time, all things belonging to the old man may die in us, and all things belonging to the new man may more and more live and grow in us, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXVIII.

To Lady H——n.

London, January 3, 1754.

Ever-honoured Madam,

ERE now, I hope your Ladyship is delivered from suspense, and that the danger concerning little master is entirely over. The concern I was in for your Ladyship when I wrote last, made me forget to speak about Mrs. *H*——. And indeed I cannot tell where she lodges. I could wish she was bettered by affliction.—But alas! though, why do I speak of others, when another new year is come, and I am bettered so little by all the Lord hath done for and in me? O that he may dig and dung round this barren fig-tree, that it may at length begin to bring forth some fruit unto God! But who can tell what this digging and dunging means? What temptations, afflictions and trials of every kind doth it include? And all little enough to keep these hearts in any tolerable order. Out of darkness he can and will bring light. That your Ladyship may experience this more and more every day, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MXIX.

To Mr. W.——.

London, January 5, 1754.

My dear Mr. W——,

YOUR letter much affected as well as surprized me.—I may say of it as Dr. *G——* says of the Apostle *Paul*'s epistle to the *Ephesians*, "It smelt of the prison." Surely God's thoughts are not as our thoughts, neither are his ways as our ways. How amazingly does he over-rule all things, for the spiritual and eternal good of those who love him in sincerity! Through his gracious and never-failing care, out of the eater cometh forth meat, and out of the strongest trial cometh forth unspeakable, spiritual sweetness. If this be the effect of affliction, then may the believer boldly say,

All hail reproach, and welcome pain!

Surely you may sing,

—— O happy rod,
Which brought me nearer to my God.

Now will you prove the strength of Jesus to be yours, now, will you find that your very enemies shall be at peace with you; ravens shall feed you, and the bread which you cast upon the waters many days ago, shall now happily be found. I sympathize most sincerely with your dear yoke-fellow, and parent. Blessed be God, we have a rich Saviour to go to.—A Saviour, who though infinitely rich in himself, yet for our sakes became poor. Rejoice then, my dear friend, for having an opportunity of being conformed to him. And whether your affliction be brought on you by any imprudent conduct, or by the immediate hand of God, cast not off I pray you your confidence in Christ. He is a compassionate high-priest. Perhaps this year, if we should live to the fall, we may have an opportunity of conversing about him face to face. In the mean while, let us pray for each other, and wait for that blessed time, when we shall be afflicted and tossed no more. I meet with my share of trials; but with thankfulness would I set up my *Ebenezer*; for hitherto my God hath helped me. Glory be to his great name, his word runs and is glorified more and more. The wilderness in various places blossoms like a rose. May the Lord revive his work in your parts! Mr. *D*—— and Mr. *T*—— have supped with me twice. I hope they will meet with wished-for success. My wife joins in sending love and cordial respects to your whole self, your mother, sister, and all that love the glorious Jesus in sincerity. That you all may increase with all the increase of God, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr. *W*——,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXX.

To Governor B——.

London, January 11, 1754.

Honoured Sir,

I HAD the favour of your last kind letter by the hands of Messrs. *T——* and *D——*, whose work I pray the Lord of all Lords to bless and prosper. Was Lady *H——n* in town, they should have been introduced before now, but at present she is at *Bath* drinking of the waters of life freely, and communicating them freely to others. One of *Cæsar*'s houshold hath been lately awakened through her Ladyship's instrumentality, and I hope others will meet with like blessing. Amongst the common people the gospel also runs, and is glorified in divers places. Our new tabernacle the Redeemer vouchsafes to fill with his presence, and gives us daily to hear that delightful music, "The triumphs of his word." Winter quarters are made pleasant to me, but I long for my Spring campaign.—Perhaps it may be a *Spring Voyage*.—For I am now seriously thinking of a voyage to *America*, and live in hopes of seeing your Excellency once more on this side eternity.

Lord Jesus, do thou shew me what thou wouldest have me to do! This, this I trust at present is the unfeigned language of my heart,

A life that all things casts behind,

Springs forth obedient at thy call.

I beg a continued interest in your Excellency's prayers, that I may be kept from flagging in the latter stages of my road, and ripen for heaven every day and every hour. I am now thirty-nine years old, and little dreamt of being kept on earth so long; but I find we are immortal till our work is done. O that I may now begin to begin to work for Jesus! He is worthy, he is altogether lovely, he is the fairest among ten thousand. To his never-failing mercy and endearing love I most humbly recommend your Excellency's whole self, always subscribing myself, honoured Sir,

Your Excellency's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXI.

To Mr. S——.

London, January 11, 1754.

Dear Mr. S——,

WHY did you not apprize me of your going? Why did you not let me have an opportunity of sending my packets after you to *Portsmouth*? You sailed only a day or two before I came there myself. However, I am glad to hear that you are safe arrived. May it be an earnest of your arriving ere long in the kingdom of heaven! Perhaps we may meet this Summer. I hope we shall see each other grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. You and I are much indebted to him. We have not a moment of time to lose. We ought to be continually saying, "What shall we render unto the Lord?" O for zeal! O for activity in his glorious service! A crucified Jesus! An incarnate God! What doth his love, his dying, yet never-dying love demand at our hands? Answer that question who can. It will nonplus men and angels. Blessed be his free grace, we find here that his name is *Wonderful*. Our new tabernacle is compleated, and the workmen all

paid. What is best of all, the Redeemer manifests his glory in it. Every day, souls come crying, “What shall we do to be saved?” This I believe you will look upon to be the best news. But I can now no more. Accept this as a token of love unfeigned, from, my dear Mr. *S*——,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXII.

To Mr. B——.

London, January 19, 1754.

My dear Mr. B——,

ALL is well, and why? Because all things are of our Lord's ordering. May he perfect his strength in your weakness, and the more the outward man decayeth, may you be strengthened so much the more by his holy spirit in the inner man!—Welcome flux, welcome fever, welcome the plague itself, if sanctified to bring us nearer to our God. Yet a little while, and he that cometh, will come, and will not tarry. I wish you much prosperity under the cross.—You must return the favour; I stand in need of much prayer. Perhaps ere long I may be called to occupy my business in the great waters. If not, God willing, you shall see me. In the mean while, pray give my love to all, especially to those mentioned in your last. God help them to hold on and hold out! In heaven they will sing the louder for being called by such an ill and hell-deserving creature as I am. Blessed be God, awakening work goes on here: every sermon preached this Winter hath been fetched out of the

furnace.—But what are we to expect as Christians and ministers, but afflictions? I thank you for your kind offer, and orders to command. Such I seldom comply with. Though poor, yet desiring at least to make many rich, I would have for my motto still. Some way or another, my God will supply all my wants. I am sorry that the volume of the *Christian Library* was forgotten. I shall write to my dear Mr. *S*—— to send you his, and yours may be sent to him. Whatever becomes of written Christian libraries, I earnestly pray that your heart, my dear Sir, may be the library of Jesus Christ, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXIII.

To Mr. W——.

London, January 19, 1754.

Dear Mr. W——,

AS my embarking for *America* seems to be very near at hand, your question must necessarily be answered in the negative. However, I thank you for your kind offer, and earnestly pray that wherever you are called to labour, you may find the work of the Lord prospering in your hands. I did not know that there was any demur between you and those with whom you have been for some time connected; and I am sure, God is my witness, that I want to draw no man from them. People, money, power, are not my objects. I desire to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, and to be a willing pilgrim for his great name's sake. At present this is the language of my heart,

Lord, obediently I'd go,
Gladly leaving all below.

I intreat you to pray that my faith fail not. Lord, increase it for thy infinite mercy's sake! We have blessed seasons here: the glory of the Lord fills our new tabernacle. If possible, I shall send the books you desire to *Leeds*. I hope you find your present illness sanctified. That is a sign of special love. —Adieu. I am in great haste. But with greater love, I subscribe myself, dear Mr. *W——*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXIV.

To Mr. ——.

London, February 2, 1754.

Dear Sir,

BY your writing, I guess you are a brand plucked out of the fire of the polite and gay world.—Happy deliverance! I intreat you to rejoice, give thanks, and sing,

Be gone, vain world, my heart resign,
For I must be no longer thine;
A fairer, a diviner guest,
Now claims possession of my breast.

I do not wonder to hear of your being under trials; you are to be made perfect by them. Right-hand and right-eye corruptions are not so easily cut off, or plucked out; but this must be done. Not one *Agag*, however beautiful, and importunate for life, must be spared: the sword of the spirit must be lifted up, and as an enemy to the Lord of life and glory, he must be hewn to pieces. Jesus, the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus, cannot away with

idols:—And why? Because they rob us of our peace, estrange us from our God, and unfit us for the enjoyment of that better world, where I hope to see you encircled in the arms of redeeming love. Flee therefore, dear Sir, flee, I intreat you, youthful lusts. Jesus will give you wings and feet, and after all reward you, as though you fled in a strength of your own. O often, often contemplate, and dwell upon his dying for you. This will sweetly constrain you to be willing even to die for him, and powerfully constrain you to be ready to every good word and work. O that I may take this advice myself! You must pray that I may; a trial is at hand. In about three weeks I am bound for *America*.—A multiplicity of business lies before me; but to convince you that your correspondence is not troublesome, I snatch a few minutes to send you these lines, from, dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant for Christ's sake.

G. W.

LETTER MXXV.

To Lady H——n.

London, February 14, 1754.

Honoured Madam,

YOUR Ladyship's kind letter came safe to hand.—I immediately sent for Mr. *M——*, delivered his, and saw it consumed. He hath the most grateful sense of your Ladyship's great benevolence. It is, as your Ladyship suspects in relation to his wife; she is a *Zipporah*, a thorn in the flesh. Ministers must expect such things. I hope your Ladyship is enabled to bear with fortitude the scratches you must necessarily meet with in this wide howling wilderness. You have a Beloved to lean upon, who is mighty and willing to save. Blessed be his name, for giving you a heart to retire from the pomps and vanities of a dreaming and delusive world. Happy they, who can enjoy their God and themselves. This only the true Christian can do. Such a one I believe your Ladyship to be.—My prayer to the Lord of all Lords in your Ladyship's behalf, is that you may grow in grace, and abound continually in every good word and work. This is the only return I can make your

Ladyship for the regard and concern you have expressed for me, as an unworthy minister of the Son of God. For his great name sake, I expect in a fortnight, once more to launch into the great deep, with about ten or twelve poor destitute orphans under my care. O my God, why am I thus honoured, to be employed as a pilgrim for thee? I trust this is the language of my heart,

A life that all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart that no desire can move,
But still t'adore, believe and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all.

But whither am I going? Be pleased, honoured Madam, to excuse this freedom; your Ladyship's kind letter constrains me to write thus. Honoured Madam, I thank you a thousand and a thousand times, for all your kind offers of serving me, and the church of God. At present (since you have so lately let the tabernacle have such an instance of your regard) I have only to beg the continuance of your Ladyship's prayers, and to subscribe myself without dissimulation, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for the dear Redeemer's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXVI.

To Mrs. G——.

London, February 15, 1754.

Dear Madam,

WITH this I send you the promised pamphlet, which was written with a single eye to prevent fraud and superstition, and to promote the Mediator's glory. Notwithstanding, I would advise you, dear Madam, not to let other people's foibles drive you from the cross of Christ: he is altogether lovely. —And if persons were more taken up in contemplation of his loveliness, and their own deformities, they would not have so much time to talk of others, nor take so much pains to gain proselytes to any particular party under heaven. Such a practice is beneath the dignity of a free-born child of God.—His spirit breathes another kind of language, and teaches us to be all eye within. O that your heart may be filled with that wisdom which is from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be intreated, without partiality, without hypocrisy, and full of faith, self-denial, zeal, disinterestedness, and good works! That Jesus, whom I believe you love, is

able, dear Madam, to fill you with this wisdom. He hath promised, “if we ask, it shall be given.” Nay, he hath said, “that he giveth liberally and upbraideth not.” May you be enabled to lay hold on him in the omnipotence of prayer, and find grace to help in every time of need! Have you not found him faithful, in your intended visit to your friend? May you be made wise as an angel of God, to win her and others over to the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus! Pray, dear Madam, have you heard from *Bath*? There is a copy you may safely write after; but a perfect one is no where to be found but in our common Lord, the God-man Christ Jesus. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I most humbly recommend you, and, for his great name’s sake, most heartily subscribe myself, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER MXXVII.

To Mr. S——

Lisbon Harbour, March 17, 1754.

My very dear Sir,

SURELY our God is a prayer-hearing, promise-keeping God. He delights to disappoint our fears, and even exceeds our hopes. On the seventh instant we left *Gravesend*; on the eighth we passed through the downs, and yesterday we anchored in this port. Through the channel we met not with the least obstruction, neither had we the least contrary wind all the way. *Cape Finisterre*, the *Burlings*, and the rock of *Lisbon*, (high-lands we desired to make) we came directly upon, and though the wind was very high, yet being for us, it was not so troublesome, but (like sanctified afflictions to the Christian) drove us nearer to our desired haven. We are now lying before a large place, where we see hundreds going to worship in their way. We have just been at ours, and I trust I have felt something of that rest, which remains, even on this side eternity, for the people of God. You and yours are not forgotten by me at his throne. No, I remember you night

and day, and am longing for that happy time, when we shall part no more. Though sent without a friend to return with me, yet I am not left alone. I thank the Lord of all Lords, for honouring me so far as to employ me on such expeditions as these. O my God, what am I, that I should be called to leave my native country, and to sacrifice not only my carnal but spiritual affections for thee! Thy presence on earth, thy presence in heaven, will make amends for all. Well! Blessed be God, this heaven is at hand. Yet a little while, and he that cometh, will come, and will not tarry. O that he may find us busy for him! I am persuaded this will be your case. Add, my dear Sir, to my manifold obligations, by praying that it may be mine also.—Fain would I be kept from flagging in the latter stages of my road; fain would I return to my native country (if I am to return) grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Indeed he is a good master. He hath given me the affections of all on board, and as kind a Captain as we could desire. What I meet with when on shore, you may know hereafter. I grudge your paying postage for my poor scribble, and yet I know not well how to prevent it. Be pleased to put it down to the amount of our common Lord, and if you have any leisure from working for the poor, and trading for him, let me have a line. I recommend you and them to the Redeemer's never-failing mercy, and am, I trust with some degree of gratitude, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MXXVIII.

To Mr. B——.

Lisbon Harbour, March 19, 1754.

My dear Mr. B——,

HOW soon does the scene shift? At what a distance, in a few days, may we be removed from each other! On the sixteenth instant, that God whom I desire to serve in the gospel of his dear Son, brought me and my orphan charge to this harbour. As yet I have not been on shore, but expect to go to-morrow. At this distance, I see enough to bless the Lord of all Lords for calling me out of darkness into his marvelous light, and for redeeming me from this present evil world. O my dear friend, to an eye fixed on the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus, how little, unspeakably little do all sublunary things appear. I hope this will find my dear Mr. *B——* crying out from the bottom of his heart, "indeed they are not worth a thought." Well said, my dear Sir; let us then be laudably ambitious, and get as rich as we can towards God; such are durable riches. The bank of heaven is a sure bank. I have drawn thousands of bills upon it, and never had one sent back

protested. God helping me, I purpose lodging my little earthly all there. I hope my present poor but valuable cargo, will make some additions to my heavenly inheritance. O free grace! That ever such an ill and hell-deserving wretch as I am, should ever be called out to leave his carnal and spiritual friends, for that friend of sinners the Lamb of God! These partings are indeed trying to nature; but heaven, my dear Sir, will make amends for all. There I hope to meet you and yours, whom I love in the bowels of Jesus Christ; there you shall be amply rewarded for all acts of kindness conferred either on me or mine. Increase my obligations, by continuing to pray for us, and accept this as a small tribute of thanks, and a testimony of love unfeigned, from, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXXIX.

To Mr. R. K——n.

Lisbon, March 21, 1754.

My dear Mr. K——n,

I DO not forget my promise, either in respect to writing or praying.—Though at this distance, I am still present in spirit with you and yours, and with my other dear *London* friends; and I live in the expectation of seeing them all grown in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.—This leaves me an old inhabitant of *Lisbon*.—We have now been here almost a week, and I suppose shall stay a fortnight longer.—A very reputable merchant hath received me into his house, and every day shews me the ecclesiastical curiosities of the country.—O my dear friend, bless the Lord of all Lords for causing your lot to be cast into such a fair ground as *England*, and giving you such a goodly heritage.—It is impossible to be sufficiently thankful for civil and religious liberty, for simplicity of worship, and powerful preaching of the word of God.—O for simplicity of manners, and a correspondent behaviour! “What shall I render

unto the Lord for these amazing mercies," ought surely to be the language of our hearts.—O that I was thankful! O that I was humble! My obligations to be so increase daily.—Every where does the Lord of all Lords command somebody or another to receive me.—All is well on board, and *Lisbon* air agrees with my poor constitution extremely.—Through divine assistance, I hope what I see will also much improve my better part, and help to qualify me better for preaching the everlasting gospel.—Amazing, that such an honour should be conferred on such an ill and hell-deserving worm! O pray for me, my dear friends, and add to my obligations by frequently visiting my poor wife.—Kindnesses shewn to her in my absence, will be double kindnesses.—You must remember me to dear Mr. *C——n*, to your relations, and all enquiring friends.—Adieu! The Lord Jesus be with your spirits. I am, my dear Mr. and Mrs. *K——n*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXX.

To Mr. C——.

Lisbon, March 26, 1754.

My dear Friend,

SHALL I promise and not perform? I dare not. This therefore comes to inform you, that I am now as it were an old inhabitant of *Lisbon*, having been here above a week. In that time, what have I seen and heard? Strange and incredible things, not more strange than instructive. Never did civil and religious liberty appear to me in so amiable a light as now. What a spirit must *Martin Luther*, and the first Reformers be endued with, that dared to appear as they did for God! Lord, hasten that blessed time, when others, excited by the same spirit, shall perform like wonders. O happy *England*! O happy Methodists, who are Methodists indeed! And all I account such, who being dead to sects and parties, aim at nothing else but an holy method of living to, and dying in the blessed Jesus. This be their, this be my happy lot! Blessed be his name for calling me to a pilgrim life! Thanks be to his great name, for constraining me to leave all that is near and dear to me, for the

sake of his glorious gospel. He takes care to provide for me. A gentleman hath most gladly received me into his house, and behaves like a friend indeed. To-day I dine with the Consul: ere long, I hope to sit down and eat bread in the kingdom of God. I wait for this salvation, O Lord! You must pray for me, and desire others to join with you. I intend writing to our elect Lady before I leave *Lisbon*. In about ten days we expect to sail. For the present, adieu! This leaves us all well. My fatherless charge is in good health. O that they may be converted and made new creatures in Christ! O that I may begin to begin to be converted myself.—I am a dwarf.—Less than the least of all, shall be my motto still. As such, pray for, my dear friend.

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXI.

To Mr. A——.

Lisbon, March 29, 1754.

Very dear Friend,

INDEED you have lost the seeing and hearing of many strange, but to a truly enlightened soul, instructive things. I thank God for sending me here; I know your heart hath been here also; but all is well.—What is, is best. I hope you go on comfortably at home, whilst I, unworthy, ill and hell-deserving I, am travelling for the same Lord Jesus abroad. He doth not leave me comfortless,—he doth not leave me alone;

His presence doth my pains beguile,

And makes me tho' alone to smile.

O the happiness of seeing and enjoying all in God, even a God in Christ! Such happiness they only can know, who being separated from all that is near and dear unto them, can wrap themselves in Him, in whose presence there is life, and at whose right hand there are pleasures for evermore. This be my happy lot, during my present exile state! O my dear tabernacle

friends, my dear never to be forgotten hearers, into what a fair ground is your lot cast! What a goodly heritage hath the Lord of all Lords vouchsafed you! I remember my promise, I think of your hours of meeting, and though absent in body, am, notwithstanding, present in spirit, and live in hopes of hearing of your stedfastness and joy in God our Saviour. Bless him, O bless him from your inmost souls, that you have been taught the way to him, without the help of fictitious saints. Thank him night and day, that to you, even to you are committed the lively oracles of God. Adore him continually for giving you to hear them preached with power, and pity and pray for those, who are forbid the use of this sacred depositum, and are led blindfold day by day, by crafty and designing men. May you see and improve your privileges! Much, very much indeed is given you. Of you, therefore, God and man may justly require the more: accept this in love. Continue to pray for me and my fatherless pilgrim charge. Blessed be God they are all well. I write this from a merchant's house, whom the Lord of all lords hath inclined to receive me; let him not be forgotten. In a short time we expect to move. Still my request is, "If thy presence go not with me. Lord Jesus, send me not even from hence!" I wish you all, dear friends, much, very much of it. I intend to write to as many as I can, and I beg them and you to accept this as a token of love unfeigned, from, my very dear *T——*,

Theirs and yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXII.

To the Rev. Mr. Z——.

Lisbon, March 29, 1754.

My dear and honoured Sir,

THROUGH the goodness of a gracious and never-failing God, we have been at this place near a fortnight. Our voyage was but about nine days long, and the same God who took care of us on the great deep, hath also provided for me on shore. A merchant of great credit hath received me into his house, and every day I have seen or heard something, that hath had a native tendency to make me thankful for the glorious reformation. O that our people were equally reformed in their lives, as they are in their doctrines and manner of worship! But alas! alas!—O for another *Luther*, O for that wished-for season, when every thing that is antichristian shall be totally destroyed by the breath of the Redeemer's mouth, and brightness of his appearing! Then should I, even ill and hell-deserving I, be entirely conformed to the copy of my great Exemplar, and nor be such a dwarf as I am in the divine life. As my present situation leads me to be all eye and ear,

I endeavour to look more into my heart. But the more I see it, the more I admire the freeness and richness of that grace, that hath called me out of darkness into God's marvelous light, and made me a minister of the everlasting gospel. May this voyage be over-ruled for my improvement in that delightful employ! Hitherto, I think it hath done me good. The country agrees with my bodily health; and, through grace, I trust what I have seen and heard hath benefited my soul. My fatherless charge are all well, and I hope in a few days we shall set sail for *Georgia*. From thence, God willing, honoured Sir, you shall hear from me again. In the meanwhile, I recommend myself to the continuance of your daily intercession, as being, very dear and honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful, obliged, though unworthy son and servant in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXIII.

To Mr. C——.

Lisbon, March 30, 1754.

Very dear Sir,

THIS leaves me pretty well satisfied (not to say surfeited) with the ecclesiastical curiosities of *Lisbon*. This day fortnight we arrived; and the country being in want of rain, and it being *Lent* season, we have been savoured with frequent processions, and several extraordinary pieces of scenery. Alas! to what lengths will superstition run! And how expensive is the pageantry of a false religion! Blessed be God for being born in *England*! Blessed be God for being born again, and thereby being taught to worship the Father in spirit and in truth! This, my dear Sir, I believe is your happy portion; and therefore if it should be our lot never to meet here any more, I am persuaded nothing can prevent our meeting in a blissful country hereafter. O that we may be kept from flagging in the latter stages of our road! I am confounded, when I think what a drone I have been, and daily wonder why the Lord employs such a worthless wretch.—Surely it must be,

that in me he may shew all long-suffering. Help me, my dear friend, to praise him. *Lisbon* air seems healthy for the body; and what I have seen and heard I trust will benefit my soul. Be pleased to remember me to Mrs. *C*——, your son, and all enquiring friends. You will not forget to visit my widow wife. Blessed be God, her Maker is her husband, and ere long we shall all sit down together at the feast, the marriage supper of the Lamb. In a believing prospect of this, I subscribe myself, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXIV.

To Mr. F——.

Lisbon, March 31, 1754.

Dear Sir,

I OWE you much love.—I wish you and yours much happiness, and earnestly pray that you may walk together many years as heirs of the grace of life. Was I to be confined long in my present situation, I should be in danger of envying my protestant friends, who breathe in a free air, and are taught to worship the father of spirits in spirit and in truth. This I fear is the lot but of few here; all is pageantry and pomp. Particulars perhaps I may send by another opportunity. Blessed be God that I have seen and heard for myself. It surpasseth all description. This week we expect to sail: I beg the continuance of both your prayers; it will be a very great act of charity; for indeed I am a poor helpless worm, but notwithstanding, if I know any thing of my heart, willing to spend and be spent for Jesus. He doth not forsake me on the mighty waters.—My fatherless charge are all well, and in due time I hope we shall safely arrive at our desired port.—Ere long I hope to be, from

whence I shall never put to sea any more. O for a triumphant entrance into the blissful harbour! Jesus is able to do this for us. To his never-failing mercy do I earnestly commend you, your brother, and all enquiring friends, as being, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXV.

To Mr. ——.

Lisbon, April 1, 1754.

My dear Friend,

BY this time, I suppose, you have heard of my arrival at *Lisbon*, and are wondering what led me thither, especially since my last informed you of my intention to go to *Georgia* by way of *New-York*. This was really my design at the time of my writing; but being afterward called by Providence to take with me several orphan children, I thought it most adviseable to go and settle them, and my other domestic affairs, at the Orphan-house first, that I might visit the northern parts of *America* with more ease and freedom in my own mind.—It happened that the *Success*, Captain *Thomson*, bound for *Port-Royal, South-Carolina*, (which is not very far from *Georgia*) was then almost ready to sail.—I sent for the Owner, and finding that the ship was to touch at *Lisbon* to unload some wheat, it occasioned a little demur; but, upon second thoughts, believing it might be serviceable to me, as a preacher and protestant, to see something of the superstitions of the church of *Rome*,

I took my passage, and embarked in the *Success* the 7th of *March*. On the 14th we reached *Cape Finister*. On the 15th came in sight of the *Burlings*; and on the 16th anchored safe before *Bellem*, about four miles distance from *Lisbon*, the metropolis of *Portugal*. As I knew nobody there, and had formed but an indifferent idea of the inhabitants, from the account that had been given me of them, I had purposed within myself to keep on board, and go ashore only now and then in the day-time. But Providence so ordered it, that a gentleman of the factory, who had heard me himself, and whose brother had been awakened under my ministry several years ago, immediately, on hearing of my arrival, sent me an offer of his house during my stay. I thankfully accepted it; and special leave being procured for my going ashore, I was carried in a chaise and pair from *Bellem* to *Lisbon*. A new scene, both in respect to the situation of the place, the fashion of the buildings, and the dress of the inhabitants, presented itself all the way. But what engaged my attention most, was the number of crucifixes, and little images of the *Virgin Mary*, and of other real or reputed saints, which were placed almost in every street, or fixed against the walls of the houses almost at every turning, with lamps hanging before them. To these, I observed the people bow as they passed along; and near some of them stood several little companies, singing with great earnestness.——This seemed to me very odd, and gave me an idea of what further ecclesiastical curiosities would probably fall in my way, if I should be detained here any time. These expectations were quickly raised; for, not long after my arrival at my new lodgings, (where I was received and entertained with great gentility, hospitality and friendliness) upon looking out of the window, I saw a company of priests and friars bearing lighted wax tapers, and attended by various sorts of people, some of which had bags and baskets of victuals in

their hands, and others carried provisions upon their shoulders on sticks between two. After these, followed a mixed multitude, singing with a very audible voice, and addressing the *Virgin Mary* in their usual strain, "*Ora pro nobis.*" In this manner they proceeded to the prison, where all was deposited for the use of the poor persons confined therein. But a far more pompous procession of the like nature (as a stander-by informed me) passed by a few days before. In this there were near three hundred *Franciscan* friars, many of which (besides porters hired for the purpose) were loaded with a variety of food; and those who bore no burden, carried either ladles or spoons in their hands. Sights of this nature being quite a novelty to me, I was fond of attending as many of them as I could. Two things concurred to make them more frequent at this juncture,—the season of *Lent*,—and an excessive drought, which threatened the total destruction of the fruits of the earth. For the averting so great a judgment, and for the imploring the much longed-for blessing of rain, daily processions had been made from one convent or another, for a considerable time.—One of these I saw: it was looked upon as a pretty grand one, being made up of the *Carmelite* friars, the parish priests, and a great number of what they call the brothers of the order, who walked two by two in divers habits, holding a long and very large lighted wax-taper in their right hands. Amidst these was carried, upon eight or ten mens shoulders, a tall image of the *Virgin Mary*, in a kind of man's attire; for I think she had a very fine white wig on her head, (a dress she often appears in) and was much adorned with jewels and glittering stones. At some distance from the Lady, under a large canopy of state, and supported likewise by six or eight persons, came a priest, holding in his hand some noted relic. After him, followed several thousands of people, joining with the friars in singing, "*Eandem cantilenam, Ora pro nobis*," all

the way. Still rain was denied, and still processions were continued. At length the clouds began to gather, and the mercury in the barometer fell very much. Then was brought out a wooden image, which they say never failed. It was the figure of our blessed Lord, cloathed with purple robes, and crowned with thorns. I think they call him the Lord of the Passion. Upon his shoulders he bore a large cross, under the weight of which he was represented as stooping, till his body bent almost double. He was brought from the *Le Grass* convent in very great pomp, and placed in a large cathedral church.——Being on board at that time, I lost this sight; but the subsequent evening I beheld the Seigneur fixed on an eminence in a large cathedral church, near the altar, surrounded with wax tapers of a prodigious size.—He was attended by many noblemen, and thousands of spectators of all ranks and stations, who crouded from every quarter, and in their turns, were admitted by the guards to come within the rails, and perform their devotions. This they expressed by kneeling, and kissing the Seigneur's heel, by putting their left and right eye to it, and then touching it with their beads, which a gentleman in waiting received from them, and then returned again. This scene was repeated for three days successively; and during all this time, the church and space before it was so thronged with carriages and people, that there was scarce any passing. The music on this occasion was extremely soft, and the church was illuminated in a very striking manner. The third day in the forenoon it rained, and soon after the Seigneur was conducted home in as great splendour, and with much greater rejoicing, than when he was brought forth. As my situation was very commodious, I saw the whole; and afterwards went and heard part of the sermon, which was delivered before him, in the church to which the Seigneur belonged. The preacher was full of action; and in some part of his discourse, (as one

who understood *Portuguese* informed me) pointing to the image, he said, "Now he is at rest.—He went out in justice, but is returned in mercy." And towards the conclusion, he called upon the people to join with him in an extempore prayer. This they did with great fervency, which was expressed not only by repeating it aloud, but by beating their breasts, and clapping their cheeks, and weeping heartily.——To compleat the solemnity, immediately after the delivery of the blessing, all on a sudden, from the place near which the image stood, there was heard a most soft and soothing symphony of music, which being ended, the assembly broke up, and I returned to my lodgings; not a little affected, to see so many thousands led away from the simplicity of the gospel, by such a mixture of human artifice and blind superstition, of which indeed I could have formed no idea, had I not been an eye witness. This concern was still increased, by what I heard from some of my fellow passengers, who informed me, that about eleven one night, after I came aboard, they not only heard a friar preaching most fervently before the Seigneur, but also saw several companies of penitents brought in, lashing and whipping themselves severely. How little unlike this, to those who cut themselves with knives and lancets, and cried out from morning till night, "O Baal, hear us."——Methinks I hear you say, "And had I been present, I should have wished for the spirit of an *Elijah* to —" Hush, my friend,—I am content to guess at the rest till we meet. In the mean while, let us comfort ourselves with this thought, that there is a season approaching, when the Lord God of *Elijah* will himself come, and destroy this and every other species of antichrist, by the breath of his mouth, and the brightness of his appearing, even by the all-conquering manifestations of his eternal Spirit. Whether as men, Christians, and protestants, we have not more and more reason to pray night and day, for the hastening on of that

glorious and long wished-for period, you will be better able to judge, when I send you (as I purpose to do, if I have time) a further account of a *Lent* procession or two, of which I was also a spectator.——At present I can only beg a continual remembrance at a throne of grace, as being, my dear friend,

Yours most respectfully in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXVI.

To the Same.

Lisbon, April 3, 1754.

My dear Friend,

THOUGH some other business demands my attentions yet I must not forget the promise made you of a further account of the processions I saw at *Lisbon*.——Some of those already mentioned, were extraordinary, by reason of their great drought; but that which is to be the subject of my present letter, was an annual one: it being customary at *Lisbon* to exhibit some procession or another every *Friday* in *Lent*. An intelligent Protestant, who stood near me, was so good as to be my interpreter of the dumb shew as it passed along.—I say *dumb shew*: for you must know it was chiefly made up of waxen or wooden images, carried on mens shoulders through the streets, intending to represent the life and death of St. *Francis*, the founder of one of their religious orders. They were brought out from the *Franciscan* convent, and were preceded by three persons in scarlet habits, with baskets in their hands, in which they received the alms of the

spectators, for the benefit of the poor prisoners. After these, came two little boys in party-coloured cloaths, with wings fixed on their shoulders, in imitation of little angels.—Then appeared the figure of St. *Francis*, very gay and beau-like, as he used to be before his conversion. In the next, he was introduced under conviction, and consequently stript of his finery. Soon after this, was exhibited an image of our blessed Lord himself, in a purple gown, with long black hair, with St. *Francis* lying before him, to receive his immediate orders. Then came the Virgin Mother, (*horresco referens*) with Christ her son at her left hand, and St. *Francis* making his obeisance to both.——Here, if I remember aright, he made his first appearance in his friar's habit, with his hair cut short, but not as yet shaved in the crown of his head. After a little space, followed a mitred Cardinal gaudily attired, and before him lay St. *Francis* almost prostrate, in order to be confirmed in his office. Soon after this, he appears quite metamorphosed into a monk, his crown shorn, his habit black, and his loins girt with a knotted cord.—Here he prays to our Saviour hanging on a cross, that the marks of the wounds in his hands, feet, and side, might be impressed on the same parts of his body. The prayer is granted; blood comes from the hands, feet, and side; and the saint, with great devotion, receives the impressions. This was represented by red waxen strings, reaching from those parts of the image to the corresponding parts of St. *Francis*'s body. Upon this he begins to do wonders; and therefore, in a little while, he is carried along, as holding up a house which was just falling. This miracle, they say, was performed (if my information be true) at *Madrid*, but the particulars of its history I have forgotten. At length the father dies, and is brought forth lying in his grave. But lo! the briars and nettles under which he lay, are turned into fine and fragrant flowers. After this he is borne along upon a bier covered with a

silver pall, and four friars lamenting over him.——He then appears for the last time, but with an increase of power; for he was represented as drawing tormented people out of purgatory with his knotted cord, which, as you may well imagine, the poor souls catched at, and took hold of very eagerly. At length came a gorgeous friar under a splendid canopy, bearing in his hand a piece of the holy cross. After him followed two more little winged boys, and then a long train of fat and well-flavoured *Franciscans*, with their *Calceis Fenestratis*, as *Erasmus* calls them; and so the procession ended. Methinks I hear you say, "It is full time;"—and so say I: for as the sight itself disgusted me, so I am persuaded the bare narration of it, though ever so short, cannot be very pleasant to one who I know abhors every thing that savours of superstition and idolatry. We will therefore take our leave of St. *Francis*, whose procession was in the day time: but I must tell you it is only to inform you of another of a much more awful and shocking nature, which I saw afterwards at night. About ten o'clock, being deeply engaged in conversation with my kind host, in came an *Englishman*, and told me in all haste, that he had seen a train of near two hundred penitents passing along, and that in all probability I might be gratified with the same sight, if I hastened to a place whither he would conduct me. I very readily obeyed the summons, and, as curiosity quickened my pace, we soon came up with some of those poor creatures, who were then making a halt, and kneeling in the street, whilst a friar from a high cross, with an image of our Lord crucified in his hand, was preaching to them and the populace with great vehemence. Sermon being ended, the penitents went forwards, and several companies followed after with their respective preaching friars at their head, bearing crucifixes. These they pointed to and brandished frequently, and the hearers as frequently beat their breasts, and clapped their cheeks. At

proper pauses they stopped and prayed, and one of them, more zealous than the rest, before the King's palace, sounded the word *penitentia* through a speaking trumpet. The penitents themselves were clothed and covered all over with white linen vestments, only holes were made for their eyes to peep out at. All were bare-footed, and all had long heavy chains fastened to their ancles, which, when dragged along the street, made a dismal rattling: but though alike in dress, yet in other respects there was great variety amongst them. For some carried great stones on their backs, and others dead mens bones and skulls in their hands. Some bore large and seemingly very heavy crosses upon their shoulders, whilst others had their arms extended quite wide, or carried a bow full of swords with the points downwards. Most of them whipped and lashed themselves, some with cords, and others with flat bits of iron. It being a moonshine night, I could see them quite well; and indeed some of them struck so hard, that I perceived their backs (left bare on purpose to be slashed) were quite red, and swoln very much by the violence and repetition of the blows. Had my dear friend been there, he would have joined with me in saying, that the whole scene was horrible;—so horrible, that, being informed it was to be continued till morning, I was glad to return from whence I came about midnight.——Had you been with me, I know you would have joined with me in praising and gratefully adoring the Lord of all lords, for the great wonder of the reformation, and also for that glorious deliverance wrought out for us a few years past, in defeating the unnatural rebellion. O what a mighty spirit and power from on high must *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Melancthon*, *Zuinglius*, and those glorious reformers, be necessarily endued with, who dared first openly to oppose and stem such a torrent of superstition and spiritual tyranny! and what gratitude owe we to those, who, under God,

were instrumental in saving us from the return of such spiritual slavery, and such blind obedience to a papal power! To have had a papist for our king;—a papist, if not born, yet from his infancy nursed up at *Rome*;—a papist, one of whose sons is advanced to the ecclesiastical dignity of a Cardinal, and both under the strongest obligations to support the interest of that church, whose superstitions, as well as political state principles, they have sucked in, and imbibed even from their infancy. But, blessed be God, the snare is broken, and we are delivered. O for protestant practices to be added to protestant principles! O for an obediential acknowledgment to the ever-blessed God for our repeated deliverances! But alas!——Pardon me, my dear friend, I stop to weep. Adieu. I cannot enlarge, but leaving you to guess from what source my tears flow, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear Sir,

Yours most cordially in our blessed Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXVII.

To Mr. B——.

Lisbon, April 9, 1754.

Reverend and dear Sir,

THE time of our departure hence is just at hand. I cannot move without sending you a few lines; I remember your unmerited love, I remember our affectionate parting, and I trust feel the benefit of your distant prayers. Though called to part with what is dearer to me than life, yet my heavenly Father hath not left me comfortless. True, it is a silent, but I hope an instructive period of life. One must be all eye and ear at *Lisbon*:—and indeed, I would not but have seen and heard what hath passed here, since our arrival, upon any account. It surpasseth all description. Surely *England*, and *English* privileges civil and religious, will be dearer to me than ever. The preachers here have also taught me something; their action is graceful. *Vividi oculi,—vividæ manus,—omnia vivida.* Surely our *English* preachers would do well, to be a little more fervent in their address. They have truth on their side, why should superstition and falshood run away with all that is

pathetic and affecting? But my dear friend needs not this note. Blessed be God for making you fervent in spirit. Go on, my dear Sir, in the name and strength of Jesus. *Sequar, etsi non passibus æquis.—Nil desperandum Christo duce.* Pray remember me to all that love him, and are so kind as to enquire after a worthless worm for his great name's sake. It will be an act of the greatest charity to intercede in my behalf. Alas! alas! I am a dwarf indeed. My dear Sir, pray that I may grow, I cannot bear to live at this dying rate. I want to be a flame of fire. That this may be your happy lot, is and shall be, through Christ strengthening me, the earnest request of, my very dear Sir,

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

G. W.

LETTER MXXXVIII.

To Mrs. G——.

Lisbon, April 9, 1754.

Dear Madam,

I HOPE this will find you more than happy, in the enjoyment of Him, whose death and passion many at this season are peculiarly called upon to remember, and be thankful for. Vast are the outward preparations made here. Altars upon altars are erecting. Penitents upon penitents are walking and lashing themselves: but what I want to have erected and adorned, is an altar in my heart, and the blows and lashes I desire to feel, are the crucifixion and mortification of the old man and its deeds. Without this, all is mere parade. God be praised for opening your eyes, and teaching you the holy art of worshipping him in spirit and in truth. Is it not a glorious privilege? Would you lose it for ten thousand worlds? Blessed be God, it is in safe hands! The life of a believer is a hidden life; a life hid with Christ in God. May the Author and Finisher thereof, cause it to open and be

displayed more and more every hour and every moment in your heart! Thus prays, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXXXIX.

To Mr. H——.

Lisbon, April 10, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

STILL I am here, surrounded with every thing, in an ecclesiastical way, that can offend a mind which desires to worship the Lord Jesus in outward as well as inward simplicity. To-morrow is what they call *Holy Thursday*. May I be as solicitous to have my heart illuminated by the spirit of God, as the people here are to illuminate their churches and altars. The pageantry is indeed incredible. Though we have been detained longer than expectation, yet I trust what I have seen and heard, will do me service in the future part of my life. Was I returning to, as I am going from *England*, and had I a proper companion, I would make a tour to *Leghorn*, *Genoa*, *Rome*, &c. and so to *Marseilles*. What instruction would such a mind as yours gather from such various scenes? O that I may be like a busy bee, and suck some honey even from superstitious flowers! I do not wonder now, whence the illuminations, dressing of altars, and those other things which I have lately

mentioned in a public manner on another occasion, took their birth. It is all in imitation of what is daily practised abroad. May the Lord Jesus crush the cockatrice in its egg, and prevent its growing any bigger! I write this from a merchant's house, who sent for me from on board. Thus our Lord provides for those that are employed for him. Help me to praise him. My fatherless charge are all well. In a day or two we expect to sail. My most cordial respects attend your mother, and all your dear relations. Continue to pray for me, and thereby add to the obligations already conferred on, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXL.

Lisbon, April 12, 1754.

My dear Friend,

PROVIDENCE still detains us at *Lisbon*, and therefore I know you will be enquiring what more news from thence?—Truly, as extraordinary as ever—for I have now seen the solemnities of an *Holy-Thursday*, which is a very high day in this metropolis, and particularly remarkable for the grand illuminations of the churches, and the king's washing twelve poor men's feet.—Through the interest of a friend, I got admittance into the gallery where the ceremony was performed. It was large, and hung with tapestry; one piece of which represented the humble Jesus washing the feet of his disciples.—Before this, upon a small eminence, sat twelve men in black. At the upper end, and in several other parts of the gallery, were side-boards of large gold and silver basons and ewers most curiously wrought; and near these a large table covered with a variety of dishes, all cold, set off and garnished after the *Portuguese* fashion. Public high mass being over, his majesty came in attended with his nobles, who seemed to me to look like so

many *Roman* senators. The act of washing the feet, I did not get in time enough to see; but that being ended, several of the young noblemen served up the dishes to the king's brother and uncles; these again handed them to his majesty, who gave (I think) twelve of them in all to each poor man. Every thing was carried on with a great deal of decency and good humour. The young noblemen served very chearfully, their seniors looked quite pleased, and the king and his royal relations behaved in a very polite, easy manner,—upon the whole, though as you may easily guess it was not an exact copy of the tapestry, yet, as the poor mens cloaths and food, when sold, came to about ten moidores; and as there was little mixture of superstition in it, I cannot say but I was as well pleased with my morning's entertainment as with any thing I had seen since my arrival.—I believe the whole took up near two hours. After dinner we went to see the churches; but the magnificence and sumptuousness of the furniture, cannot well be expressed.—Many of them were hung on the occasion with purple damask trimmed with gold.—In one of them there was a solid silver altar of several yards circumference, and near twelve steps high: and in another a gold one, still more magnificent, of about the same dimensions.—Its basis was studded with many precious stones, and near the top were placed silver images, in representation of angels. Each step was filled with large silver candlesticks, with wax-tapers in them, which going up by a regular ascent, 'till they formed themselves into a pyramid, made a most glittering and splendid blaze.—The great altars also of the other churches were illuminated most profusely, and silver pots of artificial flowers, with a large wax-taper between each, were fixed all round several of them.—Between these, were large paintings in black and white, representing the different parts of our Saviour's passion. And, in short, all was so magnificently, so

superstitiously grand, that I am persuaded several thousands of pounds would not defray the expences of this one day. Go which way you would, nothing was to be seen but illuminations within, and hurry without.—For all persons, princes and crowned heads themselves not excepted, are obliged on this day to visit seven churches or altars, in imitation, as is supposed, of our Lord's being hurried from one tribunal to another, before he was condemned to be hung upon the cross.—I saw the queen pass by in great state to visit three of them. Velvet cushions were carried before her Majesty, and boards laid along the streets for herself and retinue to walk upon. Guards attended before and behind, and thousands of spectators stood on each side to gaze at them as they passed along. Being desirous of seeing the manner of their entrance, we got into the last church before they came. It was that of *St. Domingo*, where was the gold altar before mentioned, and at which her Majesty and train knelt about a quarter of an hour.—All the while, the *Dominican* friars sung most surprisingly sweet. But as I stood near the altar, over against the great door, I must confess my very inmost soul was struck with a secret horror, when, upon looking up, I saw over the front of the great window of the church, the heads of many hundred *Jews*, painted on canvas, who had been condemned by what they call the *Holy Inquisition*, and carried out from that church to be burnt.—Strange way this, of compelling people to come in! Such was not thy method, O meek and compassionate Lamb of God! Thou camest not to destroy mens lives, but to save them.—But bigotry is as cruel as the grave.—It knows no remorse.—From all its bitter and dire effects, good Lord deliver us!—But to return to the Queen. Having performed her devotions, she departed and went in a coach of state, I believe, directly from the church to her palace, and without doubt sufficiently fatigued: for, besides walking through the streets to the

several churches, her Majesty also, and the princesses, had been engaged in waiting upon, and washing the feet of twelve poor women, in as public a manner as the king. In our walk home, we met his Majesty with his brother and two uncles, attended only with a few noblemen in black velvet, and a few guards without halberts. I suppose he was returning from his last church, and, as one may well imagine, equally fatigued with his royal consort and daughters.—When church and state thus combine to be nursing fathers and nursing mothers to superstition, is it any wonder that its credit and influence is so diffusive among the populace?—O *Britain! Britain!* hast thou but zeal proportionable to thy knowledge, and inward purity adequate to the simplicity of thy external worship, in what a happy and god-like situation wouldst thou be! Here I could weep again.—Again I leave you to guess the cause; and if I can send you one more letter of a like nature, before we leave this place, it is all you must expect from, my dear friend,

Your’s most assuredly in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MXLI.

To Mr. ——.

Lisbon, April 12, 1755.

My dear Friend,

AFTER the news already sent you, I thought our *Lisbon* correspondence would entirely have been put a stop to; for upon returning to my lodgings, (as weary I believe as others that had been running from church to church all day) word was sent me, that our ship would certainly sail the next morning. This news, I own, was not altogether agreeable to me, because I wanted to see the conclusion of the *Lent* solemnities. However, I made ready; and having dispatched my private affairs the over-night, was conducted very early in the morning, by my kind host, down to *Bellem*, where the ship lay. We parted. The wind promised to be fair; but dying away, I very eagerly went ashore once more. But how was the scene changed! Before, all used to be noise and hurry;—now, all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound silence. No clock or bell had been heard since yesterday noon, and scarce a person was to be seen in the street

all the way to *Lisbon*. About two in the afternoon we got to the place, where (I had heard some days ago) an extraordinary scene was to be exhibited. Can you guess what it was?—Perhaps not. Why then I will tell you. “It was the crucifixion of the Son of God, represented partly by dumb images, and partly by living persons, in a large church belonging to the convent of *St. De Beato*.” Several thousands crouded into it; some of whom, as I was told, had been waiting there from even six in the morning.—Through the kind interposition and assistance of a protestant or two, I was not only admitted into the church, but was very commodiously situated to view the whole performance. We had not waited long before the curtain was drawn up. Immediately, upon a high scaffold hung in the front with black bays, and behind with silk purple damask laced with gold, was exhibited to our view an image of the Lord Jesus at full length, crowned with thorns, and nailed on a cross between two figures of like dimensions, representing the two thieves. At a little distance on the right hand, was placed an image of the virgin *Mary*, in plain long ruffles, and a kind of widow-weeds. Her veil was purple silk, and she had a wire glory round her head.—At the foot of the cross lay, in a mournful pensive posture, a living man, dressed in woman’s cloaths, who personated *Mary Magdalen*; and not far off stood a young man, in imitation of the beloved disciple.—He was dressed in a loose green silk vesture, and bob-wig.—His eyes were fixed on the cross, and his two hands a little extended. On each side, near the front of the stage, stood two centinels in buff, with formidable caps and long beards; and directly in the front stood another yet more formidable, with a large target in his hand. We may suppose him to be the *Roman* centurion. To compleat the scene, from behind the purple hangings came out about twenty little purple-vested winged boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted wax-taper in his hand, and

a crimson and gold cap on his head.—At their entrance upon the stage, they gently bowed their heads to the spectators, then kneeled and made obeisance, first to the image on the cross, and then to that of the virgin *Mary*.—When risen, they bowed to each other, and then took their respective places over-against one another, on steps assigned for them at the front of the stage. Opposite to this, at a few yards distance, stood a black friar in a pulpit hung in mourning. For a while he paused, and then, breaking silence, gradually lifted up his voice ’till it was extended to a pretty high pitch, though I think scarce high enough for so large an auditory. After he had proceeded in his discourse about a quarter of an hour, a confused noise was heard near the front great door; upon turning my head, I saw four long-bearded men, two of which carried a ladder on their shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt dishes in their hands, full of linen, spices, &c. These (as I imagined) were the representatives of *Nicodemus* and *Joseph* of *Arimathea*. On a signal given from the pulpit, they advanced towards the steps of the scaffold. But upon their very first attempting to mount it, at the watchful centurion’s nod, the observant soldiers made a pass at them, and presented the points of their javelins directly to their breasts. They are repulsed. Upon this a letter from *Pilate* is produced. The centurion reads it, shakes his head, and with looks that bespoke a forced compliance, beckons to the centinels to withdraw their arms. Leave being thus obtained, they ascend; and having paid their homage, by kneeling first to the image on the cross, and then to the virgin *Mary*, they retired to the back of the stage. Still the preacher continued declaiming, or rather (as was said) explaining the mournful scene. *Magdalen* persists in wringing her hands, and variously expressing her personated sorrow; whilst *John* (seemingly regardless of all besides) stood

gazing on the crucified figure. By this time it was near three o'clock, and therefore proper for the scene to begin to close. The ladders are ascended, the superscription and crown of thorns taken off, long white rollers put round the arms of the image, and then the nails knocked out which fastened the hands and feet. Here *Mary Magdalen* looks most languishing, and *John*, if possible, stands more thunder-struck than before.—The orator lifts up his voice, and almost all the hearers expressed concern by weeping, beating their breasts, and smiting their cheeks.—At length the body is gently let down. *Magdalen* eyes it, and, gradually rising, receives the feet into her wide-spread handkerchief; whilst *John* (who hitherto stood motionless like a statue) as the body came nearer the ground, with an eagerness that bespoke the intense affection of a sympathizing friend, runs towards the cross, seizes the upper part of it into his clasping arms, and, with his disguised fellow-mourner, helps to bear it away. And here the play should end, was I not afraid you would be angry with me, if I did not give you an account of the last act, by telling you what became of the corpse after it was taken down. Great preparations were made for its interment. It was wrapped in linen and spices, &c. and being laid upon a bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the church-yard in grand procession. The image of the virgin *Mary* was chief mourner, and *John* and *Magdalen*, with a whole troop of friars with wax-tapers in their hands, followed after. Determined to see the whole, I waited its return, and in about a quarter of an hour the corps was brought in, and deposited in an open sepulchre prepared for the purpose; but not before a priest, accompanied by several of the same order in splendid vestments, had perfumed it with incense, sung to and kneeled before it. *John* and *Magdalen* attended the obsequies; but the image of the virgin *Mary* was carried away and placed upon the front of the stage, in

order to be kissed, adored, and worshipped by the people.—This I saw them do with the utmost eagerness and reverence. And thus ended this *Good Friday*'s tragi-comical, superstitious, idolatrous farce. A farce, which whilst I saw, as well as now whilst I am describing it, excited in me an high indignation.—Surely, thought I, whilst attending on such a scene of mock devotion, if ever, now is the dear Lord Jesus crucified afresh; and I could then, and even now, think of no other plea for the poor beguiled devotees, than that which suffering innocence put up himself for his enemies, when actually hanging upon the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." There was but one thing wanting to raise one's resentment to the highest pitch, and that was, for one of the soldiers to have pierced the side of the image upon the cross. This in all probability you have heard hath actually been done in other places, and with a little more art, might, I think, have been performed here. Doubtless it would have afforded the preacher as good, if not a better opportunity of working upon the passions of his auditory, than the taking down the superscription and crown of thorns, and wiping the head with a blooded cloth, and afterwards exposing it to the view of the people; all which I saw done before the body was let down.—But alas! my dear friend, how mean is that eloquence, and how entirely destitute of the demonstration of the spirit, and of a divine power, must that oratory necessarily be, that stands in need of such a train of superstitious pageantry to render it impressive!—Think you, my dear friend, that the apostle *Paul* used or needed any such artifices to excite the passions of the people of *Galatia*, amongst whom, as he himself informs us, "Jesus Christ was crucified, and evidently set forth?"—But thus it is, and thus it will be, when simplicity and spirituality are banished from our religious offices, and artifice and idolatry seated in their room.—I am well aware that the

Romanists deny the charge of idolatry; but after having seen what I have seen this day, as well as at sundry other times since my arrival here, I cannot help thinking but a person must be capable of making more than metaphysical distinctions, and deal in very abstract ideas indeed, fairly to evade the charge.—If weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, I am positive the scale must turn on the protestant side.—But such a balance these poor people are not permitted to make use of! Doth not your heart bleed for them? Mine doth I am sure, and I believe would do so more and more, was I to stay longer, and see what they call their *Hallelujah*, and grand devotions on *Easter-day*.—But that scene is denied me.—The wind is fair, and I must away.—Follow me with your prayers, and believe me to be, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately, in our common Redeemer,

G. W.

LETTER MXLII.

To Mrs. D——.

On board the Success, May 10, 1754.

My dear sister in Christ,

IT really hath given me much concern since I have been on the mighty waters, that it was not in my power to write to you more frequently when on shore. I therefore send you a few lines from the great deep, which I hope will find you magnifying the Lord, and rejoicing in God your Saviour. For his great name's sake, I am once more going to *Georgia*, and after a short tour through some parts of *America*, I hope to see my native country, and begin to begin to ramble after poor sinners again. In our way we touched at *Lisbon*, which I hope hath been blessed to me, so far as to make me prize protestant liberty and simplicity more than ever. Fain would I be one of Christ's bees, and learn to extract honey from every flower. But alas! I am a drone, and deserve to be stung out of God's hive. But he is gracious and long suffering. O eternity! How do I long to praise my God there! We are within a few hundred miles of our earthly, but when I shall arrive at my

heavenly port God only knows. Strange! that I should be kept out at sea so long. I am now near forty. Father, thy will be done! Only vouchsafe to employ me, and then——I can no more. The Redeemer is pleased to fill my soul. Help me to cry Grace! Grace! and believe me to be,

Your most assured friend, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXLIII.

To Mrs. S——.

On board the Success, May 12, 1754.

Dear Mrs. S——,

I FULLY purposed to have written to you from *Lisbon*, but was so taken up in seeing the ecclesiastical curiosities of the place, and was so suddenly called away, that rendered it impracticable.—However, that I may not be disappointed again, I sit down to write you a few lines, though about eight hundred miles off shore. May they find you as to spirituals, in the same situation as is our ship in a natural respect, gently, sweetly gliding towards your heavenly harbour, under a pleasant gale of divine influence. Or,

If rough and stormy be your way,
Fear not——*Only to Jesus cry, and say*,
Be strength proportion'd to my day.

You will find him a kind and faithful Saviour. Whom he loves, he loves to the end. He hath already delivered you out of the paw of the bear and of the lion, and he will also deliver out of the hand of every remaining *Goliah*.

Courage, then, my dear Mrs. *S*——, courage. The crown is before you, and ere long Jesus will put it on your head. I hope all your houshold, as well as yourself, have this in full view. It glitters, though at this distance. O how bright and radiant! Purchased at how dear a rate! It is worth striving for. The Lord help you all to strive so as to obtain. So wishes and prays, dear Mrs. *S*——,

Your assured friend and servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXLIV.

To Mr. H——.

On board the Success, May 25, 1754.

My dear Mr. H——,

JUST now, through the tender mercies of a never-failing God, we saw the *American* shore, and are within a few miles of our desired port. The wind being contrary, we cannot enter it; I will therefore employ a few minutes in answering your last kind letter. It was full of Christian love, and bespoke a heart deeply engaged for the success of the gospel in *Gloucestershire*. I hope it runs and is glorified, and trust ere now you find that the blessed Redeemer stands in no need of such a wretch as I am. Fear not, our Lord will never want instruments to carry on his work.—A heavenly fire is lighted in *England*, which men and devils shall never be able to extinguish. I pray for its spreading night and day; receive this as a token that none of you are forgotten by me before the Lord. I believe we have fared the better for your prayers. Our passage hath been pleasant, and assure yourselves, I shall make all possible dispatch in order to return unto you. O that it may be

in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Pray remember me to Mr. *R*—— *C*——, to your wife, and all those dear souls, amongst whom, when last in *Gloucestershire*, God gave us a heaven upon earth. O for a heaven in heaven! Blessed be God, that port is in view. From thence we shall never put to sea any more. Adieu. I cannot enlarge. Continue to pray for me, as a poor travelling pilgrim, but, for Christ's sake,

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MXLV.

To Mr. S——.

Beaufort, Port-Royal Island, South-Carolina, May 26, 1754.

My dear Friend,

THROUGH the divine goodness, we are just now sailing into our harbour, after having been six weeks from *Lisbon*.—Providentially a ship goes out to-morrow for *Cowes*; I cannot omit the opportunity of sending you a few friendly lines. They come from a friend, and leave him leaning on Him who hath promised never to forsake those that put their trust in him. Our passage hath been very easy, only our entrance into the harbour (like our last struggle before we enter heaven) hath been somewhat troublesome. May the Lord of all Lords give you, and yours, and all my never to be forgotten *Yorkshire* friends, an abundant entrance there! I must not think of you too much; parting seasons would come too fresh in my mind.—O blessed season, when we shall part no more! Adieu, adieu. I hope to write soon again. My orphan-charge are all quite well, and I hope in a few days to see them safe at *Georgia*. I know whose company would be acceptable to all

there; but,—Father thy will be done! I can no more. Accept this as a token of love unfeigned, from, my dear friend,

Yours for ever and ever, in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXLVI.

Charles-Town, July 10, 1754.

Dear Mrs. C——,

SINCE I left *Bethesda*, I have been out two nights by land, and one by water, and though wearied, am preserved in as good health as can in any wise be expected. To-morrow or *Monday*, I expect to embark again for *New-York*. The prospect of being ere long at the new *Jerusalem*, makes all things easy. I thank you for your kind letter, and for regarding my tears. They speak better than words. Jesus knows they were shed for him, and for the welfare of that institution which has lain so many years upon my poor heart. Have a little patience, and you will find more and more, that your coming over the water was of God. I wish it was in my power to make every thing more than agreeable; our common Lord I trust will do it himself. This is my heart's desire, and shall be my constant prayer night and day. You will see what I have sent by this opportunity. Whatever of the linen or woollen stuff you would have made up for the children, may be sent by those who bring this; and what you want done in this way, only let

Mrs. *B*—— have a line, and orders will be readily executed. Thus God raises up friends. The Lord be with you all. Help me to praise him, and continue to pray for, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your unworthy friend, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXLVII.

To Mr. H——.

Charles-Town, July 12, 1754.

Very dear Sir,

THOUGH I hear that Captain *Thompson* does not sail, these three weeks, yet as I am bound for the northward, I cannot help leaving a few grateful lines behind me. May they find you leaning on the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus, and determined through his strength steadily to pursue that one thing needful, which shall never be taken from you! My prayers are continually ascending in your behalf;—they are your due; I owe you, and shall owe you much love as long as I live. By this I send you most grateful acknowledgments for all favours,—they are many, but all noted in my Master's book. How are my obligations to love and serve him increased! He gave us a pleasant passage, and I trust hath blessed my ministry to some souls since my arrival, and also hath given me to leave my orphan-charge in comfortable circumstances; the family now consists of above an hundred. He that fed the multitude in the wilderness, can and will feed the orphans in

Georgia. Your letters I delivered, and I suppose you will receive proper answers.—But I find Mr. *H——* doth not trade at *Lisbon*, and Mr. *H——m* is about to leave off business and retire. Happy they who can do this, and at the same time that they retire from the world, retire into God. His presence is all in all. That you may be blessed with a plentiful portion of it here, and be admitted to an infinitely greater participation of it hereafter, is the earnest prayer of, very dear Sir,

Your most obliged friend, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXLVIII.

To Mr. C—— W——.

On board the Deborah, July 20, 1754.

My dear Friend,

I DO not forget my promise, though hurrying from place to place, and settling my orphan-charge, hath almost put it out of my power to perform it: however, I am now once more on the great deep in my way to *New-York*; accept a few lines as a token that you are not forgotten by me. I wrote to you from *Lisbon*. From thence we had a pleasant passage to *Carolina*, and since that I found and left my orphan family comfortably settled at *Georgia*. The colony, as well as *Bethesda*, is now in a thriving situation. Black and white persons I have now a hundred and six to provide for. The God whom I desire to serve, will enable me to do it for his great name's sake. At *Charles-Town*, and in other parts of *Carolina*, my poor labours have met with the usual acceptance, and I have reason to hope a clergyman hath been brought under very serious impressions. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy free grace be all the glory! What will befal me at the

northward, I know not; this I know, that Jesus Christ will suffer nothing to pluck me out of his hands. My health is wonderfully preserved.—My wonted vomitings have left me, and though I ride whole nights, and have been frequently exposed to great thunders, violent lightnings, and heavy rains, yet I am rather better than usual, and as far as I can judge, am not yet to die. O that I may at length learn to begin to live. I am ashamed of my sloth and lukewarmness, and long to be on the stretch for God. I hope this will find you thus employed. My cordial love awaits your whole self, your brother, Mr. *B*——, and in short all the followers of the blessed Lamb of God. Though unworthy of their notice, I earnestly intreat a continued interest in their prayers, as being, my very dear Sir,

Their and your affectionate friend, and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXLIX.

To Mr. D——.

On board the Deborah, July 20, 1754.

My very dear Mr. D——,

THIS leaves me on my way towards *New-York*. Accept this as a token, that change of climate doth not cause a change of affection. No, you and my other dear *Edinburgh* friends are still upon my heart, and I trust will remain fixed there, till we meet to join the singing choir that is about the throne. I hope you have an earnest and anticipation of this, every *Monday* evening. I hope you enjoy a feeling possession of your God, every day and every hour. This will make the most barren wilderness to smile, and support you under the most distressing circumstances. It is this that supports me by land and by water. Without it, what could such a poor, weak, faint-hearted pilgrim do? Verily I should faint.—But as yet I cannot die. In spite of thunder, lightning, rain, and heat, God is pleased to hold my soul in life, and to let me see his glorious work prosper in my unworthy hands. *Georgia* and *Bethesda* I found in a thriving way. My family consists of a hundred and

six, and will prove I trust of more extensive use every day. About six weeks I staid at *Carolina* and *Georgia*. One is likely to be settled as minister in *Charles-Town*. There my poor labours have met with usual acceptance, and I live in hopes of some gracious gales to the northward. Perhaps about *Christmas*, or early in the spring, I may see my native country again.—O may I return grown in grace, and in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ! But I am a dwarf. Pray, pray for me. Accept unfeigned thanks for all favours, remember me in the kindest manner to all inquiring friends, and believe me to be, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER ML.

To Mr. S——.

New-York, July 27, 1754.

My very dear and steady Friend,

HERE will I set up my *Ebenezer*—for hitherto the Lord hath helped me. Through his divine goodness, I left *Georgia* and *Bethesda* in growing circumstances, and am come once more to pay a short visit to the northward. O that the Redeemer may make it a sweet one! Some time next month, perhaps I may have the pleasure of seeing you and yours, and my other dear *Boston* friends. As I am entirely unprovided with travelling furniture, I have thoughts of coming as far as *Rhode-island* by water. God willing, you shall have timely notice, or it may be, I may come upon you unawares. Strange! that I should be in this dying world till now. What changes have I seen! What changes must I expect to see before my final departure, if the Redeemer is pleased to lengthen out this span of life. Welcome, welcome, my Lord and my God, whatever cup thou shalt see meet to put into my hands! Only sweeten it with thy love, and then, though

bitter in itself, it cannot but be salutary. Alas! how little do we know of ourselves, till we are tried, and how hard doth the old man die! Well! blessed be God, die he shall. Jesus hath given him his deadly blow, and at the best he only lives a dying life. Thanks be to God for such a Saviour! O for a thousand tongues to shew forth his praise! Lord Jesus, cloath me with humility, that I may every day know more and more the honour conferred upon me in being made a poor pilgrim for thee! Keep me travelling, keep me working, or at least beginning to begin to work for thee till I die! But whither am I going? Excuse me, my dear Sir.—I am writing to a beloved *Gaius*. God bless you and yours.—My most cordial respects await all enquiring friends.—Methinks they are dearer than ever to, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLI.

To Mr. P——.

New-York, July 28, 1754.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

ONCE more, the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus hath brought me hither, and last night gave me an opportunity of recommending his dying love. When I ascended the pulpit, and found your place empty, I was somewhat affected; but I have met with so many changes in the church as well as the world, that it is time for me to begin to learn to be surprized at nothing. Some time next month, I hope to come as far as *Boston*. I know, my dear Sir, that you will pray, it may be in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. What is to befall me I know not; Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit! Fain would I be as clay in thy hands. Lord Jesus, when shall it once be? But I am a stubborn, ill and hell-deserving creature. Less than the least of all, shall be my motto still. Amazing,—that the Redeemer should suffer such a wretch to speak or travel for him. Surely his name and nature is Love. O that I could but begin to begin to love him! My

obligations increase daily. In *England* the word of the Lord runs and is glorified indeed. *Georgia* and *Bethesda* I left in growing circumstances. The orphan-family now consists of one hundred and six, black and white. A young man that hath been a student there, succeeds Mr. *S*—— of *Charles-Town*. O that the Redeemer may provide for the dear *New-York* people! The residue of the spirit is in his hands. Lord Jesus, make their extremity thy opportunity to help and relieve them! But I shall weary you, and detain you too long from more important work. May the great head of divine influence bless you and yours, and all your present flock! Some of them I know. If you should see dear Mr. *P*—— or *F*——, be so good as to remember me to them, in the most respectful manner.—I intreat their prayers for a poor but willing pilgrim, and am, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, obliged, though unworthy brother and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLII.

To Mr. S.——.

New-York, July 28, 1754.

My very dear Sir,

HERE our Lord brought me two days ago, and last night I had an opportunity of preaching on his dying, living, ascending, and interceding love, to a large and attentive auditory. Next week I purpose going to *Philadelphia*, and then shall come back again here in my way to *Boston*. Whether I shall then return to *Bethesda*, or embark for *England*, is uncertain.—I fear matters will not be settled at the orphan-house, unless I go once more; I have put some upon their trial, and shall want to see how they behave. During my passage from *Charles-Town*, I left a few lines for you; I thought to have written an account of *Bethesda* for the press, but could by no means get freedom. God's time is the best. I owe for three of the negroes who were lately bought, but hope to be enabled to pay for them at my return from the northward. My God can, and will supply all my wants, according to his riches in Jesus. Glory be to his great name, he hath

now taught me a little to be alone. His presence keeps me company, and I find it sweet to run about for him. I find the door all along the continent is as open as ever, and the way seems clearing up for the neighbouring islands. What a pity is it, that we can only be at one place at once, for the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. Had I a good private hand, I could send you the account of my family, &c. but perhaps I may deliver it to you myself. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! I owe you much, yea very much love; but a pepper-corn of acknowledgment, and my poor prayers, is all the payment that I fear will be made by, my very dear Sir,

Your worthless, though most obliged, affectionate, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLIII.

To Mr. G——.

New-York, July 30, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

SHALL we once more see each other in the flesh? I hope so.—To-morrow, God willing, I preach at *Newark*; on *Wednesday*, two in the afternoon, at *New-Brunswick*; and hope to reach *Trent-Town* that night. Could you not meet me there quietly, that we might spend one evening together? You must bring a chair;—I have no horse, and will then once more venture your throwing me down. Mr. *V——* passes me from hence to *Brunswick*, and Mr. *S——* to *Trent-Town*. If you cannot come, I will get Mr. *S——* to carry me on till we meet you. O that the Lord Jesus may smile on my feeble labours. Here I trust he hath given us a blessing. Yesterday I preached thrice: this morning I feel it. Welcome weariness for Jesus! O how little can I do for him! I blush and am confounded. Pray heartily for me; and if business will permit, come away to, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLIV.

To Mr. R——.

Philadelphia, August 7, 1754.

My dear Mr. R——,

I ONCE thought to write you a long letter, but it pleased God to cut off my strength in my journey. Yesterday I was taken with a violent cholera morbus, and hoped ere now to have been where the inhabitants shall no more say, “I am sick.” But I am brought back again. May it be in order to bring some more precious souls to the ever-blessed Jesus! This is all my desire. O that God should ever make use of such a worthless creature as I am! But his grace is free, he yet blesses me, and rather more than ever. My poor labours, seem to be owned here, as well as at *New-York*. I received the sacrament at church on *Sunday*, and have preached in the academy; but I find Mr. *Tennent*’s house abundantly more commodious. I fear it will be impossible for me to come your way. This is the believer’s comfort, all God’s people shall meet in heaven. There I hope to see you and yours. Accept hearty love, and fail not to pray for, my dear Mr. *R——*,

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MLV.

To Mr. V——.

Philadelphia, August 15, 1754.

My very dear Mr. V——,

ONCE more, after having my cables out ready (as I thought) to cast anchor within the port, I am constrained to put out to sea again. My late sickness, though violent, hath not been unto death. O that it may be to the glory of God! With some difficulty I can preach once a-day. Congregations rather increase than decrease; and many, O strange! are desirous of my making a longer stay. But the time is fixed for next *Tuesday*, and all the following days till *Sunday*, are to be employed between this and *New-Brunswick*. There I am informed some execution was done. Whilst I live, Lord Jesus, grant I may not live in vain. I could enlarge, but really am so faint, that I have been obliged to stop, and can now with difficulty subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLVI.

To Mr. E——.

Philadelphia, August 17, 1754.

My dear Mr. E——,

I HOPE this will find you fairly thrust out into the highways and hedges, and under a divine commission to compel many poor sinners to come in. Fear not. Jesus will take care of body and soul.

Fix on his work thy stedfast eye,

So shall thy work be done.

Was you on this side the water, you would find work enough. Here's a glorious range in the *American* woods. It is pleasant hunting for sinners. Thousands flock daily to hear the word preached. Let us pray for each other. When we meet, we may talk more together. In the mean while, I recommend you to the unerring guidance and protection of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, as being, for his great name's sake, my dear friend,

Yours affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLVII.

To Mrs. S——.

New-York, Sept. 2, 1754.

Dear Mrs. S——,

I AM much, yea very much indebted to you for your works of faith, and the labours which, I believe, have proceeded from unfeigned love to the ever-loving and ever-lovely Jesus. Put all to his account. You shall be rewarded at the resurrection of the just: then shall the righteous shine forth like the sun, O happy, happy time! Lord Jesus, hasten it! May the blessed Spirit prepare us to meet him! Methinks I hear you say, "I will not lose a moment." The Lord strengthen you in this and every holy resolution! You must pray that I may not flag in the latter stages of my road. Blessed be God, we had good seasons between *Philadelphia* and *New-York*. In the *New-Jerusalem* more glorious seasons await us yet. At present I can no more. Be pleased to remember me in the kindest manner to all, and believe me to be, dear Mr. *S——*,

Your assured friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLVIII.

New-York, September 2, 1754.

My dear Doctor,

MAY this find you rejoicing in the holy comforts of that infinitely great and gracious physician, to whose all-powerful blood and righteousness, you and I are so much beholden! Surely he hath been loving unto us. O that we may recover our first love, and return and do our first work! Jesus is able and willing to do this for us. The return of backsliders, and forgiving those who cannot forgive themselves, is his heart's delight. He spares when we deserve punishment, and in his wrath thinketh upon mercy. Fly then, my dear friend, to his loving arms and heart; he waits to be gracious. Let us wait on him in the way of duty, and we shall find that his arm is not shortened, but that he is still able and willing to save to the uttermost all that come to the Father through him. Lord Jesus, who can tell how far *thy uttermost* extendeth! None but thy own eternal Self: surely it must extend to the vilest of sinners, or it never could have reached ill and hell-deserving me! Help me, my dear Sir, to cry Grace! grace! We had pleasant seasons in

our way hither, and here people attend gladly. Some time this week I expect to sail for *Rhode-Island*. Remember a poor but willing pilgrim, and accept this as a token, that neither you nor yours are forgotten by, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLIX.

To Mr. S——.

Newark, September 27, 1754.

My very dear Sir,

THE searcher of hearts only knows what struggles and tossings your last letter, as well as that of dear Mr. *W——*, hath occasioned in my breast. Affection, intense affection cries aloud, "Away to *New-England*, to dear *New-England* directly." Providence, and the circumstances of the Southern provinces, point directly towards *Virginia* and the Orphan-house. In the former, I am told, the door is opening in earnest; and the business of the latter requires my presence this Winter. These being dispatched, my mind will be disburdened, and my heart free for a large range in *New-England*. For this, I hereby give you and my dear never to be forgotten friends, a promissory note of hand. *Deo volente*, I will perform it, before I leave *America*. I think I can take shipping from *Boston* for *England*. It will not do to go thence to the *West-Indies*, because I cannot go without a companion, and that companion (if possible) is to be Captain *G——*. These are my

present thoughts. Have a little patience, and by delaying for a short time, I shall enjoy more of my dear friends company: this is what I want to be filled with. In the mean while, my enemies may be preparing their artillery. I have nothing but a sling and a stone. I trust that my determination is agreeable to the mind of Jesus. Many of his true ministers have been consulted, earnest prayers have been made, and I humbly hope the event will be glorious. What a pity is it that we can have but one body and one soul to glorify the blessed Redeemer with! Lord, accept my two worthless mites, and help me at length to begin to begin to do something for thy great name's sake! The worthy President, who was to be my companion to *Boston*, will let you know how affairs go. Blessed be God, the shout of a king hath been amongst us. I am extremely well pleased with the synod and commencement. O that I had wings! then would I fly, if it was only just to have a sight of you and yours, and my dear and worthy friends.—But—I must say no more. Pray, pray earnestly, my dear friend, for him, who is less than the least of all, indeed and indeed, but

Yours most affectionately, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLX.

To Lady H——n.

Elizabeth-Town (New-Jersey),

September 30, 1754.

Ever-honoured Madam,

A LITTLE before I had the favour of your Ladyship's kind letter, I had written from *New-York*. Since which time, I trust, through the efficacy of divine grace, many new creatures have been formed for God. Every where a divine power accompanies the word, prejudices have been removed, and a more effectual door opened than ever for preaching the everlasting gospel. I am now at Governor *B——*'s, who sends your Ladyship the most cordial respects. His outward man decays, but his inward man seems to be renewed day by day. I think he ripens for heaven apace. This last week was the *New-Jersey* commencement, at which the President and Trustees were pleased to present me with the degree of A.M. The synod succeeded.—But such a number of simple hearted, united ministers, I never saw before. I preached to them several times, and the great Master of assemblies was in the midst

of us. To-morrow, God willing, I shall set out with the worthy President for *New-England*, and expect to return back to the Orphan house through *Virginia*, where the gospel I trust will have free course and be glorified. This will be about a two thousand mile circuit; but the Redeemer's strength will be more than sufficient. Once this Summer, I thought my discharge was come; but it seems the shattered bark must put out to sea again. Father, thy will be done! I hope this will find your Ladyship safe at your beloved *Clifton*, where you may enjoy yourself and God, without the interruptions of a noisy town. This is indeed heaven upon earth. That you and yours may enjoy it more and more every day, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most obliged, dutiful, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXI.

To Mr. Z——.

Elizabeth-Town (New-Jersey),

September 30, 1754.

Very dear and honoured Sir,

JUST two months ago, I arrived at *New-York* from *South-Carolina*, and ever since have been endeavouring to labour in my poor way for the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. Many things have concurred, to prove that my coming at this time was of God. Sinners have been awakened, and saints quickened, and enemies made to be at peace with me. Grace! grace! In general, I have been enabled to travel and preach twice a day. Every where the door hath been opened wider than ever. At *Philadelphia*, I had a most comfortable evening with Mr. *B——* and his collegues; and at the *New-Jersey* commencement I was much refreshed with the company of a whole synod of ministers, that, I believe, do indeed love the Redeemer in sincerity. I write this from Governor *B——*'s, who is indeed singularly good, and whose latter end greatly increases as to spirituals. O that this may be my

happy lot! About a month ago, I thought my great change was coming, but I soon was sent back to sea again. To-morrow I steer for *New-England*, and from thence purpose returning to the Orphan-house through *Virginia*, where the door for preaching I hear is opening wide. Sometimes I have thoughts of going to the *West-Indies*, but fear it will not be practicable, before I see *England*. Lord Jesus, direct and strengthen, and then send me where thou pleasest! I beg, most earnestly beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, very dear, honoured Sir,

Your most dutiful, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXII.

To Mr. H——.

Boston, October 13, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

IT hath given me concern, that I have not been able to write one letter to *Georgia*, since my arrival at *New-York*. But it was impracticable. Sickness, travelling, and preaching prevented me. However, I must snatch a few minutes now. They leave me at *Boston*, where as well as in other places, the word hath run and been glorified, and people rather more eager to hear than ever. Lord, what am I? O that I could sink into nothing before thee! After staying a short time, I purpose, God willing, to go through *Connecticut* to *New-York*, and so on by land to *Georgia*. Blessed be God, that a Governor is at length nominated. I wish you joy of your new honour, which I find, by this week's post, is conferred upon you. May the King of kings enable you to discharge your trust, as becomes a good patriot, subject, and Christian! The Lord help us to look to the rock whence we have been hewn. I wish I knew when the Governor intends being at *Georgia*, I would willingly be

there to pay my respects to him. But this must be left to divine Providence. If we acknowledge God in all our ways, he hath promised to direct our paths. O my dear old friend and first fellow-traveller, my heart is engaged for your temporal and eternal welfare. You have now, I think, a call to retire from business, and to give up your time to the public. May the Lord of all lords direct, assist, and bless you and yours more and more. I hope Mrs. *H——* is well: I have much to say when we meet. God deals most bountifully with me. Enemies are made to be at peace, and friends are every where hearty. Remember me in the kindest manner to all with you, and continue to pray for

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLXIII.

To Mr. V——.

Boston, October 14, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

SURELY my coming here was of God. At *Rhode-Island* I preached five times. People convened immediately, and flocked to hear more eagerly than ever. The same scene opens at *Boston*. Thousands waited for, and thousands attended on the word preached. At the *Old North*, at seven in the morning, we generally have three thousand hearers, and many cannot come in. Convictions I hear do fasten, and many souls are comforted. Doctor *S*—— hath engaged me once to preach his lecture. The polite, I hear, are taken, and opposition falls. What art thou, O mountain? before our great *Zerubbabel* thou shalt become a plain. I preach at the *Old* and the *New North*. Mr. *P*—— and Dr. *S*—— continue to pray for me. A Governor for *Georgia* being nominated, determines my way thither. O that I may always follow God, even a God in Christ! This week I set out for Mr. *S*——'s. The door opens wider and wider. Pray tell Mr. *H*——, that I left his horse a little

lame at *Long-Island*, with one who is called in contempt *Saint Dick*. All hail such reproach! I could enlarge, but must away. Adieu. My hearty love awaits your whole self, and all who are so kind as to enquire after the chief of sinners, but for Christ's sake, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLXIV.

To Dr. S——.

Boston, October 14, 1754.

My very dear Doctor,

SHALL I promise and not perform? God forbid.—Accept, therefore, a few lines of grateful love. They bring you good news. At *Rhode-Island* and this place, souls fly to the gospel like doves to the windows. A divine power hath hitherto accompanied the word, and opposition seems to fall daily. Next week I purpose to go Eastward, and then I intend making as much haste as can be back to you. A Governor, I find, is appointed for *Georgia*, and my friend *H——* made Secretary. Those that honour God, he will honour. I have preached in four large meeting-houses, and the prospect of doing good is very promising. I was received with an excess of joy. Lord, what am I? Give me humility, for thy mercy's sake! Adieu. Remember me to all enquiring friends, and believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXV.

To Mr. S——.

Portsmouth (New-Hampshire), October 24, 1754.

My very dear Sir,

ABOUT a month ago I wrote you a few lines from the *New-Jersies*. Since that I am advanced about three hundred miles further northward. But what have I seen? *Dagon* falling every where before the ark; enemies silenced, or made to own the finger of God; and the friends of Jesus triumphing in his glorious conquest. At *Boston* a most lovely scene hath opened. In the morning before seven o'clock, though the meeting-houses will hold about four thousand, yet many were obliged to go away, and I was helped in through the window. The prospect is most promising indeed. In the country a like scene opens; I am enabled to preach always twice, and sometimes thrice a day. Thousands flock to hear, and Jesus manifests forth his glory. I know you will rejoice, and join in crying Grace! grace! I am now come to the end of my *northward* line, and in a day or two purpose to turn back, in order to preach all the way to *Georgia*. It is about a sixteen hundred miles

journey. Jesus is able to carry me through. Into his almighty and all-gracious hands I commend my spirit. I hope to write to you in the way. Gladly would I embark now for *England*, but I shall leave my *American* business but half done, if I come over now. Lord, help me! How little can I do for thee! And the little I can do, alas! with what a mixture of corruption and infirmities is it attended. Behold I am vile. Increase my obligations, my very dear Sir, by continuing to pray for

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLXVI.

To Mr. S——.

Portsmouth, October 25, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR letter, as well as another from *Rhode-Island*, helped to lay me low before him, who delights to work by the meanest instrument. Still the Lord of all lords stoops to accompany my feeble labours with his divine presence. At *Salem* we were favoured with a sweet and divine influence. *Sunday* was a high day at *Ipswich*; twice I preached for Mr. *R——*, and once for Mr. *W——*. Hundreds were without the doors. On *Monday* at *Newbury* the like scene opened twice. Here Mr. *S——* met me, and on *Tuesday* morning we had a blessed season. Too many came to meet and bring me into *Portsmouth*, where I preached on *Tuesday* evening, also twice the next day, and just now I have taken my leave. The blessed Spirit vouchsafed to be with us each time. Yesterday I preached at *York* and *Kittery*: at both places the Redeemer manifested forth his glory. In the evening I waited on general *P——*, who, with his Lady, were very glad to

see me. I am now going to *Greenland* and *Durham*, and to-morrow shall preach at *Exeter*. The sabbath is to be kept at *Newbury*. *Monday* I am to preach thrice,—at *Rowley*, *Byfield*, and *Ipswich*; *Tuesday*, at *Cape Ann*, and *Wednesday* night or *Thursday* morning at *Boston*, if the prisoner is to die, though I want another week in these parts. Excuse great haste; I must away. Pray write a line by next ship to *London*. Salute all friends, and continue to pray for, very dear Sir,

Yours in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLXVII.

To Mr. S——.

Rhode-Island, November 22, 1754.

My very dear Friend,

YESTERDAY as I was riding along, I felt a love for you, which only friends experience, and was determined to write to you immediately. In the evening my faithful *Gaius* Mr. *S——* brought your kind letter, which I now take the first opportunity of answering. But what shall I say? What you have heard is more than true. A more effectual door I never saw opened, than lately at *Boston*, and indeed in every place where I have been in *New-England*; not a hundredth part can well be told you. With great difficulty I am got to this place, where people, as I am informed, are athirst to hear the word of God. I shall therefore stay, God willing, till *Monday*, and then set forward to *Connecticut* in my way to *New-York*, which I hope to reach in about a fortnight. O that you may see me grown in grace, and humbled under a sense of those amazing mercies which I have received during this expedition! It seems to me to be the most important one I was ever

employed in. Much, yea very much have I to tell you when we meet. I wish for the season, and entreat you in the mean while not to forget me at his throne, who alone can uphold me with his right hand. O what a friend is Jesus! A friend that sticks closer than a brother. He is indeed the pilgrim's stay and staff; few choose to try him in such a station. This be my happy lot! I write this at Mr. *C*——'s who hath lately buried his wife. What a changing world! Thanks be to God for an unchangeable Christ! To his most tender and never-failing mercy, do I most earnestly commend both you and yours, and hoping ere long to see you, and rejoice together in our common Lord, I subscribe myself, very dear Mr. *S*——,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Rhode-Island, November 25, 1754.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

IS it true that your father-in-law and your dear yoke-fellow are dead? I sympathize with you from my inmost soul. At the same time as I rejoice on their account, who are happily arrived,

Where pain and sin and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

Surely your turn and mine will come ere long. In the mean while, may I be doing something for my God! This shews you where I am at present, going towards *Georgia* from *Boston*, where my reception hath been far superior to that fourteen years ago. In that and other places in *New-England*, I have been enabled to preach near a hundred times since the beginning of *October*, and thanks be to God, we scarce had so much as one dry meeting. Not a hundredth part can be told you. In *Philadelphia*, *New-Jersies*, and at *New-York* also, the great Redeemer caused his word to run

and be glorified. I am now returning through those and the other Southward provinces again, in my way to *Georgia*, where I expect to see our new Governor. Blessed be God, *Bethesda* is in growing circumstances, and, I trust, will more and more answer the end of its institution. I was exceedingly delighted at *New-Jersey* commencement. Surely that college is of God. The worthy president (Mr. *Burr*) intends to correspond with you. O that I could do it oftener: but it is impracticable. Travelling, and preaching always twice, and frequently thrice, engrosseth almost all my time. However, neither you nor any of my dear *Glasgow* friends, are forgotten by me. No, no: they are engraven upon the very tables of my heart. O that the Lord of all lords, whose mercy endureth for ever, may give you hearts to remember poor sinful, ill, and hell-deserving me! Fain would I continue a pilgrim for life.

Christ's presence doth my pains beguile,

And make each wilderness to smile.

I have a fourteen hundred miles ride before me; but *nil desperandum, Christo duce, auspice Christo*. When I have seen Governor *D——*, I hope to write to dear Mr. *M——*. How is my dear *Gaius*, *S——*, &c.? But I must not begin to mention names. Affection rises, and I shall be too eager to see them. Lord Jesus, hasten that blessed time, when we shall together see and enjoy thee for ever in glory! To this comforting and never-failing Jesus, do I most heartily commit you, as being, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLXIX.

To Mrs. C——.

Bohemia (Maryland). December 27, 1754.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE just now taken leave of the northern provinces, where I have been travelling and preaching for near these five months. I suppose in all, I may have rode near two thousand miles, and preached about two hundred and thirty times; but to how many thousand souls cannot well be told. O what days of the Son of man have I seen! God be merciful to me an ungrateful sinner! I am now forty years of age, and would business permit, would gladly spend the day in retirement and deep humiliation before that Jesus for whom I have done so little, notwithstanding he hath done and suffered so much for me. Well! to-morrow, O blessed Jesus, through thy divine assistance, will I begin, and travel for thee again! Lord, is the call to *Virginia*? Who knows but an infinitely condescending God may improve me there! About *February* I hope to reach *Georgia*, and at Spring to embark for *England*. There, dear Madam, I expect to see you once more in this land of

the dying. If not, ere long I shall meet you in the land of the living indeed, and thank you before men and angels, for all favours conferred on, Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXX.

To Mr. O——.

Bohemia, December 27, 1754.

Very dear Sir,

HOW condescending is true Friendship! And how does love, founded upon the love of God, like its blessed Author, delight to stoop to its beloved object! Your kind letter, which I received last week from worthy Governor *B——*, is a proof of this. An affection, a reciprocal affection something like your own, would have constrained me to answer it sooner, but travelling and preaching (my old excuse) have prevented me. At length I am got into *Maryland*, and into a family, out of which, I trust, five have been born of God. Gladly would I spend this whole day in deep humiliation and prayer: for I am now forty years of age. Fy upon me, fy upon me. Alas! how little have I done for Jesus! O that my head was water! O that my eyes were fountains of tears! What mercies, what infinite mercies have I received! What poor returns have I made! Behold, I am vile! Am not I treating you like a friend, even like a *Boston* friend, my dear Sir? Yes, I am; and since

you commanded me, I will. Your letter bespeaks you to be worthy of that sacred name, and to be acquainted with that which few, very few know any thing about; I mean the delicacies of true disinterested friendship. This is a secret that none but beloved disciples are let into. May you always remain in the number of these, and when you are leaning on that bosom, where all that is lovely centers, may you have a heart to remember one who is called to travel, whilst you are acting in another sphere for God! Blessed be his name, heaven is at the end of the journey. Happy Mrs. *L——*! she hath had a speedy translation. May my latter end be like hers! How ought such events to teach us to converse when together, that if we should be called before the next intended meeting, we might have no trifling conversation to reflect upon. To-morrow, God willing, I move again. Ere long my last remove will come; a remove into endless bliss, where with you and all the redeemed of the Lord, I trust you will see, very dear Sir,

Your most obliged, affectionate friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXI.

To Mr. R——.

Virginia, January 17, 1755.

I AM just now on the borders of *North-Carolina*, and after preaching to-morrow in a neighbouring church, I purpose to take my leave of *Virginia*. Had I not been detained so long at the northward, what a wide and effectual door might have been opened.—Here, as well as elsewhere, rich and poor flock to hear the everlasting gospel. Many have come forty or fifty miles, and a spirit of conviction and consolation seemed to go through all the assemblies. One Colonel *R——*, a person of distinction, opened one church for me, invited me to his house, and introduced me himself to the reading desk. As I was riding in his chariot, he informed me of his intention to see *Boston* next Summer. If my friends would be so good as to mention my name, and shew him some respect when he comes amongst you, it would add to my obligations. Blessed be God, I see a vast alteration for the better. O for more time, and if possible for more souls and bodies! Lord Jesus, twenty times ten thousand are too few for thee, and yet (O amazing love)

thou art willing to accept of only two mites! These, I trust, you, my very dear Sir, have put into his sacred treasury. O that the trifling thing called *honour*, may never, so much as for a single moment, draw you from your God! I hope Colonel *P*—— stands to his colours. Then I live, if my dear friends stand fast in the Lord. My most cordial respects and tender love await them all. I doubt not of your improving Mrs. *L*——'s sudden dissolution; another call to be always ready. That this may be the happy lot of you and yours, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXII.

To Mr. P——.

Virginia, January 17, 1755.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THOUGH at this distance of time and place, yet I do not forget our solemn and mournful parting. Blessed be God, there is a time coming, when these cutting trials will be over. I long, I long for it, and yet when fresh doors of usefulness are opening, I am content to stay below. This I trust is the case at present in *Virginia*. The prospect is promising indeed. People have flocked from all parts to hear the word, and arrows of conviction have fled, and I believe stuck fast. Seed sown several years ago, hath sprung up and brought forth fruit. Doth not the Lord of the harvest by this say, "Go forward." Do, my dear Sir, help me by your prayers; I want to have my tardy pace quickened. I am now forty years old. Surely it is high time to awake out of sleep. I doubt not but this will find you and yours all alive for Jesus. Being straitened for time, I must beg you to remember me in the

most tender manner to all dear, very dear friends as they come in your way, and accept the same for your whole self, from, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, brother, and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXIII.

To Mr. F——.

Virginia, January 17, 1755.

My dear Mr. F——,

I HOPE that this will find you safely arrived at *Philadelphia*, from your northward expedition, and ready to come further southwards. This leaves me in my last *Virginia* stage, near the borders of *North-Carolina*. People as I came along have been very willing to attend on my feeble labours, and I hope that some real good hath been done. If this be effected, it matters little how the labourer himself may be sometimes fatigued.

His presence doth my pains beguile,

And makes the wilderness to smile.

Lovely delusion this! Living, dying, and after death I hope to be possessed of it. I have seen your *Epitaph*. Believe on Jesus, and get a feeling possession of God in your heart, and you cannot possibly be disappointed of your expected second edition, finely corrected, and infinitely amended. *Verbum sapienti sat est.* I could say more, but time is

short. Glad shall I be to wait on you and Mr. *H*——— at the Orphan-house. I send you both my cordial respects, and praying that you may have what good Colonel *G*———*r* once wished me, “A thriving soul in a healthy body,” I subscribe myself, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged friend and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXIV.

To Mr. ——.

Virginia, in Hanover County, January 23, 1755.

My very dear Jonathan,

THAT ever-loving and ever-lovely Redeemer that owned my feeble labours in the northward, still continues to bless and succeed me in my journey southward. I have not been here a week, and have had the comfort of seeing many impressed under the word every day. Two churches have been opened, and a third (*Richmond*) I am to preach in to-morrow. Prejudices I find do subside, and some of the rich and great begin to think favourably of the work of God. Several of the lower class have been with me acknowledging what the Lord of all Lords did for them, when I was here before. O that I may be humbly thankful, and improve every smile to quicken my tardy pace, and make me all alive for Jesus! About this day month, I hope to reach *Georgia*; from thence, I intend writing to you again. But be where I will, dear *Boston* is much upon my heart. This may serve as a proof that you and yours are not forgotten. Indeed and indeed I often think

of, and pray for you from my inmost soul. Blessed be God, that we can meet at the throne of grace! Jesus sits thereon, even Jesus our advocate, our God, and our All. You must add to my obligations, by continuing to pray, that I may begin to love and serve him in earnest, and thus you will appear a *Jonathan* indeed, to,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXV.

To Mrs. C——.

Charles-Town, March 3, 1755.

Dear Mrs. C——,

THROUGH divine goodness we arrived here last *Wednesday* afternoon, on *Thursday* Mr. *E——* was solemnly ordained, and on *Friday Andrew H——n* and his wife, and *R——*, came in a schooner from *Port-Royal*. I believe they will settle here.—The trials I have met with on various accounts, have brought my old vomitings upon me, and my soul hath been pierced with many sorrows.—But I believe, (Lord help my unbelief!) that all is intended for my good.—Amidst every thing, I am comforted at the present situation of *Bethesda*.—I hope you will love and walk in love, and the children also grow in years and grace.—I purpose sending all the things by Mr. *R——n*, who comes shortly by water. Then I purpose writing to dear Mr. *Dixon* and others, and hope by that time to be determined what course I shall steer. O that it may be heaven-wards, go where I will! This I know will be your prayer, and the prayer of the rest of my dear family in my behalf.—

I pray for you all night and day.—I would have you write to Mr. *H——t* by the bearer, who is an experimental Baptist preacher from the northward.—O that he may say something, that may do my dear family some good.—Mr. *Z——y* will be with you in about three weeks. The Lord be with you all. Hoping to write again ere long, and wishing you all much of his presence, that is better than life, I subscribe myself, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most assured friend, brother, and servant in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXVI.

To the Same.

Charles-Town, March 17, 1755.

Dear Mrs. C——,

HAD I wings like a dove, how often would I have fled to *Bethesda* since my departure from it. I could almost say, that the few last hours I was there, were superior in satisfaction to any hours I ever enjoyed. But I must go about my heavenly Father's business.—For this, I am a poor but willing pilgrim, and give up all that is near and dear to me on this side eternity.—This week I expect to embark in the *Friendship*, Captain *Ball*; but am glad of the letters from *Bethesda* before I go.—They made me weep, and caused me to throw myself prostrate before a prayer-hearing and promise-keeping God.—He will give strength, he will give power. Fear not; you are now I believe where the Lord would have you be, and all will be well.—I repose the utmost confidence in you, under God, and verily believe that I shall not be disappointed of my hope.—I should have been glad if the apples had been sent in the boat; they would have been useful in the voyage.—But

Jesus can stay me with better apples.—May you and all my dear family have plenty of these! I imagine it will not be long before I return from *England*. Now *Bethesda* would be pleasant. God make it more and more so to you and to all. I can only recommend you in the most endearing manner to the ever-blessed Jesus, and my unworthy vile self to your continual prayers, as being, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Yours most affectionately in our blessed Lord,

G. W.

P. S. I hope that one of the players is snatched as a brand out of the burning. Grace! grace!

LETTER MLXXVII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, May 10, 1755.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THE love which I owe and bear to you for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, constrains me to send you a few lines immediately upon my arrival at my native country.—I arrived at *New-haven* in *Sussex* the 8th instant, after a six weeks passage. Hither the cloud seemed to move, though I must own that I left *America* with regret.—Never was the door opened wider in those parts for preaching the everlasting gospel, than now.—Perhaps this may shorten my stay at home, but future things belong to Jesus. It is not in man to direct his steps.—Prepare us, O Lord, for whatever thou hast prepared for us! I hear, you have met with changes since my departure.—What have we to do to expect any thing else? Dear Mr. *M——n*!—Whither is he gone? Where Jesus reigns, and where, through rich and sovereign grace, even ill and hell deserving I, hope ere long to be.—Hasten, glorious *Emmanuel*, that wished-for time!—If your dear yoke-fellow is also gone, she I trust is happy too.—

Sequar, etsi non passibus æquis.—You will write soon, and send me some news about the upper world.—This is scarce worth a thought.—I hope my dear host and hostess, Mr. *S*——, Mrs. *M*——, and all friends are well.—I can only send them and you my hearty love, and beg the continuance of your prayers for, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXVIII.

To Lady H——n.

London, May 13, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

SINCE I put my letter into the office on *Saturday* night, I have heard that your Ladyship was gone to *Ashby*, and therefore make bold to trouble your Ladyship with a few more lines. They leave me safely arrived at my desired port, and endeavouring to begin to do something for him, who hath loaded me with his benefits, and still continues to smile upon my feeble labours. Glad am I to hear, that so many have lately been stirred up to preach a crucified Saviour. Surely that scripture must be fulfilled, “and many of the priests also were obedient to the word.” The work is of God, and therefore must prosper. Blessed be his great name, for continuing to hold your Ladyship as a star in his right-hand. May you shine more and more till the perfect day! I find your Ladyship still delights to do good. The late benefaction for *Bethesda* came very opportunely; God will provide! That institution begins to rise. But I cannot descend to particulars now; ere long I

hope to wait on your Ladyship at *Bristol*. My first circuit is to be in the west. Hoping to be favoured soon with a line to acquaint me of your Ladyship's welfare, and earnestly praying that your Ladyship and honoured relations may be filled with all the fulness of God, I beg leave to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXIX.

To the Marquis of L——.

London, May 14, 1755.

BEING but lately arrived in my native country, I take the first opportunity of returning your Lordship thanks for your great zeal in promoting the welfare of *New Jersey* college. Surely it is the purest seminary that I have known. Your Lordship's name is precious in *America*, and children yet unborn will be bound to bless God for what you have done. I think, if the degree of Doctor of divinity could be procured for Mr. *A—— B——*, their present worthy president, it would still make an addition to the honours of the college. He is a most excellent man; your Lordship will not be offended at my making the motion. Blessed be God, in various places abroad, the gospel runs and is glorified. In *Virginia* a wide and effectual door is opened. The *Indian* mission can never I think come upon a proper establishment, till some lands are purchased, and the *Indians* brought to live together upon them. The plan that was laid, I mentioned to Mr. *D——* some months ago, and ere now, I suppose your Lordship hath seen it. O for that happy time,

when the kingdoms of the earth shall become the kingdoms of the Lord and of his Christ! Blessed *Emmanuel*, may thy temple be built in troublesome times! But I forget myself. Your Lordship will excuse my freedom. I am writing to one who delights to serve the Redeemer's interest. That your Lordship may have the continued honour of confessing him upon earth, and be confessed by him after death in the kingdom of heaven, is and shall be the prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXX.

To Lady H——n.

London, May 27, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

IT hath given me great concern, that I have not been able till now, to acknowledge your Ladyship's most kind letter. I could almost say, excess of business at my first coming over hath prevented me; but to make the most of it, I do but little, and that little in so bad a way, that if it was not for the compleat and all-sufficient righteousness of the everlasting, ever-lovely Jesus, I could not lift up my guilty head. And yet what a blessed week have we had! Surely, sinners have come like a cloud, and fled like doves to the windows. In about a fortnight, I hope to take the field in *Gloucestershire*, and shall endeavour to make all possible dispatch in the west, in order to wait on your Ladyship in my northern visit. Help me, thou friend of sinners, to be nothing, and to say nothing, that thou mayest say and do every thing, and be my all in all!—What a happiness is it to be absorbed and swallowed up in God? To have no schemes, no views, but to promote the common

salvation. This be my happy lot! Your Ladyship will still add to my innumerable obligations, by praying for me. How shall I express my gratitude?—Tears trickle from my eyes, whilst I am thinking of your Ladyship's condescending to patronize such a dead dog as I am. But it is because I belong to Jesus. He will, he will reward your Ladyship openly. Ever-honoured Madam excuse me. Tears flow too fast for me to write on. I must go and speak to God for you and yours, as being, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXI.

To Governor B——.

London, June 6, 1755.

Much-honoured Sir,

WHILST I remain myself where you are called to sojourn, in this dying world, I trust your Excellency will never be forgotten by unworthy me. You see, honoured Sir, where a poor but willing pilgrim is tossed now. Just this day month did I arrive in this metropolis, where, glory, glory be to the great head of the church! The word hath still free course. The poor despised Methodists are as lively as ever, and in several churches the gospel is now preached with power. Many in *Oxford* are awakened to the knowledge of the truth, and I have heard almost every week of some fresh minister or another, that seems determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. This, I am persuaded, is the best news I can send to your Excellency. This, must necessarily rejoice your heart, which I know pants after nothing more, than the enlargement of the Mediator's kingdom. Ere long, your utmost thirsting shall be satisfied, you shall see Jesus; you shall

see him as he is: *O Gloriam quantam et qualem*! God give me patience to wait till my appointed change comes! But would it not be a shame to go to heaven without scarce beginning to do something for the blessed Redeemer? He that searches the heart and trieth the reins, knows full well, how often I cry out, "my leanness, my leanness!" God be praised, next week I hope to go on my country range. I hope that your Excellency will have a heart given you to pray for me, whilst life lasts, and after death I doubt not but the glorious *Emmanuel* will reward you before men and angels, for all your works of faith, and labours of love, which you have done for the church in general, and particularly for all favours conferred on, honoured, much-honoured Sir,

Your Excellency's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXII.

To Mr. C——.

London, June 7, 1755.

Reverend and dear Sir,

JUST now I was informed that the bag is to be taken away this afternoon; hurried therefore as I am, you must have a few lines.—And why? Because I love and honour you for Jesus Christ's sake. Will it not rejoice you to hear that his glorious gospel gets ground apace. Several of the clergy, both in town and country, have been lately stirred up to preach Christ crucified, in the demonstration of the spirit and with power. This excites the enmity of the old serpent, which discovers itself in various shapes. The greatest venom is spit out against Mr. *R——n*, who having been reputed a great scholar, is now looked upon and treated as a great fool; because made wise himself, and earnestly desirous that others also should be made wise to eternal salvation. Methinks I hear you say, O happy folly! May this blessed leaven diffuse and spread itself through the whole nation! The prospect is promising. Many students at *Oxford* are earnestly learning Christ. Dear Mr.

H——y hath learnt and preached him some years; his loving and truly catholic heart chearfully complied with the motion about your future correspondence. As for myself, I can only say "that less than the least of all," must be my motto still. I labour but feebly, and yet, O amazing condescension! Jesus owns and succeeds such feeble labours. People still continue to flock to the gospel, like doves to the windows. Next week I begin to take my country range. Be so good, my dear Sir, to add to my obligations, by continuing to remember a poor but willing pilgrim, and to salute all my dear friends as they come in your way. I hope, Mr. *A——* (to whom I send cordial respects) goes hand in hand with you, striving together for the faith and the practice of the gospel.—Glorious strife this! I do not forget the books I promised to look out for.—I have spoken to Mr. *H——*, but he says they are very difficult to be procured. I would write to the Chief Justice, but suppose he is at the northward. Will you be pleased to accept of my *Lisbon* letters, to be disposed of as you think proper? My little communion-book is not yet come out. God be praised, that there is a time coming when we shall need books and ordinances no more, but shall be admitted into an uninterrupted communion and fellowship with the blessed Trinity for evermore. The Lord ripen us for that blissful state! I must bid you farewel. Be pleased to excuse the length of this, as being occasioned by the love unfeigned which is due to you from, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXIII.

To Mr. P——.

London, June 12, 1755.

Dear Nat.,

I THINK every thing is now procured that was in the memorandums. I would have sent the children's cloaths, &c. but they could not be got ready; you will therefore have them by another opportunity. I am glad to hear by your last, that the children go on well in their learning. Let this encourage you to go on, and who knows, but by and by they may learn Christ? Such power belongs only unto God. I am quite satisfied in your present employ, and doubt not (if you are cloathed with humility, as I trust you will be) but God will bless and delight to honour you. To have our own mother's children angry with and despise us, *if sanctified*, is a good preservative against self-love, and self-complacency: it puts us more upon the watch, and drives us nearer to God. This be your happy lot! As for your affair with Mr. *C*——, I can only say, you have my leave to act as you think best. — Shew thy will, O God, and give power to perform it! To *A*—— *W*—— and

his wife, I have allowed twenty pounds *per annum*, till they have a place, or get into business. God knows, I can little afford it; but I can as yet trust on him, who feedeth the ravens, and hath promised to supply all my wants. O that the Lord of all Lords may keep you all at *Bethesda* of one heart and one mind, and give you to send me such news, as may gladden my frequently burdened (though I hope disinterested) mind; and cause me to go on with more chearfulness and joy! Thanks be to God, my feeble labours on this side the water, are owned and succeeded. People seem to be as lively as ever. I hope the time will come, when *Bethesda* also shall blossom like a rose. We wait for thy salvation O Lord; make no long tarrying our Lord and our God! My dear *Nat.* farewel. Feed Christ's lambs, and he will feast thy soul.—Look upon his work as its own wages, and he will richly repay thee for all thy care. I charge you, and all, to continue wrestling in prayer for me, as being, dear *Nat.*

Your assured friend and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXIV.

To Mrs. C——.

London, June 13, 1755.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I WROTE to you amidst a great throng of business, a few days ago, by a *Carolina* ship. I am now retired to Mr. *C——*'s, in order to send you a few lines more. Matters about Mr. —— and his wife, have happened as might be expected; it is my lot to be a pelican. But all will be well at last; I know who will stand on my side. Thanks be to God for Jesus Christ! He upholds me, and daily succeeds my feeble, but I trust honest labours, and that to me is all in all. I hope you will write often. What your brother hath written, I know not. I believe you are where God would have you to be, and I pray him night and day to make you more and more a mother in *Israel*. Ere this comes to hand, I hope you will have received the things from the northward. However it fares with me at home, fain would I care for my dear friends and family abroad. God will provide! This is my comfort. Much depends on your success in the silk, but more on my family's increasing in

the knowledge of Jesus. O that this may be their happy case! O that the Lord of all Lords may feed you in that wilderness! He is good to us here. We have golden seasons at the tabernacle, and several ministers preach Christ in the churches. This makes my call abroad still more clear. Though I have not yet entered upon my country range, methinks I could set out for *America* to-morrow. What is time, relations, and even the enjoyment of God's people, compared with the unmixed, uninterrupted joys of an happy eternity! Here I could enlarge, and on this dwell, but must away. Ere long I hope to write to you again, and in the mean while beg leave to subscribe myself, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most assured friend, and willing servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXV.

To Mr. G——.

Bristol, June 27, 1755.

Reverend and dear Sir,

EVER since I received your last kind letter, I have been so perpetually engaged in preaching, travelling, and a multiplicity of other business, that I have not been able to answer it till now. In *London* the word runs and is glorified, and every day almost we have heard of fresh ministers of our national church being called out, and spirited up to preach the truth as it is in Jesus. This is my first excursion: I came through *Gloucestershire*, where the fields were white, ready unto harvest. Thrice last Lord's-day, many many thousands attended on the word preached, and I believe a divine power accompanied it. That is all in all.—People in this place hear as for eternity. Next week I shall travel further westward; but whether I can see *Scotland* this summer, the Redeemer only knows. But whether absent or present, you, my dear Sir, and my other *Scotch* friends, have my poor prayers night and day, that your souls and bodies may prosper and be in

health. O that God may hear you for unworthy me! I long, I long to do something for Jesus. Glad would I be to serve the church of Christ any way. If you remember, I hinted to you something about getting a Doctor's degree for President *Burr*; since that I wrote to the Marquis of *L——n*. His Lordship writes thus: "The university of *Edinburgh* desire of me to obtain some account of Mr. *Aaron Burr*'s literature, or performances: this I hope you will do, and a diploma will be immediately transmitted." By this post, I shall write what I know of the President, but I would have you and Mr. *E——* write also, immediately to the Marquis. Surely he is the most worthy, ingenious, diligent, and truly Christian President of his age, now in the world. He hath published something lately to animate our people against the common enemy. I have it at *London*, and hope you have it with you. If so, be pleased to transmit it to the Marquis. I shall mention it, and so do you, to his Lordship. Adieu, my very dear Sir, adieu. I must away. May the glorious *Emmanuel* bless and prosper you and yours, and all the dear followers of the Lamb! I cannot forget you, and hope never shall, whilst I have strength to subscribe, what indeed I am, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXVI.

To the Marquis of L——.

Bristol, June 27, 1755.

My Lord,

HOW shall I express my gratitude to your Lordship, for condescending to answer my poor letter, and so readily concurring with the motion made in it, for a degree being procured for my worthy friend? The great Head of the church will bless and reward your Lordship for it. Never was there a man in the world, that could be more safely recommended as a scholar, and a truly Christian minister of the gospel, and a laborious prudent President of a college, than Mr. *Aaron Burr*.—He was educated at *Yale College* in *Connecticut, New England*; and for his pregnant abilities, and many years well approved piety, was unanimously chosen to succeed the Reverend Mr. *D——* in the care of *New-Jersey* college. It would have delighted your Lordship, to have seen how gloriously he filled the chair last year, at the *New-Jersey* commencement. His *Latin* oration was beautifully elegant, and was delivered with an unaffected, yet striking energy and pathos. As a

preacher, disputant, and head of a college, he shines in *North America*; and the present prosperity of the *New Jersey* college, is, under God, greatly owing to his learning, piety, and conduct. The students revere and love him. Your Lordship might have testimonials enough from good Governor *B——r*, Mr. *Jonathan Edwards*, *cum multis aliis*. And I believe, they would all concur in saying, "that of his age (now upwards of forty) there is not a more accomplished deserving President in the world." As for any thing of his in print, that can be referred to, I cannot say, unless it be a little pamphlet lately published, in which he hath animated the people against the common enemy, and discovered a close attachment to the interest of our rightful sovereign King *George*. May the King of kings long preserve his important and precious life! This piece of Mr. *Burr*'s I have at *London*, and hope it is in *Scotland*. I just now wrote to Mr. *G——* of *Glasgow*, who, together with Mr. *J—— E——*, I suppose will write to your Lordship concerning Mr. *Burr*. I wish the diploma may be transmitted against the next commencement. It will endear your Lordship more and more to the good people of *America*. May the Lord of all lords vouchsafe your Lordship a good degree in the kingdom of heaven! O for the lowest place there! It will be abundantly too high for such an unworthy wretch as I am: but his name and nature is Love. He still vouchsafes to employ me, and still continues to countenance my feeble labours. At *London* we have enjoyed golden seasons, and in the country the fields are white ready unto harvest. O that we may be helped to bear the heat and burden of every day! That your Lordship may live long to do much for Christ, and be at last gathered like a ripe shock of corn into his heavenly garner, is the earnest prayer of, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXVII.

To Mr. Thomas J——.

Bristol, June 27, 1755.

My dear Thomas,

YOUR treatment of me at *Honslow*, put me in mind of *Joseph*'s steward, who put his brothers money, unknown to them, into their sacks mouth. Well! Jesus takes notice of all help vouchsafed his servants, and will not forget those who assist them in their pilgrimage for his great name's sake. You and yours then will not be forgotten:—and God forbid that I should cease praying for you both. The Searcher of hearts knows that I love you both in the bowels of Jesus Christ; and my heart's desire night and day is, that you may be rich, yea very rich towards God. Such are durable riches. Every thing else is less than vanity itself. Thanks be to God for such an unspeakable gift! This supports me in my pilgrimage, and makes me go on my way rejoicing. Thousands and thousands flocked in *Gloucestershire*; and here the congregations fall little short of those at *London*. The blessed Redeemer shews us his stately steps. O that we may feel his renovating, sin-

subduing, heart-refining power more and more! So shall we approve ourselves to be his disciples, who hath said, that those “whom the Son of man makes free, are free indeed.” Adieu. The Lord be with you and yours. My love to Mr. *W*——, Mr. *K*——, &c. I forget none of you. I pray the Lord of all lords to keep you unspotted from the world, and entreat you not to forget

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXVIII.

To Lady H——.

London, July 11, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

YESTERDAY about noon, after being worn down with travelling, and preaching twice and thrice a day in *Gloucestershire*, at *Bath* and *Bristol*, a gracious and never-failing Providence brought me to town, where I had the pleasure of receiving two kind, very kind and undeserved letters from your Ladyship's hand. Had I the least leisure or strength, I should have written a letter of condolence to your Ladyship from *Bristol*. There I heard of the death of good Lady *Ann*, and was glad to find that Miss *W*—— bore the news of it with so much composure. Alas! how many have your Ladyship lived to see go before you! An earnest this, I hope, that you are to live to a good old age, and be more and more a mother in *Israel*. A short, but sweet character. God knows how long I am to drag this crazy load, my body, along. Blessed be his holy name, I have not one attachment to this inferior earth. I am sick of myself, sick of the world, sick of the church, and am

panting daily after the full enjoyment of my God. *John C——* is now added to the happy number of those who are called to see him as he is. I do not envy, but I want to follow after him. Give me patience, holy Jesus, to wait till my appointed time shall come. In the mean while, if it be thy holy will, improve me to promote, in some small degree, thy glory and the good of souls! Thanks be to his adorable majesty, the fields at *Bristol* and *Kingswood* were whiter, and more ready to harvest than for many years last past. Was the new Tabernacle at *Bristol* as large as that in *London*, it would be filled. Thrice last *Sunday*, and twice the *Sunday* before, I preached in the fields to many, many thousands. The youngest of the Miss *W——*'s, and little Miss *H——* attended twice, and again by six on the *Sunday* morning. At *Bath* we had good seasons; good Lady *G——*, Mrs. *B——*, *G——*, Miss *H——*, &c. were very hearty, and God was with us of a truth. Mr. *T——*'s wife, of *Cornwall*, is dead, and my brother hath been very ill of a fever; but they tell me (and he doth himself) that the blessed Jesus hath visited his soul. If so, his journey hither will be a happy one. Lord, help me to pray, and not to faint! O for an humble, thankful heart! I am now looking up for direction what course to steer next. I suppose it will be northward. I wish your Ladyship's plan may do; but I fear the parts about your Ladyship are too cold. O how unworthy of such a guest! Well, honoured, ever-honoured Madam, in the *New-Jerusalem*, your Ladyship will have company enough. There the Redeemer shall hold up before the mighty and the noble, and let them see what almighty, rich, and sovereign grace could do. Be pleased, my good Lady, to excuse the length of this. Gratitude always gives motion to my pen, when writing to your Ladyship. I am ashamed, that I have not so much as a pepper-corn to offer as an humble tribute. Jesus, the ever-loving, the altogether lovely Jesus must pay you all. I must away to preach the

everlasting gospel. O how unworthy of such a divine employ! Pardon, honoured Madam, this poor, and too prolix scribble, and assure yourself, that neither your Ladyship nor family are ever forgotten by

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, unworthy, but ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MLXXXIX.

To the Reverend Mr. H——n.

London, July 25, 1755.

My dear Friend,

I RECEIVED your kind letter, and have since heard of your removal from *Indian* land. I cannot help commending you for it, since I know various places, where you might do as much good in a week, as in those parts for years. Poor *Indian* land! I fear thou hast had thy call! May Jesus secure the remaining few, and be their refuge from every impending storm! O my dear friend, you and I shall find more and more, that we must be made perfect by sufferings. If we do not meet them in our younger days, we shall certainly have them in the decline of life. Trials, at such a season, are like the finishing strokes of the Limner's pencil. They serve, in the hands of the holy Spirit, to compleat the new creature, and make it fit for heaven. Happy they who can say, "He knoweth the way that I take:" when they are tried, they shall come forth like gold. God only knows what a trying season lies before us. It is to be feared, that we are upon the eve of a bloody war. O that

the war between *Michael* and the *Dragon* may go on! The prospect is promising. Several ministers preach Christ boldly; and as for my own poor feeble labours, the blessed Jesus vouchsafes to crown them with success. So many paths lie open, that I can scarce tell which to take first. Through frequent preaching and travelling, and a multiplicity of business, I have been so weakened, that I am obliged to retire for a little relaxation, and to get leisure to write you these few lines. May they find you and yours rejoicing in tribulation, and increasing with all the increase of God! I commend you, and all enquiring friends, to the care of Him, who never faileth those who trust in him, and entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXC.

To Mrs. C——.

London, July 25, 1755.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I WRITE this from Mr. *C——*'s, whither I have retired for a little relaxation, and to get leisure to write a few letters. Your brother is just gone from me, and would send you his hearty love if he knew of my writing. *T——* is gone to *Plymouth*, and Miss *L——* is sick of a fever (though I hope not dangerously) at *Lewisham*. Mrs. *W——*, one of the conference, I buried last *Tuesday*; and am longing for that happy time when this frail tabernacle shall be also laid in the silent grave. It hath tottered lately more than ever, and yet the Redeemer vouchsafes so to comfort me within, that methinks I am not yet to die, but live and declare the works of the Lord. O that I may begin to begin to do something for my God! I am afraid we are at the eve of a war: but fear not. *Bethesda* especially, I believe, will be hid under the shadow of the Redeemer's wings. Whilst I have persons there (as I think is the case now) that act with a single eye, I am persuaded it will be

like the *burning bush*. Pray remember me to all in the kindest manner. I hope to write when the childrens cloaths are ready. We have blessed seasons at Tabernacle. I have met with some outward as well as inward trials; but this is my comfort, “The Lord knoweth the way that I take. When I am tried I shall come forth like gold.” O that faith and patience may have their perfect work in this sin-sick soul! Desire dear *Nat*, Mr. *Dix*, &c. not to be uneasy, because I do not write now; it is impracticable. Night and day you are all upon my heart, and I long to hear how you go on. My blessing attends you all, even you and the children. Surely, was I retired from public work, feeding Christ’s lambs should be my constant employ. But alas! I must be in the front of the battle. Lord Jesus, magnify thy strength in my weakness, or I shall deny thee and desert my post! Pray hard all of you, I intreat you, for me, and let me know all your wants. I will labour night and day to have them supplied, and will pray the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls to pay you blessed wages. I know you will be content with such a paymaster. I commend you all to his never-failing mercy, as being, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most sincere and cordial friend and willing servant for Christ’s sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXCI.

To Lady ——.

Norwich, August 9, 1755.

Elect Lady,

HOW glad was I some time ago to receive a letter from your Ladyship! How glad am I now to sit down to answer it, and thereby renew a correspondence, which to me was always profitable and delightful! Shall I wish your Ladyship joy? Of what? Not barely of your additional estate and honour, but of your having an opportunity, with your noble Lord, of moving in a superior orb, and letting your light shine more before men. The Lord of all lords only knows, how I love and honour you both; though I have not written, yet I have not ceased praying for you and yours these many years. Your honoured family on both sides, must always be dear to me. What *Bethels*, what gates of heaven have we been in together, whilst engaged in social prayer, and reading and opening the lively oracles of God! Had I wings, gladly would I fly to see your Ladyship's dear little growing family: but God only knows, whether I shall be able to reach *Scotland* this year. I

am now at *Norwich*, where there hath undoubtedly been a glorious work of God. Twice a day, both gentle and simple flock to hear the word, and I think it comes with power. Lord, what am I? In *London*, I think, our people are as lively as ever; in *Bristol* they are the same; and as for *America*, words cannot express the glorious scenes that opened in various parts, especially at *Boston* in *New-England*. The tide ran full as high as ever your Ladyship knew it at *Edinburgh*, or in any part of *Scotland*. This I know is the best news I can send to your Ladyship; for what news, comparatively speaking, is worth hearing, except that which concerns the kingdom of God? What beauties worth admiring, but the beauties of Jesus Christ? What riches worth possessing, but the substantial and durable riches of the divine life? What honour worth acquiring, but that honour which cometh from God? May these be the beauties, these the riches, these the honours of you and your noble Lord! I assure your Ladyship that my heart springs when I think of him, or write his name. I truly loved the father, I as truly and most affectionately respect and love the son. God almighty bless you both, and give you grace to keep yourselves unspotted from the world! Glad shall I be to see his Lordship in town. In the mean while, I hope his Lordship, and the honourable family where you are, will accept not of bare compliments, but unfeigned and most cordial acknowledgments and respects. May the great physician of souls vouchsafe to give you all thriving souls in healthy bodies! I am glad to hear good Lady *D——* is well. My obligations to her, and all your honoured family, are very great. Be pleased to accept this poor pepper-corn, which, except my poor prayers, is all the acknowledgment that can be made by, my good Lady,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXCII.

To Mr. J—— W——.

Norwich, August 9, 1755.

Reverend and dear Sir,

TILL *Tuesday* evening, I knew no more of coming to *Norwich* than the child unborn. Had I been well enough, and my private business permitted, I should have been some miles in my way towards *Donnington* park. This I told Mr. *H——ly*, and acquainted him with every step; he should have written himself, and not retailed our conversation. As I expect to be in town some time next week, I choose to defer writing more till we have a personal interview. My time is too precious to be employed in hearkening to, or vindicating of myself against, the false and invidious insinuations of narrow and low-life informers. Never was I more satisfied of my call to any place, than of my present call to *Norwich*. The Redeemer knows the way that I take. I came hither purely for his glory, without the least design to make a party for myself, or to please or displease any other party whatsoever. In this way, and in this spirit, through his divine assistance, I hope to go on.

Blessed be his name, I trust my feeble labours have not been in vain. Sin, I hope, hath been prevented, errors detected, sinners convicted, saints edified, and my own soul sweetly refreshed. But I must add no more. That Jesus may give us all a right judgment in all things, and keep all parties whatsoever from giving a wrong touch to the ark, is and shall be the constant prayer of, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXCIII.

To Doctor R——.

London, August 20, 1755.

Honoured and very dear Sir,

AS long as God is pleased to hold my soul in life, and I hear that you also are in the land of the living, I shall always think it my bounden duty to thank, and pray for you. Surely you have been to me, honoured Sir, a father and a friend. Be pleased to accept repeated acknowledgments for all favours conferred on me at college, and the great care you took to prepare me for the ministry of the church. Alas! I am ashamed of my unfruitfulness, and wonder that the blessed Redeemer continues to improve me at all. But his name and nature is Love. He hath once more brought me safe over the mighty waters, and hath vouchsafed to own my poor feeble labours in yonder new world. The Orphan-house, blessed be his name, is on a good footing, and I trust will prove a nursery for church and state, when my head is laid in the silent grave. I am waiting daily for my discharge, and long to be at home. Be pleased to add to my innumerable obligations, by continuing

to pray for me. I retain my old name, being the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints, but, honoured and very dear Sir,

Your most obliged, dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MXCIV.

To ——.

London, August 26, 1755.

My dear Friends,

I RECEIVED both your kind letters, and likewise one from Mr. *W——*, and last night a long one from Mr. *C——*; but alas! I have no time for controversy. To their own Master they must both either stand or fall. All I can say in your present circumstances, is, "that you had best make a trial, and let matters for a while stand as they are." I have sent letters, if possible, to prevent the spreading, at least the *publishing* any further tales. In the mean while, my dear friends, do you strengthen yourselves in the Lord your God. The cause is his; you honestly, I believe, embarked in it for his great name's sake, and he will help you out of all. When I see Mr. *R——r*, I shall speak to him again. But to-morrow I must away to the northward. Follow me, I entreat you, with your prayers, and assure yourselves, that you and yours, and the dear people of *Norwich*, will not be forgotten by me. If ever the Redeemer, in his good providence, should bring me thither again, I can

then converse with Mr. *W*—— and *C*—— face to face;—but I beg to be excused from writing, when I think by so doing I can do no service. The Lord cloathe us all with humility, and give us all true simplicity and godly sincerity! Then we need fear nothing. Blessed be his name, we have golden seasons here. Blessed be his name, if any good was done by my poor feeble labours in your city. To Him, who delights to shew himself strong in behalf of those who are of an upright heart, be all the glory. If I know any thing of myself, I want to supplant none, but to strengthen the hands of all that preach and live Christ Jesus. In his great name, and with repeated thanks for all favours, I subscribe myself, my very dear friends,

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MXCV.

To Miss P——.

Weston-Favell, August 30, 1755.

Dear Miss,

A FEW days past, as I was going into the Tabernacle to read letters, yours came to hand; immediately I read it among the rest, and you and my other dear *New-England* friends had the prayers of thousands. But how did I wish to be transported to *America*! How did I long to stir up all against the common enemy, and to be made instrumental in doing my dear country some little service! But surely God sent me over at this juncture, and therefore I hope to be resigned. Already, blessed be his name, he hath vouchsafed to own my feeble labours in *London*, *Gloucestershire*, *Bristol*, *Bath*, and *Norwich*. I have been at the last place very lately, and notwithstanding offences have come, there hath been a glorious work begun, and is now carrying on. The Polite and Great seem to hear with much attention, and I scarce ever preached a week together with greater freedom. Praise the Lord, O my soul! I am now going my northern circuit,

and perhaps may take a trip to *Ireland*. O what a pity is it, that we have but one body and one soul for Jesus Christ! I write this from dear Mr. *H*——'s, who sends kind love to all his dear *New-England* friends, and earnestly begs the continuance of their prayers. He is now writing another volume upon sanctification: that, you say, dear Miss, is what you want. That is what the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus longs to give. Out of his fulness we are all to receive even grace for grace. But how slow are we to believe! Lord, I believe, help my unbelief! must be my language still. I thank your honoured father for the kind present of the sermons, charter, &c. I see you are resolved to increase my obligations, till they amount to a prodigious sum. My blessed Master must pay you all. O that I may be remembered before him; night and day, in public and in private! Dear *New-England*, dear *Boston* lies upon my heart; surely the Lord will not give it over into the enemies hand. He hath too many praying ministers and praying people there, for such a dreadful catastrophe. Immediately upon hearing of your late defeat, I preached from those words, "When the enemy comes in like a flood, then the spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him." This we shall find true in a temporal and spiritual sense.

Blest is faith that trusts Christ's power,

Blest are saints that wait his hour.

I could enlarge, but must away. My heart is full for dear *New-England*, and I must go to God and vent it. I can only send you and your honoured parents, and all your religious associates, and all enquiring friends, ten thousand thanks for all favours, and beg them never to cease praying for, dear Miss,

Their and your assured and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MXCVI.

To Lady P——.

Weston-Favell, August 30, 1755.

Dear Madam,

THOUGH Providence prevented my seeing you again, yet you have been much upon my heart. As a proof of it, be pleased to accept of these few hasty lines. I find you are once more called to give up your honoured husband for his country's good. That God whom you serve, will richly reward you for such a sacrifice, and be better to you than seven husbands. I long, I long to hear that he is returned victorious. He is gone upon a good cause, and under the conduct of the best general, even the Captain of our salvation. To him I am praying night and day for the temporal and spiritual welfare of dear, never to be forgotten *New-England*. Courage, dear Madam, courage:—a few more partings, a few more changes, a few more heart-breakings, heart-purifying trials, and we shall be safe landed. That you and yours, dear Madam, may have a triumphant entrance administered to you

into the heavenly kingdom, is and shall be the hearty prayer of, dear Madam,

Your Ladyship's obliged and ready servant, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MXCVII

TO Mr. V——.

Weston-Favell, August 30, 1755.

My dear Friend,

I WROTE you a letter just before I left *Charles-Town*, which I find you have not received. The things sent proved bad, but I have a God to go to, who can and will supply all my wants according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus. I am sorry that your people continue yet as sheep having no shepherd. What I said about Mr. *B*——, was by commission from himself, I wish Mr. *D*—— may see his way clear. But who will come to be torn in pieces by two contending parties?

Giver of concord, prince of peace,
Meek lamb-like Son of God,
Bid these unchristian jarrings cease,
O quench them with thy blood!

Amidst all this, what a mercy is it, my dear friend, that Jesus shews you more of your heart. O thank him a thousand and a thousand times, for

pointing out to you the sin that doth most easily beset you. Surely it is a too great love of money. Of this your friends every where take notice; and this, in many cases, makes you act an unfriendly part. If God should suffer our enemies to prevail, you will wish you had laid up more treasure in heaven. Blessed be God, mine is out of the reach of men or devils. Strange! that five per cent. from man, should be preferred to a hundred-fold from Christ! A word to the wise is sufficient. I should not have said this, lest there should be the appearance of self-interest, had you not given me the hint. But I hope you know, (however, I am sure that God knows) that I want to deny, not enrich myself. But enough of this. I am now looking out for more news from dear *America*. May the late defeat be sanctified; and then I doubt not but we shall be more than conquerors through the love of Christ. I often wish myself abroad; but assuredly Providence called me home.—My poor feeble labours are still blessed both in town and country, and many dear ministers of Jesus are coming out. It would delight you to be at Tabernacle. We are often in the suburbs of heaven. I write this from dear Mr. *H——y*'s, in my way to *Yorkshire*, and perhaps *Ireland*, I told him what you wrote about *Theron* and *Aspasio*, and he begs your prayers. O *America*, how near dost thou lie upon my heart! God preserve it from popish tyranny and arbitrary power! I can write no more. Adieu, my dear Mr. *V——*. Continue to write to me, and live and give for Jesus, who hath given you this world, and that which is to come. Was you here, methinks we should weep together. O redeeming love! How can we think of it, and at the same time not be ambitious of opportunities to spend and be spent for Jesus. *Non magna loquimur, non magna scribimus, sed vivimus*, is the Christian's motto. Mr. *D——* can *English* it. I send to him, and all enquiring friends, my cordial respects. I saw his daughter well at *Braintree* a little while ago.

There, as well as elsewhere, we had blessed seasons. I know you will join in crying Grace! grace! with, my dear *Gaius*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXCVIII.

To Mr. J—— S——.

Northampton, September 1, 1755.

AND did my dear Mr. *S——* direct a letter and not send me one line at a venture? Well, I thank him even for the direction, as well as for all other unmerited favours. O that it was in my power to shew my gratitude in a substantial manner! This is my comfort, God is a prayer-hearing, promise-keeping God. He will not fail those, who have confessed him or his ministers before men.—It may be, before men they shall be rewarded. Certain it is, they shall be confessed by Jesus Christ in the presence of men and angels in the kingdom of heaven. This, ere long, will be your happiness. Methinks I long for the day; but am ashamed I do no more for Jesus, who yet continues to employ me. Every where the fields are white ready unto harvest. At *London*, *Bristol*, *Bath*, in *Gloucestershire*, at *Norwich*, *Bury*, *Braintree*, and yesterday twice here, we had blessed seasons. I am now going into *Yorkshire*, and it may be to *Ireland*. If there should be a bloody war, God only knows when I shall see my dear *New-England*. Thither I find

a strong attraction. O for good news from the northern forces! I suppose death must come first before life.—This is always the method of Providence. Lord, help us to pray and not faint! Happy they who have got a Jesus to fly to: he is our refuge from every storm. Your whole self and all enquiring friends do I most earnestly commend to his never-failing mercy, as being, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MXCIX.

To Colonel P——.

Northampton, September 1, 1755.

My dear Sir,

ACCORDING to my promise, before I embarked for *England*, I sent you the copy of my oath, from *Charles-Town*; which, I fear, is not come to hand, because not mentioned in either of your letters, which I had the pleasure of receiving a few days ago. In my way northward, I take the first opportunity of thanking you for both, and at the same time heartily thank the Captain of our salvation, for giving you grace to stand to your colours, and persist in your spiritual warfare. Perhaps, ere this reaches *Boston*, you may be called out in the service of your country. May your head, and the heads of all engaged, be covered in every day of battle; and may our troops be made in the end more than conquerors through the love of God! This is what we are assured of in our spiritual combat.—Jesus, who is truth itself, hath told us, that nothing shall pluck us out of his almighty hands. Though faint then, let us still pursue. Through the Redeemer strengthening me, I am yet

continuing my feeble labours, which, I trust, are not in vain in the Lord. Fain would I be with you; but Providence seems to have cast my lot at present here. Well, my dear Sir, there is a place, at which, though absent from, we may be present with each other; I mean the throne of grace. There, God willing, I will often meet you. I know you will accept the challenge, and God himself will say, *Amen*. Glad should I be to hear from you frequently. O for good news from dear *New-England*! Blessed be God for what you send me concerning Mrs. *P*——. May root and branch be spared for the Mediator's glory! To his tender, never-failing mercy, do I most humbly commend you, and all other enquiring friends, as being, my dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MC.

To Mrs. M——.

Liverpool, Sept. 12, 1755.

Dear Madam,

ERE this can reach you, I hope the days of your mourning will be ended. By your last to Mr. *W——* I find your harp was hanging upon the willows, your chariot wheels taken off, and your poor soul driving heavily. Add to all this,—Satan was besetting you on every side, and so daring as to say, "Where is now thy God?"—This is his common artifice; thus he attacked the great High-priest and blessed apostle of our profession, "If thou be the Son of God, &c." But if you love not Jesus, whence this pain of absence? Why so often crying out,

For to my soul it's hell to be

But for one moment void of thee?

This is not the language of a hypocrite. No: it is the native, genuine cry of a new and heaven-born soul. Woman, therefore, why weepest thou? Thy Lord hath drank of this bitter cup before thee.

He knows what this temptation means,

For he hath felt the same.

Look then to Him, dear Madam, who upon the cross cried out in the bitterness of his soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The Redeemer is now only giving you blessings in disguise, and teaching you instructive lessons by the thorns and briars of the wilderness. Now is the time for you to prove the strength of Jesus yours, and to learn to live upon a God that changeth not. Be pleased to excuse this freedom. At Mr. *W——d*'s desire I take it. Your advice to him, amidst all your gloom, bespeaks your concern for the ark of God; I wish he may take it. But I love not to interfere in other people's plans, any further than I can contribute a mite towards promoting the common salvation. This principle made me incline to see *Ireland*, but I believe the season is too far gone. The Redeemer's time is best. O that all may have grace given them to wait his leisure! Then will affairs have a more comfortable aspect, and many wrong touches of the ark be happily prevented. Blessed be God, in many places the word runs and is glorified. O that I could begin to begin to do something for Jesus! I wish that Mr. *C——* may be raised to work for him once more. And yet, methinks it is cruel to wish him to stay longer out of heaven. God give me patience to wait till my wished-for change shall come! My cordial respects await all that love Christ Jesus in sincerity.—Be pleased to accept the same for your whole self, from, dear Madam,

Your sympathizing friend, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCI.

To Mr. S——.

Newcastle, September 24, 1755.

My very dear Sir,

AT length I can sit down, and send you (what I know you dearly love) some good news concerning the kingdom of Jesus Christ. O infinite condescension! He hath vouchsafed to own and bless my feeble labours all the way. At *Northampton* we had blessed seasons; at Lady *H——n*'s, the Lord of all Lords was with us of a truth; at *Liverpool* I trust some fallow ground was broken up; at *Bolton* the cup of many ran over; at *Manchester* people heard most gladly; and at *Leeds* and *Bradford*, what many felt, I believe, is unutterable. In my way hither, I hope a smart gentleman was touched at *York*, and several I find were awakened when I was at this place last. Lord, what am I?

If thou excuse, then work thy will,
By so unfit an instrument;
It will at once thy goodness shew,

And prove thy power omnipotent.

What God does further, you may hear by and by. Perhaps I am at the end of my northern circuit, and I fear I am too impatient to get at the end of my Christian race. I long, I long to see Jesus. Well, he that comes, will come and will not tarry. His reward is with him; then, but not till then, shall you and yours be fully recompensed, for strengthening my poor feeble hands in the Lord. He only knows how feeble. Surely this is grace indeed, to employ such a wretch as I am. Help me to adore it. Continue to pray for me, and thereby add to the obligations already conferred on, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCII.

To Lady H——n.

Newcastle, September 24, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

I KNOW not how long it is since I left your Ladyship; but this I know, a sense of the satisfaction I felt when at *Donnington*, still lies upon my heart. Surely, was I not called out to public work, waiting upon and administring to your Ladyship in holy offices would be my choice and highest privilege. But Jesus calls, and therefore I travel to do or suffer thy will, O God! The only new ground that hath been broken up, I think is *Liverpool*; there the prospect is promising. I preached in a great square on the Lord's day, and the alarm I hear went through the town. At *Bolton* the cup of God's people ran over; and at *Manchester* we had large auditories and blessed seasons. At *Leeds* we felt what is unutterable, and at *Bradford*, I believe, last *Sunday* the congregation consisted of at least ten thousand. But O how hath my pleasure been alloyed at *Leeds*! I rejoiced there with trembling; for unknown to me, they had almost finished a large house in order to form a

separate congregation. If this scheme succeeds, an awful separation I fear will take place amongst the societies. I have written to Mr. *W*——, and have done all I could to prevent it. O this self-love, this self-will! It is the devil of devils. Lord Jesus, may thy blessed spirit purge it out of all our hearts! But O how must the divine Paraclete sit as a refiner's fire upon the heart, in order to bring this about! Few choose such fiery purgations, and therefore so few make the progress that might justly be expected of them in the divine life. Make me, O God, willing to be made, willing to be, to do, or suffer what thou pleasest, and then——what then?—this foolish fluttering heart will sweetly be moulded into the divine image.—This I write from *Newcastle*, where the people twice a day hear the gospel gladly. At *York* I hope a fine gentleman was touched, and several I find were awakened there, and here also, at my last visit. What to do now, I know not. Calls on all sides are very loud, and it is too late to go either to *Ireland* or *Scotland*. O my God!—Winter is at hand, and in the summer how little hath been done for thee! I cannot bear to live at this poor dying rate. My good and ever-honoured Lady, add; for Christ's sake add to my already innumerable obligations, by praying for a poor unfruitful and ungrateful dwarf. I am sick of my vileness, and yet just comes in a letter acquainting me, that my preaching hath been blessed to many this morning. Good God, what is this? Grace! Grace! I am lost, I am lost.

Take me Uriel, take me hence,

And bear my soul to God.

Your Ladyship sees I am running into my old fault. I cannot well help it, when writing to your Ladyship. May the choicest of God's mercies rest on you and yours! I hope my poor but sincere respects will find acceptance with Lady *S*——'s, Master *H*——, &c. I must away to pray for your

Ladyship and them, and therefore hasten to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCIII.

To Mr. D—— B——.

Newcastle, October 4, 1755.

My dear Friend,

WHO would but wish to be in heaven, where we shall enjoy the communion of saints without interruption? Whilst here, how long is it before we can answer each other's letters? With difficulty I now sit down to answer your last; for these seven or eight days past, I have been deeply engaged in travelling, and preaching thrice a day. Jesus Christ hath made it pleasant to my soul, and comfortably supported my weak body. It being so late in the year, I cannot proceed further northward. However I must write, if it be only to let you know, that my dear *Scotch* friends are continually upon my heart, and that I most earnestly beg the continuance of their prayers. I am a dwarf,—I am a dwarf,—and that is enough to excite their pity. Alas! alas! Autumn is come, winter is drawing on, and (O my God) how little have I done for thee in the summer. The concern I feel upon this account almost prevents my writing. Adieu, I must retire.—My tender love

to Mrs. *B——*, and all that are so kind as to inquire after me. Exhort them to love, and live near to the ever-loving Jesus, and for his great name's sake, never to forget, my dear friend,

Their and your affectionate friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCIV.

To Mr. ——.

London, October 31, 1755.

My very dear Friend,

LAST night, a never-failing God brought me from the north of *England*, where I have been enabled to preach twice and thrice a day, to many, many thousands for these two months last past. And yet I cannot die.—Nay they tell me, "I grow fat." O that I may grow in grace, especially in humility! Then would the Lord delight to honour me. Vile as I am, this he continues to do. Never did I see the word more blessed, or so many thousands run after it with greater greediness. Next to inviting them to Christ, I have always taken care to exhort them to pray for King *George*, and our dear friends in *America*. I trust, that thousands are now engaged this way, and whatever dark providences may intervene, I hope to hear they have been more than conquerors.—"Pray continue to write," I often tell my friend. I often think of him who sent me the glass, before the friend of sinners. God almighty bless you and yours, and all enquiring dear souls, with all spiritual

and temporal blessings! I see some are marrying, and others giving in marriage. May the Lord Jesus sanctify every change, till we all come to sit down at the marriage feast of the supper of the Lamb! There I hope ere long to meet you. Fly, fly, Time: hasten, hasten, O wished-for Eternity! Adieu: my tender love to all. I wish dear Mr. *T*—— a good help-mate, but above all, I wish him much success in espousing poor sinners to the ever adorable Jesus. Once more farewel.

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCV.

To Mr. B——.

London, November 1, 1755.

My dear Mr. B——,

ON *Thursday* evening, a never-failing Providence brought me in safety from my northern circuit, and this morning I find a letter of a distant date from you, which before I look over my other letters, I sit down to answer. And what shall I say? Blessed be God, I have good news to send you from the north country; never did I see the word of God have freer course, or congregations more numerous or attentive. I was strengthened to preach generally twice or thrice a day, and thanks be to my gracious Master, my poor carcase held it out. Next to Jesus, my King and country were upon my heart. I acted as at *Stroud*, and other parts of *Gloucestershire*, and I hope I shall always think it my bounden duty, next to inviting sinners to the blessed Jesus, to exhort my hearers to exert themselves against the first approaches of popish tyranny and arbitrary power. O that we may be enabled to watch and pray against all the opposition of *Antichrist* in our

hearts; for after all, there lies the most dangerous man of sin; there is the temple in which he sits, exalting himself above all that is called God. And what shall, what can destroy him? Nothing but the breath of the Redeemer's mouth, and the brightness of his appearing, by his blessed spirit in our souls. O for more of this baptismal fire! God give you, and the dear Alderman, to pray earnestly for me, that I may begin at length to be a little alive to my God. O winter! winter! how near art thou drawing, and how little have I done for Jesus in the summer! Perhaps before *Christmas* I may see you again. Future things belong to Jesus. To his tender never-failing mercy do I most heartily commit you, and the dear Alderman, all your relations, and all enquiring friends, and once more beg that you will not forget to pray for, my dear Mr. *B——*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCVI.

To Lady H——n.

London, November 1, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

WHAT shall I say? Indeed and indeed, it hath given me great concern, that I could not perform my promise to return to *Donnington-park* so soon as I expected.—But had I done so, I must have failed preaching at least to above fifty thousand souls, who at different places ran most greedily many miles after the everlasting gospel. This I thought your Ladyship would by no means approve of, and therefore acquiesced. On *Thursday* evening, with no small regret I came to town, after having preached about a hundred times, and travelled about eight hundred miles in the country. Blessed be God, my feeble carcase was strengthened to hold out, though for more than ten days together, I preached thrice a day.—O that I could preach three hundred times! all would be little enough, (alas, alas, infinitely too little) to testify my feeble love to the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. I hope that your Ladyship, and the other elect Ladies, will enjoy much of his blessed spirit,

in your present sweet retreat. After about a week's stay here, I hope to move westward. O winter, winter! haste and fly, that I may again set out, and begin to spring for my God! I know I shall have your Ladyship's prayers, and I am sure your Ladyship and family and friends have mine. Yesterday I waited upon the Countess *D*——, and on *Thursday*, God willing, I am to dine with her Ladyship. Blessed be God, all was well. O for growth in grace! O for the total destruction of self and selfishness! Alas, what inward purgations and martyrdoms must be undergone! Lord Jesus, we are the clay, and thou art the potter; stamp thine image in what way thou pleasest! I know your Ladyship will say, Amen. I trust an "Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly," is sincerely added by, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCVII.

To the Honourable J—— R——.

London, Numbers 7, 1755.

Very dear Sir,

ARE you yet called out in defence of your country? The measures taken by your honourable and loyal council and assembly, I hope will be blessed to prevent a stir so near to *Boston*. I am glad to hear, that the Ladies are employed in making the soldiers cloaths; I trust my female friends are some of the most active. Surely, the cause is the cause of God, and if done out of love to Jesus, this labour of love shall not go unrewarded. God make male and female good soldiers of Jesus Christ! Nothing like fighting under his banner; he is a refuge from every storm. I can only add, that I most earnestly commend you and yours, and the whole circle of my never to be forgotten friends, to his never-failing mercy, and intreat you to accept these few hasty lines, as a token of love and respect unfeigned, from, very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCVIII.

To the Honourable A—— O——.

London, November 8, 1755.

Very dear Sir,

I HEAR you have been sitting night and day in council. May Jesus, the wonderful counsellor, preside in your assembly, and influence you to pursue such measures, as may be blessed to the humbling a persidious enemy, and making the dear *New Englanders* more than conquerors through the love of God! All we can do on this side the water, is to pray. This I trust thousands are doing every day.—I seldom preach, without mentioning dear *New England*. O for more good news from that part of yonder new world! O that this time of outward danger, may be sanctified to the exciting of greater zeal against our inward spiritual enemies! For after all, the man of sin in our own hearts, is the greatest foe the real Christian hath to fear. May Jesus destroy him both within and without, by the breath of his mouth, and the brightness of his appearing! Blessed be God, the prospect is promising here! In the north of *England*, the word runs and is glorified more than ever,

and in *London* people flock like doves to the windows:—and yet I feel a strong attraction for *America*. Pray be so kind, very dear Sir, to send me some account now and then, how matters stand.—Perhaps it may be of some service. I could enlarge, but must drop a line or two more to some more friends, and therefore can only send my most cordial salutations to yourself, and whole houshold, and begging a continued interest in your prayers, subscribe myself, very dear Sir,

Your most obliged, affectionate friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCIX.

To Lady H——n.

London, November 10, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

YOUR Ladyship's kind and condescending letter, found me just returned from *Chatham*, and led me (as your Ladyship's letters always do) to a throne of grace. I immediately threw myself prostrate before God, and earnestly prayed, in my poor feeble manner, that grace, mercy, and peace might be multiplied upon your Ladyship, and your happy family. The Court, in the best sense of the word, is now removed to *Clifton*. For there only is the real court kept, where Jesus reigns, and where he has erected a spiritual kingdom in the heart. All besides this, is only tinsel and glitter. Here alone is real and abiding happiness to be found. O for further searches into the heighths and depths of God? O for further leadings into the chambers of that selfish, sensual, and devilish imagery, that yet lie latent in my partly renewed heart. This self-love, what a *Proteus*! This self-will, what an Hydra? This remaining body of sin and death, what an antichrist! what a

scarlet whore! what a hell! what a red dragon! what a cursed monster is it! How hard, how slow he dies! O what gratitude do I owe to the bruiser of this serpent's head! O for a heart gladly to embrace every cross, every trying dispensation, that may have a tendency to poison, or starve, or nip the buddings of the old, and cherish, promote, or cause to bloom and blossom the graces and tempers of the new man in my soul! Ordinances, providences, doctrines, (I am more and more convinced) are of no service to believers, than as they are attended with this mortifying and life-giving power. Happy family, that have this one thing in view! Happy retirement, that is improved to this blessed purpose! Happy, therefore, good Lady *H——n*, and the other elect Ladies, who are determined thus to go on hand in hand to heaven! All hail, ye new-born, heaven-born souls! ye know, by happy experience, that Jesus is an inward as well as an outward saviour, and that he came indeed and indeed to redeem us from this present evil world. Was even annihilation to follow at death, who would but have this redemption whilst they live? But, glory, glory be to God, it is only the dawning of an eternal day, the beginning of a life that is ere long to be absorbed and swallowed up in never-ceasing, uninterrupted fruition of the ever-blessed triune Deity. O the depth, the height of this love of God! It passeth human and angelic knowledge. My paper only permits me to add, (God knows it is with gratitude and sincerity) that I am, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCX.

To Mr. S——.

Bristol, November 30, 1755.

My very dear Sir,

TO be three weeks without sending you a line, seems a long while to me. What if we should meet ere long in an endless and happy eternity? For near ten days past I have preached in pain, occasioned by a sore throat, which I find now is the beginning of an inflammatory quinsey. Silence and warmth, the doctor tells me, under God, may cure me, but heaven (if I had my will) is my choice, especially if I can speak no longer on earth for my God. However, painful and expensive as, in a spiritual sense, the medicine of silence is, I have promised to be very obedient, and therefore I have not preached this morning. If I grow better, (as the world terms it) I hope to see you in about a fortnight, if otherwise, God willing, you shall hear from me again. Blessed be Jesus, I am ready; I know that my Redeemer liveth. O that all who were lately swallowed up in *Portugal*, had known it! Then an earthquake would only be a rumbling chariot to carry the soul to God. Poor

Lisbon! how soon are all thy riches and superstitious pageantry swallowed up! What a shock must the news give to a full exchange! Who would but lay up treasure in heaven? Thanks be to God, for teaching you, my very dear Sir, this heavenly art! May you and yours improve in it every day and hour. This is my comfort, all my goods are gone before me. O the pleasure of having nothing, and yet possessing all things in Jesus! This be my happy lot! I beg a continued interest in your prayers, and trust that living and dying you will always be remembered by, my very dear friend,

Your most affectionate friend and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXI.

To the Reverend Mr. H—— D——.

Bristol, Dec. 6, 1755.

My dear Friend and Brother,

ONE would think, that Providence did in a more immediate manner interpose to prevent our meeting. I saw your last to Mr. *M——n*, and intended to have answered it for him, but it hath pleased a gracious and sovereign God to silence me for a few days, by a sore throat, which was like to have terminated in an inflammatory quinsey. This gave me hopes of putting into port; but it seems I am yet to put out to sea again. O that my stammering tongue may be loosed, and that I may begin to begin to speak in earnest for my God! Every thing, both from within and without, calls upon us to cry aloud and spare not. Whatever becomes of ill and hell-deserving me, may the ever-loving and ever-lovely Jesus cause your bow to abide in strength! I trust many arrows have stuck fast in the North of *England*; and in the West, I trust, the sword of the Lord hath not returned empty. On *Monday* se'nnight, God willing, I purpose going to *Gloucester*, and hope to

be in *London* soon. Our meeting, therefore, must necessarily be put off till Spring. In the meanwhile, I should be glad to see and converse with Mr. *J——*, of whom I have heard a good report. I am sorry there is no greater connection between *England* and *Wales*. The harvest is great, and the disinterested labourers are few. This is my comfort, the Lord of the harvest can and will, in his own time and way, thrust out more labourers into the harvest. That he may own and bless you, and all in your connection, more and more, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCXII.

To Lady H——n.

London, December 31, 1755.

Ever-honoured Madam,

YOUR Ladyship's kind and condescending letter should not have lain so long by me, had not bodily weakness, and my *Christmas* labours, prevented my writing. Indeed and indeed my good Lady, it hath been a joyful mournful season to my inward man. For exclusive of a pretty sharp outward trial, *Saturday* last being my birth-day, my soul was deeply exercised from morning till evening, in thinking how much in one-and-forty years I have sinned against, and how little I have done for an infinitely good and ever-blessed God. This impression yet lies deep upon my heart, and therefore, through divine assistance, I purpose to end the old year in preaching on those words, "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." O that all things belonging to the old man, may die in me, and all things belonging to the new man live and grow in me! But alas, this is a work of time. Every day and every hour must we be passing from death to life. Mortification and

vivification make up the whole of the divine work in the new-born soul. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; have compassion on this barren fig-tree, and if it is to be spared another year, so dig and dung round it, that it may bring forth much fruit unto God! But shall I conceal the goodness of my long-suffering Master? No: I dare not;—for in spite of my unworthiness, he still continues to smile upon my poor ministrations, and gives me to see his stately steps in the great congregations. A noble chapel is now opened in *Long-acre*, where I am to read prayers and preach twice a week. Hundreds went away last night, who could not come in; but those that could, I trust, met with Jesus. Mr. *C*—— and I have met twice, and hope for a third interview very soon. Lord Jesus, make me a peace-maker! I am obliged to Mrs. *W*—— and the other Ladies for their kind remembrance of an unworthy worm. I return it, by earnestly praying, that they and your Ladyship may be filled with all the fulness of God. I can rise no higher, and therefore, with all possible acknowledgments for all unmerited favours, I must hasten to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and very ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXIII.

To Mr. S——.

London, January 1, 1756.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR not answering my two last sooner, gave me pain; sorrows are lessened, and joys become greater by being communicated. It is so with an earthly friend, much more so with the friend of sinners.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour,

Into the bosom of our God.

He bottles them all up, and will not suffer one of them to fall to the ground unregarded. I hope that these trials, which, like *Job*'s messengers, come one upon the back of another, by being sanctified, will make your soul as a watered garden. You know who hath said, "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy." O blessed religion, that shews us the holy art of gaining by our losses, and rising by our falls! Was it in my power, this letter should enclose something that would stop every temporal gap; but I am not rich at present. Poor, yet endeavouring to make many rich, I would have my motto

still! Thanks be to God, at our lowest estate we can draw on the bank of heaven. A believer never hath a bill protested there. “My God (says the Apostle *Paul*) shall supply all your need according to his riches in Christ Jesus.” Away, and endorse it afresh, and send it directly away post on the wings of prayer. Never fear any trial that sends you to your knees; You must then needs go forward whether you know it or not. I would enlarge, but weakness prevents. I have been in the furnace; I hope it is intended to prepare me for fresh success. The awakening at *London* seems to be quite new. Adieu, adieu. I am called away.

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, January 22, 1756.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

ENCLOSED you have some extracts, which perhaps may afford you comfort, and I trust will excite you to pray for one, who is indeed less than the least of all saints. Ever since I came from the North, it hath pleased a sovereign Lord to visit me with a violent cold and sore throat, which threatened an inflammatory quinsey. Such a thing, I hoped, would have soon carried me, where this cold heart should for ever be inflamed with seraphic love. But alas! I fear this wish'd-for time is not at hand. One physician prescribed a *perpetual blister*, but I have found *perpetual preaching* to be a better remedy. When this grand catholicon fails, it is over with me. You will pray, that (if I must put out to sea again) it may be to take some fresh prizes for my God. Every day brings us fresh news of newly awakened souls. Both at this and the other end of the town, (where I now preach at a chapel twice a week) there is a glorious stirring amongst the dry

bones. My heart is pained for dear *America*; but I trust the Lord will fight their battles, and make them more than conquerors. Happy they who have fled to Jesus: he is a strong and sure refuge from every storm. I hope he hath appeared for his cause at *Glasgow*. May that dear people never be left without many teaching priests! I send my kind host and hostess, and all enquiring friends, most cordial respects, and beg you to accept the same from, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXV.

To Lady H——n.

London, January 29, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

YOUR Ladyship will see by the inclosed, how dangerous it is to give me liberty. I would not grow upon it, and yet I cannot discharge my conscience, unless I lay particular distressing applications before your Ladyship. I know the person mentioned in Mr. *G*——'s letter, and believe he belongs to the little flock of Jesus: the best recommendation that can be laid before your Ladyship. I doubt not but what your Ladyship hath done in behalf of the prisoner, will have good effect: I do not know how soon I may be called before my superiors myself. The sons of *Tubal* and *Cain* continue to serenade me at *Long-Acre* chapel. They have been called before a justice; and yesterday the Bishop of *B*—— sent for them, and enquired where I lived. My house is pretty public, and the Bishop of souls shall answer for me:—he does. One, who subscribes to hire men to make the noise, hath been pricked to the heart, and can have no rest till he speaks with me. Thus

Jesus gets himself the victory.——One of the inclosed extracts comes from a person, that a few weeks ago was a confirmed deist: now, I trust, he is a little child. The Redeemer speaks, and it is done; he commands, and new creatures instantaneously arise before him. Your Ladyship enjoined me to be particular; I could be more so, but must send a few lines to the elect Ladies. That they may find both them and your Ladyship filled with all the fulness of God, is the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and very ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXVI.

To Mr. F——.

January 30 1756.

Honoured Sir,

GRATITUDE constrains me to send you a few lines of thanks for the care and zeal you have expressed in suppressing the late disorders at *Long-Acre* chapel. A better acknowledgment will, I trust, await you at his bar, by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice, and who hath instituted magistracy to be a terror to evil doers, and a praise to them that do well. I hear that some unhappy man hath incurred the penalty inflicted by our salutary laws. As peace, not revenge, is the thing aimed at, I should rejoice if this could be procured without the delinquents suffering any further punishment. Perhaps what hath been done already, may be sufficient to deter others from any further illegal proceedings, and that will be satisfaction enough, honoured Sir, to

Your much obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXVII.

To the Bishop of B——.

Tabernacle-House, February 2, 1756.

My Lord,

A FEW weeks ago, several serious persons chosen to be a committee for one Mr. *B——*, applied to me in the name of Jesus Christ, and a multitude of souls desirous of hearing the gospel, to preach at a place commonly called *Long-Acre* chapel. At the same time they acquainted me, "That the place was licensed; that Mr. *B——* either had taken, or was to take it for a certain term of years, and had preached in it for a considerable time, as a protestant Dissenting minister: notwithstanding, (they added) I might use the Liturgy if I thought proper, so that I would but come and preach once or twice a week." Looking upon this as a providential call, from him, who in the days of his flesh taught all that were willing to hear, *on a mount*, *in a ship*, or *by the sea-side*, and who after his ascension, commanded us by his Apostle, to be "instant in season and out of season," I readily complied, and humbly hope that my feeble, though I trust sincere labours, have not been

altogether in vain in the Lord. This being the case, your Lordship will necessarily suppose, that I was somewhat surprized at the prohibition I received from your Lordship this evening. For I looked upon the place as a particular person's property, and being, as I was informed, not only unconsecrated, but also licensed according to law, I thought I might innocently preach the love of a crucified Redeemer, and for his great name's sake, loyalty to the best of princes our dread sovereign King *George*, without giving any just offence to *Jew* or *Gentile*, much less to any bishop or overseer of the church of God. As I have therefore given notice of preaching to-morrow evening, and every *Tuesday* and *Thursday* whilst I am in town, I hope your Lordship will not look upon it as *contumacy*, or done out of contempt, if I persist in prosecuting my design, till I am more particularly apprized wherein I have erred. Controversy, my Lord, is what I abhor, and as raising popular clamours, and ecclesiastical dissentions must be quite unseasonable, especially at this juncture, when *France* and *Rome* and hell ought to be the common butt of our resentment, I hope your Lordship will be so good as to inform yourself and me more particularly about this matter; and upon due conviction, as I have no design but to do good to precious souls, I promise to submit. But if your Lordship should judge it best to decline this method, and I should be called to answer for my conduct, either before a spiritual court, or from the press, I trust the irregularity I am charged with, will appear justifiable to every true lover of *English* liberty, and what is *all* to me, will be approved of at the awful and impartial tribunal of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, in obedience to whom I beg leave to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXVIII.

To Mr. B——.

Tabernacle-House, February 9, 1756.

Reverend Sir,

ON our late fast day, a collection was made at the Tabernacle where I preach, eighty pounds of which I have deposited in the hands of Mr. *A——*, in *Fleet-street*, for the use of the poor persecuted *French* protestants. That our great and compassionate High-priest may accept it as done to himself, and bless you and the honourable society established for promoting so laudable a charity, is the hearty prayer of, reverend Sir,

Your unworthy brother and fellow-labourer in the cause of our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXIX.

To the Bishop of B——.

Tabernacle-House, February 16, 1756.

My Lord,

I THIS evening received your Lordship's kind letter, and though it is late, and nature calls for rest, yet in the fear of him to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid, I desire now to sit down and give your Lordship an explicit answer. God, even that God by whom I am to be judged, can witness, that with a disinterested view to promote his glory, and the welfare of precious and immortal souls, I entered into holy orders, according to the form of ordination of the church of *England*; and, as thousands can testify, for near these twenty years last past, I have conscientiously defended her homilies and articles, and upon all occasions spoken well of her liturgy. Either of these, together with her discipline, I am so far from renouncing, much less from throwing aside all regard to, that I earnestly pray for the due restoration of the one, and daily lament the wanton departure of too, too many from the other. But, my Lord,

what can I do? When I acted in the most regular manner, and when I was bringing multitudes even of Dissenters themselves to croud the churches, without any other reason being given than that too many followed after me, I was denied the use of them. Being thus excluded, and many thousands of ignorant souls, that perhaps would neither go to church nor meeting-houses, being very hungry after the gospel, I thought myself bound in duty to deal out to them the bread of life. Being further ambitious to serve my God, my King, and my country, I sacrificed my affections, and left my native soil, in order to begin and carry on an Orphan-house in the infant colony of *Georgia*, which, through the divine blessing, is put upon a good foundation. This served as an introduction, though without design, to my visiting the other parts of his Majesty's dominions in *North-America*; and I humbly hope, that many made truly serious in that foreign clime, will be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. If it was not for this hope, nay, my Lord, if I was not assured, that the blessed Redeemer (O amazing condescension) hath vouchsafed to own me for the real conversion, and turning of many from darkness to light, the weakness of my frequently worn out and decaying body, the innumerable temptations that have beset my soul, together with the violent opposition I have met with from various quarters, would long since have quite overwhelmed, and at least have prevailed on me to accept some of those offers that have been made me to nestle, by accepting of which I might have screened myself from that obloquy and contempt, which, in some degree or other, every day I have the honour to meet with for Jesu's sake. But hitherto having obtained help from God, without eating a morsel of the church of *England*'s bread, I still continue to use her liturgy, wherever a church or chapel is allowed me, and preach up her articles, and enforce her homilies. Your Lordship therefore

judgeth exceeding right, when you say, “I presume you do not mean to declare any dissent from the church of *England*.”—Far be it from me; no, my Lord, unless thrust out, I shall never leave her, and even then (as I hope whenever it happens it will be an unjust extrusion) I shall still continue to adhere to her doctrines, and pray for the much wished-for restoration of her discipline, even to my dying day. Fond of displaying her truly protestant and orthodox principles, especially when church and state are in danger from a cruel and popish enemy, I am glad, my Lord, of an opportunity of preaching, though it should be in a meeting-house; and I think it discovers a good and moderate spirit in the Dissenters, who will quietly attend on the church service, as many have done, and continue to do at *Long-Acre* chapel, while many, who I suppose stile themselves her faithful sons, by very improper instruments of reformation, have endeavoured to disturb and molest us. If the lessor of this chapel, my Lord, hath no power to let it out, or if it be not legally and properly licensed, I have been deceived indeed; and if upon enquiry I find this to be the case, I shall soon declare in the most public manner, how both your Lordship and myself have been imposed upon. But if it appears, that the lessor hath a right to dispose of his own property, and that the place is licensed, if not in the court books of the Quarter Sessions, yet in the Commons or some other proper court; and as some good, I trust, has been, and hope will yet be done by this foolishness of preaching, surely your Lordship’s candour will overlook a little irregularity; since I fear that in these dregs of time, these last days, wherein we live, we must be obliged to be irregular, or in short we must do no good at all. My Lord, I remember well, (and O that I may more than ever obey your Lordship’s admonition) and often recollect that awful day wherein I was ordained priest, and when authority was given me, by my honoured

friend and father good Bishop *Benson*, to preach the word of God. O that the glorious exhortation, which he delivered with so much solemnity, may be written upon the tables of my heart! Mindful of this, I shall be always ready to go out, and seek for Christ's sheep that are dispersed abroad, and be willing to spend and be spent for the good of his children which are in the midst of this naughty world. Never did I so much as dream, my Lord, that this was only a local commission, or that the condition annexed, "Where you shall be lawfully appointed thereunto," was to confine me to any particular place, and that it would be unlawful for me to preach out of it. It is plain my Lord Bishop of *Gloucester* did not think so; for when his secretary brought a licence for me, his Lordship said, "It would cost me thirty shillings, and therefore I should not have it." And when after being presented to the late Bishop of *London*, I applied to him for a licence, his lordship was pleased to say, "I was going to *Georgia*, and needed none." Accordingly I preached in most of the London churches under his Lordship's immediate inspection; and why any other licence than my letters of orders should now be required, I believe no substantial, I am positive no truly scriptural, reason can be assigned. It is true, as your Lordship observes, there is one canon that says, "That no curate or minister shall be permitted to serve in any place, without examination and admission of the Bishop of the diocese." And there is another also, as quoted by your Lordship, which tells us, "That neither minister, church-wardens, nor any other officers of the church, shall suffer any man to preach within their chapels, but such as, by shewing their licence to preach, shall appear unto them to be sufficiently authorized thereunto." But, my Lord, what curacy or parsonage have I desired, or do I desire to be admitted to serve in? Or into what church or chapel do I attempt to intrude myself, without leave from

the churchwardens or other officers? No, my Lord, being, as I think, without cause denied admission into the churches, I am content to take the field, and when the weather will permit, with a table for my pulpit, and the heavens, for my sounding-board, I desire to proclaim to all, the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Besides, my Lord, if this canon should be always put into full execution, I humbly presume, that no bishop or presbyter can legally preach at any time out of the diocese in which he is appointed to serve; consequently no city incumbent can even occasionally be lawfully assisted by any country clergyman, or even a bishop himself be lawfully permitted to preach a charity sermon out of his own diocese, without a special licence for so doing. And what a loss would that be to many noble charities here in town? As for that other canon which your Lordship mentions, and which runs thus, "Neither shall any minister, not licensed as is aforesaid, presume to appoint or hold any meetings for sermons, commonly termed by some, prophecies or exercises, in market towns or other places, under the said pains." I need not inform your Lordship, that it was originally levelled against those who would not conform to the church of *England*, and that too in such high flying times, which I cannot believe any one of the present moderate bench of bishops would wish to see again restored. And if this be the true state of the case, how, my Lord, doth this canon belong to me, who am episcopally ordained, and have very lately published a small tract (which I humbly beg your Lordship's acceptance of) on purpose to recommend the communion office of the church of *England*? But, my Lord, to come nearer to the point in hand, (and for Christ's sake let not your Lordship be offended with my using such plainness of speech) I would, as in the presence of the living God, put it to your Lordship's conscience, whether there is one bishop or

presbyter in *England*, *Wales*, or *Ireland*, that looks upon our canons as his rule of action? If they do, we are all perjured with a witness, and consequently, in a very bad sense of the word, *irregular indeed*. May I not, therefore, say on this, alluding to what my blessed Master did on another occasion, "He that is without the sin of acting illegally, if the canons of our church be implicitly to be obeyed, let him cast the first stone at me and welcome." Your Lordship knows full well, that canons and other church laws are good and obligatory, when conformable to the laws of Christ, and agreeable to the liberties of a free people; but when invented and compiled by men of little hearts and bigotted principles, on purpose to hinder persons of more enlarged souls from doing good, or being more extensively useful, they become mere *bruta fulmina*; and when made use of only as cords to bind up the hands of a zealous few, that honestly appear for their King, their country, and their God, like the withes with which the *Philistines* bound *Sampson*, in my opinion, they may very legally be broken. What pains and penalties are to be incurred for such offence, (as I have not the canons at present before me) I cannot tell; but for my own part, my Lord, if any penalty is incurred, or any pain to be inflicted upon me, for prophesying or preaching against sin, the Pope, and the devil, and for recommending the strictest loyalty to the best of princes, his Majesty King *George*, in this metropolis, or any other part of his Majesty's dominions, I trust, through grace, I shall be enabled to say,

All hail reproach, and welcome pain!

I think there now remains but one more particular in your Lordship's letter to be answered:—your Lordship's truly apostolical canon taken out of *2 Corinthians x. 16*; upon turning to, and reading of which, I could not help thinking, my Lord, of a passage I once met with in good Mr. *Philip Henry*'s

life. It was this: Being ejected out of the church, and yet thinking it his duty to preach, he used now and then to give the people of *Broad-Oaks*, where he lived, a gospel sermon; and one day, as he was coming from his exercise, and meeting with the incumbent, he thus addressed him: “Sir, I have been taking the liberty of throwing a handful of seed into your field.” “Have you so, said the good man? may God give it his blessing! There is work enough for us both.” This, my Lord, I humbly conceive, is the case not only of your Lordship, but of every minister’s parish in *London*, and every bishop’s diocese in *England*; and therefore as good is done, and souls are benefited, I hope your Lordship will not regard a little irregularity, since at the worst, it is only the irregularity of doing well. But supposing this should not be admitted as an excuse at other seasons, I would hope it will have its weight at this critical juncture, wherein, if there were ten thousand sound preachers, and each preacher had a thousand tongues, they could not well be too frequently employed in calling upon the inhabitants of *Great-Britain* to be upon their guard, against the cruel and malicious designs of *France*, of *Rome*, and of hell. After all, my Lord, if your Lordship will be pleased to apply to Mr. *B*—— himself, (who, I suppose, knows where the place is registered) or if upon enquiry I shall find, that the lessor hath no power to let it out, as I hate and abhor every dishonourable action, after my setting out for *Bristol*, which I expect to do in a few days, I shall decline preaching in the chapel any more. But if the case should appear to be otherwise, I hope your Lordship will not be angry, if I persist in this, I trust not unpardonable, irregularity: for if I decline preaching in every place, meerly because the incumbent may be unwilling I should come into his parish, I fear I must seldom or never preach at all; and this, my Lord, especially at this juncture, when all our civil and religious liberties are as it were at stake,

would to me be worse than death itself. I humbly ask pardon for detaining your Lordship so long, but being willing to give your Lordship all the satisfaction I possibly could, I have chosen rather to sit up and deny myself proper repose, than to let your Lordship's candid letter lie by me one moment longer than was absolutely necessary. I return your Lordship a thousand thanks for your favourable opinion of me, and good wishes, and begging the continuance of your Lordship's blessing, and earnestly praying, that whenever your Lordship shall be called hence, you may give up your account with joy, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXX.

To the Bishop of B——.

Tabernacle-House, February 23, 1756.

My Lord,

SINCE I had the honour of writing my last letter to your Lordship, I have made inquiry, and find that the certificate is in the hands of one Mr. *Culverwell*, with whom Mr. *Gardiner* lodges. I think he told me, the place was licensed in the Commons, and as far as I can judge, Mr. *Barnard*'s committee do not intend to let the chapel go out of their hands. As therefore, your Lordship would undoubtedly chuse that the church liturgy should be read in it sometimes, rather than it should be entirely made use of in a non-conformist way, I hope your Lordship will not be offended, if I go on as usual after my return from *Bristol*. I assure your Lordship, through the divine blessing, real good hath been done; and therefore I am sorry to inform your Lordship, that notwithstanding the admonitions I hear your Lordship hath given them, some unhappy persons have still endeavoured to disturb us, by making an odd kind of a noise in a neighbouring house. I hear

that some of them belong to your Lordship's vestry, and therefore wish that your Lordship would so far interpose, as to order them once more to stop their proceedings. But I only just mention it, and shall leave it to your Lordship's discretion. I can only entreat the continuance of your Lordship's blessing, and begging your Lordship's acceptance of a short address I am now publishing, I hasten to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXI.

To Mr. W——.

London, March 18, 1756.

My dear Friend,

YESTERDAY I received your kind letter, and this morning I send you a few lines by way of *New-York*. May they find you and all my dear *Boston* friends strong, yea very strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Every day do I make mention of them, and dear *New-England*, in my sermons and prayers. Thousands I trust are interceding for you continually. Last night I preached upon *Moses*'s praying on the mount, whilst *Joshua* fought against *Amalek* in the valley. I hope some spiritual shot went after the fleet, that we hear is gone to *America*. What awaits us here at home, the Redeemer only knows. We deserve the greatest scourge, but I trust we have too many praying people amongst us, to have such a one as the threatened invasion, laid upon our backs.—The event will prove. Blessed be God, for the effects of the late earthquake. May they be lasting! no doubt they will be upon some. The awakening at *London* continues, and more ministers are

coming out for the ever-blessed Jesus. Last Lord's day I opened my spring campaign, by preaching thrice in the fields to many thousands in *Gloucestershire*. O that I may begin to begin to spring for my God! I trust you and my other never to be forgotten friends will not fail to remember us here. Though at such a distance, we can meet at the throne of grace. Why does not dear Mr. *S*—— send me one line? I desire to be remembered in the kindest manner to him, and his, and all my dear, very dear friends. I can now add no more, but hoping to have another opportunity, I beg leave to subscribe myself, with tender affection to your whole self,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXII.

To the Bishop of B——.

Tabernacle-House, March 20, 1756.

My Lord,

TO my great surprize, upon my coming up to town, I found that the disturbances so justly complained of near *Long-Acre* chapel, had been continued. On *Thursday* evening last, when I preached there myself, they were rather increased. Notwithstanding some of the windows were stopped up, to prevent in some degree the congregations being disturbed by the unhallowed noise, yet large stones were thrown in at another window, and one young person badly wounded. This constrains me to trouble your Lordship once more, and to beg the favour of your Lordship so far to interpose, as to desire the persons belonging to your Lordship's vestry, to desist from such irregular proceedings. For my own irregularity in preaching, I am ready at any time to answer; and was I myself the only sufferer, I should be entirely unconcerned whatever personal ill treatment I might meet with in the way of my duty. But to have the lives of his

Majesty's loyal subjects endangered, when they come peaceably to worship God, and to pray for his long and prosperous reign, is an irregularity, which I am persuaded your Lordship will look upon as unjustifiable in the sight of God, and of every good man. However, as a subject to King *George*, and a minister of Jesus Christ, I know your Lordship will allow, I have a right to do myself justice, and therefore, I hope, if the disturbances be yet continued, your Lordship will not be offended, if I lay a plain and fair narration of the whole affair, together with what hath passed between your Lordship and myself, before the world. I beg your Lordship not to look upon this as a threatning, or as done with an intent to expose; I scorn any such mean procedure. But as providence seems to point out such a method, I hope your Lordship will have no just reason to censure me, if it be pursued by, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXIII.

To Mr. ——.

London, March 22, 1756.

Honoured Sir,

THE long and intimate acquaintance I formerly had with Mr. *N*—— and Lady *Jane*, would have induced me to send you the inclosed some weeks past, as a mark of unfeigned respect due to you for your personal worth and character; but I heard, that both Lord *M*—— and yourself were out of town: accept it therefore, honoured Sir, though late. I likewise want to consult you on account of a very indecent, and I think illegal disturbance, that hath been made for many weeks last past, whilst I have been preaching at *Long-Acre* chapel. Several have been sadly wounded, and I fear the same fate awaits more, unless those that have hitherto disturbed us, are some way or other restrained. Did I know when it would suit you, I would wait upon you in person, and acquaint you with particulars. In the mean while, praying that he, who is the wonderful Counsellor, and who hath so richly furnished you

with talents for your country's service, may more and more improve you for such noble purposes, I beg leave to subscribe myself, honoured Sir,

Your very humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXIV.

To the Bishop of B——.

London, March 25, 1756.

I HEARTILY thank your Lordship for your kind acceptance of my three small tracts, and my very long letter dated *February* 16th.—At the same time, I acknowledge myself concerned, that any thing I have written since, should prevent your Lordship's pointing out to me any mistakes, which I may lie under in regard to the canons. God knows, if I do err, it is for want of better information; and therefore if your Lordship will vouchsafe to favour me with the letter prepared for that purpose, it shall be most thankfully received, most impartially examined, most explicitly replied to, but withal never exposed to the view of the world. Your Lordship needed not to inform me of the privilege of a Peer, to deter me from publishing your Lordship's letters without first asking leave. I thank God, I have not so learned Christ. By his help, nothing shall be done in that way, which is the least inconsistent with the strictest honour, justice and simplicity. But I hope, if a public account of the repeated disturbances at *Long-Acre* chapel

should be rendered necessary, your Lordship will not esteem it unreasonable in me, to inform the world, what previous steps were taken to prevent and stop them. Surely such a scene, at such a juncture, and under such a government, as has been transacted in your Lordship's parish, in the house or yard of one Mr. *Cope*, who I hear is your Lordship's overseer, ever since last *Twelfth-Day*, I believe is not to be met with in *English* history. Indeed, my Lord, it is more than noise. It deserves no milder a name than *premeditated rioting*. Drummers, soldiers, and many of the baser sort, have been hired by subscription.—A copper-furnace, bells, drums, clappers, marrow bones and cleavers, and such like instruments of reformation, have been provided for, and made use of, by them repeatedly, from the moment I have begun preaching, to the end of my sermon. By these horrid noises, many women have been almost frightened to death, and mobbers encouraged thereby to come and riot at the chapel door during the time of divine service, and then insult and abuse me and the congregation after it hath been over. Not content with this, the chapel windows, while I have been preaching, have repeatedly been broken by large stones of almost a pound weight (some now lying by me) which though levelled at, providentially missed me, but at the same time sadly wounded some of my hearers. Mr. *C*——, one of your Lordship's relations, can acquaint your Lordship with many more particulars, and if your Lordship would be so good as only to ride to Mr. *C*——'s house, you would see such a scaffold (unless taken down) and such costly preparations for a noise upon it, that must make the ears of all that shall hear it to tingle. Indeed last *Tuesday* night all was hush'd,—and in order to throw off all popular odium, I gave it as my opinion, that it was owing to your Lordship's kind interposition. One Mr. *C*—— and one Mr. *M*——, I am informed, are parties greatly

concerned. I know them not, and I pray the Lord of all Lords never to lay this ill and unmerited treatment to their charge. If no more noise is made on their part, I assure your Lordship no further resentment shall be made on mine. But if they persist, I have the authority of the Apostle on a like occasion, to appeal unto *Cæsar*.—And thanks be to God, we have a *Cæsar* to appeal to, whose laws will not suffer any of his loyal subjects to be used in such an inhuman manner. I have only one favour to beg of your Lordship, that "you would send (as they are your Lordship's parishioners) to the above gentlemen, and desire them henceforward to desist from such unchristian (and especially at this critical juncture) such riotous and dangerous proceedings." Whether as a Chaplain to a most worthy Peeress, a Presbyter of the church of *England*, and a steady disinterested friend to our present happy constitution, I have not a right to ask such a favour, I leave to your Lordship's mature deliberation. Henceforward, I hope no more to trouble your Lordship; but committing my cause to him, who judgeth righteously, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXV.

To —— ——.

London, April 1, 1756.

Gentlemen,

YOUR obliging letter came to hand last night. As my influence I fear was but very small, it scarce called for such an acknowledgment. I trust, my views to serve my God and my King are disinterested; and therefore I shall always think it my duty to espouse their cause, who are firmly united in the bonds of friendship and social love, to defend the protestant interest, and the glorious privileges we enjoy under our dread and rightful sovereign King *George*. Such a union I take yours to be.—That you may therefore meet with success on earth, and by an infinitely superior union (I mean that of your souls with God) be prepared for a never-ceasing union with the spirits of just men made perfect in heaven, is and shall be the hearty prayer of, Gentlemen,

Your obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. B——.

London, April 3, 1756.

My dear Friend,

NONE but he, whose name and nature is love, can tell what I felt at the receipt of your kind letter. O how did the welfare of dear never to be forgotten *New England*, lie upon my heart. How could I have wished for the wings of a dove to fly thither! The delightful interviews we have had together, when in the confidence of social prayer we have laid hold on God, came so fresh upon my mind, that I knew not what to do. O come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, that friendship begun on earth, may be consummated in the kingdom of heaven! He only knows, what awaits us here below, before we are called to live with him above. *England* is now equally threatened with *America*. Let this be our comfort, "the Lord reigneth." Nothing can rob us of our Christ,—let us help each other by mutual prayer. Thousands here hold up their hands daily for you. I know you will gladly return the favour. You would be pleased to see how eagerly people attend

the word. I think the awakening, and prospect of doing good in *London*, is as great as ever. Satan hath raged at a place called *Long-Acre* chapel, near the play-houses, but you know who hath promised to bruise him under our feet. Send me what good news you can from your side the water, and assure all the followers of the Lamb of God, that they are upon my poor heart night and day. How goes on your son *Daniel*? May he greatly be beloved! I could fill, yea more than fill a sheet, but with great difficulty I write this. Adieu, my dear friend, for the present. I shall never forget our last pleasant short journey. Surely our hearts burned within us, when we talked of Jesus in the way. I can no more.

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXXVII.

To the Honourable Hume C——.

Canterbury, April 9, 1756.

Honoured Sir,

YOUR kind behaviour when I had the pleasure of waiting upon you, emboldens me to trouble you with the inclosed. It is the copy of an anonymous letter, that was sent to my house on *Tuesday* last, just after I left town, and forwarded hither to me by my wife the day following. As I am satisfied that the Lord reigneth, and that a sparrow doth not fall to the ground without the knowledge of our heavenly Father, its contents in respect to myself, I thank God, do not much alarm me. But as others are concerned, and it is an affair that hath reference to the welfare of civil government, I would beg the favour of your advice. Next *Tuesday* I expect to return to *London*, and on *Wednesday* morning, purpose, God willing, to wait upon you in person. In the mean while, I beg leave to subscribe myself, honoured Sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXVIII.

To Lady H——n.

Canterbury, April 10, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

THE letter on the other side, was sent to me last *Tuesday*. By that, your Ladyship may see to what an height the opposition hath risen at *Long-Acre*; indeed the noise hath been infernal. For a night it was stopped, but I have reason to think there was a secret design for my life; some of my friends were sadly used; they applied for warrants, and that occasioned this letter. I have written to Mr. *H—— C——* for advice. May the wonderful Counsellor direct me how to act! Here, all is peaceable. It is most delightful to see the soldiers flock to hear the word; officers likewise attend very orderly. On *Monday* I return, God willing, to *London*. Lord Jesus, do thou prepare me for whatever thou hast prepared for me! Baron *Munchausen* hath been very kind in *Long-Acre* affair; I would if possible hush all up, but I know no other way but holding my tongue. O this enmity of heart! This is my comfort,—"the Lord reigneth." I hope to answer Mrs. *G——* soon. At

present, I have scarce time to beg the continuance of your Ladyship's prayers, and to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXIX.

To Lady H——n.

London, April 18, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

SINCE my last from *Canterbury*, I have received two more letters of a like kind with the former. Before they came to hand I was exceedingly comforted, from whence I inferred a further storm lay before me. My greatest distress is, how to act so as to avoid rashness on the one hand, and timidity on the other. I have been introduced to the Earl of *H——ss*, who received me very courteously, and seemed to make no objection against issuing out a reward for the discovery of the letter-writer. Whether I had best accept it, I know not. Sir *H—— C——* says, it is not felony; and he advises me by all means to put all concerned into the court of *King's Bench*. The facts are most flagrant. Lord Jesus direct me for thy mercy's sake! A man came up to me in the pulpit at the tabernacle; God knows, what was his design: I see no other way for me to act, than either resolutely to persist in preaching and prosecuting, or entirely to desist from preaching, which I

think would bring intolerable guilt upon my soul, and give the adversary cause to blaspheme. Blessed be God, I am clear, quite clear in the occasion of my suffering. It is for preaching Christ Jesus, and, for his great name's sake, loyalty to King *George*, to whom under God I owe the liberty of preaching many years. Alas! alas! what a condition would this land be in, was the protestant interest not to prevail? Glad should I be to die by the hands of an assassin, if popery is to get footing here. I shall then be taken away from the evil to come. I hope that your Ladyship, and the good Ladies with you, will have hearts given you to pray for me, that, whether by life or by death, Jesus may be glorified. Thanks be to God, to me to live is Christ, and to die will be my gain. He knows, that with simplicity and godly sincerity, I have endeavoured to promote in my feeble way his honour and glory. I should be glad of a line of advice from your Ladyship; this is giving trouble I no way deserve, but as your Ladyship is pleased to honour me with your friendship, it will be adding to the innumerable obligations already conferred upon, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready Servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXX.

To Mrs. G——.

London, April 20, 1756.

Dear Madam,

IT hath given me concern, that I could not answer your kind letter till now; but making a short excursion abroad, and fighting with a kind of beasts at home, hath prevented me. I fancy that something we cannot see is behind the curtain. Satan seems to have overshot himself. O what a mercy is it, dear Madam, to be rescued from his slavery! Nothing less than an Almighty arm could bring about such a great salvation. Its depths, its lengths, its breadths, who can fathom? By being plunged into the first, we stretch and rise into the two last. Our Saviour's death preceded his resurrection, and his resurrection that of his glorious ascension into heaven. —So must we die, and rise, in order to ascend hereafter where he is gone before. No matter if a sudden stroke opens the passage: God grant I may be always ready! I hope that you, dear Madam, and the other elect Ladies, have hearts given you to pray for me. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me. I

thank Mr. *S*—— for his hint. If occasion requires, I shall improve it. O for a steady disinterested zeal for my God, my King, and my country! Welcome death, when brought upon me in defence of these. As I expect to be called away every moment, I can only add, after sending my most cordial and grateful acknowledgments to the whole *Clifton* court, that I am, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXI.

To Mrs. D——.

London, April 21, 1756.

Dear Madam,

I HAVE heard by several hands, that you are lately entered into a new relation of life. Gratitude constrains me to wish you joy, and earnestly to pray, that you and Mr. *D——* may live together as heirs of the grace of life, and bring forth much fruit unto God in the decline of age. This is a changing world; but we are hastening towards an unchangeable state, where we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be like unto the angels of God. For this I am waiting day by day. Many seem to be quickened in this work too; though at the other end of the town, amongst some of the popish party, I have lately met with much opposition. But we know who hath promised to tread Satan shortly under our feet. I hope this will find you, my dear Madam, and my other *Charles-Town* friends, going on from conquering to conquer. I do not, I cannot forget them. I send them my most

cordial love and respects, and beg you and Mr. *D*—— to accept the same from, dear Madam,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, April 21, 1756.

Dear Mrs. C——,

YOUR last kind letter is come to hand.—By that, I find poor *N——P——* is engaged, and that some good friends in *Carolina* have been instrumental in drawing him from the care of a family, over which I thought divine providence had made him overseer, and where I imagined he intended to have abode at least for some years.—I know not what reason I have given him, to suspect my confidence was weakened towards him.—I could do no more than trust him with my all, and place him at the head of my affairs and family without the least check or controul.—Add to all this, that notwithstanding the disparity of age, I consented that he should have my dear friend's sister, with whom I thought he might live most usefully and happily at *Bethesda*, if you pleased, as long as you both should sojourn here below: and you know what satisfaction I expressed when I took my leave.—But it seems my scheme is disconcerted, and my family like to be

brought into confusion.—Alas, my dear Mrs. *C——*, if this be the case, whom can I send that I may hope will *continue disinterested long*? But you know, this is not the first time that I have been wounded in the house of my friends.—However, I trust the wound is not incurable.—Till I can procure a proper Latin master, I should think Mr. *Dixon*, &c. might do in the school, and if you think *George Whitefield* would do for the house, he might be gradually bred up for it.—If not, I shall write to Mr. *T——* and *Edn——* of *Charles-Town* to get him a place there: upon the whole, I believe this would be best. *Joseph P——* I design for *New-Jersey* college, and shall send particular orders concerning him in my next by *Cheeseman*.—Your brothers are very fond of your marriage with Mr. *D——*. I am quite free for it.—May God bless you both together; I cannot think of parting with you for any body I know.—God bless and direct you to do his will! Never fear; God will be *Bethesda*'s God.—He knows the way that I take; when I am tried I shall come forth like gold.—Will not Mr. *D——* and you be a proper check upon the overseer? As I think at the bottom he is honest, I can scarce provide myself with a better. Gladly would I come over, but at present it is impracticable. I must throw my affairs into the hands of my God and you. I pity those who without cause have troubled my envied camp. Well, my dear Mrs. *C——*, let us remember, that though the bush burned it was not consumed. And why? because the Lord was in the midst of it. He hath spoken to us many times out of the bush, and so he will again. I know you must have been in the furnace: but our affections must be crucified. I pity Dr. —— from the bottom of my heart. Never was I wrote to or served so by any from *Bethesda* before. Lord Jesus, lay it not to his charge! Lord Jesus, suffer us not to be led into temptation! I did not think to write so much. I rather choose to spread all before *Bethesda*'s God. But you will not

misimprove it. By *Maclellan* I hope to hear more particulars. God willing, they shall be answered. My wife will get you the things sent for. I have no thoughts at present of her ever seeing the Orphan-house again. Blessed be God, we shall ere long see heaven. Some antepasts of it we are favoured with daily. Though lately my life hath been threatened at the other end of the town, Jesus can and will guard me. This evening I am to bury *Wittern*'s mother: she died triumphant. Adieu for the present. God bless you all. I am, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most affectionate, sympathizing friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXIII.

To Mr. C——.

London, April 25, 1756.

My dear Mr. C——,

BY this time I thought to have been moving towards *Bristol*, but am detained in town, by endeavouring to put a stop to the dreadful uproar made at *Long-Acre* chapel. Such an infernal continued noise, on such an occasion, at such a juncture, under such a government, I believe was never heard of before. To complete the scene, I have had three anonymous letters sent me, "threatening a certain, sudden, and unavoidable stroke, unless I desist from preaching, and pursuing the offenders by law." You have guessed at the quarter from whence it comes. Blessed be God, it is for speaking in behalf of the glorious Jesus, and our dread and rightful sovereign King *George* and his government. Mr. *S*—— hath been so good as to go with me to the Earl of *H*——'s, from whom I hope this week some redress will be obtained. On *Thursday* next, I am to wait upon his Excellency again. Mine eyes are waiting on the blessed Jesus, from whom all salvation must come. Ere long

I hope to shew you the letters; they are indeed very extraordinary. O the enmity of the heart! Lord, help us! What would become of us, if some folks were to have the upper hand? Our cause, in my opinion, is the cause of God, and the cause of civil and religious liberty; and if death itself should be permitted to befall me for defending it, I hope through Christ strengthening me, it would be gratefully received by, my dear Sir,

Your most obliged, affectionate friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXIV.

To Lady H——n.

London, May 2, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

VARIOUS have been my exercises since I wrote to your Ladyship last. But I find, that out of the eater cometh forth meat, and that all things happen for the furtherance of the gospel. I suppose your Ladyship hath seen his Majesty's promise of a pardon to any that will discover the letter writer; and this brings your Ladyship the further news of my having taken a piece of ground very commodious to build on, not far from the Foundling-Hospital. On *Sunday* I opened the subscription, and through God's blessing, it hath already amounted to near six hundred pounds. If he is pleased to continue to smile upon my poor endeavours, and to open the hearts of some more of his dear children to contribute, I hope in a few months to have what hath been long wanted,—a place for the gospel at the other end of the town. This evening, God willing, I venture once more to preach at *Long-Acre*. The enemy boasts that I am frightened away: but the triumph of the wicked is

short. Our people, Sir *H*—— *C*——, Mr. *M*——, &c. are all for bringing the rioters to the King's-Bench, and perhaps upon the whole it may be best. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! On *Tuesday* next I hope to set out for *Wales*. For indeed my body is weakened through care and watchfulness, a variety of exercises, and want of sleep. But the Redeemer's grace is all-sufficient. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I most humbly commend your Ladyship, and the other elect Ladies, and beg a continued interest in their prayers. With repeated thanks for repeated favours; I subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXV.

To Mr. H——.

Bristol, May 20, 1756.

My very dear Sir,

FOR so I must address myself, having had you in a peculiar manner upon my heart, ever since I saw and read a letter that came from you some months ago. It bespoke the language of a heart devoted to the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. Mrs. *B——* confirmed me in this opinion yesterday, and withal told me, she believed you would be glad of a line from me, who am indeed less than the least of all saints, but willing, if I know any thing of my own heart, to spend and be spent for the good of souls. They are redeemed by the blood of Jesus, whose cross, blessed be his name, hath been made delightful to me for some years. I thank God that I am cast out for my Master's sake. Indeed, my very dear Sir, it is preferable to all other preferment whatsoever. It is the way to the crown. Glory be to God, that there are some young champions coming forth: methinks I could now sing my *nunc dimittis* with triumphant joy. Though I decrease, may you, my very

dear Sir, increase. O that you may be kept from conferring with flesh and blood! O that you may be owned and blessed of God! I believe you will, and never more so than when you are reviled and despised by man. It is a fatal mistake, to think we must keep our characters in order to do good; this is called *prudence*; in most, I fear, it is *trimming*. Honesty I find always to be the best policy. They who honour Jesus, he will honour. Even in this world, if we confess him, his truth, and his people, we shall receive an hundred-fold. To lose all in this respect, is to find all. But whither am I going? Excuse, my very dear Sir, the overflowings of a heart, that loves you dearly for the glorious Redeemer's sake. I am here preaching his cross, and expect to stay over *Sunday*. Next week I have thoughts of being at *Bath* and *Westbury*. I lead a pilgrim life. You will pray that I may have a pilgrim heart. Ere long I hope my heavenly father will take me home. I am ambitious; I want to sit upon a throne. Jesus hath purchased and provided a throne and heaven for me. That you may have an exalted place at his right hand, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXVI.

To Mr. B——.

Bristol, May 21, 1756.

My dear Mr. B——,

THE first part of your letter made me smile: for what? Because I was glad to find you had such an enlarged heart, and at the same time imagined, that I could build two houses at a time. If the top-stone of one is brought forth, I shall think we have reason to shout unto it, Grace! grace! This I hope will be the happy lot of you and your young fellow-soldiers, in respect to your spiritual building. Remember, war is proclaimed; the sword is unsheathed; the devil, the world, and the flesh will dispute every inch of ground, and you must fight or die. Angels stand by to see the combat, and Jesus stands ready to make you more than conquerors through his love. Provoke then one another, but let it be to love and to good works. Take heed of a trifling spirit when together. It will hurt you, and by degrees rob you of true and holy joy. I thank you for remembering unworthy me. I am called to travel, you to trade for Jesus. Last week, I trust, was a good week. The Lord of the

harvest is pleased to smile upon us here. I hope to be in town at the appointed time. I hope that dear Mr. *J——* prospers every day. Pray remember me to him, and your single circle, in the most tender manner, and believe me to be, my dear Sir,

Your affectionate friend and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXVII.

To Mr. J—— R——.

Bristol, May 21, 1756.

My dear Sir,

THIS morning, (which is the first leisure time I have had since my leaving town) looking over my letters, I found one from you, who I suppose to be the person whom I have taken notice of at *Long-Acre* chapel. As your behaviour there, and your letter before me, bespeak you to be in earnest about your soul, you will be quite welcome to come to my house; and if God should vouchsafe to bless any thing that I may drop for the furtherance of your faith, to him and him alone be all the glory. I desire to bless him for what he hath already done. O amazing mercy! to be translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son; to be brought from the swine's trough to feed upon the fatted calf; what a heaven upon earth is this! Be not discouraged, though you are obliged to fight every inch of your way. Jesus will pray for you, and your faith shall not fail. He can and will enable you to overcome yourself and the world. To his never-

failing mercy do I most earnestly commit you, as being, for his great name's sake,

Your friend and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. V——.

London, June 4, 1756.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

GLAD, yea very glad was I to hear by Mr. *A*——, that you grew better and better every day. Surely your late sickness was only to purge you, that you might bring forth more fruit unto God. Such trying and threatening dispensations are glorious presages of future usefulness. It is in the furnace, that both our gifts and graces are purified and increased. How gradually doth our great, compassionate, and all-wise High-priest train up his chosen ones for the services appointed to them! Happy they that can eye his providences, and with a disinterested spirit be ready to follow the Lamb whithersoever he is pleased to lead them.

Through winds and clouds and storms,
He gently clears our way;
Wait we his time, so shall each night
Be turn’d to joyous day.

I rejoice in the prospect of your coming forth like gold that is tried. May you increase though I decrease! Justly might my Master throw me aside; but he is patient and long-suffering, and will send by whom he will send. Since we parted, I have been led to several new places. Travelling and preaching thrice a day was made delightful. Blessed be God for my airy pluralities! O what am I, Lord, that I should be sent into the highways and hedges!

All hail reproach, and welcome pain,

Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain!

These I cannot bear. A Father's, a Saviour's frowns are intolerable. But what am I doing? Excuse this freedom, because it flows from love. How does dear Mr. *D*——? How are the elect Ladies? If possible I shall write to-night; if not, very soon. I am glad Miss *G*—— is in such a promising way. She nor any of our honoured friends are forgotten in my poor prayers. If I should be prevented from writing, be pleased to present my most dutiful respects, and accept most cordial love and salutations from, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXXXIX.

To Lady H——n.

London, June 4, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

MAN appoints, but God disappoints. In hopes of seeing your Ladyship, I hastened to *Bristol*, but found your Ladyship had been in *London* whilst I was there. Sorry was I for the occasion of your Ladyship's journey, and yet glad to hear that Master *H——* was so well recovered. At *Bristol* the Redeemer caused us to triumph, and likewise in *Gloucestershire*, at *Bradford*, *Frome*, *Warminster*, and at *Portsmouth*, whither I have been these three weeks last past. I am now come up for about ten days to keep Pentecost; I trust it will be a Pentecost to many souls at *Long-Acre*. Blessed be God, a new building is now erecting at *Tottenham-Court Road*: Mr. *J——* promises to assist me. We have consulted the Commons, about putting it under your Ladyship's protection. This is the answer: "No nobleman can licence a chapel, or in any manner have one put in his dwelling house; that the chapel must be a private one, and not with doors to

the street for any persons to resort to at pleasure, for then it becomes a public one; that a chapel cannot be built and used as such, without the consent of the parson of the parish, and when it is done with his consent, no minister can preach therein, without licence of the Bishop of the diocese." There seems then to be but one way,—to licence it as our other houses are: and thanks be to Jesus for that liberty which we have. O that I could begin to work while it is day. My God! half the year gone, and so little, yea very little done for thee! I have need of being purged, that I may at length bring forth some fruit unto God. Glory be to his great name, he doth not say, "Let him alone." Outward and inward trials frequently surround me; but, by the help of my God, I shall leap over every wall. I know your Ladyship will not forget to pray for me. My poor prayers are always offered up for your Ladyship and honoured family. That is the only pepper-corn of acknowledgment that can be made by, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXL.

To Mr. G——.

London, June 10, 1756.

My very dear Friend,

WHAT shall I say? Had I wings, how gladly would I fly to my dear *America*? But alas! the glittering sword is now unsheathed, and I fear it would not be proper for me to cross the water now. However, all the provinces are continually upon my heart: night and day do I remember them before God. Satan hath been angry with me for appearing for my Jesus, my King, and my country. If you examine the *Gazette* for the latter end of *April*, or beginning of *May*, you will see what it hath produced. My life hath been threatened, but we are immortal till our work is done. A new building is now erecting at the other end of the town, the top-stone of which, I trust, will be brought forth with shoutings, and we shall cry Grace! grace! People are rather more eager than ever to hear the word. I remark what you say about *Georgia*, and shall talk with Mr. *D*——. The good Lord Jesus direct you in every step! What if you went and lived at *Bethesda*, and took all my

outward affairs upon your hands, and furnished the family with all it wanted. Glad should I be of such a steward, and of such a steward's wife as I know dear Mrs. *G——* would prove. Poor *P——* hath served me as others before him have done. God keep us from that prosperity which destroyeth! In all time of our wealth, good Lord deliver us! Let me hear from you concerning *Bethesda*. Watch and pray. I send most cordial respects to you and yours, and all dear friends that are so kind to enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLI.

To Lady H——n.

London, June 10, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

BEING just come off the bed, where I have been sweating for a cold and cholic that had seized me this day, I met with your Ladyship's very kind and condescending letter. I see your Ladyship is touched in a very tender point: generous minds are always thus affected, when a friend is abused. But I find more and more, honoured Madam, that our own mother's children will be permitted to be angry with one. The contradiction of saints, is more trying than that of sinners:—but it is all to teach us to cease from man, and wrap ourselves in Him, in whom alone dwells consummate perfection. That I might say, "some of Mr. *L*——'s principles, in my opinion, are wrong," I do not deny; but that I put Mr. *W*——*y* upon writing, or had any active hand in his pamphlet, is utterly false. I think it is a most ungentleman-like, injudicious, unchristian piece. However, Mr. *L*—— knows too much of the divine life, not to see some call even in this cross; and I hope your Ladyship

will not suffer it to burden your mind any longer. Satan wants to disturb your Ladyship's repose. Ere long, blessed be the glorious *Emmanuel*, he will be bruised under our feet. This last week I have had some respite from his artful and perplexing suggestions, and have been enabled to ride upon my high places. My present work at *London* seems to be over, and *Monday* or *Tuesday* next, God willing, I hope to set out for *Bristol*, where I purpose preaching next *Thursday*. If divine Providence should not direct your Ladyship thither, I have thought of coming through *Leicestershire*, in my way to *Scotland*. This circuit, I hope, will be a three months circuit. The prospect in *London* is very promising. Every day we hear of fresh conquests. To thee, and thee alone, most adorable Redeemer, be all the glory! Want of strength forbids my enlarging. O this vile body! Surely our treasure is in earthly vessels. When it is breaking to pieces, and the rattles are in my throat, I hope with my latest breath to acknowledge the innumerable unmerited favours which have been conferred by your Ladyship on, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, June 21, 1756.

Dear Mrs. C——,

NOTHING concerns me in your last letter, but your having the least suspicion that I was not pleased with your conduct, or was not satisfied with your being at *Bethesda*. I know of no person in the world that I would prefer to you, neither had I ever one thought to the contrary. I think myself happy in having such a mother for the poor children, and am persuaded God will bless and own you more and more. I pity poor Mr. *P——*, but doubt not of *Bethesda*'s being well supplied. I think if Mr. *R——* manages outward things, and Mr. *D——* takes the accounts, and keeps to the children, affairs may be managed very well. I care not how much the family is lessened. As it is a time of war, this may be done with great propriety, and then the plantation will have time to grow. *J—— H——y* writes that you use him quite well, and seems very contented. Never fear, my dear Mrs. *C——*, Jesus will stand by a disinterested cause. I have aimed at nothing in

founding *Bethesda*, but his glory and the good of my country. Let *Lots* then chuse the *plain*, God will be *Abrahams*' shield and exceeding great reward. All is well that ends well. Faith and patience must be exercised by means of friends as well as by foes. I hear that my nephew is married. Alas, what a changing world do we live in! Blessed be God for an unchangeable Christ! Amidst all, this is my comfort, his word runs and is glorified. A new building is now erecting at the other end of the town, and many souls, I trust, are daily built up in their most holy faith. To-morrow, God willing, I set out upon a long range. Fain would I have all concerned with me to be happy. Just now Mrs. *F*—— hath determined to come over and marry *H*——. I have advised her to go with *M*——, and told her she should be welcome to my house till she goes to *Carolina*. I know you will receive her kindly. It is her own choice, and therefore she must look to the consequences. The Lord give us all a right judgment in all things. Near this time, I suppose, you know my mind about Mr. *D*——. I have no objection, and your brothers are quite fond of the match. Perhaps, take all together, it may be more agreeable than the other. We seldom choose well, when we choose for ourselves. God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Take courage, my dear Mrs. *C*——; *Bethesda*'s welfare doth not depend on a single person. God will provide: I think he hath already. I care not if all the boarders were gone. Mr. *R*—— and *D*—— and you are hearty. Enough, enough! God will bless and prosper you. I am more than contented. My blessing to all the children. That the God of all grace and mercy may fill you with all his fulness, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your very affectionate, sincere friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLIII.

To Mr. D——.

London, July 10, 1756.

My dear Mr. D——,

YOUR letter gave me satisfaction. I read it on our Letter-day, and you and the rest of my dear family had many prayers put up for you. May they enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth! Ere now, I hope you have agreed upon what plan to act. I shall send no one over. As I would have the family lessened as much as possible, you that are left upon the spot will be sufficient. Debts may then be paid, and the plantation brought into good order, by the time Providence opens a door for my seeing *America* again. What think you of *J—— P——*? If not truly serious, I would not have him sent to the college. Lord Jesus, do thou shew all concerned, what thou wouldst have them to do! Surely *Bethesda* will be a house of mercy still. God blesses my feeble labours here. Last night I came from *Bristol*. There the word ran and was glorified. In a few days I set out for *Scotland*. God continue my moving life, till I am moved at last to glory! Continue to pray

for me, and assure yourself of not being forgotten by, my very dear Mr. *D——*,

Yours most affectionately, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXLIV.

To Lady H——n.

London, July 17, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

YOUR Ladyship's kind letter found me just returned from *Bristol*, and just setting out for *Maidstone* and *Chatham*, where I have been to preach the gospel, and to visit a poor murderer. I hope that my poor feeble labours were not altogether in vain in the Lord. A divine influence accompanies the word preached here, and I am now preparing for my northern expedition. If your Ladyship removes not from *Donnington* soon, perhaps I may have the honour of waiting upon your Ladyship there. My motions must be very quick, because I would hasten to *Scotland* as fast as possible, to have more time at my return. Eternity! eternity! O how do I long for thee! But alas, how often must we be like pelicans in the wilderness, before we arrive there? Solitariness prepares for the social life, and the social life for solitariness again. Thus doth an all-wise Redeemer set one over against another. Jesus is the alone center of peace and comfort in either situation.

Your Ladyship knows this by happy experience. Perhaps our consolations come sweetest, when immediately derived from the fountain head. Springs fail, the fountain never can nor will. That your Ladyship may every moment be refreshed with its living waters, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLV.

To Mrs. C——.

Islington, July 27, 1756.

Dear Mrs. C——,

SINCE my last, which I believe is not yet gone, I have given an order to have Mr. *R——*'s children delivered to him or his mother, or whomsoever they shall appoint: and pray lessen the family as much as possible. I wish I had none in the house, but what were proper *orphans*. The plantation would then suffice for its support, and debts be paid: but we must buy our experience. Troubles seem to beset us here: but we are all secure in God, even in a God in Christ. His gospel flourishes in *London*. I am just returned from preaching it at *Sheerness*, *Chatham*, and in the camp. This afternoon or to-morrow I set off for *Scotland*. I can only add, that with continual prayers for your temporal and spiritual welfare, I am, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

P. S. My hearty love to all. The Lord be with you! *Amen*, and *Amen*!

LETTER MCXLVI.

To Mr. Z——.

Sunderland, August 14, 1756.

Honoured and very dear Sir,

HOW swiftly doth my precious time fly away! It is now a fortnight since I came to *Leeds* in *Yorkshire*, where the gospel had indeed free course, did run, and was glorified. On the *Sunday* evening, a few hours after my arrival, many thousands were gathered in the fields, to whom, I trust, Jesus enabled me to speak with some degree of power. The following week I preached in and about *Leeds*, thrice almost every day, to thronged and affected auditories; and on *Sunday* last the fields were indeed white ready unto harvest. At *Bradford*, about seven in the morning, the auditory consisted of about ten thousand; at noon, and in the evening at *Burstall*, to near double the number. Though hoarse, the Redeemer helped me to speak, so that all heard. Upon every account it was a high-day. In the evening several hundreds of us rode about eight miles, singing and praising God. Indeed it was a night much to be remembered. The next morning I took a sorrowful

leave of *Leeds*, preached at *Tadcaster* at noon, and at *York* the same night. God was with us. On *Tuesday* I preached twice at *York* (delightful seasons!); on *Wednesday* at *Warstall*, about fifty miles off; on *Thursday* twice at *Yarm*, and last night and this morning here. All the way I have heard of a great concern since I was in these parts last year, and of many glorious trophies of the power of redeeming love. In heaven, honoured Sir, you will know all. There I shall throw my crown before the Lamb, and there you shall be rewarded for strengthening the hands of the most unworthy creature that ever was employed by God. After spending my sabbath here, and visiting *Shields*, *Newcastle*, and some adjacent places, I purpose to go on to *Scotland*. From thence I hope to have the honour of writing to you again. This is the first time I have had a proper opportunity of refreshing myself in that way. Praying that you may increase with all the increase of God, and begging your acceptance of repeated thanks for repeated unmerited favours, I subscribe myself, honoured and very dear Sir,

Your most dutiful, though most unworthy son in the glorious gospel,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLVII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, September 9, 1756.

My very dear Friend,

GLAD, yea very glad should I have been to have waited upon you at *C——*. But it seems it was not to be. However, if I should return from *Glasgow*, God willing, I shall call upon you; if not, in heaven, in heaven we shall meet. God be with you and yours! I am just going off. O these partings! they are cutting. I trust Jesus hath been walking amidst the golden candlesticks. You will hear particulars from others. I have only time to beg the continuance of your prayers, and with hearty love to your yoke-fellow, Mr. *C——*, and his spouse, to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, September 21, 1756.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I THANK you most heartily for your kind letter, and for all other tokens of your regard and love. I can only send you a pepper-corn of acknowledgment. My Master, my long-suffering, ever-loving, ever-lovely Master, will pay you all. I hope he hath directed my steps. On *Saturday* I received a message from our new Governor of *Georgia*, desiring to see and converse with me, before he embarks. This could not have been done, if I had went to *Ireland* now. Our Lord orders all things well. O remember me before his throne. To-morrow I leave *Edinburgh*. Your letter shall be delivered to Mr. *R*——. Be pleased to give the inclosed to Mr. *Scot*, to put in his *Philadelphia-Packet*. I am busy, and yet, alas! I do nothing. Impressions seem to be promising here. Lord, what am I? less than the least of all, but for Christ's sake, my very dear friend,

Yours indissolubly in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCXLIX.

To Lady H——n.

London, October 27, 1756.

Ever-honoured Madam,

HOPING that they would find your Ladyship at *Bristol*, I wrote a few lines not long ago from *Leeds*. Since that I have been in honest Mr. *G——* and Mr. *J——*'s round, preaching upon the mountains to many thousands. One that was awakened three years ago, is gone to heaven, and desired to be buried upon the spot where she was awakened. The sacrament at Mr. *G——*'s was most awful, and the *Welch* night at *Leeds* exceeding solemn. I would have continued my circuit, but found that preaching so frequently in those cold countries, was bringing on my last year's disorder. Being therefore grown very prudent, I am come to open our new chapel in *Tottenham-Court Road*, and in my poor way to recommend the ever-loving, ever-lovely Jesus. Lord, what am I, that thou shouldest suffer me to put a pin in thy tabernacle! O for grace to stand in a trying hour. Something very extraordinary lies before us: "Prepare to meet thy God," seems now to be

the call to all. Blessed be God, his Spirit hath not done striving for us. This, I hope, is a token for good. Never did I know the fields more ready unto harvest, than I have seen them in the North. May I wish your Ladyship joy of what hath happened at the other end of the town. May his Lordship be made a long and public blessing to this sinful nation! If the other elect Ladies are all at *Clifton* court, I wish you all the blessings of the everlasting gospel. Though utterly unworthy of such an honour, offering my poor pepper-corn of acknowledgment for all your Ladyship's unmerited kindnesses, I beg leave to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,
G. W.

LETTER MCL.

To Mrs. C——.

London, October 30, 1756.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I CAN only drop you a few lines. I am just returned from a thousand miles northern circuit, and Mr. *Graham* is just a going. All your relations are well. The fields have been white ready unto harvest. In about a week, a new building at the other end of the town is to be opened. I expect to see your new Governor every moment. By his ship I hope to send letters to you all. May God bless and prosper you! *J—— H——*'s relations are well. You will give him all the encouragement you can. I am still for lessening the family as much as possible. My wife wrote lately. I have scarce time to subscribe myself, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most affectionate, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLI.

To Alderman H——.

London, November 6, 1756.

My dear Friend,

I AM glad you got no more hurt by your late fall from your horse. May the Lord Jesus write the laws of gratitude upon all our hearts! I wish my brother's sickness may be sanctified to his better part. I know not the case of the poor weavers: I do not love to fish in troubled waters, and yet I fear more and more troubles await us both at home and abroad. O that the walls and street of the *New Jerusalem*, may be built in troublesome times! He hath said it, who is also able to perform it. I wish I may begin to begin to build in earnest. Do pray for me: I shall never forget you or yours. May this find you on the full stretch for Jesus! He was stretched upon the cross for you and me. Amazing love! Adieu. I must away. Beg Mr. *B*—— to write if my brother grows worse. I will answer him as soon as possible; but whilst my cold continues, I cannot expect to see you at *Gloucester*. O for a warm heaven! there you will know how much I am, my very dear Friend,

Yours in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLII.

To Mr. D——.

London, November 12, 1756.

My dear Mr. D——,

I HAVE just been with your new Governor, who sets out to-morrow. May the Lord of all lords make him a blessing! Upon the receipt of this, do you wait upon his Excellency, and give *Him, and whom he pleases to bring with him*, an invitation to *Bethesda*. I know dear Mrs. *C——* will make proper provision. I have had no letters for a long season. I have only time to inform you, that we have just opened a new chapel at *Tottenham-Court Road*, and that I trust the Redeemer's glory filled it last *Sunday*. Have you persons enough to exercise before the Governor? Can they receive him under arms? That the Captain of our salvation may make them all good soldiers for himself, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr. *D——*,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLIII.

To Lady ——.

London, November 17, 1756.

Honoured Madam,

AS I thought it would give your Ladyship satisfaction, I herein inclose the copies of two letters sent from the condemned youth, in whose behalf your Ladyship hath interposed. May the Redeemer crown your endeavours with success! Blessed be his name, we hear of daily instances of his grace! At *Long-Acre* indeed the word ran, and at *Tottenham-Court* chapel we have had some glorious earnests of future blessings. Providence, I doubt not, will enable us to pray for it. My constant work now is, preaching about fifteen times a week. This, with a weak appetite, want of rest, and much care lying upon my mind, enfeebles my too, too feeble nature. But the joy of the Lord is my strength. And my greatest grief is, that I can do no more for Him, who hath done and suffered so much for me. I thank your Ladyship for your kind letter and good wishes. Indeed, honoured Madam, you are always remembered at the throne of grace. That your Ladyship's soul may always

prosper, and that you may increase with all the increase of God, is and shall be the earnest prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLIV.

To Mr. H——y.

London, December 9, 1756.

My very dear Friend,

LAST night Mr. *M*—— informed me, that Mr. *C*—— shewed him a pamphlet, wrote on purpose to prove the fundamental errors of my printed sermons, and that you had offered to preface it, but he chose you should not. That this is true, I as much believe, as that I am now at *Rome*. But I wish that my very dear friend may not repent his connection and correspondence with some, when it is too late. This is my comfort, I have delivered my soul. Mr. *R*—— hath been so kind as to send me the two volumes of *Jenks's Meditations*, and desires me to annex my recommendation to yours. I have answered, that it will not be prudent or beneficial to him so to do. I fear they are too large to go off. I hope that my dear friend prospers both in soul and body. Conviction and conversion work go on here. Lord keep us from tares! All is well at *Clapham*; I have expounded there twice. God hath met us at our new building. I know that

you will pray, it may be full of new creatures. My most cordial respects await your mother and sister; my wife joins. With great haste, but much greater love, I subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLV.

To Mr. Aaron B——.

London, December 9, 1756.

My very dear Friend,

AS I am informed the *Philadelphia* packet sails this day, I cannot omit acknowledging the receipt of Mr. *P——*'s paper: the duplicates came to hand before. A memorial is drawn up by proper persons, and application is to be made for a charter. As yet, every thing promises well. This morning I am going to send *P——*'s writing to those, who I believe will put it into his Majesty's hands. The letters mentioned by Mr. *B——*, about purchasing the land for the *Indians*, I did not receive, but I shall take the hint in the last, and do what I can. Alas! that is but little. Some books shall be secured for *John O——*, and some bibles, &c. for the *Indian* school. I wish *John O——* of *Long-Island* was here, especially if he can preach, and could be spared from his mission for a few months, and his passage paid. I would pay his passage back again, and I hope get something for that which you have in view. At the ensuing fast, it practicable, I intend making a

collection. Night and day, our hands are lifted up for dear *America*. I fear we are to be brought into far greater extremity, both at home and abroad, ere deliverance comes. The Lord reigneth, and blessed be the God of our salvation. I am sorry you have not your degree. It is ready, if testimonials were sent from those that know you. This not being done, it looks as though the character given you on this side the water, was not justly founded. The Lord Jesus direct and bless you! I wish you would write oftener. How glad would I be to see *America*, but my way is hedged up. We have just opened a new chapel at the other end of the town, and the awakening both in town and country continues. We have many pleasing accounts from various quarters, and more ministers are coming out to preach the gospel. This is refreshing. How does the worthy Governor? I cannot write now, but I pray. Dear Captain *G*—— is gone: O that my turn was come! Jesus is kind. I am strengthened to preach fourteen times a week, and I trust it is not in vain. You have work enough. That the giver of all strength may support and succeed you more and more, is the earnest prayer of, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCLVI.

To Mrs. G——.

London, December 15, 1756.

Dear Madam,

WHAT a prayer-hearing, promise-keeping God do we serve! O that I had a heart to bless and praise him! Your kind and opportune contribution for the new chapel, strengthened my faith, and encouraged me (in spite of the opposition of some narrow hearts) to go forwards with it, till it is compleated. Surely the work is of God. Last *Sunday* there was a wonderful stirring amongst the dry bones; some great people came, and begged they might have a constant seat. An earnest this, I believe, of more good things to come. To me, dear Madam, it is the most promising work the Redeemer ever vouchsafed to employ me in. Lord, what am I? Help me, glorious *Emmanuel*, to abhor myself in dust and ashes! He will bless you, dear Madam, for what you have done. O that I had a thousand lives to employ in his service! I am much obliged to dear Mrs. *B*——. Neither she nor you will have reason to repent your zeal on this occasion. It will be much for the

Mediator's glory, and the welfare, I hope, of thousands of souls, to have every thing honourably discharged. I know I shall have your prayers, dear Madam, and I am sure you have mine. O that you may know in whom you have believed! Come, dear Madam, be not discouraged; you know who hath said, "then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord." I could enlarge, but it is near six in the morning, and I must away to preach. O that my blessed Master may never turn me out of that divine employ! I hope my most grateful respects and acknowledgments will find acceptance with dear Mrs. *B——*; and your acceptance of the same will add to the obligations already laid on, dear Madam,

Your most ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLVII.

To Mrs. B——.

London, December 30, 1756.

Dear Madam,

GRATITUDE constrains me to send you a few lines. They inform you, that God is doing wonders at the new chapel. Hundreds went away last *Sunday* morning that could not come in. On *Christmas-Day*, and last *Tuesday* night (the first time of burning candles) the power of the Lord was present, both to wound and to heal. A neighbouring Doctor hath baptized the place, calling it "*Whitefields's Soul-trap*."—Just now the following letter came to hand.

Reverend Sir,

A THOUGHT came into my mind last *Sunday* morning, to go to hear you at the new tabernacle, and to see what sort of a place it was. In one part of your discourse my heart trembled, and the terrors of the Lord came upon me. I then concluded, that I must prepare for hell, and that there was no hope of salvation for me. I take this method, being assured that you will

excuse the liberty I take to ask you one question, How I can be convinced that my past sins are to be forgiven? And O, what must I do to be saved! My sins are innumerable. God is just. I cannot think that I have any interest in the Redeemer's blood. My soul is full of grief. I must conclude. Dear Sir, favour me with a line, which will be greatly acknowledged by,

Your friend,

A. B.

I have answered my new friend, and pray the friend of sinners to make the chapel a *soul-trap* indeed, to many wandering creatures. Abundance round about, I hear are much struck. O for humility! O for gratitude! O for faith! Wherefore should I doubt?—Surely Jesus will carry me through, and help me to pay the workmen. Accept repeated thanks for the help afforded by your dear Ladies, and depend on having the poor prayers of, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. M——.

London, January 4, 1757.

Reverend and dear Sir,

JUST now I received and read your kind letter, and hope, God willing, on *Friday*, to have the pleasure of a personal interview. May our common Lord sanctify it to our mutual edification! Glad should I have been to have known you before. I love the *Hanoverians*, because I think they love, and would prove faithful to our dear King *George*. I am sorry for the treatment they have met with, but it is not our province to meddle with politics. Blessed be God for a kingdom that is not of this world, which can never be removed, or so much as shaken.

Blest is faith that trusts Christ's power,
Blest are saints that wait his hour;
Haste, great conqueror, bring it near;
Let the glorious close appear.

You see, my dear Sir, how free I write. It is because I think you are a true minister of our glorious *Emmanuel*. Be pleased to remember me when near his throne. Though a stranger, you know my name: I am the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints, but for Christ's sake, reverend and dear Sir,

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

G. W.

LETTER MCLIX.

To Lady H——.

London, January 12, 1757.

Honoured Madam,

WILL your Ladyship be pleased to accept a few hasty lines? They come with hearty wishes, that your Ladyship, and every branch of your honourable family, may have a very happy new year.—This can only be had in Jesus, and therefore I wish, from the very bottom of my heart, that you all may be blessed with all spiritual blessings.—These are blessings indeed. They are solid, they are lasting, commensurate even with eternity itself. I hope we have some daily foretastes of this. Indeed, honoured Madam, a wide door seems to be opening at *Tottenham-Court* chapel. The word flies like lightning in it; O that it may prove a *Bethel*, a house of God, a gate of heaven! I believe it will.—As the awakening continues, I have some hopes that we are not to be given up. Alas! alas! We are *testing* and *contesting*, while the nation is bleeding to death. We are condemning this and that; but sin, the great mischief-maker, lies unmolested, or rather encouraged by

every contending party. Well, the Lord reigns;—and therefore blessed be the God of our salvation.—I hope your honoured sister, and her noble Lord, are well. I sometimes wish that his Lordship was at the helm, but infinite wisdom knows what is best. Happy they who can look beyond time! The Christian can; the short-sighted infidel dares not, cannot. But I grow troublesome. I must therefore only add my most grateful acknowledgments, and assure your Ladyship, that I am, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLX.

To Lady M—— H——.

London, January 13, 1757.

Honoured Madam,

I WISH your Ladyship joy. What a mercy, to be made an instrument in settling a true minister of Jesus Christ! May he be the spiritual father to many souls! Your Ladyship's unexpected sight of your son, was like life from the dead. What pleasure then must be the consequence of seeing our relations brought home to God! This be your happy lot! The holy spirit seems to be quickening many dead souls here. I am informed, that all are alive without the *Cannon-Gate*; but such are dead whilst they live. O *Scotland*! *Scotland*! Turn us, O good Lord, and so shall we be turned! We had need to fast and pray too.—Your Ladyship, I doubt not, mourns in secret. The glorious *Emmanuel* will put your tears into his bottle. That your consolations in him may abound evermore, is the earnest prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXI.

London, February 5, 1757.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I THANK you heartily for your last kind letter, and for all your works of faith and labours of love.—Glad would I be to see *America*, but the cloud doth not seem to move that way as yet.—The new chapel at the other end of the town is made a *Bethel*, and the awakening increases day by day. O that it was so at *Georgia*! Surely the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls will bless you, for taking care of the lambs in that distant wilderness.—Mr. *P——*'s leaving *Bethesda* sadly distresses me; but my eyes are upon Him who knows all. I wrote to desire Mr. *P——* to continue the oversight of my affairs, till I can come myself. Whatever he and you shall agree to, in respect to Mr. *R——*, &c. I shall acquiesce in: only I desire that all who are capable may be put out, and the family reduced as low as possible, till the war is over, and the institution out of debt. I find nobody mentions *I—— P——s*. If *I—— P——m* goes to the college, cannot he and Mr. *D——* be enough for the school? Ere now, *G—— W——* I hope is put out.—Lord,

remember me and all my various concerns!—God bless and direct you in every step! He will,—he will.—I trust you will find it so in your late determination? Now you are free. Things that seem against us at first, afterwards prove to be designed for us.—What is to become or us here, God only knows.—A year perhaps may determine.—The best sign is, that the awakening continues.—A parcel of the addresses was put up for you, but through mistake not put into the box. All your relations are well. That you may prosper both in body and soul, and be filled with all the fulness of God, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXII.

To the Reverend Mr. M——.

London, February 17, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter lies before me, for which, be pleased to accept my cordial thanks. I am glad you got safe to *Chatham*, and heartily pray, that the God of the sea, and the God of the dry land, may be your convoy on the mighty waters. The continuance of your correspondence will be quite agreeable. Who knows but Jesus may bless it to our mutual edification? I want to be stirred up, to begin to begin to do something for him, who hath done and suffered so much for ill and hell-deserving me. Surely, I am a worthless worm, and therefore little moved with whatever judgment an ill-natured, misinformed world may form of me. The great day will discover all. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.—O to be an *Israelite* indeed, in whom there is no guile! Simplicity and godly sincerity is all in all. A want of this, I fear, hath led the Count into all his mistakes. With great regret I speak or write of any people's weaknesses; but I did and do now think, that divine

Providence called me to publish what you mention. The Redeemer gave it his blessing. I do not find that their fopperies are continued, and I hear also that they have discharged many debts. You seem to have right notions of the sermon to which you refer. It certainly speaks of a sinless state, which is not attainable in this life. We are called to be saints, but not angels. Strange, that after so many years, such an error should be propagated!—but so it is. Lord, what is man? Glory be to God, there is a time coming, when sin, root and branch, shall be destroyed: I mean at death. Then an eternal stop will be put to the fountain of corruption, and we shall be sinless indeed.—Till then, O Jesus, do thou continue to wash us in thy blood, and cloathe us with thy compleat and everlasting righteousness; and at the same time, out of a principle of love to thee, do thou help us to follow hard after that holiness, without which no man can see the Lord!—But whither am I going? My very dear Sir, excuse prolixity. I write to you, as to one whom I love in the bowels of Jesus Christ. My most cordial respects await all that love him. My wife joins in sending you the same, with, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXIII.

To Lady H——n.

London, March 2, 1757.

Ever-honoured Madam,

A FEW days ago, I received the kind benefaction for the happy convicts. Not doubting of success, I had advanced some guineas, which with what hath been procured from other hands, hath bought both their liberties, and they are provided for on the other side of the water; just now I believe they are under sail. O that he, who I suppose will now receive a pardon, was alike favoured! But not many mighty, not many noble are called. However, some come to hear at *Tottenham-Court*. *S*—— the player, makes always one of the auditory, and, as I hear, is much impressed, and brings others with him. I hope this will not find your Ladyship ill of the gout. May the Lord Jesus bear all your sickness, and heal all your infirmities both of body and soul! I am sensibly touched when any thing affects your Ladyship; gratitude constrains to this. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies? I would preach for him, if I could, a hundred times a day. Surely,

such a worthless worm was never honoured to speak for the Redeemer before. Your Ladyship will excuse; I must away, and give a little vent to the heart of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXIV.

To the Reverend Mr. B——.

London, March 10, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

PROVIDENTIALLY, a Lady was at my house when the bearer brought your letter, who perhaps may want just such a servant, within the time mentioned. Thus God provides for those that love him. He is indeed a prayer-hearing, a promise-keeping God. Satan may and will have us, that he may sift us as wheat; but Jesus prays for us; our faith therefore shall not fail. This is my support; this, my very dear Sir, must be yours. Ere long we shall be tempted no more. I am a poor soldier; I want to be discharged. Not from Christ's service, but from this prison of the flesh. O that I could do something for Jesus whilst here below! my obligations increase. He vouchsafes daily (O amazing love) to own my feeble labours. The word runs and is glorified. That it may run and be glorified more and more, under God, through your instrumentality, is the earnest prayer of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your affectionate but unworthy brother, in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXV.

To Lord H——.

London, April 20, 1757.

My Lord,

I MAKE bold to trouble your Lordship with the proposals about the *Georgia* college; they should have been sent before, but I heard that your Lordship was out of town. On *Monday* next, my business calls me into the country. If your Lordship should have leisure immediately to run over the memorial, I would call on *Saturday* morning to know your Lordship's mind. In the mean while, praying that your Lordship may be a lasting blessing to your country, I subscribe myself,

Your Lordship's most dutiful, obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, May 31, 1757.

CANNOT you come here for one day this week? I shall leave *Edinburgh* on *Monday*, God willing.—Attendance upon the assembly, and preaching, have engrossed all my time. I can scarce send you this.—*Nil mihi rescribas attamen ipse veni.*—Adieu! With love more than I express, I am, my dear Mr. *T——*,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

P. S. Jesus is good to us. My hearty love awaits your whole self and family.—It is near eight at night.

LETTER MCLXVII.

To Mr. ——.

Glasgow, June 9, 1757.

My very dear Friend,

TO me, it is almost an age since I wrote to you last. But at *Edinburgh* I was so taken up all day, and kept up so late at night, that writing was almost impracticable. Surely my going thither was of God. I came thither the twelfth of *May*, and left it the sixth of *June*, and preached just fifty times. To what purpose, the great day will discover. I have reason to believe to very good purpose. Being the time of the general assembly (at which I was much pleased) many ministers attended, perhaps a hundred at a time. Thereby prejudices were removed, and many of their hearts were deeply impressed. About thirty of them, as a token of respect, invited me to a public entertainment. The Lord High Commissioner also invited me to his table, and many persons of credit and religion did the same in a public manner. Thousands and thousands, among whom were a great many of the best rank, daily attended on the word preached, and the longer I staid, the

more the congregations and divine influence increased. Twice I preached in my way to *Glasgow*, and last night opened my campaign here. The cloud seems to move towards *Ireland*. How the Redeemer vouchsafes to deal with me there, you shall know hereafter. In the mean while, my very dear friend, let me entreat the continuance of your prayers. For I am less than the least of all saints, and unworthy to be employed in the service of so divine a Master. Lord Jesus,

If thou excuse, then work thy will,
By so unfit an instrument;
It will at once thy goodness shew,
And prove thy power omnipotent.

I hope this will find you, and your dear yoke-fellow and daughter, enjoying thriving souls in healthy bodies. I doubt not but you are brightening your crown, and increasing your reward, by doing good for your blessed Master. Ere long, you shall hear him say "Well done." That will crown all. I can no more, I must away to my throne. My very dear Sir, be pleased to accept ten thousand thanks for all favours, and give me leave (after sending most cordial respects to dear Mrs. *S*—— and Miss) to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, and very ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXVIII.

To Mr. ——.

Dublin, June 30, 1757.

My very dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter, dated the 25th instant, I just now received, for which as well as all other favours be pleased to accept unfeigned thanks.—What to do I cannot well tell.—As I am in the kingdom, it is pity to leave it unvisited.—The door is open, and indeed the poor Methodists want help.—Here in *Dublin* the congregations are very large, and very much impressed. The Redeemer vouchsafes to give me great freedom in preaching, and arrows of conviction fly and fasten.—One of the Bishops told a nobleman, "He was glad I was come to rouse the people"—The nobleman, with whom I sweetly conversed yesterday, told me this again.—Lord Jesus, do thou (for it is thy doing) rouse all ranks for thy mercy's sake! I hope Mr. *M——n* will go on and prosper.—As for Mr. *J——s*, I think it best for him to keep as he is.—I find he is unsettled, and therefore would be always uneasy.—If Messrs. *D——s* and *D——r* can serve alternately in the Summer, by the

help of Jesus I will go through the Winter work.—Alas, that so few have the ambition of coming out to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Not one clergyman in all *Ireland* yet stirred up to come out *singularly* for God! Pity, Lord, for thy mercy's sake! I think God will yet appear for the protestant interest.—My rout now is to *Athlone*, *Limerick*, *Cork*, and to return here about *July 21*.—Whether I shall then go to the North, and to *Scotland*, or whether I shall come by way of *Park-Gate*, must be determined hereafter.—I know you will pray, my very dear Sir, that the never-failing Jesus will direct my goings in his way. I would fain be where and what he would have me to be.—I bless him, for making you, my very dear Sir, instrumental in strengthening my weak hands, and earnestly pray, that great may be the reward of you and your dear relations in the kingdom of heaven.—Assure yourselves you or they are never forgotten by, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Dublin, July 3, 1757.

My very dear Mr. K——,

ACCEPT a few lines from a poor, feeble, but willing pilgrim.—They bring you most amazing news. The infinitely condescending Jesus still vouchsafes to follow the chief of sinners with his unmerited blessing.—In *Scotland*, his almighty arm was most powerfully revealed;—and, here in *Dublin*, many have begun to say, "What shall we do to be saved."—Congregations are large, and very much impressed indeed.—A spirit of conviction and consolation seems to be sent forth.—All sorts attend, and all sorts seem to be affected.—I should be glad to come to *London*, but cannot in confidence as yet.—Not one minister either in the church or among the dissenters in this kingdom, as far as I can hear, appears boldly for God, even a God in Christ. To-morrow therefore I purpose to set out for *Athlone*, *Limerick*, and *Cork*. God only knows, after that, where will be the next remove.—Perhaps to *London*, perhaps to the North of *Ireland*, which I hear

lies open for the gospel.—*Winter* must be the *London* harvest.—O for more labourers who will account the work itself the best wages! God will bless you and yours, for strengthening my hands. I send you and Mrs. *K——n* my hearty love, and earnestly pray the Lord of all Lords to bless you. Next post, or soon after in my circuit, I hope to write to dear Mr. and Mrs. *J——*. God forbid that I should forget my old friends.—I pray for, though I cannot write to them.—I am glad to find that dear Mr. *G——* is safe returned.—Pray remember me to him, and to all enquiring friends in the kindest manner, and assure them of being remembered at the throne of grace, by, very dear Mr. and Mrs. *K——*,

Your most obliged, affectionate friend, and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

July 5th.

Since writing the above, I have been in the wars.—But blessed be God am pretty well recovered, and going on my way rejoicing.—Pray hard.

LETTER MCLXX.

To Mr. ——.

Dublin, July 9, 1757.

My dear Friend,

MANY attacks have I had from Satan's children, but yesterday, you would have thought he had been permitted to have given me an effectual parting blow. You have heard of my being in *Ireland*, and of my preaching daily to large and very affected auditories, in Mr. *W——*'s spacious room. When here last, I preached in a more confined place in the week days, and once or twice ventured out to *Oxminton-Green*, a large place like *Moorfields*, situated very near the barracks, where the *Ormond and Liberty*, that is, *high and low party boys*, generally assemble every *Sunday*, to fight with each other. The congregations then were very numerous, the word seemed to come with power; and no noise or disturbance ensued. This encouraged me to give notice, that I would preach there again last *Sunday* afternoon. I went through the barracks, the door of which opens into the green, and pitched my tent near the barrack walls, not doubting of the

protection, or at least interposition of the officers and soldiery, if there should be occasion. But how vain is the help of man! Vast was the multitude that attended; we sang, prayed, and preached, without much molestation; only now and then a few stones and clods of dirt were thrown at me. It being war time, as is my usual practice, I exhorted my hearers not only to fear God, but to honour the best of kings, and after sermon I prayed for success to the *Prusian arms*. All being over, I thought to return home the way I came; but to my great surprize access was denied, so that I had to go near half a mile from one end of the green to the other, through hundreds and hundreds of papists, &c. Finding me unattended, (for a soldier and four methodist preachers, who came with me, had forsook me and fled) I was left to their mercy; but their mercy, as you may easily guess, was perfect cruelty. Vollies of hard stones came from all quarters, and every step I took, a fresh stone struck, and made me reel backwards and forwards, till I was almost breathless, and all over a gore of blood. My strong beaver hat served me as it were for a scull cap for a while; but at last that was knocked off, and my head left quite defenceless. I received many blows and wounds; one was particularly large and near my temples. I thought of *Stephen*, and as I believed that I received more blows, I was in great hopes that like him I should be dispatched, and go off in this bloody triumph to the immediate presence of my master. But providentially, a minister's house lay next door to the green; with great difficulty I staggered to the door, which was kindly opened to, and shut upon me. Some of the mob in the mean time having broke part of the boards of the pulpit into large splinters, they beat and wounded my servant grievously in his head and arms, and then came and drove him from the door. For a while I continued speechless, panting for and expelling every breath to be my last; two or three of the hearers, my

friends, by some means or other got admission, and kindly with weeping eyes washed my bloody wounds, and gave me something to smell to and to drink. I gradually revived, but soon found the lady of the house desired my absence, for fear the house should be pulled down. What to do, I knew not, being near two miles from Mr. *W——*'s place; some advised one thing, and some another. At length, a carpenter, one of the friends that came in, offered me his wig and coat, that I might go off in disguise. I accepted of, and put them on, but was soon ashamed of not trusting my master to secure me in my proper habit, and threw them off with disdain. I determined to go out (since I found my presence was so troublesome) in my proper habit; immediately deliverance came. A methodist preacher, with two friends, brought a coach; I leaped into it, and rid in gospel triumph through the oaths, curses, and imprecations of whole streets of papists unhurt, though threatened every step of the ground. None but those who were spectators of the scene, can form an idea of the affection with which I was received by the weeping, mourning, but now joyful methodists. A Christian surgeon was ready to dress our wounds, which being done, I went into the preaching place, and after giving a word of exhortation, join'd in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving, to him who makes our extremity his opportunity, who stills the noise of the waves, and the madness of the most malignant people. The next morning I set out for port *Arlington*, and left my persecutors to his mercy, who out of persecutors hath often made preachers. That I may be thus revenged of them, is the hearty prayer of,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXI.

To Mr. I——.

Cork, July 15, 1757.

My very dear Mr. I——,

ACCEPT a few loving lines, as a token that you and yours are not entirely forgotten by me. They leave me, earnestly desirous to know what path the God whom I serve would have me to take. Every where (O amazing condescension!) the glorious *Emmanuel* so smiles upon my feeble labours, that it is hard to get off. At *Port Arlington*, *Athlone*, *Limerick*, and in this place, the word hath run and been glorified. Arrows of conviction seem to fly, and the cup of many hath been made to run over. I hope you have had some refreshings from the presence of the Lord. Nothing else can carry us comfortably through the howling wilderness of this troublesome life. I have met with some hard blows from the *Dublin* rabble. But blessed be God, they have not destroyed me. Perhaps I am to see *London* before my great change comes. And who knows, but we may enjoy our *Peniels* and *Bethels* there again? Troublous times seem to be approaching. God hide us all under the

shadow of his almighty wings! When you see dear Mr. *W*——, pray remember me to him and his in the kindest manner, as likewise to Mr. and Mrs. *W*——. I think of, and pray for you, and all my dear friends, though preaching and travelling prevents my writing. O that none of us may be parted in another world! Jesus alone can keep us by his almighty power. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I most earnestly commit you, and earnestly intreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Wednesbury, Staffordshire, August 7, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THOUGH Mr. *Hopper* promised to write you an historical, letter as last *Thursday* from *Dublin*, yet I cannot help dropping you a few lines from this place. Blessed be God, we had a passage, and last night we had a pleasant season. At *Athlone*, *Limerick*, *Cork*, and especially at *Dublin*, where I preached near fifty times, we had *Cambuslang* seasons. With the utmost difficulty I came away. O these partings! The blows I received some time ago, were like to send me, where all partings would have been over. But I find we are immortal till our work is done. Lord Jesus, help me to begin in earnest! My cordial love awaits my host and hostess. Be pleased to desire them to send my things by the first opportunity, directed to Mr. *David Brown*, at the Orphan-hospital, *Edinburgh*.—This morning our Lord hath met us.—I am to preach twice more.—Ere long we shall praise for ever. I hope dear Mr. *N*——'s son is better. I commend your whole self, and all

dear friends, to his never-failing mercy, and entreat you never to forget, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXIII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, August 26, 1757.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I THINK myself quite happy, in finding that you are satisfied in your present situation.—I have no doubt of your being called to do it by *Bethesda*'s God, and heartily pray that you may be amply rewarded by Him. —I had rather have you preside over the orphan family, than any woman I know of in the world. I would gladly indulge Mr. *B——*, but though I have sent again and again, I cannot find that his wife hath the least inclination to come over; as this is the case, and she is provided for, I wish he could be easy. Mr. *P——* and you may agree, as to the terms of his continuance at *Bethesda*. Mr. *D——* seems fixed, and I have written to Mr. *P——*, to let *John H——y* have overseers wages for the two last years, and find himself; but perhaps it may be best not to give up the indentures.—As he is faithful, and the plantation flourishes, I would not part with him. I do not love changes. Sometimes I wish for wings to fly over; but providence detains me

here. I fear a dreadful storm is at hand. Lord Jesus, be thou our refuge! At *Dublin* I was like to be sent beyond the reach of storms. But I find we are immortal till our work is done. A most blessed influence attended the word in various parts of *Ireland*, and here at *London* the prospect is more and more promising. We expect some important news from *America*. As to outward things, all is gloomy. Jesus can dispel every cloud. I hope *Bethesda* will be kept in peace. I am glad the Governor hath been to visit the house. May God make him a blessing to the colony! My kinsman hath met with an early trial. May the Lord sanctify it! I am glad *G——* *W——* is put out, and that you have sent the children; I pity them, but they must blame their parents. O ingratitude! I wish you would now and then mention *B——* *W——*, and let me know how the *English* children are disposed of. I would fain have a list of black and white from time to time. Blessed be God for the increase of the negroes. I intirely approve of reducing the number of orphans as low as possible; and I am determined to take in no more than the plantation will maintain, till I can buy more negroes. Never was I so well satisfied with my assistants as now. God bless you! God bless you! My tender love and respects attend you all. I would have *Joseph P——n* sent to the college. I am glad Mrs. *F——* is married. Continue to pray for me, and depend on hearing as often as possible from, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your affectionate, obliged friend, and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXIV.

To Mr. H——.

Exeter, September 28, 1757.

My very dear Sir,

JUST this moment I had the pleasure of receiving your very kind letter, and have but just time, before the post goes out, to return you my most hearty thanks. Blessed be God, I can send you good news from *Plymouth*.—The scene was like that of *Bristol*; only more extraordinary, to see officers, soldiers, sailors, and the dock-men, attending with the utmost solemnity upon the word preached. Arrows of conviction fled and fastened, and I left all God's people upon the wing for heaven. Blessed be the Lord Jesus for ordering me the lot of a *cast-out*!

For this let men revile my name,
I'd shun no cross, I'd fear no shame;
All hail reproach!

I am glad that Mr. *M——n* and *V——n* returned safe. May an effectual door be opened for both! If so, they will have many adversaries. Will my

dear Mr. *H*—— tell Mr. *P*——, that I expect every thing to be compleated by the first *Sunday* in *October*? If the weather should alter I may be in town; if not, I may range further.—This spiritual hunting is delightful sport, when the heart is in the work. I expect to hear of a blacker cloud in *America*, but I am glad the expedition was diverted. Our enemies may triumph for a while; Christ can soon put a hook in the leviathan's jaws.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his sov'reign word;
Wheels encircling wheels must run,
Each in course to bring it on.

Happy for you, my dear Sir, that have fled to this God for refuge. The more you know of Him, the more vilely you will think of yourself. God bless you and your dear relations. I must conclude, or the letter cannot go. In great haste, but far greater love and respect, I subscribe myself, very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,
G. W.

LETTER MCLXXV.

To Mr. K——n.

Bristol, October 4, 1757.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

HAD you encouragement enough last journey, to induce you and yours to take another trip? My wife informs me so; she hath the rout. I expect a line from her at *Gloucester*, to inform me of your determination. Whatever it be, may it be for the glory of our common Lord! I hope some souls that before were strangers to him, have begun to know him since we parted last. We have had pleasant seasons. Lord, what am I! God give us a warm winter! O how soon does the summer fly away! Lord Jesus, pardon and quicken me, for thy mercy's sake! Adieu. I must away. My hearty love awaits your whole self, and all enquiring friends. In great haste, I subscribe myself, my very dear Mr. *K——*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, October 16, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

I THANK you for your sympathizing letter sent to *Ireland*. The friend of sinners stood by me, or I had been stoned to death. They were thrown at me, not for speaking against the Papists in particular, but for exciting all ranks to be faithful to King Jesus, and to our dear sovereign King *George*, for his great name's sake. Lord, what am I, that I should be honoured to suffer any degree of pain or shame in such a cause? Time will not permit me to descend to more particulars. A young man, who will bring you soon a few lines from me, can tell you the whole affair. He is a Methodist, and is coming from *Dublin*, (and from a Bishop's family) to study at *Glasgow*. I know you will receive him gladly. O that God may qualify, and send forth thousands to blow the trumpet in *Zion*! Seven gospel ministers were together at *Bristol*, when the counsellor preached. A lawyer hath lately entered likewise into orders, and I humbly hope the blessed Jesus will not

give us up. Both at home and abroad we are in great danger. But the Lord lives, and will live and reign for ever. The awakenings in *New-Jersey*, &c. are tokens for good. Lord, prepare us for whatever thou hast prepared for us! We have had blessed seasons for these six weeks last past, at *Plymouth*, *Exeter*, *Bristol*, *Gloucester*, and *Gloucestershire*. This comes from my winter quarters. You will pray, that Jesus may be with us. My most cordial respects and thanks await your whole self, and all dear friends who are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXVII.

To Lady H——.

London, October 21, 1757.

Ever-honoured Madam,

I BURNT, but I believe I shall never forget the contents of, your Ladyship's letter. Who but the Redeemer himself, can possibly describe the yearnings of such a tender parent's heart? Surely your Ladyship is called to cut off a right hand, and pluck out a right eye; "But it is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," This was the language of *Eli*, whose sons were sinners before the Lord exceedingly. This hath often been the case of the best of people, and the greatest favourites of heaven; but none knows the bitterness of such a cup, but those who are called to drink it. If not sweetened with a sense of the love and mercy of God in Christ, who could abide it? O what physic, what strong physic do our strong affections oblige our heavenly Father to give us! What pruning knives do these luxuriant branches require, in order to preserve the fruit and delicacy of the vine. Blessed be God, there is a time coming, when these mysterious dignified

providences shall be explained. I am glad Mr. *L——* is with your Ladyship: he has a friendly heart. May the Lord Jesus raise up your Ladyship many comforters! Above all, may he come himself. He will, he will. Mr. *H——* ask'd most kindly after your Ladyship. On *Thursday* Sir *John M——*, I am told, was at chapel, and many others. The prospect brightens at that end of the town. O for warm winter quarters! O that I could bear part of your Ladyship's heavy load! But I can only in my feeble way bear it on my heart, before him who came to heal our sicknesses and bear our infirmities. That your Ladyship may come out of these fiery trials, purged and purified like the brightest gold, is the earnest prayer of, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, sympathizing, and very ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXVIII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, October 25, 1757.

My dear Mrs. C——,

I FIND by your last to your brother *James*, that you was in jeopardy. But I trust He that once drove away the *Spaniards*, will also preserve you and the rest of my dear family from a French invasion. God give you strength and courage! He will. Every thing seems to be in a critical situation. God knows the event.

Blest is faith that trusts Christ's pow'r,

Blest are saints that wait His hour.

In the midst of all, the work goes on here. In *Dublin* I was like to be stoned to heaven: but I am on earth yet. We had glorious seasons both in *Scotland* and *Ireland*. O that the cloud pointed to *America*! But the Redeemer's time is the best. He will bless you for taking care of his family in the wilderness. I wish it had been reduced more by the dismission of the *R——s* and *B——l*. But perhaps God may over rule all for the childrens

future good. I hear that *R——* is in a *French* prison; God give to him and his true repentance! They have acted an ungrateful part; but thus our Lord was used; and the servant must be as his Lord. The judgment-day will clear all. I wish Mr. *B——* may be easy where he is. Mr. *P——* may agree upon terms with him, and with *I——* *H——*. I love old friends and servants, and desire to bless God that my family hath got such a governess. Pray let me know if you want any apparel, &c. I shall be quite concerned if you abridge yourself of any thing. I cannot reward you: but the God whom I desire to serve, can and will. To his tender and never-failing mercy do I most humbly commit you, and beg the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most affectionate, and obliged friend, and servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXIX.

To Governor E——.

London, October 26, 1757.

Honoured Sir,

I AM glad to hear from my nephew and other hands, that your Excellency's administration is so universally approved of. I pray God to make you a lasting blessing to that colony, which hath long wanted the blessing of an active, skilful and disinterested Governor. I thank your Excellency for honouring *Bethesda* with your company. Lord *Hallifax* informed me, that you would send him your sentiments concerning its being enlarged into a college. I have drawn out my proposals, and have delivered them to his Lordship; but the uncertainty of the times prevents my pushing that affair. However, *Georgia*'s welfare lies much on my heart; and it is my full design, if providence should open a way, and I am assured of meeting with proper encouragement, (which I make no doubt of) to serve that colony, and pay it another visit. In the mean while, my heart's desire and prayer to God is and shall be, that you may have the honour and comfort of

making the people, over whom divine providence hath called you to preside, happy and prosperous. I must not longer, dear Sir, detain you from the public, and shall therefore only beg your acceptance of this, as a token of respect, from, honoured Sir,

Your Excellency’s most obliged humble servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXX.

To J—— B——, Esq.

London, October 26, 1757.

My dear Friend,

I AM quite glad to hear, that you have met with encouragement to return again to poor *Georgia*, and that my nephew serves under you. I humbly hope that colony is not to be given over into the enemies hands; but God only knows what is before us. The cloud at present looks black; but it is always darkest before break of day. Our extremity may yet be God's opportunity to help and deliver us. In the midst of all, the work of God goes on among us. At both ends of the town we have blessed seasons. In *Scotland* and *Ireland* the word ran and was glorified. Who knows but we may meet once more in *Georgia*. Blessed be God for a well-grounded hope of meeting in heaven! My hearty love awaits all who are travelling thither, and are so kind as to enquire after, my dear friend,

Yours &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXI.

To the Reverend Mr. M——.

London, November 3, 1757.

YOUR kind letter was very acceptable. Ere now, I trust, the Redeemer hath given you the prospect of the barren wilderness being turned in a fruitful field. Never fear; Jesus will delight to honour you. Every clergyman's name is Legion. Two more are lately ordained.

Satan letts and men object,
Yet the thing they thwart, effect.
Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his standing word;
Wheels encircling wheels must run,
Each in course to bring it on.

You need not remind me of praying for the noble pair: surely they are not to be prisoners another Winter. The kingdom of God suffereth violence, and really if we would take it by force, we must do violence to our softest passions, and be content to be esteemed unkind by those whose idols we

once were. This is hard work; but, Abba, Father, all things are possible with thee! Blessed be God for putting it into your heart to ask the pulpit for a week-day sermon. Are we not commanded to be instant in season and out of season? If dear Mrs. *M*—— will take my word for it, I will be answerable for your health. The joy resulting from doing good, will be a continual feast. God knows how long our time of working may last. This order undoes us. As affairs now stand, we must be disorderly or useless. O for more labourers. I am told thousands went away last *Sunday* evening from *Tottenham-Court*, for want of room. Every day produces fresh accounts of good being done, and at this end of the town the word runs and is glorified more and more. Last *Friday* we had a most solemn fast: I preached thrice; thousands attended, and I humbly hope our prayers entered the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. More bad news from *America* about our fleet: God humble and reform us, for his infinite mercy's sake! Go on, my dear Sir, and tell a sinful nation, that sin and unbelief is the accursed thing which prevents success. Thus at least we shall deliver our own souls, and be free from the blood of all men. But I forget: I suppose you are preparing for the pulpit: I dare not detain you. My best respects await Mrs. *M*——: your mother is well. That you may return to *London* in all the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ, is and shall be the prayer of, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXII.

To Mr. O——.

London, November 12, 1757.

My dear Mr. O——,

I THANK you very kindly for visiting *Bethesda* family, and for administering the Lord's-supper. I am glad to hear that the Master of the feast was present. Ere long I hope we shall be called to the marriage-feast of the supper of the Lamb in heaven. God only knows what awaits us in our journey thither. I hope poor *Georgia* will be preserved. I trust the Lord of all lords hath said, "Destroy it not, for there is a blessing in it." We are in equal jeopardy. Jesus is our common refuge. Conviction and conversion work goes on amongst us. But I long to see *America* once more. O that I may never cease itinerating, till I sit down in heaven. My hearty love awaits all that are bound thither. Hoping ere long to hear good news from you and yours, I haste to subscribe myself, my dear Mr. *O——*,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXIII.

To Mr. D——.

London, November 12, 1757.

My dear Mr. D——,

I AM glad you have received my letter. I know not that I have one of yours left unanswered. Blessed be God, for causing *Bethesda* to prosper. May it do so in every sense more and more! I hope you will be preserved from the hands both of temporal and spiritual enemies. God prepare us for all events! Pray let me know the names of all the children. I wish they could be reduced this war time to the number of fifteen; and I wish my nephew was not so hasty; and that the persons you mention were (spiritually) shot through the heart. Many here seem to be wounded in that manner. At *Tottenham-Court* chapel, as well as the Tabernacle, the word runs and is glorified. I am glad you have the ordinance now and then. That the God of ordinances may bless you all evermore, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr. *D——*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

P. S. Pray be particular in the account of the family. The Lord Jesus smiles upon us here. He can, and I trust will preserve you from *French*, *Spaniards*, and every hurtful foe. This is my constant prayer.

LETTER MCLXXXIV.

To Mr. R——.

London, November 17, 1757.

Dear Sir,

YOUR letter to Mr. *D——* gave me great satisfaction. The contents, no doubt, made angels to rejoice in heaven, and why not us embodied spirits here on earth. So many called out of one family, is a peculiar mercy. Blessed are the eyes that see the things which you see, and the ears that hear the things you hear. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you all! Who knows but we may see each other on this side eternity? I am wishing every day for wings to fly to my dear *America* once more; but at present the way seems to be hedged up. A fresh work is breaking out here, and the Redeemer seems to be manifesting his glory in many souls. This, with what has been done on your side the water, may give us some hopes, that though the enemy may be permitted to break in like a flood, yet the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him. The death of Governor *B——* and President *Burr*, are dark providences: but Jesus lives and reigns. I thank you

and yours most heartily for your kind invitation: God willing, I will accept it whenever I come over. Lord, hasten the time, if it be thy blessed will! Be pleased to remember me in the kindest manner to all enquiring friends. I entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear Sir,

Yours in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXV.

To Mr. S——.

London, November 17, 1757.

My dear Mr. S——,

I AM a letter in your debt: I should be glad to answer your last in person. The attraction towards *America* is as strong as ever, but at present I am stationed here. The word runs and is glorified. I fear the deaths of the Governor and President will hurt *New-Jersey* college: but Jesus lives and reigns. When will my turn come to live and reign with him for evermore! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! If young *P——* should be sent from the Orphan-house to your college, be pleased to furnish him with plain necessaries. I am informed he is a promising youth. Lord, raise up *Elisha*'s in the room of ascended *Elijah*! The residue of the Spirit is in his hands. The late effusion was preparatory to your present trials. God make us ready for all events. Excuse great haste; I write in greater love, as being, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXVI.

To Mr. M——.

London, November 26, 1757.

My very dear Sir,

I AM very glad you have been so providentially detained at *Thetford*, and that your bow abode in such full strength. The Lord help you to give a good farewel stroke to-morrow! My poor feeble labours almost brought me to the grave this last week; but preaching yesterday three times on account of the *Prussians* late success, hath somewhat recovered me. It was a high day; thousands and thousands attended. Where the carcase is, there the eagles will gather together. The chapel is made a *Bethel* indeed. I am glad you are coming to see. Spiritual routs are blessed entertainments. I must prepare for my throne. It is near five in the evening, and to-morrow I am to preach thrice. Mr. *Jon*—— said he would write this post. I was glad to hear by Mr. *D*——, that the noble pair were growing. That you all may increase with all the increase of God, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXVII.

To Mrs. B——.

London, December 14, 1757.

Dear Madam,

THE event only can prove, whether what I am going to mention, is of God. Blessed be his holy name, by new-year's day I hope we shall be able to discharge our chapel debts. Every day proves more and more that it was built for the glory of Jesus Christ, and the welfare of many precious and immortal souls. But my attendance on that, and the Tabernacle too, with a weak body, outward cares, and inward trials, have frequently brought me of late to the apprehensions of being near my wished-for port; but I am afraid I must keep out at sea some time longer. However, I am brought to the short allowance of preaching but once a day, and thrice on a *Sunday*. O that this feeble carcase could hold out more for God! I want to begin to begin to do something for God. I shall be glad if he is pleased to bring our present design to a prosperous issue. You must know then, dear Madam, that round the chapel there is a most beautiful spot of ground, and some good folks

have purposed erecting alms-houses on each side, for some godly widows. I have a plan for twelve. The whole expence will be four hundred pounds: we have got one hundred. The widows are to have half-a-crown a week. The sacrament money, which will more than do, is to be devoted to this purpose. Thus will many godly widows be provided for, and a standing monument left, that the Methodists were not against good works. I beg you'll mention this to good Lady *C*—— and Mrs. *G*——; for I would not have it public till the sum is raised, and we are sure of effecting the thing. If I did not know, dear Madam, your benevolent, disinterested heart, I should not thus make free. Be pleased to excuse, if you do not approve the motion. I only mention it, because I believe such a thing would much promote the glory of God. I leave this and all with him. I commit you and good Lady *C*—— to his protection, and beg a continued remembrance in your prayers, in behalf of, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXVIII.

To Doctor S——.

London, December 15, 1757.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

IF yet in this dying world, be pleased to accept a few grateful lines, from one who highly esteems you for the sake of our common Lord. Thousands can witness how often I have prayed for you in public, and the great day will discover how earnestly your lingering case hath been mentioned in my poor addresses to our God in private. Surely, in a literal sense, reverend Sir, you are called to die daily. But I trust and believe, the more the outward man decayeth, you will be strengthened so much the more in the inward man. He that hath loved you, will love you to the end; he that hath honoured you to be so useful to church and state, will not leave you in the latter stages of your road. A radiant crown awaits you. God, the righteous judge, will give it you in that day. *O gloriam! quantum & qualem!* O that I could leap my seventy years. But I forget I am writing to a sick friend. Pardon me, dear

Sir, it being only a pepper-corn of acknowledgment for all kind offices done in the behalf of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your most obliged, affectionate, sympathizing friend, and ready servant in Jesus Christ,

G. W.

LETTER MCLXXXIX.

To Lady H——.

London, December 15, 1757.

Ever-honoured Madam,

I WISH your Ladyship joy of being for once so long alone: and why? because I am persuaded your Ladyship is never less alone, than at such seasons. Then the Father is in a particular manner with his dear children: and though they seem in themselves to be like pelicans in the wilderness, yet he is near at hand to hear their cry, and to bottle up every tear: he that seeth in secret, will ere long reward your Ladyship openly. O how are your Ladyship's children indebted to you, for your more than maternal tenderness! What a comfort is it, ever-honoured Madam, that Jesus Christ is to come, and to be our judge! O that he would come quickly! Why does he delay? I was near port, and am now put out to sea again. O that it may be to pilot in some more dear souls! The work seems but to be beginning. At *Tottenham-Court* the word runs and is glorified. By new-year's day I hope the debt will be discharged. Several have proposed building some alms-

houses for godly widows, on each side the chapel. I have a plan for twelve. The whole expence will be four hundred pounds: we have got a prospect of two. I purpose allowing each widow half-a-crown a week. The sacrament money will more than do. The ground is most commodious, and near the high road. If effected, I think it must bring glory to God, and be a standing monument that we are not against good works. I only mention it to your Ladyship. May that God, whom I desire to serve in the gospel of his dear Son, direct and bless us in this and every thing we undertake for his glory. But I fear I am detaining your Ladyship too long. O that I could offer any thing adequate to your Ladyship's repeated kindnesses to such a worthless worm! My poor prayers and unfeigned sympathy, is all the testimony I can give of my being, ever-honoured Madam,

Your most dutiful, obliged, and very ready servant in our compassionate High-priest,

G. W.

LETTER MCXC.

To Lady G—— H——.

London, December 15, 1757.

Honoured Madam,

HAVING lately heard of your Ladyship's being returned to *Bath*, I cannot help wishing your Ladyship joy of Sir *Charles*'s most agreeable marriage. May your Ladyship's present joy be consummated, in seeing them and all your honourable relations sitting down together at the marriage-feast of the supper of the Lamb. I have had frequent prospects of this, since I saw your Ladyship. Often do I groan in this earthly tabernacle. I long to be cloathed with my house from heaven. O that the great God may vouchsafe to improve me, till he is pleased to call me to my wished-for rest. Hitherto he owns my feeble labours. The work in *London* seems to be but as it were beginning. We live in troublesome times; I trust the streets of the spiritual *Jerusalem* will be built in them. Happy they who have fled to Jesus Christ for refuge: they have a peace that the world cannot give. O that the pleasure-taking, trifling flatterer knew what it was! He would no longer feel

such an empty void, such a dreadful chasm in the heart which nothing but the presence of God can fill. But I forget myself. I shall tire your Ladyship; besides I must drop a few lines to good Lady *H——n*; she is in the furnace. When she is tried, her God will bring her forth like gold. But I must detain your Ladyship no longer, than while I add my dutiful respects to your Ladyship's daughters, and beg your Ladyship's acceptance of the same from, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCI.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

London, January 12, 1758.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR kind letter puzzles me. As the case is so very peculiar, I think you cannot be too particular in writing down what you have been an eye and ear witness to. I think that the calling some ministers together for the ends proposed, is the best method that can be taken. Where two or three are gathered together, and are agreed touching the thing they shall ask, our Lord hath promised it shall be given to them. I shall be glad to hear of their success. Ah, my dear man, little do we think, when we first set out, what trials we shall meet with ere we arrive at our journey's end. I find more and more, that I am a mere novice in the divine life, and have scarce begun to begin to learn my A B C in the school of Christ. But by the grace of God I am what I am. He hath helped out of six, and will also help out of seven troubles. I find you have heard of the *Irish* expedition. Lord, what am I, that I should be counted worthy to suffer shame for thy great name's sake! A

more effectual door than ever seems to be opening in this metropolis. A counsellor, lately ordained, turns out a *Boanerges*. Thousands and thousands flock to hear the everlasting gospel. The new chapel, where I now write, turns out quite well. The Lord Jesus hath made it a gate of heaven to many souls. This, with the signal deliverances lately vouchsafed the protestant arms, makes me hope that our extremity will yet be God's opportunity to help and deliver us. Let us wrestle in prayer for each other. O that the Lord may abundantly bless both you and yours! Accept cordial love from me and mine. We are neither of us likely to put into harbour yet. The voyage seems to me very long. But I find we are immortal till our work is done. That we all may at last enter port with a full gale, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our compassionate High-priest,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCII.

To Mrs. S——.

London, January 17, 1758.

Dear Madam,

I WISH you joy of the happy breach made in, or rather happy addition made to your dear family. I thought I should never see it in the same circumstances any more. You may chearfully let *Rebekah* go. I trust she hath met with an *Isaac*. May they love one another as Christ and the church! The Lord now make you to laugh! I hope your latter end will greatly increase. I send the surviving ones my most cordial love; and praying that you may have more and more comfort in every one of them, I subscribe myself, dear Madam,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXCIII.

To Mr. K——.

London, January 17, 1758.

My very dear Timothy,

YOU will deliver the enclosed. I am glad to write a few lines on such an occasion. God grant that the remaining dear single ones may be as well disposed of! I bless the Lord that you are enabled to preach at all. I often think of and sympathize with you. Lord, help me! What an impatient creature should I be, was I to be visited in that manner! But we know who hath promised, "that as our day is, so shall our strength be." Mrs. *Pearce* is now out of the state of trial, and I am to bury one of the same name next *Thursday*. Both, I believe, are gone to heaven. Lord Jesus, when will my turn come? What can reconcile us to a longer stay on earth, but the prospect of seeing his kingdom advanced? It is very promising at *London*. Mr. *M——n* is a *Boanerges*. The chapel is made a *Bethel*. Blessed be God, all is paid. I hope to be with you in the Spring. Adieu. The Lord bless and

comfort you! My wife is poorly, but joins in hearty love to your whole self, and all enquiring friends, with, my very dear man,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCXCIV.

To Miss G——, at Clifton.

London, February 3, 1758.

Dear Madam,

I WAS glad, after so long a silence, to receive a line from *Clifton*, where I find by report there is like to be a total revolution. Your two worthy friends I have neither seen nor heard from; and good Lady *H——n* I have not visited, because I believe her Ladyship desired to be entirely private. I suppose she will now be soon in town. God comfort her under all her trials, and sanctify new creature-partings and disappointments to your further proficiency, dear Madam, in the divine life. There is a needs-be for all this. God help you to sing,

————— O happy rod,

That brought me nearer to my God.

I have been in hopes of being with him. But I cannot go, though at present reduced to the short allowance of preaching once a day, except thrice on a *Sunday*, At both ends of the town, the word runs and is glorified. The

champions in the church go on like sons of thunder. I am to be at *Clapham* this evening: Mr. *V*—— will gladly embrace the first opportunity. May it be a *Bethel*! *Bristol*, in all probability, will be my first Spring excursion. O that I may begin to begin to spring for my God! I beg, dear Madam, the continuance of your prayers, as being, dear Madam,

Your most obliged and ready servant in our glorious High-priest,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCV.

To Mrs. B—— B——, at Bath.

London, February 3, 1758.

Dear Madam,

I CANNOT help acquainting you and your honoured sister, and Mrs. *G——*, that the plan concerted some time ago is likely to be put in execution. The trenches for the wall, I believe are begun, and by the first of *May*, the houses are to be finished. If possible, I would furnish them, that the poor might be sure of goods, as well as a house. All things are possible with God. The thing hath scarce as yet taken wind. Such secret expeditions, I trust, God will favour. Both congregations and the divine influences increase. By thoughtfulness, frequent preaching, and a crazy tabernacle, my nightly rests are continually broken; but the joy of the Lord is my strength: and I hope ere long to be where I shall keep awake for ever. I most earnestly beg the continuance of your prayers, and you may be assured of being always remembered in the poor addresses of, dear good Ladies,

Your most obliged and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCVI.

To the Reverend Mr. Samuel S——, in Bath.

London, February 3, 1758.

Reverend and dear Sir,

YOUR kind letter drove me to my knees, and as I do not hear of your dear and honoured father's release, I suppose he is yet detained a prisoner. I shall make public and private mention of him, until I know he is gone beyond the reach of prayer, and entered upon his eternal work of praise. I pity the poor ministers, who will sorely miss him, but shall rejoice in his entering into his Master's joy. Once more I send the good old saint my most cordial salutations and thanks unfeigned. At the great day, before men and angels, I shall do it openly. Then likewise, my dear Sir, I hope to see you and yours joining in one universal uninterrupted hallelujah, and casting your crowns before the throne of the glorious *Emmanuel*. In whose great name, with most sincere condolence with Mrs. *S*—— and all your afflicted family, I once more beg leave to subscribe myself, reverend and dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCVII.

To Professor F——.

London, March 5, 1758.

Most reverend and dear Sir,

THOUGH I am almost ashamed to put pen to paper, yet the kind mention (as I hear from good Mr. *Z*——) you have been pleased to make from time to time of me, together with the importunities of that venerable man of God, have at length prevailed upon me to trouble you with this letter. O that an infinitely condescending Redeemer may excite you thereby, most honoured Sir, to be instant in prayer for one who is the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. Long, long before now did I think of entering into my wish'd-for rest. Times without number hath this tabernacle groaned; but having obtained help from God, I yet continue, in my poor way, to preach to all that are willing to hear, the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. Through grace the fields are as yet white, and as ready to harvest as ever. In the Summer I range, and with a table for my pulpit, and the heavens for my sounding-board, I am enabled generally thrice a day, to call to many

thousands to come to Jesus that they may have life. In the Winter I am confined to this metropolis; but to my great mortification, through continual vomiting, want of rest, and of appetite, I have been reduced for some time to the short allowance of preaching only once a day, except *Sundays*, when I generally preach thrice. Thousands attend every evening at both ends of the town, and on Lord's-days many, many go away for want of room. The divine presence is apparently amongst us, and every week produces fresh instances of the power of converting grace. Blessed be God, we meet with no disturbances in town, and very seldom in the country: but last year, while I was preaching in the fields in *Ireland*, a popish mob was so incensed at my preaching the Lord *our Righteousness*, and praying for our good old King, and the King of *Prussia*, that they surrounded, stoned, and almost killed me. But we are immortal till our work is done, and glad should I have been to have died in such a cause. Mr. *W——y* hath societies in *Ireland* and elsewhere; and though we differ a little in some principles, yet brotherly love continues. I generally, when itinerating, preach among his people, as freely as among those who are called our own. In *London* several new flaming preachers are come forth; and in various parts of the kingdom we hear of divers others, who seem determined to know and preach nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Thousands and thousands are now praying daily for success to the *Prussian* and *Hanoverian* arms. Your fast-days were kept here with great solemnity, and will be so again, God willing, when I know the day. Our *Joshua*'s are in the field. Many a *Moses* is gone up into the mount to pray. *Nil desperandum Christo duce, auspice Christo.* The ark trembles, but underneath are the everlasting arms of an everlasting God. He that wrought such wonders for the *Prussian* monarch last year, can repeat them this. Lord, we believe, help our unbelief! The distresses of

German protestants, we look upon as our own. We have also endeavoured to give thanks for the great mercy vouchsafed your Orphan-house, and the protestant cause. Lord Jesus, repeat the occasions, for thine infinite mercy's sake! Pardon, pardon, most worthy Sir, the length of this, and impute it to the encouragement given by the venerable Mr. *Z*—— to, most honoured Sir,

Your dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCVIII.

To Mr. K——.

London, May 13, 1758.

My very dear Mr. K——,

I HOPE this will find you rejoicing in success given to dear Mr. *A——*'s labours. If he is with you, be pleased to desire him to prepare for coming to *London* immediately after *Whitsuntide*. He and dear Mr. *D——* may be in town whilst I take my *Welch* and West-country range. I am unaccountably detained here; but I trust for good. The word seems to run and be glorified more and more. I am somewhat surprised that I hear nothing from Mr. *P——*, or my dear Mr. *S——d*: but all is well. My hearty love to him and all his dear relations. Can you fix no time for coming up? I do not hear of the cyder being arrived. When shall we be called to drink the new wine of the kingdom? Lord, give me patience to wait! I am quite puzzled. Mr. *P—— W——*, without sending me a line, is come to *Bristol*, and proposes staying there some time. The consequence of his coming, is division and uneasiness already. I care not to go and fish in troubled waters: neither can I

advise you so to do: and yet I believe your going would be a very great blessing. I expect a line from Mr. *D*—— every hour, who, I suppose, is upon the road to *London*. If not set out, defer it for a few days, and you shall hear, God willing, more particularly from, my very dear man, in great haste, but greater love,

Yours, &c. &c. in our sympathizing Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCXCIX.

To Mr. ——.

Gloucester, May 22, 1758.

My very dear Sir,

I HOPE you got to *London* in great safety. Through divine goodness I arrived at *Gloucester* on *Saturday* afternoon, and preached thrice and gave the holy sacrament on *Sunday*. Thousands attended, and our Lord gave us a blessed opening of the Summer campaign. I am now writing in the room where I was born. Blessed be God, I know there is a place where I was born again. That is my native city indeed. After finishing this, I shall set out for *Bristol*, where I propose staying over *Sunday*: then for *Wales*. My very dear Sir, add to my obligations, by following me with your prayers. This tabernacle makes me to groan. The one-horse chaise will not do for me. As it will not quarter I am shaken to pieces. Driving likewise wearies me, and prevents my reading; and if the road be bad, my servant that rides the fore-horse is dirtied exceedingly. I have therefore sent to Mr. *S*——'s about the post-chaise, and desired him to beg the favour of you, my dear Sir, to look

at it, and let me know your thoughts. This is giving fresh trouble: but you are my friend. May the friend of all richly reward you for all labours of love. He will, he will.—You shall have a hundred-fold in this life, and in the world to come, life everlasting. Being about to set off, I can only add my due and most cordial respects to all your dear relations and enquiring friends, and to beg the continuance of all your prayers, in behalf of, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCC.

To Mr. B——.

Bristol, May 24, 1758.

My dear Mr. B——,

DO not take my seeming long silence ill. Indeed it was unavoidable. Ever since the receipt of your kind letter, I have been so exceedingly and yet I trust profitably busied at *London*, that till I left it last week, I had not one moment to spare. However, your affair was not quite neglected. I communicated it to the physician of the *Foundling-Hospital*, who is my constant hearer, and he wrote me the enclosed letter, and sent me also the enclosed paper. I heartily wish your design may take effect at *Edinburgh*. Glad should I be to do any thing in my power to promote it, but I have little expectation of seeing *Scotland* this year. The *English* work is so extensive, and the blessed prospect of abundant success at *London*, hath kept me so long there, that I shall be much straitned in time;—but if friends pray, who knows what may be done. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! On *Sunday* we opened the summer campaign in *Gloucestershire*. Yesterday I

came hither. In both places the fields are white ready unto harvest. Fresh labourers are raised up in *Bedfordshire*. A flamer (a learned clergyman) is broke forth, and almost a whole parish, (I think in *Buckinghamshire*) is lately brought to enquire after Jesus. I know you will say, may it spread far and near! I must conclude. Excuse my not writing to all my dear, never to be forgotten friends, and beg them to continue to pray for, dear Mr. *B*——,

Theirs and yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, May 26, 1758.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

REPEATED acts of kindness and love, call for repeated acknowledgments.—Accept therefore hearty thanks for your last *Salt-Hill* favour, and assure yourself, that neither this nor any former labour of love, will be forgotten by Him, who takes notice of a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple. Through his divine goodness I got safe into *Gloucestershire*, where I opened the summer campaign last *Sunday*. Ever since *Tuesday* evening, I have been preaching here twice daily. Multitudes fly like doves to the windows. Abiding impressions seem to be made.—This is the Lord's doing: to Him be all the glory! On next *Monday*, God willing, I set out for Wales. I know you will follow me with your prayers. I am sure mine always attend you and yours: I love such old steady friends. It is Christ-like, not to be given to change.—Blessed be God for an unchangeable Jesus!

To feel his power, to hear his voice,

To taste his love, be all our choice!

I must away to my throne.—Adieu! The Lord be with you and yours! My hearty love to Mr. *J——*, and all who are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear Mr. *K——n*,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCII.

Bristol, May 28, 1758. Nine in the morning.

My very dear Sir,

I AM quite ashamed, that I should give you so much trouble:—but you are my friend indeed. May the never-failing friend of sinners bless and reward you a thousand fold! I have been just now preaching the unsearchable riches of his grace, to a multitude of souls, in a fine square.—Presently, at eleven o'clock, the blessed talk is to be repeated at *Kingswood*, and then once more in the evening here. Yesterday I went to *Bath*. But every thing wearies this shattered bark. To-morrow, God willing, I go for *Wales*. The chaise must be my carriage. I would part with that, and my other, and then if I could have a good four wheel carriage for thirty or forty pounds, the expence would not be so great. I would not lay out a single farthing but for my blessed Master. Mr. *S*—— is an honest friendly soul.—I leave it entirely, my very dear Sir, to you and him. The Lord give you to ride daily on in the chariot of his love. I return cordial thanks to your mother and sisters for their concern for unworthy me.—Mrs. *G*—— and *B*—— long to

see them. I had a good season of Christian conversation at *Bath*, and found Sir *C—— H——m* really converted unto God.—I doubt not but dear Mr. *D——s* will enjoy much of his blessed presence.—Be pleased to present my hearty love to him, and all, and accept the same for yourself and family, from, my very dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCIII.

To Countess D——.

Bristol, June 16, 1758.

Honoured Madam,

FOR this fortnight past, I expected never to have wrote to, or seen your Ladyship, till I saw you sitting at Christ's right hand. Never was I brought so low as on my late *Welch* circuit. But as far as I can hear, it was one of the most prosperous I ever took. Twice every day, thousands and thousands attended in various towns in *South-Wales*, and on the *Sundays* the numbers were incredible. Surely they fled like doves to the windows. Welcome, thrice welcome death in such a cause! Here, and in *Gloucestershire*, like scenes were opened. Blessed expeditions these. I hope expeditions of another nature will not be the worse for the prayers put up on such occasions. They must and will enter the ears of the Lord of *Sabaoth*. Blessed be God, that Sir *Charles* is so honestly and openly embarked in Christ's cause. My poor prayers are for him and his, night and day. I hope to see good Lady *G——* in my way to *London*. In the mean while, praying

that your Ladyship may more and more be blessed in the latter stages of your road, and at last be admitted with triumph into your Master's joy, is the earnest prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCIV.

To Lady Fanny S——.

Bristol, June 16, 1758.

Honoured Madam,

I SHALL not for a good while forget my *Twickenham* journey. It was a day much to be remembered by unworthy me. Lord, why am I thus highly favoured? And yet (O unwearied goodness!) he continues to bless me, vile as I am, more and more. O what delightful field gospel-scenes have been displayed in *Gloucestershire*, *Bristol* and *Wales*! There I have been feebly labouring for above a fortnight.—Thousands and thousands attended twice every day in various places, and on *Sundays* the numbers were almost incredible. A blessed influence ran through the whole circuit, and sundry times, I humbly hoped my longing soul would have taken its wished-for flight; but I am preserved to return hither, as last night, and perhaps next week shall see *London*. The Lord Jesus direct my goings in his ways! Your Ladyship will remember a poor worthless, but I trust willing pilgrim. You are called to enjoy your *Bethel* at home; I meet with them abroad. The same

God is rich unto all that call on him faithfully. I hope your Ladyship hath seen dear Mr. *J——* grown in grace. It will be pleasant to see Sir *Charles* and the Earl striving who shall go fastest to heaven. Your Ladyship will scorn to be outstript by any. The almighty God approves the ambition, and angels look down with pleasure to see the event. Blessed be God, that is certain. All believers here do run, and all hereafter shall obtain the prize. That your Ladyship may lay hold of it with exulting joy, is the earnest prayer of, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, obliged, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCV.

To Captain H——y.

Bristol, June 16, 1758.

My very dear Sir,

THE *Welch* roads have almost demolished my open one-horse chaise, as well as me. But it is in Jesus's cause. Grace! grace! I am almost ashamed to think of your being put to so much trouble, in procuring a close chaise for unworthy me. I like the purchase exceeding well, and send a pepper-corn of acknowledgment for this and all other unmerited favours. The God whom I desire to serve in the gospel of his dear Son, knows and will reward all. Though I thought I heard the sound of my blessed Master's chariot wheels ready to carry me to heaven, yet it should seem I am once more to see you, and your dear relations, and my other Christian friends on earth. Some time next week I hope to be there. The legacy is wonderful; much better left for the poor than me. I can give it away with a good grace: at present I think the Orphan-house shall have the whole; it is much wanted there. See, my dear Sir, how the Christian's blessings must be brought out of the fire. It is

inconceivable what I have undergone within these three weeks. I never was so before. I trust some lasting blessings have been left behind in *Wales*. Welcome shocks, both of body and mind. In such a case it is worth dying for. Dear Mr. *D*—— hath felt them in *London*, as I have done in *Wales*.—All for the Elect's sake. Welcome, thrice welcome the bitter sweets, which the all-wise and compassionate Physician prescribes; but I am a stubborn patient. O what gripings of the old man are discovered by such dispensations! I must away to preach. I thank you heartily, dear Sir, for the continuance of your prayers, and with most cordial respects to your dear and near relations, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCVI.

To Lady H——n.

Bristol, June 17, 1758.

Ever-honoured Madam,

THIS leaves me returned from *Wales*. It proved a most delightful trying circuit. I suppose your Ladyship hath heard how low I have been in body, scarce ever lower; not able to sit up in company all the time, yet strengthened to travel without bodily food, and to preach to thousands everyday. Never were the fields whiter, and more ready to harvest. The Lord Jesus seemed to ride in triumph through the great congregation in *Haverford-west*. Perhaps the auditory consisted of near fifteen thousand. Tears flowed like water from the stony rock. The cup of God's people quite runs over. Many were sick of love. Welcome then bodily pain, and bodily sickness! O for a hearse to carry my weary carcase to the wished-for grave! "There the wicked cease from troubling, there the weary are at rest." But perhaps I must see *London* first. With regret I turn my back on this blessed itinerating weather, but Mr. *Dav*—— must be released. O for some

disinterested soul to help at the chapel during the summer season! Spiritual, divine ambition, whither art thou fled! But I see such honours are reserved for few. I rejoice in the increase of your Ladyship's spiritual routs. I can guess at the consolations such uncommon scenes must afford to your Ladyship's new-born soul. No wonder you are distressed from other quarters. Indeed, my most noble and ever-honoured patroness, thus it must be. Christ's witnesses must be purged at home. Inward domestic trials, fit for outward public work. Nature recoils, when constrained to take the cup; and it may be from a near and dear relation's hand: but infinite Wisdom knows what is best. O that I could be more passive! O that I could let the good and all-wise Physician chuse my medicines, and the hands that shall convey them to me! but I am a stubborn reasoning creature, and thereby force almighty love frequently to drench me. O, I am sick! I am sick! sick in body, but infinitely more so in my mind,—to see what dross yet remains in, and surrounds my soul. Blessed be God, there is one, who will sit as a refiner's fire, and purify the sons of *Levi*. O for an heart to bear its scorching, soul purging heat! When I am tried, I shall come forth as gold. I write this to your Ladyship out of the burning bush. Blessed place! Christ is there! Christ is there! To his never-failing mercy do I most humbly commend your Ladyship, and with ten thousand thousand thanks for honouring such an unfruitful unworthy worm with your unmerited patronage, I beg leave to subscribe myself, ever-honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's most dutiful, and ready servant, for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCVII.

To Mr. S——.

Newcastle, July 31, 1758.

My very dear Sir,

THUS far, a never-failing Redeemer hath brought on the most worthless and weak pilgrim, that was ever employed in publishing his everlasting gospel. All the last week was taken up in preaching at *Everton*, *Saint Neots*, *Kayso*, *Bedford*, *Oulney*, *Weston*, *Underwood*, *Ravenstone* and *Northampton*. Four clergymen lent me their churches, and three read prayers for me in one day. I preached also in Mr. *Bunyan*'s pulpit, and at *Northampton* I took the field. Good seasons at all the places. Mr. *B——e*, who was lately awakened at *Everton*, promises to be a burning and shining light. Yesterday we had good times here, and to-morrow, God willing, I shall set off for *Edinburgh*. My bodily strength increases but very little. Sometimes I am almost tempted to turn back, but through divine strength I hope to go forward, and shall strive, as much as in me lies, to die in this glorious work. God will bless you and yours, my very dear Sir, for

strengthening my feeble hands in it, so often as you have done. Jesus knows, and will reward all labours of love and works of faith. They are more precious than rubies. God willing, you shall hear from me again, when I see how the Lord deals with me in *Scotland*. In the mean while, be pleased to add to my obligations by the continuance of your prayers, and accepting of thanks unfeigned, and cordial love to your whole self, and dear daughter, from, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, August 10, 1758.

My very dear Friend,

I THANK you most heartily for your kind letter of invitation to *G——*. But alas! what shall I say?—I fear it cannot be complied with. For above these three months last past, I have been so weak in my animal frame, that I can scarcely drag the crazy load along. With great difficulty I came here, and if I should stay to come westward, it would make my journey to *London* too far in the year, as I have many places to call upon in the way. Blessed be God, the work prospers in *London* more than ever. I am strengthened to preach here twice a day; but alas, I grow weaker and weaker in preaching, and in all I do for the ever-loving and altogether lovely Jesus. I suppose you have heard of the death of Mr. *Jonathan Edwards*.—Happy he!—You will add to my obligations, by continuing to pray, that the divine strength may be magnified in my weakness, and that I may speedily (if it be the divine will) be sent for to my wished-for heaven!

—Praying that we may have a happy meeting there, with ten thousand thanks for all past unmerited kindnesses, I subscribe myself, very dear friends,

Yours, &c. in our common glorious Head,

G. W.

P. S. My tender love awaits all enquiring friends.

LETTER MCCIX.

To Mr. ——.

Edinburgh, August 15, 1758.

My very dear Sir,

NOT till last *Saturday*, did your first long wished-for letter come to hand. I wonder that *I—— C——* did not dispatch it immediately. As I knew not what its contents would be, I did not write to *Staffordshire*; for I was and am determined to fix upon nothing without advising with you. And indeed, I think the whole must be put off till we can have a free conference. In the mean while, I shall write to our young friend, and pray that the friend of all would direct in this important affair. He will, he will. It is not with Mr. *S——* as you imagine. He is quite free. But more of this when we meet.—*When we meet!* strange words for a dying man!—But it seems I am growing better. Within these four days I have felt a great alteration.—Perhaps it may continue. God's will be done. Surely, never was there so weak a creature ever employed in such a work for God,—and yet people flock rather more than ever. Doctor *W——* and Mr. *R——* often wish you here. We have two

lovely scenes every day. I hope the Redeemer will come with dear Mr. *D——*. I bless him for returning you, my dear Sir, in safety. My most cordial respects attend your dear relations, and beg the continuance of your prayers, for, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCX.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, August 17, 1758.

My very dear Friend,

IT is a little hard, that we should be so near, and not have a personal interview. But our Lord orders all things well. Most of my Christian meetings must be adjourned to heaven. Thither I have been in hopes of going for many weeks last past: but it will not do. This preaching is a strange restorative. I wish you may take it every day. If things are not right at home, it is well if we can take or catch fire abroad. Would strength permit, I could tell you much good news from *London*. But time is short, and this my body weighs me down. I have thoughts of leaving *Edinburgh* on *Tuesday* next, in order to return to *England*. Friends object much against it. May the friend of all, guide and influence. I find no diminution in the auditories, and I trust good is done. To the giver of every good gift be all the glory! I commend you and yours to his never-failing mercy, and beg the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXI.

To Mr. S——.

Edinburgh, August 19, 1758.

My very dear Sir,

I CAME here a fortnight ago, very low indeed; but by preaching about thirty times, blessed be God, I am a good deal better. Multitudes, of all ranks, flock twice every day. A divine influence attends the word, and though sown in so much weakness, I trust it will meet with a divine increase. On *Tuesday* next, I thought to have moved; but as it is race week, and my health is improving, friends advise me to stay, to stir them up to run with patience the race which is set before us. O that my sluggish soul may be quickened, and I may begin to press forwards, for the prize of my high calling! I doubt not but this will find my dear friend upon the wing for heaven. That you and yours may mount higher and higher like an eagle, till you fly into the bosom of a waiting God, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, August 24, 1758.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

AFTER long meditation and earnest prayer, I cannot come to any determination about my journey to *Glasgow*. For these four months last past, I have been brought so exceeding low in my body, that I was in hopes every sermon I preached would waft me to my wish'd-for home. *Scotland*, I hoped, would finish my warfare; but it hath rather driven me back to sea again. By force I have been detained here this race week; but if I come to *Glasgow*, I shall be detained in *Scotland* a fortnight longer, which will greatly hinder me in my *English* work. However, I will continue to look up; and by *Saturday*'s post my dear *Gaius* may expect a positive answer. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! I am much obliged to you and other dear *Glasgow* friends for taking notice of such a worthless creature. All I can say is, that I am less than the least of all, but for Christ's sake, reverend and very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours most affectionately in our glorious Head,
G. W.

LETTER MCCXIII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, September 9, 1758.

My very dear Friend,

IT is strange that you and I cannot be more together. I believe Satan doth not like it: ere long we shall get out of his reach. In heaven we shall enjoy our God and each others company for ever. O that I moved faster towards it! Complain not. I am the drone, the dwarf, the all that is worthless and unworthy; but Jesus' grace is free and infinite. He owned my feeble labours at *Glasgow*. Indeed we had good seasons: some quite remarkable. I hear of another clergyman lately awakened in the north of *England*. Something uncommon is upon the carpet. Lord, prepare us for whatever thou hast prepared for us. *Wednesday* next is *execution-day*; I mean, I am to take my leave. I now bid you and yours farewel. God bless you. Forget not to pray, my very dear friend, for,

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXIV.

To Mr. S——.

Darlington, September 21, 1758.

My very dear Friend,

SURELY it is an age since I had the pleasure of writing to you last. I was then appointed by Providence to stay at *Edinburgh* the race week: since then, I have been at *Glasgow*, and returned to *Edinburgh* again. At both places my health grew better, and I was enabled to preach always twice, and sometimes thrice a day, to very large and affected auditories. The partings from both places were very cutting. In heaven all this will be over. In my way to *Newcastle* I preached twice; and thrice in and about that place. Yesterday I hope some gospel seed fell on good ground at *Durham* and *Bishop-Aukland*. I am now in my way to *Yarm*, and hope to be next Lord's-day at *Leeds*. God only knows where will be my next remove: I fear not to glory. I am put out to sea again. If to take some fresh prizes, I shall rejoice. Lord, what am I! a worthless worm, the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. And yet what wonders is God doing day by day! The

fields are white ready unto harvest: nothing is wanting but labourers. Lord Jesus, thrust more out for thine infinite mercy's sake! You have had victorious scenes at *London*. O that God's goodness may lead us to a national repentance! Without this, I fear our rejoicing will only be like the crackling of a few thorns under a pot. However, God is a prayer-hearing God. Thousands and tens of thousands, I trust, are besieging the throne of grace. I am persuaded you are always busy this way. May you be a prince with God, and prevail more and more! I hope this will find your whole self, and only daughter, enjoying thriving souls in healthy bodies. That you may increase in every respect with all the increase of God, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir, under innumerable obligations,

Yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXV.

To Mr. S——.

Leeds, October 11, 1758.

HOW is my very dear friend? I hope, prospering in soul and body. Though absent from, I am often present with him. Ere long we shall be for ever with the Lord. But preaching does not kill me, though twice and sometimes thrice a day, for above this fortnight past. God hath been displaying blessed seasons: thousands and thousands have attended in various parts. By next Lord's-day I am to be at *Rotheram* and *Sheffield*. Change of weather will alone drive me to Winter quarters. Lord, prepare me for Winter trials! they are preparatives for an eternal Summer. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! We have had a most sorrowful parting this morning. I must away. Love and gratitude would not suffer me to take horse without dropping another line. I fear I am troublesome, but you must impute it to the love and regard due to you from, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Rotheram, October 15, 1758.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

SINCE my leaving *Scotland*, in various parts of the north of *England*, as at *Alnwick*, *Newcastle*, *Leeds*, &c. the ever-loving, altogether-lovely Jesus hath manifested forth his glory. Thousands and thousands have flocked twice, and sometimes thrice a day to hear the word. Never did I see the fields whiter, or more ripe for a spiritual harvest. Praise the Lord, O our souls! If the weather continues fair, I hope to prolong my Summer's campaign. It shocks me to think of Winter quarters yet. Lord, help me! How soon does the year roll round! Lord Jesus, quicken my tardy pace! I suppose by this time Mr. *G*—— is got home. Blessed be God for owning him. I expect to see him in a few days. I write this from the house of a once terrible persecutor of her husband, but now a *Lydia*. What a change doth grace make! As they were in debt at *Leeds* for their building, last Lord's-day I collected for them near fifty pounds. Lord Jesus, help me to know no

party but thine! This I am persuaded is your catholic spirit. O for an increase of it among all denominations! I could enlarge, but the people are waiting. I thank God I am not worse in my health. Help me to cry Grace! grace! I suppose Dr. *W*—— hath sent you Miss *Prince*'s letter. You will remember me to dear Mrs. *G*—— and all friends. I send repeated thanks for all favours, and earnestly entreat the continuance of their prayers in behalf of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXVII.

To Mr. ——.

London, October 28, 1758.

My very dear Sir,

HOW narrowly did I escape seeing you at *Bath!* I was coming from *Staffordshire* to *Bristol*, but the change of weather and shortness of the days drove me up to my Winter quarters. I took leave of our young friends, who have been publicly on a scaffold attending a preached gospel. Lord Jesus, increase such mighty wonders! My health is somewhat improved, but I find a very little thing soon impairs it. Lord, help me! How very little can I do for thee! I blush even whilst I am writing. Quicken, O God, my tardy pace! We hope to see you next week. I wish Mrs. *G——* and Mrs. *B——* would come up this Winter. We have had fine gospel seasons. Grace! grace! I could enlarge, but have scarce got time to write these few lines. I think they are lines of love and gratitude much owing you by, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXVIII.

London, November 3, 1758.

Dear Sir,

THOUGH I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you next week, yet love and gratitude constrain me to send you an answer to your kind letter. Blessed be God, that you have some spiritual ministers and people to converse with! I hope that the waters will be blessed to the recovery of dear Mr. *H*——'s health, and that out of his belly will be made to flow rivers of living waters for the refreshment of many souls. Dear Mr. *C*——'s sharp affliction I never heard of till lately: sharp indeed. God make it sweet to his soul! O these *Isaacs*! how hard to sacrifice! He hath my unfeigned sympathy, and worthless prayers. Dear Mr. *A*——'s sister hath met with such another trial: she is left with five children. As Mr. *A*—— hath been a steady friend, and his brother-in-law was a spiritual child, I have proposed putting the two eldest boys to boarding for one year. Twenty pound will do it. Ten guineas are already given. Perhaps Mrs. *B*—— or *G*—— may speak to you about it. I write to each by this post. Mr. *A*—— hath taken the

children with him into *Gloucestershire*. Your kind sisters remembered them. They and your mother were all here last night. I hope our Lord was with us too. That is all in all. This must be my Winter *Bethel*. Without retirement I cannot go on. Comforts come sweetest from the fountain head. That you may be filled with them, both here and hereafter, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXIX.

To Mr. D——.

London, November 13, 1758.

My dear Mr. D——,

I WAS very glad to receive your kind letter dated *August*. Blessed be God that the family is so far reduced, and that I can send you word a never-failing Providence hath put it into my power to pay off all *Bethesda*'s arrears. I know this will gladden your heart, and strengthen your faith in the Lord God of *Bethesda*. As yet I hear nothing of the children. With this you have some bibles and other books. The Lord Jesus direct me about coming over! I long for an opportunity. I daily talk of it. But as yet the door seems to be shut. However, the door for preaching the gospel opens wider and wider. Neither the new chapel nor the Tabernacle are near big enough. An awakening as well as comforting influence attends the word, and I trust such are daily added to the church as shall be saved. I hope if Mr. *Zubly* settles in *Georgia*, you will receive frequent benefit from his ministry. You do not mention how *J—— P——* is disposed of. I am sensible what a

weight must now lie upon you and dear Mrs. *C*——. But he is faithful who hath promised, “that as our day is, so shall our strength be.” I wish you would send me a particular account of the state of my affairs, and let me know where the children are put out, how they behave, and whether the colony is in a growing situation. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon all! *Amen*, and *Amen*! My wife joins in sending cordial respects. My blessing to the children. I can but thank you a thousand and a thousand times for all your labours of love, and praying that great may be your reward in heaven, I subscribe myself, dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXX.

To Mrs. C——.

London, November 14, 1758.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I HAVE waited with some degree of impatience for the arrival of Mrs. *B——*, with whom, I suppose, you sent your letters. The childrens passage comes hard upon me: but God's will be done! Mr. *J——n*'s being at *Georgia* surprizes me. I told Mrs. *H——s* what she must expect to meet with. But he is faithful who hath promised, "that all things shall work together for good to those that love Him." Blessed be our God, whose mercy endureth for ever! I am talking every day of coming over; but how to do it in war time, or how to get the chapel and Tabernacle supplied, I cannot as yet be clear in. My eyes are waiting upon him, who hath promised to direct the paths of those who trust in him. Surely he will richly reward you, who have left your kindred and native country, and carefully watched over so many infant lambs in that new world. I can only send you my most grateful acknowledgments, and pray continually, "that as your day is, so

your strength may be." Do send me your thoughts about every thing. It seems by Mr. *D*——'s catalogue, that several of the children are almost fit to be put out. I want your opinion of *A*—— *W*——. Lord, help me to bear every thing for thy great name's sake! I must have some thorns; for the word seems to run and be glorified in town and country more and more. Praise the Lord, O our souls! I shall here break off, hoping that before the ship sails, I shall receive the other letters, and then more shall be added by, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most obliged friend, and very ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXI.

To Mrs. C——.

London, November 29, 1758.

Dear Mrs. C——,

LAST night, after having sent away my packet in the morning, I received your wish'd-for letter dated in *August*. The others referred to in that, never came to hand. But I have since sent Mr. —— word, that my affairs should be continued in the present hands. I was never so well satisfied before; and I have great pleasure in thinking, how you will be pleased to hear that Providence hath put it into my power to pay off all arrears. Methinks I hear you say, Blessed be the Lord God of *Bethesda*! Let all my dear family say, *Amen*! I find the little ones begin to prattle already; but we must learn to do good for Christ's sake. He will rectify all at the great day. O the happiness of a single eye! As affairs have so turned out for poor *J——y*, I am glad you are abroad; and you see how wonderfully God hath provided for your sister. Be not at all uneasy about your b——r: he will do better than ever. Blessed is the man that considers the poor and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in

time of trouble. I am glad the family is lessened.—I think there are some upon the list, almost ready to be put out. What think you of *A*—— *W*—— and *G*——? I wish you would write me your sentiments of the children. If the girls are not wanted in the house, I think the sooner they are put out the better. But I leave all to those in trust. I am more than satisfied, and send you ten thousand thousand thanks. *Bethesda*'s God will thank you before men and angels. My wife, I believe, hath written to you. I write this from my *Bethel* at *Tottenham-Court*, where I come for a little retreat. Twelve *widows indeed* are in their houses near me, and God is doing wonders at this end of the town. Help me to praise this wonder-working God, and doubt not of being always remembered by, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, and ready servant in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXII.

To Mr. D——.

London, December 5, 1758.

My dear Mr. D——,

NOTWITHSTANDING I wrote to you lately, another opportunity offers to send you a line. I send you repeated thanks for your steadiness and care in that house of mercy. With this also come the things you sent for, except Bishop *Hall*'s select works, which cannot be immediately procured. I should be glad if a little rice, indigo, &c. could be sent, that friends might see some of the Orphan house produce. Pray be as particular as you can in your account of every thing. To whom is *T—— P——* bound out? I have sent to *B—— W——*'s father, about sending for him home. If some are not worthy, others will be. Blessed be God that the arrears will be paid off. You will see my letter to Mr. *P——*. The Lord direct me and all how to act! I hope my old assistants will continue in their places; and I pray earnestly, that *Bethesda* may yet take deeper root downwards, and bear yet abundantly more fruit upwards. Surely the God of the sea and the God of the dry land

will open a door for my embarkation by and by. Hasten, O Lord, that wish'd-for time! The child lately sent over, is recommended by Mr. *J——C——*. That we all may continually be recommended to the Father of Mercies, by his dear and all-prevailing Son Jesus Christ, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mr. *D——*,

Yours, &c. in Him,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXIII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, March 26, 1759.

Dear Mrs. C——,

IT is now a long time since I heard from *Bethesda*. The draughts, God willing, shall be answered. We live in a changing world, and *Bethesda*'s God liveth for ever and ever. His word runs and is glorified daily, especially at *Tottenham-Court*. Strange! that nobody will relieve me, that I may once more flee to *America*. But, heavenly Father, our times are in thy hands: do with us as seemeth good in thy sight! O that *Bethesda*'s little flock may take deep root downward, and bear fruit upwards! O that you may be helped to lean on your Beloved! Surely God will bless you for taking care of the fatherless children. A pepper-corn of acknowledgment, and my poor prayers, are the only return that I can make you. I am in expectation of hearing from you every day. That grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied upon you all, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most affectionate friend and willing servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXIV.

To Mr. S——.

Bristol, May 25, 1759.

My very dear Sir,

THIS day se'nnight, through divine goodness, I came hither. The next day the Spring campaign was opened: on the Lord's-day we took the field. Thousands and thousands attended: full as many as in *London*. The power of the Lord was present at the three meetings, as well as at the holy communion. Some cups were made to run over. Ever since I have been enabled to preach twice, and sometimes thrice a day. Never did I see the *Bristol* people more attentive or impressed. My body feels the heat: but no matter. If souls are benefited, all is well. Would to God I could begin to do something for Jesus! You are employed one way, I another. Ere long we shall sit down together in the kingdom of our Father. Next *Monday* perhaps I may move towards *Gloucester*. I know you will follow me with your prayers. Mine always attend you and yours. It is the only return that can be made for all your kindnesses conferred on, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXV.

To Mr. S——.

Edinburgh, July 3, 1759.

My very dear Friend,

THERE hath been a long interval between my last and this. My quick motions, and frequent preaching, have been the causes. O what am I that I should be employed for Jesus! In *Gloucestershire* the cup of many of his people ran over. In *Yorkshire* I preached for a week twice a day. Great congregations! great power! Blessed be the name of the great God for ever and ever! Here also people, high and low, rich and poor, flock as usual, morning and evening. I am growing fat: but, as I take it to be a disease, I hope I shall go home the sooner. Happy they who are safe in harbour. A storm I fear is at hand. Jesus will be our hiding-place. He shall preserve us in trouble: he shall compass us about with songs of deliverance. That this may be the peculiar lot of you and yours, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. under manifold obligations,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, July 7, 1759.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

GOD willing, I purpose to see *G——*; but cannot as yet fix the day. I preach, and people flock as usual; but *Scotland* is not *London*. The Redeemer is doing wonders there. Every post brings forth good news. God's Spirit blows when and where it listeth. O for a gale before the storm! I expect one is at hand. The refuge is as near. Jesus is our hiding-place. O for a hiding-place in heaven! When will my turn come? Some say, not yet; for (would you think it?) I am growing fat: so did Mr. *Darracot* a little before he died. O that my latter end may be like his! You will not forget a worthless but willing pilgrim. Hearty love to all.

Yours, &c. &c. in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXVII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, July 8, 1759.

My very dear Friend,

I DO now begin to despair of seeing you, till we meet in that world, where spiritual children and spiritual fathers shall join in praising Him who sitteth upon the throne for ever. *O proclaram diem!* Welcome storms which drive us nearer that blessed port. Some here, I trust, are steering their course that way. Impressions seem to be lasting on many. In the West, I think, I was rather more attended, and a greater power accompanied the word. Lord, what am I? On *Monday*, or *Tuesday* at the farthest, God willing, I move. *Scotch* importunities have prevailed on me to stay till then. O for some parting blessings! An ascended Saviour can impart them. I have good news from the Orphan-house. All is well there. That grace, mercy, and peace may be multiplied upon you and yours, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, July 12, 1759.

My very dear Friend,

IT is well there is a heaven to make amends for all our disappointments here on earth. I long for a future state, where we shall all sit down together, and converse for ever without the least interruption. I know this will find you looking towards, and waiting for the coming of that day of God. It is a blessed thing to be kept alive in a dead time. It is a dead time in *Scotland* indeed. Little or no stirring among the dry bones. It is not so in *London*, and several other parts of *England*. Lord Jesus, revive thy work in the midst of the years! You will pray that the fatal languor may not take hold of my already too languid heart. I would fain be found of my Lord with my loins girded, and my lamp burning. A storm seems to be at hand. Jesus is our hiding-place.

Blest is faith that trusts his power,

Blest are saints that wait his hour:

Haste, great Conqueror, bring it near;

Let the glorious close appear.

O that some may be awakened to prepare for that awful hour! On *Monday*, God willing, I go to blow the gospel trumpet at *Glasgow*. Lord, what am I, that I should be one of thy run-abouts! If this be to be vile, Lord, make me more vile! Adieu. Hearty love and most cordial respects await your whole self. Follow me with your prayers, and as the Lord Jesus enables, they shall be returned by, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXIX.

To Mrs. W——.

Glasgow, July 18, 1759.

Dear Mrs. W——,

MAKE no apology for writing your mind. I see the disease, but know not how to come at a cure. Labourers are wanting of the *old stamp*: but vines are very apt to degenerate. If I am not mistaken, we shall be purged with a witness. God grant it may be that we may bring forth more fruit. I want the purgation most of all. I dread a corpulent body. But it breaks in upon me like an armed man. O that my heart may not wax gross at the same time! I would fain not flag, but rather begin at least to begin in the latter stages of my road. Congregations in *Scotland* are very large. I am glad to hear that the shout of a king is among you. Pray remember me in the kindest manner to all in conference, and to all that are so kind as to enquire after, dear Mrs. *W——*,

Your sincere friend and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXX.

To Mrs. C——.

Newcastle, August 16, 1759.

Dear Mrs. C——,

LONG before now I hope you have had the pleasure of seeing *Bethesda*'s debts all paid. *Bethesda* (now outward burdens are off) I trust will be more agreeable every day. I do not want to change its present Governess. This, I fear, would be the case, was Mr. *P——* and his family to come. I fear you would then think yourself discharged. Besides, he seems to want me to resign my trust entirely. This all here dissuade me from, upon any terms, or to any person whatsoever. As you and Mr. *D——* are so faithful, if Mr. *P——* will continue to superintend till I come, matters may continue as they are. O when shall I receive my commission to go abroad. God only knows what awaits us at home. Jesus is our hiding-place. I am now in my return from *Scotland*. For these six weeks last past, the word hath run and been glorified there. O, who is a God like unto our God, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, continually doing wonders! he will be our God

and guide unto death. That he may continually fill you with his grace here, and grant you an exalted place, near his throne, in his kingdom hereafter, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most affectionate, obliged friend, and ready servant in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXI.

Newcastle, August 16, 1759.

My dear Mr. D——,

I HOPE that soon after your writing in *February* last, my *November* letters came to hand, and that Mr. *P——l* hath been over with you, to discharge all *Bethesda* debts. Blessed be God for causing his work to prosper in your hands. Pray be always as particular as you can about the children, and set them upon writing often. Mr. *Zubly*'s coming to *Georgia* pleases me much. Pray let me have the whole account from last audit. I am glad you have taken in three more orphans; they will turn out great prizes in the last day. Poor Mr. *I——s*!—Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Lord Jesus, give us a right understanding in all things! He is an ever-loving and ever-lovely Jesus. His power hath been made known in *Scotland* for these six weeks last past. Some books will be sent from thence to the care of Mr. *Hodsden*. The box which I sent in *Burkitt* some months ago, I hear was taken;—it had a gown in it, and several other things. "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!" We

have a God that will supply all our wants, according to the riches of his mercy in Christ Jesus. O to be faithful unto the death! we shall then receive a crown of life. That this may be your happy portion, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, August 30, 1759.

Dear Mrs. C——,

THE bearers of this are well known to Mr. *D——n*. I trust, I can recommend them as the followers of Jesus Christ. I wish *Bethesda* may be a comfortable asylum for them. I think that Mr. *S——k*, for the present, might be employed about the lands round the orphan-house, and so gradually learn to be overseer at *Ephrata*. *John H——y*, I suppose, will be for moving in a year or two. I wish he may be capable to do for himself. I am told that he drinks; but I do not love to catch at ill reports against those that are employed in my house. Pray let me hear particularly concerning him. Mrs. *S——k* is a quiet teachable woman. I think she might be of service to you immediately, and with her husband do quite well, in a short time, at the plantation. You will soon be able to judge. If —— doth not turn out as you desire, and is not of use in the house, let her be put out to some good service: she is capable now of doing for herself. Mr. *D——n* will be so kind

as to take care of the little boy. He is quite an orphan, and I am told very quiet, and willing to learn. Would to God I was coming with them. But the way at present is quite blocked up. Lord Jesus, open it in thy due time! I hope you do not so much as think of seeing *England* till I come over. Mrs. *S——k* hath directions to leave *Bethesda*, if you think her coming any reason for your remove; that would grieve me to the heart. I think myself quite happy in such an assistant, and hope, now all debts are paid, you will be free from many burdens. O what hath God wrought? wonders, wonders! Praise the Lord, O our souls! I should be glad of Mr. *P——l* at *Bethesda*; but I can give him no more power than he hath. All are against my giving up my trust to any person whatsoever. Lord Jesus, continue to be *Bethesda*'s God! Should not *H——y*'s daughter be put out to service. Orphan-house plants ought to be transplanted, to make room for others, and then the family will not be too large. I commit you, and all, to his never failing mercy, and am, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most obliged, affectionate friend, and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXIII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, September 12, 1759.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I CAN but send you my poor pepper-corn of thanks unfeigned, for your continued care of dear *Bethesda*. Now all is paid, I hope your best days are to come. Do not entertain a thought of leaving a place, in which you have your health, and are so useful. If Mr. *S——k* can supply *Ephrata*, then all that family will be gone soon. Blessed be God that some of the girls turn out so well! The worsted and stays will be sent with this. I hope to write again soon. I am not sorry that *Lory* is like to be disposed of, but I would have another negroe bought in her room. O that Jesus would wash them in his blood. Little *Reader*'s letter pleased us much. I would have all the boys to write. O that Jesus may convert them! Amen and Amen! Some of the books coming over, may be dispersed among the people at *Oqueehec*, and elsewhere, if not wanted at *Bethesda*. I want a master sadly for *G——*, &c. I trust the Lord will provide.

Blest is faith that trusts His power,

Blest are the saints that wait his hour.

Your sister I hear turns out very well. Would to God I could say so of all my relations!

But surely God's rich grace is free;

For, O my God! it found out me.

Hoping to have another speedy opportunity of writing again, with ten thousand thanks for all your care, and most earnest prayers for your increasing with all the increase of God, I must hasten to subscribe myself, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your most affectionate obliged friend, and very ready servant in our glorious Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXIV.

To Mr. D——.

London, September 13, 1759.

My very dear Mr. D——,

YOUR letter dated *May 25*, which I received yesterday by the hands of Mr. *Vincent*, gave me unspeakable satisfaction. I can but thank you, as I do ten thousand times over, for all your care and faithfulness. He that seeth in secret will ere long reward openly. As I hear both *Dickenson* and *Ball* are arrived, you will have received more letters from me. God be praised for your success in the silk-worms! God be praised that *Bethesda* is out of debt! God be praised for all his tender mercies to me and mine! Praise the Lord, O our souls! I wish some of the children could be bred up for the ministry. *G——* seems to me to have some grace. What a pity that I cannot have a grammar-school! I shall think and pray, and then write to you and Mr. *P——l* on this head. You all seem to dislike the temper of those at *Ephrata*. If Mr. *S——k* could supply the place, perhaps it would be more pleasant. May the Lord Jesus direct, for his name's sake! He will, he will! It is a most

discouraging thing, that good places cannot be found for the boys when fit to go out. By this means, they are kept in the house beyond their time, both to their own hurt, and to the further expence of the institution. I expect *R——* *W——* home with Captain *Ball*. I am glad *B——* is at a trade. Somebody told his mother, that he was gone to his master's plantation. I wish he had written a line. Could you let me know what stock of cattle you have, and what hogs you kill. The more particular you are about every thing, the better. I long for the account. I am glad you received the books! more are to be sent from *Scotland*. I do not much care for *R——*'s being at *Bethesda*, unless he is a true penitent. How doth my nephew go on? That you may go on and prosper both in body and soul, till you are safe landed in an endless eternity, is the earnest prayer of, very dear Mr. *D——*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXV.

To Mr. D——.

London, February 5, 1760.

My very dear Mr. D——,

I AM waiting every moment for a line from you. I hope it will bring me the agreeable news of your being at peace with the *Indians*. Above all, I trust it will inform me, of your being filled with the peace of God, which passeth all understanding. As I wrote my whole mind by dear Mr. *S——k*, and who, I find by the papers, is safely arrived, I have nothing to add, till I hear what Mr. *P——l* hath determined on, and what situation Mr. *S——* thinks himself called to. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that all may be directed for the Redeemer's glory, and the lasting welfare of *Bethesda*. I cannot help thinking, but something great is to come out of it yet. The thoughts of a College are revived; but he that believeth doth not make haste. I am growing very corpulent, but, I trust, not too corpulent for another voyage, when called to it. Every day the work increases. On *Sunday* last, a new enlargement of the chapel was opened, and a great concourse of people

assembled on that occasion. I am told that God was there. With this, I hope you will receive a box of books. My nephew hath some more for you, in a box sent to him. I have had a sweet letter from *I——— P———m*. O this changing world! Lord, sanctify all for the better preparing us for our great change! Adieu, my dear friend. I hope you will keep close to *Bethesda*. God will bless you for it. Hoping to hear from you very shortly, I hasten to subscribe myself,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXVI.

To Mrs. C——.

London, February 7, 1760.

My dear Mrs. C——,

I SEND this to *Portsmouth* after Mr. *R——n*, to inform you, that last night we received your agreeable letters, dated in *August* and *September*. Blessed be God that you are all so well. The bills shall be honoured. I have thoughts, that you and Mr. *D——* will come together. For Christ's sake, do not think of moving from *Bethesda*. I am more than pleased: I am delighted with your being there. The family will soon be small indeed. It is easily increased at any time. I hope that *G——* and *A——* *W——* will be put out. I am glad *S——f* behaved so well. God's judgments are like the great deep. Father, thy will be done! Mr. *S——f* bears the news quite well. I expect to hear again from you every day. God bless you all! Cease not to pray for, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most obliged affectionate friend and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Bristol, July 5, 1760.

My very dear Sir,

WITH this, I have sent an order to Mr. *C——*, to receive of you three hundred pounds sterling, to purchase bills of exchange from Mr. *S——r*. One hundred Mr. *S——r* is to remit to Mr. *F——y*. The other two hundred Mr. *C——* is to pay to Mr. *Z——n*, in order to be remitted to Professor *F——k*. The remainder, I think best to keep till I hear from the Professor himself. The Lord pity and comfort the poor sufferers! What reason have we to be thankful, who abound in peace and plenty! What is still more, the fields are white, ready unto a spiritual harvest. When in the fields, ten thousand, perhaps more, do assemble here. When under cover, there are more than the tabernacle will well hold; at least in the evening. Every time the house is a *Bethel*, a house of God, a gate of heaven. Grace! grace! I thought that my wife's illness would have hastened me to *London*; but as she is now recovering, I would fain proceed in my summer's campaign. I

am persuaded I am the better for your prayers. Never were they more charitably bestowed. I am a worm, and no man. O blessed Jesus, how good thou art! With all thy other mercies, give, O give me an humble and a thankful heart! I could enlarge, but have more letters to write. I hope my most cordial respects and thanks will find acceptance with dear Mrs. *S*—— and Miss, and I am sure you will accept the same yourself, from, my very dear Sir,

Yours &c. under manifold obligations,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXVIII.

To Mrs. C——.

Bristol, July 8, 1760.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I HOPE this will find you restored to more than former health and usefulness, and quite determined to continue at *Bethesda*. It makes me uneasy, to think you have the least inclination of returning, till you see me on your side the water. Jesus hath called and blessed you at *Bethesda*. I would fain have you stay and see the fruits of your labour. You will see what I wrote about *I—— H——*. I must leave all to you who are upon the spot, not doubting but the Lord Jesus will guide you by his allwise counsel; none teacheth like him. I have sympathized with you, in respect to your fears about the *Indian* war. Lord Jesus grant they may not be permitted to come near your peaceful dwelling! In heaven, all these alarms will be over. I long for those blessed mansions. But nothing kills me. My wife was lately just got into harbour, but is driven back again. Blessed be God, we are sure of getting in safe at last. Jesus is our pilot. To his almighty and never-failing

protection do I most humbly and heartily commit you, as being, for his great name's sake, with ten thousand thanks for all your labours of love, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Your sincere affectionate friend, and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXXXIX.

To Mr. D——.

Bristol, July 8, 1760.

My dear Mr. D——,

I OWE you much love for your letter and accompts. May *Bethesda*'s God bless and reward you! He doth, he will. I suppose you will see what I have written to Mr. *P——l* and Mr. *S——k*. How doth the Redeemer bring his elect together, even in this world! What a glorious meeting will there be in the world to come! Methinks I hear you say, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." I add, Amen and amen! even so come Lord Jesus! The prospect is promising. I am going in my old way, saving that I grow fatter and fatter every day. Lord, help me to work it down! but it seems working will not do. I spent all the last winter in *London*, and began my campaign in *May*, in *Gloucestershire*. Last month I was in *Wales*, inviting souls to come to Christ. Here I am labouring also. You will not fail to pray for me. I long to hear about the *Indian* war. They are safe who are garrisoned in God, even a

God in Christ. Assure yourself, that neither you nor your dear orphan-charge are ever forgotten by, my dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXL.

To Mr. D——.

London, August 15, 1760.

My dear Mr. D——,

HOW do I long to hear of God's appearing for *Georgia* and *Bethesda*? I trust, the *Indians* have not, and will not be permitted to disturb a family planted by his own right hand, and for his own glory. But the divine judgments are a great deep. Lord, help us to adore, and cheerfully to submit to thy holy will! Some *Bethesda* letters, I trust, will soon put me out of suspense. I wrote to you by the convoy that took your new Governor. I hope he will behave friendly to the orphan-house. If we make the Lord Jesus our friend, all will be well. Many here are seeking his friendship. Satan is angry. I am now mimicked and burlesqued upon the public stage. All hail such contempt! God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ. It is sweet! it is sweet. What a mercy is it, that we have got an abiding inheritance in the kingdom of heaven! Of this we can never be robbed.

Hallelujah!—Adieu. Hearty love to all. Cease not to pray for, and write to, dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our glorious High Priest,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLI.

To Mrs. C——.

London, November 14, 1760.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I CANNOT find any of your relations, but what are willing you should remain in *Georgia*, and settle there. What condition can be so useful for you? I have never varied in my opinion. The Lord Jesus direct, bless, and reward you! He will. The orphan sent by Captain *Ball*, I am persuaded will be taken care of. He is sent by good Lady *H——n*, and is to be treated as a common orphan. May the Father of the fatherless bless him and all! I was much pleased with the letters I received from the lambs of the flock. If possible, I shall answer them. But at present am so indisposed with a cold, after my *Yorkshire* ramble of two months, that I can scarce write this. Blessed be God, for the prospect of a state, wherein the inhabitants shall no more say, I am sick. I can now add no more, but that I am, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most obliged friend, and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLII.

To Mr. K——.

London, February 21, 1761.

My dear Timothy,

THE distance that *Plymouth* lies from *London*, is one great cause of my coming there so seldom. What can I do, who have so many calls, and so few assistants? *London* must be minded. For surely, there the word runs and is glorified more and more. I returned in post-haste, last month, from *Bristol*. Both in going and coming, dear Mr. *H——y* and I were in great jeopardy. Once the machine fell over, and at another time we were obliged to leap out of the post-chaise, though going very fast. Blessed be God, we received little hurt. Good was to be done. On the fast-day, near six hundred pounds were collected for the *German* and *Boston* sufferers. Grace! grace! I wish you had collected at *Bristol*. When can you move? pray let me know directly. I want my wife to ride as far as *Plymouth*. Nothing but exercise will do with her. Remember us to your whole self, and to all. This is the very first moment that I could catch, to let you hear from, my dear man,

Yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLIII.

To Mrs. C——.

London, February 23, 1761.

Dear Mrs. C——,

IT is almost an age now, since I heard from my dear family in the wilderness. How came I not to have one line by Mr. *Young*? Ere now I hope you have received my last by Captain *Ball*. When shall I get leave to come over? Perhaps my heart is too much set upon it. Father, thy will be done! This is my comfort; the Redeemer's work is upon the advance. All opposition is over-ruled for the furtherance of the gospel. A new instrument is raised up out of *Cambridge* university. He has been here preaching like an angel of the churches indeed. My wife is poorly, but joins in sending hearty love. All your relations are well. Pray give my blessing to the children, and thank them all for their letters. I would have all the boys put out as soon as of age. The work prospers here much. Hoping every day to receive a line, and sending you my most hearty blessing, thanks and love, I subscribe myself, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Your most affectionate obliged friend, and ready servant in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLIV.

To Mr. A——s.

London, March 3, 1761.

My very dear Mr. A——s,

MY last showed you that we are both of a mind. Let us have a little patience, and all will be well. As Mr. *B——e* cannot come up directly, I must defer my *Bristol* journey till after *Easter*. The cold I catched there, I shall not easily get rid off. But what is, is best. Your letter to Mrs. *J——s* was delivered safe. By *Wiltshire*'s waggon, I have sent a set of *Henry's Exposition*, and *Clark's Bible*. Be pleased to take them. You will send the enclosed. The Redeemer continues to own and bless us here. That he may bless and own you and yours evermore, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLV.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, March 14, 1761.

My dear Sir,

I HEAR that your little daughter is gone to heaven: a fine flower soon cropped. I thought she was too fine to continue long in this bad soil. She is now transplanted to an infinitely better. O that I may have patience to wait till my wish'd-for change do come! Every day almost we hear of persons dying in triumph. The awakening is rather greater than ever. Satan's artillery hath done but little execution.

Thoughts are vain against the Lord,
All subserves his standing word;
Wheels encircling wheels must run,
Each in course to bring it on.
Hallelujah!

I hope you prosper at *G*——. My kindest respects await all your dear reverend brethren that honour me with their countenance, your whole self,

and all who are so kind as to enquire after, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

P. S. One Mr. *Berridge*, lately Moderator of *Cambridge*, hath been preaching here with great flame.

LETTER MCCXLVI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Cannonbury-House (near London), April 11, 1761.

Dear Sir,

BE pleased to pay to Mr. *Thomas Cox* the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, which, with one hundred and fifty paid to him before, and given (as this is to be) into the hands of the Reverend Mr. *Zingenhagen*, makes up the sum of four hundred pounds; the whole of what is assigned out of the late collection for the distressed *German* protestants, by, dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLVII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Cannonbury-House, April 27, 1761.

My very dear Friend,

ACCEPT a few lines of love unfeigned from a worthless worm, just returning from the borders of an eternal world. O into what a world was I launching! But the prayers of God's people have brought me back. Lord Jesus, let it be for thy glory and the welfare of precious and immortal souls! Thou hast been digging and dunging round me. O that the barren fig-tree may at length begin to bring forth some fruit! O, my dear man, how ought ministers to work before the night of sickness and death comes, when no man can work! Lord Jesus, quicken my tardy pace, according to the multitude of thy tender mercies! You will not cease to pray for me, who am indeed less than the least of all. Weakness forbids my enlarging. Hearty love to all who are so kind as to enquire after an ill and hell-deserving, but redeemed creature. Not only pray, but also give thanks to a never-failing

Emmanuel, who hath been ease in pain, health in sickness, life in death, to, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. for his great name's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Cannonbury-House, May 2, 1761.

SURPRIZING, that any friends of *Zion* should be solicitous for the welfare of such a worthless worm! Indeed, my dear friend, the news you have heard was true. I have been at the very gates of what is commonly called death. They seemed opening to admit me, through the alone righteousness of the blessed Jesus, into everlasting life. But at present they are closed again: for what end, an all-wise Redeemer can only tell. I have, since my illness, once assisted a little at the Lord's-supper, and once spoke a little in publick. But, my locks are cut; natural strength fails: Jesus can renew: Jesus can cause to grow again. By his divine permission, I have thoughts of seeing *Scotland*. If I relapse, that will be a desirable place to go to heaven from. I love, I love that dear people. Ten thousand thanks to you, and all my dear *G——* friends. Be pleased to add to my obligations, by continuing to pray for one, who, though less than the least of all, is indeed, my very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours, &c. in a never-failing Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXLIX.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Plymouth, June 5, 1761.

WILL not my very dear and valuable friend be glad to hear, that through divine mercy I am somewhat improved in my health since my leaving *London*. At *Bristol* I grew sensibly better, but hurt myself by too long journies to *Exeter* and hither. However, blessed be God, I am now recovered from my fatigue, and hope bathing will brace me up for my glorious Master's use again.

Strange, that a harp of thousand strings,

Should keep in tune so long!

The few times I have been enabled to preach, an infinitely condescending Redeemer hath vouchsafed to breathe upon the word preached. Who knows but I may get my wings again? Abba Father, all things are possible with thee! I know who doth, and will pray for me, even my very dear Mr. *S*——, who hath already laid such great obligations on

His most affectionate friend and very ready servant in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCL.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, June 11, 1761.

My dear steady Friend,

ACCEPT a few lines of love unfeigned, from one who loves both you and yours in the bowels of Jesus Christ. They leave me rather hurt by my late western journey. I strive to put out to sea as usual, but my shattered bark will not bear it. Lord Jesus, let thy will be done in me, by me, and upon me, for time and eternity! If this air doth not agree with me, in a few days I think of returning to my old nurses and old physicians again. Blessed be God for an interest in an infinitely great, infinitely gracious, and sympathizing unchangeable physician! I hope you and yours enjoy much of his heart-chearing consolations. These have been my support in my younger days; these will be my cordials in the latter stages of the road. I hope Mr. and Mrs. *J*—— are quite well. Pray tell him not to be so touchy to his old friends, especially when they are sick and just returning from the grave: perhaps he may not be troubled with them long. God grant he may never

feel the want of them! Jesus lives when ministers die. My hearty love awaits you all. Cease not to pray for, my dear Mr. *K——n*,

Yours most affectionately in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLI.

Cannonbury-House, July 11, 1761.

My dear Timothy,

JUST as I was going to write you a few lines to come hither, Mr. *Rowand*'s letter informed me that you was very ill. But I hope this will find you better. Lord Jesus, prepare us for whatever thou hast prepared for us! Commending you to his never-failing mercy, I subscribe myself,

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

July 16.

Blessed be God I am better! Blessed be God that you are so likewise! Who knows what rest and time may produce? O to be blanks in the hands of Jesus! When shall this once be! What good news by sea and land! Grace! grace! Let me have another line, and cease not to pray for, my dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLII.

To Mr. K——.

London, October 13, 1761.

My dear Fellow-prisoner,

I HOPE an all-wise Redeemer is teaching us to be content to be buried ourselves, and to bury our friends alive. This is a hard but important lesson. Lord Jesus, make us great proficients in the school of thy cross! I have not preached a single sermon for some weeks. Last *Sunday* I spoke a little; but I feel its effects ever since. Father, thy will be done! Blessed be his name for giving you a little reviving in your bondage. Perhaps that is all we are to expect on this side eternity. But there is nothing too hard for the Lord. Lord, we believe, help our unbelief! Glory be to his great name, that some good was done at *Plymouth*. The news drove me to my knees, and stirred up an ambition to be employed again. I know you and *Sarah* will say, *Amen*, and *Amen*! I hope your *Isaac* will be spared; if not, *Aaron*-like, may you hold your peace! I have met with changes. My two old servants are married and gone. Mr. *E——* hath preached for me some time. As yet the congregations

are kept up. Mr. *A*—— and *M*—— are very poorly. All are hastening home apace. Accept hearty love to your whole self, and all dear friends who are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLIII.

To Mr. D——.

Leeds, October 24, 1761.

My very dear Mr. D——,

WHAT sudden changes here! O that my great change was come! Happy *Polhill*: *Bethesda*'s loss is thy gain. "Be ye also ready," is the call of this awful providence. The Lord furnish survivors with double strength! I thank you for the accounts. I see you are running in arrears. Some way or other I trust they will be discharged. But I would have the family reduced as low as can be. I think that the keeping of those who are grown up, hurts them and increases my expence. I have little comfort in many that I have assisted. But our reward of grace is with the Lord. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! As you are most conversant in figures, you will be pleased to continue in your usual way; and as you go on in harmony, I trust you will do quite well. A sea voyage seems more necessary to me now than ever. I know now what nervous disorders are. Blessed be God that they were contracted in his service. I do not repent my embarking in Christ's cause. He seeth all your

disinterested toil in that new world. “Well done, ye good and faithful servants,” shall be the salutation given to you all. My hearty blessing and love to all. That great may be your happiness on earth, and infinitely great your reward in heaven, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLIV.

To Mrs. C——.

Leeds, October 24, 1761.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I AM still in this dying world, but frequently tempted to wish the report of my death had been true, since my disorder keeps me from my old delightful work of preaching. But Jesus can teach us to exercise our passive as well as active graces. Fain would I say, "Thy will be done!" I am now riding for my health; but I think a voyage would brace me up. I impute my present disorder, in a great measure, to the want of my usual sea voyages. Blessed be God, for supporting me so well under the news of dear Mr. *Polhill*'s sudden translation. In that respect, I rather envy than pity him; to be carried to heaven in an instant; from a ship's cabin into *Abraham*'s bosom; O what a blessing! God sanctify and make up the loss! But we shall find few *Polhills*. Blessed be God, that I have faithful ones left behind. I repose in you the utmost confidence, and hope the Lord will give you double strength, and vouchsafe us all a speedy and happy meeting. I know who

adds a hearty *Amen*. I wish *G——r* and *A—— W——* were put out. Keeping such great boys is expensive, and there is nothing to be expected by my coming over. I hope my nephew will take the boy that comes over; if not, he must be received at *Bethesda*. Surely God will yet provide for that house of mercy. But I can at present bear very little of outward cares. Writing these few letters, I fear, will hurt me: but I could not help venturing. The Lord bless and reward you, my dear Mrs. *C——*, for all your labours of love! I commend you and your dear charge to his never-failing mercy, and am, with ten thousand thanks for all favours,

Yours most affectionately for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Newcastle, October 29, 1761.

My dear steady Friend,

HITHERTO the Lord hath helped me. Surely his mercy endureth for ever. I bear riding sixty miles a day in a post-chaise quite well. Blessed be his name, friends both here and at *Leeds* are prudent, and do not press me to preach much. But I hope I am travelling in order to preach. If not, Lord Jesus, help me to drink the bitter cup of a continued silence, with a holy resignation, believing that what is, is best! Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief! Every where as I came along, my spiritual children gladly received me. Almighty God, do thou provide for all! I hope you go on well at *London*. It is the *Jerusalem*, the *Goshen*. May ministers and people see their privileges, and work whilst it is day! The night of sickness and death is coming, when no man can work. Be pleased to remember me to dear Mr. and Mrs. *J——*, and all dear friends as they come in your way. To-morrow I may set forwards towards *Edinburgh*. You and yours will follow me with

your prayers, and be assured of not being forgotten by, my very dear Mr. *K——n*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLVI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Newcastle, October 29, 1761.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

THOUGH at a very unexpected, and seemingly unseasonable time, I am thus far travelled northwards. Hitherto the Lord hath helped me to hold out. Fain would I reach *Scotland*, to see some of my dear friends before I die. My spirits, though in some degree recruited, are yet low, and I am kept from my old delightful work. But all things are possible with Jesus Christ. He can either restore, or enable me to drink the bitter cup of continued silence. Lord Jesus, do thou help me to say from my inmost soul, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!" I desire to be more than remembered to my dear *G——* friends, and beg the continuance of their prayers in behalf of, my very dear Sir,

Theirs and yours, &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLVII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Edinburgh, November 9, 1761.

THOUGH I have been very ill since my coming to *Edinburgh*, yet I must come just to see my dear friends at *G——*. I cannot be there till *Thursday* noon. Little, very little can be expected from a dying man. But I can now hear a little for myself. I write this in the midst of company. All my dear friends will not fail to pray for, very dear Sir,

Yours and theirs, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Leeds, December 1, 1761.

My dear old Friend,

IT is near ten at night, and I am to set off to-morrow in the *Leeds* stage for *London*. Your letter I received this evening, and thank you for it most heartily. Silence is enjoined me for a while by the *Edinburgh* physicians. They say my case is then recoverable. The great physician will direct. May he abundantly bless you and yours, and dear *T—— J——* and his? I send you all most hearty love, as being, for Christ's sake,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLIX.

To Mr. K——.

London, January 8, 1762.

My dear Timothy,

I THOUGHT my wife had written many letters to you before this time. Blessed be God, I am better. The *Scotch* journey did me service. I preached on new-year's day, and am to do so again, God willing, to-morrow. Who knows? who knows?—I may again see *Plymouth*. Is there any thing too hard for the Lord? When can you come up? I had a violent fall upon my head from my horse last *Thursday*, but was neither surprized nor hurt. Help me to praise Him whose mercy endureth for ever. Mr. *B——* is here, and preaches with power. Blessed be God that some can speak, though I am laid aside. That your mouth may be opened, and body strengthened more and more, is the hearty prayer of, my dear *Timothy*,

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, April 17, 1762.

WILL not my dear steady friend be glad to hear that *Bristol* air agrees with me, and that I have been enabled to preach five times this last week without being hurt? Lord Jesus, make me truly and humbly thankful! Was the door open for an *American* voyage, I verily believe it would be very serviceable towards bracing up my relaxed tabernacle. But he who knoweth all things, knows what is best. Fain would I say, from whatever quarter trials come, "Father, not my will, but thine be done!" I see more and more, that grace must be tried. But this is our comfort, when we are tried, we shall come forth like gold. In how many fires is that precious metal purified? O for a heart to be willing to be made willing to be nothing, yea less than nothing, that God, even a God in Christ, may be all in all! You and yours will add to my obligations by praying for me. By this you see that you are not forgotten. Shall I beg you to let the tabernacle friends know soon, that you received this? Having had company I cannot write. Be pleased to thank

the honest *Welch* bishop for his subscription. It was a great deal from such a dignitary. May the great Bishop of souls bless and strengthen him in soul and body ever more. As I expect to hear from my wife on *Monday*, and as I have nothing particular, I shall defer writing again till *Monday* evening. In the mean while, be so kind as to give my hearty love and due respects to her and all, and accept the same yourselves from, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in a never-failing Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Bristol, April 18, 1762.

My very dear Friend,

I WAS quite sorry that I could not take a parting dinner with you. Mr. *Z——n* begged me to come just at that time to converse with me about the suffering protestants, and in the evening I read letters. Blessed be God, I was not the worse for it. Since my coming here, my health hath improved. The last week I was enabled to preach five times. This morning I have been administering the ordinance; and this evening I hope to be upon my throne again. Our Lord vouchsafes to smile upon my feeble labours, and the people seem to feel a refreshing from his divine presence. Who knows but I may yet be restored so far as to sound the gospel trumpet for my God? The quietness I enjoy here, with daily riding out, seems to be one very proper means. Be this as it will, I know ere long I shall serve our Lord without weariness. A few more blows from friends, and from foes, and the pitcher will be broken. Then the wicked one will cease from troubling, and the

weary traveller arrive at his wish’d-for rest. God grant you and yours very large refreshments in the way! Be pleased to accept of this as a token that you are not forgotten by, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. under ten thousand obligations, and in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXII.

To Mr. D——.

Bristol, April 29, 1762.

My very dear Mr. D——,

HOW have I been contriving to come over in one of the mast ships lately sailed for *New-England*? But the hour is not yet come. Hasten it, O glorious *Emmanuel*, for thy great name's sake! Surely a sea voyage would help to brace up this relaxed tabernacle. Blessed be God, I am now enabled to preach four or five times a week; but it is with much weakness. I long to hear how it is with you in this *Spanish* war. Mr. *Robinson* I find was cast away, but hath escaped with his life. Just now I have seen a letter to Mrs. *P——e* from Mr. *H——s*, by which I find he is at *Bethesda*, and talks of returning to *England*. I hope the *Spanish* war will prevent this last motion, at least for some time. My love to him and all. Persevere in praying me over. I have just now heard, that there is a packet for me at *London* from *Georgia*. How could you draw on me for so large a sum as an hundred and forty-seven pounds? Lord, help me! Yesterday at *Kingswood* I saw the ship

that is to bring this, ready to sail. I hope I am not too late; and if any letters come from any of you by this post (as I hear the *Carolina* ships are arrived), God willing, they shall be answered by, my very dear Mr. *D*——,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXIII.

To Mrs. W——.

Bristol, May 4, 1762.

Dear Mrs. W——,

I THANK you heartily for your kind letter, and desire to bless the Lord of all lords for the good news it contains. If the foot of pride doth not come against those that speak for Jesus, all will be well. I see it is always darkest before break of day. O that we could always remember that blessed promise, “At evening-tide it shall be light.” The archers have of late shot sorely at me and grieved me. *Job*’s friends were his greatest trials, when God’s hand pressed his body sore. So it hath been with me. But if we are brought out when tried like gold, we shall only lose our dross. O that this may be my happy case! Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief! Blessed be his name for a little revival in my bondage! For these three weeks past, I have been enabled to preach four or five times. Not once without a special blessing. Join with me in crying, Grace, grace! But my body still continues weak. O blessed prospect of its being glorified by and by! Come, Lord

Jesus, come quickly! Continue to pray for me. Remember me most heartily to all, as being, dear Mrs. *W——*,

Their and your most ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXIV.

To Mrs. C——.

Bristol, May 4, 1762.

Dear Mrs. C——,

YOUR kind letter came to hand a few days ago. The convoy being driven back, gives me an opportunity of returning you hearty thanks. Mr. *R——*'s draught will lie hard upon me; but I will endeavour to get it paid. I am glad *A——w* and *G——r* are put out. It would have saved me pounds to have had it done long ago. As it is war time, nobody can blame you for lessening the family to the utmost. The intended change at *Ephrata* pleaseth me much. I see if we will wait, Providence will open for us some way or another. O that the door was open for my coming over! Perhaps it may be ere the Summer is over. Grant it, O God, for Jesus Christ's sake! I have sometimes the hopes of being braced up again for a little future service. With some difficulty I preach four or five times a week; but you would scarce know me, I am so swoln with wind, and so corpulent. Blessed be God for the prospect of a glorious resurrection! For the present, adieu. I fear

the ship will be gone. God bless you all. Pray do you and Mr. *D*—— be particular in your accounts. Hearty love to Mrs. *P*——*l*: God comfort her. You will shew this to Mr. *D*——. I must add no more, but hearty love and ten thousand thanks from, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Rodborough, May 21, 1762.

My very dear Friend,

THOUGH I hope to be in *London* on *Tuesday* or *Wednesday* next, yet I cannot come thither without troubling you with another line. Blessed be God, it leaves me in better bodily health, than when I wrote last. Through divine mercy, preaching four or five times a week did not hurt me; and twice or thrice I have been enabled to take the field: in my opinion, a greater honour than to be monarch of the universe. *London* cares, and *London* labours, I expect, will soon bring me low again. But as Messrs. *D*—— and *K*—— are coming up, I hope soon to slip away and get strength, and then hunt for precious souls again. How gladly would I bid adieu to cieled houses, and vaulted roofs! Mounts are the best pulpits, and the heavens the best sounding-boards. O for power equal to my will! I would fly from pole to pole, publishing the everlasting gospel of the Son of God. I

know you would lend me the wings of prayer. Jesus in answer give the wings of faith and love, and we shall then quickly soar to thy bosom, where

Sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

I write this at a house built for dear Mr. *A——s*. From his window is a prospect perhaps of thirty miles. I have wished you here with your telescope. But if the footstool is so glorious, what must the throne be? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! I am interrupted by company. Good night, my very dear friend, good night! Most cordial respects await dear Mrs. *S——* and your daughter. Dear Mr. *A——s* is weak like myself, but joins in sending due and hearty respects. We have had most blessed seasons. Grace! grace! In heaven you will be rewarded for all favours conferred on

Yours, &c. &c. in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXVI.

To Mrs. C——.

London, May 28, 1762.

Dear Mrs. C——.

I AM just now come to town for a few days, sensibly better by my country excursion. Once more I have had the honour of taking the field, and have now some hopes of not being as yet quite thrown aside as a broken vessel. Help me to praise Him, whose mercy endureth for ever. Why do you persist in keeping poor Mr. *D*—— in suspense? If not done before, I expect to marry you both immediately upon my arrival, but do not stay for that. Your hint about Mr. *S*——'s being inclined to the ministry, made me smile. Mr. *R*——'s account shall be paid as soon as possible. But I beg no such thing may be done again. This is wrote in very great haste, hearing that the ship is gone. I wrote to all from *Bristol*, very lately. This must now do for all. God bless and reward you. Amen and Amen! I am, dear Mrs. *C*——,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Norwich, July 31, 1762.

My very dear Friend,

THOUGH you never mentioned a word concerning the letter I sent you when at *Bristol*, yet this doth not discourage me from dropping you a few lines, now I am put into *Norwich-Dock*, in order to refit for another expedition. The *Holland* one last month, was, I trust, profitable to myself and others; and if ever my usefulness is to be continued at *London*, I must be prepared for it, by a longer itineration both by land and water. At present, blessed be God, I can preach once a day, and it would do your heart good to see what an influence attends the word. All my old times are revived again. On next *Monday*, God willing, I shall set forwards to *Lincolnshire*, *Yorkshire*, &c. You that are in cieled houses, and under vaulted roofs (which I do not grudge you) will not forget a poor pilgrim, who desires no other pulpit but a mount, no other sounding board but the heavens. I hope dear Mr. *J——* is recovered of his indisposition, and that your wife and his, with

yourself, are increasing with all the increase of God. My cordial respects and most hearty love attend you, and all that are so kind as to enquire after a worthless worm. As I shall not write to-night, be pleased to inform my wife that you heard of my welfare, and in so doing, you will add to the obligations already laid upon, my very dear Mr. *K——n*,

Yours, &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXVIII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, September 2, 1762.

I AM just this moment returned from *Glasgow*, where I have been enabled to preach every day, and twice at *Cambuslang*. Auditories were large, and Jesus smiled upon my feeble labours. God willing, I shall leave this place on *Wednesday* next; but I despair of seeing you. I have heard nothing of Mr. *M——n* and *V——n* since I left them at *Leeds*. What a mercy, that we are sure of meeting in heaven! Surely, you will not go before me thither. Must it be always *juniores priores*? Adieu. Cordial respects await your whole self. Lord Jesus be with your spirits! I fear the carrier will be gone. Accept these few rusty filings from, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our glorious Jesus,

G. W.

September 9.

Thus far I went on *Friday*; but found that was the wrong day to send. Since then, I have been helped to preach every day. The Kirk hath been a

Bethel. Grace! grace! On *Monday*, God willing, I shall set off. Follow with your prayers.

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXIX.

To Mr. D——.

Sunderland, September 19, 1762.

My dear Mr. D——,

I CAN only send you a few lines: but I hope they will be acceptable ones. Your last packet came to my hands yesterday. Blessed be God that all is so well! You will be glad to hear, that I can preach once a day, and that I have now a prospect of embarking soon. We expect peace, and I hope the places in *London* will be provided for. Pray keep the family as small as you can. Sickness lowers my circumstances. But Jesus is all in all. I hope to see dear Mr. *S——k*'s friends in a few days. I am glad he is at *Ephrata*. Tender love to him and his, to dear Mrs. *C——*, Mrs. *P——l*, and to all. I can no more. I write this at a venture, to send by way of *Scotland*, where the Redeemer hath been owning my feeble labours. Grace! grace! When I come to *London*, God willing, you shall hear again from, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Leeds, September 25, 1762.

Dear Sir,

WHAT a pity that I cannot answer your kind letter, by telling you where to meet me! but it is impracticable. I am just now setting forwards towards *London*, but fear I cannot reach it before *Sunday*. My chaise wanted repairing here. O how good hath Jesus been to a worthless worm! Once a day preaching, I can bear well; more hurts me. What shall I do with the chapel and tabernacle? Lord Jesus, be thou my guide and helper! He will! he will. Send word to tabernacle that you heard from me. We have had sweet seasons. Grace! grace! To his never-failing mercy do I commend your whole dear self, and all that are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXI.

To Mrs. C——.

London, October 15, 1762.

Dear Mrs. C——,

I WISH to answer your last in person. I hope the time is now drawing near. I count the weeks, and days, and hours. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way. Blessed be God that you live in such harmony! A house thus united in Jesus, will stand. I shall bring only one Mr. *W——t*, who takes care of me. I would not have Mr. *H——s* to think of stirring till he sees me. This I write in great haste. I am enabled to preach once a day. Give thanks! give thanks! and continue to pray for, dear Mrs. *C——*,

Yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXII.

To Mr. A—— K——.

Bristol, Numbers 29, 1762.

GOD willing, I shall set off for *Plymouth* to-morrow morning, and hope to see you all on *Thursday* evening, or *Friday*. Let grand preparations be made; as a candle, a book, and a table. Above all, much prayer, that I may not again relapse at *Plymouth*; as *Bristol* people do threaten me for coming at this time of the year. Blessed be God, we have good seasons. I like Mr. *B——n*'s, better than a boarding school for little maidens. A word to the wise is enough. Adieu! The Lord be with you all. Cease not to pray for, my dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXIII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Plymouth, December 4, 1762.

HOW was I disappointed, two *Mondays*, of seeing and conversing with my very dear Mr. *S——*! *London*, *London*, how dost thou weigh this mortal body down! If it be no odds, I would visit my dear friend again on a *Wednesday*. Perhaps on that day I may not be so fatigued. I feel in preaching, what you do in business. However, I must not complain. Once a day, I can manage quite well. *Bristol* was a refreshing place indeed. Congregations were very large, and a most gracious gale of divine influences attended the word preached. Being under a positive promise to come here before I left *England*, I embraced this opportunity. Through mercy, I preached last night, and find no hurt this morning. Many young people, I hear, are under great awakenings. May such hostilities never cease! O to begin to begin to wage an eternal war with the devil, the world, and the flesh. Still continue to help me, dear Sir, with your prayers. I would fain die sword in hand. You will not blame me for this ambition. I believe

you are pretty much tinctured this way yourself. The Captain of our salvation approves of it. That in all your spiritual battles, He may be your shield and exceeding great reward, is the hearty prayer of, my invaluable friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXIV.

To Mrs. Elizabeth W——d.

Plymouth, December 5, 1762.

YOU did very wrong, in not letting me know of your mother's necessities. She was a widow indeed. But now she is above the reach of every thing. O for patience to wait till we are sent for to that place, where the weary are at rest! I am weary of the world, of the church, and of myself. But Jesus will not leave us in the latter stages of our road. Blessed be his name, we have had pleasant seasons at *Bristol*, and two good gales here. I cannot get up to *London* till near *Christmas-day*. As affairs are circumstanced, every thing there tends to weigh me down. O that patience may have its perfect work! Let me always know your wants. It is your own fault if you lack any thing, whilst I have a farthing. You and your friend must prepare a great entertainment; for I intend dining with you when I come to town. Ere long we shall sit down and eat bread in our heavenly Father's kingdom. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! I know who joins in saying, Amen! with, my dear old faithful friend and servant,

Yours, &c. for Christ’s sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Plymouth, December 5, 1762.

My dear steady Friend,

I MUST not be out of town, without sending my dear Mr. *K——n* a few loving lines. Blessed be God for a few steady friends! they are rarities even in the church of God. But the church is in a wilderness; ere long it will be in *Canaan*. No briars or thorns there. All glory be to Him who hath prepared such a rest for the purchase of his blood. Amen. *Hallelujah!* You will be glad to hear, that both here and at *Bristol*, souls are under real awakenings. Though I preach in much weakness, an infinitely condescending Jesus vouchsafes to come down in glorious gales of his blessed Spirit. This is all in all. But these are only streams. Ere long we shall drink at the fountain head. Do you not long to leap your seventy years? Blessed be God, we are nearer and nearer. Fly, fly, O time! welcome, welcome long wished for eternity! But I must not enlarge. We are going to the Lord's table. Adieu!

Hearty love awaits your whole self. In heaven I will thank you for all favours conferred upon, my dear friend,

Yours in the Friend of sinners,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXVI.

To Mr. A—— K——.

Bristol, December 12, 1762.

THROUGH divine mercy, we got here yesterday about three in the afternoon, all well, excepting that I lost my watch in the way. If it teacheth me to be more on my watch in the best things, it will be rather a gain. Lord, help me in every thing to give thanks! I do not repent my *Plymouth* journey. Thanks to all for their great kindnesses. Thanks, eternal thanks to the God of all, for giving us his presence! It is better than life. I have not yet seen your daughter, but I hear she is well. Tell *Sarah* not to murder so dear a child. Hugging to death is cruelty indeed. You will take the hint about my little servitor. I charge you both, as you will answer it at the bar of God, to teach them to be servant like, but not servile. Adieu! I must away to sacrament. O for such a one as we had last *Sunday*! I felt, I felt parting! O for the time when we shall part no more! Tender love to Mr. *S*——, his mother, brother, Mr. *D*——, and all; your servants not excepted. *Sarah*,

adieu! Mind and get up in a morning to pray, before you get into shop. I make no apology for this, because you are a friend to, my dear man,

Yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Thursday evening. January 15, 1763.

My dear Friend,

DO meet me to-morrow by two o'clock, or rather one, at Mr. *B——n*'s, at *Cannonbury-house*. I have something of importance to communicate. Not to keep you in suspense, it is to beseech you, jointly with Mr. *H——y* and Mr. *B——n*, as trustees, to take upon you the whole care, both inward and outward, of the affairs of *Tottenham-court* chapel and tabernacle, and all other my concerns in *England*: this one thing being settled, I have nothing to retard my visit to *America*, to which I think there is a manifest call at this time, both as to the bracing up my poor feeble crazy body, and adjusting all things relating to *Bethesda*. O that the Lord may incline your heart to accept this trust! It will take off this ponderous load that oppresses me much. Consider, dear Sir, it is for God! for whose glory, I am convinced that you and my other dear friends have a single eye and disinterested heart. O may he richly reward you for this and all your labours of love! Fail not of

meeting me at the time and place above-mentioned. Mr. *H——y* and Mr. *H—— D——s*, God willing, will be there. The Lord Jesus be with us all! My dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. indeed and indeed, in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Leeds, March 6, 1763.

My very dear Friend,

YOU have heard, I suppose, of my progress to, and employ at *Everton*. Jesus was there. Last *Thursday* evening we came to these parts, where I have preached twice, and been closely employed in writing my little piece entitled, *Observations, &c.* in answer to the Bishop of *Gloucester*. Perhaps a day or two more may compleat it. Say nothing, but pray on. The next letters may be directed to *Edinburgh*, under cover to —— *H——n*, Esq.; Post-Master general. You shall hear, God willing, when I have fixed upon a ship. And I know you will pray that Jesus may be my convoy.

Only Thou our leader be,

And we still will follow Thee.

I could enlarge, but must away to my throne. Tell all at Tabernacle and Chapel, where this leaves me. I send them and your whole self most tender

love, and ten thousand thanks; and beg you would add to my obligations by praying for, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

Postscript, *To Mr. J——e*.

My dear Sir,

ACCEPT a few lines from an old friend that loves you and yours dearly. I would not be given to change, but, like my Master, love to the end. His blessing be on you both! Accept thanks unfeigned for all favours, and cease not to pray for, my very dear Mr. *J——*,

Yours, &c. in Ours,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXIX.

To Mrs. M——.

Newcastle, March 13, 1763.

Dear Mrs. M——,

IT hath given me concern, since I left town, that through bodily weakness, multiplicity of business, and pain of parting, I forgot to answer your request about your deceased son. If not too late, something like this may be inserted:

"Near this place lies interred, *William Middleditch*, aged twelve years, a desirable promising child; but an all-wise God thought proper to remove him ——, 1762. His surviving parents desire to subscribe to the divine will, and to say, The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord."

Ere long somebody will be writing an epitaph for our tombs. Change of place doth not change my sentiments. "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," is the constant language of my heart. This leaves me thus far advanced

towards *Scotland*, where just such a ship as I want awaits me. How good is Jesus! Fain would I sing,

Lord, obediently I go,

Gladly leaving all below.

I am sorry to find by the papers that Mr. *B*—— is taken up. To take no notice would be the best method. A prison or outward punishment is but a poor cure for enthusiasm, or a disordered understanding. It may increase but not extinguish such an *ignis fatuus*. Lord Jesus, give us all a right judgment in all things! Farewell. Brethren, pray for us. We have had pleasant seasons at *Everton*, *Leeds*, *Aberford*, *Kippax*, and here. Tender love to all that are so kind as to enquire after a worthless worm. That you may be so supplied as not to miss me one moment, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *M*——,

Your sincere friend and ready servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXX.

To Mr. S——.

Newcastle, March 13, 1763.

My very dear Friend,

I CANNOT go further, without dropping you a few lines. They leave me thus far advanced in my journey to *Scotland*. My friends write me word, that the ship *Jenny*, Captain *Orr*, a very discreet person, sails from *Greenock* to *Boston* the middle of *April*. You will pray, that the God of the sea and dry land will give me a safe, and, if agreeable to his will, a speedy passage. On the road we have been favoured with some sweet seasons. I have preached at *Everton*, *Leeds*, *Kippax*, *Aberford*, and this place. Next sabbath I hope to be at *Edinburgh*. On my way, I was enabled to finish a little thing in answer to the present Bishop of *Gloucester*. If my friends think proper to print it, you will find a parting testimony left behind me for the good old Puritans and free-grace Dissenters, whom he sadly maligns. Bless it, glorious *Emmanuel*, and it shall be blessed! Follow me, follow me, my very dear Sir, with your constant prayers. Mine will always be

ascending for you and yours. Indeed I owe you much love! You have often strengthened my hands in the Lord. Fain would I sing,

Lord, obediently I go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou my leader be,
And I still will follow Thee.

And now, my dear friend, farewell. Ere long we shall meet in a better climate, where

Pain and sin and sorrow cease,
And all is calm and joy and peace.

Most cordial respects await dear Mrs. *S*—— and your daughter, if continued in this dying world. Expect to hear, from time to time, from, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXI.

To Mrs. W——.

Edinburgh, March 19, 1763.

Dear Mrs. W——,

I WAS quite concerned to see you so ill as I passed by you. I charge you to want for nothing. Speak to Messrs. *K——n* or *H——y*: they will supply you at any time. Do not be afraid to go to the Tabernacle house. I will own and stand by my dear steady and faithful servants and helpers. Such a one you have been. O for heaven! There are no thorns and briars amongst God's people there. May our present ones fit us more and more for that place where

Sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

Follow me with your prayers. Tender love to all the conference. I have no doubt of the Lord's being with them. God be with you all evermore! We have had good seasons at *Everton*, *Leeds*, *Newcastle*, &c. in the way. Grace!

grace! In about a month I expect to sail. A good stock of prayers in that time, may be laid up for, dear *Betty*, my old faithful friend and servant,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXII.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, March 26, 1763.

My dear Friend,

WHY not see each other once more? Perhaps, after my return from *Glasgow*, I may be here a fortnight. My poor tabernacle is so far restored, as to mount the gospel throne once a day. Perhaps the sea air may brace me up a little more: but after all, it is only like the glimmering of a candle before it goes out. Death will light it up in a better world. Work on, my dear son, work on. The night cometh when no man can work. O that I had done more for the blessed Jesus! O that I could think more of what he hath done for me! Never mind being counted singular. O that you may be more and more vile every day! Happy they that are safe landed!

————And happy, happy we,

Who soon their company shall see!

It is but *for a little indeed*. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! I know you will heartily say, *Amen*. Cordial respects await Mrs. *T——*. The *Edinburgh*

prescriptions were the most blessed to me. My spirits are much brisker than when here last. Grace! grace! O to lie low! Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Edinburgh, March 26, 1763.

My dear Mr. K——n,

I THANK you for your kind letter, and thank the Lord of all lords that matters go on so well. I am more than easy. The Redeemer hath directed my choice, and will bless, assist, and reward those employed. Ten thousand thanks to you all. You may act as you please with respect to Mr. ——. His attending the Tabernacle when I was well, and leaving it ever since I have been sick, doth not look well at all: but please yourselves and you will please me. Do not consult me in any thing, unless absolutely necessary. The Lord, I trust and believe, will give you a right judgment in all things. But O follow me with your prayers. On *Monday* I am going to see about the ship. Now we have peace abroad, Lord Jesus give us peace at home! I am sorry my little piece, entituled *Observations*, &c. is not come out yet. Tender love to all. My dear old friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXIV.

To Mr. W——y.

Edinburgh, April 8, 1763.

Dear Mr. W——y,

I THANK you for your kind remembrance in Mr. *W*——'s. Indeed I do not forget you. O that you may be a steady follower of Him, who was not ashamed of being called the carpenter's son! My prayer to him is, that you may be daily more and more built up in his most holy faith. But the way to heaven is a narrow way. No elbow room for our lusts. What a blessing this! Lord Jesus, make us willing to be made whole! Adieu. Tender love to all enquiring friends. I trust their prayers are heard. The Redeemer vouchsafes to smile upon the feeble labours of, my dear Mr. *W*——*y*,

Yours, &c. in Him,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXV.

To Mr. K——n.

Leith, May 14, 1763.

My dear old steady Friend,

WHY so fearful of writing a longer letter? The longer the better. Blessed be God, though disappointed in embarking, by reason of sickness, I can read, and write, and hope (notwithstanding a little cold, which threw me somewhat back this week) soon to get upon my throne again. The news about the congregations, you may well guess rejoiced my poor heart. Surely Mr. *H——* will not get to heaven before me too. What an age do we live in! Children thus to take the lead of their parents. Heavenly Father, not my will, but thine be done! I expect to-morrow's interview. A single eye will carry us through all. A catholic spirit is the plague of bigots. Lord Jesus, cure them of their bad distemper! I rejoice to hear that good Lady *H——n* is so supported. Pray remember me in the kindest manner to dear Mr. *H——y*. As I have not heard from him for two or three posts, I fear he is worse. Pray let him know of my sending this; and inform him of my having been able to

go upon the water to-day for several hours, and by land afterwards. Others can die, but I cannot. Father, thy will be done! What a God do I serve? Physicians, friends on every side of me. And what is all in all, the great physician comforting my soul. Thank, O thank him in behalf of a worthless worm. Tender love to Mrs. *K——n*, Mr. and Mrs. *B——n*, Mr. and Mrs. *J——*, and all dear friends, who are so kind as to be concerned for me. You will be very fine when all is painted. Blessed be God, I approve your conduct, and love your spirit. Lord Jesus, make us all glorious within! I must drop a line to dear Mr. *A——* about Mr. *H——*, or you should have more from, my dear old steady friend,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXVI.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Greenock, June 4, 1763.

My dear Friend,

A THOUSAND thanks for your kind letters. Jesus is kind. I am better, and just going on board the *Fanny*, bound to *Rapanach*, in *Virginia*. Yours to good Lady *H——n* is taken care of. I hear her daughter died well, and that her Ladyship is comforted and resigned. Blessed be God! Adieu. Follow me with your prayers, as being

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXVII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

Greenock, June 4, 1763.

STRANGE! that I should not see one whom I so dearly love. Dear Mr. *S——* will tell you the reasons. I expect to be called every moment. God bless and reward you and yours. The diploma was sent to *Edinburgh* to be signed by Mr. *Trail*, but hath miscarried. I wrote to Mr. *Hamilton* to send it by the *Diligence*, which is to sail in about six weeks to *Boston*. Expecting to be called every moment, I can only hasten to subscribe myself, reverend and very dear Sir,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

At Sea, July 15, 1763.

My very dear Friend,

I HOPE that this will find you and yours prospering both in soul and body. It leaves me looking towards *Virginia* but only as an harbour in my way to an infinitely better port, from whence I shall never put out to sea again. Through mercy I have been surprizingly kept up during the voyage, long but not tedious. Jesus hath made the ship a *Bethel*, and I enjoyed that quietness which I have in vain sought after for some years on shore. Not an oath to be heard even in the greatest hurry. All hath been harmony and love. But my breath is short, and I have little hopes, since my late relapse, of much further public usefulness. A few exertions, like the last struggles of a dying man, or glimmering flashes of a taper just burning out, is all that can be expected from me. But blessed be God, the taper will be lighted up again in heaven. The sun, when setting here, only sets to rise in another clime. Such is the death of all God's saints. Why then should we be afraid? Why

should we not rather by faith be looking through the windows of mortality, and daily crying, “Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming?” We had need of patience, especially when the evil days of sickness and declining age come. But we serve a Master who will not forsake his servants when grey headed. When heart and flesh fail, God, even our God in Christ, will be our portion and confidence for ever. Does my dear Mr. *S*—— repent that he served and worked for Him when young? Is dear Mrs. *S*—— sorrowful that he was the God of her youth? Or is Miss now thinking that she hath lately made a wrong choice? No, no: I will venture to answer for them all. Let us, therefore, love our Master, and not go from him. Who knows but our latter end may yet increase? If not in public usefulness, Lord Jesus, let it be in inward heart-holiness, that we may daily ripen for the full enjoyment of thyself in heaven! I know who says, *Amen*; I add *Amen*, and *Amen*! and so subscribe myself, with ten thousand thanks for all favours, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

August 24.

P. S. Since writing the above, we have been exercised by contrary winds, thunders, lightenings, &c. but out of all the Lord hath brought us, and we came within the *Cape* last night. Help me to praise him, O my friends.

LETTER MCCLXXXIX.

To Mr. P——ks.

Within Virginia-Cape, August 24, 1763.

My dear Mr. P——ks,

I FULLY purposed to write to you before my embarkation for *America*, but sickness prevented. However, I dearly love you, and often remember you before his throne, who I am persuaded hath loved and given himself for you. This he hath told you, and assured you of again and again by his blessed word and Spirit. Be not therefore faithless, but believing. O that this may find you rejoicing with that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. It leaves me longing for that blissful state, where sorrow and sighing will flee away. There, there shall we meet, and in spite of all the suggestions of Satan, and the desperate wickedness of our own deceitful hearts, ere long join in singing the song of *Moses* and the Lamb. Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it. Last night, but not till then, we cast anchor after near a twelve weeks passage. The last six weeks were very trying to my shattered bark. But Jesus is All in All. Help, help to praise him. To his

infinite and never-failing mercy do I commend you, as being, for his great name's sake, my dear Mr. *P——ks*,

Yours most affectionately,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXC.

To all my dear Tabernacle Hearers, that love the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity .

Virginia, September 1, 1763.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

THOUGH absent in body, the Searcher of hearts knows that I have been present with you in spirit ever since I left *London*. Glad, very glad was I to hear from time to time whilst ashore, that the shout of a king was among you; and it was my continual prayer whilst at sea, that the glory of the Lord may so fill the Tabernacle, that all who come to hear the word, may be constrained to say, “Surely God is in this place.” I doubt not of your wrestling in my behalf. Certainly it must be in answer to your cryings unto the Lord, that I have been dealt with so bountifully. For some weeks I was enabled to preach once a day when in *Scotland*, and I trust not without some divine efficacy. But my late disorder kept me silent for some weeks afterwards, and put me upon thinking sometimes, that my intended voyage would be retarded, at least for one year longer. Having obtained a little

more bodily strength, I ventured upon the mighty waters, and thanks, eternal thanks to a never-failing Redeemer, I have not been laid by an hour through sickness since I came on board. Every thing hath been providentially ordered, suitable to my low estate. A large and commodious cabbin, a kind Captain, and a most orderly and quiet ship's company, who gladly attended when I had breath to preach. Scarce an oath have I heard upon deck, during a twelve weeks voyage; and such a stillness through the whole ship, both on week days and the Lord's-day, as hath from time to time surprized me. Some concern hath appeared, but of what kind or duration the event alone can discover. The spiritual bread hath been cast on the waters: who knows but it may be found after many days. How it shall please my all-bountiful Master to dispose of me when I get on shore, you shall know hereafter. All that I can say is, (if I know any thing of my unspeakably deceitful, and desperately wicked heart) Lord Jesus,

A life that all things casts behind,
Springs forth obedient to thy call;
A heart, that no desire can move,
But still t'adore, resign, and love,
Give me, my Lord, my life, my all!

You will not forget to persevere in praying for a poor, worthless, but willing pilgrim, who dearly loves you, and daily rejoices in the pleasing reflection, that he shall ere long meet you in a better world, where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." Blessed prospect! Surely on the very mentioning it, you will break forth in singing,

Rejoice, the Lord is king, &c.

I will not interrupt you. Adieu. The Lord Jesus be with your spirits. Only when you have done singing, my dear fellow-labourers, my dear

Tabernacle-hearers, forget not to subjoin at least one petition, that whether absent or present, Jesus may be more and more precious to,

Your affectionate friend, and willing servant, for his great name's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCI.

To all my dear Tottenham-Court Hearers, that love the Lord Jesus Christ in Sincerity .

Virginia, September 1, 1763.

Dearly Beloved in the Lord,

THOUGH less than the least of all, and unworthy, utterly unworthy the notice of any, yet I cannot help thinking, but for Christ's sake you will be glad to hear of the goodness of the Lord extended towards me since my departure from *London*. Surely it was trying, to leave so many at each end of the town, who, I hope, will be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the great day. Indeed, after being taken ill of my old disorder at *Edinburgh*, and remaining near six weeks silent in *Scotland*, I thought of seeing you soon again: but having obtained help, I embarked, for the eleventh time, in the ship *Fanny*; and though we have had a long and trying, yet, blessed be God, it hath not been an unprofitable voyage. Often, often have I thought of my dear *London* friends, when I guessed they were assembled together; and as often prayed, when I knew they were retired to rest, that he that keepeth

Israel, and neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, would watch over them, and make their very dreams devout. How I am to be disposed of when on dry land, is best known to Him whose I am, and whom I desire to serve in preaching the gospel of his dear Son. Had I strength equal to my will, I could fly from pole to pole. Though wearied, and now almost worn out, indeed and indeed I am not weary of my blessed Master's service. O love him, love him, for he is a good Master, and doth not leave us when our strength faileth. Make him your portion, and he will be your confidence for ever. According to my present views, if able to do any thing for you, through his leave I hope to see you again next year. In the mean while, as long as I have breath to draw, it shall be my heart's desire and prayer to God, that the labours of the dear servants of Jesus, who are called to preach amongst you, may be so blessed and owned from above, that I may not be missed a single moment. May they, may you increase with all the increase, till you are all filled with all the fulness of God. When near his throne, if there be any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels of mercies, pray that the same blessing may be conferred, my dear fellow-labourers, my dear *Tottenham-Court* hearers, on

Your most affectionate friend, and ready servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCII.

To Mr. A——.

Virginia, September 7, 1763.

My very dear Mr. A——,

MANY more letters did I intend to write to you and other dear friends, had I not been prevented by storms, &c. for some weeks before our arrival. If enabled, I shall take care to pay them as I move from place to place. We are now on dry land. Christian friends, whom I never before heard of, were prepared to receive me: and I have preached four times. This leaves me in my way to *Philadelphia*, still visited with my old disorder, which I now never expect to drop, till I drop for good and all this body of clay, this body of sin and death. I suppose you are in like circumstances, as well as thousands besides, who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity. Well: He that cometh will come, and will not tarry. Blessed are all they that wait for him. I hope you are favoured with precious gales of divine influence. Tender love to all our dear fellow-labourers, and to all our dear hearers of every denomination, in every place. You will not forget a poor pilgrim, who,

though absent in body is present in spirit. Hoping to write in a few days to dear Mr. *Middleton*, &c. and wishing you and yours all that a blessed never-failing God can give you in time and eternity, I subscribe myself, my very dear old friend,

Ever yours, &c. in our precious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCIII.

To Mr. W——y.

Philadelphia, September. 29, 1763.

My dear Mr. W——y,

EBENEZER! Hitherto the Lord hath helped! I have been here above a week; but still an invalid.

Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long!

Poor *Wright* is taking his *American* seasoning. He hath the ague and fever. This prevents his writing. Inform his relations of it. He wants for nothing. When you write, mention nothing but what relates to the eternal world. I have no thoughts to throw away on the trifling things of time. Tender love to all that are travelling to the *New-Jerusalem*. There, if no sooner, we shall meet and praise the never-failing *Emmanuel*, for whose great name's sake I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Philadelphia, October 21, 1763.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

THE bearer, Mr. *R——d*, is a young sober gentleman, intended for the temple, and will be very glad to see and hear Mr. *Romaine*, and other gospel ministers. I hope all are flaming for God, even a God in Christ. Here are some young bright witnesses rising up in the church. Perhaps I have already conversed with forty new-creature ministers of various denominations. Sixteen hopeful students, I am credibly informed, were converted at *New-Jersey* college, last year. What an open door, if I had strength! But—Father, thy will be done! blessed be His name, I can preach now and then. Last *Tuesday* we had a remarkable season among the *Lutherans*. Children and grown people were much impressed. Grace! grace! If possible, I intend returning with Mr. *H——m* (now here) to *Georgia*. You will hear the determination by the next ship, that goes very soon. I wrote to dear Mr. *H——y* very lately, by way of *Bristol*. Tender, tender love to him, and to

all. I have scarce time to beg the continued interest of all your prayers, in behalf of, my dear steady old friend,

Yours, &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCV.

To Mr. D——, &c.

Philadelphia, November 8, 1763.

My very dear Friends,

MAN appoints, God for wise reasons disappoints. All was ready for my coming by land to you at *Bethesda*, with Mr. *H——m*; but several things concurred to prevent me, and the physicians all agree, that the only chance I have for growing better, is to stay and see what the cold weather will do for me. Fain would I say, however it may cross my will, *Father, thy will be done*! At present, I make a shift to preach twice a week. But alas, my strength is perfect weakness. What a mercy that Jesus is all in all! You will let me hear from you very particularly, by Captain *Bolitha*, or any other opportunity, either to this place or *New-York*. I want to know the present state of all your affairs in every respect. Surely the blessed *Emmanuel*, who hath brought me thus far, will give us an interview by and by. That it may be a very happy one here below, and a prelude to an infinitely more happy and never-ceasing one above, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Philadelphia, November 14, 1763.

My dear old Friend,

THIS comes by one Mr. *R——*, reputed to be a real Christian and an expert tradesman, but greatly afflicted with a nervous head-ach. He will be glad of some spiritual acquaintance. Fain would he have had me under his roof. I wish he may get help, but I think we have got our life warrant. Mr. *Cruttenden* I find is released; and a dear minister of *New-York* got free on *Saturday*. I am here yet, left behind, and now about to make my first excursion to the *New-Jersey* college. Twice a week preaching, is my present allowance. Many of various ranks seem to be brought under real concern. Physicians are absolutely against my going to *Georgia*, till I get more strength. Besides, it is doubtful whether the southern *Indians* will not break out, and therefore a little stay in these parts may on that account be most prudent. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! Accept my wonted

general salutation; tender love to all. You and yours will not cease to pray for, my dear steady friend,

Yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCVII.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

Elizabeth-Town, November 26, 1763.

My very dear Friends,

HOW is this? Am I come four thousand miles to winter with you, and like to be disappointed at last? I fear so; for alas, only by travelling thus far from *Philadelphia* in my way to *New-York*, I am quite fatigued. But I do not despair yet, if God gives me any strength. Pray hard, and who knows what a God may do? Dear Mr. *H——m* will best acquaint you with northern particulars. He leaves me this morning, but I hope to see him at *New-York* the beginning of the week, and to write more. O that I may come with him! Abba, Father, all things are possible with thee! Adieu! My dear friend is going. Cease not to pray for, and write to,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCVIII.

New-York, December 1, 1763.

My dear Sir,

HOW thankful should I be to the adorable Jesus, and to all that love me for his great name's sake, for the blessed contents of your last, dated *September 10*. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me praise his holy name! May this be only an earnest of good things to come, both in *England* and *Wales*. Ere now, I suppose dear Mr. *Davis* is crying *Gogunniant* in *London*. We are essaying to echo it back from *America*. Some very good impressions have been made in *Philadelphia*, and we had four sweet seasons at *New-Jersey* college, and two at *Elizabeth-Town*, in my way hither. Some said they resembled old times. My spirits grow better. But thrice a week is as often as I can preach. To-day I begin here, and have thoughts of returning with Mr. *H——m* to *Georgia*, but am fearful of relapsing by such a fatiguing passage or journey. The Lord will direct. Mr. *Cruttenden* is got above these infirmities; God be praised that he went off so comfortably! may our expiring hour be like his! Surprized am I indeed to

find that you have a little one coming into this world which others are leaving. Lord Jesus, spare root and branch, for thy own glory, and thy people's good! Lord Jesus, convert us all more and more, and make us all like little children! Tender, tender love to all that love him in sincerity. I would write to many more, but company, low state of health, and travelling, render more frequent writing impracticable to, my dear steady friend,

Yours, theirs, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

New-York, December 4.

SINCE writing the above, blessed be God, I have preached. Persons of all denominations seem to be athirst. Grace! grace! Desire dear Mr. *H——y* to look into the *Universal History of Arts and Sciences*, volume the second, page 436, for an account of Methodism, by a papist. God bless you all. Amen and Amen. I am just now told that the ship is going. Several other opportunities of writing will soon offer, which, God willing, shall be embraced by, my dear steady friend,

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCXCIX.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

New-York, December 7, 1763.

My very dear Friends,

WHAT a mortification do you think it must be to me, to part thus from, and not to accompany my dear Mr. *H——m* to *Bethesda*? Thus it was near twenty years ago, and yet I came, though he left me so ill at *New-England*. Assure yourselves, I shall come as soon as possible. In the mean while, I have desired Mr. *H——m* to assist in supervising and settling the accompts, and to give his advice in respect to the house, plantation, &c. &c. I beg you will be so good as to let me have an inventory of every individual thing, the names and number of the negroes, and what you think is necessary to be done every way. I would only observe in general, that I would have the family lessened as much as may be, and all things contracted into as small a compass as possible. And now once more adieu, though I trust but for a short season. My heart is too full to enlarge. I have not got the account of the children taken in since the first institution; it is left I believe in *New-*

England. I purpose going thither now from the southward. But it will be better to go to heaven. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Dear Mr. *H——m* will inform you of all particulars concerning the gospel ministrations of, my very dear friends,

Yours, ever yours, &c. &c. in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER MCCC.

To Mr. H——y.

New-York, December 8, 1763.

Dear Sir,

BLESSED be God, I am enabled to preach thrice a week. But such a flocking of all ranks, I never before saw at *New-York*. A great number have been to see me, and several come to me in the evening, as it should seem, to hear something of the kingdom of God. My stay here is undetermined. Perhaps it may be till *Christmas*. Many thanks are due to my *London* friends, for their kind assistance, from time to time, in carrying on outward matters, and particularly to those who were so ready to assist in compleating the tabernacle job in such an honourable way. All with you will continue to pray for me. I would write more, but amidst such a throng of company and bodily weakness, it is indeed impracticable. I now repeatedly send all my tender love; and still praying that all may be filled with all the fulness of God, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

New-York, December 16, 1763.

My very dear Friend,

I SEE by what you have done lately for the tabernacle, that you do not forget absent friends. I think you and yours are not forgotten by them, neither I believe are forgotten by the Friend of all. He remembers us, though he is advanced to so great a kingdom; remembers us in our low estate, and remembers that we are but dust. What a blessing this to worthless, ill and hell-deserving me! What a mercy, to meet with such a friend in the latter stages of our road! Surely he is altogether lovely. Having loved his own, he loves them to the end; witness his yet continuing to own the feeble labours of an almost worn out pilgrim. Every day the thirst for hearing the word increases, and the better sort come home to hear more of it. I must now go soon to *New-England*. Cold weather and a warm heart suit my tottering tabernacle best. The ship is going. God bless you and yours! I hope that all related, and all who are near and dear to you, are alive for God,

—a God,—a God in Christ; in whose great name, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

New-York, Deuteronomy 18, 1763.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

BLESSED be God, I am better in health than when I wrote last. Preaching thrice a week agrees pretty well with me this cold season of the year. I am apt to believe my disorder will be periodical. It was so with Mr. *Postwick*, who is now with God. Our turn must come by and by. Who would have thought Mr. *Robert Scot* would have went off so soon? Lord, what is man? O to be always ready! O for thousands to go forth to alarm a drowsy world! *New-Jersey* college is a blessed nursery; one of the purest perhaps in the universe. The worthy President and three tutors, are all bent upon making the students both saints and scholars. I was lately there for a week. The Redeemer vouchsafed to own the word preached. Some said it was like old times. Prejudices in this place have most strangely subsided. The better sort flock as eagerly as the common people, and are fond of coming for private gospel conversation. This is all of grace. O for an humble and thankful

heart! Perhaps I may soon go to *Boston*. I know you will pray that the glorious *Emmanuel* may accompany me in all my removes. That this may be the happy lot of your whole self, and of all dear enquiring friends, is the hearty prayer of, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours, theirs, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

P. S. I wrote to Mr. *Niven* last week.

LETTER MCCCIII.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

New-York, January 12, 1764.

My very dear Friends,

CAPTAIN *Bolitho* is returned, and not one line from *Bethesda*! Surely you were not informed of his sailing, or you expected to see me with Mr. *H——m*. That which lets will surely by and by be taken out of the way. Blessed be God, the cold braces me up a little. I am enabled to preach twice or thrice a week. Congregations continue very large, and I trust saving impressions are made upon many. Some students also in *Philadelphia* and *New Jersey* colleges, I hear are much awakened. O for a blessed gale of divine influences when we meet at *Bethesda*! From thence, or *Charles-Town*, I purpose to embark for *England*. But future things belong to Him, who (whatever may be our thoughts) always orders all things well. To his never-failing guidance and most tender mercy do I commit you all, as being, for his great name's sake, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Boston, March 3, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

AS I find by letters from my wife and Mr. *T—— C——*, dated in *October* and *November*, and by another from Mr. *D——t*, dated in *December*, that my friends had heard from me more than once, I was in hopes of receiving a few lines from you by the last *New-York* packet. But I suppose you thought I was gone to the southward. Providence shut up my way: I believe for wise reasons. The inclosed will let you see how matters went at *New-York*. Since leaving that place, a sweet influence hath attended the word at *Easthampton*, *Bridgehampton*, and *South-hold* upon *Long-Island*, at *Shelter-Island* also, and at *New-London*, *Norwich*, and *Providence* on the main land. At *Boston* I have been received with the usual warmth of affection. Twice have we seen the Redeemer's stately steps in the great congregation. But as the small-pox is likely to take an universal spread through the town, I purpose making my country tour, and then return to

Boston in my way to the southward. Invitations come so thick and fast from every quarter, that I know not what to do. I cannot boast of acquiring much additional bodily strength, any otherwise than as the cool season of the year helps to keep me up. Twice a week is as often as I can with comfort ascend my throne. The Redeemer vouchsafes to speak for himself there, and private conversation is greatly blessed. Thus the taper keeps burning a little longer: when extinguished on earth, it will be removed where it shall burn with uninterrupted lustre in the kingdom of heaven. Till I hear from you, and see what is determined concerning *Bethesda*, I cannot think of undertaking a long voyage. Sometimes I fear my weakness will never allow me to go on ship-board any more. But I will wait. I will endeavour to watch and pray, and doubt not but I shall hear a voice behind me saying, "This is the way, walk thou in it." In the mean while, I rejoice to find that dear Mr. *Davis* is come to his winter quarters, and do earnestly pray night and day, that he and all my dear fellow-labourers and hearers may increase with all the increase of God. Perhaps they may pray me over once more. Whenever the way is clear, I am ready to say, "Lord Jesus, lo I come." Tender, most tender love awaits you all. I must not enlarge, lest my affections should overpower this feeble frame. In heaven it will be otherwise. My very dear Sir, farewel. I must away to preach at *Charles-Town*, a neighbouring town to *Boston*. Hoping ere long to join with you all in praising God for evermore, I beg leave to subscribe myself,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Concord, 20 miles from Boston,

March 10, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

SINCE my last I suppose you have heard one way or another of my being in this dying world, and in some measure improved for propagating the glorious gospel. *New York* was *New-York* indeed. We saw blessed days of the Son of Man there. Since that, in my way to these parts, a divine influence attended the word preached in various places. And how would you have been delighted to have seen Mr. *Wheelock*'s Indians? Such a promising nursery of future missionaries, I believe was never seen in *New-England* before: pray encourage it with all your might. I also wish you could give some useful puritanical books to *Harvard-college* library, lately burnt down. Few perhaps will give such; and yet a collection of that kind is absolutely necessary for future students and poor neighbouring ministers, to whom I find the books belonging to the library are freely lent out from time

to time. You will not be angry with me for these hints. I know your ambitious greedy soul: you want to grow richer and richer towards God. O that there may be in me such a mind! But my wings are clipped. I can only preach twice or thrice a week with comfort. And yet a wider door than ever is opened all along the continent. A beginning is made in *Boston*. But as the small-pox is spreading there, I purpose preaching for a while in adjacent places. With what success, you may know hereafter. I send you and yours these few lines as a token of gratitude, respect, and love unfeigned; but must still beg you to add to my obligations, by continuing to pray for, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCVI.

To C—— H——y, Esq.

Portsmouth, March 23, 1764.

Very dear Sir,

HOW was my heart eased by receiving yesterday your kind letter, dated *October 22d*? If you and dear Mr. *K——n* will continue to manage when I am present, as well as when I am absent, it may give another turn to my mind. Who knows what a never-failing God may do in a few months! At present, my way is clear to go on preaching till I can journey southward. The inclosed will inform you what hath been done by one sermon at *Providence*, formerly a most ungodly place, forty miles south of *Boston*. At *Newbury*, which I left yesterday, is a stir indeed. On Lord's-day I shall begin here. O for daily fresh gales! That they may every day more and more increase with you and all your dear relations, and all dear friends, is the hearty prayer of, very dear Sir, in great haste, but greater love,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCVII.

To Mrs. M——h.

Portsmouth, March 30, 1764.

Dear Mrs. M——h,

I HAVE just now heard of your loss. Accept a few sympathizing lines. I hope those that are dead, died in the Lord: if so, we had need weep only for ourselves and for children that are left behind. You are now more at liberty for the Redeemer's work. I need wish you no greater honour than that you may be *a widow indeed*. Though desolate, she puts her trust in the Lord, and she continues in prayer night and day. This hath been your old employ. By and by you shall have nothing to do but praise.

O glorious seat! Our God our king,

Us thither bring, to kiss thy feet.

I hope ere now, that many more in the neighbouring market have thus begun their heaven upon earth. I hear God is with you at the chapel. Praise the Lord, O my soul! You will know from others, what cheer the Redeemer gives us in *America*. Good cheer, Mrs. *M——h*, good cheer. He rains down

righteousness; he rains down bread from heaven on the congregations. This supports (and at times overcomes) my tottering tabernacle. In heaven we shall have a glorious body. Hoping and believing that yourself and sister, Mr. and Mrs. *K——g*, and Mr. and Mrs. *W——*, with many others, will speedily meet there, I subscribe myself, dear Mrs. *M——h*,

Yours, theirs, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCVIII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

Boston, April 20, 1764.

My very dear Friends,

I WISH you much joy. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you both! It will, it will. Your match was certainly made in heaven. How do I long to see you! I have been at my *ne plus ultra* northward, and am now more free and capable of settling my affairs southward. When that is done, how chearfully, with a Christ in my heart instead of my arms, could I sing, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" I hope you are not offended at my giving a power of attorney to Mr. *H——m*. The Redeemer knows it was not owing to a distrust of any of you, but only in *case of my death*, that he might testify to the world the integrity of your actions, and the veracity of your accounts. I am persuaded he will not desire to interfere, but act and consult jointly, as occasion offers; and you will go on in your old way. O that I was assured of your stay at *Bethesda*! Of this I am satisfied, that you will not distress me by leaving the place destitute of

proper help. And I assure you, if I thought we should have the *least demur*, I would not come at all. My tottering tabernacle will not bear grief, especially from those whom I so dearly love, and who have served the institution so faithfully and disinterestedly for so many years. Verily you shall in no wise lose your reward. What I have in my view for *Bethesda*, may be better spoke of when me meet, than by letter. Lord Jesus, hasten the wished-for time! At present, by my late excursions I am brought low; but rest and care may brace me up again for some little further service for our glorious *Emmanuel*. A most blessed influence hath attended the word in various places, and many have been made to cry out, "What shall we do to be saved?" O for such a cry at the southward! Abba, Father, all things are possible with thee! To his tender and never-failing mercy do I commit you, as being, my very dear friends,

Yours most affectionately in the blessed Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Boston, April 25, 1764.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

YOU are a friend indeed. The Friend of sinners, the King of saints, will bless and reward you for all your works of faith and unfeigned labours of love. Nay, he will bless both you and your children. God grant, that roots and branches may all increase with all the increase of God. I find I can do but little for him, and by a late return of my disorder, was in danger of doing less. But, blessed be his name, I am recovered, and yesterday got upon my throne again. Words cannot well express the eagerness of the people to hear. I was meditating an escape to the southward last week; but *Boston* people sent a gospel hue and cry after me, and really brought me back. Lord Jesus, let it be for thy glory, and thy people's good! Blessed be his name for giving you so much prudence in the management of the Chapel and Tabernacle affairs, and for countenancing the ministerial labours at both ends of the town. *The burning bush* may still be our coat of

arms. By a ship that will soon be going for *London*, I purpose to write to you and dear Mr. *H——y* more particularly. I have very little time allowed to write this, lest the vessel should be gone. Adieu. Tender love to all. Ten thousand thanks, and most affectionate love await all mentioned in your last, and all who are so kind as to enquire after, and pray for, dear Mr. *K——n*,

Theirs, yours, &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Boston, May 19, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR letter by the packet came safe, but I fear you must write again. There can be no coming to *England* till I have settled *Georgia* affairs. Thither I cannot go till the fall: a few months will soon glide away. Your *Isaac* is well off. Of such is the kingdom of heaven. People here beg earnestly for a six o'clock morning lecture. I hope to get strength to gratify them. To be able to do what you say, will fully satisfy! I would fain die preaching. Tender love to all. By the next opportunity your worthy collegue shall hear from, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXI.

To C—— H——y, Esq.

Boston, June 1, 1764.

Very dear Sir,

I HOPE this will find you safe returned from your summer tour, and laden with the fruit of God's everlasting love. You see where this leaves me. Friends have even constrained me to stay here, for fear of running into the Summer's heat. Hitherto I find the benefit of it. Whatever it is owing to, through mercy, I am much better in health, than I was this time twelvemonth, and can now preach thrice a week to very large auditories without hurt. Every day I hear of some brought under concern; and I trust, whenever I remove, a blessing will be left behind. This is all of grace. To the glorious giver, purchaser, and applier of it, be all the glory. All was well at *Georgia* in *April*, and I hope to be carried comfortably through the southern journey that lies before me.

Christ's presence shall my pains beguile,

And make each wilderness to smile.

In about a fortnight, God willing, I purpose to set forward. It will be hard parting. But heaven will make amends for all. Blessed be God that matters go on so well at *London*. If I get more bodily strength, I shall think of another voyage with more comfort. But future things belong to Him, who orders all things for the best. I would trust him for the present day, and not be over solicitous for the morrow. Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief! Perhaps we may meet once more on this side eternity. They tell me, that the Summers in these northern parts have of late years been very cool. The event will shew. Let it suffice that eternal truth hath assured us, that as our day is so our strength shall be. I know I shall not want your prayers, or the prayers of your dear relatives. Most cordial respects and ten thousand thanks await them all; for indeed none are forgotten by, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in the blessed Jesus,

G. W.

June 7.

Parting here hath been heart breaking: I cannot stand it. I must away for the southward. Mr. *T*—— *C*—— hath a packet that will be delivered by a friend. O for heaven! There all will be together with the Lord. *Hallelujah!*

LETTER MCCCXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

New-York, June 25, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

HITHERTO the Lord hath helped me. The *New-England* winter campaign is over, and I am thus far on my way to *Georgia*. Mr. *Smith*, my faithful host, writes thus: "Your departure hence never before so deeply wounded us, and the most of this people; and they are injudicious enough to propose sending a book full of names to call you back. Your enemies are very few, and even they seem to be almost at peace with you. I inclose five prints, which shew what is said of you publicly; but as to private discourse, and secret intercessions, you will willingly and modestly remain ignorant of the one, and, I doubt not, feel sweetly the influences of the other." I add, even so, Lord Jesus, *Amen*! To crown the expedition, after preaching at *New-Haven* college, the President came to me, as I was going off in the chaise, and informed me that the students were so deeply impressed by the sermon, that they were gone into the chapel, and earnestly entreated me to give them

one more quarter of an hour's exhortation. Not unto me, O Lord, not unto me, but unto thy free and unmerited grace be all the glory! At present my health is better than usual, and as yet I have felt no inconvenience from the summer's heat. Praise the Lord, O my soul! I write this in great haste, but with greater love to you and yours, and to all. I beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXIII.

To Mr. W——.

New-York, August 8, 1764.

Dear Sir,

YOUR last, I find, left you soaring aloft. I fancy you like being a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*. This, I hope, will meet you sitting low at the feet of Jesus, and hearing his words. That is the safest place. He continues good to me, a worthless worm, during this summer season. I have preached twice lately in the fields, and we sat under the blessed Redeemer's shadow with great delight. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord! In a short time I move southward. Perhaps in Spring I may embark for *England*. But future things belong to him who orders all things well. The *New-Jerusalem* is the place I have in view.

There sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is love and joy and peace.

Hearty love to your wife and all dear friends as they come in your way. God bless you all! In Him, who is all in all, I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXIV.

To Mr. D——n, &c.

New-York, August 19, 1764.

My very dear Friends,

I HAVE waited with eagerness for another letter. I want a particular account of the necessaries you stand in need of. They might be procured with advantage here or at *Philadelphia*. I hope you have received the things. Something more will be sent by *Schemerron* to the care of Mr. *H——m*. I hear another vessel is expected from *Georgia* soon. Surely I shall have a line then. I fear it will be the middle of *October* before I can leave *Philadelphia*; but, God willing, you shall hear more particularly soon. A never-failing Jesus continues to smile upon my feeble labours, and hath hitherto carried me comfortably through the summer's heat. Help, O help me to praise him. Pray for us. Tender love to all. Hoping to join with you quickly on earth, and in full assurance of joining with you eternally in heaven, in very great haste, but greater love, I subscribe myself, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

New-York, August 25, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

STILL am I kept as it were a prisoner in these parts, by the heat of the weather. All dissuade me from proceeding southward till the latter end of *September*. My late excursions upon *Long-Island*, I trust have been blessed. It would surprize you to see above a hundred carriages at every sermon in this new world. I am, through infinite mercy, still kept up. Dear Mr. *H——y*'s packet is not yet come to hand. I wrote to him and my dear wife very lately by a friend in the packet, and I have sent many letters for a letter-day to the care of Mr. *E——s* in *Bristol*. I thank dear Mr. *L——d* for his last by the packet. I wrote to him just before his came to hand. Tender, tender love to your whole self and to all.

Ever theirs, ever yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Philadelphia, September 21, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

YESTERDAY I had the pleasure of yours by the *New-York* packet, and can only in return send my repeated thanks for so many repeated favours. After a most solemn and heart-breaking parting at *New-York*, I am come thus far in my way to *Georgia*. There I hope to be about *Christmas*; and in Spring, God willing, to embark for *England*. Hitherto the Lord hath helped. However, let what will become of the substance, in the mean while I send you my shadow. The painter, who gave it me, having now the ague and fever, and living a hundred miles off, I must get you to have the drapery finished, and then, if judged proper, let it be put up in the Tabernacle parlour. One Captain *B*—— brings it in the *Philadelphia* packet, and would most gladly have brought the original over. If you see him, take a little notice of him. I have only preached twice here, but the influence was deep indeed. Grace! grace! Before my further removal hence, I hope for an

opportunity of writing to dear Mr. *H——y*. Two such friends surely could not be picked out, for the *London* affairs. Tender, most tender love awaits him and all of you. God bless you! God bless you! I am really better in health than I have been these three years. Excuse my not writing to other dear friends; the ship is going, my hands full of business, and I have little more time allowed me than to return you ten thousand thanks, and subscribe myself,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

September 23.

Within a few days, but not before, I received the hymn books, and hope to write to other friends in a few days by way of *Londonderry*. This day has been a good day indeed. Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCXVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Nassau-Hall, September 25, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

AT length I am broke loose from my summer's retreat, and have preached twice at *Philadelphia*. Many could say, "This was no other than the house of God, the gate of heaven." Yesterday I came here, to preach at the commencement to-morrow. Surely it is one of the best regulated institutions in the world. But most importunate calls come from every quarter. So large is the range, that although I have been a twelvemonth in *America*, I have scarce begun to begin. At present I can only go strait forward, and preach in my way to *Georgia*. There I hope to be about *Christmas*. God knows how I am to be disposed of afterwards: whether to *England*, or to take another tour on the continent, is best known to Him who orders all things well.

To feel his power, to hear his voice,

To taste his love, be all my choice.

Through infinite mercy my bodily health is somewhat improved. Perhaps a few more months itinerating might improve it more. Father, thy will be done! You and yours, I trust, prosper both in soul and body. Tender love and hearty thanks await you, and all enquiring friends. If the person in Mr. *D——t*'s compting-house, would go over to *New-York*, he might get a very handsome maintenance in teaching young gentlemen and ladies to read well. O what new scenes open in this new world. In every place the word hath run and been glorified. I could enlarge, but am interrupted. You and yours will continue to pray for me. I retain my old name. I am the chief of sinners, less than the least of all saints, but for Christ's sake, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

October 3.

Since writing the above I have received your kind letter. Blessed be God that you and yours are so well in the best sense. The books may be committed to the care of Mr. *Mauduit*, agent for *New-England*. That will give you least trouble. It is a good charity. Lord Jesus, accept and bless it. *Amen*, and *Amen*!

LETTER MCCCXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Philadelphia, October 19, 1764.

My very dear Friend,

ACCEPT a few more lines before I set off for my southern tour. My last, in which was a letter for my wife, left *New-York* last *Sunday*. The enclosed will inform you a little of my late motions. Pray tell dear Mr. *H——y* that Dr. *S——*, the Provost of the *Philadelphia* college, read prayers for me, and attended me backwards and forwards. Both the present and late Governor, with the head gentlemen of the city, were present, and cordial thanks were sent to me from all the Trustees, for speaking for the children, and countenancing the institution. This is all of God. To me nothing belongs but shame and confusion of face. O for a truly guileless and *Israelitish* heart! It will be found to be the best policy at the great day. More good news await you in a packet of letters directed to you, and committed to the care of Captain *Sparks*, of the *Elizabeth* and *Mary*. I believe he will deliver them himself; if not, you may send for them. On the reading, I am apt to believe

you will think it is almost sinful not to take another tour. Lord Jesus, do thou direct my goings in thy way! He will, he will. But what is become of *T—— C——*? Mr. *R——* my worthy host wrote to him many months ago, about being admitted a member of the society for distributing books among the poor. Not a word of answer yet. Many more want to be members. In a day or two, God willing, I set off for my beloved *Bethesda*. O what blessings have we received in this place. You will join in crying, *Hallelujah*, the Lord reigneth, and blessed be the God of our salvation! To his never-failing mercy do I commend you, as being, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXIX.

To C—— H——y, Esq.

New-Brunswick, North-Carolina, November 22, 1764.

My very dear Sir,

THROUGH the tender mercy of a never-failing Redeemer, I am thus far advanced from *Philadelphia* through *Virginia*, in my way southward. At *Newburn* last *Sunday*, good impressions were made. Several gentlemen after sermon escorted me out of town. From that place to this, I have met with what they call *New-lights* almost every stage. At *Lockwood's-Folly* (an unlikely place as *Rome* itself) there is to be a general rendezvous of them. This is grace indeed. I am to call to-morrow on a wealthy planter that seems to lead the van. There I shall enquire more particulars. I have the names of six or eight of their preachers. This, with every other place, being open and exceedingly desirous to hear the gospel, makes me almost determine to come back early in the spring. Surely the *Londoners*, who are fed to the full, will not envy the poor souls in these parts, who scarce know the right hand from the left. As to spiritual things, a few gospel crumbs in journeying,

upon the whole, agrees with me. In less than a week I hope to reach *Charles-Town*; from thence I purpose to write again. Tender love to Mr. and Mrs. *B*——, and to your whole connections, and all dear dear friends who pray for, and enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXX.

To Mr. J——.

Charles-Town, December 2, 1764.

My dear Mr. J——,

THOUGH I have not had a line from you, since I wrote to you from on board ship, yet I do not forget our old friendship, and therefore was glad to hear by my wife's letter, that you kept your place in the despised tabernacle, where you and yours have so often met with God. Ere long we shall meet in an upper world,

Where sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

I hope you both enjoy large anticipations of this approaching, uninterrupted, everlasting bliss. Ill and hell-deserving as I am, a never-failing *Emmanuel* continues kind to me,

His presence doth my pains beguile,

And makes the wilderness to smile.

In a little above a month we came by land from *Philadelphia*. This morning I am to preach, and to-morrow, God willing, shall set forwards for *Georgia*. Fain would I be a pilgrim to my last gasp. Continue to pray for me, and remember me most kindly to all friends, as they come in your way, and assure yourselves, my dear Mr. and Mrs. *J——*, that neither of you are forgotten by,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXI.

To C—— H——y, Esq.

Savannah, December 19, 1764.

My very dear Sir,

THIS leaves me sitting, where I would be glad dear Mr. *H——y*, *K——n*, *B——n*, &c. were for some moments. They would say, never was a place more commodiously situated for a college. The enclosed will shew you what providential steps have been taken towards it. All done without the least hesitation. The colony is rising very fast, nothing but plenty at *Bethesda*, and all arrears, I trust, will be paid off before I leave it; so that in a short time I hope to be free from these outward incumbrances. Lord Jesus, shew me whether I must go directly to *England*, or make another northern excursion. I wish, if I do come over, that Mr. *D——n* was engaged to stay always in town. Mr. *D——s* seems to come, only because I am not in *London*. My spirits will not bear the usual care. I hope your dear relations are better than when you wrote last. Most cordial respects await them, and all dear, very dear friends. I am obliged to Mr. *L——d* for his favour dated

September 24. It came to hand yesterday. I wish the voyage may produce a volume of sermons; but I cannot write when I will. Lord Jesus, do thou rule both heart and hand! Great favour is here given me, in the sight of all. This is the Lord's doing. In my next you may expect many more particulars. Mr. *D——n* hath chartered a ship, and sent orders for my having a passage *gratis*. Thus the great God continues his unmerited goodness to, my very dear Sir,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Bethesda, January 14, 1765.

My very dear Friend,

THROUGH tender mercy, I have been in this province above five weeks. All things, in respect to *Bethesda*, went on successfully. God hath given me great favour in the sight of the governor, council, and assembly. A memorial was presented for an additional grant of lands, consisting of two thousand acres. It was immediately complied with. Both houses addressed the Governor in behalf of the intended college. As warm an answer was given; and I am now putting all in repair, and getting every thing ready for that purpose. Every heart seems to leap for joy, at the prospect of its future utility to this and the neighbouring colonies. The only question now is, whether I should embark directly for *England*, or take one tour more to the northward? He that holdeth the stars in his right hand, will direct in due time. I am here in delightful winter quarters. Peace and plenty reign at *Bethesda*. His Excellency dined with me yesterday, and expressed his

satisfaction in the warmest terms. Who knows how many youths may be raised up for the service of the ever-loving and altogether lovely Jesus? Thus far however we may set up our *Ebenezer*. Hitherto the bush hath been burning, but not consumed.

Blest is faith that waits God's hour,

Blest are saints that trust his power.

Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief! You and yours will continue to pray for me. Be pleased to accept this as a small token of acknowledgment for all favours conferred upon, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXIII.

To Mr. P——e.

Bethesda, February 3, 1765.

My dear Mr. P——e,

YOUR kind letter lies by me. Love unfeigned constrains me to answer it. We have just been wishing that some of our *London* friends were here. We have love feasts every day. Nothing but peace and plenty reign in *Bethesda*, this house of mercy. God be praised, for making the chapel such a *Bethel*. I believe it will yet be a gate of heaven to many souls. Whether we live or die, we shall see greater things. Remember, my dear friend, to ask something worthy of a God to give. Be content with nothing short of himself. His presence alone, can fill and satisfy the renewed soul. Trials only empty the heart, and thereby make way for further communications from above. Seed time and harvest, summer and winter, will always succeed each other here. Do you not find it so, dear Mr. and Mrs. *A——r*, as well as your friend Mr. *P——e*? Though you do not write, I will venture to answer for you—Yes.—Well, then let us go on, till we enter into our

eternal summer, our uninterrupted harvest. Haste we, haste we; the Lord is at hand! Pray that my tardy pace may be quickened; get all enquiring friends to join with you; and believe me to be, my dear Mr. *P——e*,

Yours, &c. in our sympathizing Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bethesda, February 13, 1765.

My very dear Sir,

A FEW days more, and then farewel *Bethesda*, perhaps for ever. Affairs, as to me, I trust are now brought near a close. The within audit I sent to the G——r. Next day came Lord *J. A. G——n*, to pay his Excellency a visit. Yesterday morning, they with several other gentlemen favoured me with their company to breakfast. But how was my Lord surprized and delighted! After expressing himself in the strongest terms, he took me aside, and informed me, "that the G——r had shewn him the accompts, by which he found what a great benefactor I had been: that the intended college would be of the utmost utility to this and the neighbouring provinces; that the plan was beautiful, rational, and practicable; and that he was persuaded his M——y would highly approve of, and also favour it, with some peculiar marks of his royal bounty." At their desire I went to town, and dined with him and the G——r at *Savannah*. On *Tuesday* next, God willing, I move

towards *Charles-Town*, leaving all arrears paid off, and some cash in hand, besides the last year's whole crop of rice, some lumber, the house repaired, painted, furnished with plenty of cloathing, and provision till next crop comes in, and perhaps some for sale. Messrs. *D——n*, *S——k*, and their wives, stay till my successors come to supply their places. Only a few boys will be left, and two of them are intended for the foundation. So that this year they will be getting rather than expending. Near ten, boys and girls, have been put out, and the small-pox hath gone through the house, with the loss of about six negroes and four orphans. Before which, I think not above four children have been taken off these twenty-four years. As an acknowledgment of Mr. and Mrs. *D——n*'s faithfulness and care, I have made them a present of a bill of exchange drawn upon you. It is for Jesus, who shed his dear and precious blood for ill and hell-deserving me. And now it may be, I may see *England* this summer. But still I cry, who shall roll away the stone? Jesus will do it for me. And now farewel, my beloved *Bethesda*; surely the most delightfully situated place in all the southern parts of *America*. I do not forget your dear relations. What a blessed winter have I had! Peace, and love, and harmony, and plenty, reign here. Mr. *W——t* hath done much in a little time. All are surprized at it. But he hath worked night and day, and not stirred a mile for many weeks. Help, help, my dear *English* friends, to pray me over, as being, for Christ's sake, my very dear Sir,

Ever yours, theirs, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Savannah, February 18, 1765.

My very dear Friend,

YESTERDAY we had a most cutting parting at *Bethesda*; but blessed be God, for giving me to part from it in such comfortable circumstances! All arrears are paid off, cash, stock, and plenty of all kinds of provision beforehand, and under God, no danger, at least for this year, of going back; so that one great load is taken off. What shall I render unto the Lord of all Lords for this and all other his mercies?

Praise God, my soul, even unto death,

And raise a song with every breath.

And now my thoughts turn toward *England*. As a proof of it, I have sent a box in the *Friendship*, Captain *Ball*, directed to you. The things in the box, for the most part, do belong to Mr. *W——t*, and all of them, if I die in my way to *England*. That will be a blessed voyage indeed! Brethren, pray for

us, pray for us; and assure yourselves of being never forgotten by, my dear old friend,

Yours, theirs, &c. in everlasting bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXVI.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

Charles-Town, March 5, 1765.

My very dear dear Friends,

OFTEN have we thought, and talked of, and if it was lawful, wished ourselves at *Bethesda* again. No place like that for peace, and plenty of every kind. May this find you all enjoying God, and each others company, in a manner the world knows not of! It leaves me in my poor way, aiming to do a little for Him, who hath done and suffered so much for ill and hell-deserving me. People of all ranks fly to the gospel like doves to the windows. The word begins to fall with great weight, and all are importunate for my longer stay. But next week I expect to move. Captain *M——r*, though waited for near two months, is not yet arrived; Mr. *S——n*'s Lady comes with him, when you may expect a more particular letter. He sets off for *Georgia* immediately upon his Lady's arrival. The negroes shirts, &c. are in hand. O that those *Ethiopians* may be made to stretch out their hearts unto God! I feel a great compassion for them. Letters from the northward,

give sweet accounts of the spreading of the work of God; but I must not enlarge. So many various calls surround me, that I have scarce leisure to dispatch my private business. God bless you! God bless you all in soul and body, in time and eternity! The parting here hath been most affecting and awful. Several presume to prophesy, that I shall certainly and speedily see *South Carolina*, and my beloved, dearly beloved *Bethesda* again. I say heartily, Amen! What say you? I shall not wait for an answer. If the Lord Jesus say amen too, it will do. And now for the present, adieu. God bless you, and fill you all with all his fulness! Pray hard for us; pray, if possible, that the glorious *Emmanuel* would give me to see these parts once more. A blessed work, I trust, is begun. Grace, grace! Perhaps this is not a parting letter. You may hear from me more minutely by the Chief Justice; but who knows what a day may bring forth! *A——— H———*'s wife died suddenly, a few days before my return hither. Others taken, and I still left. Lord Jesus, quicken my tardy pace! On *Friday* next, God willing, I shall read prayers and preach in *Ashby-Ferry* church. Mr. *Z——y* hath preached well here. Dear, very dear friends, continue to pray for me. Indeed I pray for you night and day; and, God willing, this shall be the constant employ of, my very dear, very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Charles-Town, March 15, 1765.

My very dear Friend,

HITHERTO the Lord hath helped: I have had a most pleasant winter. The inclosed will shew you in what a situation I left *Bethesda*. To put the finishing stroke to that affair, I fear I must embark for *England*. Well may I say *I fear*; for indeed words cannot well express what a scene of action I leave behind. Alas! my *American* work seems as yet scarce begun. My health is better, and every day the word of God runs and is glorified more and more. In two days, my wilderness range commences afresh. In about six weeks I hope to see *Philadelphia*. From thence, they say, I am to set sail for my native country. But heaven! a blessed, long wished-for heaven, is my home. Surely, death will say by and by, "Come up hither." This, I trust, will find you and yours mounting aloft. God bless you, and all your connections! Indeed and indeed I owe you much, very much love. As a

pepper-corn of acknowledgment, be pleased to accept these few loving lines from, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Wilmington, Cape-Fear, March 29, 1765.

My very dear Mr. K——,

THUS far the Lord hath brought me in my way to *Philadelphia*, from whence, according to the present scheme, I purpose to embark for *England*. But I sometimes doubt, whether it is right or not. However, this is my comfort, that I serve a master who will not suffer the blind, that desire to know and do his will, to go out of their way. Hitherto he hath made the wilderness to smile! We had a most cutting parting from *Charles-Town*. I preached thrice in my way to this place. At the desire of the Mayor and other gentlemen, I shall stay till next *Sunday*, and then purpose, God willing, to go on my way. Indeed and indeed, this pilgrimage kind of life, is the very joy of my heart. Cieled houses and crouded tables I leave to others. A morsel of bread, and a little bit of cold meat, in a wood, is a most luxurious repast. Jesus's presence is all in all, whether in the city or the wilderness. I hope that you and my other dear metropolitan friends, in the

midst of all your noise, are always hearing that small still voice that whispers, “Love.” I think much of the late trial of my never to be forgotten friends at *Cannonbury-house*. Remember, according to promise, you will be kind enough to act as trustee, and all things are to continue just as they are, if it should please God to bring me to *London*. Now I am free, God keep me so for Christ’s sake. Tender love to all. I send them most cordial salutations, and intreat the continuance of their and your prayers, in behalf of, my very dear Mr. *K——*,

Theirs and yours most affectionately in our never-failing *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Newcastle, 30 miles from Philadelphia, May 4, 1765.

My dear Mr. K——n,

I AM just come here, in my way to embark from *Philadelphia*. But how shall I do it? Every where the door opens wider and wider. All along, from *Charles-Town* to this place, the cry is, "for Christ's sake stay and preach to us." O for a thousand lives to spend for Jesus! He is good, he is good! His mercy endureth for ever. Help, help, my dear *English* friends, to bless and praise Him. The letters by Captain *Ball*, I hear are sent from *Charles-Town*, in my trunk, to *Philadelphia*. I expect to receive them this evening. Thanks be to God, all outward things are settled on this side the water. The auditing the accounts, and laying a foundation for a college, hath silenced enemies and comforted friends. The finishing this affair confirms my call to *England* at this time. But I have no manner of prospect of being able to serve the tabernacle and chapel. I cannot preach once now, without being quite exhausted. How then shall I bear the cares of both those places? But I must

beg you and dear Mr. *H——y* to continue trustees when I am present, as well as in my absence. I wish that a ship was ready now, perhaps I may yet sail from *New-York*. I am praying night and day for direction. The word runs here, and is glorified. But the weather, for two days, hath been so hot, that I could scarce move. To-day it is much cooler. I dread the shaking of the ship. But if it shakes this tottering frame to pieces, it will be a trading voyage indeed. As Mr. *Blake* is not mentioned in your last, I hope he is recovered. Death will do this for us all. Blessed be God, for enabling young Mr. *Beckman* to face it so triumphantly! This must be a great cordial to the afflicted parents. That they, your dear relations, and all my tried friends, may be comforted yet more and more, is the earnest prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Yours, theirs, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXX.

To Mr. D——n.

New-York, June 6, 1765.

My very dear Friends,

ACCEPT a few loving parting lines. Next *Sunday*, God willing, we sail in the *Earl of Halifax* packet. No ship offered at *Philadelphia*. I am almost too weary to write. Jesus made the wilderness to smile! Grace! grace! I have received letters from *England*, dated *April 13*, in answer to those sent from *Georgia*. All say, you must come, or *Bethesda* affairs cannot be finished. Expect the first intelligence after my arrival. In the mean while, cease not to remember us at the throne of that Jesus; in whose great name, I desire to subscribe myself, very dear dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Plymouth, July 12, 1765.

My dear dear Mr. K——n,

PERHAPS I am arrived a little before the expected time. We have had but a twenty-eight days passage, in the *Hallifax* packet, from *New-York*, which got into *Falmouth* last *Monday*. I left the vessel near the *Lizard*, and by the blunder of a drunken fellow, missed the Post on *Monday* evening. The transition hath been so sudden, that I can scarce believe that I am in *England*. I hope, ere long, to have a more sudden transition into a better country. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! I want a gown and cassock. *Child*, in *Chancery-Lane*, used to make for me, and perhaps knows my measure. Amazing, that I have not been measured for a coffin long ago! Lord Jesus, thy will be done! I am very low in body, and as yet undetermined what to do. Perhaps, on the whole, it may be best to come on leisurely, to see if my spirits can be a little recruited. You may write a few lines at a venture to *Bristol*. dear Mr. *H——y* shall hear more particularly

the next Post, whatever rout I take. Had I bodily strength, you would find me coming upon you unawares; but that fails me much. I must have a little rest, or I shall be able to do nothing at all. Let no one stir to meet me, it being uncertain what rout I shall take. The Lord Jesus be with all your spirits! Ten thousand thousand thanks await you and your dear collegue, and all your dear friends, for all assistance given to, my dear dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, July 18, 1765.

My very dear Friend,

JUST now, with great joy, I received your welcome letter, I fear the post will be gone, ere this can be put in. Blessed be God, I am a little better. I have a fine commodious house, and am kept from much company. You will certainly know my rout. Indeed and indeed, I long to see my dear Mr. *K——n*, and my dear Mr. *H——y*. Stand, my friends, and insist upon my not being brought out into action too soon. The poor old shattered bark hath not been in dock one week, for a long while. I scarce know what I write. Tender love to all.

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXIII.

To Mr. E——s.

London, August 3, 1765.

Dear Mr. E——s,

I AM very weak in body, but gratitude constrains me to send you a few lines of love unfeigned, for your labours of love during my absence abroad. I rejoice to hear they were blessed. Our friends tell me, that the sound of your Master's feet was certainly heard behind you. To Him, and Him alone, be all the glory! Is not this encouragement, my dear brother, to go on, and to be instant in season and out of season? If God will work, who shall hinder?

Give us thy strength, O God of power,
Then let winds blow and thunders roar:
Thy faithful witnesses we'll be;
'Tis fix'd! we can do all through thee.

Thanks be to God, we do not go a warfare on our own charges; the Captain of our salvation will conquer for and in us. Let us but acknowledge

him in all our ways, and He hath given us his royal word, that “He will direct and prosper all our paths.”

Fix on his work our stedfast eye,

So shall our work be done.——

Our enemies shall be at peace with us, and the very ravens, birds of prey, shall be obliged to come and feed us. O for an increase of faith! I hope you have refreshing times from the presence of the Lord, among your own flock. May grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied amongst you! If the common interest of the Redeemer be promoted, I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. My earnest prayer is, that you, and all that labour in our Lord’s vineyard, may more and more be taught to give every one their portion of meat in due season; and may your rod blossom more and more! O to end life well. Methinks I have now but one more river to pass over, *Jordan*. And we know of one that can carry us over, without being ankle deep. How are Messrs. *G——th, A——ge*, &c. &c. *S——k* and his wife send cordial salutations. I left them labouring on their *Bethesda* plan, till the intended college is established. Yet a little while, and all true labourers shall enter into the joy of their Lord. Amen! *Hallelujah!* Cease not to pray for, dear Mr. *E——s*,

Yours, &c. in the blessed Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXIV.

To Mr. D——n.

London, September 6, 1765.

My very dear Friends,

I AM sorry that matters have been so ordered, as to confine you so long at *Bethesda*. But you have learned to believe, that the Redeemer orders all things well. Soon after my arrival, Lord *D——h* was put at the head of the board of trade. This will soon bring *Bethesda* affairs to a speedy issue. You will then be released. But indeed and indeed, in my judgment you had best keep where you are. You will soon repent coming over. Mrs. *R——l*, whose husband is lame, is utterly against your coming. But you must follow your own judgment. Though people flock more and more, and my health is better, yet I make no secret of it, that my heart is abroad. Mrs. *R——l* tells me strange things of *B——y*, and disagreeable things of *P——y*. O my God! shall I have no prize tickets amongst those I would willingly serve! Well,—the faithful nurse shall be paid, whether the child lives or dies. You therefore shall verily have your reward. Excuse enlarging. Captain *Gunn*

goes to-day. Mr. *Wright* sends cordial respects. My wife is gone for a little while into the country. God bless you! God bless you! More opportunities of sending will soon offer to, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXV.

To Mr. A—— K——n.

London, September 20, 1765.

My dear Timothy,

PRAY when are we to have the honour of a visit from you? I believe more than three weeks are elapsed since you came to *Bristol*. Mr. *Adams* is to be your collegue here. I purpose for both of you to preach at the chapel, as well as at the tabernacle. Write an immediate answer, fixing your time of coming; and you must not think of returning soon. Mr. *Middleton* sends me word, that he is blessed at *Plymouth*, and especially at dock, and that *Kingsbridge* Christians are lively. I hope it is so at *Bristol*. Blessed be God, it is pretty much so in *London*. Lord Jesus, quicken my tardy pace! Through his never-failing mercy, I have been better in health for a week past, than I have been for these four years. O for a thankful and an humble heart! My wife also returned well, last night, from *Bury*. She indulges this morning, being weary. But I take it for granted, that you and I rise at five. Mr.

Adams's room will be large for you to breathe in. I shall never breathe as I would, till I breathe in yonder heaven.

There sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

Adieu. Cordial love awaits all where you are, all at tabernacle house, and all that are so kind as to pray for, and enquire after, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXVI.

London, September 28, 1765.

My very dear Timothy,

THOSE that are *Timothies* indeed, shall be honoured of Him, whom they desire to honour, with a disinterested spirit. I am glad you find old *Jacob*'s prophecy to be fulfilling. "To *Shiloh* shall the gathering of the people be." Nothing is wanting at *Bristol*, *London*, and elsewhere, but labourers full of the first old methodistical spirit. But where to get them is the question. Those that are thus minded, are almost worn out. I would gladly fly to *Bristol* if I could; but I see that it is best to be here for some time. And indeed, things have always been at such a low ebb, when I have been at *Bristol*, and matters carried on with so little spirit, that I have generally come mourning away. If a few, such as Mr. *C——t*, would exert themselves steadily, and perseveringly, and proper preachers were sent, something might be done to purpose. But as neither of these things is likely to happen, my expectations are not very much raised. However, the residue of the spirit is in the Redeemer's hands. Our eyes wait upon Him. From Him, and Him

alone, all kinds of salvation do come. Fain would I have you up at *London* for some time, at this season. Mr. *D——r* expects to see you in a clerical habit about *Christmas*. He asked me, if I would get him a scarf? I answered, that you must have one first. You may guess how he smiled. However, I really intend you shall preach in the chapel. I want you also to read the letters, and give me leave to comment upon them, as my breath will allow. You may return by way of *Bristol*, or if *Sarah* is worse, go from hence. I thank you heartily for making the collections. Never was a cause kept up at such a small expence; "not by might, or by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." This be our invariable rule. God bless and prosper you more and more. If I have not tired you, I have almost tired, my very dear *Timothy*,

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

P. S. Since writing the above, I find providence calls me to *Bath*, to open good Lady *Huntingdon*'s chapel. God willing, I purpose to set out next *Tuesday*. You must set out for *London* the same day; otherwise, it may be, *Bristol* people will not see me. Adieu. Your preaching orders, as to time and place, you will receive at your arrival. That you may do Satan's kingdom much hurt, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear man,

Ever yours, &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bath, October 7, 1765.

My very dear Friend,

WHAT a providence (as matters have fallen out) that your *Bath* journey was prevented! Could you have come, and been present at the opening of the chapel, you would have been much pleased. The chapel is extremely plain, and yet equally grand. A most beautiful original! All was conducted with great solemnity. Though a very wet day, the place was very full, and assuredly the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls consecrated and made it holy ground by his presence. I preached in the morning, Mr. *Townsend* in the evening. Expect more particulars when we meet. My moving depends on Mr. *M——n*'s punctuality. I am to preach to-morrow night, and have hopes of setting off on *Wednesday* morning. God give us all grace to work whilst it is day! The time of sickness and lowness comes, when no man can work. Dear Miss *H——y* is happily fled from all. Happy, happy she. God

comfort all surviving relatives. They, as well as you and yours, are never forgotten by, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in Him who is all in all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXVIII.

To Mr. D——n.

London, October 26, 1765.

My very dear Friend,

ACCEPT a few hasty but loving lines. Your letters came safe. I thank God for their contents. In return I can inform you, that *Bethesda* matters are likely to come to a speedy and happy issue. We talk of my coming over again. It is not impossible, if my health admits. At present, blessed be God, I am better than last year. The word runs and is glorified in *London*. *Bet D——y* must not come here. You have not been so explicit as was Mrs. *R——l* about her. Instead of her, pray send over a barrel of rice or two, directed to Mr. *T—— C——a*, in *Winchester-street*, near *Moorfields*. Pray inform Mr. *H——m*, that I hope to send him some pleasing particulars by the next ship. I have much to say, but have scarcely a moment left to send you my hearty thanks and blessing, and subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. in the glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXXXIX.

To ——, at Sheerness.

London, January 18, 1766.

Dearly Beloved,

NOT want of love, but of leisure and health, hath occasioned you the trouble of writing a second letter. And now I am sorry to acquaint you, that it is not in my power to comply with your request. For want of more assistance, I am confined in town with the care of two important posts, when I am only fit to be put into some garrison among the invalids, to stand by an old gun or two. However, my former ambition still remains, and through the help of your prayers, who knows but this feeble arm may yet be strengthened to annoy the enemy? If others are blessed to do any execution, God forbid that I should hinder, though in all things they follow not with us. Let the Lord send by whom he will send. So that Christ is preached, and true evangelical holiness promoted, I rejoice, yea and will rejoice. God keep us all from flagging in the latter stages of our road! Lord Jesus, quicken my tardy pace! How little, my Lord and my God, have I done for thee, who hast

done and suffered so much for ill and hell-deserving me! Brethren, pray for us. Ere long we shall meet

Where sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

He is faithful who hath promised, who also will do it. *Amen! Hallelujah!* To his never-failing mercy do I commend you, as being, for his great name's sake, dearly beloved,

Your affectionate friend and willing servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXL.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, March 17, 1766.

My dear Mr. K——n,

THE uncertainty of my motions hath made me slow in writing, and a desire to be a while free from *London* cares, hath made me indifferent about frequent hearing from thence. In a day or two, I hope matters will be determined. If Mr. *S——d* comes, I have a mind to stay a little longer; and if dear Mr. *Howell D——* will continue to officiate, I have a mind to visit *Wales* for him. Last *Friday* evening, and twice yesterday, I preached at *Bath*, to very thronged and brilliant auditories. I am told it was a very high day. The glory of the Lord filled the house. To-morrow, God willing, I return thither again. Mr. *T——d* is too ill to officiate. If any urgent business requires, be pleased to direct either to this place or *Bath*. Pray shew my wife this. I hope no news is good news. I trust that the holy Spirit is moving in Mr. ——'s family, both on the heads and the servants of it. Many do think old times are coming round again. Pray tell Mr. *W——r*, that I think the

letters he hath sent need not go to *Scotland* as yet. I sent a packet thither last week. This I write in the midst of company. Lady *H——n* is mounting on her high places. I wished my two steady friends at *Bath* yesterday. Mr. *S——t* hath met with a great blessing. Pray, pray for us. All send due respects. *Tuesday* or *Wednesday* next I hope to write again to my wife. Cordial respects and love attend her, your whole self, dear Mr. *H——y* and sisters, Mr. *Howell D——*, and all that are so kind to enquire after and pray for, my dear Sir,

Theirs, yours, &c. &c. in our never-failing Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLI.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, April 25, 1766.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

NOT want of love, but of leisure and better health, hath prevented your hearing from me more frequently. I find I cannot do as I have done. But, through infinite, free, and sovereign mercy, I am enabled to ascend my gospel throne three or four times a week, and a glorious influence attends the word. People have indeed a hearing ear, but we want more preachers. I know the continual cry of your heart is, "Lord, let thy kingdom come." The prospect of a large and effectual door opening among the heathen, blessed be God, is very promising. Mr. *Occum*, the *Indian* preacher, is a settled humble Christian. The good and great, with a multitude of a lower degree, heard him preach last week at *Tottenham-Court* chapel, and felt much of the power and presence of our common Lord. Mr. *R——n* hath preached, and collected a hundred pounds, and I believe seven or eight hundred pounds more are subscribed. The truly noble Lord *D——h* espouses the cause most

heartily, and his Majesty is become a contributor. The King of kings and Lord of all lords will bless them for it. O what an honour to be permitted to do or suffer any thing for Jesus of *Nazareth*! Indeed and indeed, I want to begin to begin: for hitherto, alas! I have done nothing.

Whene'er you see a barren tree,

Then, O my friend, pray think of me.

Lord Jesus, make me willing to be made willing that thou shouldst dig and dung around me, that I may at length bring forth some fruit unto thee. However it may be with unprofitable, ill, and hell-deserving me, I trust your whole self and all my other dear *G——* friends are so grown as to become tall cedars in the spiritual *Lebanon*. I pray for, though I cannot write to them. Hearty, special love attend my dear host, and his yoke-fellow. If possible they shall hear from me soon. I hope all is well at *Cambuslang*. Blessed be God, all will be well in heaven. Yet a little while and we shall enter into perfect rest. He that cometh will come, and will not tarry.

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;

The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

I will not interrupt you. You want to say, *Amen! Hallelujah!* I only add, when upon the mount, put in a word for an old friend, who retains his old name, the chief of sinners, less than the least of all saints, but for Jesus Christ's sake, reverend and very dear Sir,

Your willing servant,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLII.

To W—— P——, Esq.

Tottenham-Court, May 15, 1766.

THOUGH at present in almost a breathless state, by preaching for the best of Masters last night, yet a weak worm hopes to be strengthened to give the holy sacrament at seven next *Sunday* morning, and, if able, to preach afterwards at ten. If good Mr. *R*—— and Lady will come at near seven to the chapel house, they shall be conducted to a proper place. I wish them a Pentecost, not only on *Whitsunday*, but every day, every hour, and every moment of their lives. Our privilege, as Christians, is not to be afraid of, but looking towards, and waiting for the coming of the Son of God. He expects that our lamps should be trimmed, our loins girded, and our lamps burning. There is oil enough in him, our glorious *Aaron*, to keep them so. It runs to the very skirts of his garments, even to the least member of his mystical body, and therefore to the heart and soul of, dear happy pair,

Your most willing servant for Jesus Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLIII.

To W—— P——, Esq.

Tottenham-Court, June 2, 1766.

WHAT a mercy, that God's elect, knit by the blessed Spirit, (that common centre of unity) in one communion and fellowship, can, though absent, be present with each other on earth! What an infinitely greater mercy, that they are assured they shall meet never to part again in heaven! This may reconcile them to all interruptions of mutual concern here below. My cloud seems to point towards *Bristol* and *Bath*; yours towards *Brighthelmstone*. All travelling the same road, all engaged in the same errand. How glad will the truly noble Countess be of the intended visit! How will the hearts both of the visited and visitors be made to burn within them! She meets with that, which all fond fathers and apostolic mothers in *Israel* must meet with; I mean, rebuffs from her spiritual children. That *monstrous doctrine of sinless perfection*, for a while turns some of its deluded votaries into temporary monsters. Happy they who strive to be holy as he who hath called them is holy, and yet are continually going out of themselves, and

relying only on the glorious, compleat, imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ. This hath a certain happy pair learned, and received Christ. Thus may they be helped continually to walk in him! They will, they will. The meek, the humble, hungering and thirsty soul will he guide in his ways. But what am I doing? writing a parting letter? The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace. So wishes, so prays, dear honoured and happy pair,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in an unchangeable Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLIV.

To Mr. H——y.

Bath, June 12, 1766.

LAST night we lay at the *Devizes*. This morning we breakfasted at *Shaw-House*, near *Melksom*, with Mr. *C——n*. In my way hither, I called upon Mrs. *E——n*. Her account of Miss *Winter*'s decease, was by no means unpleasant. She was taken suddenly, and though speechless, continued to smile upon all in a very remarkable manner, till the last gasp, which was with much struggle. Mr. *P——s* is left executor of the will. Being weary with riding, I think to stay here till after *Sunday* morning's sermon, and then shall set off for *Bristol*. The horse turns out exceeding well in every respect. I hope you, my dear Sir, got safe to *London*. That you and all your dear relations, and all dear friends in town, may, in the glorious *Emmanuel*'s due time, arrive triumphant in heaven, earnestly prays, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLV.

To Mr. K——n.

Cottam, near Bristol, June 19, 1766.

My dear Friend,

HERE I am, in a large vacant country house, where Mrs. *Wollaston* was last Summer. She hath got the start of me; but my turn must come by and by. As my feverish heat continues, and the weather is too wet to travel, I have complied with the advice of friends, and have commenced an hot-well water drinker twice a day. However, twice this week, at six in the morning, I have been enabled to call thirsty souls to come and drink of the water of life freely. To-morrow evening, God willing, the call is to be repeated, and again on *Sunday*. By that time, perhaps, the cloud may point to some particular corner. Dear Mr. *H——y* shall know in due time. Good seasons at *Bath*. Good seasons here. Large auditories. Grace! grace! I hope that my wife, and yours, and all dear friends, are well. Cordial love awaits them and dear Mr. *E——s*, and all who are so kind as to enquire after, and pray for, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. in Jesus,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLVI.

To W—— P——, Esq.

London, November 1, 1766.

Happy Heirs of the Grace of Life,

BY your giving young Mr. *R—— H——* hints about a proper direction, I have inferred, that a line, though from one who is less than the least of all, would not be altogether unacceptable. I am sure my poor prayers are continually ascending to the throne of grace in your behalf. I want to have you great, yea very great in the kingdom of heaven. Have you not found, by your heart's being warmed with the conversation of gospel ministers, that your heaven is begun on earth? Dear Mr. *F——er* is become a scandalous *Tottenham-Court* preacher. I trust he will come down into your parts, baptized with the Holy Ghost as with fire. Dear Mr. *R——n* hath been much owned in good Lady *H——n*'s chapel. Ill and hell-deserving I, am to go thither next week. Dear Mr. *M——n* is detained at *Aldwinckle*, by his children having the small-pox in town. The shout of a king is yet heard in the *Methodist* camp. The glorious cry, "What shall I do to be saved," is

frequently sounding in our ears. Had we more reproach, and were we more scandalous, more good would be done. Several promise well. Some say *shibboleth* with a good grace, and very proper accent; others, as yet, can only say *sibboleth*: but I have heard of one who can teach the tongue of the stammerer to speak plain. Good Lady *H——n* is an excellent school mistress in this way. The writer of the letter on the other side, seems to be an apt scholar. The person referred to, keeps house where dear Mr. *S——t* constantly expounds. He is in a consumption. What a mercy that such a confessor should be sent to prison! I want all the followers of the Lamb in general, and a certain gospel happy pair in particular, to grow higher and richer every day towards God. Time is short; eternity is endless; the Judge and judgment are at the door.

We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice;

The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

Amen! Hallelujah!

But I must have done. A dear company of ministerial cast-outs are coming to breakfast under my despised roof. It stinks too much for worldlings. If you would be so good as to let dear Mr. *Hill* see the *Oxonian* letter, it may be of service. Next *Tuesday*, God willing, I shall read an account of his servant's death. May the last end of every Christian master be like his! But I cannot die: cold bathing, and cool weather, brace up my tottering tabernacle. I hope that both to whom I am writing, enjoy thriving souls in healthy bodies. That they may increase with all the increase of God, earnestly prays,

Their, &c. &c. &c. in a once crucified, but now exalted Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bath, November 12, 1766.

My dear Friend,

THROUGH mercy I slept at Mr. *C——*'s, as proposed, but have been low ever since my coming here. *Bath* air, I believe, will never agree with me long. However, if good is done, all will be well. They tell me, that *Sunday* and last night were seasons of power. Some we trust were made willing. I hope you enjoy much of God in town. Surely *London* is the *Jerusalem* of *England*. Happy they who know the day of their visitation! Mr. *Whitaker* writes me word, that he is to be at *Exeter* the 18th instant: but I have no heart to draw with, or act for him, till the trust is settled in a proper manner. Besides, I see no opening here: and Mr. *S——t* writes me word, that the door is shut at *Oxford*. As I am so poorly, I question whether I shall go to *Bristol* at all. God help us to look up, and look out, and our path will be made plain before us. Remember me to all at Tabernacle, &c. &c. I hope to write to Mr. *F——r* to-morrow or next day, and also to Mr. *H——y*. I am

just now obliged to go out, and have only time to entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. in an unchangeable Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLVIII.

To the Same.

Bath, November 20, 1766.

My dear Friend,

ON *Tuesday* evening I preached at *Bristol* to a very crouded auditory, though the weather was very foul. Last night I administered the sacrament there also. We used near eight bottles of wine. I trust some tasted of the new wine of the kingdom. This morning, upon my arrival here, your kind letter gave me great comfort. I want just one week more to settle *Bristol* affairs; and have, therefore, written to dear Mr. *J——e* to stay two or three weeks at *London*: Mr. *D——s*, who they say is expected here next week, may then officiate for that space of time at *Bath*, and at Mr. *J——e*'s leaving *London*, may go up to town. *Satan* hath had leave to give Captain *J——s* a fine parting blow. Mr. *C——* may be dismissed immediately; and I beg that Captain *J——s* would go through with the Tabernacle work, and stick to it with his whole heart. I hear nothing as yet of the *Americans*. Letters may be reserved till my return. I hope at farthest to be in *London* by next *Tuesday*

se’nnight, and to preach at Tabernacle the following evening. I was afraid my wife would get cold by her late excursions, as at other times she is so confined. My hearty love awaits you all. Be pleased to shew her this. I am afraid that in my next to her, she will hear of the death of *J——— S———*. He is now ill of the present dangerous fever. O for a heart broken with a sense of sin! Then shall we look to Him whom we have pierced, and mourn. May this be our habitual frame! God bless you all.

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXLIX.

To the Same.

Bristol, November 23, 1766.

Dear Sir,

SUCH a numerous brilliant assembly of the mighty and noble, I never saw attend before at *Bath*. Every thing is so promising, that I was constrained to give notice of preaching next *Sunday*. I hope the Redeemer will give us a blessed sabbath. I trust already the arm of the Lord hath been revealed. Congregations have been very large and very solemn. O what *Bethels* hath Jesus given to us! We were filled as with new wine! O that God would make my way into every town in *England*! Methinks I long to break up fresh ground, and to begin to begin to do something for Jesus. I am just come here weary, but am going to speak a few words. This prevents my enlarging; but I could not refrain writing to one I so dearly love, and to whom I am so greatly obliged. God bless you! God bless you and yours! Accept most unfeigned love and acknowledgments, and still add to my innumerable obligations, by praying for, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCL.

To W—— P——, Esq.

At my Tottenham-Court Bethel, Six in the Morning, December 30, 1766.

My very dear Sir,

THE *Christmas* holiday season hath prevented my sending an immediate answer to your last kind letter. The order therein given shall be readily complied with, and the love therein expressed, returned, by praying for the writer's whole self, and the honourable, Christian, and ministerial circle with which they are at present happily surrounded with, *four Methodist parsons*. Honourable title! so long as attended with the cross. When fashionable, (and blessed be God there is not much danger of that) we will drop it. *Four Methodist parsons!* enough (when Jesus says, Loose them and let them go) to set a whole kingdom on fire for God. I wish them prosperity in the name of the Lord. *I pre sequar etsi non passibus æquis.* Fy upon me, fy upon me, fifty-two years old last *Saturday*; and yet, O loving, ever-loving, altogether lovely Jesus, how little, yea how very little have I done

and suffered for thee! Indeed and indeed, my dear and honoured friends, I am ashamed of myself: I blush and am confounded. To-morrow, God willing, and *Thursday* also, with many hundreds more, I intend to take the sacrament upon it, that I will begin to begin to be a Christian. Though I long to go to heaven to see my glorious Master, what a poor figure shall I make among the saints, confessors, and martyrs, that surround his throne, without some deeper signatures of his divine impress, without more fears of Christian honour. Our truly noble mother in *Israel*, is come to *London* full of them. *Crescit sub pondere virtus.* She is come out of her cell, with her face shining again. Happy they who have the honour of her acquaintance! Highly honoured are those ministers, who have the honour of preaching for and serving her. Good and honest and dearly beloved Sir *C——s*, and all your happy circle, male and female, I am persuaded are of my mind. O this single eye, this disinterested spirit, this freedom from worldly hopes and worldly fears, this flaming zeal, this daring to be singularly good, this holy laudable ambition to lead the van; O it is, what? an heaven upon earth! O for a plerophory of faith! To be filled with the Holy Ghost. This is the grand point. God be praised that you have it in view! All our lukewarmness, all our timidity, all our backwardness to do good, to spend and be spent for God, is all owing to our want of more of that faith, which is the inward, heart-felt, self-evident demonstration of things not seen. But whither am I going? Pardon me, good Sir: I keep you from better company. Praying that all (if you live to be fifty-two) may not be such dwarfs in the divine life as I am, I hasten to subscribe myself, most honoured friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLI.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

London, March 4, 1767.

My very dear Friends,

THANK God that you have been so providentially detained on your side the water. Indeed you would find it hard to live here. I would fain have you see *Bethesda* put on its college dress. That hour, I humbly hope, is now not very far off. What if we should have one more interview here below? Happy Mrs. *S——k*, that is fled to her mansions above. Blessed be God, that there are mansions prepared for us also!

O glorious King,

Us thither bring

To see thy face.

He will, he will, he will. He is faithful who hath promised; he also will do it. May faith and patience have their perfect work! Adieu, for the present. My feeble hands are full of work. The shout of the King of kings is yet amongst us, and hath been all the last Winter. Grace! grace! To this

almighty, never-failing grace, I most humbly commit you; and with repeated thanks for your steady, disinterested services, beg leave to subscribe myself, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jesus of *Nazareth*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Norwich, April 11, 1767.

My dear Friend,

STILL I serve a God whose mercy endureth for ever. Mr. *D——n* received us most gladly. As sweet a gospel excursion as at any time. The *Cambridge* interview, I trust, was of God. I met, within three miles of *Norwich*, with another clergyman of the establishment, who promises well. He heard me last night. It was a night of power: a large congregation. It will be too large, I fear, to-morrow, though the place will hold some thousands. I expect to preach twice in my way to town, which I hope to reach by *Thursday* evening. But I fear my Spring and Summer inward fever is returning. If so, my large intended plan of operations will be much contracted. But future things belong to Him who orders all things well. Remember me before his throne. Salute dear Mr. *H——y*, *D——s*, and *E——s* (if come to town) and all enquiring friends, and accept the same for your whole self, from, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLIII.

To the Same.

Rodborough, May 13, 1767.

My dear Friend,

MY new horse failed the first night; but, through mercy, we got here yesterday about seven in the evening. I was regaled with the company of some simple-hearted, first-rate old Methodists, of near thirty years standing. God willing, I am to preach to-morrow morning, and to have a general sacrament on *Friday* evening. Perhaps I may move after *Sunday* towards *Wales*; but must be obliged, I fear, to take post-horses. I care not, so that I can ride post to heaven. Hearty love to all that are posting thither, hoping myself to arrive first. This tabernacle often groans under the weight of my feeble labours. O when shall I be uncloathed! When, O my God, shall I be cloathed upon! But I am a coward, and want to be housed before the storm. It is nearer and nearer. Happy they who have fled to Christ for refuge! I could enlarge, but have only time to send you my most unfeigned thanks and most cordial love, as being, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in our glorious Head,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLIV.

To Mrs. M——h.

Gloucester, May 20, 1767.

Dear Mrs. M——h,

AND is the right hand at last cut off? How long, how painful the operation! How aukward, how uneasy to be without it! But hush, nature: it is the Lord's doing. His own right arm shall bring salvation; his presence shall alleviate the pain. Perhaps the loss of the hand, even of such a right hand, may, through the powerful influences of the blessed Spirit, give strength to their feet, and quicken them in their motion heavenward. The right hand of the Lord can, and I trust will bring this mighty thing to pass. Only say, "Abba, Father, be it unto me even as thou wilt;" the answer will be, "This is my will, even thy sanctification." But,

Wheels encircling wheels must run,

Each in course to bring it on.

Want of time forbids enlarging. I hope your daughter will be now a wise virgin indeed. We have had good seasons at *Rodborough*. I have been out

twice in the fields. Lady *H——n* hath been wonderfully delighted. She and her company lay at *Rodborough* house. Dear Mr. *A——s* is going to be married to a good Christian nurse. He is sickly in body, but healthy in soul. That you may enjoy a thriving soul in a healthy body, earnestly prays, dear Mrs. *M——h*,

Your sympathizing friend and servant for Christ's sake,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLV.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

Gloucester, May 21, 1767.

My very dear Friends,

SURELY your many favours demand a speedy return of thanks. They are all put down in his book, who is not so unrighteous as to forget any work of faith, or labour that proceedeth of love. This is the principle from which, I am persuaded, you act: and a blessed principle it is. It comes from above, and leads to above. Had I more of this, and bodily strength proportionable, how would I wing my way! How would I preach for my God! How would I

Strive to sing as loud as they,

Who shine above in brighter day!

Blessed be God, we have reason to praise him whose mercy endureth for ever. I have preached twice in the open air: thousands and thousands attended. I am going to preach here this morning in my native city. On *Sunday* I hope to take to *Rodborough* wood again. Good Lady *H——n*, &c. were wonderfully delighted. They honoured dear Mr. *A——s*'s house with

their presence. He is but poorly, and wants a nurse. Perhaps before next *Sunday* he may be married to a simple-hearted, plain, good creature, that hath waited upon him and the preachers near twenty years. She hath no fortune, but is one who, I think, will take care of, and be obedient to him for Christ's sake. You may let *Betty W——d* see the contents of this, upon condition that you with her cease not to pray for, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Gloucester, May 25, 1767.

My dear Friend,

I AM just setting out in a post-chaise for *Haverford-west*; and have, therefore, drawn upon you in favour of Mr. ——, for twenty pounds. This is expensive. But it is for one, who hath promised not to send us a warfare on our own charges. We had a most blessed season yesterday. Thousands and thousands, I trust, heard, saw, and felt. Mr. *Adams* preached in the evening on, "The Lord is my portion, therefore will I trust in him." A good text for a new-married man. I have advised him to preach next on these words, "The Lord's portion is his people:" he is now here. I expected a line. Be pleased to direct to *Haverford-west*. I beseech you follow me with your prayers. O that the Lord may be my strength. O that he may quicken my tardy pace, and make me all alive for his glorious interest! I could enlarge, but must away. My tender love awaits you and yours. The Lord Jesus bless you, and fill you with all his fulness. Thus prays, my dear steady friend,

Yours in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Haverford-west, May 31, 1767.

My dear dear Friend,

YOUR spiritual mind medley was very agreeable. I could wish for a second dose, but know not what direction to give about sending it. My rout is not yet fixed. I am just come from my field throne. Thousands and thousands attended by eight in the morning. Life and light seemed to fly all around. On *Tuesday*, God willing, I am to preach at *Woodstock*; on *Friday*, at *Pembroke*; here again next *Sunday* by eight, and then for *England*. I wish dear Mr. *H——y* present, to see the people:—but,—and there are so many other *buts* in the way, that I would not press him. Mr. *D——s* is returned in safety. I hope Mr. *B——dge* will not miss of his expected preferment. *Joab*'s hand is in the *G——h* scheme. Rooms are not so lofty or large, prospects not so pleasant, bedsteads not so easy, in these parts, as in some places in or near *London*, but all good enough for young and old pilgrims that have got good breath. Tender love to all. Let all join in prayer for us. I

have been pushing on dear sick Mr. *D——s*, to go out and preach six miles off. He is gone finely mounted, and I am persuaded will return in high spirits. Who knows, who knows but preaching may be our grand catholicon again? This is the good methodistical, thirty year old medicine. That you may live to see it revived, and tried a thousand and a thousand times over, is the hearty prayer of, my dear dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLVIII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——n.

Haverford-west, June 1, 1767.

My very dear Friends,

YOU will be so kind as to shew all manner of *Bethesda* civilities to the bearer, Mr. *Edward E——n*. I trust, he hath been truly moved by the Holy Ghost, to enter into the ministry. With him I hoped to have sent the charter, or rather brought it; but the hour is not yet come. You will be glad to hear, that I have strength to preach in the fields. They are yet white ready unto harvest. Hoping to put forth the gospel sickle again in my beloved *America*, and wishing you all to increase with all the increase of God, with ten thousand thanks for all your works of faith, and labours of unfeigned love, I hasten to subscribe myself, my very dear friends,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c. in the best bonds,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Gloucester, June 10, 1767.

My very dear Friend,

BLESSED be God, I am got on this side the *Welsh* mountains! Blessed be God, I have been on the other side. What a scene last *Sunday*! What a cry for more of the bread of life! But I was quite worn down. Blessed be God, I am now better than could be expected. To-morrow evening, God willing, my wife shall know what rout. I hope all are well. I expect dear Mr. *H——y* is gone, therefore I do not write to him. How it shall please the Lord to deal with me in my next remove, you shall hear. I count it my privilege to let you know all good news, because I know it puts gladness into your heart. It is food, it is physic, it is every thing to a soul that lives near to Jesus. O when shall I begin to live to Him, as I would! I want to be a flame of fire. I know, my very dear Sir, you will pray for me. I can never forget you or yours. I am, my very dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLX.

London, July 21, 1767.

My dear Sir,

I HOPE, ere this comes to hand, you will have taken your second degree. A good degree indeed: to be a preacher, a young preacher, a mobbed, perhaps a stoned preacher—O what an honour! How many prayers will you get when I read your letter at Tabernacle; and the prayers of so many dear children of God will do you no hurt, I assure you. When we are fighting with *Amalek* below, it is good to have a *Joshua* praying for us above. Jesus is our *Joshua*, Jesus is our intercessor; he liveth, he ever liveth to make intercession, especially for his young soldiers. Yonder, yonder he sits: whilst praying he reaches out a crown: at this distance you may see written in capital letters, *Vincenti dabo*. All a gift, a free gift, though purchased by his precious blood. Tell churchmen, tell meetingers, tell the wounded, tell all of this: tell them when you are young; you may not live to be old: tell them whilst you are an under graduate; you may be dead, buried, glorified, before you take a college degree: tell those who would have you spare

yourself, that time is short, that eternity is endless, that the Judge is before the door: but I can no more,—the thought overwhelms: but with what? with joy, joy unspeakable and full of glory. Good night! I long to hear particulars from ——. If you send me word that young —— is there, I will answer his letter that hath lain by me some time. My poor prayers await you all. God bless you! God bless you!

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXI.

London, August 6, 1767.

My dear Sir,

IT is late; but I must answer your request. The inclosed made me pity, smile, and rejoice: smile at the writer's worn-out sarcasms, pity his ignorance, and rejoice that you are thus called to be a martyr, a living martyr for our common Lord. Fear not, only go forwards; you know Jesus, and by preaching will know more. To him that hath shall be given.

For this let men despise your name,

You'll shun no cross, you'll fear no shame.

All hail reproach!

If you write *with all deference*, let him know that Jesus hath revealed himself not only *to* you by his word, but *in* you by his spirit: that you look upon those whom he is pleased to term *deluded* and *fanatics*, as the excellent ones upon the earth; and that you choose rather to suffer reproach with them, than to enjoy all the pleasures of sense, and all the preferments in the world. But why do I dictate? I trust you to the teachings of that Jesus

who hath said, “It shall be given you in that hour what you shall say.” Where doth this —— live? What is the —— he mentions? God grant it may be a nursery for what he calls *fanatics* so long as one stone is left upon another. One letter more I imagine will rid you of further trouble from this quarter; expect then attacks from another: but look to Jesus; he will make you more than conqueror. I thank thee, holy Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. Why me, Lord? why me? A sense of this distinguishing love will make you laugh at all that men or devils can say of or do unto you. Good night. I must away and pray for you. To-morrow Mr. ——, &c. breakfast with me. God bless you! Be of good courage: give no way, no not for a moment.

Ever yours, &c. &c. in an almighty Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXII.

To Mr. A——s.

London, August 14, 1767.

My very dear Tommy,

I AM sorry to hear you have been sick. This hath been my case. Blessed be God, I am better. Who knows but I may be strengthened to take a trip to *Scotland*. This itch after itinerating, I hope will never be cured till we come to heaven. Though laymen occupy both the pulpits, at *Tottenham-Court* chapel and tabernacle, congregations increase. "Not by might or by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord." No weapon formed against *Sion*, shall or can prosper. Our *Thursday* morning six o'clock tabernacle lecture is crouded. I am looking for, and putting together old letters. Have you any dated *January* or *February 1743*? Could you send to Mr. *E——s* of *Ebly*, and enquire how Mrs. *L——e* may be directed to? Her husband had many letters from me. How are dear Mrs. *R——ts*, and Mrs. *A——re*? I never forget them in the midst of all my loves. I hope you are surrounded with warm friends, a most kind and affectionate nurse, and what is all in all, an

infinitely compassionate never-failing Jesus. To his unchangeable love I most earnestly commend your whole self, and all dear never to be forgotten friends. How is poor Mr. *C——e*? What an hospital is the church! Blessed be God, there are no incurables in it however. Ere long, we shall be where the inhabitants shall no more say, "I am sick." *Hallelujah.* I am, my very dear *Tommy*,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in Him,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXIII.

London, August 26, 1767.

My dear Sir,

MR. —— hath just now been with me, and shewed me your letter, expecting also a sight of mine. But my letters are brought late, and to-morrow I go to preach at Lady *F——y S——y*'s. I therefore, though quite ill, must send you a few lines now. Go to Jesus; learn to pray of the threatened apostles, *viz.* "And now, Lord, behold their threatenings, &c. &c." I am afraid they will only threaten. If an expulsion should be permitted, it will take place, I believe, only for a little time, and soon be repented of. Thousands of prayers were put up for you last *Monday*, at tabernacle letter-day. The verses were these:

Give him thy strength, O God of pow'r,
Then let men rage and devils roar;
Thy faithful witness he shall be;
'Tis fix'd, he can do all through Thee.

Adieu.—

Ever yours, &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Leeds, September 11, 1767.

My very dear Friend,

THROUGH the tender mercies of our God, we arrived here last night about six o'clock. In the way, I was enabled to preach both at *Northampton* and *Sheffield*. Good seasons! The *Americans* were gone the day before I arrived at the last place; I missed them by coming through *Chesterfield* instead of *Mansfield*. All for the best. God willing, I stay here over *Sunday*; perhaps longer. I have seen Mr. *T—— G——*; he seems poorly. Happy they who work for Jesus while it is day! The night of sickness cometh, when no man can work. Lord, help me to begin to begin! I have seen but few yet, having desired that no company might come the last night; by that means I got a little rest, and have now time to write these few lines. O for heaven! Come Lord Jesus, come quickly! In my next you will know where to direct. In the mean while, be pleased to remember me to all at tabernacle, and all

enquiring friends, and accept of love unfeigned, from, my dear old steady friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Newcastle, September 20, 1767.

My dear very dear Friend,

PREACHING and travelling prevent writing. Through unmerited mercy, I am well. Upon the maturest deliberation, after earnest prayer, and for several peculiar reasons, which you shall know hereafter, I decline going to *Scotland* this fall. I have now a blessed methodist field street-preaching plan before me. This afternoon in the *Castle-Garth*, to-morrow for *Sunderland*, next day at Mr. *R——*'s mother's door, then to *Yarm*, &c. &c. You may venture to direct for me at Mr. *William Shent*'s, peruke-maker, at *Leeds*, though I hope to find a letter when I come there, and to hear all is well. But send me no bad news, unless absolutely necessary. Let me enjoy myself in my delightful itineracy. It is good, both for my body and soul. I have been enabled to preach in the street, at several places, and hope to go to *Gesborough*, *Whitby*, *Scarborough*, *New Malton*, *York*, *Leeds*, *Liverpool*, *Chester*, *Manchester*, &c. &c. You shall know particulars as we go on. Do

not forget the society sermon. If it could be deferred till the beginning of *November*, I might preach. If not, drop it. Tender love to all friends. Golden seasons, golden seasons! Grace, grace! I hope to write to the tabernacle next post. Cease not to pray for,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Christ,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Thirsk, September 28, 1767.

My dear Friend,

NEVER was I so long a stranger to *London* affairs before. But being detained here, by the persuasion of friends, an express is gone to fetch what letters may have been sent to *Leeds*. I want to know the determination about the society sermon, and what part of the paragraph is true, about the commitment of several persons for a certain robbery. I hope that death will not be the consequence to any of the criminals. Father, convict and convert them, for thy infinite mercy's sake! I should be glad to ramble till their trial was over. I trust there will be no necessity of my appearing in person. To-morrow, God willing, as he earnestly desires to see me, I go to Doctor *C——*'s. Where the next remove will be, I know not. Be pleased to direct to *Leeds*. My body feels much fatigue in travelling; comforts in the soul over-balance. Every stage, more and more convinces me, that old methodism is the thing. *Hallelujah!* Come Lord, come! Tender love to all. Is dear Mr.

H——y come out of *Wales*? An answer to this, and every question, is requested by, my dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXVII.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

Leeds, September 30, 1767.

My dear Friends,

GRACE, mercy and peace, be multiplied upon you and yours, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Our Lord! Our God! Glorious words, glorious thought, glorious feeling, glorious experience! Enough to make us rejoice with joy unspeakable; even with a joy that is full of glory.

O glorious King,

Us thither bring,

To kiss thy feet.

O to be instrumental in bringing some with us! This excursion, I trust, will be over-ruled for that blessed purpose. I have been enabled to go forth into the highways and hedges, into the lanes and streets, of the towns and cities. Good old work, good old seasons! Help, help to praise Him, whose mercy endureth for ever! Get honest *Betty W——d* to join in putting up a word for her poor old master, but for Jesus Christ's sake, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Leeds, October 1, 1767.

My dear Friend,

YOUR letter to Mr. *Shent* reached me yesterday at *Thirsk*, and hastened me hither. That from *A—— B——*, I almost impatiently wait for. Blessed be God, that matters go on so well in town. It is the same to the Lord, to save by few as by many. Not by might or by power, but by his spirit, all things are to be brought about. By his divine permission, I purpose preaching the society sermon. It may be on the *Wednesday* or *Thursday* before the 31st of this month. I purpose being in town the 22d or 23d. But why should not the sermon be preached at tabernacle? Is not the feast to be kept at that end of the town? Are not the major part of the society dissenters? Is there not to be a collection? Excuse haste; my tender love to all. You may yet direct to *Leeds*. Captain *Scot* preaches this evening. Cease not to pray for one, who doth not deserve the rank of a common soldier in Christ's army. His name is, "Less than the least of all," but

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXIX.

To Mrs. H——.

Leeds, October 3, 1767.

My good Shunamite,

JUST as your letter came, I was taking pen in hand, to send you a few lines. What a mercy, when good news comes from town and country! And what news so good, as that of the word of the Lord Jesus running and being glorified? This hath been the case with the worthless, but willing pilgrim. Every where the sound of his blessed Master's feet hath been heard behind him. Field and street preaching hath rather bettered, than hurt his bodily health. But as the weather begins to break, he must look towards winter quarters. This makes it impracticable for him to go to *Madly*. It is too far distant. May Jesus support the suffering martyr. He will, he will!

He knows what sore temptations mean,

For He hath felt the same.

I know this will find you a living martyr; a witness of the truths and life of Jesus; the only preparative for dying a martyr. That whether you live, you

may live unto the Lord, or whether you die, you may die unto the Lord, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Yours, &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXX.

To Mr. W——y.

Huthersfield, October 6, 1767.

My dear Mr. W——y,

HOW is death scattering his arrows all around us! even into our houses. Perhaps, ere now, your dear yoke-fellow, as well as dear Mr. *Langworthy*, and Mr. *Wright*'s mother, are laid in the silent grave. Surely, the call to us is loud, yea very loud. Its language is quite articulate. "Watch and pray, for ye know not at what day or hour the Son of man cometh." What is this world? nothing, less than nothing. What is the other world? An eternity; an eternity of endless misery or endless bliss. Lord Jesus, quicken our, at least my tardy pace! I see more and more, that we have no time to trifle, to be light, foolish, or worldly minded. A fever, a burning fever may come with a commission to burn up our bodies. It spares neither Duke nor Prince. Happy they, whom it finds burned up with the fever of divine love. That living and dying, this may be your happy lot and frame, is the hearty prayer of, dear Mr. *W——y*,

Your real friend and servant in the glorious Jesus,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXI.

To Mr. A——s.

London, October 12, 1767.

My very dear Tommy,

GOOD-morrow. This comes to enquire how you and yours do? I am just returned from my northern circuit. It hath been pleasant, and I trust profitable. Praise the Lord, O our souls! Every where the fields have been white ready unto harvest. I am become a downright street and field preacher. I wish the city, and want of riding, may not hurt me. No nestling, no nestling on this side *Jordan*. Heaven is the believer's only resting place. There we shall not be disturbed. I do not know but Mr. *Winter* will get there soon. At present he is very ill. But he that bringeth down to the grave, can bring up again. You and I know this by repeated experience. But we shall not always put out to sea again and again. *Hallelujah.* Come Lord, come! How is Mr. *C——m*? Is he near the haven, or kept back by cross winds? Write me an answer to all the above interrogatories; especially to those concerning yourself. Tender love to all. Mr. *Wright* joins in sending cordial

respects. Mr. *J——s* hath been much blessed here. That the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ may bless you and yours evermore, heartily prays, my very dear *Tommy*,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXII.

London, October 23, 1767.

My dear Sir,

BY your brother *Peter*'s letter, the hour of expulsion is not yet come. Surely they will not be so imprudent, or act so contrary to the laws of *English* liberty. I long to know what statutes they say you have broken, what concessions have been made. Your diocesan will make a strict enquiry. I wish you could recollect all circumstances; the rise and progress of the present contest; with all the various pleadings, threats, conferences, *pro* and *con*. The issue of the trial you may leave to the Judge; he is always the injured prisoners friend. If confined to college, this will be a good exercise for you. You may lodge it in court, as a proof whether you understand to write plain *English*, or sound, practical, experimental divinity. This can do you no harm; it may do good. Do therefore set about it. I know one who will readily revile and correct, if necessary. The Lord Jesus be with your spirits! You see how I write, out of the fulness of my heart. Sick suffering soldiers must be attended. If ever so busy, for the sake of the glorious

Captain of our salvation, you shall receive a line by way of answer from, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

P. S. I shall send the original to your *Fidus Achates*, in ——, but I shall keep a copy. Who knows? *Sauls* may yet become *Pauls*.

LETTER MCCCLXXIII.

To Mr. A——s.

London, October 24, 1767.

My very dear Tommy,

WAS not Mrs. *J——s* very near her time, and her husband consequently thereby detained in town, you would herewith receive a mandamus to come up to court. The first vacancy you may depend upon. In the mean while, may the country all round about ring of, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus." Worthy Sir *Charles H——m* hath received a call indeed. He slept in Jesus about a fortnight ago, near the *Spa*, in *Germany*. Happy translation! We must follow by and by. Some ascend, some descend the heavenly ladder. All will, ere long, sit down with Him, who stands at the top to receive poor pilgrims. *Hallelujah! Hosanna!* Good morning to you and yours. Hearty love to all. I wish I knew where Mrs. *R——s* sojourns. I would send her an invitation, or wait upon her in person. Wait, wait; we shall certainly see the salvation of God. But *Isaacs* must be sacrificed, before they can be received

from the dead. Thus faith is tried. Thus the believer is prepared for a “now know I that thou lovest me.” Adieu! I must away. My very dear *Tommy*,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXIV.

To Mr. C——.

London, October 24, 1767.

My dear Sir,

SUPPOSING you made this addition to the motto of your coat of arms, *Nemo me impune lacessit*? He that toucheth God's people, toucheth the apple of God's eye. That is a very tender part. I am glad your diocesan is expected soon. I have no suspicion of his beating a retreat. "To arms, to arms," must be the watch word now. It was the constancy of the three children, (the three heroes) that confounded their enemies. The company of the Son of man is never so sweet, as when he walks with us in the fiery furnace, never so glorious, as when he is seen keeping his honest *Daniels* company in a den of lions. You have therefore your answers ready, "We are not careful about this matter; we will not bow down to the golden image which *Nebuchadnezzar* hath set up; the God whom we serve is able to deliver us." If you do not like these examples, take *Peter* and *John*. Suppose dear —— to be *John*, and —— to be *Peter*. You know how the high-priests

addressed them, you know their answer. By their answer, by their boldness, they took notice that they had been with Jesus. Nothing, nothing can stand before an honest truly *Israelitish* heart. But this is enough for a sick-bed lecture. I would only add, that those who endeavour to entangle Christ's followers in their talk, will in the end be entangled themselves. Good-morning to you all. Remember the watch word. Stand out your full time in guard-hours, send word at about what distance the enemy keeps, or how near he approaches, or what further feint attacks he makes, and, God willing, you shall hear again from,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our Lord, God almighty,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Tottenham-Court, Saturday Morning, October 31, 1767.

My dear Friend,

I WISH some one hour could be fixed for the triumvirate, to meet once a week. Some business might then be done for both ends of the town. Regular dispatch is beautiful. What your hand findeth to do, do it with all your might, &c. I would settle every thing; perhaps I may be called suddenly, as well as ——. Transporting thought! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. I would reflect upon *Wednesday* with humility and gratitude [1]. Lord, what am I? "Less than the least of all," must be my motto still. I hope you have got the better of your pleasing fatigue. What an honour to do any thing for Jesus! in Him, I am, my dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

1. Referring to the sermon he preached at the tabernacle, to the Society for promoting Religious Knowledge among the Poor, on Wednesday, the 28th instant; the collection amounting to 105l. 13s. his friend he was writing to being one of the Stewards.

LETTER MCCCLXXVI.

To Mr. G——s.

London, November 14, 1767.

My dear Sir,

ALL know my mind. Go forward, I think is the royal word of command. We may then indeed have a red-sea to pass through. But the threatening waves shall become a wall on the right hand and on the left. I am ashamed to find so many silenced by mere *Bruta Fulmina*. But I have done. If you will be more particular about the uproar, or if at any time you have a mind to unburden your heart, and let me know how you go forward, as business permits, you shall hear from me. Nothing but want of time hath prevented my answering you before. You will receive it in love, and be as serviceable as you can to the bearer of this, who is a brother to the late seraphic *H——y*, and comes to settle his two sons, but is not fixed as to college or tutor. May they turn out two *H——y*'s! May you be a burning and shining light! No greater honour can be desired for you, by, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in a never-failing Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Tottenham-Court, November 27, 1767.

My dear Friend,

NONE but God knows what a concern lies upon me now, in respect to *Bethesda*. Friends can guess, and a little sympathize, and I thank them for it; but the Friend of sinners alone can shew what is to be done. At present, as to this particular, I walk in darkness, and have no light. In other respects, blessed be God, the light shines as at noon-day. Grace, grace! As another voyage perhaps may be the issue and result of all at last, I would beg you and my dear Mr. *H——y* to let me have my papers and letters, that I may revise and dispose of them in a proper manner. This can do no hurt, come life or come death, or whether I stay at home or go abroad. Thanks be to God for a disinterested spirit. Though in helping others we fetter ourselves, yet in the end all will be well. I wait for thy salvation O Lord! In Him, I am, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXVIII.

London, December 1, 1767.

Dear Sir,

QUANTUM mutatus ab illo! As you now do not suffer outwardly, I expect to hear that you suffer inwardly. Nothing else can preserve you this winter season, or prepare you for another spring. A spring, I trust, you will yet have. Then shall poor *Sampson*'s locks grow again, and he be revenged of the *Philistines* for the loss of his eyes. Surely you have been wrong advised. *Exitus acta probat.* If you chuse to have our correspondence continued, write your whole heart; it may help to unload it. I shall not upbraid; though I do not expect letters now will smell of the divine fire as formerly. Well, if they smell of the prison of humiliation, by and by they may regain their usual and more solid permanent fervor. But, *facilis descensus Averni*.—You meet like apostles now; but when they met between the time of their Lord's death and resurrection, what trouble did they endure, for fear of the *Jews*? But be not discouraged. Continue instant in prayer. A risen, an ascended Jesus will yet appear in the midst of you, (though the doors of your hearts

may be now shut) renew your commission, endue you with power from on high; and then, woe be to the *Jewish* sanhedrim. O think of this, ye little college of cast-outs! Do not deny him in any wise. You see I write to you out of the fulness of my heart. The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and then, but not till then, will you have peace.

Yours, &c. &c.

G. W.

P. S. Dear Mr. ——— must hear from me next. God bring all your souls out of prison. Amen and amen.

LETTER MCCCLXXIX.

To the Hon. and Rev. Mr. S——y.

Bath, December 8, 1767.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

HOW glad was I to hear by the *London Shunamite*, that you and your Lady were well; that God had given you a son; that you reflected on your preaching at *Tottenham-Court* chapel with pleasure; that you had gotten a curate; and, to compleat all, that you intended to visit *England* next spring. This news rejoiced me before I left town, and was most grateful to our good Lady *H——n*, whom I have the honour of waiting upon at this time in *Bath*. She hath been sick, nigh unto death, but through mercy is now somewhat recovered, though as yet unable to write much. This her Ladyship much regrets on your account; and therefore enjoins me to inform your whole self, that your letter did not reach her hands till many weeks after the proper time; that ever since she hath been visited with lingering sickness, but begs you will not linger in coming over to our *Macedonia* to help us. The thought of it seems to refresh her heaven-born soul. Blessed be God, her

Ladyship still takes the lead. She is now doing honour to the remains of the Earl of *B——n*, who sweetly slept in Jesus last week. His corpse lies deposited in her Ladyship's chapel, and is not to be removed till next *Friday* morning. There have been public prayers and preaching twice every day. The noble relatives constantly attend, and all is more than solemn. Great numbers of all ranks croud to see and hear; I trust many will also feel. The deceased Earl died like the patriarch *Jacob*; he laid his hands on, and blessed his children, assured them of his personal interest in Jesus, called most gloriously on the Holy Ghost; cried, Happy! happy! as long as he could speak, and then—You know what followed. I know how you and yours will improve this imperfect account, and therefore hasten to subscribe myself, dear and honoured friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXX.

To Lady S—— S——.

Bath, December 9, 1767.

Honoured Madam,

ALL hath been awful, and more than awful. On *Saturday* evening, before the corpse was taken from *B——n-House*, a word of exhortation was given, and a hymn sung in the room where the corpse lay. The young Earl stood with his hands on the head of the coffin, the Countess Dowager on his right hand, Lady *Ann* and Lady *Isabella* on his left, and their brother *Thomas* next to their mother, with Miss *O——n*, Miss *Wh——r*, Miss *G——e*; on one side all domestics, with a few friends on the other. The word of exhortation was received with great solemnity, and most wept under the parting prayer. At ten the corpse was removed to good Lady *H——n*'s chapel, where it was deposited within a place railed in for that purpose, covered with black bays, and the usual funeral concomitants, except escutcheons. On *Sunday* morning, all attended in mourning at early sacrament. They were seated by themselves, at the feet of the corpse, and

with their head servants, received first, and a particular address was made to them. Immediately after receiving, these verses were sung for them:

Our lives, our blood, we here present,
If for thy truths they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sovereign counsel, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name ador'd.
Give them thy strength, O God of power,
Then let men rave or devils roar;
Thy faithful witnesses they'll be;
'Tis fix'd, they can do all through Thee.

Then they received this blessing, "The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, the Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and give you peace," and so returned to their places. Sacrament ended (and a blessed sacrament it was) the Noble Mourners returned to good Lady *H——n*'s house, which was lent them for the day. At eleven, public service begun. The bereaved relations sat in order within, and the domestics around the outside of the rail. The chapel was more than crouded. Near three hundred tickets signed by the present Earl, were given out to the nobility and gentry, to be admitted. All was hush'd and solemn. Proper hymns were sung, and I preached on these words, "I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." Attention sat on every face, and deep and almost universal impressions were made. The like scene, and if possible more solemn, was exhibited in the evening, and I was enabled to preach a second time, and a like power attended the word as in the morning. Ever since, there hath been public service and preaching twice a day. This is to be continued till *Friday*

morning, then all is to be removed to *Bristol*, in order to be shipped off for *Scotland*. The inscription on the coffin runs thus;

"His life was honourable,—his death blessed,—he sought earnestly peace with God,—he found it with unspeakable joy alone in the merits of Christ Jesus, witnessed by the holy Spirit to his soul,—he yet speaketh.—Go thou and do likewise."

I have oftened wished for your Ladyship here. Congregations are very large, attentive, and deeply impressed. Surely the death of this noble Earl, thus improved, will prove the life of many. He had great foretastes of heaven, cried, "Come Holy Ghost;" he came, and filled him with joy unspeakable. Happy, happy, were his last dying words. All surviving relatives still feel the influence. They sit round the corpse attended by their domestics and supporters twice a day. Good Lady *S——x* gets fresh spirits. She loves your Ladyship dearly. I am called to attend, and therefore must hasten to acknowledge innumerable obligations, and to subscribe myself, honoured Madam,

Your Ladyship's, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXI.

Bristol, December 12, 1767.

My dear Captain,

I HOPE this will find you rejoicing with trembling, on account of an additional careful comfort. Thus it must be in this mixed state of things. Yet a little while, and our joy will be permanent, uninterrupted, and without alloy. For five days together we have been attending at the house of mourning. Many, I trust, were obliged to say, “How dreadful is this place.” Such a like scene, I never expect to see opened again on this side eternity. All is quiet, I trust, with you. But if diamond hath been cutting diamond, it will only be suitable to a church militant here on earth. Blessed be God for an almighty Jesus! who can by these mutual cuttings prepare the jewels for their respective places in the intended crown. Ere long he will count them up. Not one shall be wanting. Cordial love to all. I purpose being in town *Tuesday* se’nnight in the evening. Brethren, pray for us. I shall make all easy at *Kingswood* before I leave *Bristol*. That you may shine with distinguished lustre above, earnestly prays, my dear Captain,

Yours, &c. &c. in our *Emmanuel*,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, December 16, 1767.

My dear Friend,

WE have been favoured with golden seasons here. I have been enabled to preach thrice, and to administer the holy sacrament. Thousands went away on *Sunday*, because they could not come in. The word hath been attended with great power. Grace! grace! What a pity that we cannot stay a week or two longer! But I must away to *Bath* to preach to-morrow, and the next Lord's-day. Shall write, God willing, to Mr. *S——s* by *Saturday*'s post, to tell *Rose* where to meet me with the chaise. We come in the two days post-coach. Mr. *A——s* is come hither to see me. I thought to have brought him up with me, but the coach was full. Is it true, that Mr. *J——ss* hath two careful comforts at once? I wish him much joy. Pray tell my wife, that I intend doing myself the pleasure of dining at Tabernacle-house next *Wednesday*. Ere long we shall sit down and eat bread in the kingdom of

heaven. *Hallelujah! hallelujah!* Come, Lord, come. Hearty love to all. Continue to pray for, my dear friend,

Yours and dear Mr. *H——y*'s, &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXIII.

To the Reverend Mr. G——.

London, December 28, 1767.

Reverend and dear Sir,

WHY do you and I exchange letters so seldom? Perhaps it would be better to correspond more frequently. This brings you the good news of the triumphant death of the late Earl of *B——n*. He behaved like the patriarch *Jacob*, when by faith leaning upon his staff, he blessed his children. The Earl added, “Yea, and they shall be blessed.” “Had I strength of body, (cried the Earl) I would not be ashamed before men and angels to tell what the Lord Jesus hath done for my soul. Come, holy Ghost, come, holy Ghost; happy, happy, happy!” and then sweetly slept in Jesus. The present noble Earl, I believe, hath got the blessing indeed, and seems, upon the best evidence, to determine to know nothing but Jesus Christ, and him crucified. He hath behaved in the most delicate manner to the Countess, and other noble survivors. He stands here in town, against all opposition, like an impregnable rock; and I humbly hope will prove the *Daniel* of the age. He

must be, nay he hath been already thrown into a den of lions; but he hath one with him, that stops the lions mouths. You will encourage all God's people to pray for him. What if you wrote him a line? I am sure it will be taken kindly; for I know he honours and loves you much. You will communicate this to dear Mr. *M——ch*, who, I suppose, like me, is groaning, being burdened. I am now fifty-three years old. Did you ever hear of such a fifty-three years old barren fig-tree? So much digging, so much dunging, and yet so little fruit. God be merciful to me a sinner! A sinner—a sinner—a sinner. He is merciful; he is gracious: his mercy endureth for ever. He yet vouchsafes to bless my feeble labours. You would have been delighted to have seen the awful scene exhibited at *Bath*, whilst the late noble Earl lay in state. Two sermons every day; life and power attended the word; and I verily believe many dead souls were made to hear the voice of the Son of God. Since that we have been favoured with comfortable seasons in town. I hope you are blessed in *Glasgow*. Who knows but we may have one more interview in Spring? Whether we meet next on earth or in heaven, you will find that with great sincerity I subscribe myself, reverend and very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our glorious Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXIV.

To Mr. W——b.

London, February 4, 1768.

My dear Sir,

WHO would but converse when together, like persons that may never meet again till launched into an endless eternity. I hope this was in some measure our case, when we dined lately at Mr. *H——t*'s. One of the company, I find, is gone, and I trust to eat bread in the kingdom of heaven.

She is happy now, and we

Soon her happiness shall see.

In the midst of all your sorrow for the loss of so near and dear a relation, methinks such a consideration may make you cry out, *Hallelujah! Amen! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly*. Blessed be God, our turn will come by and by. Be ye also ready, is the loud call of the present afflictive providence. That it may be duly heard, and practically applied, is the hearty prayer of

Your sympathizing friend, and servant in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXV.

To Mr. D——n.

London, April 6, 1768.

My very dear Friends,

IF you choose it, you may now be released; but the aspect of affairs at home, is by no means promising. Many, many think of going abroad. However, you will be so kind as to see the bearers of this settled before you remove. Mr. *C——ne*, a worthy disinterested creature, is to be steward of the house: he is a particular heart-friend of Mr. *W——t*'s. Mr. *W——t*'s sister is an approved housekeeper, and the little female orphans are to be committed to her care. Mr. *L——y* hath had an university education, is a good writer and accomptant, hath been with me some time, and is to be a school-master. I long to know how poor *Peter* and *Ephraim* go on, and likewise his sister at *Savannah*. I and Mr. *W——t* hope to follow soon. But future things belong to Him who orders all things well. I believe; Lord, help my unbelief. His work prospers. That is all in all. Be pleased to have all accounts settled and audited, and take what you please for your passage, if

determined to return. But—but—God keep you, through too fond affection, from taking a false step! My heart is full. If you come away, and Mr. *S——k* also goes away, I would have a letter of attorney given to Mr. *C——ne*. But it would be well if I could hear from you first. God direct and bless you all. I can only commend you to God and the word of his grace, and with ten thousand thanks for all your labours of love, subscribe myself, very dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. in our glorious Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXVI.

To Mr. J——ss.

London, May 17, 1768.

My dear Man,

GO forward, go forward, is the watch-word of the present day. Never mind the envious cry of elder brethren. Had they been harkened to, the prodigal must never have come home, nor *Goliah*'s head have been cut off. All temple builders, especially when called out to work in the field, must endure not only the contradictions of sinners, but the contradiction of saints also. Happy are they who are so deeply engaged in building, as not to have time to hearken to either. I long to come and lend an helping, though feeble hand. But *Welch* horses move slowly. If the *Welch* apostle comes, I purpose, in the *Whitsun* week, to make a short excursion into *Sussex* and *Kent*, and then for *Bristol*. Blessed be God, the shout of a king is heard in our camps! All your family is well. All will be more than well, when we come to our house in heaven. Let us march forward with palms of victory in our hands, crying, "*Hallelujah!* the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!" Tender love to all.

I hope to answer Mrs. *R——s* person. The Lord Jesus be with your spirits!
Cease not to pray for, my dear man,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Edinburgh, June 15, 1768.

My dear Mr. K——n,

I HOPE this will find you and yours safe returned to *London*. I am glad to hear by dear Mr. *H——*, that you left your daughter better: may she be spared, not in judgment, but in mercy! Then all will be well: nay, at all events, you may be assured all shall work for good, because you love God. Glorious assurance this! Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift. Thanks be to his great name, for ordering my steps this way. You would be delighted to see our Orphan-house park assemblies; as large, attentive, and affectionate as ever. Twenty-seven year old friends and spiritual children, remember the days of old; they are seeking after their first love, and there seems to be a stirring among the dry bones. I cannot yet tell when I shall move. Probably within this fortnight. I must away to my throne. Love to all at Tabernacle, and to all that are so kind as to enquire after,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXVIII.

To Mr. A—— K——n.

Edinburgh, July 2, 1768.

My dear Timothy,

I AM much obliged to you for staying at *London*, till I return from *Scotland*. My journey hither was certainly of God. Could I preach ten times a day, thousands and thousands would attend. I have been confined for a few days, but on *Monday* or *Tuesday* next hope to mount my throne again. O to die there! Too great, too great an honour to be expected. My wife will see my letter to Mr. *S——ks*. I thank her for her kind letter just received. Pray tell Mr. *K——n* that no *Indian* money will be remitted to the *London* trust from hence. The interest of what is collected, which is near two thousand pounds, is to be sent, as occasion requires, to Mr. *Wheelock* and the *Connecticut* trust. Be pleased to send to Mr. *Dilly*, and desire him to forward by the first ship, fifty of my letters to the Archbishop, directed to Mr. *Herdie* at the custom-house, *Leith*. I am here only in danger of being hugged to death. Friends of all ranks seem heartier and more friendly than

ever. All is of grace. Grace! grace! I thought to write you a long letter: but company forbids. I go on in my old way, without turning to the right hand or to the left. Providence says every day, “This is the way, walk in it.” Tender love to all, particularly to my dear wife. Next post she may expect to hear from,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCLXXXIX.

To the Reverend Mr. T——.

Edinburgh, July 4, 1768.

My dear Friend,

WHAT various interruptions do we meet with in this lower world! Sickness, preaching, and company, have prevented my answering your kind letter more speedily. I strive to stir and fly as formerly; but the earthly house of this tabernacle pulls me down.

Strange, that a harp of thousand strings,

Should keep in tune so long!

However, this is my comfort, the Redeemer still vouchsafes to smile upon my feeble efforts. In *London* the word runs and is glorified, and in *Edinburgh*, I trust, the prospect is promising. The fields are white ready unto harvest. Who knows but some wheat may be gathered into the heavenly garner? Many of my old friends are safely housed.

They are happy now, and we

Soon their happiness shall see.

Hallelujah!

Perhaps we may have one interview. I have thoughts of going to *M*——. A week or a fortnight, at most, is the longest time I can stay here. I desire to move, till I can move no more. O to die in the field! I pray God to send Mrs. *T*—— a safe delivery. My wife is as well as can be expected. Both descending in order to ascend

Where sin and pain and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

I add one more *hallelujah*; and must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXC.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Edinburgh, July 9, 1768.

My very dear Friend,

GOD be praised that all is so well at *London*. Every thing goes on better and better here. But I am so worn down by preaching abroad, and by talking at home almost all the day long, that I have determined, God willing, to set off for *London* next *Tuesday* noon. I shall mind all you say. You have acted quite right. As you do not mention my wife, I suppose she is out of town. God prepare you and yours for whatever he hath prepared for you, and support you under your present and impending trial. Company prevents my enlarging. Thus it is continually. Grace! grace! Hoping to see you soon, with tender love to all, I beg leave to subscribe myself, my dear friend,

Ever yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCI.

To Mr. J——ss.

London, August 16, 1768.

Dear Mr. J——ss,

BLESSED be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath so mercifully preserved you in your going out and coming in, and caused you to triumph in every place! You may continue your gospel range, till Mr. *E——ds* leaves *London*; then we must think of Winter quarters. Let us work whilst it is day. The late very unexpected breach, is a fresh proof that the night soon cometh when no man can work [1]. Pray where may I find that grand promise made to *Abraham* after *Sarah*'s death? May it be fulfilled in you, whilst your *Sarah* is yet alive! Sweet bereavements, when God himself fills up the chasm! Through mercy I find it so. Adieu. Tender love to all. Brethren, pray for us. I suppose I must direct to brother *Adams* at *Rodborough*. He expects you there. That you may be owned in every place more and more, heartily prays, my dear man,

Yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

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1. Mr. Whitefield’s wife died August 9th.

LETTER MCCCXCII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Trevekka, August 26, 1768.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE had the return of my old disorder; but blessed be God, I am strengthened to preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. We reached *Gloucester* on *Monday*, and came hither on *Wednesday* afternoon. All we have met with exceeds description. Early next *Monday* I purpose to set off for *Bristol*, and soon after shall return to *London*. Brethren, pray for us. I believe you do; for God is with us of a truth. I hope you and yours are supported. The Redeemer is a present help in every time of need. Cordial respects await all that love him in sincerity. Mr. *L——d* and a *Londonner* left us to-day. I hope Mr. *P——d* and *B——s* make all possible dispatch. God send dear Mr. *H——y* a good passage and safe return! *Amen! Amen!* Lord, quicken my tardy pace!

Ever yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCIII.

To the Same.

Bristol, August 30, 1768.

My very dear Friend,

WHAT we have seen and felt at the college is unspeakable. Through mercy last night we came hither. My disorder has returned. This may hasten me up: or rather hasten me to heaven. I hope your daughter will have it revealed *in her* before she goes hence. That is all in all. Is there any thing too hard for the Lord?

Surely, O God, thy grace is free,

For, O my God, it found out ME!

In a day's time my rout may be determined. *P——d*, &c. must make haste. Captain *J——ss* comes up at the appointed time. Hearty love awaits dear Mr. *E——s*, &c. &c. &c. Cease not to pray for, my very dear friend,

Yours, &c. &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

P. S. Since writing the above I received yours. I find the threatened blow is given. I hope *both* are enabled to say, “The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away: and blessed be the name of the Lord.” Be pleased to send what letters you have for me, and accept these few lines of condolance from, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. in an all-compassionate Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCIV.

To Mr. D——n.

London, September 1, 1768.

My very dear Mr. D——n,

I WAS exceeding glad to find, by your last kind favour, that you and Mrs. *D——n* thought of deferring your embarkation for *England* till the Spring. You will then see the newcomers quite settled, and I wish I could add, see also your reasons for leaving *Bethesda* but of little weight. I know your mind. Would to God your dear yoke-fellow was like-minded. She will certainly be so very soon after her arrival in her native country: but I would not grieve her. God bless you both! *Brownhill*'s situation I much approve of. Poor *Peter* often engages my thoughts. It pleases me to find that he goes on well; but I want to have him settled. If not likely to make a scholar, or be in some good station in the house, I wish he was put out to some proper business. Not one prize as yet among all the young relations I have endeavoured to provide for. Father, not my but thy sovereign will be done! I wish you could enquire what is become of ——, sent over with Mr.

Wooldridge, Provost-Marshall at *Augustine*. You may guess that I long to see the accompts. I doubt not of their being quite compleat. Could you not send me a duplicate before your intended embarkation, it would be very acceptable for many reasons. All your dear relations on this side the water are well. My nearest relation hath been quite well above a month. Mr. *Middleton* hath soon followed after. His wife died a few weeks before him.

They are happy now, and we

Soon their happiness shall see.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Come, Lord, come! Praying still that, if it be the divine will, you may be constrained to abide at *Bethesda*, I subscribe myself, dear and faithful friends,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

London, September 6, 1768.

My very dear Friend,

WHY should not one invalid write to another? What if we should meet in our way to heaven unembodied, and consequently freed from every thing that at present weighs down our precious and immortal souls? But perhaps we are yet to sojourn a little longer on earth. For these two days past, I have been unable almost to write. To-day I am what they call better, and must improve my first strength in sending a few lines to him whom I dearly love in the bowels of Jesus Christ. May they find you and your dear partner leaning on his bosom, who alone is able to bring out of every wilderness. Neither are forgotten before his throne. Though absent in body, I am present in spirit. Accept of love and sympathy unfeigned. I am persuaded you are not unmindful of, very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCVI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

London, September 19, 1768.

My dear Sir,

I APPROVE very much of Mr. *Brooksbank*'s motion, especially as dear Mr. *Middleton* is gone. His burying is fixed for *Wednesday* evening. Would you choose (with some other friends to whom I shall write) to condescend to be a pallbearer. The conference to follow the children as mourners. The children to be sent for in my carriage, and sit with the pall bearers in my parlour. All to be invited that have a mind to follow in mourning. The corpse to be brought privately to Tabernacle on *Tuesday* night. I must away, for fear of the evening air. I should be glad to see you at *Tottenham-Court* to-morrow afternoon. By that time, I shall know Dr. *C——r*'s answer to Mr. *Middleton*'s daughter's letter. By which we shall judge the better how to act, in regard to opening the intended subscription for the benefit of his fatherless children. Blessed be God, I am better, but am ordered to decline preaching. God's will be done! Pray let Mrs. *K——n* make free at

Tabernacle-house as usual. God bless you both! God give me patience to wait till my change comes! I am, my dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in our glorious *Emmanuel*,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

London, September 26, 1768.

My very dear Friend,

BLESSED be God for the art of writing! blessed be God for skill to read and understand what is written! Thus we understand each other, though at a thousand miles distance; thus I understand, and by understanding learn to sympathize with my dear fellow-sufferer Mr. *S*——. This is my comfort, that underneath him are the almighty Redeemer's everlasting arms. Therefore, being the beloved of the Lord, he must dwell in safety. Though prevented by the weather from using or drinking the *Ramsgate* waters, nothing can prevent his using or drinking the waters of life freely. No, no: in every true believer's heart the Holy Ghost is a well of water springing up to life eternal. Hence it is, that though he killeth, he maketh alive; though he wounds, yet he heals. These words I was enabled to feel and enlarge upon yesterday morning from my *Tottenham-Court* throne. For some days the flux of blood hath stopped entirely. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Lord Jesus,

if it be thy blessed will, let me hear of the recovery of my dear friend! Most cordial respects attend dear Mrs. *S*——. God bless, support, and comfort her under her present circumstances. Mr. *Middleton* is now made perfectly whole. He was buried from the Tabernacle last *Wednesday* evening, and a subscription is opened for his four orphans. In the midst of his torturing pains, being asked by his daughter how he was, he answered, "A heaven upon earth." Soon afterwards he fell asleep in Jesus. In Him I am, my very dear dear Sir,

Yours, yours, &c. &c. in our never-failing Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bristol, November 12, 1768.

My dear Mr. K——n,

THROUGH infinite mercy we arrived here in due season. Last night I hope the Redeemer manifested forth his glory. God willing, I stay till next *Thursday* or *Friday* morning. *Friday* evening, and the following *Sunday*, I shall preach at *Bath*. In three weeks expect to reach *London*, except called before that period to reside at the *New-Jerusalem*. The pleasing prospect lies day and night open before me. On *Monday*, I suppose, dear Mr. *H——y* sets out for *Bath*. All proper enquiry hath been made about his house. Particulars he will be acquainted with on his arrival. Pray for me. *Bethesda* lies upon my heart night and day. Something must be determined speedily. As I trust my eye is single, God will assuredly direct my goings in his way. Hitherto he hath helped: he will do so to the end. *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* God bless you and yours! Wonted cordial Christian salutations to all, who are so kind as to be concerned for, and enquire after, my dear steady friend,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCXCIX.

To Mr. A——s.

London, November 30, 1768.

My very dear Tommy,

TEN thousand thanks for your kind sympathy. Many thought I should not hold out from *Bath* to *London*. But I cannot as yet go to him whom, I trust, my soul loveth. Last *Sunday* I creeped up to my gospel throne: this evening the same honour is to be conferred upon me. Why me, Lord? why me? The prayers of God's people detain me here: for what end, the event only can discover. To be tried, we may be assured. Mr. *W——t* is going with his brothers to *Georgia*, in order to finish the wings of the intended college, and repair the present buildings. I suppose they will sail in about a fortnight. You will pray that *Abraham*'s God may be my God and my guide unto death. He will, he will.

I would believe thy promise, Lord;

Lord, help my unbelief.

Cordial, most cordial respects await your whole self, and all who are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear *Tommy*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCC.

To W—— P——, Esq.

London, December 14, 1768.

HOW unexpected a letter! what a kind present! Both came safe to hand; both call for most grateful acknowledgments. My poor prayers shall follow them: may they enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth! They will, they will. He is a God hearing prayer. You and yours know it; otherwise how would you have been translated from darkness to light! Marvellous, soul-transforming light! This, I trust, you prove by daily experience, passing from glory to glory by the Spirit of the Lord. Hence you increase in boldness; hence your readiness to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, though it should be without the camp. Blessed be his name, for this honour conferred upon ill and hell-deserving me. This may make dear Mr. *S——t* easy, should I ever be called to *Shropshire*. I love the open bracing air. Preaching within doors is apt to make us nervous, especially to crouded auditories. These, I hope, he is blessed with. God make him a successful fisher of men! I hope he and his are enabled to walk in all the ordinances

and commandments of the Lord blameless. Blessed saving fruits of a living faith! blessed proofs of having our past sins forgiven! As for those to come, I dare not to mention their being forgiven, till committed. *Moderate Calvinism* I take to be a medium between two extremes. I should not choose to use expressions that need an apology. This seems to be a blemish in Dr. *Caisp*, and other supralapsarian writers. A word to the wise is enough. You will excuse this freedom, because it proceeds from love unfeigned in, dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCI.

London, December 15, 1768.

My dear Friend,

YOU will see the contents of my letter to Dr. *E——e*. I have considered the affair of the picture. What think you? A limner who lately drew me, and hung the picture up in the exhibition, asks forty guineas for a copy. I shall not mind him, but send a bust taken several years ago. It shall be paid for here, and presented as a token of my hearty, hearty love to the Orphan-house at *Edinburgh*, and its never-to-be-forgotten friends. Nothing but my disorder of body, God willing, shall prevent my engagement in the plains of *Philippi*: But, I fear, that will be an obstruction to so long a journey. You cannot tell how low my late excursion only to *Bristol* and *Bath* brought me. But I serve a God who killeth and maketh alive. I would leave future events to Him, and like you merchants improve the present Now: time is short; eternity is endless. The Judge hath sent this awful message, "Behold, I come quickly." That we all may be ready to go forth to meet him, earnestly prays, my dear friend,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCII.

To Mr. T—— A——ms.

London, December 29, 1768.

My very dear Tommy,

MANY thanks for your kind sympathetic congratulatory letter. Mr. *Wright* is gone, or rather lies yet in the *Downs*. He is gone to build for Him, who shed his precious heart's-blood for ill and hell-deserving me. Whether the unworthy Founder lives or dies, *Bethesda* affair, I trust, will now be compleated. Strange, that I am now living! Fifty-four years old last *Tuesday*. God be merciful to me a sinner! a sinner! a sinner! Less than the least of all, must be my motto still. As such, continue to pray for me. That you and yours, and all the elect people of God around you, may increase with all the increase of God, continually prays, my very dear *Tommy*,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCIII.

London, January 13, 1769.

My dear Sir,

WITH regret I send the inclosed; but alas! they were borrowed. May the prayers put up for the writers, enter into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. They will, they will. And what then? What then? Why, they will turn out good soldiers of Jesus Christ. That this may be their happy lot, earnestly prays,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCIV.

To Mr. C—— H——y.

London, February 4, 1769.

My dear Sir,

I HOPE this will find you safe arrived at *Bath*, in your way to *London*. I thank God that matters have turned out no worse at *Plymouth*. I see more and more every day, that things and persons are only what an all-wise, almighty Jesus is pleased to make them. Happy, happy they that have their all in Him, who is indeed our All in All! This, I believe, is your happy lot. Grace! grace! This may teach us to look to Jesus in all our concerns and motions. What his will may be concerning my voyage to *Georgia*, I know not. At present the cloud doth not move that way. But you may be assured, it never entered my heart to think of embarking without settling the minutest matter to mutual satisfaction. But more of this when we meet. Lord, hasten our glorious meeting in the kingdom of heaven.

There sin and strife and sorrow cease,

And all is calm and joy and peace.

I hope all is well in *Green-street*. Hearty love to all. All here send greeting. A good time at *Mercer*'s chapel. Grace! grace! I know you will join in saying *Amen*, with, my dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCV.

To Mr. S——e.

London, February 27, 1769.

My dear Mr. S——e,

NOT want of love, but of leisure, hath prevented my making proper acknowledgments for your kind letter, and late publication. I think it is well written; and I earnestly pray, that it may be blessed to many. One passage seems exceptionable, where you say, "That all believers were originally endowed with the extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost." The instances urged to prove it, seem quite deficient. This is not written to find fault, but to prevent fault finding. That you may be much owned in every thing you undertake, and, with all the Christian *Sheerness* brethren, increase with all the increase of God, is the hearty prayer of,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

P. S. Blessed be God, the shout of the King of kings is yet to be heard amongst us. Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCCVI.

To Mr. A——s.

London, March 11, 1769.

My very dear Tommy,

YOUR consciousness of my settled friendship, will not permit you to interpret my silence to a want of love. How great that is, and on what a solid basis it is founded, the great day will discover. Through infinite mercy, I am enabled to preach thrice a week, besides other occasional exercises; and indeed (O amazing condescension!) the shout of the King of kings is amongst us. After *Easter*, I hope to make an elopement to *Gloucestershire*, and some western parts. Could you, upon the receipt of this, go to *Bristol*? Mr. *B——s* must come immediately to *London*. I feel the loss of my right hand daily; but right hands and right eyes must be parted with for Him, who ordereth all things well.

I would believe thy promise, Lord;

O help my unbelief!

Leaving you to add a heart-felt *Amen*, I am, my very dear *Tommy*,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCVII.

To Mr. and Mrs. D——.

London, March 17, 1769.

My dear Friends,

I HOPE this will find you not only at, but fixed at *Bethesda*. Your brother *James* yesterday told me, "He thought it best." It is not a time to think of leaving a *happy wilderness now*. There's more noise in great cities. I am every day, every hour, almost every moment, thinking of and preparing for *America*. A pilgrim life to me is the sweetest on this side eternity. I am daily expecting *Bethesda* accompts. I am daily waiting for the kingdom of God. God bless my poor negroes. I am always, my dear friends,

Yours, &c. &c. in the Friend of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCVIII.

To Mr. A——s.

London, March 31, 1769.

My very dear Tommy,

YOU will be glad to hear, that frequent preaching hath prevented writing. Through infinite mercy I have been enabled to preach four days successively. And indeed we have been favoured with a blessed passover season. All to make us shout louder and louder, Grace! grace! I have some thoughts of making *Gloucestershire* my first excursion: but at present the cloud abides over *London*. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! The books will be sent. Mr. *S——e* hath done as desired: I believe he goes to *Bath* next week. *B——*'s coming was, I think, of God. She seems happy in her present situation. In heaven we shall be perfectly so. Till then, some right hand or eye must be cutting off, and plucking out, and we shall feel the smart and want of both. But all is well, because all will end well. *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* Come, Lord, come! I can now no more. Adieu. God bless you all! Cease not to pray, my very dear *Tommy*, for

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCIX.

To the Reverend Mr. S——y.

London, April 1, 1769.

Reverend and very dear Sir,

HOW much am I obliged to you, for your two kind letters, and more especially for the repeated offers of your ministerial assistance. They will be most gratefully accepted, and I humbly hope remarkably succeeded, by Him who hath promised to be with us always even to the end of the world. Blessed be his name, we have been favoured with delightful passover feasts. The shout of the King of kings is still heard in the midst of our Methodist camps; and the shout of Grace, grace! resounds from many quarters. Our almighty Jesus knows how to build his temple in troublous times. His work prospers in the hands of the elect Countess, who is now gone to *Bath*, much recovered from her late indisposition. Worthy Lady *F——y* proposes soon to follow, in order to reside there. Some more coronets, I hear, are likely to be laid at the Redeemer's feet. They glitter gloriously when set in, and surrounded with a crown of thorns.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold;
Jesus will his kingdom hold:
Wheels encircling wheels must run,
Each in course to bring it on.

I know who joins in crying, *Hallelujah*! Even a *Waller*, a *Harriot*, both heirs of the grace of life. That the Spirit of Christ and of glory may abide and rest upon them here, and that they may shine with distinguished lustre in his heavenly kingdom hereafter, most earnestly prays,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Bath, April 18, 1769.

My dear Friend,

HITHERTO God hath helped us. A good opening at *Chippenham*. A precious season here on *Sunday* morning. This evening I am to preach again. To-morrow, God willing, I shall set out for *Bristol*, and return hither on *Saturday* morning. I hope to write to Mr. *W——r*, by to-morrow's or *Thursday*'s post. I thank him for his punctual sending the papers. I find by them, who is dead, and by this time buried in *Saint S——n*'s chapel. The question is, whether there will be a resurrection, or what will be the consequence? Whatever it be, this is our consolation, "the Lord reigneth. Blessed be the God of our salvation!" I hope this will find dear Mr. *E——s* proclaiming it with abundant success. Tender love to him and to all. Surely they will not cease to pray for,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXI.

To Mr. W——hy.

Bristol, April 28, 1769.

My dear Mr. W——hy,

I SUPPOSE you have heard, that all arrived safe at *Georgia*, *February 26*. The very moment they cast anchor, fifteen miles from *Savannah*, an opportunity offered to send a few lines. This is the reason no other letters are yet come. More may be expected daily. Be so good as to send a line of information to *Essex*. I believe an opportunity will soon present, to write by the ship bound for *Savannah*. My packet is to come up early next week. We finish at *Bath* next *Sunday*. About a week more I stay in *Bristol*, or thereabouts. Good seasons every where. What a mercy, that while the potsherds of the earth are dashing each other in pieces, the great Head of the church is building up his spiritual *Jerusalem*! That you and yours may be daily built up in the most holy faith, earnestly prays,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n ,

Bristol, May 4, 1769.

My dear old Friend,

THIS evening we are to have a love feast; yesterday had a good field preaching at *Kingswood*. The night before I preached here. God willing, to-morrow here again. *Sunday* morning at *Bradford*. *Monday* at *Frome*. Then *Chippenham*, and other parts of *Gloucestershire*. I designed to go to *Plymouth*, but I have such a cold, and the weather begins to be so warm, that I know not how the issue will be. Hitherto, blessed be God, we have had golden seasons. A letter may be sent by *Saturday*'s post, to Mr. *B——s*, at *Frome*. I hope all continues to go on well. Brethren, pray for us! I sent some letters for *Georgia*, to the care of Mr. *W——hy*, but have heard nothing from him. I wish you would write one line to my humble friend, and tell him he is enquired after every where, and all are glad to hear of his safe arrival. Grace! grace! That all may prosper both in soul and body, earnestly prays, my dear old friend,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXIII.

To the Same.

Frome, May 8, 1769.

My dear Friend,

MANY thanks for your kind letter. A blessed day yesterday in *Bradford* church. A blessed day here in the fields; thousands attended, all more than solemn. Mrs. *M——re* I hope was touched at *Bath* last *Tuesday* sevennight. Glorious prospect in these parts. Grace! grace! I am now going to *Chippenham*, *Castlecomb*, *Dursley*, *Rodborough*, *Painswick*, *Gloucester*, *Cheltenham*, in my way to *London*. The west circuit must be deferred, on account of the opening the chapel at *Tunbridge*. I am easy about *London*, being so well supplied. God bless you all! All send cordial respects. *W——s*'s inadvertencies grieve me. You will be punctual. I hope to answer Captain *J——s* in a post or two. Love and thanks to Mr. *E——s*. Lord prosper the gospel plough! Adieu, I must away. Cease not to pray for, my dear Sir,

Yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXIV.

To Mr. J——s.

Rodborough, May 11, 1769.

EBENEZER, Ebenezer! Through infinite mercy, I just now arrived here. Blessed seasons at *Chippenham*, *Castlecomb* and *Dursley*, in our way from *Frome*. Have been enabled to preach five times this week. It is good to go into the highways and hedges. Field-preaching, field-preaching for ever! Cannot yet determine what course to steer next. At present a very heavy cold lies upon me. Jesus's warm love more than makes amends for all. God fill all your dear souls with it! I am easy, as you go on well in *London*. God bless you all. By *Saturday*'s post you may know further concerning, my dear Captain,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXV.

To Mr. T—— A——ms.

London, May 18, 1769.

My very dear old Friend,

ON *Monday* evening we reached *Letchlade*, on *Tuesday Maidenhead*, on *Wednesday* about noon, through infinite mercy, we got safe to town. *Ebenezer, Ebenezer!* My cold is about the same as when we parted. But who knows what the Father of mercies may do for less than the least of all his children, by next Lord's-day morning? Perhaps we may be favoured with another *Rodborough* pentecost. Never was that place so endeared to me, as at this last visit. Old friends, old gospel wine, and the great Governor ordering to fill to the brim!

O to grace what mighty debtors! &c. &c.

I suppose you will sing that hymn soon; and if we should die in singing it? What then? Why then, welcome, welcome eternity! God bless you all! Yesterday I saw your sister *J——s* comforted under her trial. I see, whether married or single, thorns in the flesh we must have. But Christ's grace will

be sufficient for us. *Hallelujah! Hallelujah!* Brethren, pray for us. Cordial respects to Mrs. *A——s*; I think her name is *Phebe*. I hope to send a few lines to Mrs. *R——s* and Mrs. *H——r* very soon; in the mean while entreat them, and all like-minded, to accept most grateful acknowledgments, and most cordial respects, and be assured of being always remembered in the poor prayers of, my very dear *Tommy*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXVI.

To Mr. S—— S——.

London, May 26, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

HOW did I send all over *Bath*, to enquire for you and yours! How have I since prayed, that your present use of the baths may be blessed to the recovery of your valuable health, and your soul sweetly refreshed with drinking the waters of life freely! Both these things, I hope you do and will experience fully. However it may be on earth, glory, glory be to free grace! we are assured that we shall have a perfect consummation of bliss, both in body and soul, in heaven. Jesus, thou son of *David*! Jesus, thou Son of God! Jesus, thou God over all, God blessed for evermore! give us patience to wait till this wished-for time shall come! I suppose you have heard of my hoarseness, gotten, through mercy, in the highways and hedges. A delightful spring campaign. Many, I trust, were compelled to come in. Such news will gladden you, because it gladdens the angels which are in heaven. With

regret I must shorten this. I shall send to know how you both do. God only knows, how you are beloved and remembered by, my very dear friends,

Yours, &c. in Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXVII.

To the Same.

London, June 10, 1769.

My very dear old Friend,

HOW glad was I to find, that you could write so long a letter! Who knows but the withered hand may be yet stretched out? “Abba, Father!” all things are possible with thee! Grant it, if it be thy blessed will, for Jesus Christ’s sake! This leaves me a little recovering from my late indisposition, consequently it leaves me singing, “He will not always be chiding, neither will he keep his anger for ever.” How truly, how incomparably great, will these loving corrections make us in a future state? Then shall we sing without sorrowing,

O happy, happy rod,

That brought us hither to our God!

In patience, therefore, may we possess our souls! Yet a little while, and he that cometh will come, and will not tarry. God be praised, that your dear nurse and yoke-fellow holds out so well. Mr. *M——s* tells me she is brave.

Mr. *D——n* dines with me, at his house, on *Friday*; both will then be remembered. The covenant of grace was made from eternity. *Hallelujah, Hallelujah!* Come Lord, come!

Ever yours, &c. &c. in our Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

London, July 29, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

I THANK you for your intended benefaction. Our Lord will write himself your debtor for it. His interest is pretty good, “a hundred fold.” A hundred fold! what can the most avaricious trader desire more? It comes very opportunely; for in looking over my *Georgia* letters this morning, I find Mr. *Dixon* desires me to purchase negro cloth, and osnabrigs for the negroes, in *London*; it will be a great saving, and render double service to my dear orphan family. In about a month or five weeks I hope to set sail. I long for your return, wish you could shorten your *Scarborough* expedition. I want to consult you in many things; and in particular, to have proper writings drawn up, empowering you, as my attorney, to act in all things as if I was present. O that you may have the presence of our great Advocate, to guide, guard, and protect you in journeying! May he be a wall of fire round about you, and be your wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and all in all! My hearty

love to Mr. *E——ds*, Mr. *G——th*, Mr. *A——ge*, &c. &c. That the Lord may richly reward you for all your disinterested labours of love, and bless you and yours in time and eternity, is the constant prayer of, my dear dear friend,

Yours most affectionately in an unchangeable Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXIX.

To Mr. B——s.

London, July 30, 1769.

My dear Sir,

OLD friendship and love embolden me to send these few lines. Blessed be God! the orphan-house affairs go on well, and a lasting ample foundation is now laid, for the future support and education of both rich and poor. Perhaps providence may call me to *Georgia* this fall. Could you present the infant institution with a book or two of maps, or copies, or copper-plates, as you shall judge most proper? Sheet maps will not do in that hot climate. I should also be glad of some maps, shewing the different coastings, &c. for my own amusement when on board. Glory be to God, all sublunary coastings will soon be over. Yet a little while, and we shall get into an eternal harbour. Jesus is the way, Jesus is our pilot. To his almighty never-failing guidance and grace, I most earnestly commit you, and all your near and dear connections, as being, my dear old friend,

Yours, &c. &c. &c. &c. in our common Lord,

G. W.

P. S. If the motion is not approved of, silence shall serve for an answer.

LETTER MCCCCXX.

To Mr. J——s.

Tottenham-Court, August 9, 1769.

My dear Captain,

MY last to ——, will make you guess that my hands and heart are full. Last night I went on board the *Friendship*; the Captain is to dine with me to-morrow. I expect to sail the first week in *September* at furthest. You must be then in town. Mr. *Brooksbanks* (if Mr. *K——n* does not come) will supply your place. I hope all things will be settled on a right plan. You may be assured of my having, under God, the greatest confidence in you. I only wish some means may be found out to save the late great expence of coach hire. It hath mounted very high. But more of this when we meet. Blessed be God for smiling on your labours. This is the way; you need not be exhorted to continue to walk in it. God bless you! God bless you! Mr. *K——n* is expected from his *Yorkshire* tour on *Saturday*. All is well at home. Cordial love to all. Brethren, pray for us. With regret I am obliged to hasten to subscribe myself, my dear man,

Yours, yours, &c. &c. &c. in our never-failing Jesus,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXI.

To Mr. T—— A——ms.

London, August 19, 1769.

My very dear Tommy,

TALK not of taking a personal leave. You know my make. *Paul* could stand a whipping, but not a weeping farewel. My heart and hands are full. What a letter-night last *Thursday* evening! a night much to be remembered. Many thanks for your intended present. In ten days I expect to sail. God bless you and yours! God bless all our never to be forgotten *Gloucestershire* friends! I can no more. Adieu. Cease not to pray for, my very dear steady old friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXII.

To Mr. J——ss.

London, August 19, 1769.

My very dear Man,

BLESSED, for ever blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for causing his word so to run, and so to be glorified in your hands. No wonder that you meet with a thorn in the flesh. But we know who hath said, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” I have no objection against your circuit westward. I believe it will be a blessing to many souls. In a few days I expect to hear that either Mr. *D——cy* or *S——y* will be in town. If so, you may proceed; if not, I must beg you to be here at the time of my departure. Ten days, and then. What then? You may guess. God bless you and yours. God bless all dear, Christian, never-to-be-forgotten *Bristol* friends. Last *Thursday* evening was a parting letter-night indeed. A night much to be remembered. Your flaming letter was read. That God may make you flame more and more, till you are called to be a flaming seraph in yonder heaven, earnestly prays, my very dear man,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXIII.

To Mr. T—— A——ms.

On board the Friendship, Captain Ball, September 5, 1769. Six in the Morning.

My very dear Tommy,

ALTHOUGH I could not write to you whilst ashore, yet I must drop you a few lines now I am come aboard. Just now we have taken up the anchor: and I trust my anchor is cast within the veil, where the ground will never give way, otherwise, how should I have stood the shock of parting, and put to sea at this time, or rather at this decline of life? But our God can, and our God does renew both bodily and spiritual strength. I have not been in better spirits for some years; and I am persuaded this voyage will be for the Redeemer's glory, and the welfare of precious and immortal souls. I am assured I fare the better for the prayers of my dear very dear *Gloucestershire* friends. Our parting solemnities have been exceedingly awful; and I thank God for giving me the honour of taking my leave on *Sunday* afternoon at *Gravesend* market-place. O for this rambling way of

preaching till I die! If Mrs. *H——ker* gets into harbour before me, she will be well off. Cordial respects await her, your wife, Mrs. *R——ts*, and all the friends of *Zion*. O *England! England!* God preserve thee from and divert every threatening storm! Follow, follow with your prayers, and assure yourselves of not being forgotten by, my very dear friends,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXIV.

To Mrs. H——ge.

On board the Friendship, September 6, 1769.

Dear Mrs. H——ge,

REPEATED labours of love demand repeated acknowledgments. God bless and reward you and your daughter! I hope you both returned home laden with the grapes of the *New-Jerusalem*. *Gravesend Bethels*, I trust, will not easily be forgotten. I am sure you do not forget to pray for a very worthless worm: a worm, and no man! And yet, (O amazing love!) Jesus, a never-failing, ever-loving, altogether-lovely Jesus, careth for and comforts him on every side. Hitherto it seems like my first voyage. Grace! grace! What hath God wrought? With all thy mercies, glorious *Emmanuel*, deny not the mercy of a thankful heart! Had I more humility, I should be more thankful to God and man. But I once more bid you and yours farewel. Salute all dear friends as they come in your way, and tell them their prayers are and will be heard in behalf of, my dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXV.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

On board the Friendship, September 7, 1769.

Dear Friends,

ACCEPT a line of grateful acknowledgment for all favours. I know it will find you busy: and busy, I believe, for the Redeemer's glory. You, therefore, shall and will prosper. This comforts me in my present gospel enterprize. I am persuaded it is of, from, and for Him who loved me, and gave himself for me, even ill and hell-deserving me. Glory be to his great name, I am comforted on every side. Fine accommodations. A civil Captain and passengers. All willing to attend on divine worship, and to hear of religious things. Praise the Lord, O my soul! Faithful mother *W——d*, and all at Tabernacle, will be glad to hear of this. Pray desire her to remember me in the kindest manner to Mr. *P——ts*, Mr. and Mrs. *T——r*, Mr. and Mrs. *B——s*, &c. &c. I remember parting tears. Jesus hath bottled them up. Brethren, pray and give thanks to Him, whose mercy endureth for ever. I am brave as to my bodily health. Grace! grace! God bless you and yours,

and all who are so kind as to be concerned for, and enquire after, my dear old friends,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXVI.

To Mr. W——hy.

On board the Friendship, September 8, 1769.

Dear Mr. W——hy,

O THESE partings! Without a divine support they would be intolerable. But with that, we can even do this and every thing besides, which we are called to do or suffer. You will be glad to hear that every thing turns out beyond expectation, as to bodily health, ship accommodation, civility of passengers, &c. I only want somebody that hath a little more brains about me: but we must have our *buts* in this trying imperfect state. Say what we will, without these things we could not have our graces kept in exercise. God preserve you and all my religious friends, amidst the exercises that I fear await them. Nothing less than an almighty power can preserve and keep them in a proper temper. Land-storms are often most dangerous. Tell all as they come in your way, that their prayers are heard. I serve a God whose mercy endureth for ever. Particular respects to Mr. *H——s*, Mr. *B——n*, Mr. *S——s*, Mr. *W——e*, and all that accounted it their privilege

to assist an unworthy worm: not forgetting poor mother *E——s*. You would all be pleased to see how well I am. Grace! grace! O the privilege and honour of leaving a little All, for a great unfailing All the ever-blessed God! May you be kept unspotted, that are called to abide by the stuff. You are surprizingly improved as to politeness of behaviour: may the inward man be more than equally improved, and increase with all the increase of God day by day! You will not fail to pray, that this may be also the happy case of, my dear Mr. *W——y*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXVII.

To Mrs. M——.

On board the Friendship, September 8, 1769.

THOUGH on the mighty waters, I must not forget faithful friends that I have left behind. You, I am persuaded, are one of these. I have tried you many years. God bless you and yours! God guide and keep you in your new undertaking! You are launching into a wide sea. May Jesus be your pilot! He will, he will. He is the widow's husband, and will therefore plead the widow's cause. He is good to us on board. Praise Him, praise Him whose mercy endureth for ever. Cease not to pray for, dear Mrs. *M——*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

On board the Friendship, September 8, 1769.

My dear steady Friend,

EBENEZER! Ebenezer! Hitherto the Lord helps. All things are very commodious on board, and hitherto I am comforted on every side. The Captain and passengers are civil, willing to oblige, and ready to attend on divine worship. We have had contrary winds in our way to the *Downs*, but not violent. The young soldiers not yet sick, though the ship hath some motion. I seem to be now, as I was thirty years ago. Grace! grace! Praise the Lord, O my soul! The prayers of the dear *Londoners* are and will be heard. May the mercies bestowed upon us in answer to their prayers, redound to thy glory, O my God! The care of my annual pensioners, with all money matters, I must beg you to take wholly into your hands. O how little can I do for Him, who hath done and suffered so much for me! God be merciful to me a sinner! Tender love to all. Cease not, cease not to pray forwards, and to pray back again, my very dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,
G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXIX.

To Mr. and Mrs. F——tt.

The Downs, on board the Friendship, September 10, 1769.

My very dear Friends,

AS we are now at our first baiting-place, and I have been thinking of and praying for my tried, steady, uniform friends, no wonder that you two came strongly upon my mind. Accept cordial thanks for all favours, and add to my manifold obligations by praising Him, whose mercy endureth for ever. He deals bountifully with us on board, and gives us a prospect of being comfortable with all about us. You are called to stay by, but blessed be God you are called to live above the stuff. A pilgrim life is my lot. I am more than content with it. I shall have time enough to rest in heaven. This heaven is begun on earth. You know it, you know it. Ere long the budding flower will be full blown. Afflictions, temptations, ordinances, providences, will all concur to bring it to maturity. When this is done, death shall transplant it to a better soil where it shall never fade, but increase in fragrance and beauty through the endless ages of eternity. But I must not detain you. This is your

busy day. You have been gathering manna. A little hath fallen round our floating camp. I know you wish us a trading voyage. That you may sail into harbour with a very full and choice cargo of heavenly wares, with your top-gallant sails flying, and shouting from every quarter, Grace! grace! earnestly prays, my very dear friends,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

P. S. Tell Mr. *K——n* I was in hopes of one line by *Saturday*'s post. We had a violent gale yesterday. One ship we hear is gone. Blessed be God we are all well.

LETTER MCCCCXXX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Deal, September 14, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

IT hath really given me some concern, that notwithstanding I have written so many letters, not a single friend hath wrote at a venture, though if we had been sailed, the letter might have been returned. The Captain hath been answered; *Winter* hath been answered. But—all is well. For wise reasons we are detained in the *Downs*. Who knows but it may be to awaken some souls at *Deal*? A peculiar providence brought me here. Warm-hearted Dr. *G——ns* came on board to pay me a visit, was sick, lay in my state room, and learnt more experimentally to pray for those who occupy their business in the great waters. Mr. *B——y* of *Ramsgate*, and young Mr. *G——ner*, who was ordained here yesterday, followed after. At their request I came ashore yesterday morning. The ordination was very solemn, and I have not been more affected under any public ministrations a great while. At the request of many, I preached in the evening to a crouded auditory, and spent

the remainder of the night in godly conversation. Dr. *G——ns* will acquaint you with some pleasing particulars. If the wind continues contrary, perhaps I may make an elopement to *Margate*. I wish I could see my sermon that is printed. You may at a proper season, in a proper way, hint as from yourself to ——, that I have often thought he would do for *Bethesda* academy. If I die, let not the hymn book be cashiered. I am glad to hear of the *Amens* at *Tottenham-Court*. I doubt not but it is the same at Tabernacle. I design to write to both, and to the conference, &c. But I cannot enlarge now. The young sailors begin to be more handy, and are attentive to oblige. This is the thirteenth time of my crossing the *Atlantic Ocean*. God bless you all! If further detained, you will hear again from, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

P. S. A parcel might be sent by *Saturday*'s coach, directed to the care of ——: he would return it if we are sailed. I should have the papers and the sermon. The ship that was lost hath been taken up and brought in. The passengers escaped in the boat. What are we that we should be preserved? Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCCXXXI.

To Mr. G——d.

The Downs, on board the Friendship, September 15, 1769.

My dear Mr. G——d,

I CANNOT forget your old readiness to serve and attend upon me. I cannot forget your last parting conversation. Alas! alas! how little do we know of the bitter cups that await us in the decline of life! May Jesus sweeten them with his love! He will, he will. This will make them palatable. This and this alone can make us cry from our inmost souls, “The cup which my heavenly Father hath given me to drink, shall I not drink it?” Though bitter, there is no death in this cup: on the contrary, nothing but life, nothing but life. Courage then, my dear Mr. *G——d*, courage. Yet a little while and we shall see

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchang’d for heav’n.

Adieu. God bless you and yours. Hearty love to all that are so kind as to enquire after and pray for me. Pray go to Dr. *G——ns*, and tell him I hope

he got home well. I had a pleasant season at *Deal* with him and some other servants of our common Lord. What will heaven be? I am lost in contemplation of it. And therefore must hasten to subscribe myself, dear Mr. *G——d*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Deal, September 15, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR letter was quite refreshing. It found me on board. But Mr. *B——y* came, put me under an arrest, and is carrying me away to *Ramsgate*: I hope to arrest some poor run-away bankrupts for the Captain of our salvation. You would be glad to be here. How mysterious and yet how wise are his ways! Fain would I follow the Lamb whithersoever he goes. Blessed be God that all is so well at *London*. I trust all will be better and better. For Christ's sake, let all means be used to keep up and increase *Tottenham-Court* and Tabernacle societies. Pray be particular about church and state. A shaking season awaits both. Happy they who have cast anchor within the veil. All send due respects. Cordial love to your whole self, to all that sent their love, and to all who are so kind as to enquire after, my very dear steady friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXIII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Downs, September 16, 1769.

My very dear steady Friend,

I MUST not leave sight of the *Downs*, without sending you a few grateful, sympathizing, parting lines. I know in what a situation they will find you, filling up the measure of Christ's sufferings which are behind. Amazing! even bodily sufferings, when brought on by working for Him, he accounts his own.

He knows what this temptation means,

For he hath felt the same.

What a mercy this, when wearisome nights and days are appointed for us! O that patience may have its perfect work in our souls! It will, it shall. Faithful is he that hath promised, who also will do it. Fine sayings these for an old weather-beaten almost worn-out pilgrim, just on his entrance upon a new voyage. But *Ebenezer! Ebenezer!* He that hath helped and delivered twelve times, will not fail the thirteenth.

I would believe thy promise, Lord;

O help my unbelief!

Hitherto the prospect is comfortable. Accommodations good. All on board civil, and willing to attend upon divine worship. Above all, Jesus is kind, yea very kind to the better part of, my very dear never-to-be-forgotten friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

P. S. Most grateful acknowledgments await your whole self, and dear daughter and worthy son-in-law. Pray for us.

LETTER MCCCCXXXIV.

To Mr. R—— H——n.

In the Downs, on board the Friendship, September 17, 1769.

My dear old Friend,

I SYMPATHIZE with you from my inmost soul. What prickles have our sweetest roses! How does God's promise seemingly cross hands with his providence! We would fain direct him: but his answer is, "I know it, my son, I know it:" and hereafter we shall know it too. That *hereafter* will soon come. It is coming every moment. Yet a little while, and we shall see

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

I have no doubt, but this will be the happy lot of your dear yoke-fellow. At present she walks in darkness, and sees no light. But God will lighten her darkness, and the days of her mourning shall be ended. Beg her to accept my most sincere and sympathetic salutations; and assure yourselves, that neither of you are forgotten in the poor prayers of, my dear friends,

Less than the least all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Deal, September 17, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

AS I have no parcel, I am ready almost to think somebody is coming. I am just returned from *Ramsgate*, and going on board. Never did any creature shew greater civility, heartiness, politeness, and generosity than Mr. *B——ry*. His friends were hearty too. Indeed and indeed I believe solid good was done at *Ramsgate*. I preached on *Friday* and *Saturday*. It was hard parting this morning. I expect a long passage. But all is well. I am kept comfortable. I could not go to *Margate*. Friends that write, should direct where the letters are to be returned. I am glad Mr. *S——y* is come. I shall write to *Bath*. Is my farewel sermon printed? That is what I meant; no packet is come. Tender love to all, to all. Never fear,

Satan thwarts and men object,

And yet the thing they thwart effect.

Hallelujah!

I wish this may be the last letter, any may receive dated at the *Downs*, from, my very dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXVI.

To Mr. John W——r.

The Downs, on board the Friendship, September 18, 1769.

My dear Friend,

I MUST not forget you and your dear yoke-fellow, whom I cannot but number amongst my old first friends and children. I hope this will find bodily pain subsided, or grace given to make it more than tolerable. Little do we know what trials await the declines of life. But these are like the finishing strokes of a limner's hand before the picture is sent for home. Yet a little while, and it shall be hung up in God's house above, as a trophy of the Redeemer's blood and Spirit, to be admired for ever and ever.

O heights of grace!

O depths of love!

Lord, fit us for

This house above!

Adieu! God bless you and yours and all your connections. The post-boat is come. Though detained in the *Downs*, yet I hope we are sailing to heaven.

Hallelujah! Cease not to pray for, my dear friends,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXVII.

To Mr. G——, and to all in conference.

The Downs, on board the Friendship, September 19, 1769.

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

THOUGH absent in body, I am present with you in spirit. Not want of love, but of leisure, prevented my holding a conference with you before my embarkation. My hands and heart were full. Ere long, we shall go no more out. In the mean while, may you all be pillars in the house of our God! You are engaged in a good cause, and in a branch of the Redeemer's work, which hath, and I am persuaded will prosper more and more. What a mercy, that fresh instruments are raised up, to preach to poor sinners the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ. I hope that the sound of his blessed feet hath been heard behind young Mr. *D*——; he seems to come out in the first, old, itinerant methodistical way. No way like this. Light and life must go together. Principles and power, principles and power conjointly, alone can satisfy my dear tabernacle hearers souls. Though dying, I should live, when I find that they and you stand fast in the Lord, and go on, and are terrible

like an army with banners. This be your happy lot! Whatever becomes of ill and hell-deserving me, may you increase with all the increase of God! Most cordial love awaits Mr. *C*——, Mr. *B*——, Mr. *D*——, Mr. *I*——, or as many of them as are in town. May all be helped, to give one and the same mighty gospel all-powerful blast, till *Jericho*'s towering walls fall down before them. Outward troubles, I am persuaded, await us. But in Jesus we shall have peace. To his never-failing mercy I commend you and yours, and all your near and dear connections. Brethren, pray for us; I know you do. The Redeemer, in answer to your prayers, deals bountifully with us. I am comforted on every side. Never less alone, than when alone with my God. My anchor is cast within the veil. Though detained in the Downs, I hope we are sailing towards our eternal haven. Still help us forwards, and pray us back. Once more, God bless you all! God bless the dear tabernacle society, bands and classes, and all that come to hear a preached gospel under that despised yet highly honoured roof. I am sure you will add, and God bless him, who from his inmost soul subscribes himself,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXVIII.

To Mr. J——s.

On board the Friendship, in the Downs, September 19, 1769.

My very dear Captain,

I WRITE a few lines at a venture, uncertain whether you are in town or not. You see where they leave me; at our first baiting place. Had not our Captain loitered at *London* last Lord's-day, we might have been out of the channel. But then perhaps I might have lost the sale of some gospel goods at *Gravesend* market-place. I hope you, and all my dear fellow labourers, will meet with thousands of moneyless customers, who will come down to the price. Blessed news for bankrupts!

Surely, O Christ, thy grace is free,

For, O my God, it found out me!

He is good to us on board. All are civil and studious to oblige. I am glad of the third cabin passenger. The steerage ones are old hearers, and in distress. Who knows what a trading voyage we may have. When you write to *Bristol*, pray tell Miss *B——ne* to acquaint Mr. *G——n*, that I am sorry I

did not know who sent me the kind present in so genteel a manner. He hath my grateful acknowledgments. The young sailors have been a little sick. The Steward is very handy. I am kept comfortable in soul and body. Pray on, my dear friends, pray on. Remember our partings, our partings. Surely they will never be forgotten by, my dearly beloved Captain,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXXXIX.

To Mr. B——s.

The Downs, on board the Friendship, Captain Ball. September 19, 1769.

My dear old Friend,

THOUGH my hands and heart were too full, to come and give you personal thanks on shore, be pleased to accept my most grateful acknowledgments for your kind present, and yet kinder letter, now I am on board. I know your heart is formed for friendship, and therefore some kind of trials of the affectionate kind, must make such impressions, as persons of leaden souls and iron bodies, are utter strangers to. What a mercy, that we have a compassionate High-Priest to apply to, who is most sensibly touched with a feeling of our infirmities!

He knows what sore temptations mean,

For he hath felt the same.

Courage therefore, my dear Sir, courage. Yet a little while, and he that cometh will come, and will not tarry. In the mean while, may both of us be

enabled to sing,

O happy, happy rod,

That brought us nearer to our God.

I write this out of the fulness of my heart. Old friendship more than revives. God bless you, and all your near and dear connections! Through infinite mercy, this leaves me comforted on every side. I want a thousand tongues to praise Him whose mercy endureth for ever, and in whom I am, my very dear Sir,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

P. S. I should be glad if you would be pleased to send the *Atlas* to Mr. *K——n*, woollen-draper, in the *Minories*. A ship goes soon to *Georgia*.

LETTER MCCCCXL.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

On board the Friendship, off New-Romney, September 26, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

MAN appoints, but an all-wise, all-gracious God disappoints. Dear Mr. *H——y* guessed right. This day sevennight we weighed anchor, and sailed, though very slowly, as far as *Fair-Lee*. But for near five days we have been tossed by violent gales, and last night, through infinite mercy, cast anchor off *Dungenness* and *New-Romney*. The new sailors have been quite sick, but are now almost recovered. I have felt very little, comparatively speaking, and have been able to read, &c. &c. Had I known of having such a handy Steward, I might have spared one hand; but what is, is best. In God's due time, the winds will have a commission to carry us on. Satan doth not like this voyage. Pray on, pray on, my very dear friends, and never fear. All shall work together for good to those who love God. I wish you had advertised against the publisher of my last sermon. It is not *verbatim* as I delivered it. In some places, he makes me to speak false concord, and even

nonsense. In others, the sense and connection are destroyed, by the injudicious disjointed paragraphs; and the whole is entirely unfit for the public review [1]. But we must suffer by the false zeal of professing friends, as well as by the inveterate malice of public avowed enemies. If one sentence is blessed to the conviction and edification of any single individual, I care not what becomes of my character, though there is no occasion of bringing ourselves into needless contempt. I write this at a venture; we see a boat approaching, and hope it will reach us. We have put back: O that it may quicken friends to pray us forwards. We are like a man of war that hath been out on a short cruise, and then returned into harbour. What awaits us we know not. It is not fit we should. God bless you all, my dear, very dear friends. I remember your times of meeting at both ends of the town. Sea is sea, land is land. The God whom we serve, is God of both. To his never-failing mercy I commend you. Continue to do the same for, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

Off New-Romney, September 28.

STILL we are prisoners. But blessed be God, prisoners of hope! In God's due time, the word of command will be, *Go forward*. I am sadly off for want of white biscuit. But God will supply every want. The boat is going, that came off with some eatables. Adieu. Tender love to all. Blessed be God, all is well! Cease not to pray for, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

1. The very same censures are too justly applicable to the volume of sermons, now published by Mr. Gurney, as Mr. Whitefield's.——Relying on the accuracy of the shorthand-writer, and on the fidelity of the reverend gentleman who was to revise the sermons, and on their joint regard for the memory of Mr. Whitefield, his executors did agree to recommend the intended publication, and promote its sale; for which, a consideration was to be paid by Mr. Gurney, to be applied by them, according to the tenor of Mr. Whitefield's Will. But on their receiving nine of the sermons, (worked off) to their great surprise, they found themselves, after perusal, unable to authenticate them, either as to language or sentiments; therefore judged them utterly unfit for publication, and told Mr. Gurney, that on no consideration whatever, could they recommend them to the public. The executors are extremely concerned on Mr. Gurney's account, as well as for the character of their late worthy friend; and now wish that they had not rested with the hearing only one half-sheet read to them, but had insisted on seeing the whole Manuscript, and every sheet from the press. However, though Mr. Gurney ought to have stopped the press when first applied to, and although the agreement was never signed by either of the parties, the executors have repeatedly offered, that, besides chearfully renouncing all advantages, they will pay whatever expences Mr. Gurney hath been at in the affair, and so take and burn the whole impression; as otherwise the purchasers must be deceived, and the name of the deceased sorely wounded.

LETTER MCCCCXLI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

On board the Friendship, Captain Ball, in Five-fathom Hole, about ten miles from Charles-Town, South-Carolina. November 30, 1769.

My dear Friend,

WE have had a long, and in several respects a trying passage. Particulars expect by the packet, which the pilot says will sail in two or three days. This day week we first saw land; came over the bar the 28th instant, and should have been at *Charles-Town* that evening, but our ship was too light to obey the helm. We had the mortification of seeing ten sailing in before us, and we ever since left in jeopardy. Surely Satan foresees some signal good attending this voyage. In the midst of all, blessed be God, we have had plenty of outward things; and I am in better health than at the end of any voyage I have made for some years. Mr. *Smith* hath really behaved well, and been very handy and attentive. The same may be said of Mr. *Winter*. We have been like the three children in the fiery furnace. But the Son of God hath been, and is (O amazing grace!) still with us. Please to remember us to

all concerned. Hoping soon to write from on shore, and most earnestly praying, that grace, mercy and peace, may be multiplied upon you all, I must hasten to subscribe my old but true name, “The chief of sinners, less than the least of all saints,” but

Your affectionate, obliged friend, and willing servant to all,

G. W.

Charles-Town, December 1.

BLESSED be God, a pilot-boat came yesterday along-side, and brought us hither in safety to our unspeakable comfort in the evening. Our reception as hearty or heartier than ever. Grace! grace! The ship is not yet come up. Blessed be God, I am brave and well, and am to preach this afternoon. Praise Him whose mercy endureth for ever! We have been delivered out of great jeopardy. You will say so, when you receive further particulars from, my dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLII.

To Miss H——y.

Charles-Town, South-Carolina, December 6, 1769.

Dear Madam,

SHALL I promise, and not perform? God forbid! You have one of my first letters since our arrival. The long passage made shore more agreeable. Miss *H——y* knows how to apply such an account. All we meet with here, will be sweetly overruled to render heaven, and a sight of Jesus in the heaven of heavens, more delightful. I am in hopes, by this last week's preaching, that some *South-Carolina* souls are beginning to look heavenwards. Grace! grace! In a day or two, God willing, we shall move to *Bethesda*. Mr. *W——t* is come to meet me, and tells me all is in great forwardness there. Ere long the top-stone of a building not made with hands will be brought forth. How many of your beloved family will join the shout, crying, Grace, grace unto it! Most cordial and due respects attend them all. God be praised, heaven is in sight. Jesus is our pilot: he will steer us safe over every bar; even over the last bar, *Death*. Then will we sing,

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

O how good is it to bear the yoke in our youth! A glorious preparative for a comfortable old age. That you and all your dear relatives, may increase with all the increase of God, is the earnest prayer of, dear Madam,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Charles-Town, December 9, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

IMMEDIATELY on our arrival, I sent you a letter by way of *Liverpool*, and then promised you a particular and very explicit letter by this packet: but it must be deferred a few days. So much company crowds in, that together with my preaching every other day, &c. &c. I have scarce the least leisure. Blessed be God, I have already met with some fruits of my feeble labours in this place. An earnest, I hope, of good things to come. To-morrow, I set off by water to *Georgia*, the roads being almost impassable by land. Mr. *Wright* is come to go with me, and acquaints me that all is in great forwardness at *Bethesda*. How I am directed in respect to that institution, you shall know hereafter. And glory be to a never-failing God, an hereafter is drawing on apace, when we shall sing,

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

I hope you and yours are helped to possess your souls in patience. God bless and reward you! Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied upon you and yours! All join in sending due and cordial respects. O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth for ever. Brethren, pray for us. Tender love to all. Your letter to me by *Anderson*, I have not yet received. Blessed be God, I am in health. Grace! grace! The packet is about to be closed. Other ships are almost ready to sail. By one or all expect to hear again from, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLIV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Savannah, December 24, 1769.

My very dear Friend,

THE bearer *B—— F——* is the steward of the ship in which I came over: a very handy useful man; to whom in a great measure I owe the chief comfort of my voyage, as to eatables. He hath had convictions at times, and longs to live ashore. If you can serve him, do. I write this at my old friends Mr. *Habersham*'s. I am to preach here this morning, and to-morrow, and purpose in a few days to pay a visit to *Charles-Town*. Blessed be God, all things are in a most promising way. But I am obliged to leave Mr. *W——t* behind, for the work's-sake. Mr. *Smith* goes with me. He is attentive, hath behaved well, and been useful in the house. Never was I blessed with so many proper industrious workmen and helpers before. Grace! grace! Next *Wednesday* I am fifty-five years old. God be merciful to me a sinner, a sinner, a sinner! As such, continue to pray, my dear steady friend, for,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLV.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Bethesda, January 11, 1770.

Dear Sir,

CAN I forget my dear, very dear old steady friend? rather let my right hand forget her cunning. How are you? Still afflicted? still in pain? still made to possess wearisome nights, and wearisome days? Well, all will be over soon; soon, yea very soon shall we sing,

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

This prospect gives songs in the night; this makes *Georgia* and *Bethesda* to more than smile: and indeed you and yours would smile too, were you to see what a lasting foundation is laying for the support and education of many yet unborn. All admire the work already done. In a few months the top-stone, I trust, will be brought forth, with shouting, Grace! grace! In the mean while I must range northward. I know who will follow me with their prayers; even you and yours, whom I dearly love, and whom I salute much

in the Lord. God bless you all, for all kindnesses conferred upon, my very dear friends,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

If I thought you did not, or would not use your globes, I would beg them for our infant library. The increase of this colony is almost incredible. Real good, I trust, is doing; and a blessed door is opening for Mr. *W*——'s usefulness. Blessed be God! Blessed be God!

LETTER MCCCCXLVI.

To Mrs. H——e.

Bethesda, January 11, 1770.

Dear Mrs. H——e,

MY last to you left me just arrived at *Charles-Town*. This leaves me an old inhabitant of, or rather a worthless sojourner at *Bethesda*. Both, I hope, will find the worthy Mrs. *H——e* and her daughter enjoying thriving souls in healthy bodies. Every thing here exceeds my most sanguine expectations. I am almost tempted to say, "It is good for us to be here." But all must give way to gospel ranging: Divine employ!

For this let men revile my name,

I'd shun no cross, I'd fear no shame:

All hail, reproach——

I hope *London* friends meet with enough of this. It is bad, more than bad, when the offence of the cross ceaseth. This cannot be, till we cease to be crucified to the world, and the world crucified to us: and when that is the case, things are very bad. As Mrs. *H——s*'s heart and house are opened to

so many ministers of a despised Jesus, she must expect a double share. Not only reproach from the world, but judgings and censures from the narrow-hearted bigotted part of the Church. But she hath counted the cost; she knows in whom she hath believed, and who will be her exceeding great reward. God will not have us take up with any thing short of himself. Leaving you to cry, Grace! grace! with ten thousand thanks for all unmerited favours, I must hasten to subscribe myself

Your most obliged and ready servant, in our common Lord,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLVII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Charles-Town, February 10, 1770.

My dear Friend,

LAST night a kind Providence brought me hither, where I received your kind letter, dated *November 2d*. Blessed be God, that all things go on so well at *London*! You reason well about ——. I entirely agree with you in sentiment concerning that matter. Through infinite mercy, this leaves me enjoying a greater share of bodily health than I have known for many years. I am now enabled to preach almost every day, and my poor feeble labours seem not to be in vain in the Lord. Blessed be God, all things are in great forwardness at *Bethesda*. I have conversed with the G——r in the most explicit manner, more than once, concerning an act of assembly, for the establishment of the intended Orphan-house College. He most readily consents. I have shewn him a draught, which he much approves of; and all will be finished at my return from the northward. In the mean while, the buildings will be carried on. As two ministers from the *New-Jersies*, and

Rhode-Island, have been soliciting benefactions for their respective colleges, no applications of that nature can be made here: but the Lord will provide! My eyes wait upon Him, from whom all temporal and spiritual salvations come. Since my being in *Charles-Town*, I have shewn the draught to some persons of great eminence and influence. They highly approve of it, and willingly consent to be some of the wardens: near twenty are to be of *Georgia*, and about six of this place; one of *Philadelphia*, one of *New-York*, one of *Boston*, three of *Edinburgh*, two of *Glasgow*, and six of *London*. Those of *Georgia* and *South-Carolina*, are to be qualified; the others to be only honorary corresponding wardens. I have therefore taken the freedom of nominating ******; and as *my name* is to be annihilated, they may accept the trust without expecting much trouble, or suffering contempt for being connected with me. This, I think, is the chief of the plan: more particulars that may occur, together with the draught of the charter, you may expect hereafter. In the mean while, cease not to pray for, my dear steady friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLVIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Charles-Town, February 22, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

NO letters by the packet, or another ship that hath brought in above five hundred from *London*! As I hear Captain *Rainier* is bound for *Savannah*, I hope at my return to *Bethesda* to find a letter there. Your last, dated *November 2*, was immediately answered. Mr. *B——s* will accept my most grateful acknowledgments for his kind present of maps, charts, &c. In a few months, I hope, all will be compleated. But what may these few months produce? Lord Jesus, prepare us for whatever thou hast prepared for us, and give peace in our time, for thine infinite mercy's-sake! You must expect another draught soon. God be praised for that saying, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." You would be pleased to see with what attention people hear the word preached. I have been in *Charles-Town* near a fortnight, am to preach at a neighbouring country parish church next *Sunday*, and hope to see *Georgia* the week following. Perhaps I may sail

from thence to the northward, and perhaps embark from hence. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! I am blessed with bodily health, and am enabled to go on my way rejoicing. Grace! grace! Join in shouting those blessed words. I wrote by one Captain *Watt*, who was to sail from *Georgia* this week. In that, you will find something concerning my late visit to, and public entertainment at *Bethesda*. You see how often I pester you with letters. I can only add, that you may tell all, I am happier than words can express: which I take, in a great measure, to be owing to the prayers of my dear *English* friends, which are daily put up for, and I hope daily returned by, an unworthy worm. Remember me most affectionately to all, and expect to hear again very speedily from, my very dear, dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCXLIX.

To Mr. B——n.

Charles-Town, February 27, 1770.

My dear Mr. B——n,

I OWE you an answer to your kind letter. Blessed be God, I can send you good news from a far country! All things at *Bethesda* go on quite well. My bodily health is upon the advance, and the word, I trust, runs and is glorified. At present, my intended plan about returning continues the same: but all depends on news from home. Strange! that none could write a line or two by so many ships. Only one letter have I received from Mr. *K——n* since my arrival. Next week, God willing, I return to *Georgia*, and soon after I purpose to go to the northward. I know who will follow me with their prayers: they will avail much. The Lord Jesus be with all your spirits! I suppose you heard from *Bethesda* by Captain *Anderson*. Mr. *Wright* is the main spring with regard to the buildings, and all the other wheels move orderly and well. Praise the Lord, O my soul! O this pilgrim way of life! To

me it is life indeed. No nestling, no nestling, my dear Mr. *B——n*, on this side eternity. This is not our rest. Ere long we shall sing,

All our sorrows left below,

And earth exchang'd for heav'n.

Leaving you to add *Hallelujah*, and sending most hearty greetings to your whole self, and all enquiring friends, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear Mr. *B——n*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

March 4.

Pray tell Mr. *K——n*, that I hope to write to him in a few days from *Georgia*. To-morrow, God willing, I return thither. I trust substantial good hath been done here. Grace! grace!

LETTER MCCCCL.

To Mrs. H——e.

Charles-Town, March 4, 1770.

Dear Mrs. H——e,

ALTHOUGH at such a distance, I cannot forget Mrs. *H——e* and her daughter, and all their works of faith and labours of love. I doubt not, but this will find them on the full stretch for heaven, and as usual abounding in the work of the Lord. It leaves me almost ready to return to *Bethesda*, from a place where, I trust, the word hath run and been glorified. Matters are now drawing near to a wished-for close. All things have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectation. I expect to come according to the appointed time. But future things belong to Him who orders all things well. Through mercy I enjoy more bodily health than for many years last past. You will join in crying, Grace! grace! Next month, I purpose moving to the northward. As Mr. *W——t* is the main spring at the Orphan-house, I must leave him behind. Mr. *Smith* is with me: he behaves well, and is diligent and attentive. You will be so good as to remember me to all, as they come in

your way. I hope my good old Mrs. *Eades*, at *Tottenham-Court*, is well. That she and all may ripen for heaven every day and every hour, is the earnest prayer of, dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLI.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Savannah, March 11, 1770.

My very dear worthy Friend,

BLESSED be God, the good wine seemed to be kept till the last at *Charles-Town*. Last *Thursday* I returned, and found all well at *Bethesda*. I am come to town to preach this morning, though somewhat fatigued with being on the water three nights: upon the whole, however, I am better in health than I have been for many years. Praise the Lord, O my soul! I have been sadly disappointed in receiving no letters by the *Charles-Town* packet. All knew that I was to be in these parts, only till the ensuing Lady-day: then I purpose to set off for the northward. I drew at *Charles-Town* for ——*l.* perhaps may draw again soon. Expect more particulars in a few days. This is waited for. God bless you all! Dearly beloved in the Lord, pray for us. Time is scarce allowed me to subscribe myself, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLII.

To the Same.

Bethesda, April 6, 1770.

My very dear Sir,

I AM waiting here for a brig that is to carry me northward, and for a letter and news from *England*. Your last was dated, *November 2*: several months have intervened. I now almost despair of hearing from you again, till my arrival at *Boston*. But I hope that you and all remember us more frequently than you write. You are daily remembered at a throne of grace. How glad would many be to see our *Goshen*, our *Bethel*, our *Bethesda*! Never did I enjoy such domestic peace, comfort, and joy during my whole pilgrimage. It is unspeakable, it is full of glory. Peace, peace unutterable attends our paths, and a pleasing prospect of increasing, useful prosperity is continually rising to our view. I have lately taken six poor children, and, God willing, purpose to add greatly to their number. Dear Mr. *D——n* and his wife are to sail the beginning of next month in the *Britannia*, Captain *Dean*, bound for *Portsmouth*. We part with great respect. Fain would I retain such an old

tried disinterested friend in the service of the sanctuary, and near my person. But what scheme to pursue, I know not, being so uncertain as to the path which I shall be called to take. A few months will determine: perhaps a few weeks. More particulars expect by the *Britannia*. In the mean while, I can only recommend you all to the blessed Jesus, and the word of his grace, and entreat the continuance of your prayers in behalf of, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLIII.

To the Same.

Bethesda, April 16, 1770.

My very dear worthy Friend,

HALLELUJAH! Praise the Lord! The books and letters both by *Ball* and *Sunbury*, are come safe. You have done quite right. Our Lord must choose his own means to bring about his own purpose. Mr. *Smith* (the clerk) was much rejoiced by receiving a letter. Poor Mr. *Jacob W——t*, an honest industrious creature, was as much dejected by receiving none. If Mr. *G——s* had added a line or two to his present, it would have been doubly acceptable. Next week, God willing, we sail for *Philadelphia*. I shall leave letters behind me to come by Mr. *D——n*. All is well, all more than well here! Never, never did I enjoy such an æra of domestic peace and happiness. I have taken in about ten orphans. Prizes! prizes! *Hallelujah!* Join, my very dear friends, join in praising Him whose mercy endureth for ever. If possible, I shall write a line to the *Welch* brethren. They have sustained a loss indeed, in the death of Mr. *Howell Davies*. God sanctify it!

Surely my turn will come by and by. But I must away to *Savannah*. Real good, I trust, is doing there. The ship that brings this, is expected to sail to-morrow. I have desired Mr. *W——r* to send you the particulars of our voyage. All send due respects. God bless you! God reward you! Cease not to add to my obligations, by continuing to pray for, my very dear worthy friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLIV.

To the Same.

Bethesda, April 20, 1770.

My very dear Sir,

TO my very great joy, a few days ago I received your kind letters with all the papers. Give peace in our time, O Lord! We enjoy a little heaven upon earth here. With regret I go northward, as far as *Philadelphia* at least, next *Monday*. Though I am persuaded, as the house is now altered, I should be cooler here, during the summer's heat, than at any other place I know of, where I used to go. I should be glad to treat you with some of the produce of our colony, which is much earlier than yours. The audits, &c. sent with this, be pleased to communicate to all my real friends. You have certainly determined quite right in a late affair. Every thing concurs to shew me, that *Bethesda* affairs must go on as yet in their old channel. A few months may open strange scenes. O for a spirit of love and moderation on all sides, and on both sides the water! I wish some books might be procured for our infant library. But more of this in my next. Letters may now be sent by way of

Boston, *New York*, and *Philadelphia*. I should be glad to hear often, if it be but a line. In all probability I shall not return hither till *November*. Was ever any man blest with such a sett of skilful, peaceful, laborious helpers! O *Bethesda*, my *Bethel*, my *Peniel*! My happiness is inconceivable. A few hundreds, besides what is already devoted, would finish all. I do not in the least doubt. I have had nine or ten prizes lately. You know what I mean. Nine or ten orphans have been lately taken in. *Hallelujah! hallelujah!* Let Chapel, Tabernacle, heaven, and earth, rebound with *Hallelujah*! I can no more. My heart is too big to speak or add more, than my old name,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLV.

To Mr. and Mrs. S——n.

Bethesda, April 21, 1770.

My dear Friends,

LONG before now, I hope you have found, that I have not forgotten you or your labours of love. This comes to inform you, that the Father of mercies hath not forgotten to be gracious to the chief of sinners, and less than the least of all saints. On the contrary, he daily loads us with his benefits. *Bethesda* is a place, that the Lord doth and will bless. Dear Mr. *D——n* and his wife, will inform you of particulars. Among other things, they will tell you of our new chapel. I have sent for sundries for its use and completion. O help me to praise Him, whose loving kindness is better than life! I hope your daughter grows in grace, and will become like unto one of the polished corners of the temple. That root and branch may increase with all the increase of God, most earnestly prays, my very dear friends,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLVI.

To Mrs. H——e.

Bethesda, April 21, 1770.

Dear Mrs. H——e,

NO such good news yet. Less than the least of all, is not drowned to this very day. Perhaps he may live to see his *London* friends in *England*, or at *Bethesda*. How would many rejoice to be in such a peaceful, commodious, and comfortable habitation! I cannot tell you half. Blessed be God, I was never better, at this season of the year, in bodily health; never more comfortable in my soul. Grace! grace! *Hallelujah!* Praise the Lord! Mr. *D——n*, a faithful disinterested friend, will acquaint you with particulars. He hath often heard me speak of Mrs. *H——e* and her daughter *Phebe*. Still employed in the old way. I am glad Mr. *D——cy* is under your roof. Put it all down to the old account. God bless you all! I am sure you pray for me at *London*. All join in sending cordial respects. Happy *Bethesda*! Help, help in praising Him, whole mercy superaboundeth to, dear Mrs. *H——e*,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLVII.

To Mr. S—— S——.

Bethesda, April 21, 1770.

Dear Sir,

ALTHOUGH I have scarce time to turn round, being just setting off for *Philadelphia*, yet I must drop a few lines to my old invariable friend. As I hear nothing to the contrary, I suppose he is yet in this dying world. Well! so that we die daily to ourselves and the world, all is well, and shall end well. This I am persuaded is your happy case. In some degree, I trust, it is mine. Would you think it? My bodily strength seems to be renewed, and every thing at *Bethesda* is in a most promising way. Dear Mr. *D——n*, the bearer of this, must be referred to for particulars. Never did I spend such a comfortable domestic winter, as the last. Never was a man blessed with a better set of skilful, peaceful, laborious helpers. All is of grace, with which, that you, your dear yoke-fellow, and other connections, may be filled brimful, is the hearty prayer of, my very dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLVIII.

To Mr. K——n.

Savannah, April 24, 1770, Five in the morning.

My very dear Mr. K——n,

I AM just going into the boat, in order to embark for *Philadelphia*. I hope the good wine was kept to the last, on *Sunday*. Mr. *D——n* and his wife are to sail in about a fortnight. He is an honest creature, and an excellent accomptant. I have written strongly in his behalf. He will bring a large packet, and is to have —— pounds of you, which I have given him as a present. I have also drawn on you for £.——; perhaps shall draw no more for some time. This will prove a blessed year for me at the day of judgment. *Hallelujah!* Come Lord, come! Mr. *Robert W——t* hath herewith sent you a power of attorney, begging you would settle his affairs in *Essex*. He is worthy, for whom you should do this. A quiet, ingenious, good creature, and his wife an excellent mistress of the family. Such a set of helpers I never met with. They will go on with the buildings, while I take my gospel range to the northward. It is for thee, O Jesus, even for thee, thou never-failing

Bethesda's God! But I can no more at present. Hoping to write again soon from *Philadelphia*, and praying that all may increase with all the increase of God, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear, dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLIX.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Philadelphia, May 9, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

THIS leaves me a two days inhabitant of *Philadelphia*. I embarked at *Savannah*, in the *Georgia* packet, on the 24th ultima and arrived here the 6th instant. The evening following, I was enabled to preach to a large auditory, and am to repeat the delightful task this evening. Pulpits, hearts, and affections, seem to be as open and enlarged towards me, as ever. Praise the Lord, O our souls! Whilst I am writing, perhaps Mr. *D——n* and his wife are ready to sail from *Savannah*. By them you will receive a large packet concerning *Bethesda*. All is well, blessed be God, all is more than well there. As yet I have my old plan in view, to travel in these northern parts all summer, and return late in the fall to *Georgia*. All the letters and packets came safe. I believe you had best write by the *New-York* packet. But letters directed either to *New-York*, *Boston*, or this place, will reach or be sent to me. Through infinite mercy, I still continue in good health, and more

and more in love every day with a pilgrim life. God bless you, and all my dear friends and hearers in the great metropolis. I know they pray for me. They are never forgotten day or night. That all may increase with all the increase of God, is the continual cry of, my very dear steady friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLX.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, May 24, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

I WROTE to you by the last *New-York* packet, as well as by Mr. *D——n*, who was to sail from *Savannah* the 10th instant. I have now been here near three weeks, and in about a week more I purpose to set off for *New-York* in my way to *Boston*. A wide and effectual door, I trust, hath been opened in this city. People of all ranks flock as much as ever. Impressions are made on many, and I trust they will abide. To all the episcopal churches, as well as most of the other places of worship, I have free access. My bodily health is preserved, and notwithstanding I preach twice on the Lord's-day, and three or four times a week besides, yet I am rather better than I have been for many years. This is the Lord's doing. To this long-suffering, never-failing Lord, be all the glory! Be pleased to excuse my enlarging. Whilst I am itinerating, little leisure will be allowed for writing. The *New-York* packet will be the best opportunity for you. The particulars herein mentioned, be so

good as to send by the first opportunity. I can no more at this time. God willing, you will soon have another line from, my very dear steady friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXI.

To the Same.

Philadelphia, June 14, 1770.

My very dear steady Friend,

THIS leaves me just returned from a hundred and fifty miles circuit, in which, blessed be God! I have been enabled to preach every day. So many new as well as old doors are open, and so many invitations sent from various quarters, that I know not which way to turn myself. However, at present I am bound to *New-York*, and so on further northward. Help me to praise Him whose mercy endureth for ever. As yet I am enabled to ride and travel chearfully; the heat not greater than yours in *England*. Expect to hear further, as we go along. The ship I find is going. Tender love to all. Cease not to stir up all to persevere in praying for, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXII.

To the Same.

New-York, June 30, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

I HAVE been here just a week. Have been enabled to preach four times, and am to repeat the delightful task this evening. Congregations are rather larger than ever. You will see by the inclosed packet, what numerous invitations from every quarter I am daily receiving. Blessed be God, I have been strengthened to itinerate and preach daily for some time. Next week I purpose to go to *Albany*. From thence, perhaps, to the *Onoida Indians*. There is to be a very large *Indian* congress; Mr. *Kirkland* accompanies me. He is a truly Christian minister, and missionary. Every thing possible should be done to strengthen his hands and his heart. I shall write, God willing, at my return. The letters dated *February 22*, with the packet of papers, I have received here from *Charles-Town*. The *New-York* packet is the surest conveyance. Perhaps I may not see *Georgia* till *Christmas*. As yet, I keep to my intended plan, in respect to my returning. Lord Jesus, direct my goings

in thy way! The heat begins now to be a little intense; but through mercy I am enabled to bear up bravely. What a God do we serve! By this time I hope Mr. *D——n* and his wife are arrived. Hearty love to them, and to all who find it in their hearts to pray for, and enquire after, my very dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXIII.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

New-York, July 29, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

SINCE my last, and during this month, I have been above a five hundred miles circuit, and have been enabled to preach and travel through the heat every day. The congregations have been very large, attentive, and affected, particularly at *Albany*, *Schenecdady*, *Great Barrington*, *Norfolk*, *Salisbury*, *Sharon*, *Smithfield*, *Powkeepsy*, *Fishkill*, *New Rumburt*, *New Windsor*, and *Peckshill*. Last night I returned hither, and hope to set out for *Boston* in two or three days. O what a new scene of usefulness is opening in various parts of this new world! All fresh work, where I have been. The divine influence hath been as at the first. Invitations croud upon me both from ministers and people, from many, many quarters. A very peculiar providence led me lately to a place, where a horse-stealer was executed. Thousands attended. The poor criminal had sent me several letters, hearing I was in the country. The Sheriff allowed him to come and hear a sermon under an adjacent tree.

Solemn, solemn! After being by himself about an hour, I walked half a mile with him to the gallows. His heart had been softened before my first visit. He seemed full of solid divine consolations. An instructive walk. I went up with him into the cart. He gave a short exhortation. I then stood upon the coffin, added, I trust, a word in season, prayed, gave the blessing, and took my leave. Effectual good, I hope, was done to the hearers and spectators. Grace! grace! But I must not enlarge. The Ship is going, and I keep at home to write this. O that you had only dropped a line by the *New-York* packet! That is convenient for all parts of the continent. My next may be from *Boston*. Pray excuse me to all; for travelling and preaching entirely prevent my writing as I would. All are continually remembered by, my very dear friend,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXIV.

To Mr. W——t.

Boston, September 17, 1770.

Dear Mr. W——t,

I AM afraid, as Mr. *E——n* mentioned your writing, that your letter hath miscarried. But, blessed be God! I find all was well; only I want to know what things are wanted, that I might order them from *Philadelphia*, by Captain *Souder*. Fain would I contrive to come by him, but people are so importunate for my stay in these parts, that I fear it will be impracticable. Lord Jesus, direct my goings in thy way! He will, he will! My God will supply all my wants, according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus. By a letter, received last night from Mr. *W——y*, of *July 5*, I find that Mr. *D——n* was arrived, *Anderson* sailed, and that all orders would be immediately complied with. Two or three evenings ago, I was taken in the night with a violent lax, attended with reaching and shivering, so that I was obliged to return from *Newbury*, &c. &c.; but, through infinite mercy, I am restored, and to-morrow morning hope to begin to begin again. Never was

the word received with greater eagerness than now. All opposition seems as it were for a while to cease. I find God's time is the best. The season is critical as to outward circumstances. But when forts are given up, the Lord Jesus can appoint salvation for walls and for bulwarks; he hath promised to be a wall of fire round about his people. This comforts me concerning *Bethesda*, though we should have a *Spanish* war. You will be pleased to hear I never was carried through the summer's heat so well; I hope it hath been so with you, and all my family. Hoping, ere long, to see you, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear Mr. *W——t*,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

G. W.

LETTER MCCCCLXV.

To Mr. R—— K——n.

Portsmouth, New Hampshire, September 23, 1770.

My very dear Friend,

YOUR letters, of *May 2* and *22*, came to hand. *New-York* packet is always the surest and most centrical medium of conveyance. Before I left *Boston*, on *Friday* afternoon, I left a large packet in the hands of a young man, who promised to deliver it to you safely. You and Mr. *H——y* may peruse all, and communicate what you think proper. By this time I thought to be moving southward. But never was greater importunity used to detain me longer in these northern parts. Poor *New-England* is much to be pitied; *Boston* people most of all. How falsely misrepresented! What a mercy, that our Christian *charter* cannot be dissolved! Blessed be God for an unchangeable Jesus! You will see, by the many invitations, what a door is opened for preaching his everlasting gospel. I was so ill on *Friday*, that I could not preach, though thousands were waiting to hear. Well, the day of release will shortly come, [1] but it does not seem yet; for, by riding sixty

miles, I am better, and hope to preach here to-morrow. I trust, my blessed Master will accept of these poor efforts to serve him. O for a warm heart; O to stand fast in the faith, to quit ourselves like men, and be strong! May this be the happy experience of you and yours! I suppose letters are gone for me, in *Anderson*, to *Georgia*. If spared so long, I expect to see it about *Christmas*. Still pray and praise. I am so poorly, and so engaged when able to preach, that this must apologize for not writing to more friends. It is quite impracticable. Hoping to see all dear friends about the time proposed, and earnestly desiring a continued interest in all your prayers, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my dear, very dear Sir,

Less than the least of all,

G. W.

End *of the* Letters.

The following Letters, addressed by Mr. *Whitefield* to the inhabitants of *Savannah*, as they display his affections to the people, among whom he went to minister, so will be no unsuitable introduction to the Account of the Orphan-house. It may not be improper to observe, that Mr. *Whitefield*'s first arrival at *Savannah*, was *May 7, 1738*; he laboured assiduously in that place, [2] and the neighbouring settlements, till *August 28* following, and then went to *South Carolina*, and embarked on board the *Mary*, Captain *Cae*, for *England*, that he might receive priest's orders, for his further service to that people, and raise contributions for erecting an Orphan-house in the new colony at *Georgia*, which he saw was greatly wanted.

To the Inhabitants of Savannah.

From on board the Mary, October 2, 1738.

My good Friends,

AS God has been pleased to place you more especially under my care; so whether absent or present, I think it my duty to contribute my utmost endeavours towards promoting the salvation of your precious and immortal souls. For this end, and this only, God is my judge, came I amongst you; for this end am I now parted from you for a season; and for this end do I send you this general epistle. I love, I pray for, therefore do I write to you all without exception. But what shall I write to you about? Why, of our common salvation, of that one thing needful, of that new birth in Christ Jesus, that ineffable change which must pass upon our hearts, before we can see God, and of which you have heard me discourse so often. Let this, this, my dear friends, be the end of all your actions. Have this continually in view, and you will never do amiss. The author of this blessed change, is the Holy Ghost, the third person in the ever-blessed Trinity. The Father made, the Son redeemed, and the Holy Spirit is to sanctify, and so apply Christ's redemption to our hearts. The means to attain this Holy Spirit, you know, and the way you know; *Self-denial*, and the *way of the Cross*. "If any man will come after me (says Jesus Christ) let him deny himself, and, take up his cross daily, and follow me." And, I cannot but think it a particular blessing, which you enjoy above others; because you are in a new colony, where daily crosses must necessarily fall in your way. O then, I beseech you by the mercies of God in Christ Jesus, make a virtue of necessity, and take up your daily crosses with resignation and thanksgiving. Another means to attain the Holy Spirit, is *public worship*: for Christ has promised, "where two or three are gathered together in his name, there will he, by his Spirit, be in the midst of them." For your zeal in this particular, I have often blessed God within myself, and made mention of it to others. O continue like-minded, and as in my presence, so in my absence, do not forsake the assembling

yourselves together in the house of God; for there you will have the scriptures read, though not expounded; and the Holy Spirit, if you apply to him, will open your understandings, and guide you into all truth. Many other means there are of attaining the Holy Ghost, such as, *reading the scriptures,—secret prayer,—self-examination*, and *receiving the blessed Sacrament*;—all which I would insist on, could they be comprised in a letter. But this must be deferred till I see you in person, and am qualified to administer unto you the sacred symbols of Christ's blessed body and blood. In the mean while, think not that I shall forget you in my prayers; no, I remember my promise, and whilst the winds and storms are blowing over me, I make supplication to God in your behalf. Though absent in body, I am present in spirit, and joy in hopes of hearing of your zeal for the Lord. Remember, my dear friends, that for the space of near four months, I ceased not, day and night, warning every one of you to repent and turn to God, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Repent you therefore, and walk in all things as becometh the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and then, and then only, shall your sins be blotted out. Finally, my brethren, be all of one mind. Let there be no divisions among you; for a kingdom divided against itself cannot stand. Be over careful for nothing, but in every thing, with supplications and thanksgiving make your wants known unto God. Speak not evil one of another, brethren, but live at peace among yourselves; and the God of peace shall in all things direct and rule your hearts. Brethren, pray for us, that God would prosper the works of his hands upon me, and restore me to you as soon as possible. In about eight months, God willing, I hope to see you; in the mean while, you shall not be forgotten by

Your affectionate, though unworthy minister in Christ Jesus,

G. W.

To the Inhabitants of Savannah.

London, January 19, 1739.

My dear Friends,

THOUGH a woman may as soon forget her sucking child, yet, I fear, you have before this time thought, that I have forgotten you. But God forbid! As I have told you often, so I tell you again; You are upon my heart, so that I am ready to live and die with you; and, God willing, as soon as my affairs are finished in *England*, I shall return to you again. The Trustees have now appointed me minister of *Savannah*, and granted all I desired of them, so that I have nothing to do, but to watch over your souls, that I may present you blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Be stedfast therefore, my brethren, be unmoveable. Carefully attend to the words spoken by your present Pastor, and strive to enter in at the strait gate. Let love be without dissimulation. Let not slander so much as be named amongst you, as becometh saints. Be not slothful in business; yet take heed that you are fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks; and assure yourselves, you are continually remembered by

Your most affectionate Pastor,

G. W.

P. S. My business in *England* detaining me longer than I expected, I have therefore written this to assure you, that I will return as soon as possible. [3]

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1. Mr. Whitefield died the 30th.
2. See his letter from Savannah, dated June 10, 1738. Vol. I. p. 44.
3. Mr. Whitefield embarked for America, the —— of August following.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ORPHAN-HOUSE IN GEORGIA.

PREFACE.

BEING now about to embark for *Georgia*, I am willing, before I go, to give the world a short account of the Orphan-House erected there. I have, therefore, in the following sheets, reprinted a continuation of an account published when I was last at *Edinburgh*; to which I have subjoined some letters received since; and also an account of money received and disbursed since the publication of that account: and in order to give the reader a view of this design from its beginning, I have affixed my preface to the account I first published about two years ago. I commend it to God. May he give it his blessing!

G. W.

London, January 14, 1743.

Bethesda, December 23, 1741.

THE following sheets, to the best of my knowledge, contain a faithful account of what money I have received, as also how I have disbursed it, for the use of the Orphan-House in *Georgia*.

I think, with a full assurance of faith I may affirm, the Lord put it into my heart to build that house. It has prospered beyond expectation. It has already, and I hope will more and more answer its name, *Bethesda*, and be a House of Mercy to the souls and bodies of many people, both old and young.

When I left *England*, I proposed to take in only twenty children; but when I arrived at *Georgia*, I found so many objects of charity, besides the orphans, among poor people's children, that I resolved in this, as well as in all other respects, to imitate Professor *Franck*, and make a provision for *their* maintenance also.

Two of the orphan boys were put out apprentices just before I last left *Savannah*; one to a bricklayer, the other was bound to a carpenter; a third is to be bound to the surgeon belonging to the Orphan-House; one weaves in a loom at home; two I have put to a taylor I brought over, and the rest are now fitting themselves to be useful to the commonwealth. Whoever among them appear to be sanctified, and have a good natural capacity, these, under God, I intend for the ministry.

None of the girls are put out as yet, but are taught such things as may make them serviceable whenever they go abroad. Two or three of them spin very well. Some of them knit, wash, clean the house, get up the linen, and are taught house-wifery. All that are capable, are taught to sew. And the little girls, as well as the boys, are employed in picking cotton. I think I have no less than three hundred and eighty-two yards of cloth already in the house, and as much yarn spun as will make near the same quantity; a thing not known before in *Georgia*.

I have now forty-nine children under my care, twenty-three *English*, ten *Scots*, four *Dutch*, five *French*, seven *Americans*. Twenty-two of these are

fatherless and motherless, sixteen of them boys, and six girls. The others are some fatherless, and some without mothers; all objects of charity except three, whose friends recompense the Orphan-House for their maintenance. One of the orphans is an infant; I pay four shillings *per* week for nursing it. Since *December* last, we have had above eighteen more children that have been maintained occasionally, to assist their parents, but were dismissed when they were wanted at home.

The account which I find Mr. *Seward* has given of our œconomy, has in a great measure prevented my doing it as I intended. Let it suffice to inform our benefactors, that though the children are taught to labour for the meat which perisheth, yet they are continually reminded to seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and then to depend upon God's blessing on their honest endeavours, for having food and raiment added unto them. This precept of our Lord, I intend, when the house is finished, to have written over against the entrance in at the great door.

As my design in founding the Orphan-House was to build up souls for God, I endeavour to preach chiefly to the children's hearts. But that they may be able to give a reason of the hope that is in them, I constantly instruct them by the Church of *England*'s Articles, which I turn into catechetical questions. I am often pleased to hear how judiciously some will answer the questions put to them. The power of God has been frequently visible among the children. Many of the girls seem to be tender-hearted; several of the boys have been under strong convictions. And though it sometimes seems buried, yet I cannot but think the seed of grace is sown in some of their hearts.

We are now all removed to *Bethesda*. We live in the out-houses at present; but in less than two months, the great house will be finished so as to receive

the whole family.

It is now weather-boarded and shingled, and a piazza of ten feet wide built all around it: which will be wonderfully convenient in the heat of summer. One part of the house would have been entirely finished, had not the *Spaniards* lately taken from us a schooner loaded with ten thousands bricks, and a great deal of provision, with one of our family. And therefore, I could not till very lately procure another boat to fetch brick from *Charles-Town*.

Notwithstanding this, and many other hindrances, the work has been carried on with great success and speed. There are no less than four framed houses, a large stable and cart-house, beside the great house. In that there will be sixteen commodious rooms, besides a large cellar of sixty feet long and forty wide. Near twenty acres of land are cleared round about it, and a large road is made from *Savannah* to the Orphan-house, twelve miles in length: a thing, ever since the province has been settled, without a precedent.

None but those upon the spot can tell the expence, as well as inconvenience that attends building in *Georgia*. Most of the bricks already used, cost 40s. sterling *per* thousand, when landed at the plantation. Common labourers, besides their provisions, have 25s. sterling a month. And, after all, the produce of the land cultivated by white servants, will scarcely furnish them with ordinary food and raiment, exclusive of the expences of sickness and wages. I cannot see how it is possible for the Colony to subsist on its present footing. And in a late memorial given in to the Honourable Trustees, unknown to me, the people have declared, that if it were not for the money that has been expended on account of the Orphan-house, the poor inhabitants of the northern parts of the colony must have

been obliged to move to some other place. Never did a country stand more in need of a charity-school.

We have often been in some difficulties, but the Lord as often hath relieved us out of them. When the schooner was lost, a person lately converted, sent us eleven barrels of rice, and five barrels of beef. And in my absence, when my family had little or no provisions, the *Indians* brought in plenty of deer, till they were supplied with food some other way. The contributions in *Charles-Town*, *New-England*, *New-York*, and *Pensilvania*, I think have been extraordinary.

The infirmary, which has likewise been supported by this institution, has been of great service. The surgeon informs me, that if every one had been forced to pay for their nursing and medicines, it would have cost them two hundred pounds, sterling. I have now three or four sick: I keep a woman to attend them constantly.

God has much blessed our family with health. Only two have died out of so large a number, since my arrival; and these were two that came with me from *England*: a taylor, and one of the women: I believe they are now with God.

I have left behind me, as my assistants, (who have no other gratuity than food and raiment) two school-masters and their wives who are school-mistresses. One young man, who is also married to a young maiden, lately brought home to God, I have left at the Orphan-house, as superintendent, and chief manager of the outward things. There are also the surgeon and his wife, a shoemaker and spinstress; besides labourers and monthly hired servants: I think, in all, I have upwards of eighty. The Lord, I am persuaded, is able and willing to provide for them.

I think we have near two hundred hogs, and one hundred head of cattle. I give a man forty pounds sterling, *per annum*, to take care of them; he providing himself with provision, horses, and a servant. As yet we have had no advantage from our stock, it being a very dry season last summer; so that our cattle of all kinds have scarcely food to eat. But in a year or two, we hope, by the divine blessing, to have a considerable quantity of fresh provisions for our family.

As for manuring more land than the hired servants and great boys can manage, it is impracticable without a few negroes. It will in no wise answer the expence.

I am now upwards of eight hundred pounds in debt, on the Orphan-house account. Some particular friends have been pleased to assist me. I doubt not but our Lord will enable me to pay them, and also raise up fresh supplies for the maintenance of my large family.

I much rejoice in the institution: it has been very beneficial, not only to the bodies, but also to the souls of the labourers. One woman received Christ very lately at *Bethesda*: and I have great reason to believe, that three or four strangers, who came to see us, have been effectually brought home to God.

Great calumnies have been spread abroad concerning our management of the children: people shoot out their bitter arrows in *America*, as well as in *England*. One poor man was filled with such resentment, at the reports he had heard of our cruelty to the children, that he came on purpose from *South-Carolina*, to take away his two boys, whom out of compassion, I had taken into the Orphan-House: but, when he came and saw the manner in which they were educated, he was so far from taking his children away, that he desired to come and live at the Orphan-house himself.

I speak not this by way of boasting, or to wipe off reproach; for I know, let me do what I will, I shall never please some men. I thought proper to give this short account, for the satisfaction of those who have already contributed, and of others who may be stirred up by our good God, to contribute hereafter towards carrying on this good design.

That the children may learn to be grateful, they frequently sing the following hymn for their benefactors:

I.

Father of Mercies, hear our prayers,
For those that do us good;
Whose love for us a place prepares,
And gives the orphans food.

II.

Their mites, in blessings on their heads,
A thousand fold restore;
O feed their souls with living bread,
And let their cup run o'er.

III.

Thy bounty, Lord, in Christ built up,
Let them for ever prove:
Stedfast in faith, joyful thro' hope,
And rooted deep in love.

IV.

For those, who kindly this support,
A better house prepare:
And when remov'd to thy bless'd courts,
O let us meet them there.

That they may always look to the rock from whence they are hewn, they sing daily this hymn.

I.

Come let us join our God to bless,
And praise him evermore;
That Father of the fatherless,
That helper of the poor.

II.

Our dying parents us forsake,
His mercy takes us up,
Kindly vouchsafes his own to make,
And he becomes our hope.

III.

For us, He, in the wilderness,
A table has prepar'd;
Us, whom his love delights to bless,
His providence to guard.

IV.

Known unto him are all our wants,
And when we seek his face,
His open hand our bodies feeds,
He feeds our souls with grace.

V.

Then let us in his service spend,
What we from Him receive;
And back to Him what he shall lend,
In thanks and praises give.

That they may learn to labour truly to get their own living, they sing as follows, before they go to work,

I.

Let us go forth, 'tis God's command;
Let us make haste away,
Offer to Christ our hearts and hands,
We work for Christ to-day.

II.

When he vouchsafes our hands to use,
It makes our labour sweet.
If any now to work refuse,
Let not that sluggard eat.

III.

Who would not do what God ordains,
And promises to bless?
Who would not 'scape the toils and pains
Of sinful idleness?

IV.

In vain to Christ the slothful pray;
We have not learn'd him so.
No: for he calls himself the way,
And work'd himself below.

V.

Then let us in his footsteps tread,
And gladly act our part;
On earth employ our hands and head,
But fix on heaven our heart.

The following hymn was composed to be sung at the admission of a new child or children.

I.

Welcome, dear brethren, whom we love;
Bethesda this we call.
A house of mercy may it prove
To you, to us, to all!

II.

What tho' our parents dear are dead,
Yet our great God provides.
Our bodies here are cloth'd and fed;
Our souls have Christian guides.

III.

The heavenly manna, day by day,
They freely do impart;
Let us not trifle time away!
But lay it in our heart.

IV.

O let the love of Christ constrain!
Why should we need a rod?
Few e'er such blessed means obtain
Of leading them to God.

Besides these hymns, they generally sing a grace before and after meat, and are taught so to vary their exercises, that they may not be cloyed by a too frequent repetition of the same things on the one hand, and yet are kept in such a general method, that they may not learn to be desultory and fickle on the other.

God only knows the concern that lies upon me on account of this family, not only in respect to their bodily, but their spiritual provision. And therefore I hope all that wish well to *Zion*, will help me with prayers, as well as their alms, that it may grow up a holy temple to the Lord, and be blessed; that it may rightly be stiled *Pietas Georgiensis*, and like the *Pietas Hallensis*, or Professor *Franck*'s Orphan-House at *Glaucha*, near *Hall*, become the joy of the whole earth. Even so, Lord Jesus, *Amen*, and *Amen*.

G. W.

A CONTINUATION OF THE ACCOUNT OF THE ORPHAN-HOUSE IN GEORGIA.

Edinburgh, September 14, 1742.

EVER since the Lord has been pleased to put me into the ministry, it has been my constant prayer to God, that I might *provide things honest in the sight of all men*. Not one part of my outward conduct, as I know of, hath passed unobserved and uncensured by some wicked unreasonable men: but what seems to have given the greatest offence, and caused the loudest outcry, has been my making public collections for an Orphan-House in *Georgia*.

Some indeed affirm that there is no such thing. But how it could enter into the heart of any to say so, I should not have conceived, unless the scripture had said, *the heart of man is desperately wicked*.

Somewhat more than a twelve-month ago, I printed an account of the situation and oeconomy of the Orphan-House, and what I was in arrears when I left *Georgia*, *January 1741*. My chief design now, is, to give a short account of the progress of the work since, both as to our temporal and spiritual concerns, so far as lies in my power.

The salvation of souls is the chief thing I had in view, when God put it into my heart to build this house. I would then begin with that first.

And here I would pause a while, and acknowledge that I am much indebted to the divine goodness, for what he has already done for many souls, since its first institution. I must confess, to the glory of God, it has far exceeded my expectations.

During the time I was among them, before my going to, and after my return from, *Philadelphia*, *Boston*, &c. there were several remarkable awakenings amongst the children, and others, belonging to the house, much resembling the blessed awakening now at *Cambuslang*, and other places in these kingdoms; as will appear from consulting some of my latest Journals. Just before I came last away, the Lord was much amongst us; at which time, a young man, about twenty-one years of age, was converted, who since has been made a blessed instrument of converting many poor negroes in *South-Carolina*. Several others also, that came to pay us a visit at the Orphan-House, were really brought home to God, and now bring forth the fruits of the spirit in their lives and conversations. How it has been with my family since my departure, will best appear by publishing some extracts from the letters which have been sent me from time to time, since my departure.

Mr. Habersham, superintendent of the outward affairs in the Orphan-House, and who, I am persuaded, loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity, writes me thus:

Bethesda, March 24, 1741.

My dearest Friend and Brother,

——THE spirit of the Lord seems to be moving upon the faces of many souls here; most, if not all the boys, seem to be under some concern; little as well as great boys, cry mightily to Jesus the son of *David*, to have mercy

upon them. About fourteen days ago, at brother *Barber*'s request, I spoke to the children at evening prayer. My soul at that time was bowed down with a sense of my own, and especially of your poor lambs deadness to God; but our gracious Redeemer, who is always ready to help in time of need, was pleased to give me power to speak to their consciences. I think I could and did justly appeal to their hearts, that they wanted neither bodily or spiritual food: I told them, that they, as well as myself, could not be insensible what little care was taken of them before they came to us, and consequently how ungrateful they were not to improve such means as they now enjoyed: I beseeched them, by the mercies of God, that they would improve this their day of salvation, that we and our benefactors might rejoice; we in the work of our hands, they in the fruit of their bounty. An impression was made on some; I observed them the next day retire into the woods, to sing and pray together. Two nights afterwards, I spoke to them again, and as I promised, so I returned them my public thanks for their little amendment, with tears of love and joy: I felt the Lord powerfully on my own soul, and it seemed to reach the children, and put them under a visible concern. Ever since, brother *Barber* has put the great boys into two companies, and they constantly meet together every day to sing and pray. *Saturday*, the 21st instant, the presence of the Lord came down among the children, little and great, as they were talking among themselves about eternity; and they cried so much to Jesus of *Nazareth*, to have mercy upon them, that the family soon heard them. We all went, saw, and wept over about twenty-five or thirty dear lambs, upon their knees before God, some pleading the promises, and others calling on Jesus. O how did my hard heart rejoice! Blessed be God, many of them seem to retain their convictions, and all are serious. Does not your soul leap for joy, and say, Bless the Lord, O my friends, and let us magnify his name

together! Indeed, my dear brother, all the glory is due to him. Whilst I am writing, I blush, that I should mention any thing about what I was only in a little measure an instrument. Methinks I could wish to disappear, that the creature might be abased, and God be all in all. I have great hopes that God will bring some effectually to himself. The work seems to be more solid among them, and more the effect of consideration, than that of last summer. I rejoice much, that the Lord sent brother *Barber* among us; for I have neither leisure nor ability to speak much to the children, and he seems to delight to watch over their souls: I trust the Lord will make him a blessing to us all; I think it will be our own fault if he is not. One or two of the labourers, I hope, have closed with Jesus for salvation; and one or two more are in a fair way to do so.

Mr. *Habersham*, in another Letter, writes thus from *Charles-Town*.

June 11, 1741.

——SATAN rages furiously against our Orphan-House in this province: such lies and calumnies are raised against us, that our few dear friends think it necessary for me to represent the present state of the house. I have since been much in prayer, and believe God will direct me how to act. Some here, since you went away, have gone great lengths in asserting calumnies, even so as to offer to take oaths for the truth of them. Since I came, I went to them, to enquire what foundation they had for such reports; and it would surprise you to see their behaviour: they are ashamed to lift up their faces. Thus shall the wicked stand dumb at the bar of God. I think I can say, to the glory of God, that our family never was in a better condition. The children, the *essence of our constitution*, are well taken care of, and watched over. We all live in love. God has been visibly among us, especially with the children. *Bethesda*, as to its outward circumstances, is so much for the

better, that you would be surprised to see it. God enables us to keep up much order. He likewise (blessed be his name) has given us the appearance of a plentiful crop. The garden and plantation now afford us many comfortable things, and in great plenty. Our stores are yet well stocked with flour and beef, &c. Mr. *W——* behaves with great integrity, and is faithful in his work. The house would be soon finished, if we could get bricks. *J. S.* is ready to do all our bricklayers work *gratis*. Brother *W——* is a great blessing to the family. If you come by way of *Philadelphia*, pray bring some hemp and coarse flax. He has weaved and spun a great deal for us. All the boys now lye in the great house. They have also coats, and lye in sheets of their own making: by this means they are kept sweet and clean. We have a fine growing stock of cattle; and if God should so order it, that we should have a plantation in *Carolina*, as I believe he will bring to pass, we shall need but little, if any, assistance from abroad. If our building were now done, our expences would be but trifling to what they have been.

Mr. *Barber* writes me thus.

Bethesda, September 4, 1741.

My dearly beloved Brother,

NOT knowing but our Lord may have business for you at the northward, and send you thither before you return to us; I have sent you a few lines, to acquaint you with the present state of your family. Many of us have been sick; but, blessed be God, our sickness has not been unto death. O that it may be for the glory of God's name! All of us are in good health at present, except *James M——h*, who was taken with the flux a few days ago, and *B. Habersham*, who is much troubled with the worms. I wish I could say our souls were in as good health as our bodies are; but you may give thanks to the Lord, that he has made your house a house of mercy indeed to some. A

few weeks ago, the Lord was pleased effectually to call *Thomas W——b*; his conversion was very clear, and much to the satisfaction of some, especially to his good old father. Mr. *K——y*, our taylor, and his wife, have been wrought upon, I hope savingly, since they have been here: I am not without hope that some of the children are likewise, and that the Lord in due time will convert more of them. I hope he is now shewing us that the work is wholly of him; that when the day of his power, the time, the appointed time of his love is come, we may be better prepared to give all the glory thereof to him. As to myself, I must confess that I am a poor worthless instrument, to be employed in the work of the Lord; but what shall we say, if the Lord is pleased to make use of the foolish to confound the wise? I have, blessed be God, had a little freedom given me lately to speak to your family; but I want to have my heart more and more enlarged towards them, and to speak to them more and more in the demonstration of the Spirit, and with power. Who knows? perhaps God designs you should have the honour and happiness of being the spiritual father of many more in your family. May the Lord's will be done!

I have also some letters of a later date, which give an account of the continuance of the Lord's presence amongst them.

As for the temporal affairs, blessed be God, considering the great difficulties we have laboured under, they also have succeeded far beyond expectation.

Mr. *Habersham*, in a Letter dated *March 24, 1741*, writes thus:

AS we have got so much land cleared, I intend to try to plant it: accordingly I have four or five hands, which, with our own houshold, will be sufficient to plant twenty acres or upwards with potatoes and rice for fodder next winter, having greatly suffered this, for want of it; likewise corn

and pease, and other necessaries. Our garden is in great forwardness: we are like to have a crop of *English* pease. God visibly blesses us, so that people are amazed.

In a Letter, dated *September 1, 1741*, he writes thus to a Gentleman in *New-England*: of which Letter I had a copy.

——OUR affairs, blessed be God, have prospered far beyond our expectation. We have seen, and do daily see, much of God's fatherly care, in providing for and protecting us; and though *we have no visible fund*, yet we doubt not, but he that has begun, will carry on and perfect his work against every opposition. We have been plentifully supplied all the summer, while many about us lacked. Our building and necessary conveniences, are now compleated. Our family now consists of eighty-four persons, men, women, and children, and nineteen more are employed about us, and five in the Infirmary: the latter have a doctor and nurse, and all other necessaries found them at the Orphan-house expence. We have fifty-eight children: thirty-two of them belong to the colony; six to *Purisburgh*, who are, I think, as great objects of charity as any in *Georgia*; and the rest belong to the neighbouring provinces, who are orphans and objects of charity, except a few who are maintained at their friends and parents charge. We have a taylor and shoemaker: likewise two weavers; each of them have got a loom, but we can employ but one, spinning here being extravagantly dear; though we hope in a short time to spin as much *within ourselves*, as will greatly assist in cloathing the family. God blesses our cattle; we have upwards of an hundred head, small and great, and shall be able in a year or two to kill a great quantity. Negroes not being allowed, and labour among us so expensive, we can make but little improvement in farming. This year we have planted upwards of twenty acres, and have cleared twenty acres more

for to enjoy the conveniency of the air: and, blessed be God, though we have had a very dry season, yet we cannot complain, like many others, of a bad crop. Honoured Sir, you may now judge whether our design be drawing near a period. What I have written is a plain impartial narrative of our affairs, which our bitterest enemies will not pretend to gainsay. If any doubt it, I answer, as *Philip* did to *Nathaniel, Come and see*.

In a Letter, dated *October 2, 1741*, he writes thus:

——MR. *Wardrop* and I have settled, his contract being finished: he is about some necessary jobs now, and will leave us in a few days. Messrs. *Trip*, *Anderson*, &c. are already gone: I owe them and Mr. *Wardrop* about seventy or eighty pounds. We are very quiet, and live at an easy expence. We have had no supplies since you left us, of flesh or bread kind from abroad, except some pork from Mr. *B*——. No *New-York* vessels have come to this province of late. *We live entirely within ourselves*, except a few necessaries which we cannot do without, that we are obliged to purchase elsewhere. Twice a day we eat *hominy* [1] of our own raising, and at present without molasses. For dinner, we eat beef of our own stock, and pease for bread, of all which we have plenty, and shall have for three months to come. Our garden is very fruitful of greens, turneps, &c. and we expect a good crop of potatoes. In short, we have a sufficiency of wholesome food. Glory be to God, we daily see our heavenly Father's hand supplying us in this wilderness-land. O that we were more thankful! I must have cash, not only to pay debts, but also to buy clothing and many other necessaries; and I believe our God will give it to me. He is our shepherd, therefore shall we lack nothing. I trust he has enabled us to pray in faith, nothing doubting but he will supply our every want. All here at present enjoy pretty good health. How thankful ought we to be! The Lord seems to be sending his judgments

abroad upon the earth. In *Carolina* and *Savannah* a murrain is among the cattle, which takes off great numbers: ours as yet have escaped. Thanks be to God! Indeed we are obliged to kill some of them for immediate supply. But what are all outward calamities, where God is?

A young Gentleman of *Boston*, having made a visit to the Orphan-House, sent the following account of it to his father, which many have desired may be printed, for the satisfaction of those who have already contributed to its support.

Bethesda, January 1, 1742.

Honoured Sir,

BEING sensible of the many and false accounts industriously spread abroad concerning this house in many places, especially in *New-England*, by those who are enemies to its Founder, and the cause he is engaged in, which has certainly been a great hindrance to this worthy undertaking, as it has created even in its friends some prejudices, which has hindered their contributing with that pleasure and freedom they otherwise would have done; and as I am now upon the spot, I think a few moments will not be ill spent, in giving you a particular account of its present situation, which I shall endeavour to do in the most just and impartial manner, that you may have an opportunity of serving the interest in which your heart is so much engaged.

The Orphan-House is pleasantly situated, and, with the buildings belonging to it, presents a much handsomer prospect than is given by the draught annexed to the public accounts. The great house is now almost quite finished, and nothing has hindered but the want of glass, which they daily expect from *Bristol*, and some bricks that are already at *Savannah*, and are to carry up another stack of chimnies, which would have been done

before, if a vessel that was bringing brick and other stores, had not been taken by the *Spaniards*, which was a great loss. It is surprizing to see in what forwardness things are, considering what hindrances they have had, and the scarcity of labourers in this province. They have cut a fine road to *Savannah* of twelve miles length, through a thicket of woods; and, that it might be passable, were obliged to make ten bridges and cross-ways; which was done at no little charge. They have also cleared forty acres of land, twenty of which were planted the last year, and brought them a tolerable crop: the other twenty was for the benefit of the air. They have also a large garden at the front of the house, brought into pretty good order.

The family now consists of eighty persons besides labourers, who all contradict the wicked and false accounts of their being starved and cruelly treated, by the lively and hearty countenances they shew. I have seldom seen such a goodly number of youths together. Twenty-three of them are orphans; others, that have lost one of their parents; one was born in the house; and the rest are fit objects for Christian charity. There are in all thirty-nine boys, and fifteen girls. The number was larger some time past: but several of the boys, that were well instructed, have been put to such trades as they inclined to; and others, who were put here for their learning, are returned to their parents, who have handsomely paid the House for their education.

The care of this society at present is in the hands of a young gentleman from *London*, who manages the secular affairs thereof; and one from *New-England*, who has the care of souls as his particular charge. There are two school-masters, who instruct the boys in reading and writing: and those that appear serious, and of good capacities, are taught *Latin*, with a design of fitting them for the ministry, if they incline to it. Two school-mistresses,

that teach the girls; a surgeon and nurse to attend the infirmary, in which many sick persons, from divers parts, have been received, and always been cured *gratis*. Here are also several tradesmen; a taylor, a joiner, a weaver, and a shoemaker. The taylor has three boys to instruct in his business. It is expected that Mr. *Whitefield* will increase the number of craftsmen, when he returns from *England*. The œconomy observed here is as follows: The bell rings in the morning at sun-rise, to wake the family. When the children arise, they sing a short hymn, and pray by themselves: then they go down and wash; and by the time they have done that, the bell calls to public worship, when a portion of scripture is read and expounded, a psalm sung, and the exercise begun and ended with prayer. Then they breakfast, and afterwards go some to their trades, and the rest to their prayers and schools. At noon, they all dine in the same room, and have comfortable and wholesome diet provided. A hymn is sung before and after dinner: then, in about half an hour, to school again; and between whiles find time enough for recreation. A little after sun-set the bell calls to public duty again, which is performed in the same manner as in the morning. After that they sup, and are attended to bed by one of their masters, who then pray with them, as they often do privately. On the sabbath-day they all dine on cold meat provided the day before, that none may be kept from public worship, which is attended four times a day in summer, and three in the winter. The children are kept to reading between whiles. Many have reported, that the place is very unhealthy: which I believe is quite otherwise, considering it is a new settlement: a remarkable proof of which is, that not one have died out of the family, (into which many sick and almost starved children have been received, who have in a short time recovered) and but three or four out of the hospital, where many miserable objects have been taken in. I believe

many, who now think the erecting an Orphan-house in that colony a mad scheme, would alter their sentiments were they here. Innumerable difficulties have certainly been overcome; but their affairs now look with a pleasant aspect. If the colony is allowed negroes, as it is thought it must and will be, they can, with about twenty negroes to manure the plantation, which contains five hundred acres of land, raise much more provision than a larger family than this can expend, having already a fine live stock, which is daily increasing; so that in a few years, it is to be hoped, they will be able to support themselves. As to the state of religion here, particularly among the children, the power of God has, at times, been visible among them; and many of them have been brought under conviction, which seems lasting in some of the boys, and several of the girls: but most of the grown folks appear to be truly converted; and many, who have come as visitors, have been met with by the sovereign grace of God, and not sent empty away: may God grant I may make one of that number! Upon the whole, I think the institution to be of God: therefore it doth and will prosper.

Since this came to my hand, I have received more letters from *Georgia*, dated in *May* and *June* last, which also give me an account of the continuation of God's goodness to my dear family.

The Reverend Dr. *Colman*, in a letter he sent to a minister near *Glasgow*, part of which I find printed in a pamphlet entituled, *The State of Religion in New-England*, writes thus:

"Mr. *Whitefield* visited us in the right time, and found large contributions here: I doubt not but he will faithfully apply what he collected for his Orphan-house: but I have said to him, It will appear to me a greater wonder, if his faith is answered in that foundation, than that of Monsieur *Franck*'s, at *Hall*, in *Prussia*, was: the one being in the midst of *Europe*, the other on

the confines of *America*. But the order and piety of the house is admirable, and so the progress of the settlement, alone as it is in the world, by the report of all that have visited it: but how it can subsist and flourish, and answer the Founder's end, is the enquiry here, and will be a marvel in the providence of God, if it do so."

The Reader may see, by this, the Doctor's opinion of the Orphan-house, and the testimony given concerning it by persons who have visited it, and who therefore cannot be unacquainted with its situation. They profess, "The order of the house is admirable, and so the progress of the settlement, alone as it is in the world." How it can subsist and flourish for the future, I am not solicitous about: God can help us in *Georgia*, as well as he helped Professor *Franck* in *Germany*. *The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof*. I acknowledge him to be the founder of that house: he put it into my heart to build it: it has in a great measure already answered the end of its institution, and I am persuaded will do so more and more. The greatest outward difficulties, I humbly hope, are now surmounted. The workmen are all discharged, having fulfilled their contract, and carried on the work so far as to make every part of the house habitable. Our stock of cattle is pretty considerable, and appear to be in a flourishing condition. And, when once I am clear from all arrears, the Orphan-house will be supported at a very easy expence. The last parliament resolved to support the colony of *Georgia*: they have altered the constitution in two material points; they have allowed the importation of rum, and free titles to the lands. And if they should see good hereafter to grant a limited use of negroes, it must certainly, in all outward appearance, be as flourishing a colony as *South-Carolina*. Not that we are without hopes, as Mr. *Habersham* writes me word in his last letter, of making a tolerable shift with white servants: the *Saltzburghers* do so

already. There is a fresh body of them lately gone over, and some fresh troops to guard the frontiers of the colony. Not that I put any confidence in man, knowing that *the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong*, but Providence ruleth all things: but, at the same time, I would act with the greatest caution and circumspection, and not tempt God by presuming on him without a cause. His having helped me and mine so often, encourages me to trust him again. He has put it into the hearts of some dear friends to give Mr. *Habersham* credit for cash during my absence; and his Excellency General *Oglethorpe* has been very friendly, having lent Mr. *Habersham* fifty pounds, and given the orphans nine barrels of flour: *the Lord return him, and their other benefactors, ten thousand fold into their bosom*!

But all this while, some will say, you give us no account of your collections in *Scotland* and elsewhere for near this year and an half. I will now do that to the best of my power, and likewise add an account of my disbursements; I say, *my disbursements*: for, having had no particular account of what Mr. *Habersham* has expended and borrowed since I have been from *Georgia*, I cannot possibly give an exact account of the whole; but I shall do it, God willing, immediately after my arrival at the Orphan-house, beginning where the former account left off. From that it appears, I was then upwards of eight hundred pounds upon arrears. Since that I have been absent near two years: and considering a family of eighty persons, or upwards, have been maintained, an infirmary kept up, the expence of further work done to the house, &c. it will not appear unreasonable that I should be still upwards of six hundred pounds on arrears; as I judge I am, from Mr. *Habersham*'s general intimations of cash he had borrowed in *America*, and what I have still to pay in *England*. But this will appear clear in the next account. In the mean while, the following accounts, I believe,

will be satisfying to all the contributors[2]: as for others, I do not think myself obliged to give them any account at all, any further than that I am commanded to *provide things honest in the sight of all men*. Neither do I believe, that this, or any account I can give, will satisfy captious men that are resolved to find fault: our Saviour himself could not please such. And if even good men can be so far prejudiced as to say, "The late glorious work at *Cambuslang*, is all delusion, and a work of the devil," I do not wonder if some of his professed children speak all manner of evil of this undertaking: neither should I wonder after this, if they should affirm there was no such thing as an Orphan-house in being, though it was built but a few miles off them.

As for the aspersions that have been cast upon me, as though I collected money to enrich myself, it gives me little or no concern; the apostle *Paul* was branded as one that made a gain of people; but God knows the heart: at the day of judgment I will prove those persons liars. Professor *Franck* met with unspeakably more contempt and calumny, whilst he was building the Orphan-house in *Germany*: he began very low, and left behind him an Orphan-house which contains now, if I mistake not, two or three thousand students, notwithstanding the erecting it, was attended with as many improbabilities as this in *Georgia*: he has been dead about fourteen or sixteen years. His son now succeeds him in the care of the Orphan-house: I have had the pleasure of corresponding with him. An account of this Orphan-house was printed in his life-time, and it has been very strengthening and beneficial to my soul.

If any, by reading this, shall be inclined to contribute any thing, either in money or goods, I trust God will give me grace to apply it faithfully.

I am not ashamed to beg for God on this occasion; because my going to *Georgia*, and erecting the Orphan-house, was one great means in his hand, of bringing me out to preach the everlasting gospel in so many places, and to many thousands of poor perishing souls, who I doubt not (be it spoken with all humility) will evidence my commission thereto, by being my joy and crown of rejoicing in the last day. Blessed be his holy name, he has not left himself, nor me his servant, without witnesses of this sort in *Scotland*! Many, I trust, since this time twelvemonth, have been made to *taste that the Lord is gracious*, and have in an effectual manner *felt the powers of the world to come*: such in particular, I trust, will lift up holy hands in prayer for me, and for the prosperity of the Orphan-house, that the enemies of our holy religion may never have cause to triumph over its ruins, saying, *There, there, so would we have it*. I look upon the Orphan-house as a great part of my charge; a family given me by God, to be supported and taken care of, for himself. Its very beginnings are not small; its latter end, I believe, will greatly increase. He that believeth, should not make haste to contemn the undertaking, or my conduct in carrying it on, seeing it has already evidently appeared to be of God, by the countenance and success he has given to both. And since the Lord, by his providence, has connected the care of this family with my preaching the gospel, by making it a means of first bringing me out, and ever since has been pleased to continue the care of it upon me; I think myself bound in duty, to recommend it in the strongest manner to all people amongst whom I am called to preach the kingdom of God. Neither do I think myself justly blameable for running so much in arrears on its account, since the Lord, in all places where he has been pleased to send me, has inclined the hearts of people to be ready to distribute, and willing to communicate on this occasion: and, I doubt not, will yet dispose the hearts

of his people here and elsewhere, to be my farther assistants by their charitable contributions, seeing I am so necessarily engaged in the affair. *He that giveth to these* poor orphans, *lendeth to the* Lord; and look, *Whatsoever he layeth out, it shall be repaid him again*.

Those who, notwithstanding what has been said, still continue in suspense, I would entreat them at least to pray for me, that in this, and all my undertakings for the church of Christ, I may go on with an even, humble, resigned, chearful mind, and single eye to God's glory; and then, I doubt not but they will see a happy issue of this work, and future ages have reason to bless God, for ever putting it into my heart to build an Orphan-house in *Georgia*.

September 22, 1742.

Since the writing of this, I have heard of the *Spaniards* making a descent upon *Georgia*. I cannot say the news of it damped me at all; because, I humbly hope, the Lord will not give that colony over as a prey into the enemy's hand. The place where they landed, is about one hundred miles to the southward of the Orphan-house: and, supposing it should be taken, I do not repent the erecting it, because the advantages that have flowed already from it, as appears from my accounts, have abundantly answered the pains and expence it has cost. What is due upon arrears, as it has been already laid out, and is a debt contracted for God, I doubt not but he will incline the hearts of his servants to help me by their contributions to discharge it. At the same time, I am not without expectations, that this very attack of the *Spaniards* will be over-ruled for the good of the Orphan-house, and be made a means of freeing the colony from their future insults: for as *Georgia* is a frontier colony, and stands as a barrier to all the other *English* provinces, it is reasonable to believe, they will all unite in its defence and

protection. But my trust is in the Lord; and, through the mercies of the Most High, I humbly hope this undertaking will not sink, but become more and more beneficial to *Georgia* and the neighbouring provinces day by day. *Let all that love the* Lord Jesus *say*, Amen!

September 27, 1742.

Since the foregoing papers have been in the press, I have received a letter from Mr. *Habersham*, superintendant of the Orphan-house affairs, in which he writes as follows:

Savannah, July 14, 1742.

My dearest Brother and Friend,

ABOUT four days ago I wrote you very fully in relation to our present state and circumstances, from Mr. *John Bryan*'s. I hope our dear family are well there. When my last comes to hand, you will find we removed there for fear of the *Spaniards*, who came in upon *Georgia* like a flood. I hope the General will yet stand his ground, though the enemy is so numerous. I hear he destroyed and took one hundred and seventy of the enemy last *Thursday*. God only knows what he is about to do with us. Brother *Grant* and I are here, to take care of our house and goods. I hope God will direct us in our distress. Surely you will now, if possible, come over. I believe the bearer is gone; I must have done. Farewel, Farewel. Brother *Grant* gives his love. I must conclude by broken lines.

Yours,

J. H.

P. S. Absolute hurry and necessity obliges me to write thus.

This letter gave me much comfort, as it brought me the welcome news that my dear family was safe. This Mr. *Bryan* was converted at the Orphan-house, and is a wealthy planter in *South-Carolina*. I admire the providence

of God, in raising him up to take care of the little lambs in this time of their distress. I hope ere now they are returned to their *Bethesda* in peace.

Blessed be God I have not been disappointed of my hope. For since my return to *London*, I have received the following letters, which give a more particular account both of their tryal and deliverance, and for which I desire to praise our great and gracious God.

From Mr. *Habersham*, at Mr. *Jonathan Bryan*'s Plantation in *South-Carolina, July 11, 1742*.

My dearest Friend and Brother,

GOD's ways are in the deep; the Lord only knows what he is about to do with your dear family. Here at Mr. *Bull*'s and at Mr. *Hugh Bryan*'s they sojourn at present, and all, blessed be our gracious Jesus, in pretty good bodily health. Distress from the hands of the *Spaniards* (under God) seems to be coming upon poor *Georgia*, and perhaps upon this colony also. Our afflictions have been heavy: the Lord only enabled us to bear up under them; but I really believe we have tasted but the first fruits of our trials. Was it not for a persuasion that God can, yea, will help us, we must sink under a prospect of impending difficulties. About the 25th of last month several *Spanish* galleys came into *Cumberland* sound, a little to the South of St. *Simon*'s, where the General's forces are encamped. The General himself in a deal cutter, accompanied with two boats, was attacked by them, and had a very wonderful escape. The gallies went off as though they would go to *Augustine*; but a day or two after returned, attended with several schooners, sloops, and ships of force to St. *Simon*'s. Several days they lay within sight of the General's camp. When we heard this, we kept a day of fasting, prayer, and humiliation, to ask direction of our great shepherd what we should do. As the *Spanish* fleet had then made no inroad upon the General,

we concluded to *stand still* and wait upon God. The 5th instant the *Spanish* fleet run into St. *Simon*'s *Sound*, up the river that leads to *Frederica*. The fleet, I hear, consisted of thirty-five or thirty-seven vessels; and notwithstanding the General fired upon them from his battery, and two privateers, and other vessels did the same, they passed without seeming to regard them, and landed a great number of people at *Gascoign's Bluff* on St. *Simon*'s. The General seeing himself encompassed about with enemies, ordered several sloops, *New-Yorkers*, laden with provision to be sunk; his privateer sloop was burnt, and Captain *Thomson* and the schooner made the best of their way to the North. The General is now surrounded by the *Spaniards* upon an island, without having one vessel of any bigness to carry him and his army off. He retreated from St. *Simon*'s (burnt all the hutts, houses, &c. there) to *Frederica*, and gave leave for the women and children, and I think all except his fighting people, to make their escape.

The 17th instant several boats full of people passed by our house, and informed us of the above, and that it was thought the General's army would be entirely cut off, unless great assistance was immediately sent them, which it is likely could not be done soon enough. We all met together, and prayed to our dear Father, and afterward desired every one to speak their mind freely, what was necessary to be done in this emergency. We considered it would be impossible to move so many children, weak women, and babes in their arms away upon a sudden approach of the enemy; that we were so locked in, that we could not get through the *Narrows* with our boats but four hours in twenty-four, and unanimously agreed to move them away directly. But we had one great objection to get over, the glory of God; we thought the providence of God plainly pointed out our removal; and if the *Spaniards* should be permitted to take and burn all before them, we should

be accessary to the death of eighty-five poor creatures, and likewise bring a reproach upon religion, through our disregard of using means for our preservation. Our friends thought things might not be *so bad* as reported, and concluded to stay that evening at the Orphan-house, while I should go to *Savannah* to ask the advice of friends, and likewise be better informed about it. Accordingly I went about nine that evening, and returned at three in the morning. The news I had confirmed from the persons who had fled from *Frederica*; and our friends at *Savannah* advised us to move. Mr. *Jones* offered to lend me any assistance to do it. The next morning, as delays might be dangerous, we took as many goods out of the house as the boats would conveniently carry with the people. We had none about us but Mr. *K*——'s and *G*——'s family, and two sick men in the infirmary, and in all made about eighty-five or eighty-six persons. Then we had another difficulty to grapple with: we knew not where to go. If we went to *Ebenezer*, we had no opportunity of providing so large a body of people with provisions, and might be in as much danger there as at *Bethesda*. If we went to *Carolina*, we considered that it was there, in all probability, the enemy wanted to be, and were destroying *Georgia* in order to get there with the more safety. But believing we should be better able to make our retreat to the Northward from *Carolina*, if necessity should oblige us, and also should be better able to supply the family with victuals, we came here last night about twelve o'clock, and were received kindly by our dear friends, who think we have done right in moving.

Mr. *Barber* who superintends the spiritual affairs of the family, in a letter dated near the same time writes,—"That as they were on their passage, they heard guns firing all round them, which occasioned them to think they were in the midst of their enemies.—This brought them into straits, not knowing

which way to take to avoid falling into their hands.—But the Lord giving them to strengthen themselves in him, they ventured on, and got safe to the shore; where they were informed, that the guns they had heard, where in *Carolina*, firing to alarm the province of the danger they apprehended they were in from the *Spaniards*. What those guns were that they heard firing from other quarters they did not know; most probably their enemies, whom the Lord directed them to shun by taking the way they did."

Mr. *Habersham*, again says,—How it is with *Georgia*, I have not heard these three days; but as we left a great quantity of goods at the Orphan-house, and fearing that it might be plundered, brother *Grant* and I, with four hands, are in a few minutes to go there. I think, as we have moved away the helpless people, if the enemy should come, we can the better make our escape. O my brother, I hope you will not blame us.—A sense of so many souls being liable to be destroyed, was very burdensome, and called for speedy acting. I know not whether I shall be ever able to write to you again. Perhaps some friends that I leave behind me here may, and then they will tell you of all our difficulties. It is hard to leave my dear friends and children, my wife and little babe; but duty obliges me to go; I have no time to say any more; what I have written has been in great hurry. Pray pardon my abruptness. If I never see you, or write more, let me assure *you of my love*. I hope I need not now use any arguments to persuade you to come over. Farewel, farewel, farewel.

Yours, for ever,

James Habersham.

'Tis past one in the morning.

From Mr. *Habersham*, at Mr. *Bull*'s plantation in *South-Carolina*, *July 27, 1742*.

My dear Friend and Brother,

I WROTE you the 4th, 11th, and 14th instant. Doubtless the contents of my letters will give you some concern, and will be a means of hastening you over to us. I hope you will find us at our desired habitation. Hitherto the Lord seems to be on our side, and fights our battles. News is lately come from the General, that the *Spaniards* have moved off in great confusion; but it is not sufficiently confirmed; when it is, we purpose moving to *Bethesda*. In mine of the 11th instant, I informed you, according to my knowledge of the state of your family, and the colony till that time. I told you brother *Grant* and self were just returning to *Georgia*. We soon got there, and found our goods and house safe. *John Goldwire*, I, and a boy, staid at *Bethesda* while brother *Grant* went to *Carolina*, and returned with two boats. In the mean time we heard the General had engaged twice with a party of the *Spaniards*, and killed and taken one hundred and fifty of them, and that the enemy was so intimidated, and the General's army so encouraged, that there was great expectations that the *Spaniards* would soon be drove off the island. God was pleased at this time to bring me very low by bodily illness, so that I was almost incapable of making any escape, if the enemy had been suffered to come upon us, having a hundred miles to ride through bad swamps, to my friends in *Carolina*. Likewise there was no one there, nor at *Savannah*, to give me any relief.

The 20th instant, having left three people at *Bethesda*, and our family wanting necessaries at *Carolina*, brother *Grant* and I returned with most of our goods. When we now left *Bethesda*, we were not very apprehensive of any danger of staying ourselves, or leaving the goods there; but as I was obliged to seek for some assistance, and our dear people wanted things we had there, we thought it was but a very little more trouble to load the boats.

I have many times intended to write to you since I came here, but was not able conveniently till to day, but I bless God I feel myself much better in health. As far as I can learn, the General has behaved himself exceeding well, and the Lord has wonderfully ordered things for him, contrary, I believe, to his own and others expectations. His clemency to the *Spanish* prisoners, his confidence, prudence, and courage throughout the whole affair is so conspicuous, that his greatest enemies cannot impeach his conduct. I don't as yet hear, that he has lost (except by accident) above three or four men. Indeed the hand of God has been evidently against the boasting enemy. Some say near fifty vessels set out at first to invade us, but in their passage, which is usually run in a week or ten days, they were fifty days, and by some means fifteen of them were separated from the rest, and did not come up to them at St. *Simon*'s. They first proposed to land in *Carolina*, and cause an insurrection among the negroes; to that end they brought a number of negroes, to head and persuade our negroes (I suppose) to revolt. But being so long on their passage, they wanted water, and were obliged to put in at St. *Simon*'s. In their council of war there, they said they would soon cut off the General and his few men, and did not doubt but to settle and regain King *Philip*'s dominions, yea, even as far as the Capes of *Virginia*. I should have wished you had been present when we consulted about fleeing for our lives; it would have been great satisfaction to us all; but I am of opinion, you would not have staid with the great troop of little ones, under the apprehension of so much danger. I have met with none but what have approved of what we did.

Every one, I believe, are willing to contract expences.—I hope, nay I am assured, that all things shall work together for good; and I am of opinion, we shall all have reason to bless God for every, yea, especially for his late

awful dispensation.—The deliverances we have had are many and wonderful, and he that has done much can do more. In regard to the *Spaniards*, they came like a flood, but the Lord can save by few as well as by many.

From Mr. *Habersham*.

Bethesda, August, 19, 1742.

My dearest Friend and Brother,

I HOPE ere this reaches you, you have received mine of the 4th, 11th, 14th, and 27th of *July* last, and that you see your way clear to come to us. Blessed be God we have reason to conclude the *Spaniards* have entirely left the colony, and we are now very comfortably settled again. The deliverance the Lord has wrought for us by the General, I think is the most remarkable I ever heard or read of, except some instances recorded in the Old Testament. It is so manifest, that "Surely God has fought our battles," is in the mouth of every one, whatever may be in their hearts. I cannot now mention particulars, being much streightened for time; at *Savannah* the poor people are almost all sick; four have been cut off. At *Frederica* likewise, and at Mr. *Bryan*'s, and other neighbours, they are in the same condition. We have also many down. God has been chastising us with whips, but now seems to be scourging us with scorpions. O that the goodness and patience of God may lead us to repentance! We have a good crop on the ground, and have none to gather it in but the few boys. Brother *Hunter* has his hands full, and is chiefly at *Savannah*. It is but little we buy abroad.—We hunt and kill our own stock, and have potatoes and corn enough of our own. I am but poorly, as is dear brother *Barber*, who is singularly useful at this trying time.—What should I have done without him? I have much to say to you. Indeed I hope you are now in your passage to us. We cannot but expect you. *B.*

Grant hurries me to conclude. Please to give my tender love to your wife, and all with you, and believe me to be

Your affectionate servant in our Lord,

J. Habersham.

I.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guard,
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In all their various griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy sets them free,
While in the confidence of prayer
Their souls lay hold on thee.

III.

In midst of dangers, fears and deaths
Thy goodness we'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

January, 14, 1743.

SINCE the foregoing papers were sent to the press, I have received letters from Mr. *B——r* and Mr. *H——m*, the persons who superintend the spiritual and temporal affairs of the Orphan-house, dated in *October* last; by which I am informed that all was well, and that the family was mercifully supplied with things convenient for them. I don't hear that any of the family have been taken off by the late sickness; but am informed of the death of one Mrs. *Dudding*, (a person converted at the Orphan-house some time

ago): she went with the family into *Carolina*, where she staid after they returned, and there died triumphantly.

Mr. *Bolzius*, one of the *Saltzburghers* ministers, writes to me thus,

Ebenezer in *Georgia*, *September 22, 1742*.

Reverend and dear Sir,

IT was with great satisfaction that I received the favour of your letter, dated *M——* the 5th of *October* last, in which you acquainted me with the joyful news, that the Lord has been pleased to bless your kind endeavours of collecting twenty pounds for our poor people, on which our mill, and especially our Orphan-house had its share according to your intention and order. This great blessing is delivered into my hand by Mr. *H——m*, our dear friend and favourer, and is laid out in such a manner, that I hope, to have obtained the end, at which you aim in all your actions, and in this act of love too, *viz.* to promote the great giver's, our heavenly father's glory and our people's welfare. May it please an almighty and merciful God to reward you and all our benefactors many-fold for this and many more testimonies of your and their real favours, and let descend upon your worthy person and holy ministry as many blessings to your spiritual and temporal welfare, as prayers and hearty wishes do ascend to the throne of grace from our hearts and lips in publick and private.

God has been pleased to visit me and my fellow-labourer with dangerous sickness, but has graciously restored our health for our better being prepared to the heavenly and blessed regions, and for being in some measure, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, useful to shew our hearers the way through Christ to the Father, and their eternal happiness. Many in our congregation have been dangerously sick, and some died in peace; the rest begin to recover by degrees. Good Dr. *Hunter* [3] has been mighty useful and

assistive to the inhabitants of *Savannah* in their long and dangerous sicknesses; and God has blessed his cures with very good effects; and I am in hopes some people there will begin to be sensible of the many blessings that flow from *Bethesda* upon them, and praise with us the Lord for his great kindness and mercy in having raised this house of mercy to many grown people's and children's spiritual and temporal welfare. If God should give me the pleasure of seeing you here again, and being edify'd by your conversation, I would humbly thank him for it; but if he is pleased to carry either of us from this to a better world, then we will see not only one another happily, but our glorious Redeemer also face to face for ever, to his infinite praise and our eternal happiness, at which my brother *Gronau*, myself, our families, and several of our congregation aim by all means and strength, which God gives us from the merits of his beloved son, our dear Saviour. To his infinite mercy and gracious conduct I commit you, and me with our people, Orphan-house, my fellow-labourer Mr. *Gronau*, and our families, who all salute you very heartily, to the continuance of your favour and kind remembrance before God and men, remaining sincerely,

Reverend and dear Sir, your unworthy brother, and humble servant in Christ,

John Martin Bolzius.

1. Indian corn boiled up thick with water.
2. The accounts of particular receipts and disbursements are omitted, by reason of their vast length; and likewise, as the public have already examined them, and received full satisfaction.
3. The Surgeon belonging to the Orphan-house.

CONTINUATION OF THE ACCOUNT AND PROGRESS, &C. OF THE ORPHAN-HOUSE.

Bethesda, March 21, 1746.

Sir,

SOME months have I been here, and now think it high time, according to my promise, to send you as explicit an account, as I well can, of the *progress*, and *present situation* of the Orphan-house. Some have thought, that the erecting such a building was only the produce of my own brain; but they are much mistaken. It was first proposed to me by my dear friend the reverend Mr. *Charles Wesley*, who, with his excellency General *Oglethorpe*, had concerted a scheme for carrying on such a design, before I had any thoughts of going abroad myself. It was natural to think, that as the government intended this province for the refuge and support of many of our poor countrymen, that numbers of such adventurers must necessarily be taken off, by being exposed to the hardships which unavoidably attend a new settlement. I thought it therefore a noble design in general, to erect a house for fatherless children. And believing such a provision for orphans would be some inducement with many to come over, I fell in with the

design, when mentioned to me by my friend, and was resolved, in the strength of God, to prosecute it with all my might. This was mentioned to the honourable the trustees. They took it kindly at my hands; and as I then began to be pretty popular at *Bristol*, and elsewhere, they wrote to the *Bishop* of *Bath* and *Wells*, for leave for me to preach a charity-sermon on this occasion in the abbey-church. This was granted, and I accordingly began immediately to compose a suitable discourse: but knowing my first stay at *Georgia* would be but short, on account of my returning again to take priests orders, I thought it most prudent, first to go and see for myself, and defer prosecuting the scheme till I came home: because I could then be better able to judge, whether the scheme was practicable, and consequently could be able to recommend it with the greater earnestness. When I came to *Georgia*, I found many poor orphans, who though taken notice of by the honourable trustees, yet through the neglect of persons that acted under them, were in miserable circumstances. For want of a house to breed them up in, the poor little ones were tabled out here and there, and besides the hurt they received by bad examples, forgot at home what they learnt at school. Others were at hard services, and likely to have no education at all. Upon seeing this, and finding that his majesty and parliament had the interest of this colony much at heart, I thought I could not better shew my regard to God and my country, than by getting a house and land for these children, where they might learn to labour, read, and write, and at the same time be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Accordingly, at my return to *England* in the year 1738, to take priest orders, I applied to the honourable society for a grant of five-hundred acres of land, and laid myself under an obligation to build a house upon it, and to receive from time to time, as many orphans as the land and stock would maintain. As I

had always acted like a clergyman of the church of *England*, having preached in many of the *London* churches, and as I had but a few months before collected near a thousand pounds *Sterling*, for the children belonging to the charity-schools in *London* and *Westminster*; it was natural to think, that I might now have the use at least of some of these churches to preach in, for the orphans hereafter more immediately to be committed to my care. But by the time I had taken priests orders, the spirit of the clergy began to be much imbittered. Churches were gradually denied to me. And I must let this good design drop, and thousands (I might add ten thousands) go without hearing the word of God, or preach in the fields. Indeed two churches, one in *London* (*Spittle-fields*) and one in *Bristol* (St. *Philip*'s and *Jacob*) were lent me upon this occasion; but those were all. However, God kept me from being discouraged. I collected for the Orphan-house in *Moorfields*, two and fifty pounds one sabbath-day morning; twenty-two pounds of which was in copper. It would have rejoiced your heart to see the people give; they offered willingly, and took more pains to come through the crowd and put their contributions into my hat, than some would to have gotten them. Thousands of prayers were put up with the alms that were given, and I trust both went up as a memorial before God. In the afternoon I collected again at *Kennington-Common*, and continued to do so at most of the places where I preached. Besides this, two or three of the *Bishops*, and several persons of distinction contributed; till at length, having about a thousand and ten pounds, I gave over collecting, and went with what I had to *Georgia*. At that time multitudes offered to accompany me; but I chose to take over only a surgeon, and a few more of both sexes, that I thought would be useful in carrying on my design. These chearfully embarked with me, desiring nothing for their pains, but food and raiment. My dear fellow-

traveller, *William Seward*, Esq. also joined with them, and was particularly useful to me on this occasion. Our first voyage was to *Philadelphia*, where I was willing to go for the sake of laying in provision. Having a Captain of a ship with me, who had been my spiritual child, by his advice, I laid out in *London* a good part of the thousand pounds for goods; and by his care and that of my other fellow-travellers, without any trouble to myself, got as much by them at *Philadelphia* as nearly defrayed the family's expence of coming over. Here God blessed my ministry daily, and begun that work in *Philadelphia*, which, I am persuaded, will be remembered through the ages of eternity. *January* following, 1739, I met my family at *Georgia*, and being unwilling to lose any time, I hired a large house, and took in all the Orphans I could find in the colony. A great many also of the town's children came to school *gratis*, and many poor people who could not maintain their children, upon application, had leave given them to send their little ones for a month or two, or more, as they could spare them, till at length my family consisted of between sixty and seventy. Most of the orphans were in poor case; and three or four almost eaten up with lice. I likewise erected an *Infirmary*, in which many sick people were cured and taken care of *gratis*. I have now by me a list of upwards of a hundred and thirty patients, who were under the Surgeon's hands, exclusive of my own private family. This Surgeon I furnished with all proper drugs and utensils, which put me to no small expence; and this was still increased by clearing land, buying stock, and building a large dwelling-house, sixty-feet by forty, and out-houses, commodious for a large family to live in. Sometimes (labourers and all) I have had a hundred and twenty to provide for daily. My friends, as well as myself, seemed to have particular courage and faith given us for the season; and we went on chearfully, believing that He for whose sake we began,

would enable us to finish this good work. About *March* I began the great house, having only about one hundred and fifty pounds in cash. I called it *Bethesda*, because I hoped it would be a house of mercy to many souls. Blessed be God, we have not been disappointed of our hope; it has proved a house of mercy indeed to many. Several of our labourers, as well as visitors, have (in a judgment of charity) been born of God here, and given evident proofs of it, by bringing forth the fruits of the spirit. Many boys have been put out to trades, and many girls put out to service. I had pleasure the other day, of seeing three boys work at the house in which they were bred, one of them out of his time, a journeyman, and the others serving under their masters. One that I brought from *New-England* is handsomely settled in *Carolina*, and another from *Philadelphia* is married, and lives very comfortably at *Savannah*. How so large a family has been supported in such a colony, without any visible fund, is wonderful! I am surprized when I look back, and see, how for these six years last past, God has spread a table in the wilderness for so many persons. Were all the particular providences that have attended this work recorded, perhaps they would be found not inferior to those mentioned by Professor *Franck*, in his *Pietas Hallensis*, whose memory is very precious to me, and whose example has a thousand times been blessed to strengthen and encourage me in the carrying on this enterprize. My being detained so long in *England*, has been a little detrimental to me, my friends not knowing so well how to act, because they expected to see me daily. And I cannot yet say that I have surmounted the first year's expence, which indeed was very great, and greater no doubt than it would be now, after my friends have had so many years experience in the colony. However, I doubt not, but by the blessing of God, in a short time to pay off my arrears, and then the family will be maintained at a small

expence. My standing annual charges are now but trifling to what they have been; and my friends have raised an annual subscription sufficient for discharging it, till the family may be able to provide for itself. This, God willing, I hope will be, in a good measure, speedily effected. We have lately begun to use the plow; and next year I hope to have many acres of good oats and barley. We have near twenty sheep and lambs, fifty head of cattle, and seven horses. We hope to kill a thousand weight of pork this season. Our garden, which is very beautiful, furnishes us with all sorts of greens, &c. We have plenty of milk, eggs, poultry, and make a good deal of butter weekly. A great quantity of wool and cotton has been given me, and we hope to have sufficient spun and wove for the next winter's cloathing. If the vines hit, we may expect two or three hogsheads of wine out of the vineyard. The family now consists of twenty-six persons. Two of the orphan boys are blind, one is little better than an idiot. But notwithstanding, they are useful in the family, one in the field, and the other in the kitchen. I have two women to take care of the houshold work, and three men and two boys employed about the plantation and cattle. A sett of *Dutch* servants has been lately sent over: the magistrates were pleased to give me two; and I took in a poor old widow, aged near seventy, whom no body else cared to have. A valuable young man from *New-England* is my school-master, and in my absence performs duty in the family. Sabbath-days the grown people attend public worship at *Savannah*, or at *White-bluff*, a village near *Bethesda*, where a *Dutch* minister officiates. My dear friends who have hitherto been my assistants, being married and having three or four children, thought it best, as most suitable to the institution, to remove: God has mercifully provided for them, and they are comfortably settled at *Savannah* and elsewhere: we frequently write to and hear from one another. I need not

trouble you with the order of our family. It is pretty near the same as usual, and I do not think to make any material alteration for some time. Many have applied to me to take in their children as boarders, and erect a public school: but I have not yet determined. It is certain such a school would be exceedingly useful in this part of the world, if there should be a peace, not only for these northern parts of the colony, but also for the more southern parts of *Carolina*, *Purisburgh*, and *Frederica*, where are many fine youths. I have been prevailed on to take one from *Frederica*, and another from *Purisburgh*, and it may be shall admit more. For the present, considering the situation of affairs, I think it most prudent to go on making what improvements I can on the plantation, and shall bring a tutor with me from the northward in the fall, to teach a few youths the languages, and enlarge the family, when affairs are more settled. The house is a noble commodious building, and every thing well adapted for bringing up youth. Here is land to employ them in exercising their bodies, and to keep them from idleness out of school hours. Here are none of the temptations to debauch their tender minds, which are common to more populous countries, or in places where children must necessarily be brought up with negroes. What God intends to do with the colony is not for me to enquire: secret things belong to him. It has hitherto been wonderfully preserved, and the Orphan-house, like the burning bush, has flourished unconsumed. In fine, the government has, no doubt, its welfare much at heart: and, God willing, I intend to carry on my design till I see the colony sink or swim. The money that has been expended on the Orphan-house, and Orphan-house family, has been of vast service to this northern part of the colony. And though it has been greatly detrimental to my own private interest, yet I do not repent of the undertaking. No, I rejoice in it daily, and hope yet to see many more souls

born unto God here. I have had a very comfortable winter. The people of *Savannah*, having no minister till lately, gladly accepted my labours; and at *Frederica*, the gentlemen and soldiers of General *Oglethorpe*'s regiment, as well as the inhabitants of that town, received me very gladly. Major *Horton* seems to behave very well; he has a very fine growing plantation. I saw barley in the ear the first of *March*. *Georgia* is very healthy. Not above one, and that a little child, has died out of our family, since it removed to *Bethesda*. I think the colony (were the inhabitants sufficiently numerous) is capable of as good improvement as any on the continent.

For the satisfaction of my friends, and silencing, if possible, my enemies, I have had my accounts from the very beginning to *January* last, publickly audited and examined, debtor and creditor, article by article; and an oath for confirmation, being an end of all strife, I have sworn to them. If it gives you or others any satisfaction, I shall be glad. I have no more to add, but to beg a continued interest in your prayers, and subscribe myself, very dear Sir,

Your most affectionate friend, and servant,

G. W.

To his Excellency James Wright, Esq. Captain General and Governor in Chief of his Majesty's province of *Georgia*, and to the members of his Majesty's council in the said province.

The Memorial *of* George Whitefield, *Clerk*,

Sheweth,

THAT about twenty-five years ago, your memorialist, assisted by the voluntary contributions of charitable and well disposed persons, at a very great expence, and under many disadvantages, did erect a commodious house, with necessary out-buildings, suitable for the reception of orphans, and other poor and deserted children; and that with the repair of the

buildings, purchase of negroes, and supporting a large orphan family for so many years, he hath expended upwards of twelve thousand pounds sterling, as appears by the accounts, which from time to time have been audited by the magistrates of *Savannah*.

That your memorialist, since the commencement of this institution, hath had the satisfaction of finding, that by the money expended thereon, not only many poor families were assisted, and thereby kept from leaving the colony in its infant state, but also that a considerable number of poor helpless children have been trained up; who have been, and now are useful settlers in this and the other neighbouring provinces.

That in order to render the institution aforesaid more extensively useful, your memorialist, as he perceived the colony gradually increasing, hath for some years past designed within himself, to improve the original plan, by making further provision for the education of persons of superior rank; who thereby might be qualified to serve their king, their country, and their God, either in church or state. That he doth with inexpressible pleasure, see the present very flourishing state of the province; but with concern perceives that several gentlemen have been obliged to send their sons to the northern provinces; who would much rather have had them educated nearer home, and thereby prevent their affections being alienated from their native country, and also keep considerable sums of money from being carried out of this into other provinces.

Your memorialist further observes, that there is no seminary for academical studies as yet founded, southward of *Virginia*; and consequently if a college could be established here (especially as the late addition of the two *Floridas* renders *Georgia* more centrical for the southern district) it would not only be highly serviceable to the rising generation of this colony,

but would probably occasion many youths to be sent from the *British West India* islands and other parts. The many advantages accruing thereby to this province, must be very considerable.

From these considerations, your memorialist is induced to believe, that the time is now approaching, when his long projected design for further serving this his beloved colony, shall be carried into execution.

That a considerable sum of money is intended speedily to be laid out in purchasing a large number of negroes, for the further cultivation of the present Orphan-house, and other additional lands, and for the future support of a worthy able president, professors, and tutors, and other good purposes intended.

Your memorialist therefore prays your Excellency and Honours to grant to him in trust, for the purposes aforesaid, two thousand acres of land, on the north fork of *Turtle River*, called the *Lesser Swamp*, if vacant, or where lands may be found vacant, south of the river *Altamaha*.

G. W.

Savannah in Georgia,

December 18, 1764.

THE ADDRESS OF BOTH HOUSES OF ASSEMBLY IN GEORGIA.

To his Excellency James Wright, Esq. Captain General and Governor in Chief of his Majesty's province of *Georgia*.

May it please your Excellency,

WE his Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the council and commons house of assembly of *Georgia*, in general assembly met, beg leave to acquaint your Excellency, that with the highest satisfaction we learn, that the Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield* has applied for lands, in order to the endowment of a College in this province. The many and singular obligations *Georgia* has continually laid under to that reverend gentleman, from its very infant state, would in gratitude induce us, by every means in our power, to promote any measure he might recommend; but in the present instance, where the interest of the province, the advancement of religion, and the pleasing prospect of obtaining proper education for our youth, so clearly coincide with his views, we cannot in justice but request your Excellency to use your utmost endeavours to promote so desirable an event,

and to transmit home our sincere and very fervent wishes, for the accomplishment of so useful, so beneficent, and so laudable an undertaking.

By order of the upper House.

James Habersham, President.

December 20, 1764.

By order of the Commons House.

Alex. Wylly, Speaker.

To which his Excellency was pleased to return the following Answer.

Gentlemen,

I AM so perfectly sensible of the very great advantage which will result to the province in general, from the establishment of a seminary for learning here, that it gives me the greatest pleasure to find so laudable an undertaking proposed by the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield*. The friendly and zealous disposition of that gentleman, to promote the prosperity of this province, has been often experienced; and you may rest assured, that I shall transmit your address home, with my best endeavours for the success of the great point in view.

James Wright.

December 20, 1764.

A Letter to his Excellency Governor Wright, giving an account of the steps taken, relative to the converting the Georgia Orphan-House into a College: Together with the literary correspondence that passed upon that subject, between his Grace the Archbishop of *Canterbury* and the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*.

Provide things honest in the sight of all men. Romans xii. 14.

Honoured Sir,

AS your Excellency, together with the members of his Majesty's honourable council, and house of representatives, were pleased at my late visit to the Orphan-house, not only highly to approve of, but also deeply to interest yourselves in the design of converting the present *Georgia* Orphan-house into a college; so I am persuaded, you make no doubts but that ever since my arrival in *England*, *July 1765*, I have exerted my utmost efforts in endeavouring to bring this important affair to a desirable issue. To mention all the various circumstances which have occurred during that interval, to impede and retard its more speedy prosecution, would be tedious and unnecessary: I would therefore only inform your Excellency, that about fifteen months ago, a memorial was delivered into the hands of the late clerk of his Majesty's most honourable privy council. That this memorial was by him transmitted to the Lord President, and by his Lordship referred to the consideration of his Grace the Archbishop of *Canterbury*; that by his Grace's permission a literary correspondence ensued; but as that correspondence, and with that, the negociation itself seems at an end, I think it my duty, not only to lay an account of the whole before your Excellency in particular; but, through your Excellency's hands, before his Majesty's council and house of representatives of the colony of *Georgia*, together with all the other *American* colonists, and the public in general, on both sides the water, who have so liberally contributed to the promoting this design.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty.

The Memorial *of* George Whitefield, *Clerk*,

Sheweth,

THAT about twenty-six years ago, your memorialist, assisted by the voluntary contributions of charitable and well disposed persons, at a very

great expence, and under many disadvantages, did erect a very commodious house, with necessary out-buildings, suitable for the reception of orphans and other poor and deserted children; and that with the repair of the buildings, purchase of negroes, and supporting a large orphan family so many years, he hath expended upwards of twelve thousand pounds sterling, as appears by the accounts, which from time to time have been audited by the magistrates of *Savannah*, and which are humbly presented with this memorial.

That your memorialist, since the commencement of this institution, hath had the satisfaction of finding, that by the money expended thereon, not only many poor families were assisted and thereby kept from leaving the colony in its infant state; but also that a considerable number of poor helpless children have been trained up, who have been, and are now useful settlers in this and the other neighbouring provinces; that in order to render the institution aforesaid more extensively useful, your memorialist, as he perceived the colony gradually rising, hath for some years past designed, within himself, to improve the original plan, by making further provision for the education of persons of superior rank, who thereby may be qualified to serve their king, their country, and their God, either in church or state.

That in his late visit to *Georgia*, he did with inexpressible pleasure see the province in a very flourishing state; but with concern perceived that several gentlemen had been obliged to send their sons to the northern provinces, who would much rather have had them educated nearer home; and thereby prevent their affections being alienated from their native country, and also considerable sums of money from being carried out of *Georgia* into other provinces.

Your memorialist begs leave further to observe, that there is no seminary for academical studies as yet founded southward of *Virginia*; and consequently if a college could be established (especially as the addition of the two *Floridas* renders *Georgia* more centrical for the southern district) it would not only be highly serviceable to the rising generation of the colony of *Georgia*, but would probably occasion many youths to be sent from the neighbouring southern provinces for education. The many advantages accruing to *Georgia* thereby, must necessarily be very considerable.

That in consideration of the foregoing premises, your memorialist, in *December 1764*, presented a memorial to his Excellency the Governor, and the honourable the council of the province of *Georgia*, praying that two thousand acres of land might be granted in trust, towards carrying on the desirable end of founding a College; which motion was not only immediately complied with, but the general assembly being then sitting, an address, a copy of which is herewith also sent, was presented from them to his Excellency, expressing their unanimous and highest approbation, with a desire that his Excellency would use his endeavours to have this affair forwarded at home with all possible expedition. That upon the arrival of your Memorialist, he was informed that this address was remitted to, and laid before the Lords Commissioners for trade and plantations; and having received repeated advices, that numbers both in *Georgia* and *South-Carolina* are waiting with impatience to have their sons initiated in academical exercises; your Memorialist therefore prays, that a charter upon the plan of *New-Jersey* College may be granted; upon which your Memorialist is ready to give up his present trust, and make a free gift of all lands, negroes, goods, and chattels, which he now stands possessed of in the province of *Georgia*, for the present founding, and towards the future

support of a College, to be called by the name of *Bethesda* College in the province of *Georgia*.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop*.

June 17, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

I THINK myself highly honoured in the L—— P——t's referring a late memorial to your Grace's consideration; and as highly obliged to your Grace, for the deep attention your Grace hath given to the copy of an intended charter presented to your Grace by the E—— of *D——h*. The inclosed will shew, what an almost implicit regard hath been paid to your Grace's wise remarks, and judicious corrections. I wish it could have been altogether implicit; but circumstances are such, (as hath been hinted to your Grace by L—— *D——h*) that I cannot, in honour and conscience, *oblige* the master of the *Georgia* College to be a member or minister of the church of *England*. Such an obligation, I am persuaded, hath greatly retarded the progress of the College of *New-York*; as on the contrary, the letter signed by your Grace, Proprietor *Pen*, and the late Dr. *Chandler*; engaging, that institution shall be continued on a BROAD BOTTOM, hath as much promoted the growth of the College of *Philadelphia*. The trustees of that seminary (as your Grace is pleased to observe) have agreed, "That their Provost shall always be a minister of the established church." But then I would beg leave to reply, that they are not thereto *enjoined* by their charter. That is entirely silent concerning this matter: their agreement is purely voluntary. The wardens of the College of *Georgia* will not be prohibited by charter, from following the example of the trustees of the College of *Philadelphia*. It is more than probable they will never need it. The first Master will assuredly be a clergyman of the church of *England*. By far the

majority of the intended wardens, are, and always will be members of that communion; and consequently the choice of a Master will always continue to run in that channel. My heart's desire is, that some worthy duly qualified minister of the church of *England* may be always and readily found for that grand purpose. But lest this should not always be the case, I dare not, as persons of all denominations have been contributors, confine or fetter the future electors. The monies gained by the *New-York* lotteries, for the erecting a college in *New-York*, were thrown in by persons of all religious persuasions, in confidence, that the College would hereafter be founded on an enlarged basis. And therefore, very great numbers, may it please your Grace, think, and for ever will think themselves injured, by its being confined within its present contracted boundary. Hence it is, that many fine promising youths are almost daily sent from the college in their native city, to that of *New-Jersey*. I dread giving the same occasion of resentment and offence: and therefore am determined to avoid it in the wording of the *Georgia* College charter. For the same reasons, I dare not enjoin the daily use of our church liturgy. I love to use it, I have fallen a martyr, in respect to bodily health, to the frequent reading it in *Tottenham-Court* chapel; and it has been constantly read twice every *Sunday* in the Orphan-house, from its first institution to this very day. The Wardens, when the power is devolved on them, may determine this point as they please; but I cannot enjoin it by charter: and have therefore, in this present draught, not only omitted the paragraph concerning public prayer, but also that concerning doctrinal articles. Perhaps your Grace may judge, that, all things considered, saying nothing about either, may be a proper medium. Your Grace further wisely observes, "That his Majesty should be very well advised, whom he names for the first Master." I trust he will. I believe the Right Honourable the Earl

of *D——h* will vouchsafe to interest himself in the choice, and likewise be so good as to present the first Master to your Grace's approbation. The terms of the charter being not as yet settled, the choice of a Master cannot as yet be fixed upon. When the former are ascertained, the latter may more easily be applied for. In the mean while your Grace may be assured, that the lot will not fall upon me. Alas! my shoulders are too weak for the support of such an academical burden: my capacity, may it please your Grace, is by no means extensive enough for such a scholastic trust. To be a presbyter at large, is the station, which I think divine Providence hath called me to, for near these thirty years past. During that space, I trust my eye hath been in some degree single, and my views disinterested; and my highest, my only ambition, during the feeble remains of my future pilgrimage, I trust, will be this, That the last glimmerings of an expiring taper may be blessed, and owned by the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, to guide some wandering sinners to the practical knowledge of himself. I desire to bless his name, that I have been spared long enough to see the colony of the once despised *Georgia*, and the yet more despised Orphan-house, advanced to such a promising height. My honoured friend and father, good Bishop *Benson*, from his dying bed, sent me a benefaction for it of ten guineas, and poured forth his most fervent dying breathings for its future prosperity. That your Grace may yet live many years, to be happily instrumental in promoting its welfare, both spiritual and temporal, when turned into a college, is the earnest prayer of, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most dutiful, obliged son and servant,

G. W.

Tottenham-Court Road,

June 17, 1767.

The Archbishop to Mr. Whitefield.

To the Reverend Mr. Whitefield,

THE Archbishop of *Canterbury* hath put Mr. *Whitefield*'s draught of a charter for a College in *Georgia*, into the hands of the Lord President; who hath promised to consider it: but desires to know from Mr. *Whitefield*, what present endowment, and to what value, he proposes for his College.

July 1, 1767.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop*.

London, July 4, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

MY obligations are much increased by your Grace's putting the last draught of the *Georgia* College so speedily into the hands of the Lord President. As by this, (I presume) it hath been honoured by your Grace's, so I make no manner of doubt, but it will also meet with his Lordship's approbation. In obedience to your Grace's desire, I herewith send your Grace an account of "what present endowment, and to what value, I propose for the intended College." Upon a moderate computation, may it please your Grace, I believe its present annual income, is between four and five hundred pounds sterling. The house is surrounded with eighteen hundred acres of land; a plan of which, and likewise of the house itself, I herein inclose, and humbly present for your Grace's inspection. The number of negroes young and old, employed on various parts of these lands, in sawing timber, raising rice for exportation, and corn with all other kinds of provision for the family, is about thirty. Besides these, the College will be immediately possessed of two thousand acres of land near *Altamaha*, which were granted me by the Governor and Council, when I was last at *Georgia*; and a thousand acres more, left, as I am informed, by the late reverend and

worthy Mr. *Zubberbuler*. So that, by laying out only a thousand pounds in purchasing an additional number of negroes, and allowing another thousand for repairing the house, and building the two intended wings, the present annual income may very easily and speedily be augmented to a thousand pounds *per annum*. Out of this standing fund, may be paid the salaries of the Master, professors, tutors, &c. and also small exhibitions be allowed for some orphan or other poor students, who may have their tutorage and room-rent gratis, and act as servitors to those who enter commoners. What these salaries and exhibitions ought to be, may at a proper season be submitted to your Grace's future consideration. At present, I would only further propose, that the negroe children belonging to the College, shall be instructed, in their intervals of labour, by one of the poorer students, as is done now by one of the scholars in the present Orphan-house. And I do not see why an additional provision may not likewise be made for educating and maintaining a number of *Indian* children, which, I imagine, may easily be procured from the *Creeks*, *Choctaws*, *Cherokees*, and the other neighbouring nations. Hence the whole will be a free-gift to the colony of *Georgia*: a complex extensive charity be established; and at the same time, not a single person obliged, by any public act of assembly, to pay an involuntary forced tax towards the support of a seminary, from which many of the more distant and poorer Colonist's children cannot possibly receive any immediate advantage; and yet the whole Colony, by the Christian and liberal education of a great number of its individuals, be universally benefited. Thus have I most readily, and I humbly hope, gratefully complied with your Grace's desire, which to me is as a command. I am constrained to trespass on your Grace's patience, whilst I congratulate your Grace on the goodness of God, who, amongst many other signal marks of his peculiar

providence, hath honoured your Grace, in making you an happy instrument of establishing two *Northern-American* Colleges; the one at *New-York*, and the other at *Philadelphia*: and if (as I pray may be the case) your Grace should yet be made further instrumental in establishing a third College in the yet more southern, but now flourishing colony of *Georgia*, I trust it will be an additional gem in the crown, which I earnestly pray that God, the righteous judge, may give your Grace in that day. In his great name, I beg leave to subscribe myself, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most dutiful, obliged son and servant,

G. W.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop*.

Tottenham-Court, September 1, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

AS I am going out of town for a few weeks, I beg leave humbly to enquire, whether my L—— P——t hath considered the draught of the charter sent him by your Grace some weeks ago. The Governor, Council, Assembly, and other inhabitants of *Georgia*, wait with impatience to have this affair brought to a desired issue; and therefore I humbly hope your Grace will excuse the freedom of the request now made by, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most dutiful, obliged son and servant,

G. W.

The Archbishop to Mr. Whitefield,

Lambeth, September 18, 1767.

To the Reverend Mr. Whitefield.

THE Archbishop of *Canterbury* sends Mr. *Whitefield* the enclosed letter from the Lord President, which he received this day, and which he desires

may be returned to him.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop*.

Tottenham-Court, October 13, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

BY a series of unaccountable incidents and mistakes, your Grace's letter, with that of the L—— P——t, did not reach me till this afternoon. I have made bold to copy the letter; and in obedience to your Grace's command, herewith return the original. Its contents shall be immediately and duly considered, and an answer very speedily remitted to your Grace. In the mean time, with most humble thanks for the zeal and punctuality shewn by your Grace in the prosecution of this important affair, and earnestly begging an interest in your Grace's prayers, that I may be kept from erring on the right hand, or the left, in this final discharge of my public trust, I beg leave to subscribe myself, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most obedient and dutiful son and servant,

G. W.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop*.

Tottenham-Court, October 16, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

AFTER earnest application to the Father of mercies for direction, I have endeavoured as in his presence, duly to consider and weigh the contents of the L—— P——t's letter, which your Grace was so condescending as to transmit for my perusal. His L——p therein, is pleased to inform your Grace, "That he observes, that the second draught of Mr. *Whitefield*'s charter, differs from that of *New-York*; in not requiring the head of the College to be a member of the church of *England*, which his Lordship thinks so material a qualification, that for one, he should not be for

dispensing with it. And his L——p is also of opinion, that the public prayers should not be extempore ones, but the liturgy of the church, or some part thereof, or some other settled and established form." Thus far his L——p. And, as I profess myself to be a presbyter of the same communion with his L——p, I cannot but applaud his L——p's zeal for, and watchfulness over, the honour of the established church. But if his L——p would be so good as to take a particular view of the point of light in which I stand, I cannot help flattering myself, but that his L——p will be so far from thinking, that being a member of the church of *England* is a qualification not to be dispensed with in the head of the intended College; that on the contrary, it ought not so much as to be mentioned, or insisted upon in the charter at all. For not to trouble your Grace with a repetition of the reasons urged against such a restraining clause, in my letter of *June 17*; I would beg leave further to observe to your Grace, that by far the greatest part of the Orphan-house collections and contributions came from Dissenters, not only in *New-England*, *New-York*, *Pensylvania*, *South-Carolina*, and *Scotland*, but in all probability here in *England* also. Most of these places I have visited since the several audits of the Orphan-house accompts, and acquainted with the design of turning it into a College; and likewise the address of the Council and Assembly of the province of *Georgia*, with his Excellency Governor *Wright*'s answer, highly approving and recommending the design, have been published. Being frequently asked, "Upon what bottom the intended College was to be founded;" I not only most readily and repeatedly answered, "Undoubtedly upon a *broad bottom*;" but likewise, in most of the above-mentioned places, have solemnly declared from the pulpit, that it should be upon a *broad bottom, and no other*. This, I judged, I was sufficiently warranted to do, from the

known, long established, mild, and uncoercive genius of the *English* government; also from your Grace's moderation towards protestant Dissenters; from the unconquerable attachment of the *Americans* to toleration principles, as well as from the avowed habitual feelings and sentiments of my own heart. This being the case, may it please your Grace, I would humbly appeal to his L——p, whether I can answer it to my God, my conscience, my king, my country, my constituents, and Orphan-house benefactors and contributors, both at home and abroad, to betray my trust, forfeit my word, act contrary to my own convictions, and greatly retard and prejudice the growth and progress of the intended institution, by narrowing its foundation, and thereby letting it fall upon such a bottom, as I am persuaded will give a general disgust, and most justly open the mouths of persons of all denominations against me. This, as I acquainted your Grace, in the same letter referred to above, is what I dare not do. And therefore, as your Grace by your silence seems to be like-minded with the L——d P——t; and as your Grace's and his L——p's influence will undoubtedly extend itself to others of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy-Council, I would beg leave, after returning all due acknowledgments, to inform your Grace, that I intend troubling your Grace and his Lordship no more about this so long depending concern. As it hath pleased the great Head of the church in some degree to renew my bodily strength, I purpose now to renew my feeble efforts, and turn the charity into a more generous, and consequently into a more extensively useful channel. If I know any thing of my own heart, I have no ambition to be looked upon at present, or remembered for the future, as a founder of a college; but I would fain, may it please your Grace, act the part of an honest man, a disinterested minister of Jesus Christ, and a truly catholic, moderate presbyter of the church of

England. In this way, and in this only, can I hope for a continued heart-felt enjoyment of that peace of God, which passeth all understanding, whilst here on earth, and be thereby prepared to stand with humble boldness before the awful, impartial tribunal of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls at the great day. That your Grace may shine as a star of the first magnitude in that day, is the sincere prayer of, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most dutiful obliged son and servant,

G. W.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop*.

Tottenham-Court, November 11, 1767.

May it please your Grace,

THE bearer is my humble friend; one who hath been with me several years, and been my companion in travel through the continent of *America*. If your Grace would be so good as to send by him the plans and papers relating to the Orphan-house, it would much oblige, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most dutiful humble servant,

G. W.

P. S. I know not whether your Grace or the Lord President hath the copy of the *New-Jersey* College charter. I gave it to Mr. Secretary *Sharp*, in order that your Grace and his Lordship might see it. Mr. *Sharp* being dead, obliges me to trouble your Grace with this particular: I should not otherwise have taken the freedom.

Mr. Whitefield *to the Archbishop*.

Tottenham-Court, February 12, 1768.

May it please your Grace,

AS not only the Governor, Council and Assembly of *Georgia*, have been for a long season, and are now waiting for an account of what hath been done in respect to the affair of the intended *Bethesda* college, I find myself under a necessity of giving them and the contributors, on this, as well as the other side of the water, a plain narration of the steps I have been taking; and at the same time I intend to lay before the public a draught of the future plan, which, God willing, I am now determined to prosecute. And as the letters which I have had the honour of writing to your Grace, contain most of what I have to say on this subject, I suppose your Grace can have no objection against my publishing those letters, together with the answers returned, and the issue of the correspondence. To prevent your Grace's having further trouble, as I hear your Grace is at present much indisposed, I shall look upon silence as an approbation, at least as a tacit allowance of what is designed by, may it please your Grace,

Your Grace's most dutiful son and servant, in the King of kings and Lord of lords,

G. W.

Thus, may it please your excellency, concluded my correspondence with his Grace, and I humbly hope, the province of *Georgia*, in the end, will be no loser by this negociation. For, God willing, I now purpose to add a public academy, to the Orphan-house, as the college [1] of *Philadelphia* was constituted a public academy, as well as charitable school, for some time before its present college charter was granted by the honourable proprietors of *Pensylvania* in the year 1755.

In pursuing a like plan, the present *Georgia* Orphan-house estate, which for near these three years hath been in a state of suspense, may be vigorously and properly improved, and thereby an ample and lasting

provision made for the future maintenance and education of many poor, indigent, and orphan, as well as more opulent students. Proper masters likewise may now be sent over to instruct, and prepare for academical honours the many youths, who are at this time both in *Georgia* and the adjacent provinces, waiting for admission. In the mean time, a proper trust may be formed to act after my decease, or even before, with this proviso, that no opportunity shall be omitted of making fresh application for a college charter, upon a *broad bottom*, whenever those in power shall think it for the glory of God, and the interest of their king and country to grant the same. And thus, may it please your Excellency, my beloved *Bethesda* will not only be continued as a house of mercy for poor orphans, but be confirmed as a seat and nursery of sound learning, and religious education, I trust, to the latest posterity. That this may be the happy case, as I am persuaded is the desire of your Excellency, his Majesty's Honourable Council, and house of representatives, in the province of *Georgia*, so it shall still be, to my latest breath, as it hath been for many years, the earnest endeavour and incessant prayer of,

May it please your Excellency, Your Excellency's, &c.

G. W.

Commons House of Assembly, Monday, January 29, 1770.

MR. Speaker reported, that he with the house having waited on the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*, in consequence of his invitation, at the Orphan-house academy, heard him preach a very suitable and pious sermon on the occasion; and with great pleasure observed the promising appearance of improvement towards the good purposes intended, and the decency and propriety of behaviour of the several residents there; and were sensibly affected, when they saw the happy success which has attended Mr.

Whitefield's indefatigable zeal for promoting the welfare of the province in general, and the Orphan-house in particular.

Ordered, That this report be printed in the Gazette.

John Simpson, Clerk.

Extract from the Georgia Gazette.

Savannah, January 31, 1770.

LAST *Sunday* his Excellency the Governor, Council and Assembly, having been invited by the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield*, attended at divine service in the chapel of the Orphan-house academy, where prayers were read by the reverend Mr. *Ellington*, and a very suitable sermon was preached by the reverend Mr. *Whitefield* from *Zechariah* ivth chapter 9th. and part of the 10th verses; "*The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, his hands shall also finish it; and thou shalt know, that the Lord of hosts hath sent me unto you; for who hath despised the day of small things?*" to the general satisfaction of the auditory; in which he took occasion to mention the many discouragements he met with, well known to many there, in carrying on this institution for upwards of thirty years past, and the present promising prospect of its future and more extensive usefulness. After divine service, the company were very politely entertained with a handsome and plentiful dinner; and were greatly pleased to see the useful improvements made in the house, the two additional wings for apartments for students, one-hundred and fifty feet each in length, and other lesser buildings, in so much forwardness, and the whole executed with taste and in a masterly manner; and being sensible of the truly generous and disinterested benefactions derived to the province through his means, they expressed their gratitude in the most respectful terms.

Orphan-House, in *Georgia*, Dr.

Sterling

l. s. d.

To cash received from the 15th December, 1738, to the 1st Jan. 1745–6, by public Collections, private Benefactions, and annual subscriptions, *per accompt*

£ 4982 12 8

To ballance super-expended, Jan. 1, 1745–6

£ 529 05 1¼

Total

£ 5511 17 9¼

Orphan-House, in *Georgia*, Cr.

Sterling

l. s. d.

By cash paid sundries, by particular accompts examined, from the 15th December, 1738, to the 1st Jan. 1745–6, for buildings, cultivation of lands, infirmary, provisions, wearing apparel, and other incident expences

£ 5511 17 9¼

SAVANNAH in GEORGIA.

S. L.

THIS day personally appeared before us *Henry Parker* and *William Spencer*, bailiffs of *Savannah* aforesaid, the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield*, and *James Habersham*, Merchant of *Savannah* aforesaid, who, being duly sworn, say, That the accompts relating to the Orphan-house, now exhibited before us, of which the above is an abstract, amounting on the debit side (namely, for collections and subscriptions received) to the sum of four thousand nine hundred eighty-two pounds twelve shillings and eight pence, sterling, and on the credit side, (namely, for disbursements paid) to

the sum of five thousand five hundred eleven pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence farthing, sterling, do, to the best of their knowledge, contain a just and true account of all the monies collected by, or given to them, or any other, for the use and benefit of the said house; and that the disbursements, amounting to the sum aforesaid, have been faithfully applied to and for the use of the same. And the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield* further declareth, that he hath not converted or applied any part thereof to his own private use and property, neither hath charged the said house with any of his travelling, or any other private expences whatsoever.

George Whitefield,

James Habersham.

SAVANNAH in GEORGIA.

THIS day personally appeared before us, *Henry Parker*, and *William Spencer*, bailiffs of *Savannah* aforesaid, *William Woodrooffe*, *William Ewen*, and *William Russel* of *Savannah* aforesaid, who being duly sworn say, That they have carefully and strictly examined all and singular the accompts relating to the Orphan-house in *Georgia*, contained in forty-one pages, in a book entitled, *Receipts and disbursements for the Orphan-house in* Georgia, with the original bills, receipts, and other vouchers, from the fifteenth day of *December*, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and thirty eight, to the first day of *January*, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-five; and that the monies received on account of the said Orphan-house, amounted to the sum of four thousand nine hundred eighty-two pounds twelve shillings and eight-pence, sterling, as above; and that it doth not appear, that the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield* hath converted any part thereof to his own private use and property, or charged the said house with any of his travelling, or other private expences; but, on the contrary,

hath contributed to the said house many valuable benefactions; and that the monies disbursed on account of the said house, amounted to the sum of five thousand five hundred eleven pounds seventeen shillings and ninepence farthing, sterling, as above, which we, in justice to the Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*, and the managers of the said house, do hereby declare, appear to us to be faithfully and justly applied to and for the use and benefit of the said house only.

William Woodrooffe,

William Ewen,

William Russel.

Sworn this 16th day of *April*, 1746, before us, bailiffs of *Savannah*; in justification whereof we have hereunto fixed our hands, and the common seal.

Henry Parker,

William Spencer.

General Accompt of Monies expended and received for the Use of the Orphan-house in *Georgia*, from *January* 7th, 1738-9, to *February* 9th, 1765.

Dr.

Sterling

l. s. d.

1746, April 16.

To sundries expended as per audit this day

£ 5511 17 9¼

1752, Feb. 25.

To ditto

£ 2026 13 7½

1755, Feb. 19.

To ditto

£ 1966 18 2

1765, Feb. 9.

To ditto

£ 3349 15 10

Total Dr.

£ 12,855 5 4¾

Cr.

Sterling

l. s. d.

1746, April 16.

By sundry receipts per audit

£ 4982 12 8

1752, Feb. 25.

By ditto

£ 1386 8 7½

1755, Feb. 19.

By ditto

£ 1289 2 3

1765, Feb. 9.

By ditto

£ 3132 16 0¼

Total receipts

£ 10,790 19 6¾

By the Rev. Mr. Whitefield’s benefactions

Being the sums expended more than received, as appears from the several former audits, now carefully examined, viz.

Folio 65 — £ 1169 10 1¼

Ditto 81 — £ 400 5 4¾

Ditto 98 — £ 494 10 4

Total benefactions

£ 2064 5 10

Balance

Total Dr.

£ 12,855 5 4¾

Total Cr.

£ 12,855 5 4¾

Georgia ss.

BEFORE me, the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Esq. senior, one of the assistant justices for the province aforesaid, personally appeared the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield* and *Thomas Dixon* of the province aforesaid, who being duly sworn, declare that the accompts relating to the Orphan-house, from folio 82, to folio 98, in this book, amounting on the debit side to three thousand three hundred and forty-nine pounds fifteen shillings and ten pence, sterling, and on the credit side to three thousand one hundred and thirty-two pounds sixteen shillings and one farthing, sterling, contain, to the best of their knowledge, a just and true account of all the monies collected by, or given to them, or any other, for the use or benefit of the said house; and that the disbursements amounting to the sum aforesaid, have been faithfully applied to and for the use of the same.

Signed,

George Whitefield,

Thos. Dixon.

February 9, 1765.

Sworn this 9th day of *February*, 1765, before me; in justification whereof I have caused the seal of the general court to be affixed.

Signed N. Jones. Sealed.

Georgia ss.

BEFORE me, the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Esq. senior, personally appeared *James Edward Powell* and *Grey Elliot*, Esqrs. members of his Majesty's honourable council for the province aforesaid, who being duly sworn, declare that they have carefully examined the accompts containing the receipts and disbursements, for the use of the Orphan-house in the said province, and that comparing them with the several vouchers, they find the same not only just and true in every respect, but kept in such a clear and regular manner, as does honour to the managers of that house; and that on a careful examination of the several former audits, it appears that the sum of two thousand and sixty-four pounds, five shillings and ten pence, has at several times been given by the Reverend Mr. *George Whitefield* for the use of the said house; and that in the whole the sum of twelve thousand eight hundred fifty-five pounds five shillings and four pence three farthings, has been laid out for the same house since 7th *January*, 1738–9, to this day:—Also that it doth not appear that any charge has ever been made by the said Reverend Mr. *Whitefield*, either for travelling charges or any other expences whatever, and that no charge of salary has been made for any person whatever, employed or concerned in the management of the said house. *February* 9th, 1765.

Signed,

James Edward Powell,

Grey Elliot.

Sworn this 9th day of *February*, 1765, before me; in justification whereof, I have caused the seal of the general court to be affixed.

Signed N. Jones. Sealed.

Dr.

General Accompt of monies expended for the Orphan-house, taken from the authentic book, from Dec. 1738, to February 1770.

Sterling

l. s. d.

1746, April 16.

To Sundries, per audit, this day

£ 5511 17 9¼

1752, Feb. 25.

To Dº ——

£ 2026 13 7½

1755, Feb. 19.

To Dº ——

£ 1966 18 2

1765, Feb. 9.

To Dº ——

£ 3349 15 10

1770, Feb. 2.

To Dº ——

£ 2548 17 0½

Total Dr.

£ 15,404 2 5¼

Cr.

Monies received for the use of the same, taken from the authentic book, from Dec. 1738, to February 1770.

Sterling

l. s. d.

By Benefactions and Collections

In England

£ 4471 0 6¼

Dº —— Scotland

£ 978 2 5½

Dº —— Georgia

£ 275 5 7¼

Dº —— Charles-Town

£ 567 1 9¾

Dº —— Beaufort

£ 16 10 7

Dº —— Boston, New-York, Philad. &c.

£ 1809 6 10½

Dº —— Lisbon

£ 3 12 0

Subtotal

£ 8120 19 10½

By cash received for payment of boarders,

cocoons, rice, lumber, indigo, provisions, &c.

£ 3983 19 3

By the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's benefactions,

being the sums expended, more than received, as appears by the several audits, carefully examined

£ 3299 3 3¾

Total Cr.

£ 15,404 2 5¼

Georgia

BEFORE the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Esq. senior assistant Justice for the province aforesaid, personally appeared, the Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield* and *Thomas Dixon*, of the province aforesaid, who being duly sworn, declare that the accompts relating to the Orphan-house, from folio 101 to folio 109 in this book, amounting, on the debit side, to two thousand five hundred forty-eight pounds seventeen shillings and one half-penny, sterling, and on the credit side, to one thousand three hundred thirteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence three farthings, sterling, contain, to the best of their knowledge, a just and true account of all the monies collected by, or given to them, or any others, for the use or benefit of the said house; and that the disbursements, amounting to the sum aforesaid, have been faithfully applied to and for the use of the same.

George Whitefield,

Thomas Dixon.

February 2, 1770.

Sworn this 2d day of *February*, 1770, before me; in justification whereof I have caused the seal of the general court to be affixed.

N. Jones. Seal.

5th and last audit, 1770.

Georgia.

BEFORE the Honourable *Noble Jones*, Esq. senior assistant Justice, &c. personally appeared, *James Edward Powell* and *Grey Elliot*, Esquires, members of his Majesty's council for the province aforesaid, who being

duly sworn, declare that they have carefully inspected and examined the accompts, containing the receipts and disbursements, for the use of the Orphan-house in the said province. And find the sums expended for the use of the same, from the 9th *February* 1765, to this day, amount to two thousand five hundred forty-eight pounds seventeen shillings and one half-penny, sterling; and the sums received, to one thousand three hundred thirteen pounds nineteen shillings and sixpence three farthings, sterling; and that the whole of the sums expended on account of the institution, amount to fifteen thousand four hundred and four pounds two shillings and five-pence farthing, sterling, and the whole receipts, to the sum of twelve thousand one hundred four pounds nineteen shillings and one penny half-penny, sterling; and the benefactions of the Rev. Mr. *George Whitefield* thereunto, have, at different times, amounted to the sum of three thousand two hundred ninety-nine pounds three shillings and three-pence three farthings, sterling, as clearly appears by a general account thereof stated by us. And that in this our last, as well as each preceding audit, no charge whatever has been made by the Rev. Mr. *Whitefield*, either for travelling charges or otherwise, nor any other charge for the salary of any person whatever, employed or concerned in the management of the said Orphan-house; and that clear and distinct vouchers for the whole amount of the sums expended, have been laid before us, except for four articles, amounting together to forty pounds one shilling and one penny, being monies expended and paid by the said Mr. *Whitefield* on several occasions, the particulars of which were laid before us, but no receipt had been by him taken for the same.

James Edward Powell,

Grey Elliot.

February 2, 1770.

Sworn this 2d day of *February*, 1770, before me; in justification whereof, I have caused the seal of the general court to be affixed.

N. Jones. Seal.

Schedule of all the Lands possessed by, and belonging to the late Reverend *George Whitefield*, in *Georgia*.

Lands granted by his Majesty to the late Reverend *George Whitefield*, in trust for the Orphan-house, or for the endowment of a College in *Georgia*.

A TRACT of 500 acres, called *Bethesda*, on which the Orphan-house and additional buildings are erected.

Another of 419 acres, called *Nazareth*.

Another of 400 acres, called *Ephrata*, on which are the principal planting improvements.

1319 acres.

These lands are granted in trust to the deceased, for the use of the Orphan-house, and adjoin each other: the grants are dated 13th of *April*, 1761.

Another of 500 acres, called *Huntingdon*, and adjoins on one corner to *Ephrata*.—This grant is dated 13th of *April*, 1761.

Another of 1000

Another of 500

Another of 500

2000

These 3 tracts, amounting to 2000 acres are contiguous, and are granted to the deceased in trust for the endowment of a college. The grants are dated 6th of *August*, 1765.

Another of 1000 acres, left by the Reverend *Bartholomew Zouberbuhler*, deceased, late minister of *Savannah*, by Will, for the endowment of a

college, but conditionally.

The habendum of the three grants, amounting to 1319 acres of land, for the use of the Orphan-house, run in the following words: “To have and to hold the said tract of four hundred acres of land, and all and singular other the premises hereby granted, with the appurtenances, unto the said *George Whitefield*, his heirs and assigns for ever, in free and common soccage:—*In trust nevertheless for the use and benefit of the Orphan-House*,—he the said *George Whitefield*, his heirs or assigns, yielding and paying, &c.”

And the three grants, together amounting to 2000 acres of land, for the endowment of a college, are thus expressed: “To have and to hold the said tract of one thousand acres of land, and all and singular other the premises hereby granted, with the appurtenances, unto the said *George Whitefield*, his heirs and assigns for ever, in free and common soccage: *In trust for the endowment of a college in our said province*,—he the said *George Whitefield*, his heirs and assigns, yielding and paying, &c.”

So that it plainly appears, these lands cannot be aliened or appropriated to any other use, than the purposes for which they were granted.

Extract from an account of the state of the family at the Orphan-house in *April* 1770.

Whites

Managers and carpenters — 9

Boys — 15

Girl — 1

Negroes

Men — 24

Of which 16 are young, and fit for any labor; 7 are old, but capable of some service, and 1 so old as to be useless.

Women — 11

8 of these are capable of the usual labor, 2 are old and assist in the business of the house, and 1 almost incapable of any service.

Children — 15

Of whom, those that are capable are employed about something useful, as far as their strength and abilities will permit.

Total — 75

General Account of the Family

By an authentic account of the state of the family at the Orphan-house, from the year 1739 to 1770,

140 Boys

43 Girls

183 Total.

have been clothed, educated, maintained and suitably provided for.

N. B. The *Spanish* war; the fluctuating state of the colony for years; the long suspense in which Mr. *Whitefield* was kept by government at home, as to his intended plan of improvement at the Orphan-house; and other particulars which are noticed, and may be observed in his letters, prevented the accession of a greater number of orphans; but to the honour and usefulness of the institution, it ought to be remarked, that many poor children, besides what are numbered in this list, were occasionally received, educated, and maintained at the Orphan-house.

Copy of a paper, endorsed College Rules, taken from the original in Mr. *Whitefield*'s hand-writing, 1770.

MORNING prayer to begin constantly, every day in the year, at half after five. The first bell to ring exactly at 5 o'clock. The form as follows: A psalm or hymn; the general confession, introduced with "Let us pray." If

any scholar of the house, or any other person not in priest's orders, doth officiate, then that collect, "O God, whose nature and property, &c." or that out of the commination-office, "O Lord, we beseech thee mercifully hear our prayers, &c." Then must follow the Lord's prayer, *Gloria Patri*, "O come let us sing unto the Lord, &c." or the *Te Deum*, or Song of the Three Children, or *Benedictus*; then the second lesson for the day, with a few short practical remarks; then a suitable prayer, with singing a short doxology; and thus to conclude, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with us, the Founder of this institution, the Master, Wardens, and all its benefactors, and all mankind, now, henceforth, and for evermore." If no one is capable of using free prayer, then shall follow the apostles creed, the collect for the week, the third collect for grace; the three prayers for the king, royal family, and clergy, turned into one; "O God, the creator;" the general thanksgiving, the prayer of St. *Chrysostom*, and "Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ," as before.

The same order in the evening, only to repeat the *Magnificat*, &c. before the reading of the second lesson.

On *Wednesday* and *Friday* morning, the hymn, the litany, the general thanksgiving, prayer of St. *Chrysostom*, and concluding prayer.

On *Sunday* morning, a short prayer with a psalm or hymn early in the morning. Full prayers and sermon at ten: the same at three in the afternoon. A short prayer, and a hymn, at half after six in the evening. The first lesson to be read at dinner; the same at supper: a short hymn at each meal. One of the orphans to read and give out the hymn, or any other substituted by the master; and also to read the second lesson in chapel.

Great care to be taken, that all read, write, speak, and behave properly.

All the statutes to be in *English*, and read to every scholar or student at admission, and thrice a year, at *Easter*, *Whitsuntide*, and *Christmas*, publicly.

No cards, dice, or gaming of any kind to be allowed, on pain of expulsion, or dismission, by masters, tutors, professors, students or any officer or member of the college whatsoever. No music but divine psalmody; such as *Butt's Harmonia sacra*, *Knibb*'s and *Madan*'s collection of tunes.

All are to be taught *Bland's Manual Exercise*, by some deputed officer, but not bound to attend on musters or other exercises, unless on account of an alarm.

Nobody shall be suffered to run in arrears above half a year: some caution money to be paid down.

All students to furnish their own rooms, but to lie on mattresses, and the successors to pay thirds.

No one suffered to go to town without express leave from the master, or persons deputed by him.

Breakfast at seven o'clock, dinner at twelve, supper at six, through all the year; the utmost neatness to be observed and maintained in every room.

All orphans and students shall be obliged to learn and repeat, and, if capable, to translate into *Latin* all the thirty-nine articles, or those specified in the act of toleration. The homilies to be read publicly, distinctly, frequently and carefully, every year, by the students, deputed in rotation. All to be first thoroughly instructed in the history of *Georgia*, and constitution of *England*, before they are taught the history of *Greece* and *Rome*. *Kimber*'s history of *England* is a good one for beginners, then may follow *Rapin*'s. The young negro boys to be baptized and taught to read. The young negro girls to be taught to work with the needle. The following

divinity books to be read, *Henry*'s *Comment*,—*Doddridge* and *Guise*,—*Burkitt*,—*Clark*'s *Bible*,—*Wilson*'s *Dictionary*,—Professor *Franck*'s *Manuductio*, especially the preface *de Impedimentis Studii Theologici*,—*Doddridge*'s *Rise and Progress*,—*Boston*'s *fourfold State*,—ditto, *on the Covenant*,—*Jenks, on the righteousness of Christ*, and his *Meditations*,—*Hervey*'s *Meditations*, and *Theron* and *Aspasio*,—Bishop *Hall*'s *Contemplations*, and other works,—*Edwards*'s *Preacher*,—*Trapp on the old and new Testament*,—*Poole*'s *Annotations*,—*Warner*'s *Tracts*,—Bishop *Leighton*'s *Comment on St. Peter*'s *1st Epistle*,—Bishop *Pearson on the Creed*,—*Edwards*'s *Veritas redux*,—*Owen* and *Bunyan*'s works.

Copy of a paper, intitled, "Subjects for Annual Prizes at the Orphan-house, *Bethesda* College," in the hand-writing of Mr. *Whitefield*, inclosed with and referred to in his Will [2].

Subjects for Annual Prizes at the Orphan-house, *Bethesda* College.

ON every 27th of *December*, the Founder's birth-day,—an Oration on the Mercy of God, in preparing Habitations and Places of Education for poor Orphans, "In thee the fatherless find mercy," by an Orphan.

Another on our Lord's Nativity,—by an Orphan.

On the Anniversary, *March 25*,—Orations on the benefit of erecting, founding, and contributing towards Seminaries of sound Learning, and religious Education.—On the Benefit of an Union between *Great Britain* and her Colonies.—The Rise and Progress of the Colony of *Georgia*.—The Rise and Progress of Commerce and Religion in the other *American* Colonies,—by Orphans or Students.

On the 5th of *November*,—an Oration on the glorious Revolution, and the infinite Mercy of God, in delivering *Great Britain* from Popish Tyranny and arbitrary Power, by Orphan or Student.

On *Easter Monday*,—an Oration on the Resurrection,—by Orphan or Student.

On *Whitsunday*,—an Oration on the Descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles,—by Orphan or Student.

All the Exercises to be closed with an Application, Exhortation, and Prayer, by the Master of the College.

The following Speech was also found in Mr. Whitefield's own Writing, delivered by an Orphan after Mr. Whitefield's Sermon preached before the Governor, &c. &c. *January 28, 1770* [3].

WHEN I consider where I stand, and before whom I am about to speak, no wonder that previous to my rising, a trembling seized my limbs; and now, when risen, a throbbing seizes my heart, and as a consequence of both, shame and confusion cover my face. For what am I? (a poor *unlettered orphan*, unlearned almost in the very rudiments of my mother tongue, and totally unskilled in the persuasive arts of speaking) that I should be called to speak before such a venerable, august assembly, as is this day convened under *Bethesda*'s roof. But when I reflect, that I stand up at your command, Reverend Sir, to whom, under God, I owe my little all, and when I further reflect on the well-known candour of those that compose this venerable, august assembly, my trembling begins to abate, my throbbing ceases, and a gleam of hope breaks in, that the tongue of the stammerer will in some degree be able to speak plain. But where shall I begin, and how shall I express the various emotions, that within the space of the last hour have alternately agitated and affected my soul? If the eye, as I have been taught to think, is the looking-glass of the soul; and if the outward gestures, and earnest attention, are indications and expressive of the inward commotions and dispositions of the human heart, then a heart-felt complacency and joy

hath possessed the souls of many in this assembly, whilst the reverend Founder hath been giving from the pulpit such a clear, succinct, and yet withal affecting account of the rise and progress of this Orphan-house academy, and of the low estate of this now flourishing colony, when the first brick of this edifice was laid. All hail that happy day! which we now commemorate, when about thirty-two years ago, in faith and fervent prayer, the first brick of this edifice was laid. Many destitute orphans were soon taken in, and without any visible fund, in the dearest part of his Majesty's dominions, more than fifty labourers were employed, and honourably paid, and a large orphan-family, for these many years, hath been supported, cloathed, and brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. O could these walls speak! could every chamber, every corner of this fabric speak! what agonizing supplications, what inwrought energetic prayers would they tell us they had been witness to, and also of the blessed fruits, of which we are now partakers. Behold! a once infant, deserted, despised colony, not only lifting up its drooping head, and in some degree over-topping, at least for trade, and increase and extent of commerce, vying with some of its neighbouring provinces. Behold the once despised institution! (the very existence of which was for many years denied) through the indefatigable industry, unparalleled disinterestedness, and unwearied perseverance of its reverend Founder, expanding and stretching its wings, not only to receive a larger number of helpless orphans like myself, but to nurse and cherish many of the present rising generation, training them up to be ornaments both in church and state. For ever adored be that Providence, that power and goodness, which hath brought matters to such a desirable and long expected issue! Thanks, thanks be rendered to *your Excellency*, for the countenance you have always given to this beneficial plan, for laying the first brick of

yonder wings this time twelvemonth, and for the favour of your company on this our anniversary. Thanks to you, *Mr. President* [4], who have long been a fellow-helper in this important work, and have now the pleasure of seeing the fruit of all your labours. Thanks to the *Gentlemen of his Majesty's Honourable Council*, and to the *Members of the General Assembly*, who so warmly recommended the utility of this institution. Thanks to you, Sir, who first opened it by preaching. Thanks to you, who left your native country, and without fee and reward have for many years laboured and watched over us in the Lord. Thanks to all who have this day honoured us with your presence. And above all, thanks, more than an orphan tongue can utter, or orphan hearts conceive, be, under God, rendered unto you, most honoured Sir, who have been so happily instrumental, in the hands of a never-failing God, in spreading his ever-lasting gospel.

Savannah, *March 27, 1771*.

MONDAY last being the anniversary of laying the foundation of the Orphan-house, the new and very decent chapel lately erected there was opened. On this solemnity his Excellency the Governor, many of the Gentlemen of the Council, and a very great number of the principal inhabitants of the province, were present. The company being seated in the chapel, and the orphan children having sung a short hymn, the following address, with great propriety, and to the universal satisfaction of the audience, was delivered by *Peter Edwards*, one of the orphans:

"*May it please your Excellency,*

Reverend Gentlemen,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

In obedience to the commands of my superiors, and relying also on the candour and benevolence of your Excellency and this polite and respectable

company, I beg leave, with all humility, to make this public address. It may not be improper to mention, that on this day, thirty-two years ago, the foundation of this house was laid by the reverend Founder, whose death *we orphans in particular* cannot sufficiently lament; that also on this day, two years past, your Excellency honoured this place with your presence, and condescended to lay the foundation of the two wings, superadded to the Orphan-house, for the accommodation of young gentlemen intended to be educated in academical learning, to enable them to move in a superior sphere of life; and we are now met to open and solemnly dedicate this new and convenient chapel to the service of our God and Saviour Jesus Christ. The many and great advantages accruing from the establishment of public schools in every government, is obvious, and in a young province, as this is, it must be of the highest importance to its future prosperity and welfare, which is the professed design of this charitable institution; an institution evidently calculated to promote the happiness of society, by providing for, and instructing such poor children, as would otherwise, in all appearance, be brought up in ignorance, and become of little use and value to mankind. They are *here* early taught their duty to God, and their country, and the respect they owe to those in authority over them. God has various, and to us unthought-of ways, which we poor short-sighted beings cannot fathom, to effect his purposes; but I hope I may be allowed to say, that, in all human probability, great might have been the blessing to this noble undertaking, had it pleased divine Providence to have prolonged the valuable life of the deceased Founder: but he is now no more. We have, however, no doubt of the great Father of the fatherless supplying his loss; and that your Excellency, and all well-disposed persons, especially the good people of this province, will espouse our cause, and promote our welfare. Agreeable

to the plan of our deceased Benefactor, an Academy is now *begun* to be superadded to the Orphan-house, and gentlemen of this province will have an opportunity of educating their sons under their immediate inspection, and will not be under the necessity of sending them at a great distance for that purpose, or be constantly labouring under the painful anxiety of knowing of their health and welfare, besides being probably at a greater and more uncertain expence.

The utility of this, it is humbly presumed, wants no recommendation: it is natural to love the place where we received our education, and passed our first years. If parents would therefore have the pleasure of seeing the daily progress their children make in knowledge; if they desire they should love and revere them, and have a peculiar regard for the place of their nativity; if they would preserve them from the improper liberties they may take, when removed from their authority; it surely must be most eligible to let them spend their early years under the shadow of their wings, and within the reach of their parental admonitions.

May it please your Excellency,

I have now in charge to return your Excellency, with all deference and humility, our most grateful acknowledgments for your kind patronage and countenance; and to assure your Excellency, that we do and will constantly pray for your happiness, wherever Providence may please to place you, unfeignedly wishing, that your Excellency may continually experience that heart-felt satisfaction which can only dwell in the breast of the humane and benevolent; and we are persuaded, when you return to your native country, our cause will not be forgotten by your Excellency.

Honourable Sir, [5]

We should be highly wanting in gratitude, if, on this occasion, we omitted to acknowledge your unwearied and unabating attention to serve this institution from its first foundation; and we are happy that God has been pleased to preserve *your life* to succeed our kind Founder, and carry into execution his truly generous intentions. Your disinterested regard to promote our real welfare is well known, and therefore I shall forbear to add, only that for your happiness, and long continuance amongst us, we daily pray.

Reverend Gentlemen,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Permit me to return you our best thanks for the very kind regard you have shewn us, and to assure you, that we will endeavour to deserve the continuance of your friendship and favour.

Sir, and Gentlemen, [6]

We cannot, we must not, Sir, omit to give our public testimony of your unwearied diligence and attention to cultivate and improve our minds in solid learning and useful knowledge; and, Gentlemen, it would be unjust, if we did not make the same acknowledgment for your constant care to make our situation, in regard to our bodies, easy, comfortable, and every way convenient, and as we have nothing to repay you, but our prayers for your welfare, both in time and eternity, and our best thanks, we hope you will kindly accept this tribute of our grateful hearts.

Young Gentlemen, (the Boarders.)

You are happy in having parents, who have both inclination and means to pay for your education. I have none. But to you, Gentlemen, I must own my obligation for having the opportunity of an education I could not, from my situation, have expected, had not your parents enabled our worthy Executor

to employ so able a Tutor, as we now have, to instruct us, and I hope we shall shew, that his assiduity, care and pains, will have the desired effect.

My fellow Orphans,

What shall I say to excite your gratitude? I hope the memory of our late Benefactor, who has laboured incessantly for me, for you, and many others, who have partaken of the benefit of this institution, since its first foundation, will be deeply engraven in our hearts, and remembered with the greatest reverence and gratitude. This is all we have in our power, in return for such unmerited favours, and if this, our small tribute, should be wanting, we must, we shall be justly deemed the most ungrateful to our deceased Benefactor, who encountered innumerable, uncommon, and unknown difficulties, in carrying on this institution, notwithstanding he was maligned, traduced, and persecuted, with unrelenting virulence, as a cheat, an impostor, a public robber, and as one, who, under the specious pretence of promoting a charitable design, was amassing great wealth to himself; all which he bore with an uncommon degree of patience. Let me add, that God has been graciously pleased to provide for you, and for me, beyond many, very many in our circumstances. We are *here* daily taught the great and fundamental truths of the gospel of the Son of God, have plenty of the necessaries of life, and are carefully educated to qualify us to get a comfortable subsistence, and make us useful members of society. Let us therefore make a proper improvement of these mercies, and let us, my dear fellow Orphans, be thankful to God, the Father of all, for them, not only with our lips, but in our lives, by giving up ourselves to his service, and by walking before him in holiness and righteousness all our days, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

May it please your Excellency,

Reverend Gentlemen,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I fear I have trespassed on your patience, and humbly entreat you to pardon the poor attempt of a youth unaccustomed to speak before so respectable an audience."

After this the Rev. Mr. *Edward Ellington*, minister of the parish of *St. Bartholomew*, in *South Carolina*, read prayers, and preached a sermon very suitable to the occasion, from *Matthew* xviii. 20. Divine service being ended, the young gentlemen of the academy repeated several passages taken from some of the most approved *English* authors, in such a manner as appeared agreeably to engage the attention and to meet with the entire approbation of the company. Then Mr. *Edward Langworthy*, their Tutor, addressed the company as follows:

"*May it please your Excellency,*

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Having observed the attention of your Excellency to the exercises of this morning, and the marks of pleasure and approbation so visible in all the Gentlemen and Ladies now present, I think it my duty, with the warmest gratitude, to acknowledge the honour your Excellency and this respectable audience have conferred on this institution. The young gentlemen that just now spoke before your Excellency, have not been long under my tuition; they are indeed *young*, and scarce initiated in the first principles of literature; however, I flatter myself that these feeble attempts will be favourably received, and that hereafter they will be enabled to exhibit something more worthy of your attention and approbation.

It affords me the highest satisfaction, when I reflect, that divine providence hath honoured me with the care and direction of them, and I

cannot but make a tender of my sincere and best respects to you, our worthy Executor, and to their worthy parents and friends, for the great confidence reposed in me. Duly sensible of the important trust committed to every preceptor, I shall, in the fear of God, do my utmost to form their tender minds, and to impress on them such principles as may tend to advance their happiness in private, as well as in public life: and I hope, from their proficiency, the Gentlemen of this province will be induced to promote with all their influence the growth and prosperity of our present undertaking.

The strict and virtuous education of youth is a point of great consequence in every country, and those that are employed therein do certainly merit the attention and encouragement of the public in proportion to their faithfulness; for my part, I do most chearfully dedicate my whole time to this laborious work, and am determined to pursue it with the greatest assiduity and diligence, being convinced that I can in no other way do more good to the true interest of my fellow beings, or do more service to the province.

It is undoubtedly the indispensible obligation of every one entrusted with the business of education, to satisfy the public with respect to their abilities and intentions, and therefore I hope to convince you that no pains will be spared, and no time lost, and that whatever is useful in the sciences, or ornamental in life, will *here* be inculcated both by precept and example. Authors in the several branches of knowledge will be regularly read, and the sacred scriptures constantly explained: these can bestow understanding upon all men; they are the universal logic, since none can read them without either acquiring a greater exactness of thought, or being invited to contract a greater rectitude of manners.

Our time being so far elapsed, permit me, in the behalf of these poor Orphans, and in the name of every member concerned in this Seminary, most heartily to thank your Excellency, and all the Gentlemen and Ladies now before me, for their kind attendance on this solemnity. With sentiments of the most unfeigned gratitude we would express our sense of it, and hope for the continuance of your esteem and friendship.

And I should be greatly wanting in respect and duty to you, Reverend Sir, and indeed justly incur the displeasure of all concerned in the management of this institution, if I did not now embrace the opportunity of returning you their and my humblest thanks for your kind and friendly assistance.

May what you and others have done on this Anniversary, terminate in the glory of the great Head of the church, who is God over all, blessed for evermore."

Between the exercises of the day, the Orphan children sung several short hymns adapted to the occasion, with one of which the solemnity was closed. The company were afterward entertained with a plain and plentiful dinner in the Great Hall, and unanimously expressed their satisfaction of the proceedings of the day, and especially of the decency and order with which the whole was conducted.

End of the Third Volume.

1. This college was originally built, above twenty-eight years ago, for a charity school and preaching place for me, and ministers of various denominations, on the bottom of the doctrinal articles of the church of England. The trustees, as a public and standing acknowledgment of this, have inserted a clause in their Grant, for leave for a part of the building still to be allowed for that purpose. Accordingly I preached a sermon in it, for the benefit of their charity children, when I was last at Philadelphia, before a very large auditory, and Dr. Smith, the present Provost, read prayers.

2. "Whatever profits may arise from the sale of my books, or any manuscripts, that I may leave behind, I give and bequeath ——— towards paying off my arrears that may be due on the account of the Orphan-house academy, or for Annual Prizes, as a reward for the best three Orations that shall be made in English, on the subjects mentioned in a paper annexed to this Will."

3. For the Sermon, the Reader is referred to the last volume of this work.

4. The Honourable James Habersham, President of his Majesty's council, and Mr. Whitefield's Executor in Georgia.

5. The Honourable James Habersham.

6. The Tutor and the Managers.