

THE LIFE OF MRS MARY FLETCHER BY HENRY MOORE

by Henry Moore

A biography of Mrs. Mary Fletcher, compiled by Henry Moore from papers entrusted to him after her death. The venerable Mrs. Fletcher had named Moore as one suited to record her life of faith, devotion, and ministry within early Methodism.

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2. PREFACE

PREFACE A short time after I was appointed to the Birmingham district, the papers of the late Mrs. Fletcher were put into my hands. I was informed at the same time, that the venerable person whose life was recorded in them had mentioned me as one that she wished should prepare and publish her papers; and that an application to that effect would have been made to me before that time, but that the distance of my former appointment had prevented it, Mrs. Fletcher having laid an injunction on her friend, to whom, by will, she had committed them, not to give them absolutely into the hands of any person whatsoever.

I examined those papers with no common interest. They gave an account not only of the writer's own life, but involved, in some respects, that of her admirable husband. I was certain that those records were desired, and would be received, by the most pious in these kingdoms, not as a common religious biography, but as the record of an uncommon work of God; and that they would not be expected to fall short of any account which has come forth in that great revival of scriptural Christianity in our day, concerning which we have so often been constrained to say, What hath God wrought

I have often wished to see such a display of that work as would show its genuine nature and fruits, free from the coloring of those writers who were not directly concerned in it; or of those who might be so anxious about its public reputation as to forget that the circumcision of the heart is justified only by those children of the light and of the day who prove its power, and cry, Abba, Father, by the Spirit of adoption; and whose praise is not of men, but of God. It is much to be desired also to see such an account made living and powerfully being personified;—to see an individual thus walking worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God. A general history of this work, including all the important circumstances, has been already published, especially in the journals of the Rev. Mr. John Wesley, the father of Methodism, so called. In these we see, as in the Gospel, the grain of mustard seed increasing and becoming a great tree, to the astonishment of those who witness its small beginning,—who saw the cloud arise little as a human hand. The display given us in that account is distinguished by the same simplicity, purity, and classical beauty, which are observable in all the writings of that eminent instrument of God. This large survey is highly satisfactory; but the aid of living testimony is necessary to bring it home to the hearts of those whose inquiry is, What shall I do to be saved How shall I walk with God

Religion is nothing less than the life of God in the soul of man. It is the offspring of God through faith, and is not, and cannot be attached to Churches or religious communities, though they are so highly necessary to its propagation and increase. It never was so attached; though while the covenant of God was established with the nation of the Jews, it had that appearance. But even then, all were not Israel who were of Israel. The children of the promise, and not the children of the flesh, were counted for the seed. The Gospel, however, to the stumbling of the greatest part of that people, put an end to that appearance. The national covenant answered the design of Him who

gave it. It foretold, typified, and prepared the way of the only begotten Son of God. But who could abide the day of his coming Who would stand when he appeared It is true he was meek and lowly in heart, and his very word and action, toward even the greatest transgressors, demonstrated that he came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them. But he exposed and resisted all those who walked in the deceivableness of unrighteousness, and who boasted, like their fathers, saying, The temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, are we! He looked for personal religion; and all who attached it to names, ordinances, or communities, he answered with, Ye worship ye know not what. He enforced poverty of spirit, mourning, meekness, mercifulness, and purity of heart; showing thus the beginning and progress of religion, as given to guilty, sinful, helpless creatures, in whom dwells no good thing; and who are thus to be made rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven: and who thus alone can be made new creatures, and meet for the inheritance among the saints in light; whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.

These pure and high principles of holy writ, so agreeable to the exalted character of Jehovah, and to the fallen and wretched condition of man, were sought out and adopted by the band of brothers in the university of Oxford, nearly ninety years ago. One great truth involved the whole as necessary to salvation,—Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. They immediately followed after this, making every sacrifice, and ordering their whole life that they might attain it. Some time after, the Lord showed them that his way of conferring holiness was by faith; and that he justifies men, as being ungodly, through the redemption that is in Jesus, before he sanctifies them. They now knew the whole truth, and the Lord thrust them forth from their beloved retirement, to raise a holy people. This was the one design of these chosen instruments, and every thing short of it they counted, to use the language of St. Paul, wood, hay, or stubble. But did they spend their strength for naught Were they disappointed of their hope Were not a holy people raised up Let the Life of Mrs. Fletcher speak. Let the pious reader say, if she be not introduced, in these memoirs, among the excellent of the earth ;-all of whom with one voice would testify, Blind we were, but now we see;

Deaf, we hearken, Lord! to thee;

Dumb, for thee our tongues employ, Lame, and lo! we leap for joy.

Some who have separated from other communities, says Mr. Wesley, laid the foundation of that work in judging and condemning others: we, on the contrary, in judging and condemning ourselves.

I cannot therefore but greatly rejoice that these memoirs are given to the public, and especially to that community of which the writer was so long a highly honored and useful member. I cannot but think they will be a great blessing .to the people of God of every denomination; and especially to all who desire to walk even as Christ also walked, and who are conscious of an evil nature, opposing that will of God which is their sanctification. In this point of view especially these memoirs will be considered, I think, as very precious to all who fight this good fight of faith. The reader will find in them no paint; nothing to set the writer off; no extravagance; but plain life, raised and sanctified by constant attention to the duties and sacrifices of the Gospel; and issuing in a constant pleading of the great and precious promises, by which we are made partakers of the Divine nature: with unremitting efforts to walk by that rule, Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to

the glory of God.

Luther observed that there never was a work of God in the earth that lasted longer, in any community, than the common life of man; that is, upon an average, about thirty years. Generally about that period the vineyard which the Lord planted with his own right hand has been let out to husbandmen, who, yielding to their natural propensities, and accommodating the work of the Lord to the course of this world, have not been careful to render to Him the required fruit. Hence the visible state of decay, or of death, in those communities which once manifested the Divine hand of him who formed them. But this work has lasted nearly thrice that time! There are none alive who witnessed its beginning, and but very few who knew its early days. If any such meet with this work, they will call to mind the very glorious time when it was altogether the work of God; when it was unsupported by any worldly power or wisdom, and had all that is earthly, sensual, and devilish, combined against it. They will see also a consistency in the design, and in the mode of execution, which is truly edifying, and not of this world. The instruments employed in this work, and especially that one so eminently called thereto, were not careful for such prosperity as worldly men desire. They knew, like their blessed Master, that all whom their Father gave them would come unto them, and they did not desire to bring the world into his fold. The world is called, and redeemed; but to add to the family of God all who obeyed that call, was their only ambition, and the object of their incessant labors. The great superintendent of this work, under God, looked not for what the world calls great talents in his helpers. In this respect also he gladly used those whom the Father gave him; who were witnesses of the truths which they were called to teach: men who knew God (in the only way in which he can be truly and powerfully known) as being merciful to their unrighteousness, and remembering their sins no more. He was careful also to see that the true fruit accompanied their ministry, the justification of the ungodly, and the sanctification of the unholy. He used to say, The best physician is not he who writes the best recipes, but he who makes the most cures. When men of learning united with him in this Divine work, he greatly rejoiced, and gladly received them. The late Mr. Fletcher was an eminent instance of that kind. His learning was deep, extensive, clear, and various; but, like his venerable friend, whom he always called father, he counted even all these estimable advantages as dung and dross for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord. So abased was this great man in his own eyes, and so entirely did he take the Divine mould of the Gospel, that there was not one of those helpers in the work whom he did not rejoice to call his brother in Christ, and whom he did not in honor prefer to himself, even in his own parish. The private members also were men and women of God; and among these Miss Bosanquet always held, in general estimation, the chief place. Her superiority in natural and providential gifts,—her well known entire devotedness, —her constancy and perseverance in the Divine life,—her doing and suffering the whole will of her Master, all fitted her, as by a general consent, to be the consort of that great man, whose praise is in all the Churches; whose admirable writings will live while piety and learning are honored in the earth; and which have forced even those who did not know his piety, or affected to lament that such talents should be so connected, to acknowledge his great superiority. That the highest principles of the Christian religion should be brought into common life, is the greatest display of the power of Divine truth that is possible, and the most glorious victory over the world. It is thus that righteousness shall cover the earth, and bring glory to Him that sitteth upon the throne. How poor, how questionable, are all the refinements of the closet, the study, or the cloister, when compared with the love of God and our neighbor, brought into act, and exhibited on right principles, amid the

common concerns and labors of life, and attended with its usual trials, afflictions, and mortifications! To persevere thus is indeed the perseverance of the saints, and realizes that old saying, too often quoted by pride and apathy: It is a sight worthy of God, when he looks down from heaven, to see a virtuous mind unswervingly struggle with adversity. Such a sight, I trust, the pious reader will behold in the life of Mrs. Fletcher. Her one support in all her trials was, in substance, that of Job: He knoweth the way that I take, and when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

What indeed can be so interesting to a mind well informed and disposed, as to behold the daily walk of one, who from a very early age, had devoted her whole life to God Not living in seclusion, but walking in what Jeremiah calls the highway, the way of holiness, in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err To see our Lord's Sermon on the Mount brought into daily and hourly practice, according to the evident design of its Divine Author To see the house thus built upon the rock, the truth and love of God; and then to behold the rains descend, and the floods come, and the winds blow and beat upon it! Surely they who contemplate the scene, and behold its stability, will exultingly exclaim: It falls not; for it is founded upon a rock! That such a person should be judged by men in the flesh, while living to God in the spirit, will not be surprising to any who learn what religion is, by the word and Spirit of God, and who know the real character of man. Mrs. Fletcher was thus judged. The common imputations she outlived, or lived down. One perhaps may remain. It may still perhaps be said, she was an enthusiast. To many who use this word no answer need be returned. Any thing above the dead form of godliness is with them enthusiasm. A love to Him who first loved us, and who gave himself for us, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God, which would at all equal in its attachment the love that is of earth and sense, is with them all madness, folly, or hypocrisy; wisdom is justified only by her children. But more sober minds may object that she too much minded impressions, dreams, and those inward feelings which religious persons are supposed to be particularly exposed to. That such things should be condemned, toto genere, is hardly consistent with any true religion, seeing the oracles of God so frequently mention them; and not as attached to the prophetic or ministerial character, but as given to those who walk with God in the humblest path of life. The wisest and best of men have not only spoken of such things with respect, but have made them a part of the religion which they have held forth to ages and generations, to communities and kingdoms. Concerning religious feelings and impressions, the liturgy of the Church of England, and her established institutes, bear the fullest and most honorable testimony; setting the highest value on that mode of Divine teaching, and of bestowing encouragement and consolation. We know the worship of our Church is so constituted, as, if possible, to impress the whole nation; but there are parts of it that can only be considered as describing and edifying the children of God. How striking are those passages in the communion service, where those who spiritually eat the flesh of Christ, and drink his blood, are said, agreeably to the Holy Scriptures, to dwell in Christ, and Christ in them; to be one with Christ, and Christ with them! And in the seventeenth article, where there is the strongest description of those adopted children of God (so strong indeed in some of the terms, that not a few have mistaken this Scriptural account of them as descriptive of Mr. Calvin's system) who, by the counsel of God, are delivered from the curse and damnation due to sin, and brought through Christ to everlasting salvation, as vessels made to honor. Wherefore they which be endued with so excellent a benefit of God, be called according to God's purpose by his Spirit working in due season: they through grace obey the calling: they be justified freely: they be made sons of God by adoption: they be made like unto the image of his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ: they walk religiously in good

works, and at length, by God's mercy, they attain to everlasting felicity. And as this godly consideration of their election in Christ is full of sweet, pleasant, and unspeakable comfort.—to such as feel in themselves the working of the Spirit of Christ, mortifying the works of the flesh, and their earthly members, and drawing up their mind to high and heavenly things; so it doth greatly establish and confirm their faith of eternal salvation, and fervently kindle their love to God.

Now with all this life, union, and holy fellowship, are there no corresponding feelings and enjoyments No tasting the powers of the world to come No lively impressions of their heavenly inheritance No consciousness of his love to them, or their love to him, in whom they dwell No peace or joy in believing If this were indeed so, then I am afraid, the life, the union, of which those feelings and impressions have been considered as the gracious marks, have no real existence; and the system which boasts of a peace of which the possessor has no consciousness, a joy which raiseth not the mind to high and heavenly things, and a hope which is not full of immortality, may triumphantly take its place in the congregation of the dead! But it will be asked, Did she not lay an undue stress upon these things I believe not. I have not perceived it. On the contrary, I have seen, even when she believed herself led by the Spirit of God to do that good which was the settled purpose of her whole life, she manifested the greatest care to walk according to St. John's direction, Beloved, believe not every spirit; but try the spirits whether they be of God. In obedience to this, she considered and pondered all her ways, and brought every purpose and act to the only sure touchstone, the unerring word of God. The same charge was often brought against Mr. Wesley, and for precisely the same reasons. Answering the most respectable of those who thus laid to his charge things that he knew not, viz., Dr. Gibson, the venerable bishop of London, he replies, In the whole compass of language, there is not a proposition which belongs less to me than tins. I have declared again and again, that I make the word of God the rule of all my actions; and that I no more follow any secret impulse instead thereof, than I follow Mohammed or Confucius.

Let Mrs. Fletcher be weighed in this balance, and I believe she will not be found wanting. She, like Mr. Wesley, and her excellent husband, served God in newness of the spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Hence her life was hid with Christ in God, and she had impressions, and consolations, which are the fruits and evidences of that life. But she well knew that the Spirit of truth never contradicts, never is inconsistent with himself. His written oracles, and his lively, and life-giving teaching, agree together. She humbly and earnestly attended to that direction, To the law, and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them. A writer of the present day has strangely said that he knew of no witness, no influence, no teaching, but the written word of God. Perhaps he does not know any other. But there are many who walk with God who do. But if that writer only means that he knows, or acknowledges, no witness, no influence, no teaching, that is contrary to that holy word, or that is inconsistent with its one design, to save us from all sin into all holiness, every true Christian will applaud the sentiment. Mrs. Fletcher was watchful in this respect, being aware of the danger. Hence, though she might err, she never deviated from the path. She might mistake; but she was always preserved from any departure from her God. The pious reader will be glad to be assured that the whole of these memoirs are from Mrs. Fletcher's pen. In compiling her Life, I have left out much valuable matter, which was either contained, in substance, in other parts of these memoirs, or was not of sufficient interest to appear in the publication. I have also compressed what I thought was redundant, that

the work might not be needlessly swelled. I have also thought it right to press her sentences into more conciseness. She wrote in the fullness of her heart, and with admirable sense; but her style was rather too copious, and sometimes too diffuse, for narrative or history. But I have taken care, at the same time, to give the admirable issues of her enlightened mind, with all the force and simplicity with which she recorded them.

Those who have read the lives of those truly pious women, Madame Guion, Chantel, Bourignon, and others of the same class, which so abundantly prove that even the cloud of Romish superstition does not preclude the rays of the Sun of righteousness, and that involuntary ignorance God still winneth at, will be glad to see a life, in the Protestant Church, superior to any of them. Especially they will see that all in her may be safely imitated, being all according to the faith once delivered to the saints. They will see, also, not the fair picture only, but how it came to bear the stamp Divine. They may trace its progress, and be encouraged to believe that the Lord, who in ever the same, will thus work in them to will and to do, notwithstanding opposing corruptions; and they will thus be encouraged to give themselves up to that grace of God which teaches us to deny ungodliness, and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly, in his present world; looking 'for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ.

-H. MOORE.

Birmingham, April 14, 1817.

3. HER EARLY LIFE AND CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE

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I was born September the first, O.S., 1739, at Laytonstone, in Essex. From my earliest years I can remember the spirit of God striving with me, and offering my salvation; but I slighted these most gracious calls, and many times resisted the most tender invitations. One day, from a little circumstance which occurred when I was about four years old, I received such a conviction that God heareth prayer that it often administered much comfort to me in seasons of trial and danger. Of this I had the greater need, being by nature fearful even to a degree of folly. How much this effeminacy of disposition has cost me, in my Christian warfare, and what sufferings, as well as spiritual loss, I have sustained from it, is known only to my heavenly Father. When I was five years old, I began to have much concern about my eternal welfare, am frequently inquired of those about me, whether such and such things were sins. On Sabbath evenings, my dear father used to instruct us in the Church catechism. At those seasons I can remember asking many questions. I wished to know whether any ever did love God with all their heart, and their neighbor as themselves; and whether it was really the command of God that we should do so: also if the Bible really meant all it said It seemed to me that if it did, I was wrong, and all about me in danger; for there appeared to be a great difference between the description of a Christian given in the word of God, and those who walk under that name. As I was a backward child, and of weaker understanding than the others, I was not well read in the Scriptures at that very early age, but sentences out of the word of God frequently occurred to my mind, and made a deep impression; such as, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God -with all thy heart. I would answer, But I do not love God at all; I do not know how to love him; and with respect to loving my neighbor thus, I am sure I do not; for though my sister is dearer to me than any body else, I do not love her as well as myself. Again, that word struck me much; St. Paul says, I have fought the good fight; and when I was baptized, the minister said I was to be "Christ's faithful soldier and servant, and fight manfully under his banner." This amazed me greatly. I thought, I am sure I do not fight, neither do I know what to fight against. But, above all, that sentence would follow me, Narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it; and, If ye are not of the world, the world will hate you. I did not feel it a narrow way, neither did the world hate me; therefore I questioned often whether I was not quite out of the way, yet it was not with any terror: I believed if the Lord saw that I was wrong, he would make me right, and sometimes I prayed for it. At other times I was very careless; yet these reflections still dwelt on my mind, and often perplexed me. I frequently asked questions about these subjects, but they were often very lightly treated. Those parts of Scripture were represented as very liable to be mistaken, and that they did not require obedience in all the strictness which I seemed to suppose. This well agreed with my carnal mind, and I thus soon quenched those tender convictions: so easy is it to drown the soft voice of the Spirit by carnal reasonings.

I now drew the following reflections: if the Bible does mean all it seems to speak, with regard to the commands of God, certainly the same allowance may be made for its threatenings; so that I began

to believe there was no hell at all, or at least not half so terrible as I had been taught to think. This thought raised in me a dislike to the word of God, and great coldness and carelessness throughout all my conduct. But my adorable Lord did not give me up to the hardness of my heart, but still followed me with his drawings. Often I thought, perhaps the Bible does mean what it says, and then I am not a Christian; and greatly did I wish to know what was the truth. My sister, who was nearly five years older than I, was also under a concern for her soul: she wished to know and do the will of God.

About this time there came a servant maid to live with my father, who had heard of, and felt some little of the power of inward religion. It was among the people called Methodists she had received her instructions. Seeing the uneasiness my sister was under, she took some opportunities of conversing with her. I was at this season with my grandmother. On my return home, my sister repeated the substance of these conversations to me. I well remember the very spot we stood on, and the words she spoke, which, though we were but a few minutes together, sunk so deeply into my heart, that they were never afterward erased. My reflections were suited to a child not seven years old. I thought if I became a Methodist, I should be sure of salvation; and determined, if ever I could get to that people, whatever it cost I would be one of them. But after a few conversations, and hearing my sister read some little books which this servant had given to her, I found out it was not the being joined to any people that would save me, but I must be converted, and have faith in Christ; that I was to be saved by believing; and that believing would make me holy, and give me a power to love and serve God. The servant had now left our family, and we continued like blind persons groping our way in the dark; yet, though we had so far discerned the truth as to express it in the above manner, I could not comprehend it. My heart rose against the idea of being saved by a faith which I could not understand. One day, looking over the pictures in the Book of Martyrs, I thought it would be easier to burn than believe; and heartily did I wish that the Papists would come and burn me, and then I thought I should be quite safe. Yet these troubled thoughts were mixed with a degree of hope. I thought, God does love me, I believe, after all; and, perhaps, he will show me what it is to believe and be converted. When I was between seven and eight years old, musing one day on that thought, What can it be to know my sins forgiven, and to have faith in Jesus I felt my heart rise against God, for having appointed a way of salvation so hard to be understood; and with anguish of soul I said, if it were to die a martyr, I could do it; or to give away all I have; or when grown up to become a servant, that would be easy; but I shall never know how to believe. In that moment these words were applied with mighty power to my soul, "Who on Jesus relies, without money or price, The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys."

They were accompanied with a light and power I had never known before; and with joy I cried out, I do, I do rely on Jesus; yes, I do rely on Jesus, and God counts me righteous for what he hath done and suffered, and hath forgiven all my sins! I was surprised that I could not find out this before. I had thought every thing easier than to believe; but now I thought the way of believing more easy than any other. A ray of light into the Gospel plan shone upon my soul, and I began to adore the wonders of redeeming love. But, alas! it was but as the drops before a shower; in a few days I lost the power in a great measure,* though not the light of this blessing. I can remember many promises, after this, being at times brought to my mind. Something also of a confidence in the Lord Jesus I ever retained; and when fears would spring up concerning the day of judgment, I used to comfort myself with this thought, Jesus is to be the judge, and I cannot be afraid of Jesus.

But I had not yet learned that lesson,—

“Man for the simple life Divine What will it cost to break Ere pleasure soft, and wily pride, No more within him speak”

* She was not favored at this time with Christian fellowship. She had none to help her in the way of faith. - ED.

Some time after I had thus by faith “tasted of the powers of the world to come,” I fell into an uncommon lowness and weakness of nerves, which was accompanied with grievous temptations. I was oppressed beyond measure with the fear of sin, and accused in almost every thing I said or did, so that I was altogether a heap of inconsistency. This was followed by temptations unspeakably afflicting. It was continually suggested to my mind, I had blasphemed against the Holy Ghost. The consequent effect of these temptations on my temper, drew on me many grievous burdens, and exposed me to so much anger and reproach from my parents, as made me weary of life. It appeared to them that I was obstinate and disobedient; and my flesh has seemed ready to move on my bones, when I have heard my dear mother say, “That girl is the most perverse creature that ever lived; I cannot think what is come to her;” and my heart used to sink like a stone, for I knew not what to do, and the grief of my mind quite destroyed my health. My grandfather and grandmother, who were to me the tenderest of parents, seeing me in such a poor way as to my body, (though they knew not the cause) desired to have me with these. I grew something better while I was there; but on my return home, I became as bad as ever. This heavy season lasted, I think, nine weeks; when one day opening my mind to my sister, (as indeed I had often before attempted to do, but could not explain myself,) she providentially used these words in her answer, “Why, you do not mean to blaspheme, do you?” A light immediately struck into my mind; I weighed the thought over and over, and, could truly say, Lord, thou knowest I do not mean to blaspheme. I then recollected that I had heard something about temptation, and often wondered what it was. I thought, it may be, Satan whispers this into my mind, like what we read about Christian in the Pilgrim’s Progress, going through the valley of the shadow of death. I then determined never to regard it more, but always answer with these words, I do not mean to blaspheme, I will acknowledge Christ for ever; and in a few days I was perfectly delivered. I am the more full on this head, because it has been a warning to me ever since, not to be too severe in passing a judgment on the actions of children, whose reflections are far deeper, and their feelings much keener, than we are apt to imagine.

I was now, I believe, about ten years old, and can recollect many comfortable moments in reading the word of God. The promises in Isaiah were, in a particular manner, applied to my soul, and I hardly ever opened the Bible but there was something for me; till one day I heard a person make this remark, that many people took promises to the themselves which did not belong to them Of some, she observed, they belonged to the Church; others to the Jews; such and such to the Gentiles, &c.; and then began to blame the presumption of those who applied them to their own souls! Such a thought had never entered my heart before. I knew the words were primarily spoke on particular occasions; but the Lord had led me to believe that his word was written to every soul, so far as they were willing to receive it by faith. But, from the above conversation, I was unhinged.* I knew not what to choose, or what to refuse: so that being cast into reasonings, I lost my love for reading the Scriptures, and sunk into a very cold and lifeless state. When I was twelve years old,

we went to Bath for three months.

Here I met with many dissipations, and had, I may truly say, no enjoyment of religion; only when in the midst of the ball room I used to think, if I knew where to find the Methodists, or any who would show me how to please God, I would tear off all my fine things, and run through the fire to them: and sometimes I thought, if ever I am my own mistress, I will spend half the day in working for the poor, and the other half in prayer.

* Here again she felt the want of Christian fellowship.-ED. When I was thirteen, the things of God began to return with more power on my mind. One day my sister, visiting Mrs. Lefevre** found her truly awakened, and in earnest to save her soul. She told me this news with great delight; for as our parents had no suspicion of her being a Methodist, we saw the Lord had opened us a door into that Christian liberty we so much longed after. At her house we got opportunities of conversation with religious persons, which a good deal strengthened our hands, though we often said to each other, These Methodists do not quite answer our expectations; though our time is short with them, they lose much of it before they begin to converse with us about our souls: the apostles would not have done so. But we must not form our judgment by the rich; let us wait till we get acquainted with some of the poor among them; perhaps they will be right Methodists, and more like the first Christians.

** Well known in the Methodist connection, by her admirable letters, published many years ago.

Sometimes that promise was brought powerfully to my mind, "Whatsoever ye shall ask, believing, ye shall receive:" then, thought I, I may ask all the grace I will; I may ask power never to offend my God again. Faith sprung up in my soul, and I was much drawn out in prayer for holiness; till one day speaking of it to a particular person, she raised many objections to the thought of all sin being removed from the heart. I felt it as if cold water were thrown on a newly kindled fire, and the wings of my faith seemed clipped. Fearing lest I was wrong I prayed the Lord to answer for himself by his word. So taking up the Bible, with much prayer I opened it, and immediately cast my eyes on these words, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is any thing too hard for me" It came with power; my heart, as it were, leaped for joy; and I cried out, Now I will wrestle, and I shall prevail.

Toward the end of the following winter, there was a confirmation at St. Paul's; and my father desired I should be confirmed. This was a very rousing ordinance to me: for some time before I had felt how unworthy I was of it; how unfit thus solemnly to devote myself to God, by renewing that covenant I had so often broken. I read the order of confirmation, with the ministration of baptism, over and over, and besought my God to give me power to keep the charge of the Lord faithfully. For some months after, every time I approached the Lord's table, I had a very peculiar sense of his presence, and sometimes I felt as if the Lord Jesus did from his own hand give me the sacred emblems of his body and blood. But the next year my mind again wandered after many things, and though I tasted, now and then, a little of the loving kindness of the Lord, yet in the general I was greatly under the power of my own will. Pride and perverseness got many times the upper hand, and there was nothing in my life or conversation which could adorn the Gospel; but I did not then see my conduct in that light. 'While our love is small, our perceptions in spiritual things are very dark. Alas! I thought I walked as a Christian; but now that I see so much more of the holiness of God, I also discern more fully the depth of my fall, and am astonished that either God or man bore with me. While the carnal mind retained this power, I do not wonder my dear mother

should not love me as the rest of her children; for I was not only more dull and indolent in every thing I had to learn, but I gave way to an insolent and disobedient spirit in such a degree toward the whole family, that the recollection has often seemed to draw blood from my heart. How perfectly do I feel these words my own,—

“Sink down, my soul, sink lower still, Lie level with the dust.” But the Lord did not forsake me. One night after spending some time in prayer, I cast my eyes on a book Mrs. Lefevre had given me, and read these words:

“I’ll look into my Savior’s breast;

Away, sad doubt and anxious care, Mercy is all that’s written there.

Jesus’ blood, through earth and skies, Mercy, free boundless mercy cries.”

I saw, as it were, the Father of mercy opening his arms to receive me, and on that boundless love I had liberty to cast my whole soul. I was more and more thankful for my union with Mrs. Lefevre, and experienced in her the greatest comfort of my life.

About this season my ever honored grandfather and grandmother were taken from us. He was one of the excellent of the earth: his life, in many respects, was remarkable and singular. In his last illness he delighted much in these words, “My sheep hear my voice; I know them and they follow me,” &c. He was aged seventy-nine, and had lived with my grandmother forty-five years, in a union not usually to be met with. He was a pattern in many respects; plain in his dress, mortified in his food, and strictly conscientious in all his expenses. When many dishes were on his table, he scarcely ate of any thing but mutton, and that for many years, because he believed it most conducive to his health. His love and charity to the poor were uncommon. He esteemed it a reproach to any man to say he died very rich; adding, It is too plain a mark he has not made a good use of his income.

One day upon the Exchange, a gentleman who was by him said to another, “Sir John, I give you joy; they tell me you have completed your hundred thousand pounds.” The other replied, “I hope to double it before I die.” My grandfather, turning shortly said, “Then, Sir John, you are not worthy of it.” Once being at the table of a nobleman, he observed the guests drinking to excess, and conversing in a very unchristian manner. At first he tried to turn the conversation; but the torrent being too strong, he rose up and leaning over the back of his chair, he gave them a solemn reproof, joined to an affectionate warning, and then left the company. I have been with him in his chariot when he has suddenly stopped it to reprove profane swearing on the road. My grandmother was a woman of an uncommonly sweet temper; and having acquired a good deal of skill in physic, she so helped the poor, that they looked at her as a mother, a nurse, and a counselor. When my grandfather had been dead three months, she dreamed, one night, he came to her, and standing by the bedside, said she “should come to him shortly, till then his happiness was not as complete as it would be;” and added, “Study the Scriptures, study the Scriptures, in them ye think ye have eternal life.” From this time she applied to them daily, in a manner superior to what she had done before; though she had always a high veneration for the word of God. About three weeks after, she said to us one day, “Air that room; I will go into it, that I may die in the bed Mr. Dunster died in.” From the night she went into it, she came out no more; for she died within the week. As she did not appear any worse than usual, she was at first thought to be in no danger.

She said to herself two or three times, "What a blessing I am dying, without pain! I have no more than I can very well bear!" From this time we began to get rather more liberty, and one day, as my sister was on a visit at Mrs. Lefevre's, Mr. Romaine came in, and began to speak of the sinfulness of attending the playhouse. She listened with great earnestness to all he said; which repeating to me on her return, it was as a nail in a sure place, and I began to cry for power to stand to the light which I had then received. A few months after this my sister married, by which I was left alone. I must observe, to this time my parents had very little suspicion of our having any intercourse with the Methodists, but thought, (when the before mentioned servant was put away, and our books taken from us,) that our religious impressions had worn off. I saw the time was come, when I must confess Christ before men, if I would wish him to confess me before his Father and the holy angels. I consulted some of my serious friends about the playhouse; but they said, "Were you older, we should know what to advise, but as you are but sixteen, if your parents insist on your going, we do not see how you can avoid it." This answer did not fully satisfy me; and I was much distressed both ways. I saw the duty I owed to an absolute command from my parents in a very strong light; and, on the other hand, I remembered that my obedience to them was to be in the Lord. I sought direction in prayer, and endeavored to examine the question on both sides; but the more I searched, the clearer it appeared to me I must not comply. I considered the playhouse had a tendency to weaken every Christian temper, and to strengthen all that was contrary; to represent vice under the false color of virtue, and to lead in every respect into the spirit of the world, of which the apostle declares, The friendship of the world is enmity with God. When the time came, and my obedient compliance was required, I begged to be left at home. On a refusal, I laid open my whole heart to my father; apprising him, I would not willingly be disobedient in any thing, unless where conscience made it appear to be my duty. We conversed on the subject with great freedom; for my dear father was a man of deep reason, calmness, and condescension. He replied, "Child, your arguments prove too much; and therefore are not conclusive. If what you say be true, then all places of diversion, all dress and company, nay, all agreeable liveliness, and the whole spirit of the world, is sinful." I embraced the opportunity and said, "Sir, I see it as such, and therefore am determined no more to be conformed to its customs, fashions, or maxims." This was a season of great trial, but the Lord stood by me: glory be to his holy name!

I daily discerned a great difference between my manner of life, and that which the Bible described as the life of a Christian. I had often strong desires to be wholly given to the Lord. Much opposition I met with for having declared my sentiments; and what was very cutting to me, I was often debarred from the, pleasure of seeing my friend, Mrs. Lefevre. This was the consequence I much feared, if I should openly declare my mind; but I was thoroughly convinced, if I loved my friend more than God's law, I should never know the power of true religion. It is my natural temper to be very anxious about those I love, and to fix too much of my confidence in them. This was the case with respect to Mrs. Lefevre. I saw and lamented it, beseeching the Lord to take away all idolatry out of my affections, and give me to love her as I ought.

I dreamed one night I was in a church, and saw written on the wall, in letters of gold, these words: Thou shalt have no other gods but me. While I was looking on it, I saw the name of Mrs. Lefevre wrote under it. I was surprised, and presently beheld the following line, If this is your god, then what am I I awakened with a deep conviction that I had placed too much confidence on an arm of flesh. I knew it was the voice of God by this mark,—a great sweetness accompanied the reproof.

This was the method the Lord has always used toward me; he held me up, with one hand, while he smote me with the other. In the month of June, 1756, I spent a day with Mrs. Lefevre. It was a profitable time: I found my heart very open, and told her, I believed I could give up even her to the will of God. She replied, "Nothing you could have said would have given me more satisfaction. For a long time I have thought that the thread of my life was nearly spun out. I have no clog upon my chariot wheels; but my greatest pain was for you, who have already so many trials surrounding you." This was her last address; for three days after I received a message that she was seized with a sudden illness, and in great danger. My mother kindly permitted me to visit her; but I found her on the borders of eternity, into which, after expressing with great difficulty, "I have comforts indeed!" her happy spirit took its flight. As my time was limited, I had returned home when I received the news of her death. I went into a grove that was in our garden, to pour out my soul before the Lord. But what may seem strange, I was not permitted to feel at that time much pain, for the Lord met me with these words, which sprang up as living water in my soul,—

"My star by night, my sun by day, My spring of life, when parch'd with drought; My wine to cheer, my bread to stay, My strength, my shield, my safe abode, My robe before the throne of God."

I felt the Lord Jesus did answer all these characters to my soul, and by faith I beheld him as my robe before the throne of God. When I was about seventeen years old, my father and two brothers (younger than I) were going with some other company to see the Royal George, which was sixteen miles from the shore from whence we set out; my father desired me to accompany them. I knew not what to do, but at length believed I ought to obey. Indeed I thought I should have no farther cross than the going to the ship, and returning in the afternoon. But we had not been long in the vessel, before some of the company began to ridicule my overmuch religion. When we drew near the Royal George, the men said we must not attempt to go around her, for she was deep and very dangerous; but the gentlemen insisted they should row around the ship. While this was doing, we were in great danger, and the ladies, exceedingly alarmed, began to cry out. Some of them said, "Miss Bosanquet, why are you so calm?" I told them I saw the danger, but our business was to trust in God; I was quite ready either to sink or to be saved. My confidence in the Lord kept me secure in his providence. I had now an opportunity to speak, and they were ready to hear. When we got into the ship, it seemed like a town; such a vast variety of places like shops, were all around.

We were met by Captain Burnet, who led us into a grand room; the place designed for us was pointed out by a lady that attended us. Captain Burnet proposed a dance, and after that a cold collation. Now I felt indeed. Several of the company fell upon me with, "Now, Miss Bosanquet, what will you do now you must dance; you cannot run away." Knowing my help must have come from above, I lifted up my heart to the Lord, and cried to him for help. Presently a messenger in haste called for Captain Burnet. He ran down, but soon returned, with great disappointment in his countenance, saying, "O what shall we do The Prince of Wales and Admiral Anson are coming on board." Never was any thing more welcome to me than this hurry of preparing for the prince—our present king, one year older than I. My heart praised the Lord for the timely interposition. The cannon put aside the dance, and we at length talked of returning. We were let down into our little vessel, and I was truly thankful to be on the way home. But another trial soon occurred. Some of the company proposed going to Vauxhall; this I refused. "Then," said they, "you must stay in the vessel with the men." I knew not what to do. As we drew near the part where our coaches were waiting for us, a strange disagreement took place between two of the gentlemen; one of them, my

brother, rose up, and bid the man draw near to the steps; he got out, and I followed him. The rest went on to Vauxhall. I was truly thankful when we got into the coach. This was the last attempt of this kind. But this peaceful frame did not last long. Some snares were presented before me, which dissipated my mind, and cooled the fervor of my affections. In this spirit I went to London in the winter. I was now about eighteen. As I had not yet had a clear conviction to throw aside dress, while in my father's house I continued in my appearance like the company I conversed with, only I did not go with them to public diversions; and this winter I began to gain favor in their eyes, and felt myself in great danger of being carried down the stream. But the thought alarmed my soul, and caused me to look about for help. I cried to the Lord to bring inc acquainted with some of the excellent of the earth, that I might learn to walk in the narrow way which leads to life and glory, and into which I saw I was scarcely entered. One day I heard a conversation concerning an extraordinary work among the Methodists, that some of them spoke of such a change being wrought on their will and affections, that they found that word to be accomplished, "Old things are passed away, and all things are become new." The remembrance of that text. "Is any thing too hard for me" came with fresh power to my soul and some encouraging promises sprang up in my mind, and made me persevere in prayer. I told my serious friends, (who were not joined to the Methodists,) if they could procure mc an hour's conversation with one of those pious women, I should esteem it a great favor; for I longed to see any one who would tell me of a deeper religion than I had known. I saw myself surrounded with snares, and often thought with tears on those words,—

"See where o'er desert wastes I err, And neither food nor feeder have, Nor fold, nor place of refuge near, While no man cares my soul to save." At this time I became acquainted with a gentleman in some sense religious, though I fear not deeply so. He professed much affection for me, and my religious friends advised me to think of him, as it was likely to be very acceptable to my parents, and would open a door to more religious liberty. But I cannot say he was agreeable to me. Neither my understanding nor affection could approve the proposal; yet I was hurt by unprofitable reasonings. Sometimes I thought it might be of the Lord; at others, I could not see into it at all. While thus perplexed, I received a message from Miss Furley, (now Mrs. Downes,) that on such a day Mrs. Crosby would be at her house. I went to meet her in the spirit of prayer and expectation. She simply related what God had done for her soul. The words she spoke were clothed with power, and my convictions of the necessity of holiness were much increased. The affair of the gentleman was obliterated from my mind ; and the prospect of a life wholly devoted to God drank up every other consideration. In a few hours I returned home to our country house on Epping Forest; but such a sweet sense of God, the greatness of his love, and willingness to save to the uttermost, remained on my mind, that if I but thought on the word holiness, or of the adorable name of Jesus, my heart seemed to take fire in an instant; and my desires were more intensely fixed on God than ever I had found them before. A few days after I wrote to Mrs. Crosby. The following is an extract:- "Forest House, May 17, 1757.

"The Lord hath indeed been merciful above all I can ask or think. I am more drawn to prayer. I find a more earnest pursuit of holiness than ever; but what most stirs me up is, I seem to hear the Lord calling to me in these words, 'Depart ye, depart ye, go ye out hence, touch not the unclean thing; be clean, ye that bear the vessels of the Lord.'"

I now saw the path in which I ought to walk. I determined not to think about a married life, for my present light was to abide single. But the Lord seemed to call me to more activity, insomuch that I cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do!" I would be given up, both soul and body, to serve the members of Christ. My firm resolution was to be wholly given up to the Church in any way that he pleased. I desired not to be idle, but employed as those described by St. Paul to Timothy, "If she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, and diligently followed after every good work." I can hardly express with what power these words would come to my mind. It seemed to me the Lord had planned out all my way; and I only wished so to walk. The end of this summer brought me a great trial. My parents were going to Scarborough. My mother offered to take me with them, if I would do as they did, and not bring a reproach on them in a strange place. This seemed a reasonable request; but I could not comply, for the spirit of the world was as contrary to that of Christ in Scarborough as in London. I requested to be left with my sister; but it was appointed for me to spend most of my time at an uncle's in London. They were exceedingly kind, and let me have much liberty. I had never before had the opportunity of a constant attendance on the means of grace; and I greatly feared abusing this talent. One of my acquaintance, being imprudent, pressed me never to be absent from any meeting, or preaching. By this means I am sensible I went too far. I walked about more than my strength could bear, having been scarce ever permitted to go out of our own grounds but in a carriage. But above all, I am pained when I think how little of Christian prudence appeared in my conduct. The kind family in which I was received could not but blame and condemn a conduct which, though the motive was upright, was in itself sometimes wrong.

During this season I cultivated an acquaintance for which I trust I shall for ever praise the Lord. It was with Mrs. Sarah Ryan, who (with a pious woman named Mary Clark) lived in a little house in Christopher alley, Moorfields. They both possessed the spirit of the primitive Church in an eminent degree. A few of the most lively souls in the London society were frequently gathered there. The more I saw of that family, the more I was convinced Christ had yet a pure Church below; and often, while in their company, I thought myself with the hundred and twenty that waited to be baptized by the Holy Spirit. It was at Mrs. Ryan's house that Mrs. Crosby boarded; and whenever I was from home, this was the place of my residence, and truly I found it to be a little Bethel. The more I conversed with Mrs. Ryan, the more I discovered of the glory of God breaking forth from within, and felt a strong attraction to consider her as the friend of my soul. I told her the past sins, follies, and mercies of my life, and received a similar account from her. The time now drew nigh for my parents' return, and I went home to receive them. While in London, I had used more exercise than my constitution could bear. My mother was much surprised when she saw me appear so ill, and laid it all to my religion. A fever came on rapidly, and I was ordered to go to bed; but I could scarcely keep on my feet while I ascended the stairs. When I was laid in bed, how shall I describe the posture of my mind Distracted by the fever; torn by fears and temptations; and deprived of those friends who at this time could have understood and comforted me! The loss of Mrs. Lefevre now also returned on my mind with great pain. My dear parents were not aware of the nature of my illness, which was, as the apothecary afterward told them, a strong nervous fever. They thought it all arose from some trouble of mind I would not own, and told me one day, if I did not rouse myself out of that low state, my head should be blistered, and I should be shut up in a dark room. My father being present, I said, "Will you put me in a mad house, papa" he said, "No; but you must be shut up at home, if you do not strive against this lowness. The doctor says you have no pulse at

all; he never saw a patient so low." My mind became greatly depressed; I could find no comfort of any kind, either from God or outward things. But the Lord graciously helped me in an extraordinary way. As I lay reflecting on my situation, and weeping before him on account of the darkness of my mind, I discerned an unusual brightness, (yet not dazzling,) and a voice came so powerfully, that I can only say, I heard and felt it with every faculty of soul and body, Thou shalt walk with me in white! An answer seemed to come from my heart, independent of myself,* "Lord, how can that be, seeing I am not worthy" It was spoken to me again, Thou shalt walk with me in white; I will make thee worthy. This was followed by those words, I will thoroughly purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin! and "Glory is on earth begun, Everlasting life is won."

* Who can account for this whole manifestation on common principles Yet what pious mind will not conclude it was help from the Lord in the time of need—ED. To this day I have the most lively remembrance of that manifestation; and in the darkest moments I have since passed through, I could never doubt its being the voice of the Lord. My illness was long, and attended with many trials. Before my recovery, Mrs. Ryan was removed from London to Bristol, to be housekeeper at the room there; and much did I pray the Lord that we should be brought together again.

I was now about nineteen years of age, and soon after, my parents having an intention to go to Bath for a season, proposed that I should spend that time at Bristol, as I was now thought to be consumptive. I gladly embraced the offer, as a merciful providence. I accordingly went to Bristol, where I remained seven weeks. Mrs. Downes (late Miss Furley) showed me much kindness. Indeed, I was in some sense committed to her care by my parents, who had for years been acquainted with her family. I spent much of my time with Mrs. Ryan and Mrs. Clark, and I trust in some degree partook of their spirit. After my return home, I clearly discovered that I still conformed too much in my appearance to the spirit and fashions of the world; but I plainly saw a renunciation of that conformity would give my relations great offence. I loved my parents, and feared to disoblige them. I sought for arguments to quench that little spark of light which was kindling in my soul, conscious they could not see in my light, and knowing that obedience to parents was one of the first duties. I did so far quench it, that I put on again many of the things I had thrown off. My acquaintance took much notice of me, and I was so afraid of losing their good opinion, that I had no power to reprove sin, or even to refrain from joining in light or trifling conversation when in company. But I soon discerned the danger consequent on their approval, and therefore determined to weigh well what was most likely to please God, and by that to abide.

I prayed for direction, and saw clearly that plainness of dress and behavior best became a Christian, and that for the following reasons:—

First. The apostle expressly forbids women professing godliness to let their adorning be in apparel; allowing them no other ornament than that of a meek and quiet spirit.

Secondly. I saw the reasonableness of the command, and proved it good or a proud heart to wear the plain and modest livery of God's children.

Thirdly. It tended to open my mouth; for when I appeared like the world, in Babylonish garments, I had its esteem and knew not how to part with it. But when I showed, by my appearance, that I considered myself as a stranger and foreigner, none can know (but by trying) what an influence it has on our whole conduct, and what a fence it is to keep us from sinking into the spirit of the world.

For there is no medium: they who are conformed to the fashions, customs, and maxims of the world, must embrace the spirit also, and they shall find the esteem they seek: for the world will love its own. But let them remember also that word, The friendship of this world is enmity with God.

Fourthly. I saw myself as a steward, who must render an account for every talent, and that it was my privilege to have the smiles of God on every moment of my time, or penny of money which I laid out.

Fifthly. I saw clearly that the helping my fellow creatures in their need, was both more rational, and more pleasant, than spending my substance on superfluities; and as I am commanded to love my neighbor as myself, and to consider all done to the household of faith as done to Christ, surely I ought not only to suffer my superfluity to give way to their necessity, but also (as occasion may require) my necessities to their extremities.

Sixthly. But it is not only the talent of money, but of time, which is thrown away by conformity to the world, entangling us in a thousand little engagements, which a dress entirely plain cuts through at once.

Seventhly. The end usually proposed by young person in their dress is such as a devout soul would abominate. A heathen may say, It will promote my being comfortably settled in life; but I believe the Lord appoints the bounds of our habitation, and that no good thing shall be withheld from those who walk uprightly. I have therefore nothing to do, but to commend myself to God, in holy obedience, and to leave every step of my life to be guided by his will. I will therefore make it my rule to be clean and neat, but in the plainest things, according to my station; and whenever I thought on the subject, these words would pass through my mind with power, For so the holy women of old adorned themselves. As soon as I saw my way clearly, I ventured to open my mind to my father concerning dress, as I had done before with regard to public places; entreating him to bear with me while I endeavored to show him my reasons for refusing to be conformed to the customs, fashions, and maxims of the world, He heard me with great patience; and as I loved him tenderly, it came very near me to oppose him. My trials increased daily. I was perplexed to know how far to conform, and how far to resist. I feared, on the one hand, disobedience to my parents, and on the other, disobedience to God. My dear mother had sometimes expressed a belief that it would be better for the family if I were removed from it, lest my brothers, who were younger than I, should be infected by my sentiments and example. Yet she did not see it clear to bid me go; but rather wished me I depart of my own accord. The furnace now became hot; but I did not dare to come out without the Lord. Indeed, could there have been any amicable agreement between us, and that I had my parents' leave to live elsewhere, I would gladly have accepted it. I even made some distant proposals of this kind, but they never saw it good to concur. Providence thus overruled my desire for wise ends: and to run away from my father's house, I could not think of. I was twenty-one years of age, and had a small fortune of my own. I saw myself on the verge of a material change, and it was easy to discern that my father's house would not long be a refuge for me; but in what manner I should be removed, or what trials I might yet have to go through, I could not tell. The continual language of my heart was, I am oppressed: Lord, undertake thou for me.

One day my father said to me: "There is a particular promise which I require of you; that is, that you will never, on any occasion, either now, or hereafter, attempt to make your brothers what you

call a Christian." I answered, (looking to the Lord,) "I think, sir, I dare not consent to that." He replied, "Then you force me to put you out of my house." I answered, "Yes, sir according to your views of things, I acknowledge it; and, if I may but have your approval, no situation will be disagreeable." He replied, "There are many things in your present situation which must be, I should think, very uncomfortable." This I acknowledged, and added that if he would but say he approved of my removal, I would take a lodging which I had heard of at Mrs. Gold's, in Hoxton-square; but that no suffering could incline me to leave him, except by his free consent. He replied with some emotion, "I do not know that you ever disobliged me willfully in your life, but only in these fancies; and my children shall always have a home in my house." As I could not but discern a separation would take place, (though I knew not how nor when,) I judged it most prudent to take the lodgings, that in case I should be suddenly removed, I might have a home to go to; which I preferred to the going into any friend's house as a visitor. I also hired a sober girl, to be ready whenever I might want her. I informed my mother, a short time after, of the steps I had taken. She gave me two beds, one for myself, and a little one for my maid; and appeared to converse on it in a way of approval. Something, however, seemed to hold us, on both sides, from bringing it to the point. For the next two months I suffered much; my mind was exercised with many tender and painful feelings. One day my mother sent me word, "I must go home to my lodgings that night." I went down to dinner, but they said nothing on the subject; and I could not begin it. The next day, as I was sitting in my room, I received again the same message. During dinner, however, nothing was spoken on the subject. When it was over, I knew not what to do. I was much distressed. I thought, if they go without saying any thing to me, I cannot go; and if they should not invite me to come and see them again, how shall I bear it My mind was pressed down with sorrow by this suspense. Just as they were going out, my mother said, "If you will, the coach, when it has set us down, may carry you home to your lodging." My father added, "And we shall be glad to see you to dinner next Tuesday." This was some relief. I remained silent. When the coach returned, I ordered my trunk into it; and struggling with myself, took a kind of leave of each of the servants, as they stood in a row in tears, in my way out of the house. About eight o'clock I reached my lodging.

It consisted of two rooms, as yet unfurnished. I had neither candle nor any convenience. The people of the house I had never seen before, only I knew them by character to be sober persons. I borrowed a table and a candlestick, and the window seat served me as a chair. When bolting the door, I began to muse on my present situation.

I am, said I, but young—only entered into my twenty-second year. I am cast out of my father's house. I know the heart of a stranger; but, alas! how much more of it may I yet have to prove! I cried unto the Lord, found a sweet calm overspread my spirit. I could in measure act faith on these words: "When thy father and thy mother forsake thee, the Lord shall take thee up." The following reflections also arose in my mind: I am now exposed to the world, and know not what snares may be gathering around me. I have a weak understanding, and but little grace. Therefore, now, before any snare has entangled me, I shall form a plan for my future conduct, and endeavor to walk thereby. First, I will not receive visits from single men and in order to evade the trial more easily, I will not get acquainted with any; I will, as much as possible, refrain from going into any company where they are. Secondly, I will endeavor to lay out my time by rule, that I may know each hour what is to be done: nevertheless, I will cheerfully submit to have these rules broken or overturned,

whenever the providence of God thinks fit to do so. And thirdly, I will endeavor to fix my mind on the example of Jesus Christ, and to lead a mortified life; remembering, "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The prejudices of education are strong, especially in those persons who have been brought up rather in high life. The being removed from a parent's habitation seemed very awful. I looked on myself as being liable to a deep reproach, and trembled at the thought. But I remembered that word, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." My maid being now come, and having lighted a fire in the other room, and borrowed a few things of the family, she begged me to come into it, as the night was very cold. And now my captivity seemed turning every moment. That thought, I am brought out of the world; I have nothing to do but to be holy, both in body and spirit, filled me with consolation. Thankfulness overflowed my heart; and such a spirit of peace and content poured into my soul, that all about me seemed a little heaven.

Some bread, with rank salt butter, and water to drink, made me so comfortable a meal, that I could truly say, I ate my meat with gladness and singleness of heart. As the bed was not put up, I laid that night almost on the ground, and the windows having no shutters, and it being a bright moonlight night, the sweet solemnity thereof well agreed with the tranquility of my spirit. I had now daily more and more cause for praise. I was acquainted with many of the excellent of the earth, and my delight was in them. Yet I was not without my cross; for every time I went to see my dear parents, what I felt when, toward night, I rose up to go away, cannot well be imagined. Not that I wished to abide there; but there was something in bidding farewell to those under whose roof I had always lived, that used to affect me much, though I saw the wise and gracious hand of God in all; and that he had by this means set me free for his own service. From my heart I thanked him as the gracious author, and them as the profitable instruments, of doing me so great a good. My mother was frequently giving me little things; and every renewed mark of kindness made the wound to bleed afresh.

There was, in the years sixty-one and sixty-two, a very great revival among the societies, both in London and many other places; and an earnest desire was stirred up in many hearts after full salvation. Prayer was made without ceasing by the faithful, "That the glory of God might go forth as brightness; and his salvation as a limp that burneth." These prayers were answered in a very powerful manner, The Spirit was poured out on some in such a degree as can hardly be conceived, but by those who felt the Divine influence. Not only Mr. Wesley and Mr. Maxfield were in an uncommon manner blessed in their preaching; but many simple persons, both men and women, were lively harbingers of the approaching pentecost, and cried aloud, The kingdom of heaven is at hand! The mighty power of God was seen on every side! Christ was held out as a complete Savior; and represented to the eye of faith as crying out on this festal day, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink; he that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." These rivers did, indeed, flow from heart to heart. The gift of victorious faith was given to many, not only for themselves but others. A clear light shone on these truths: "They that are in Christ are new creatures; old things are passed away, and all things become new. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." The whole soul, with every faculty, shall be so brought into subjection to Christ, as to feel, I live not, but Christ liveth in me!

Some portion of this river seemed now to reach me also. The means of grace were as marrow to my soul; and often these words were applied: If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him

that believeth, But I could not believe so as to give up my whole heart to the Lord. I knew him mine, but other things had yet life in me, though not dominion over me. I was now assured the blessing of sanctification (or, in other words, a heart entirely renewed) could not be received but by simple, naked faith;* and my soul groaned out its desire in these words :—

“That mighty faith on me bestow, Which cannot ask in vain; Which holds, and will not let thee go, Till I my suit obtain.”

* By simple faith, I mean, taking God at his word without reasoning; and by naked faith, I mean, stripped of every other dependence but on Christ alone.

One day, as a few of us were praying together at brother Gilford's, we were so drawn out, that we were, I think, four hours engaged, when I really thought we had not been above one; and this was frequently the case with us. Another day, as I was at a meeting for prayer at a friend's house, when he had continued some time, I seemed as if I had lost all. Deep discouragement seized my spirit; but I wrestled on, and was in an agony to love God with all my heart. Brother Gilford was praying for me, when in a moment I felt a calmness overspread my spirit, and by faith I laid hold on Jesus, as my full Savior. I said in my heart, Thy will be done! Thy will be done! and in that I felt my rest. In the same moment brother Gilford changed prayer into praise, telling the Lord he had heard and answered: he had set me at liberty, and now he would praise him. This surprised me, as I had not given the least sign by either word or motion, of what I had felt within. He concluded his prayer with that act of praise. He asked me how I felt myself I answered, I could not fully tell; but that I found that the love of the will of God had brought an unspeakable peace into my soul: but that I did not feel joy; only a rest in that thought, The Lord reigneth, and his will shall be done. As I was walking home, I found the presence of the Lord to be with me. He seemed to say, Round thee and beneath thee are spread the everlasting arms. I felt they were so, and my faith seemed to gather strength continually.

Yet for some days I was much exercised with temptation, and continually accused, that I had thought, said, or done something amiss.* But after a little time I found a more solid rest; and sensibly felt my will and affections were fixed on God, and most powerfully was I penetrated with these words: —

“Their daily delight shall be in his name, They shall, as their right, his righteousness claim; His righteousness wearing, and cleansed by his blood, Bold shall they appear in the presence of God!”

One night I awaked with much of the presence of God, when these words were powerfully applied, Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise. That promise also dwelt on my mind, In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and confidence shall be thy strength.

* A strong mark of the reality of the work. —ED.

I believe what I felt at this season was a low degree of pure love; or what we call a clean heart. But though it was in a small degree, yet did it evidence itself by a mighty change. I had many temptations, and not much joy. Yet did I never feel anything contrary to love; and in the temptations with which I was attacked, I felt a great difference. Satan never attempted to draw my affections, neither to move me to anger, for there I could have answered him, Thou hast nothing in me;** but I was followed with such a sense of sorrow as I cannot express. The fear of living to fall

from grace, and sin against God, tore me at intervals, for some minutes, as one on a rack. Then a turn of the eye, by faith, on Jesus would make my enemies flee. Another cause of sorrow was something I am at a loss to describe, but it seemed most exquisite feelings were opened in my soul, such as I never knew before. If I saw or heard of the consequences of sin, I was ready to die! For instance,—if in the street I saw child ill used or slighted by the person who seemed to have the care of it, or a poor person sweating under an uncommonly heavy burden; or if I saw a horse, or a dog, oppressed or wounded, it was more than I could bear.

** His strength lay in applying the law to a conscience so tender. ED.

I seemed to groan and travail in birth, as it were, for the whole creation. Yet notwithstanding all these painful feelings, I had a solid peace. I always felt I committed my all to Jesus, and I lived on his faithfulness. As I observed before, anger seemed in my soul to know its place no more. Neither did I find an attachment to any creature or thing, but such as reflected from the will of God. Such a sense of purity dwelt on my soul as I can hardly describe. I often felt the power of those words, Unto the pure, all things are pure. I sometimes thought I should not care if my breast was as a window, and if every thought was without a covering to man as it was to God. A little degree of heavenly wisdom was also let down into my heart. Being fixed on a solid rock, I was not so easily shaken; and those words were powerfully applied, “Thou shalt not be afraid for any evil tidings, for thy heart standeth fast, believing in the Lord.” But above all, I felt such a simplicity, such a banging on the Lord Jesus, that self seemed annihilated, and Jesus was my all. The nothing into which I felt myself sunk, and the great salvation I seemed to possess in Jesus, were such as I cannot explain. I used often to say, It appears to me that unbelief cannot find a place in my soul to set its foot upon. And indeed it could not; for slavish fear seemed quite cast out. I could say, “I live not, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God.” I was truly nothing, and all my salvation came through faith in the Son of God. He was my soul’s delight; and I felt if I could have been saved any other way, I would not have accepted it. O how often was that word in my mouth and heart!

“Having done all, by faith I stand, And give the praise, O Lord, to thee;

Thy holy arm, thy own right hand, Hath got thyself the victory.”* * Who can deny this great salvation without denying the truth and power of God But O! how few seek it! —ED.

All this time the Lord kept me, as to outward things, like an infant in its mother’s arms. I put in practice my first resolution, and had no other thought but of devoting myself to God in a single life: only I remember I sometimes thought, were I to be married to Mr. Fletcher,* would he not be rather a help, than a hindrance to my soul But it was only a thought, and had arisen from what some friends said to me on the subject.

* At that time Mr. Wesley’s assistant in London. As I desired to be the Lord’s, and to spend all I had to his glory, I sometimes carried this desire too far, and did not allow myself quite what was needful. My exercises were greater than I had been used to, and I was seized with a complaint in my bowels. I thought if I had some spice boiled in water, and port wine with it, it would help me, but I was unwilling to get it. However my heavenly Father took care for that. He knows what we have need of before we ask; for at that very time a relation called, and brought me a quantity of spice as a present; and the very next day my father called in his chariot, and brought me a hamper of port

wine, neither of them knowing anything of my wants! I therefore received it as immediately from the Lord. And I could give a variety of instances of the same nature. It seemed I could hardly think of a thing, but it was brought to me. O how true is that promise, "What is given up for God, shall be restored- manifold in this present life." Before the Lord made me to wander from my father's house, a particular person used to upbraid me with that reflection, "You will soon find the difference between your father's house and such poking holes as you will live in. There you will not have one inch but the common street: whereas you have been used to large and fine gardens, in which you much delighted. And how tired you will be of such trash as you provide, instead of the plentiful provision of his table. Before you have lived so for six months, I will engage you will wish yourself back again, and your religion out of the way." But was it so O Lord, thou knowest! "Thou didst feed me as with the finest wheat flour, and with water out of the stony rock didst thou satisfy sue." All could want, all I could desire, was bountifully supplied. When I have sometimes been reflecting on my situation, inward and outward, I have remembered that word, The meek shall inherit the earth. Glory be to thee, O Lord, thou has meekened my spirit, and thou makest me to possess things. Often I have said, in amazement, What can I fear I have no desire: the will of God swallows up all! My Jesus and my all! my Jesus and my all for ever!

4. HER REMOVAL TO LAYTONSTONE

HER REMOVAL TO LAYTONSTONE I experienced daily more and more of the tender care of the Almighty; and often felt these words with power:- "No fondest parent's anxious breast Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest."

Every want was supplied before I could ask it; - nay, many times before I was conscious of the want. My maid was but dull and ignorant, though a good girl; and I knew little more of the world than she did, having been used to so different a way of life. My health, and many concerns, needed a care that I did not know how to take. But if at any time such an idea would offer to my mind, I checked it in a moment with that thought,-I have the Gospel: I have freedom to serve God: I have spiritual blessings. What more can I need And truly I rather saw than felt my wants. Nevertheless, now and then I have said, Would not a steady faithful friend be a great advantage to me One who could lead me into a deeper acquaintance with God But I sought it not: all my cares on him were cast, and in his will I found my resting place, and in quietness and confidence was my strength. At this juncture I received a letter from Mrs. Ryan, informing me she was coming up to London. She had left Bristol Room some lime before, her health not permitting her to continue in that place. She informed me she was settled, in a lodging, but she saw it her duty to come up to London a few months for my sake; "for I reap (said she) of your substance, and so do many; but the Lord shows me that at present you suffer for the want of a friend, (referring to what I had written to her,) and I think he has ripened and confirmed that solid spark of friendship, which was so long ago kindled in our breasts towards each other. It seems to me as if the Lord had laid your burden on me, as he once committed the care of Mary to Joseph, and afterward to the favorite disciple." She concluded:- "Jesus, to thy preserving care My choicest blessing I commend;

Receive, and on thy bosom bear The soul whom thou hast made my friend."

I spread my friend's letter before the Lord, and praised him for laying my burden on the heart of one whom I knew to be a favorite of Heaven. I answered that I should be very glad to see her. She had not been long at her sister's before she was seized with a violent disorder, which we thought would end in death. I visited her often, and with much profit. Mrs. M. being taken ill also, and only one servant to attend them both, I believed it my duty to be with her night and day; and the Lord gave me such strength and ability for it as I had never found before. I felt his peculiar smile on my employment those words which bad formerly made such an impression on my mind were now continually before me:- "O that ray Lord would count me meet To wash his dear disciples' feet;

After my lowly Lord to go, And wait upon his saints below;

Enjoy the grace to angels given, And serve the royal heirs of heaven." As she slept little, we conversed much; and our hearts were united as David's and Jonathan's. The spirit of community which reigned in the Church at Jerusalem I felt a taste of; and from that time to her death, the cold words of mine and thine were never known between us. A circumstance which now occurred unexpectedly constrained her to remove. I took her home with me, but not till I had inquired of the

Lord, well knowing how much the progress of the Divine life depends on our private connections. Unless much caution is used between persons living together, they are often a great hindrance to each other.

After a time the Lord was pleased to restore her to health; and having one heart, one mind, and one purse we agreed that one habitation also would be most profitable. The Lord had given us to feel that union which even death itself could not dissolve. I have often thought on those words of Solomon, "A faithful friend is the medicine of life; and he that fears the Lord shall find him." Some however objected: "Your income is as yet but small; you wish to be useful; why then did you not choose, as a friend, one who had some fortune to unite with your own, and that might have enlarged your sphere." I answered, I did not choose at all. I stood still, saw, and followed the order of God. And if my means had been enlarged in money, and lessened in grace, what should I have gained by that I acknowledge I neither gained honor, gold, nor indulgence to the flesh, by uniting myself to a sickly persecuted saint; but I gained such a spiritual helper as I shall eternally praise God for. Many are the advocates of friendship. Many will say, with Dr. Young, "Poor is the friendless master of a world. A world in purchase for a friend is gain." But they refuse the sacrifice demanded by that friendship, and forget the following lines:- "But for whom blossoms this elysian flower Can gold gain friendship Impudence of hope! As well mere man an angel might beget.

Love, and love only, is the loan for love.

Delusive pride repress,- Nor hope to find a friend, but who hath found A friend in thee."

We continued together at Hoxton some time. When I was about twenty-three, the people of Laytonstone were much laid on my mind. I had both my birth and maintenance from that place, and I could not help thinking I owed something to their souls. Yet I saw the way very difficult. My parents permitted me to be often with them, and seemed pretty well reconciled to my manner of life, while at a distance. But how, thought I, will it appear in their eyes to bring the preachers they so much object to, within a mile of their house I thought I should not now be called to offend them any farther. Cannot the Lord, if he sees good, send the Gospel to those people some other way Thus I put it from my mind again and again; yet a strange love for those souls in that place would spring up in my heart; and when I said, Lord, send by whom Thou wilt send, but not by me! those words again presented themselves, "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me."

About this time a house of my own at Laytonstone became untenanted. My friend as well as myself saw many reasons for our removing to that place. We prayed much about it, and I asked the Lord to show us clearly his will; and at length felt from the Lord, first, a liberty to believe that if my father did absolutely forbid my coming, I was not required to do it. Secondly, I knew God did not require impossibilities: I had not yet an income sufficient for living in that place. I asked, therefore, as a farther mark, the settling an affair which kept me out of part of my fortune, occasioned by a flaw in the making of my grandmother's will. I had taken some pains about this affair before, but to no purpose. However, I slightly mentioned it again, and it was settled directly. Then I made known to my father my thought about living at Laytonstone. I used no deception; but told him plainly the end I proposed in so doing, my mother being present. He made not the least objection, only added with a smile, "If a mob should pull your house about your ears, I cannot hinder them." We waited before the Lord, believing it was his call, and held ourselves in readiness

for immediate obedience. One night I dreamed I was in one of my houses there, in company with all kinds of people, rich and poor, most of whom appeared very ungodly. It was strongly impressed on my mind to speak to them, but I started from the thought, and said, with emotion, Lord, what do I here among this people; for they are not thy people, and what am I to do with them I then beheld the Lord Jesus stand as just before me. The awful majesty of his presence had such an effect on me as I cannot express! It seemed to me I sunk down before him as if I were sweetly melting into nothing. I saw no shining brightness, or any thing dazzling to the eye. He appeared only as a man clothed in white; yet to my mind there was what I cannot put into words. It was a sense of his purity! It was the glory of holiness which so overcame me! There seemed but about one yard distance between my Savior and me-when he spoke, with a voice clear and distinct, these words: "I will send thee to a people that are not a people, and I will go with thee. Bring them unto me, for I will lay my hand upon them, and heal them. Fear not, only believe!" When the immediate presence of my Lord was withdrawn, I thought that I repeated with tears to the people what he had spoken to me. Many mocked and derided; but a few expressed a desire of being separated from the others to hear the word. I endeavored to find a place to meet them in, and in order to do so, I was constrained to walk over a piece of building, where the floor did not seem thicker than a wafer. When I had passed it, I looked back, and said, Not a splinter has given way under my feet. Turning my face toward the lane, I saw a funeral, and awaked with that word powerfully applied, The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it. I found myself in a sweet delightful peace. Soul and body seemed all attracted into a Divine harmony. When sufficiently come to myself to speak, I told sister Ryan, (who slept with me,) all that had passed. She replied: "This night, both sleeping and waking, I have been much occupied with these words: I will go before you, and humble the great ones of the earth." This was in the year sixty-three. On March the 24th, the same year, we removed to Laytonstone. From the first hour we found much of the presence of God; and stood still to see his salvation. In order to supply the want of public means, (which we could not have but when we went to London,) we agreed to spend an hour every night together in spiritual reading and prayer. A poor woman, with whom I had formerly talked, came to ask if she might come in when we made prayer We told her, at seven every Thursday night she should be welcome. She soon brought two or three more, and they others, till in a short time our little company increased to twenty-five. One night, just before the time of meeting, a poor woman called with a basket of cakes to sell. On our refusing to buy any, she stood still a long time at the gate. We began to converse with her about her soul, when she expressed a great desire to stay to the meeting; and in so doing was so greatly blessed, that she would fain have left us part of her goods in return. We now thought it would be well to converse with each in particular, and that the time was come for it. Some few were offended, and came no more; but most appeared under conviction, and those we appointed to meet on Tuesday night, reserving the Thursday for the public meeting, which still kept increasing, and in which we read a chapter, and sometimes spoke from it. The first time we met on Tuesday night two were set at liberty. We now thought it expedient to apply to Mr. Wesley for a preacher. He approved our plan, and sent Mr. Murlin the next Sunday; and within a fortnight we had twenty-five joined in society. Much opposition now arose from all sides, (though more from the rich than the poor,) and one Thursday night, as I was speaking to a pretty large company in my own kitchen, the bell at the fore gate was rung very hard. Our servant, who was a pious woman, went to see who was there. In the meantime four shabby looking men, with great sticks in their hands, came in at the back door, and so into the kitchen. The servant soon returned with some emotion,

and whispered me: "It is Mr. W., who is come to inform you, you must if you please break off, for here is a great mob coming; and the ringleaders are four men with clubs." Turning to the people, I answered her aloud, "O, we do not mind mobs, when we are about our Master's business." Greater is he that is for us, than all that can be against us. I then went on till I had concluded my subject. Having a few of the rules of the society which I intended to disperse that night, I addressed myself first to the four men, who stood before me, explaining what they were, and asked if they would choose to accept one. They received them with a respectful bow, and went out. Who they were, and what was their purpose, I know not to this day. We heard no more of the mob. At this time the hand of the Lord was much with us, supporting and comforting us under every trial. There was only my friend Ryan, myself, the maid, and Sally Lawrence, a child about four years old, whom I had just before taken from the side of her mother's coffin into our house. On one side it was open to the forest, and I know not that one of the awakened people lived within a mile of us. We were as on a desert alone; but the Lord was with us, and preserved us beneath his love's almighty shade. The enemy came, however, to the length of his chain. Sometimes on Sundays, when the nights were dark, after the society meeting, a mob used to collect at the gate, and throw dirt at the people as they went out; and when they were gone, they used to come into the yard, break some trifles they found there, and putting up their faces to a window which had no shutters, roar and howl like wild beasts. And now another dispensation was opening before us. From the time I was seventeen, some drawing toward the care of children had dwelt on my mind. I felt the same desire now as at that time to become in every sense a servant to the Church. Those words were still with me: "If she have lodged strangers; if she have brought up children; if she have relieved the afflicted; and diligently followed after every good work." Yet I was truly sensible no work was good but as being done in the will and the order of God. We therefore entreated the Lord to discover to us all his sacred will from day to day, and not suffer us in any degree to err therefrom. Various leadings of Providence, both inward and outward, drew us to think of the rising generation with more than common tenderness. Our abilities were small; yet perhaps a few children we could educate, without interrupting the order of God in our call toward the grown people. We determined, however, to take none but destitute orphans, that no one might interrupt our plan of education. We were not unconscious that to change the heart belongs to God, but at the same time we remembered there was a blessing promised to "the training up a child in the way it should go," and that a degree of knowledge, with a capacity of getting their bread in an honest way, has, under God, rescued many from destruction. Some such objects now presented themselves, and we received them, one after another, in the name of the Lord. We however, refused many, taking only those concerning whom there appeared a particular call of Providence. For a good while, our family consisted of one servant, six orphans, and ourselves; but we found it took up too much of our time to have the whole care of them alone; especially as my friend Ryan was often confined by illness. We therefore took a pious young woman, named Ann Tripp, who desired to devote herself to God, in a closer walk than the generality of believers. She was placed as governess over the children, whose number continued to increase. Some serious women were also added to our household, and each had their duties and employments assigned them. In the whole we received thirty-five children, and thirty-four grown persons, but not all at one time.

We now found work enough on our hands, and wished to free ourselves from all needless cares. As well, therefore, to answer that end, as to avoid conformity to the world, we thought it best to have but one dress. We fixed on a dark purple cotton, of which we had many pieces stamped;

and ourselves with the whole family wore nothing else. We had a large hall, and in it a table five yards long, at which we ate together. There also we assembled for morning and evening devotion, and on several other occasions. But, in general, the children were in the nursery, and the other sisters in their own apartments. When my family began thus to increase, I must acknowledge it was by no means proportionate to my income, but it appeared to me I had a peculiar call from the Lord to take the steps I did; and we began with a degree of the same spirit which is expressed in a book entitled, "The Footsteps of Divine Providence;" giving an account of the orphan house at Halle, in Germany, raised by Professor Francke. This plan I would advise none to follow, unless they felt what I did; for certainly justice goes before charity; and there is very seldom a real call from God to give more than we have. But it must be observed, though my income was inadequate to the undertaking, I had a considerable capital. So that I was not at present in danger of debt. The risk I ran was, of spending my capital, and being left without a maintenance. But the Lord seemed to assure me I should not thus be deserted, and that by many and various ways.

We now set ourselves to inquire of the Lord, how we should train up these children to his glory: and a few out of many reflections which occurred to my mind, I will endeavor to set down. But I must observe, first, as most of our children were naked, full of vermin, and some afflicted with distempers, the first thing was to clean and clothe them, and attend to their health; which usually was followed with much success. At the same time, we endeavored to bring them to an outward conformity of manners to the rules of the house, and to some courtesy of behavior. This was not difficult, as a child naturally falls in with what it sees in others. The second attempt was, to fix on their minds that we had no motives in receiving them into our house, but that of love; love to their souls and bodies. We wished to save their bodies from misery, and their souls from eternal destruction. With respect to the strangers, we endeavored to lead them to a view of the love of God, observing it was his love which caused ours. He put it into our heart, he brought them in our way, and from his hand came their every blessing. That the end of the Lord in bringing them into our house, was to learn that great truth that they should never die. Their bodies must die, and rest in the grave; but they themselves would be forever alive, and hear, see, think, and know; feel pleasure, or pain, and that forever. We inculcated that the end of their earning this lesson was to make them happy, and prevent their being miserable, since in a very short space of time they must enter into the one or the other state, and that to all eternity.

We continually impressed on the minds of the children, that the only way to be happy was to be like God; to love what he loved, and to hate what he hated; but that was not their present state. They were now like the devil, and loved what he loved. If they were injured, they loved to revenge, and could hardly forget the offence anyone offered them. When angry, they would cry and sob, and be almost choked; but when did they find themselves so affected in thinking about the Lord Jesus Did his love and sufferings come again and again to their mind, so that they could not forget them And when did they cry and sob, because they had sinned against so good a God It was plain, therefore, they were as yet the devil's children, and their minds and affections obeyed him only. We therefore declared, that whenever we saw these marks of the devil's power on their hearts, we would tell them of it; but if they would still obey him rather than God, we would then add unto our words correction; making them feel pain, that the impression might be strong, and more lasting; and that they must never resent nor resist those corrections, for it was more painful for us to give, than it could be for them to receive them. But seeing it was for their profit, and our duty to

do it, they must take each correction not only with patience, but thankfulness; for we should make it a point of conscience, never to correct, or even to contradict them, but with consideration and prayer, having always that lesson before our eyes, "That mercy I to others show, That mercy show to me." Nor were these observations altogether without fruit; for I do not remember one child I ever had, that if we ordered her to receive correction by the rod, (which was not often,) would not lie down in silence as a lamb, and afterward, yea, immediately after, come and kiss us. We observed, that all our instructions would avail them nothing, unless their hearts were changed; and that none but Jesus Christ could do that; but he was ready and willing, and assuredly would do it, if they cried to him for it. From the above hints, various occasions presented to point out the nature of salvation through Christ alone, and the necessity of a renewed nature, in order to be capable of the enjoyment of heaven.

One day a little beggar girl, whom we had taken in about a week before, showed some of the vicious dispositions which had been nursed up in her by evil company. On repetition, she received correction. When the children were alone, (as they thought,) she began to complain of her hard fate, saying, "If they love us, why do they whip us" A little one about six years old replied, "Why, it is because they love us, and it is to make us remember what a sad thing sin is; and God would be angry with them if they did not do so. Do you not remember the chapter my mistress read about Eli Indeed I had various proofs that it is not so hard a thing to convince the judgment of children as some may think; and a right judgment is a good step toward right affections. As we intended them to work for their bread, either as servants or in little trades, we endeavored as early as possible to inure them to labor, early rising, and cleanliness. The eldest of the children arose between four and five, the younger not much later. At half an hour after six we had family prayer. At seven, we breakfasted together on herb tea, or milk porridge. The small children then went into the garden till eight. At eight the bell rang for school, which continued till twelve. Then, after a few minutes spent in prayer, they came down to us; at which time we either walked out with them, or, if the weather did not permit, we found them some employment in the house, endeavoring at the same time to give them both instruction and recreation. We invented various employments for those hours, in order to remove the appearance of idleness, as from the first we endeavored to impress that lesson on their minds: "An idle person is the devil's cushion, on which he rolls at pleasure." Like wise, that in the choice of their employments, they should always prefer those that were most useful, and be always able to render a reason for every thing they did. At one we dined; about two the bell rang again for school, and at five they returned to us, and were employed as before till supper time. Then, after family prayer, they were washed, and put to bed by eight. Four or five of the bigger girls were each week kept out of the school by turns, and employed in housework, cooking, etc., that they might be accustomed to every sort of business; and there was work enough in so large a family. Several of the children were very young, though I do not remember we had any under two years, except one of about a month old, which was laid, very neatly dressed, one night late at our door; but it lived only a fortnight, being full of humors, too probably derived from its parents.

We now found a great need of wisdom and patience. We had, I think, never more than ten grown persons in the family at one time, who were not invalids; nor do I ever remember above five or six altogether in health. The children, also, for the first few years, labored under various disorders; for we did not refuse either old or young on account of being sick and helpless: in the end all

recovered who came in infirm. We sometimes had much to do; for the care of the sick, the management of eighteen or twenty children, with various meetings, and the needful attention to the work of God in a new raised society; with the reception of the number of strangers who visited us on spiritual accounts, occasioned those of us who had the work of God at heart, a good deal of labor and suffering.

Various reproaches now began to roll upon us. It was reported that we intended to bring up these children for nuns; that we were too rigid and exact to our own rules. Some objected, it is all carnal wisdom; you cannot change their hearts, and education will only make, them more guilty before God. Others, that we were idle, and buried ourselves alive, because we did not live at London. But the reproach that came the nearest to me was this-She talks of the poverty of the holy Jesus, (alluding to a little book I had printed,)-let us see her work at a trade as he did, and that would make her fortune go farther. Would any one with such a capital live only on the interest, when by trade they might double it every year Several came and talked with me on the subject; saying, If you do not go into some business, you will be brought to the parish in your old age. I replied, I understand no business; and I fear to lose what I have, instead of increasing it. They replied again, Then ask light of them who do understand it. Take some partner; let such have the care, and you find the money. I was wearied with letters and disputes on this head. However, I laid it before the Lord; and felt I was willing, if it would glorify him, to sweep the kennels. It may seem strange why any thus interfered in our affairs; but our undertaking was new, and quite out of the common way. This drew all sorts of company, of various sects and denominations. Some loved me, and wished to bring me over to what they thought the better way. Others were moved by curiosity; some by the love of dispute, others by interest, offering their assistance; and some, perhaps, by that spirit which the seed of the serpent will always manifest. But another, and perhaps the chief reason was, I believe, the order of a wise and gracious Providence. I was called to walk wholly by faith; indeed it appeared a strange call, and, humanly speaking, could end no way but in a prison. I was therefore permitted to have every kind of discouragement, and to be brought into many and deep perplexities, that the faithfulness of God might shine more conspicuous, as will be seen in the sequel. But to return to the children. When actual sin was committed at any time, (minor faults were generally overlooked,) it was set down on paper by sister Tripp, and presented in a meeting held every Friday at twelve o'clock. The whole family were called together at that time, and after praying for the light and presence of the Lord, we entered into a consultation how to prevent a relapse into the same crime; and that the displeasure of the Almighty might be removed, we always endeavored to make our reasons appear clear before we either acquitted or condemned. Very frequently there appeared a spirit of repentance, so that the exhortation was followed by forgiveness. We then spent some time together in a family meeting, of which I will speak more particularly in another place.

One day a sweet little child, about seven years old, (who I hope at this time both fears and loves God,) had stolen something. We consulted what must be done to prevent a repetition of her sin. At these times we always adapted our conversation to the capacity of the little criminal.. One said, I have read in the Bible, that the offending member ought to be cut off, and cast away. This gave rise to several useful reflections; after which we agreed there were but three ways, either to cut off the offender from the family, or to pray to God to bring her to repentance, or leave her in her sins. After some conversation with her, the second was agreed on; and we joined in prayer that the Lord

would graciously interpose and save her. The meeting being that day in the evening instead of the usual time, as soon as it was over they were sent up to be washed in order to go to bed. (This was on June the 7th, 1764.) Betty Lawrence, about eleven years old, had been much affected while we were talking to H. O., the child above mentioned. She had shown some concern a few days before, when I was speaking of the spirituality of the commandments The children being alone, and not knowing they were overheard, Betty said, "Let us pray for Hannah's soul!" She then prayed in a very affecting manner. Afterward, one about eight years old pleaded much for the forgiveness of Hannah's sin; but added, Lord, do not let us think so much about her sin an to forget our own. Lord, do not let us laugh and trifle, and talk of foolish things as soon as we rise off our knees; but make us Christians. Another then thanked God for their good corrections and teachings, and said, It we are not Christians, we shall be more punished than others.

After some time sister Tripp went in to see them to bed; but first went to prayer with them for a few minutes. The spirit of conviction now fell on Betty Lawrence in an extraordinary manner. We came up, and found her in a great agony; she was the very picture of terror. The veins of her neck were as if they would burst. She wrung her hands, and cried with a bitter cry, O my sins! my sins! I believe more than a hundred times. She then broke out into such a confession of her original corruption and actual sins as quite amazed us; adding, O! I have never done any thing to please thee in all my life. I have broken all thy laws; I have not kept thy commandments; Lord, I have kept the devil's commandments! May such a wretch come to thee, Lord Wilt thou receive me, Lord Wilt thou pardon me! Wilt thou make me a Christian Tell me, Lord, shall I go to heaven or hell Wilt thou make me a Christian Wilt thou pardon all my sins She then paused awhile, her eyes fixed upward, and her face as in a flame; then added, but with a softer voice, Yes, he will, he will! But wilt thou~ Lord Yes, thou wilt, thou wilt! Mr. Dornford being that night with us, gave out a hymn; she now seemed quite calm. The horror which before appeared on her countenance was gone, and had left a sweet smile. After remaining some time in this posture, she said, Jesus is smiling upon me! She afterward told us, she had a view as of Christ upon the cross, smiling upon her, and Saying, "I have pardoned all your sins, and if you pray, I will give you abundant love." She then broke out, O! what a sweet Savior he is! He hath forgiven me all my sins! All, all, Lord! Thou hast, thou wilt forgive them. But, O Lord, let them be perfectly forgiven. But shall I ever sin again! Shall I ever sin again O! do not let me sin again! O! what a sweet Savior thou art! What sweet love is thine! O! more such love as thine! More such love as thine! But do not let me sin again! Fill me with love, that I may not sin again! We were the more surprised at this, because she was a child of a remarkably dull apprehension, and had no liberty in expressing herself on any subject. But striking as the scene was, (far more so than I can describe,) it was nothing to the change that followed. She was naturally of a very bad temper, but now it might indeed be said,- "Love made her willing feet In swift obedience move." - So great was the change, in both understanding and will, as plainly declared the hand that had wrought it. The Lord was pleased at this season to give his word success, both among the people who attended the preaching, and in the family. But our house was too strait, and needed some enlargement, and a good deal of repairs. It therefore occurred to my mind, as we had so many visitants, to take another step, and put up a poor's box, like Professor Francke, in Germany. But I found some difficulty. I thought, my relations will object to it; and, in short, I found it more easy to give than to receive. But I saw the order of God in the plan, and that was enough. Accordingly we put it up in the hall, with this inscription, "For the maintenance of a few poor orphans, that they may be brought up in the fear of the Lord."

Difficulties now began to gather as clouds about us. Workmen must be paid; a family far too large for my income to support; with a variety of expenses in carrying on the work, assisting their poverty, &c. One day it was suggested, Surely I am wrong; God will not appear for me in this undertaking. I told my mind to some friends, who said, "This is the very thing we always saw; you will find in the end it is all a delusion. In two or three years you will turn out all these people and children to the wide world; and in your old age you will be without the necessaries of life." I heard them with attention, and only replied, "If it be a delusion, I meant well, believing it to be the will of God."

I carried it to the Lord in prayer, when the following thoughts were impressed on my mind: If Christ was now upon earth, and in want of food and raiment, should I be afraid to give him mine, for fear of wanting it myself! Should I not rather say, Let all I have be brought out as a sacrifice to my Lord; he is well able to repay me; and if he do not see it best to do so, then let us suffer together. I saw the case with the poor was the same, (as far as he had called me to help them,) and that my Lord had said, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto them, ye have done it unto me! Here a light broke into my mind, which quite satisfied me, and dispelled every cloud. I cried out, "Lord, thy will is enough! Thou hast bid me love my neighbor as myself; be it so. Their wants be mine; my substance theirs." Rising from my knees, I took up the Bible, when opening on Job, chap. 22: verse 23, I found from that verse to the end of the chapter, several parts come as a message from Heaven. "If thou return to the Almighty thou shalt be built up, thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles. Then shalt thou lay up gold as the dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook. Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defense, and thou shalt have plenty of silver. Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; and the light shall shine on thy path." These words were wrote as with a diamond pen upon my heart; and in all my trials I could never give up the confidence I then received, that I should one day see them accomplished.

Sister Ryan one day said to me, "We shall have such a sum to pay on Saturday night. Had we not better borrow it of such a friend, till your half year comes in" We attempted so to do, but were disappointed. Being on my knees at prayer, I opened a book before me on the table, and cast my eyes on these words, "Christ charges himself with all your temporal affairs, while you charge yourself with those which relate to his glory. I closed my eyes, and continued praying; when to the eye of my mind, it seemed as if the Lord Jesus stood just by me, and spoke again those words to my heart, with such a power as wiped away every care. Before I got off my knees, I was called down to speak to a man, who asked for me; and who; through a providence too long to repeat, brought me just the sum I wanted. The box began now to be helpful to us; and this year, in the midst of our great expenses, an uncle gave me two hundred and fifty guineas. Once, on opening the box, we found a guinea wrapped up in a letter; its contents were as follows:-

"My Dear Child,-With much pleasure I have heard of your charitable undertaking, which I pray God to bless and to succeed. Be never discouraged, though Divine providence should exercise you at times, even with many great and alarming difficulties; for this is frequently the way in which God leads his children, in order to prove their faith and patience. But even supposing he should not succeed this affair, according to your present plan, yet he will never fail to bless those who sincerely endeavor to promote his honor, the kingdom of the Lord Jesus, and the good of souls. I desire you will accept the enclosed, and that you would set me down an annual contributor of the same sum. May the Lord Jesus Christ be with all of us! Forget us not in your prayers.

"I am, with respect and regard, "Your very affectionate friend, "V. P." In another paper was a guinea enclosed, with these words: "I have felt your burden, and should be thankful had you more help. But perhaps it is the will of God concerning you, to give you day by day your daily bread. I pray him to be with you."

Indeed we daily experienced many mercies. We had a household as a flock of sheep. Sometimes when we were sitting down to table, that word would come sweetly to our minds :- "Part of his family are we, His family of love." But above all other temporal goods, I saw the blessing of my friend Ryan. It would have been impossible for me to have acted this part alone; I had neither grace nor ability for it; but the Lord gave her to me as a mother. In all the active part of this undertaking, she was the main spring. It is true, the light in forming the plans was given to me; but had it not been for her resolution and diligence, they would never have been brought into execution. Notwithstanding her ill health, it is amazing what she went through, both in overlooking and working with her own hands. She was truly devoted to God; and though I saw her at that time as a most precious gift of Heaven to me, I was not sufficiently sensible of her inestimable worth.

About this time a young lady, with, whom I had been acquainted, came to board with us. After residing about half a year, she had a great desire to make a new will, in order to leave me a large sum of money; and asked me to recommend a lawyer to do it, as we then intended to visit Bath. I told her, I could not see it right that she should do so, as she was at a distance from her relations; had not sufficiently proved us; and might afterward change her mind. But my strongest objection was, she had told me that in her present will she had left the bulk of her estate (which was large) to charitable uses; and I had no desire to monopolize the riches of another, since my gracious Lord had given me a ready mind to part with all that was my own. She had two children under her care, whom she desired should be brought into our house; we accordingly received them. Several other expenses we entered into on her account; and she wrote a codicil to her will, leaving me two thousand pounds, adding, if she lived to return to her father the following spring, she should do much more. I freely consented to the codicil, as I then thought it but reasonable, my expenses on her account being considerable. But in October, 1766, she grew suddenly very ill, and her death seemed near. The codicil then lay much on our minds. I thought God's cause may be reproached through this; and what is two thousand pounds, or two hundred thousand, when compared to the honor of my God Had it been done unknown to me, I should not have scrupled it. But as I had consented, I thought it would not be right to let it stand. Sister Ryan thought the same. We therefore prevailed on her to let us burn it. She was very unwilling, saying, "Had I lived to have made my will, I should have given you much more, for I know God is with you."

She had been some years awakened, and joined to the Methodist society. After she had found the love of God, she walked in the way of self-denial and devotedness to God, according to her clearest light, for some time; and was in many things a striking pattern. She then sunk into a state of conflict, God revealing the inbred sin of her heart; and her spirit being oppressed by a constant bodily disorder, (supposed to be a polypus in the heart,) she often lost her shield, and was ready to think she had never had any work of God on her soul. About four months before her death, Satan assaulted her with many temptations. Sister Ryan advised her to take one hour every day for prayer, whether she should feel power attend her words or not; adding, My soul for yours, if you persevere, you shall shortly see the salvation of God. She received the word as from the Lord, and began the work in good earnest, but to her own feeling she grew darker and darker. Nevertheless

we could discern a change. She grew more open, and told us of some snares which beset her, and which she had even thought of giving way to, adding, she saw herself worse and worse, till she was taken with her last illness, which continued but three days. Her soul seemed then very dark, and greatly did she lament the loss of that assurance she had formerly enjoyed. Yet she was not without hope; but still cried out, "O that I had but lived closer to God! I see I have not used my privileges as I ought. O what a work have I now to do! O it is hard work to do in sickness,-it is bad work to do in sickness!" Sister Ryan said, "My dear, I have no doubt but that God will finish his work." "O," replied she, "but I cannot believe it, I do not believe it for myself. O sister Ryan, I have had a thought in my heart,-If I had taken a certain step, to have laid the blame on you; for I thought, as you are so much under reproach among the half-hearted, I should be more readily believed, and now that stares me in the face." Some time after she said, "O my soul! my soul! I do not know where my soul is going!" Sister Ryan said, "My dear, I believe the Lord will come to your help this night: I feel such an impression of it, I think I must sit up and 'wrestle for you all night." She looked at her, and was silent. A few minutes after she cried out, "O what a sweet word is come to me! I have not had such a word a long time. When you said you would stay and wrestle for me all night, I found a little comfort, but now it comes, The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

We were greatly affected, and sat by her in solemn silent prayer. She appeared to continue in a waiting posture for about half an hour, when she broke out in the following manner, (but with such a sweet and awful reverence as I cannot express,) "O now I know I shall be with Christ for ever! Yes, I shall, I shall come to thee, Lord. I shall be with thee for ever! O for ever! for ever! for ever! Yes! I shall be with thee for ever!" After recovering her breath a little, she addressed herself to the young women who were in the room, exhorting them to know and use their privileges. "You are," said she, "in a good situation, you will never be in a better. O my dears, be open, be open! Cover no temptation, and be all in earnest. I was a fool, and a double fool, that I did not live closer to God, and use more self-denial. I see great degrees of glory I have lost." After a little rest, she said, "O! how good is God! If I had strength I would write it all. How vile I have been, and what a salvation I now feel!" Then turning to me, she added, "But sister Bosanquet, do it; and I charge you cover nothing; in particular my unkind thoughts of sister Ryan. I charge you, I charge you!-Well," she added, "I shall see you all in heaven. I trust I shall see, I know I shall see you there. O take courage, my dear, take courage; do not be cast down at the difficulties of your situation. Fear nobody; God will stand by you. O he will take care of this family." About ten o'clock at night she said, "I shall be happy! I know I shall be as happy as I am capable of being! But I see great degrees of glory I have stopped short of. O that I had laid up more treasure in heaven!" She then cried out, "O my money! my cursed money! what an account shall I have to give of that! But Jesus has washed away all." This seemed the more strange, as she had from the first been a most liberal giver. But she explained herself to mean, with respect to the choice of objects which she had laid it out upon. She lamented much she had not altered her will, saying, "I wish you had ten or twelve thousand pounds. I know it would glorify God, and if I were able, I would do it now. But God will take care of you." We left her a few hours in the night, when she said to the sisters who sat up with her, "Give me pen and paper, I cannot die easy, unless I write something of my mind concerning sister Bosanquet having the two thousand pounds." She did so, which was a striking instance of her love. This paper I saw it right not to destroy, and informed her relations of it; but it was not regarded, and we were well contented. About twelve the next day she seemed to change

for death, and appeared just gone. I said, "Is Jesus precious" She did not answer. One present observed, "Perhaps she is not sensible." After a few minutes she came to herself, and smiling, said, "Yes, I was sensible; but just as you spoke, I had a great struggle with Satan; at last these words were spoken, as if through my heart :- 'Nature's last agony is o'er, And cruel sin subsists no more.' But yet I do not know that the work is done. But I know it will be done. I am sure God will finish his work. Yes, I think I can believe. Yes, I will hold the Lord to his promise." She continued much the same for six hours, now and then saying, "I know he will finish his work. But I do not know it is done. Yet is there any sin I do not know there is. Sometimes I feel," said she, with a smile, "as if I did not like to leave you all; is that sin I do not know that it is." She added, "When I am dying, if I cannot speak, ask me any question, and if I mean yes, I will hold up my hand, for I would wish to praise God to the last." In the evening she seemed just departing. One present said, "Is your soul in peace" She did not make the sign. I said, "Are you sensible, love" She held up her hand. Some time after, we said, "Is all clear now" She lifted up both her hands above her head. Sister Crosby said, "The blood of Jesus hath cleansed you from all sin." She lifted them up again, and smiled with such an expression of joy as I cannot describe. She appeared as in a rapture, and strove much to speak, but we could only understand that word, "He is my only portion." Then throwing herself back, she lifted up her eyes, and spreading her hands with great delight, made many signs upward. I said, "Is glory open before you" She lifted up her hands pointing with one finger, and strove to speak, but we could only make out the word "Glory ;" but the joy of her countenance was beyond all words, and in this posture she in one moment breathed her last.

Such a sense of God and glory rested on us as I cannot describe. For several days it seemed to me as if I was continually sensible of the presence of the heavenly spirits; and so slender did the veil appear which divides the Church militant from that which is triumphant, that I saw myself surrounded with the innumerable company, and as if I heard them hail the happy saint on her arrival, in these words, which followed me continually:- Ah! what were all thy sufferings here, Since Jesus counts thee meet With that enraptured host t' appear, And worship at his feet*

* This glorious scene will be accompanied with some pain to pious readers, and in some it will excite much curiosity. It will be asked, What were those "snares" that induced so strong a temptation, in such a devoted mind, thus to deviate from truth and love, according to the above agonizing confession. I cannot gratify such inquirers. Mrs. Fletcher thought it her duty to record the fact, and I have thought it my duty to let it appear: but I know no more. One thing is plain: Miss Lewen did not fall into the temptation; but it is also plain, she did not resist it, steadfast in the faith. Hence her deep sense of her evil nature, in having listened to it for a moment. When heavenly purity shone upon her soul, and that she found that purity was just about to be bestowed upon her for ever, how dreadful appeared the mental deviation! If we may hazard a conjecture, was it not some attachment of a worldly nature, on account of which she was tempted, and felt an answerable inclination to depart from a community so strictly evangelical I That thought was, perhaps, presented to her, viz., That that very strictness would excuse her to "the halfhearted;" and that to Mrs. Ryan would be chiefly imputed the rigidity which had forced her from this retreat. This was probably the root of that agonizing conviction; especially when she saw that the person whom she had thought of, as thus to have borne her sin, was ready to risk her own tender life to help her through her last conflict! Miss Lewen, however, overcame at last; and verified Mr. Wesley's account of her.-See his Journal: (Works vol. 4:) "Friday, the 31st October, at my return to

London, I found it needful to hasten to Laytonstone. But I came too late. Miss Lewen died the day before, after an illness of five days. Some hours before she witnessed that good confession,- 'Nature's last agony is o'er, And cruel sin subsists no more.' So died Margaret Lewen; a pattern to all young women of fortune in England; a real Bible Christian. So she rested from her labors, and her works do follow her."

Mrs. Ryan was, as Mrs. Fletcher has said, "a sickly, persecuted saint." She was poor, (though not destitute,) and hence was more liable to be the butt of the half-hearted. Miss Bosanquet, her twin soul, was a lady of birth and fortune, and on that account, rather too large for their grasp. Mrs. Ryan proved the whole of the eight beatitudes, as appears from Mr. Wesley's account of her in the Arminian Magazine, and from his admirable letters to her. (See his Works, vol. 6:) In one of them he says, "it is expedient for you to go through both evil and good report. The conversing with you either by speaking or writing, is an unspeakable blessing to me. I cannot think of you without thinking of God. Others often lead me to him, but it is, as it were, going around about. You bring me straight into his presence."-ED.

Some time after this one of our young women had a desire to take a journey, which we thought would be dangerous to her, and warned her much to beware of the love of the world. Several nights she had had remarkable dreams, warning her to beware that no man took her crown. We told her all our fears; and in particular to watch against the love of money. She said, "My light is so clear, that if I now do any thing unbecoming my profession, I shall be guilty, and doubly guilty." Sister Ryan said, "I feel I cannot give you up, but I am led to entreat the Lord, if you should be about to depart from him, that he would cut short the thread of your life, and take you to himself, and I believe he has heard me." She had not been from us many days, before the golden baits of pleasure and profit began to gain luster in her eyes, and the little spark of light and life to decline out of her soul. The Lord stepped in, laid her on the bed of death, and gave her to acknowledge she had left the fountain head of bliss, and stooped to creature happiness. She was very desirous to see us, if it could have been; but a dear child of God attended her constantly, and wrestled much with God in her behalf. A little before her death she declared, "The Lord hath forgiven me. I shall be saved, but I shall suffer loss." Repeating the name of Jesus, her spirit returned to God, just four weeks from that day on which she left our house.*

* Was not this extraordinary dispensation an instance of what St. John calls a sin unto death,-a sin which God punishes by the death of the body It was not a little thing in his sight, to leave such a house without a special call of his providence. Those, however, who form and govern such a house, should beware of any approach to the confinement of the cloister. There was nothing of that kind here.-ED.

"O! what is death 'tis life's last shore, Where vanities are vain no more." In the beginning of the year 1767, the Lord was pleased to exercise us with some little trials of another kind. Various reproaches were cast upon us. It was confidently affirmed, I had forced the before mentioned young lady (Miss Lewen) to make a will when she was dying, and leave me all her estate, and that I had thus wronged her relations. Some religious professors said that I had wronged the poor; and that I had killed my friend by rigorous mortification: that I had driven her into despair, and caused her to die in darkness: with a variety of stories as ridiculous as false. The truth is, I had not gained one penny by her, but was many pounds out of pocket. However, these accounts were so

industriously spread, and even to distant parts, that a gentleman from a place about a hundred miles off, told me some years after, he verily believed, had I walked through that town at one time, the mob would have stoned me! But the Lord is a God of judgment, and by him actions are weighed. A little time before this the Lord was pleased to remove my dear parents. My father had a long and painful illness of three years; and my mother lived but nine months after. I was now permitted to be a good deal with them. One day my dear honored father spoke to me with great tenderness concerning some of my former trials, and expressed much sorrow that my fortune was not left as much in my power as that of the other children, saying, "If you desire it, I will alter my will now. But your uncle knows my mind; and if you marry a man to make you happy, it is all I wish. I do not care whether he has money or not. But whether you marry or not, you ought to have your fortune as well as the rest. If you desire it I will have it so altered;" with many more expressions of paternal affection, which, though I do not think it proper to insert them here, will ever have a place in my heart. I begged him to make himself quite easy, and not to attempt the alteration of any thing; as I saw it must greatly disturb his peace, for several reasons. I assured him I saw myself safe in the hands of my heavenly Father, and knew I should never want any thing that was for my good; and that if I was favored with seeing the salvation of his soul, I had no more to ask: God would take care of me. I was led thus to speak. From what he had said to me, however, I expected to have found in his will far less than he had really given me.

Immediately after the death of my father, my dear mother entered into her last illness. I found much love to her, and of consequence much pain. She expressed a tender kindness toward me during her illness, and showed her tender care, by augmenting the sum my father had left me.

During the illness of my dear parents, I suffered much, not only for them, but for my weak friend at home, and the weight of so great a family. Her increasing illness was an unspeakable exercise to me. She had some time before been brought near to death, but many promises of recovery were then brought to her mind with power; and after being so reduced as to be given over, she recovered as it were suddenly, and beyond all expectation, and remained in pretty good health for a year. But now she grew daily worse; and for three years her sufferings were great and frequent. I plainly saw she decayed fast, and all my nature shrunk at the thought of being left alone at the head of such an undertaking; and what added to my trial, we had increased our family with some whose spirit did not suit our house, so that jars and a divided interest sometimes arose, which till very lately we had not known. But the heaviest of all my yokes, was the galling yoke of unbelief. I remembered the time when I could say, "Unbelief has not a place in my soul to set its foot upon." But now I had slipped back from that constant act of faith. I had admitted cares and fears,* and by insensible degrees I was sunk again into my own will, and the strivings of evil tempers. Indeed, there was a confidence, a degree of union with God, which I never totally lost, neither did his fear depart out of my heart; yet I had inwardly departed from that pure love which I possessed. I had left off to delight myself in God, as heretofore, and accepted of many other things in his place; so that my trials were greater than I can well describe.

* Was this painful state heaviness through manifold temptations, (1 Peter I, 6) or a real departure from the Lord I believe some things will incline the serious reader to conclude it was the former.-ED.

One day, as I was attending my sick friend, almost inconsolable, she said, "My dear, I hardly know how to rejoice in the prospect of death, because I see no way for you. I shall leave you in the hands of enemies, but God will stand by you." I said, "My dear love, can you think of any way, for me It is sometimes presented to my mind, that I should be called to marry Mr. Fletcher.* She replied, "I like him the best of any man, if ever you do take that step. But unless he should be of a very tender disposition toward you, you would not be happy: but God will direct you." It pleased God, however, in a measure to remove her disorder again; so that for some months she was enabled to act as a leader and a helper among us.

* The pious reader will not be displeased to see that such an impression was made on such a mind, preceding the union of that admirable couple. The impression was mutual. In a letter of Mr. Fletcher to Mr. Charles Wesley, (see Mr. Fletcher's Works, vol. 4:) we find the following sentiments: "You ask me a singular question,-I shall answer it with a smile, as I you asked it. You might have remarked that for some days I set off for Madeley, I considered matrimony with a different eye to what I had done; and the person who then presented my imagination was Miss Bosanquet. Her image pursued me for some hours the last day, and that so warmly, that I should, perhaps, have lost my peace, if a suspicion of the truth, of Juvenal's proverb, Veniunt a dote sagittae, (The arrows come from the portion, rather than from the lady,) had not made me blush, fight, and flee to Jesus, who delivered me at the same moment from her image and the idea of marriage." There will be some regret, perhaps, felt, that a long and suffering time should intervene before that union. But it was all ordered for the good of both,-for an eternal union,-for time marriage of the Lamb!-ED.

We are now pretty well settled; our meetings were quiet and comfortable; the number of hearers increased, and some of our little flock were gone triumphantly to glory. My income being now larger, I thought a more easy path lay before me; and I found much attachment to the place. Yet we were sickly, and the house was too small for such a family as ours. We had no land to it, (mine being all let off before to the other house,) and not having cows, such a number of children occasioned much inconvenience. Frequently I was advised to remove into some part of Yorkshire, and take a farm; that otherwise it was impossible to bring up the children to every branch of needful business; and that my income would go as far again in such a situation. I must here observe, though my income was increased, it was still not equal to our expenses, which were great on many accounts: I had also undertaken, in union with the young lady before mentioned, some charitable affairs, which now all fell on me, and many of them I could not throw off for some years. The box did not yield us as much by half as in the first year; for like the manna in the wilderness, which ceased when the Israelites got corn, so that provision, which had been exceedingly useful to us, seemed now to be suspended. Yet I felt very averse to the thought of business; I feared the armor I had not proved, and thought I should perhaps lose the little maintenance I had, rather than gain more.

One day, my friend being a little better, and all things at that time pretty comfortable, my own heart being also drawn with an unusual sweetness toward the Lord, I was walking in the garden,-when looking around me, it appeared as a paradise. I thought how sweet is my situation! I dwell among my own people, a few who love me, and whom I love. The family is getting more and more as I could wish; and as to our circumstances, I can freely trust my God farther than I can see, so that all my care on him is cast, and here I hope to end my days. Immediately a thought presented

itself,*-But suppose God should call you from this place; and there should be yet some bitter cups for you to drink I started at the thought; but said, Give me power to say, Thy will be done.

* It is by no means clear that this was from the Lord.-ED.

About this time Richard Taylor came from Yorkshire, being driven from thence by misfortunes. He left a wife and young family, and came to London in hopes of settling with his creditors. Sister Crosby (who was now a member of my family) had known him in Yorkshire, and Mr. Dornford and Mr. Murlin recommended him to me, and proposed his staying for a time at our house. He seemed (and I believe he then was) a devoted man. We were much interested in his behalf. When we sat down to dinner, the thought that his wife and children were in trouble and distress, would often so overwhelm him, he could not take a morsel, he appeared a man of prayer, and one of the excellent of the earth.

Various circumstances occurred which seemed plainly to call us to seek another habitation, and Yorkshire was the place most likely. Yet such a call did not seem desirable to me. My reason seemed to point that way; my inclination was to remain where I then was. One morning, however, as I was reading in my turn to the family, I came to these words, "Come out from thy kindred and thy country, and come into a land which I will show thee." I felt myself penetrated with resignation, I felt my strong attachment to the place, as being the place of my birth, quite removed, and I seemed free to follow the leading of the Spirit of God to any corner of the earth.* * Whether this leading was really of the Spirit of God or not, her submission to him made her more than conqueror.-ED. My friend and I began seriously to consider whether our work was not done at Laytonstone: whether, after spending about five years at this place, we were not now called to another spot. A physician had told us, if there were any hopes of sister Ryan's recovery, it would be by a journey. She had unexpectedly recovered at Bath before, and it might be so again. At this time she was very bad. I objected, however, to the moving her in so weak a condition; to which she answered, "If the Lord see fit to spare me, probably that is to be the means of raising me up; and if he has otherwise determined, I should be glad to see you settled first; for if you are left without me here, I think you will have great difficulty, from several circumstances; and probably such an exchange of place and situation would put it in your power to alter and remove those difficulties." My relations and Christian friends seemed all to approve, and we believed our way was plain for taking a journey to Leeds, and some adjacent places, in order to judge better whether they were suitable, and whether we could meet with a habitation that would answer our great family.

Accordingly, on June the seventh, 1768, I set out with my friend Ryan, and sister Crosby. Brother Taylor, who was now to return home, accompanied us on horseback.* It may be supposed we had a troublesome journey and aching hearts, for my dear sister Ryan was so ill as to be carried in arms in and out of the chaise, and to be watched with every night; and the bringing down so large a family two hundred miles, was attended with no little difficulty. We went first to Mr. Taylor's wife's parents, where we found a family of serious persons. The old man and woman were patterns of industry and seriousness; and the wife a person with whom I found much fellowship of spirit. We stayed with them seven weeks, until we could find a house which for the present would suit our purpose,-which we at length did at Gildersom, in the West Riding of Yorkshire.

* All those who have read, with pious interest, the beginning and progress of the house, of God at Laytonstone, must regret its dissolution. Had it been favored with any successors of the same

spirit, we might rejoice that those who had, as the salt of the earth, been the savior of life to that people, were about to season other places. But that was not the case. There were no such successors; and it is by no means clear, that there was such a call of Divine Providence as was sufficient to justify these chosen instruments in departing from a place so divinely visited, and in dissolving an establishment so owned of the Lord. Mr. Wesley's sentiments concerning that establishment, are very decisive. In his Journal (see his Works, vol. iv) he says, "Thursday, December 12, 1765, I rode over to Laytonstone, and found one truly Christian family. This is what that at Kingswood should be and would, if it had such governors." Again, "Thursday, February 12, 1767, I preached at Laytonstone. O what a house of God is here! Not only for decency and order, but for the life and power of religion. I am afraid there are very few such to be found in all the king's dominions." Ought not the call to be clear and even imperative, that led to the dissolution of such a house? We have indeed heard the blessed woman who was at the head of it, observing with grief, "We had increased our establishment with some whose spirit did not suit our house, so that jars and a divided interest arose." And could she think the devil had fallen asleep, or that he would not take the old way—that he would not sow tares among the wheat? Such persons should have been dismissed, after all long-suffering had been manifested. We should add to our loving faith, courage, knowing for whom we are to act. As this way, it seems, was not taken, we cannot wonder that the leaven should win its way, and a cloud overspread the once illuminated mansion. In such a dark day, it is no wonder that "cares and fears" should assault her devoted heart, so that she hardly knew her own state, and had almost given up her confidence. A new way seemed to open, of which Mr. Taylor was the harbinger,—a way entangled with briars and thorns, that there seemed, at length, hardly any hope of deliverance. But the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptation: and until then, "Darkly safe with God, thy soul His arm still onward bears, Till through each tempest, on the whole, A peace Divine appears!" This was the blessed result. The Lord turned her captivity, and filled her mouth with laughter, and her tongue with praise.—ED. My dear companion now began to sink daily; but as the account of her last scene is included in her life, I will not enter into any particulars of it here, only add that on the seventeenth of August, 1768, she experienced, in reality, what she had seen in her dream, viz., that "He would kiss her raptured soul away."

She departed this life in the forty-fourth year of her age. Thus passed the dreaded moment which I had for seven years so painfully apprehended. But she had often in her illness said to me, "My dear friend, I have obtained for you of the Lord that you shall not be overcome of sorrow; therefore fear not, for I know he heard me." Her prayer was, in a great degree, answered; I was not overcome of sorrow. The thought of her long suffering, and present happiness, much alleviated the bitter cup which I had tasted of occasionally for some years. My great affliction did not come at once. The Lord treated me as we do a child; he put one thing into my hand to take away another. I thought I saw some comfortable prospects before me in life, and a veil was drawn over the many and great crosses which were to follow. I prayed I might be kept close to the will of God, and preserved from turning to the right hand or to the left, now that I had lost my spiritual mother. But I did not wish to die, neither could I get my heart into that spiritual frame I had enjoyed in the year 1762, and therefore being mingled with earth, I felt all my ties were not cut through. I had sometimes conversed with her on the subject of departed spirits having communion with us, and she used to say, "If it be the will of my heavenly Father, I should rejoice to communicate some comfort to you, either in a dream or any other way." But I never had even the slightest

remembrance of her in any dream for some months, though she possessed so great a share in my waking thoughts. I often wondered at this, till one night, I think six months after her death, I thought she was hovering over me, as in a cloud, and from thence spoke in her own voice some lines in verse; but I could only retain the latter part, which were these words :- "Mingle with earth we can no more But when you worship God alone We then shall mutually adore." By which I understood she meant, I was not in that purity which was requisite for communion with heavenly spirits; but it raised in my heart an expectation that such a season would come. My invaluable friend was buried in Leeds old churchyard; where to her name and age were added only these words:- "Who lived and died a Christian."

5. HER SETTLEMENT IN YORKSHIRE

HER SETTLEMENT IN YORKSHIRE My health began to fail. I had for three years had much fatigue in nursing my dear friend; and some crosses which now flowed in apace greatly affected me. I grew large, and had dropsical symptoms. My soul was at this season in a low and cold state. My path was strewn with many perplexities; and I was at a loss how or where to settle. Trade I much feared; and yet I did not see how I could do without it. My family consisted of thirty persons, of whom some were rather unruly. I saw the need of taking the reins into my own hands, and supplying the place of my friend Ryan. But this determination was very difficult to execute; and I daily and hourly felt my insufficiency. While she was alive, I considered her as a mother, and, like the other young women, desired her to allot me my rules and employments; or at least to assist me in the choice of them. These were, First, An attention to the spiritual affairs of the family. Secondly, Taking care for their sustenance, Thirdly, Instructing the children. Fourthly, Meeting each member of the family, one by one, at fixed times. Fifthly, Superintending, by turns, the more public meetings of the society. Sixthly, Attending my friend in her frequent illnesses; with the direction and management of the sick. But the care of the kitchen, buying in the stores, managing the needlework, with many other articles of direct housekeeping, I was quite unaccustomed to. While I lived in my father's house I saw very little of domestic affairs, because we lived rather high; so that I was quite a stranger to that kind of management needful for a great family, who had but little to live on. Besides, the manner of life here was entirely different from what I had been used to about London. Here wheat was to be bought to make flour; bread to be made; cows to be managed; men servants to be directed; with a variety of particulars in housekeeping quite new to me. Had my friend been spared, all this would have been a pleasure; but now my spirits were so depressed, every thing appeared a burden :and when I had provided as well as I could, some persons in my family would despisingly say my victuals were not worth eating; and that I knew not how to order any thing.

I had frequent letters from distant parts, some pitying, some upbraiding me; and informing me, at the same time, the stories which we hear carried about concerning you, come all from the members of your family. O! said I, I have not abode in my Saviour as I ought; I have gone down to Egypt for help, and therefore is all this come upon me: otherwise, I should still inherit that word, applied to me with power in the first gathering of my household, Thou art my hope and my fortress, my castle and deliverer, my defender in whom I have trusted; who subdueth the people that are under me. I mentioned before, that we had met with a large house, in part furnished, which was of great service, as my own furniture was not yet arrived. There was land to it, and though dear, I saw it a providence, and an asylum till we could fix better. In the ordering of the outdoor affairs, Mr. Taylor was very useful to me, and indeed had not he and his wife been with me, I do not think I should ever have got through some difficulties which I had to encounter. One day he brought me word of a farm very cheap, with a freehold estate adjoining thereto, on which were malt kilns, a small house, and many outbuildings. The farm was large; and he thought, if beside the farm house, we were to build one big enough for our family, it would be cheaper than to rent a house. I

was very averse to the undertaking; but there was no time to lose, as many were seeking after it.

I went to Leeds, to consult the most judicious of my friends, in particular Mr. R., a man well acquainted with business, and the most intimate friend I had in Yorkshire. He answered, You may look on this, as Isaac did when he found a well, for which they did not strive. He said, The Lord hath made room for us in the land. So, added he, may you say ; for had you waited a dozen years, you might not have met with such an opportunity. I objected that I did not understand it, and that perhaps it would sink, instead of increasing my income. He replied, Richard Taylor knows well how to manage it, if you do not; and I have no doubt that it will clear you a hundred and fifty pounds a year, which will be good interest for your money. I now remembered the reflection cast on me at Laytonstone, viz., If she wants to do good with her fortune, let her take up a little trade. She talks of the poverty of Jesus; let us see her work at a trade as he did. That thought had much weight with me. I prayed for light, and took the place; bought the estate, formed the plan for the house, and set about it. The first mark of the favour of God was, we had some of our work people converted, so that before half the house was built we had a good class. The desire after purity of heart was much revived among the neighbouring societies; and I found in many ways there was a wider field opened for doing good than I had ever before experienced. I had some among the members of my family also, who were very helpful in the work of God. By settling on a new plan, I found it more easy to draw things into my own hand. I removed some, and put others into their proper place. The building I found no cheaper than in the south, or but little so : it cost a good deal more than at first proposed. The farm took a great deal to stock, and bring into order; and as most of my capital lay in an estate, (or in that sum my dear father on his deathbed so lamented that he had tied up from me,) I had not sufficient for all the expenses, with the purchase of the freehold; and was obliged to take up money on interest, which I hoped to pay off at fifty pounds per year. The malt kilns seemed to answer well, and cleared the first year fifty pounds above all expenses. Our call was a good deal abroad in the work of God, and we had encouragement therein. A few (and at that time but a few) in that part had a desire after holiness. Some years before this, sister Crosby had spent a little time in Yorkshire. She told them what a wonderful work of sanctification God was carrying on in London. Many were affected with her words, and two or three in this place retained the light and power then given to them. These we agreed to meet once a fortnight ; and unite our cry to the Lord, that he would pour out a spirit of conviction on his people, and that the neighbouring societies might be stirred up to seek for purity of heart. We had not met many times before the answer came; one and another begged to join in our Wednesday night meetings, and our number increased to about fifty, all of whom were ardently desiring, or sweetly brought into that liberty. When we grew too numerous, (for they began to come from many miles around,) I advised those who were able, to gather a meeting of the same kind, near their own homes. This was attended with many blessings. We sometimes visited those infant meetings, and they increased and spread as well as ours. It must be observed, none were admitted as members into our meeting, but those who were truly awakened to seek for holiness, as before they had been to seek for pardon. Others, if we judged them sincere, were sometimes occasionally admitted: but we were very careful whom we considered as fixed members. Of these I had a separate list; and about once a quarter met them apart from the others. I felt myself led to enforce on them some particular observations, which they frequently asked me to set down on paper. I did, therefore, set them down as follows : As you have expressed a desire that I would give you on paper the few observations I have sometimes made on Wednesday nights, I will endeavour so to do, as far as I

can recollect. And if my dear Lord is pleased to help you through so weak an instrument, he shall have the more abundant praise.

First, I would recommend you to be very careful whom you admit into your meeting. Consider no one as member thereof who is not steadily seeking after Christian perfection; that is, a heart simplified by love Divine, and kept each moment, by faith, from the pollution of sin. Whosoever agrees not with you on this point, will greatly interrupt your design.

Secondly, See that you fix on your minds, We come together to get our faith increased; and expect as much that our souls should be refreshed by our meeting, as we do our bodies to be refreshed by our food. Come with a lively expectation; and that your expectation may not be cut off, keep your spirit all the time in continual prayer; united prayer can never go unanswered. Mr. Fletcher, on this head, has a lively observation: When many believing hearts, says he, are lifted up, and wrestle in prayer together, we may compare them to many hands which work a large pump; at such times particularly the fountains of the great deep are broken up, the windows of heaven are opened, and rivers of living water flow from the hearts of obedient believers.

Thirdly, Bear with each other's mistakes or infirmities in love. Consider the members as if they were your own children. How much will a man bear with in his own son that serveth him A threefold cord cannot be easily broken. Satan will leave no stone unturned to disunite you; but O, remember the characteristic of the evangelical dispensation is, The love that turns the other cheek; - The love inviolably meek, Which bears, but conquers all.

Fourthly, Be well aware of that deadly poison, so frequent among professors, I mean evil speaking. It will cover itself under a thousand forms; and, alas! how many sincere hearts swallow this gilded bait before they know what they are about. Never repeat the fault of an absent person, unless it be absolutely needful. In particular, speak not evil of dignities; neither of our king, on whose account we have the greatest reason to be thankful; nor yet of any in authority under him. Neither those whom God hath set over us as spiritual teachers. If any of these do not speak just as we could have wished, never forget that one may have his gift after this manner, another after that. The exhortation not so immediately useful to your state may nevertheless be put into their mouth at that time for another person then present. Known unto God are all his ways; and as he hath said, A cup of cold water given to a prophet, shall not be forgotten, how pleasing will it be in his sight, if by faith and prayer we hold up the hands of his praying servants.

Fifthly, Hold fast the truth in a pure conscience. Let not one spark of your light be put out. Though all your teachers, brethren, friends, yea, the whole Church, were to turn against the truth, let nothing make you forget, The blood of -Jesus cleanseth from all sin; and that he keeps that soul for ever clean, who day and night hangs on him by simple faith.

Sixthly, Be always ready to give an account to those that ask you a reason of the hope that is in you. In order to this, let us pray for clear ideas of what we seek, and what we possess. Bear in mind, that to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord, is no more than you have already promised: First, By your sponsors in baptism; secondly, In your own person, when you made those vows your own by confirmation; and, thirdly, Whenever you renew that covenant by coming to the Lord's table. You have engaged to renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all -the sinful lusts of the flesh; to believe all the articles of the Christian faith; to

keep God's holy will and commandments, and to walk in the same all the days of your life. And is not this vowing to perfect holiness in the fear of God Does the first part of this sacred engagement, To renounce the devil and all his works, leave any room for the least agreement with the devil, the world, or the flesh Does the second, To believe all the articles of the Christian faith, make the least allowance for one doubt with respect to any one article of the Christian faith Or, does the third allow the wilful breach of any one of God's commandments Again, Do we not all profess to believe it to be our duty to love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves Weigh the depth of those two expressions. Do they not imply love made perfect, or, in other words, Christian perfection Seventhly, Remember that saying of Solomon, The wise man's eyes are in his head.

Let your eye of faith be steadily fixed on your living Head, deeply conscious of that word, Having done all, by faith I stand, And give the praise, O Lord, to thee! A holy man makes this observation: Persevering believers are little omnipotents Abide then every moment in the living vine, from whom you constantly draw your life, as the coal its heat from the fire; it was all black, cold, and filthy, before it was impregnated with the fire that kindled it; but if by any accident it fall therefrom, the shining perfection which it had acquired, gradually wears away, and it becomes a filthy cinder, the black emblem of an apostate. So true is that saying of our Lord, Without me ye can do nothing.

Eighthly, Consider yourselves as united by a holy covenant to God and to each other; aiming to advance the glory of God all you possibly can.

Ye for Christ your Master stand Lights in a benighted land.

Beware then that your light become not darkness ; let no one be discouraged from seeking Christian holiness by any thing they see is your life and conversation. We must become a whole burned sacrifice. The soldier enlisted under the banner of his king, may neither leave his post, nor choose his employment. We have covenanted to be the Lord's; and may not draw back one power, no. nor one thought, from his service. Be it then engraven on our hearts, as with a diamond pen, Thy vows, O God, are upon me; I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and cannot go back.

Glory be to God, it might be said of Cross Hall, (the name of our present habitation,) many a soul has been born in her, and many sweet seasons did we know with the Lord ; and I do at this day declare I shall ever adore the wisdom of God in bringing me down to settle in Yorkshire. It was good for the work of God. It was good for my own soul ;* but for a season it did not appear good for my temporal affairs. I had not been seven years there, before I saw myself brought into great perplexity, from circumstances I shall by and by relate. But whatever occurred, I must ever praise the Lord, that his providence brought me there. I had a continual presentiment my troubles were for an appointed time; and that in the end deliverance would be given from every difficulty.

I found my mind much united to brother and sister Taylor. I strove to remove their burdens, and went in person to their creditors. After meeting with some opposition, I got their affairs settled, at the expense of between two and three hundred pounds.

After the death of sister Ryan, my soul had many risings and sinkings. Sometimes I seemed to lose my way, and knew not where or what I was. For about two years, I sunk into fear, care, self-indulgence, and many wanderings. Yet my aim was toward the Lord, who, after that season, began again to renew in me a tender conscience, and as my outward sorrows increased, so my inward light and power began to revive. It was soon after that time that we began the meeting

above mentioned, as near as I can remember, though I have not set

* Nothing could prevent such a devoted person from bearing fruit unto God. In answer to the prayer of faith, He opens rivers in the high places, and streams in the desert. Mr. Wesley, speaking of her settlement in Yorkshire, observes, (see his Works, vol. 4:) Saturday, July 7th, 1770, I rode to Miss Bosanquet's. Her family is still a pattern, and a general blessing to the country. Ed. down the exact date thereof; by my diary it appears to be about a year after my soul began again to walk by faith. These meetings were to me a singular blessing. They cost me -many a wrestling prayer, and when, the nights approached when we were to meet, O the sinking into nothing before God my spirit used to feel! Of all the meetings I ever was employed in while in Yorkshire, I know not I ever felt my soul so conscious of the Lord's approval as in these. I must acknowledge it occasioned both expense and labour. Frequently I had many beds to make up, and many friends and their horses to entertain. But I saw it such an honour to be (as I sometimes expressed it) the Lord's innkeeper, that I could feel nothing but satisfaction therein. Those words were often applied with great sweetness, The birds of the air shall rest under thy branches.

I now found a fresh conviction of the necessity of Divine help, that I might go in and out before my family, in such a manner as would lead them into the most excellent way; and when any thing particular rested on my mind, I usually set it down in the way of diary. On looking over old papers, I find the following remarks; but am not quite clear as to the dates : This day I have been solemnly renewing my covenant with the Lord, and considering over our family rules, fasts, and meetings. I have been praying for fresh vigour and resolution in the use thereof; and while reading this morning the vision of Samuel concerning Eli, I was led to inquire how far it was my own case. Lord, thou hast made me the head of this family. Do I bear the sword in vain Show me, Lord, what I can do to help them, considered one by one, and how I may help to put away, in each, whatever would offend. The thoughts which flowed into my mind were as follows :

First, Love is the end of the commandment. If I would wish to be such a head as God approves, I must have no spring of action but love. Yet when we have many tempers to suit ourselves to, all their burdens to bear, and their every want to supply, (even in narrow circumstances,) nature is apt to grow weary. It is very easy to give our neighbour what we can spare, but to pinch ourselves, and even to run the risk of debts and distress for their sakes, makes the work far more hard. How then shall I get and keep that spirit of love to each which is needful for my fulfilling toward them the place of a mother or, in some sense, to be a pillar in God's house, who is appointed to bear the weight of the whole building

I will call over each member in my mind with solemn prayer, and search out every perfection of every kind ; every trace of the image of God which I can discern in each, and enter them on paper; adding thereto every fresh discovery and then to each name affix a plan, denoting what is, the best method of helping that person's infirmities, and strengthening their virtues. If I do not thus study the tempers and dispositions of my family, how unlike will my carriage be to that of my heavenly Father toward me. I am also much convinced of the necessity of being exact in early rising, both for the good of my own soul, and that of my family; and as I am now better, I trust to be able to execute my purpose. I shall also meet the family at stated times, for an hour, in order to inquire if brotherly love continues. And to remove all hinderances thereto, I will at these times observe, My design in having a family is to bring honour to God. If that end be not answered, I am disappointed,

and the Spirit of God is grieved with those who hinder it. But in order to this, it is needful to be aware of Satan's devices, who will be always endeavouring to throw in something to wound love; and among a large family, where there is a multiplicity of business, perplexities will arise, which sometimes have a tendency to break, or at least to interrupt, that sweet harmony of love, by which the Church below is rendered a shadow of that above. To prevent this must be my constant labour. I believe you all love me; and I am, my - heavenly Father knows, united to every one of you. But that will not do, unless you are united among yourselves. I would therefore inquire of each, one by one:-

First, Do you find want of love to any one here If you answer yes, give your reason, and it shall be searched to the bottom, though it be in myself. - Secondly, Is there any conduct of any member which you think might be mended

Thirdly, We are to live only to and for God. You all can bear me witness, what we save is saved for the poor, and the work of God. Now, can any of you point out wherein we can save more This is to be done in little things: for instance, suppose twenty of you had each a candle to use, and each person were to run it into the fire, and waste a tenth part of the whole, that would be two candles lost per night. If each fire (we will say ten) burn one pennyworth of coals per day more than is needful, there are five shillings and tenpence per week lost; enough to make two poor people, who love and serve the Lord, comfortable. The same may be said of every thing we eat, drink, wear, or make use of. Savingness gives a constant and profitable use of the cross; as well as administers, by those small acts of self-denial, to the necessities of our brethren. If we are thirty in family, besides many strangers suppose every one by frugality to save (every thing being put together) but two pence per day, what a large sum will that make in the whole year nearly a hundred pounds !and how many of the saints of God may be fed and clothed therewith!

Fourthly, Time is a most invaluable talent; and there is scarcely an hour but we may save some minutes, by doing every thing as to the Lord, that is, in the best manner we are able. It is a true saying, a thing once well done is twice done. For instance, if you sew a seam carelessly, it will soon want doing over again. If you clean any thing by halves, it will want a repetition almost directly. If linen is badly got up, and not of a good colour, it will not wear half the time. Consequently, the next wash will be larger, will require more time, more soap, more fire, &c. If you teach the children by halves, they will need so many more lessons, and be so much the longer before they are useful at home, or fit to go out; so that the desire of saving time calls for the most diligent application in every thing. But in order truly to buy up this precious talent, there is a necessity of walking as in the constant presence of God. By that recollection, we shall cut off useless words and thoughts, which are the canker worms that eat up our time.

Fifthly, The power of speech is a great talent. It is an instrument of much good, or much evil. The tongue is a little member, yet how much good or evil is it capable of kindling! A little spark may be the beginning of a flame powerful enough to destroy a whole city; and one wrong word may draw on another, until the tongue, 'which is a world of iniquity, may set on fire all the members, being itself set on fire of hell.' On the other hand, in a large family, how useful may that member be! While it possesses the honour of being God's advocate, and watches every moment for an opportunity to call in the minds of those around you to a closer attention to God. The right use of the tongue is of the utmost consequence, (especially in a religious community,) and worthy our

strictest and most earnest endeavours; since the apostle says, 'He that offendeth not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.' The next Friday, after this family meeting, I proposed as a fast at twelve we were to meet for one hour, chiefly for earnest prayer. At these seasons I frequently found much of the presence and approval of God, and I believe they were blessed to many of the family. To return to my outward situation. When I had been a few years in Cross Hall, I had many trials of faith and patience. Sometimes I was all fears; and at others, I had a lively confidence in that word, Stand to my will, and thou shalt suffer no detriment, which was applied to me just before the period of sister Ryan's death.

Various circumstances now agitated my mind; and frequently with groans and tears have I said before the Lord, O that I could meet with a friend as divinely enlightened, and as faithful as the one I have lost! It would be worth going over red hot bars of iron to procure. But though I knew some of the excellent of the earth, yea, and had some of them under my own roof, yet friendship is so immediately the gift of God, we cannot form it when we will. There must be a similitude of mind, a something which God alone can give, and which he at this time was pleased to withhold from me, perhaps that I might learn to depend on himself alone. The point in which I was peculiarly sensible of the loss of my friend, was in the character of a counsellor. I wanted to know and do the will of God. I feared I was wrong in my present situation, because things did not answer; and yet I did not know which way to mend them. But I have always found the best way is to stand still; for I have learned by experience, that when we have no light how to get out of our troubles, and no way seems to open, the present duty is resignation. We have only to follow Providence from day to day, making it our one business to persevere in a constant sense of the presence of God, and to lie before his feet as poor beggars, waiting for his direction.

Some time before this a circumstance happened, which though to appearance trifling, proved in the end very material. A gentleman, who about two years before lost a wife he tenderly loved, on hearing of me, and the close union which had subsisted between me and Mrs. Ryan, permitted a thought to dwell on his mind that perhaps I was brought to Yorkshire by the providence of God to repair his loss.

One day, as I was returning from a little journey where I had been to meet some people, we called at an inn to bait the horse. Mr. * * * was standing at a window of that inn. I came out, and stood some time at the block waiting for my horse. A thought struck his mind, I should like that woman for a wife; but instantly he corrected it with that reflection, I know not whether she be a converted or an unconverted person; a married or a single woman. Just then Mr. Taylor came up with the horse. The gentleman knew him, and coming out to speak to him, was much struck to find it was I. But as there was not any thing striking to me in the occurrence, I had quite forgotten it, till he recalled it to my remembrance some years after. As I was very free in making known my fears, lest my new undertaking should not answer, some friends have often said to me, Why do not you consult Mr. * * * He is the only man for business in the country; and having heard of your situation, he wishes to give Mr. Taylor some advice. Not long after a friend brought him to our house. I did not know at that time whether he were married or single. We soon fell into conversation about the farm. He gave me some directions, and interested himself much in my affairs. I frequently applied to him in difficult occurrences, and he became, in the common acceptance of the word, a familiar friend. My perplexities now increased. The farm had sunk a very large sum to bring it into order, and the kilns took much money to work them, a great deal of which lay scattered up and down in

debts owing to me from lesser maltsters. I applied not only to Mr. * * *, but to some other sensible men. They looked over all, and said I was too much afraid : in a year or two things would turn round. That I had a farm to make; but it was now in such order, it would soon pay all again. This gave me some satisfaction, but did not on the whole remove my fears. I also saw Mr. Taylor went too far; that he was inclined to venture much; that he kept too many men; and gave a great deal too much credit. This answered Mr. * * *'s design. By these things he was inclined to think God was constraining me to accept the offer, which by this time he had made me, of his hand, his heart, and his purse. His affections were strong, sincere, and constant; his offers generous, and his sentiments tender. He loved my family; and whoever was kind to me, found favour in his eyes. This could not but operate on my gratitude. I was deeply pained. But I could not see him the man my highest reason chose to obey. First, I did not so honour the light he had in religion, as to believe it my privilege to be led thereby. Secondly, Though he was a good man, and helpful to people in every respect, yet he did not see the narrow path of walking close with God, as I could wish the man I took for a husband to do. Thirdly, Though I had a grateful love toward him, I could not find that satisfying affection which flows from perfect confidence; and which is the very spirit and soul of marriage. I felt, however, in the keenest manner the need I had of his assistance in my affairs; but I thought it ungenerous to the last degree to accept of help and counsel from one whose growing affection I was too sensible of but to which, however, I could make no return. I used the plainest terms in assuring him of the impossibility of our affection ever becoming reciprocal; and proposed the breaking off all acquaintance. He alleged in answer, You cannot do without me. You will be ruined ;God bath made me your helper; and if you cannot see and feel as I do, we will be only common friends. I will say no more on a subject so disagreeable to you.

I lessened my family all I could, by putting out some of the bigger children to trades, or servants' places; but much expense attended it. Mr. Taylor also had several children while with me, so that the family still consisted of twenty-five persons. The majority, however, were grown persons. But losses still continually came on; and my first seven years in Yorkshire being nearly expired, I found an absolute need of some change, since in all this time things grew not better, but worse.

I consulted Mr. * * * and other friends about my situation, but most were for some farther exertion in trade. That I knew would not do. Others said, Turn off all those members of your family, and you have enough to live on alone, with a servant or two. No way, however, opened for them, and several were old, sickly, or helpless. I could not therefore see how that could be done; and if ever I thought on it, mountains of difficulty arose before me. Something seemed to whisper, a way shall be made quite plain; yet I saw it my duty to do every thing in my power. I therefore consulted Mr. * * * who knew my whole affairs as no other person did. He said, There is but one way for you; put the farm into Mr. Taylor's hand, entirely separate from yourself. Let him have the stock just as it is, and work the kilns as he can raise money. Let him pay you sixty pounds per year, and take his family to the end of the house. I verily believe he will live well, and lay up money; and I will overlook all, and appraise every thing once a year. I did so. Mr. * * * took great pains, and Richard Taylor paid regularly. But as he was to have it free of debt, I found a good deal to pay which he had not brought to account; so that before all was settled, I had money again to take up on interest, which was no small affliction to me; and could I have sold the place, I would have chosen it rather.

We went on tolerably for three years. Mr. * * * thought the farm increased in heart. The stock also improved, and all was cheerful, except in my mind, which foreboded deeper waters. This was soon realized. In the beginning of the fourth year Taylor was in debt to the amount of six hundred pounds. This was what I all along feared; but I thought, I am not obliged to pay his debt; let him break, and bear his own burden. Mr. * * * at first thought the same; but soon we saw, either I must give up the stock, (which would be sold for half its value,) or pay the money. Besides, I was now informed that when he ceased to act as my agent, I ought to have advertised it, that no one might trust him through confidence in me. But this (being unused to business) I did not know.

I deeply felt for the appearance it would have to my relations. I had before, with their knowledge, taken up money on the Laytonstone estate, and my brothers were very kind, and ordered all my affairs in the south to the best advantage. I did not therefore see it just or prudent to hide any thing from them. I wrote to my eldest brother a full account of the whole; but could not see, at that time, how I could pay; nor was I quite clear it was required of me. Taylor's wife, now big with child, wringing her hands, entreated me, in mercy to her, not to let her husband go to prison; and indeed she was clear of blame, for all along she had been afflicted with the fear of what was now come upon them. I knew not what to do: above all, the honour of religion was dear to me; and it was too evident, without an appearance of dishonesty, I could not take back the stock, though really my own, and leave the debts unpaid. Besides, many of the persons were poor, and would be greatly hurt by the loss. We had also at this time a lively work; for whatsoever else did not prosper by going into Yorkshire, the work of God did. Being at length determined on the payment, the next difficulty was, where to raise the money. I had now taken back all my affairs out of Taylor's hands, but was incapable of managing the business myself, nor could I get the place disposed of. Mr. * * * then offered to lend me the six hundred pounds on interest, and to become a partner with me in the farm and kilns, so as to take the management of all. Here I was quite at a loss. I was almost ready to say, Darkness bath covered my path. Prudence, delicacy, every lively sentiment, started back at the thought. What! come under such an obligation to the man I am constantly refusing! Besides, such a fresh connection will open the door to many trials. But there was no alternative; I must accept his help or be ruined. I therefore followed what appeared to be the leadings of Providence. A little before this, I had a drawing in my mind to go for six months to Bath, Bristol, and the parts adjacent, believing it to be the order of God; and I was not sorry for an excuse to get two hundred miles from poor Mr. * * *.

One night, conversing with a friend on the difficulties of my situation, he said, I cannot approve of your proceedings; I fear you fight against Providence. Here are several doors open before you. If you object to Mr. * * *, why do not you accept of some other of those good men, whom the Lord seems to have cast in your way You stand stiffly in the choice of a single life, and it seems to me, God fights against you in so doing. The end will be ruin. You will be brought to a prison, and all the reproach will be cast on religion. If you build on the former promise I have heard you mention, That the Almighty shall be your defence, and you shall have plenty of silver, I account you no better than an enthusiast. Have you not waited long enough You hoped for deliverance at the end of the first seven years; but four are elapsed since, and if you wait till the end of the next seven, you will be no nearer. Though his words did not convince my judgment, they pained my heart. Nothing was to me more dreadful than the thought of getting out of God's order. I carried my case to the Lord, and striving to divest my soul of every prejudice, I offered up myself to God, that he might

accomplish all his will upon me, pleading before him, Show me thy way, and I will walk in it. But the more I prayed, the clearer the light seemed to shine on my present path; and the only answer I could obtain was, Stand still and see my salvation. Being one day at prayer about my situation, I thought, perhaps I shall sink lower still. Though Mr. * * * believes he shall make much of the business, he may be mistaken; and should I lose more than my estate at Laytonstone and this place also will pay, then I shall have debts I can, not answer; and while there is but a bare possibility of that, shall I eat and drink - as if it was my own Ah! no; let me rather live on bread and water. I have no right, except merely to sustain life, till I receive from God some answer, or see, by sound reason, that all will be paid. I began to do so that very day ! But the following night I had a most particular time before the Lord! He showed me (by a light on my understanding) that all my trials were appointed by himself; that they were laid on by weight and measure, and should go no farther than they would work for my good. He pointed me to the time at Hoxton, causing me to remember how simply I had walked by faith, and showing me my sin in having drawn back from that close communion. That although I did, in a measure, still walk with God, yet I could not say, as then, I live not, but Christ liveth in me.* I had depended on creatures for help, and therefore he had let me feel the weight of my burdens, that I might be constrained to cast them afresh on him; and that when he had proved and tried me, he would deliver me from all my outward burdens. As a pledge of the inward liberty he would afterward bring me into, and that the ways and means of my deliverance were in his own hands, and should appear in the appointed time, those words were again brought powerfully to my mind: If thou put away iniquity far from thy tabernacle So shalt thou lift up thy face unto God. Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee ;and the light shall shine upon thy path. Yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver. He showed me that all my perplexities and trials were only the thorn hedge which his love had planted around me, to preserve me from running farther astray. It was a profitable and melting time. From that hour I began to take my meat again with gladness and singleness of heart. During the above time of prayer, while I was asking light for my immediate duties, it appeared to me best to take Mr. Taylor down with us to Bath; and that from the time I did so, his family would no more be such a burden to me. And truly so it proved. For my sister met me there, and was greatly struck with compassion toward him. She helped him herself, and raised him many friends; so that all the rest of the time the family were under my roof, the children were entirely supported with the help which arose from that journey. I saw much of the order of God while from home; and after six months I returned with thankfulness; though not without The truth was, I believe, she had not that lively sense of it. She was loaded with cares; but they were all consistent with purity.En. that kind of sensation which a scourged child would have in returning to the rod.

I must here mention a circumstance which, in order of time, occurred some months before. In my deep troubles, especially after the conversation with the friend above mentioned concerning marriage, a thought occurred to my mind Perhaps Mr. Fletcher is to be my deliverer. May not that be the way to bring me out of these encumbrances But I started from the very idea, lest it should be a stratagem of Satan. We had not seen or heard from each other for more than fifteen years. Yet when striving to find out some way, that idea would frequently present itself before me. In the month of August, 1777, going into a friend's house who was just come from the Conference, he said, Do you know that Mr. Fletcher, of Madeley, is dying Indeed I know not but he is dead. If he hold out a little longer, he is to go abroad; but it is a pity, for he will die by the way, being in the last stage of consumption. I heard the account with the utmost calmness. For some days I bore his

burden before the Lord; and constantly offered him up to the will of God. A few days after, another of my acquaintance wrote word Mr. Fletcher is very bad; spits blood profusely, and perspires profusely every night. Some have great hope that prayer will raise him up; but, for my part, I believe he is a dying man, as sure as he is now a living one. As I was one day in prayer, offering him up to the Lord, these words passed my mind: The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. I said, Lord, I dare not ask it; I leave it to thy sacred will: thy will be done ! The following thoughts occurred to my mind If the Lord should raise him up, and bring him in safety back to England; and he should propose such a step, could I doubt its being of God, after such an answer to prayer Yet fearing a deception, I cried to the Lord to keep me in his narrow way, whatever I might suffer, and felt an unaccountable liberty to ask the following signs, if it really were of him. 1. That Mr. Fletcher might be raised up. 2. That he might be brought back to England. 3. That he would write to me on the subject, before he saw me, though we had been so many years asunder, without so much as a message passing on any subject. 4. That he would, in that letter, tell me it had been the object of his thoughts and prayers for some years. It came to my mind farther, that should this occur in the end the year 1781, it would be a still greater confirmation, as Providence seemed to point to me that season as a time of hope.

We returned from Bath in the beginning of the year 1778. I found crosses and troubles yet awaited me. Mr. * * * was still my partner, and I was enabled to pay him and every creditor the full interest of the money taken up; but not to lessen the capital. Indeed, all along I was able to answer every demand. We continued our trade some time longer; but, at length, Mr. * * * found my fears were better grounded than his hopes. Instead of a hundred pounds to put into my lap (as he expected) each year toward the debt, we found, on the strictest account of every grain of corn, pint of milk, or pound of butter, either sold or used in the family, that the farm did not pay its own way; though he had put many things on a cheaper plan than before. Time interest also swallowed up so great a part of my income, that it was not possible to keep more than half my family with what remained. As to the kilns, I had neither money nor courage to work them. I thought of many expedients. I strove, I worked hard, I prayed; and at length proposed to the members of my family to disperse, and learn some little business, and I would allow each what I could.

Great affliction now sat on every face. Tears were shed in plenty. They alleged Till you can get rid of this place you must live here. If you leave it empty the house will be spoiled, and that will injure the sale; and we know not what to do, nor how to turn. After being twenty years with you, (said one,) how strange will anew situation appear ! And I, (said another,) after eighteen years! And after being twelve years together, (said some others,) how hard it is to part! It was a most painful time; and I saw there was no way, but first to sell the place and then disperse. But now a door seemed to open a gentleman sent me word that he would buy the place, stock, lease, and all together. He was a man both of fortune and of honour, and really wished to help me eat of my difficulties. The price which he offered would bring me through all, and leave me a good income. Now I began to look up, and to form a plan for my future life, how to settle myself, and dispose of each member of my family. I gave an account of every particular, and the bargain was in part made. But, alas! our wisdom is folly ! He took a fever, and died in a few days! To add to my difficulties, just at this time my brother wrote me word, that it would be throwing away the Laytonstone estate to sell it with so long a lease upon it; and that it could not with any propriety be done. I now saw but one way to advertise Cross Hall, and sell it for what I could; and paying that away as far as it would go, strive

yearly to lessen the remaining part of the debt by my income; reserving only fifty pounds per year to live on, and out of it to help my friends. But I recollected, that I might not live long enough thus to pay the debt by my income. I had still a strong confidence in a promise given to me before I went to Bath that no one should lose any thing by me; yet I thought it was required of me to do every thing in my power toward it.

I then proposed to myself to keep only twenty pounds per year. Nay, I thought, how can I have a right even to twenty Justice is before mercy. They must all shift for themselves, and I will do the same. I may perhaps find some little business by which life may be sustained, till my affairs take a favourable turn. It is true, nobody calls in their money, nor seems to have a fear concerning it; yet it is my duty to take the more care for them, because of their confidence in me. It may be supposed, as I was daily striving to part with the place, and expecting to turn out, that my thoughts were frequently occupied on what way of life I should choose, as most conducive to the glory of God; and during this season, the Lord did teach me many lessons of poverty and resignation. It seemed to me no manner of life could be disagreeable, if I had but a prospect of having no debts. One day, as I was standing at - a window musing on this subject, I saw a poor man driving some asses laden with sand, by which he gained his bread. -As I looked on him, a spring of satisfaction ran through my mind, and I thought I am perfectly willing to take up the business of that man. If I preserve unsold one of the freehold cottages, the asses might graze on the common, and I could follow them with something to sell. There were but few trades which my conscience would suffer me to follow ; and my abilities were equal to still fever. But to any thing in the whole world would I turn, that was not sinful, rather than remain in debt. I do not mean that I decided to act thus; but so conformed was my mind to poverty at this time, that the thought of even that employment, as it now glanced through it, gave me real pleasure. However open I had been with my relations concerning my affairs hitherto, I determined to conceal all personal wants; for if I voluntarily gave up my income for the payment of my debts, I did not see it to be just to live on theirs; and this would not have been difficult, as I had no relation that lived within two hundred miles.

Sometimes it appeared to me quite clear, that Mr. Fletcher was the friend God would raise up for me. He was now much recovered, and about to return to England. However, I feared to lay any stress on that; but while thinking on it, I received a letter from a friend, informing me that Mr. Fletcher had settled abroad, and proposed to see England no more. This was a false report; he never had such a thought: but as it came from an intimate friend, I had reason to believe it. Thus was I cut off from the prospect of any human help! but I kept to my old word, My soul, wait thou upon God: from him cometh my salvation. My heart was much oppressed. I had not advertised the place, because some advised me not, saying it was the way rather to hurt the sale; nor did any one so much as inquire after it, though my mind was well known. I could now only stand still, for I knew not which way to go. During this suspense, conversing one day with my friend, Mr. * * *, he said, Indeed I am at a loss what to do for you. I thought to have helped you greatly by the continuance of the farm; but, alas! I wish I had suffered you to advertise and sell it for any thing six years ago; and you then could have done it. It is now too late. The nation is engaged in wars: you would now sell it for a trifle. I consulted some friends the other day, who all agreed that, separate from the stock, you must not expect above six hundred pounds for the whole place. You are ruined, madam! You withstand the order of God. My fortune is enough for you and me. But you cannot see in my light. May the Lord stand by you! But I cannot think of a partnership any longer;

the blame would fall on me!

It was now the summer of 1781. The seventh of June in that year, I entered into my fourteenth year in Yorkshire. I had all along an impression, that about that season something would open. One day, as I was walking up a narrow lane which had a stile at the top, I saw a flock of sheep before me. The shepherd had hard work to drive them on; they seemed determined to turn again. I thought, well they may, for there is no gate, no way through; what can he wish them to do He forced them along, however, with dogs and sticks. I said in my mind, These sheep are like me, drove on in a narrow path, without any way to get out. I followed at a distance, expecting every moment they would turn back upon me when all at once they began to run, and I discovered a new made gate in a spacious field of turnips. In a minute they were dispersed, and fell to their full pasture with great delight. Faith whispered to my heart So shall a door open before you in the appointed time. That passage of the psalmist was much impressed on my mind at this time: The rod of the wicked shall not always remain in the lot of the righteous, lest the righteous put forth his hand to iniquity. And frequently those words also came with power, The days shall be shortened; by which I rather thought some change would take place in the beginning of the last year of my two apprenticeships in Yorkshire. And now the seventh of June came; and I was almost constrained to say, Thou hast not delivered thy people at all. There was no appearance of any such thing; all was dark.

All was with sable terror hung.

I have continued the narrative unbroken through this cloudy and dark day. All was conflict respecting the creatures; but the Lord tempered the evil with occasional intimations that Behind a frowning providence He hid a smiling face

Mrs. Fletcher was thus kept from growing weary in well doing, and enabled to believe in the faithfulness of Him who knoweth the way of the righteous; and who in every temptation maketh a way for their escape. The pious reader will wish to know her walk with the Lord, during this evil day. An extract from her journal will give a clear view of this; and it will be seen, that although this blessed woman was thus cast down, she was not forsaken; though perplexed, she was not, for a moment, in despair; she still looked, not at the things that are seen, and which are temporal, but at the things which are not seen, and eternal. She felt her weakness; yea, her utter helplessness; yet she was still confident. She stood still to see the salvation of God. ED.

Sunday, December, 1772. My health is yet far from good. My head is much affected, and it is often presented to my mind that I shall have an apoplexy. It is a painful sensation. Sudden death does not appear to me as pleasant. I seem not to have my evidence clear for heaven. Lord, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength before I go hence, and am no more seen. My nerves are very - weak, and I feel a lowness which I think affects my mind as to spiritual things; but I feel a determination, whether weak or strong, to rise early, and to visit the sick. Lord, give me to make the most of my short time ! and, O Jesus! give me power to keep my mind always fixed on thyself!

January 16, 1773. Waked early, and was going to rise, but unprofitable thoughts crowded into my mind. My distressing situation, as to outward things, seemed an intolerable burden, and I was betrayed into thinking of useless plans and schemes, how to avoid this (as I think) approaching ruin. Alas!' with all my anxiety and care, I can do nothing. All I strive for seems overturned. O Lord,

give me the power to keep every thought stayed on thee! This day I have been a good deal hindered by company from walking by my rules and I see I ought to receive everything that occurs more immediately from the hand of God.

January 17. Being very poorly, and the weather bad, I thought I would spend this day quietly at home, and set apart three hours for solemn examination, and fresh dedication of myself to God; and I found it good so to do. At night I felt much recollection, and had freedom in meeting the people.

January 21, Friday. For a few days past I have been enabled to keep in mind, That the cross is my chosen portion. Much taken up today in domestic affairs, in which I found my mind recollected. A good deal also with the poor and sick, who came for advice. I seemed to be in my own element. But when in a more public way, I do not seem as much in my place. Company does not agree with my soul.

January 25. Rose early, but not having much time for prayer, I was off my guard and spoke very unkindly to A. T. I have not been with God much to-day; yet I seem to have had a cry in my heart to him. At night I again gave way to hasty spirit. Alas! I seem to love fault, and to oblige others to see in my light, and so justify me. O how unlike that holy simplicity I felt for a little while when at Hoxton!

February 2. Since I wrote last, I trust I have been in a growing frame. I went this day to A. Had a good time in speaking from those words, O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter.

February 17. This day, in reading Mr. Fletcher's Fourth Check, I found my soul much stirred up. O for the close walk with God which he describes!

February 28. It was this week laid on my mind to go with Richard Taylor to A. I set out with prayer. When we had rode a few miles, the horse grew very ill. We stopped at a public inn just out of the town. In a few minutes a woman came in, who had observed us; - she said, Here are two or three of us who are seeking the Lord, just going to meet together at a house hard by, pray will you come in I answered, If you will let a few of the neighbours know, that some strangers are going to have a meeting, we will come in for half an hour. In a short time several were gathered, and we had a comfortable season with them. When the meeting was concluded, R. Taylor said, If any of you who have a larger house, will open the door, we will spend half an hour with you in the morning before we set off. Several offered. The largest house was fixed on, and in the morning we had a good meeting, and much of the presence of God. About ten we set out for the coal pit at R. Here I saw a little of what the Methodist preachers see much, viz., deep poverty, dirt, and cold; but the Lord gave me freedom of speech, and some seemed to have an ear to hear. Lord! let me not be a delicate disciple!

July 24. For a long time I have been ill, from the cold I caught at R., and my eyes being bad from riding so many miles in a strong east wind, I have been unfit for writing since. On the 29th of May I set out for Harrogate, where I was advised to go to drink the waters. We got in on Saturday night. The next day we were afflicted with hearing the Sabbath greatly profaned both in the house and in the street. Under my window were a company of men playing at horseshoe. It seemed a heathen country indeed. We reprov'd them, and never observed the Sabbath so broke again while we

stayed. On Monday I began the waters, and thought, If it does not please the Lord that I should get good for my body, I will strive to get good for my soul. I will give myself up to prayer and reading. I have no opportunity here to act for the souls of others. I had nearness to God; but a great weight rested on my mind. There were no lodgings but at the great inns, and ours was full of ungodly company. They all ate at one table; but this I could not bear; therefore I got a bit in my own room when they had done. However, their talking, swearing, laughing, and music, I was forced to hear all day long. Sometimes a strange impression came on my mind, that I should be called to bear my testimony for God to all the company that were there; but the pain that it brought with it was exquisite.

After a few days, I was asked to go to Pannel, (about a mile from Harrowgate,) in order to hold a meeting at the house of a poor woman, who had taken the preachers in once or twice; at which I found many had been offended, and threatened much, so that I did not know what sort of treatment I was likely to meet with. Nevertheless I did not dare to refuse. We had a profitable time, and all was quiet. Two days after, I heard that some of the chief opposers were much affected. Glory be to God! While we were holding the meeting, a drunken man came by, and stopped awhile; then went on to the inn where I lodged, and told some of the gentlemen that the lady who lived up stairs was preaching at Pannel. He repeated also some of the words he had heard me speak. When we came home they watched us in, and my maid (who was a pious young woman) going into the kitchen, they flocked about her, asking, in many questions, what her mistress had been doing at Pannel - The following Sunday the company sent me a message up stairs,- That they unanimously requested I would have such a meeting with them in the great ball room. This was a trial indeed! It appeared to me, I should seem in their eyes as a bad woman, or a stage player; and I feared they only sought an opportunity to behave rudely. Yet I considered, I shall see these people no more till I see them at the judgment seat of Christ. And shall it then be said to me, You might that day have warned us, but you would not. I answered them immediately, That I would wait on them at the time appointed. They behaved very well, and the presence of the Lord was with us. The following Sunday they made the same request. Much more company came in, even from High Harrowgate; but the Lord bore me through; and glory be to him we had some fruit. The next day I returned home, better in health, and comfortable in mind. All praise be to the Lord!

Sunday, Oct. 17.- Reflecting on the condition of Israel at the Red Sea, I thought, there is the picture of my situation. I also then will stand still and see the salvation of God. Thy will be done ! Yes, my adorable Lord, strip me of every penny; bring me not only to poverty, but what I far more dread, to insolvency. Yes! strip me even of reputation ; let me be as the filth and offscouring of all things, only let me have thy approval, and all shall be well. Yes, I will praise thee for all, and most for the severe.

Oct. 18. Finding the family (which now consisted of men and women, boys and girls) much laid on my mind; in particular the children, some of the biggest of whom seemed getting into snares ; and considering that several must soon (because of my circumstances) be thrust out into the world, I spent some time in pleading with the Lord, that he would not let the expense and labour which had been laid out on these orphans be all in vain, but that they might be truly brought to God; though I saw we must be dispersed, through the losses and trials which are come upon me. The Bible lay open before me, and I cast my eyes on those words, which were applied with power to my heart: Yet, behold, there shall be a remnant that shall be brought forth, both sons and daughters, behold,

they shall come forth unto thee, and thou shalt see their ways and their doings; and ye shall be comforted concerning the evil I have brought on Jerusalem. And they shall comfort you when you shall see their ways and their doings; and ye shall know that I have not done without cause all that I have done, saith the Lord.

Saturday, Nov. 6. I have received some upbraiding letters, asking me if I yet believed

I should see those words fulfilled, I will restore to you the ears the locusts have eaten. In the midst of my trials, it is sometimes presented to my mind, Perhaps the Lord will draw me out of all this by marriage. Opportunities of this kind occur frequently ; but no sooner do I hear the offer, but a clear light seems to shine on my mind, as with this voice: You will neither be holier nor happier with this man. But I find Mr. Fletcher sometimes brought before me, and the same conviction does not intervene. His eminent piety, and the remembrance of some little acts of friendship in our acquaintance, look to me sometimes like a pointing of the finger of Providence. And yet I fear lest it should be a trick of Satan to hurt my mind. I know not even that we shall see each other on this side eternity. Lord, let me not be drawn into a snare! Well, this I resolve on, to strive against the thought; and never to do the least thing toward a renewal of our correspondence. No I will fix my eye on the hundred forty and four thousand; praying only to live and die to God alone. Whatever is the will of God, I believe he will show it to me, and may his holy will be done. A few nights ago, as my mind was burdened lest Satan was about to get an advantage over me, I cried to the Lord, and felt much sorrow. In order to compose my mind, (I did what I seldom do,) I prayed the Lord to direct me in opening to some passage of Scripture which might draw me to himself, and compose me into a quiet frame. I took up, as I thought, a little Bible which lay before me, but (by accident) one of the maids had put her small Common Prayerbook in the place. With prayer I opened it, and cast my eyes on these words: Almighty God, who at the beginning did create our first parents, Adam and Eve, and did sanctify and join them together in marriage, pour upon you the riches of his grace, sanctify and bless you, that you may please him both in body and soul, and live together in holy love unto your lives' end. I was struck with the words; but saw the safest way was a quiet attention to the will of my God, on which I strove to lean my weary spirit.

Monday November, 8, My mind is this morning affected in a solemn manner. It seems to me I have yet more of the cross to expect, and more bitter cups to drink. O my Lord, what breaking do I need! Well, do all thy will, so I may but feel that promise accomplished, Thou shalt walk with me in white. Last night I went to bed recollected, and in the spirit of prayer, but had a dream which I cannot understand, though I believe it to be from God. Perhaps what I know not now I may know hereafter. I thought I was in a room with S. C., A. T., and some others. Mr. Fletcher was there, sitting with us, and speaking of the things relating to a walk with God. At last he said, as it were abruptly, I must go to Bristol: will any of you go with me A woman who sat by him said, No, not for the world. You know not what you will have to suffer: the devil walks there, and you will have all the powers of hell to grapple with. He replied, I care not for ten thousand devils, for the name of Jesus will conquer them all ! He then, turning to me, said, Will you go with me! Not to help me to fight, but to help me to praise. I replied, I will go; for while we trust in Jesus, all the powers of hell cannot harm us. I had no remembrance during my dream of his being a single man, or any thing that had passed in my mind before. In all I said and did, I seemed acted upon by another spirit rather than my own.

November 15. In reading Mr. Elliott's Life this day I received a fresh conviction, how blessed an employment it is to receive and comfort the messengers of the Lord, who have left their houses, and all the conveniences of life, to preach the Gospel. God hath given me a home, though Christ had not where to lay his head; and here I have the honour and privilege of giving a cup of water to his prophets. Lord, teach me to do it with more diligence!

December 2. This day, as brother Bramah was meeting my band, he related an anecdote of a young man, which was blessed to me. He was leader of a band of young men, all desirous of giving their whole hearts to God; but it seemed to them they could not see the way clearly. One night he dreamed he was at the bottom of a deep but dry well, with his little company. He told them if they remained there they must perish, and exhorted them to strive hard to get out. Accordingly they exerted all their strength, endeavouring to get up, but all in vain. At last they were quite discouraged, and said, What must we do Truly, I said he, I know not; but looking up, he saw in the sky a little bright spot which did not appear larger than half a crown. He looked at it for some time, when feeling himself move, he looked down into the well, and found to his surprise he was risen some feet from the bottom. As soon, however, as he looked down he began to sink again. O, said he, now I have found the way out of the well! It is by looking steadily on yonder bright spot; on which fixing his eye, he was brought up in a short time, and his feet were set on firm ground. This discovery of the way of faith was greatly blessed both to him and his brethren. I am convinced, could I thus constantly look to Jesus as the author and finisher of my faith, the work of sanctification would be going on without hindrance.

December 17. Last Friday I went to Leeds to meet some classes. O how much do I suffer for every meeting I propose! The enemy follows me hard with such buffeting fears and discouragements as I cannot express. However, I determined to go, and leave the event to God. At Mrs. C.'s many came in to tea, and being a mixed company, I thought, Lord, give me something profitable to say, or keep me silent; and blessed be God it was a profitable time. After tea I conversed alone with one in deep distress, and read in the providences she mentioned, a wonderful display of the wisdom, condescension, and guardian care of the Lord Jesus. When I returned into the dining room, a large class was ready for me, and the Lord was very present. Glory be to his name, he never fails his poor unworthy dust! Then Mrs. Clapham asked me if my strength would hold out to meet the children. I assented, and also found some liberty. Immediately I began the second class, and there I found the Lord was very good indeed; but my strength almost failed. After the people were gone, I talked closely with Mr. H.; I trust not quite in vain. It being now late, we got a little supper, and went to bed. I had but little rest, being very feverish. Indeed I am seldom well in town. Next day we visited several in peculiar states and circumstances, and here also I saw the Lord's hand. In the afternoon I returned home in peace.

December 20. This was on the whole a good day. Taking some time in the Hermitage, my soul was refreshed. My situation is perplexing; but I feel myself calmly fixed on the will of God. I can, I do, believe he will not let me take any step that is not for his glory. And if I do not get out of his order, I care for nothing else.

December 30. Waked early, and after losing some, time, (though kept from unprofitable thoughts,) I arose about five, and was blessed in prayer. but afterward found myself very stupid, dull, and heavy. I went to see some sick people, and their words were animating. I was humble while they

recorded several meetings in which my words had been blessed to them. O my God, let me not help others into liberty, and myself remain in bondage. I heard also today of some in Leeds that were brought into a fuller measure of love, and that they had been blessed ever since my being there. Ah! Lord, how will this rise against me if I am not filled with thee! On all sides I hear of my words being blessed, and yet I am only a poor pipe through which it passes. Lord, let me never rest till I have full redemption in thy blood. Sometimes all my soul is on the stretch; but then I rest again, and other cares my heart divide. How long! O Lord! How long!

January 1, 1774. And do I yet see another year Lord, with what improvement Shine on my soul, while I examine for an answer. Blessed be thy name! I have more faith than last year, I have more power, and my mouth is more open to speak for thee. I am more deeply convinced of my vileness, which is such as none can conceive. I am also more on stretch for holiness.

January 15, Friday night. This day I set apart as a fast. All the morning I was tossed much with thoughts of temporal difficulties. R. T. being quite unwilling to come into any scheme I can propose. In the afternoon I found more liberty in prayer; I was as in an agony. I said, Lord, if it can be consistent with thy justice to make such a sinner as I entirely holy, do it! Do it for thy name's sake! Give me once more what thou gavest me at Hoxton. Do it, Lord! in thy own way; I submit myself to any condition; only make and keep me holy.' My life seemed as if it would go from me, and my hands were so strained by the grasp, (which I afterward found they had of each other,) that I could hardly use them for some time. But I did not gain the blessing I wanted.

February 6. Blessed be my adorable Saviour, I am kept from all condemnation I feel I am so born of God, I do not commit sin. But I have not that liberty of soul, that close communion which I want, and believe to be my privilege. O my Saviour, shine more clearly! let me fully enter into the good land!

Saturday, February 19. Glory be to God, I have been kept in peace this week, and my soul seems nearer to God. Yet I do not seem to have got salvation appointed for walls and bulwarks; I am but a little child. But, Lord, I am thine, save me. As to my outward affairs, they are not now such a weight, I have cast them on the Lord, and I embrace his will. He, without whom a sparrow does not fall to the ground, will not leave nor forsake his poor helpless creature.

Monday, 22. Yesterday was a day of trial. Mr. * * * preached at Morley, and then came here. He really grows in grace, and his word is attended with power. I was much pained in conversing with him to see the grief of mind occasioned by his attachment. O my God, indulge me in this! Show me some way out of this embarrassment.

Saturday, 27. A solemn day to my soul. I was kept in peace while busy in domestic affairs. Home always agrees with my soul. It is seven weeks tomorrow, since I have been constantly kept as the clay before the potter: yet still how far below my privilege I live!

Sunday, September 26. I did not rise quite in so spiritual a frame as I wished. Lord, let me not lose ground. I was blessed in the meeting afterward; and in reading the Essay on Truth, in Mr. Fletcher's Equal Check, page 162. Lord, give me to live in that constant act of faith! It is the very marrow of the Gospel. How delightfully it is distinguished from Antinomian presumption! It has of a truth been food to my soul, in prayer this night I found power to lay open all my troubles before the Lord, and to take fast hold on that word, Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,

and all these things shall be added unto you. I cannot tell how to express the power I felt in those words, All these things! I saw Jesus had undertaken my whole cause.

December. I feel my faith rather increased. I have this day been examining the state of my soul as to the progress I have made this year. and inquiring of the Lord why I do not grow much faster, and sink into a much deeper acquaintance with God. It appears to me that the reason is, I do not valiantly resist every thought that presents itself, but suffer my eyes to be turned off from my Saviour. In particular, I lose much time in searching for ways out of my present trials. It seems often a duty to do so; and my mind is carried away, till recalled by that word, Thou canst not make one hair white or black.

February 1, 1775. I was much blessed at the Wednesday meeting. For some time these words have been with me, Delight thyself in the Lord, and he will give thee the desire of thy heart.

February 28. I fear my soul has lost ground this month. O what a narrow path do we tread! How true also is that word, Without me ye can do nothing! In the beginning of this month I wrote that precious word, Delight thyself in the Lord; but, alas! instead of delight, I feel sorrow of heart! A little time since I had a particular trial with * * *. What was proposed seemed hard and unreasonable; and I forgot the Christian motto, Do good, and suffer ill. I got my eye turned off from Jesus, and then I no longer felt the love that never faileth. This deeply wounded me. At night I felt a drop of healing balm, but my spirit remains to this day much discouraged.

May. I am a woman of a sorrowful spirit. My affairs are perplexing indeed! Yet something seems to say, It is for an appointed time. But all this I should not regard, if my soul was always filled with love. I sometimes seem to get all obstacles removed, and then I reflect the image of my Saviour, and all is quiet, calm, and peace. Floods of trial do not seem to move me. But though I thus taste of the pure river now and then, I do not abide in the faith, and therefore I do not abide in liberty.

May 28. This day! set apart for prayer, to inquire of the Lord, why I am so held in bondage about speaking in public. It cannot be expressed what I suffer it is known only to God what trials I go through in that respect. Lord, give me more humility, and then I shall not care for any thing but thee! There are a variety of reasons why it is such a cross. The other day one told me He was sure I must be an impudent woman; no modest woman, he was sure, could proceed thus. Ah! how glad would nature be to find out Thou, Lord, dost not require it! Mr. William Bramah observed today, The reason why your witness is not more clear, is because you do not glorify God by believing, and more freely declaring what he hath done for your soul. He spake much on these words, What things soever ye ask in prayer, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them. His words came with power, and my soul got a farther hold on Jesus. I do see that by his death he hath purchased perfect salvation for all who believe; and that we receive it in proportion as we thus believe. Be it unto you according to your faith, is the word of the Lord. Then I will, I do cast my whole soul on thee! O let me find salvation as walls and bulwarks!

September 10, Sunday. I rose this morning with a sore weight on my mind. It was given out for me to be at D. There was much wind and rain, and the roads were very bad. I feared the journey. I feared also I should have nothing to say when I came there; I feared all manner of things. Those words, however, came to my mind, Take no thought what ye shall say. I then felt myself led to consider these words, Repent! for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. I found some liberty in speaking from them, and the people were affected. As I was riding back, I clearly saw I was called

to stand still; to live the present moment, and always to praise the Lord that his will was done, though I might have much to suffer. I had a clear conviction, God brought me to York shire, and that I had a message to this people: and that notwithstanding the darkness which hung over my situation, I was at present where God would have me. Well then, answered my heart, if I am but in his will I am safe; for where the Lord leads me, there he will be my light.

September 1, Tuesday. This day I am thirty-six years old. I have been throughout the day kept in the spirit of prayer. Lord, I offer up myself, body and soul, to thee! It came to me, Thy captivity is long. Well, I will wait thy time, O Lord!

November 5, Sunday. Did not rise early, but was kept recollected. In the morning I was watchful as to words, but at noon I talked too long with A. T. That is an admirable rule of Mr. Wesley's, never to be more than an hour in the same company, where it can be avoided. I also spoke some evil of M. M. by repeating what was not needful. O when shall I know what that meaneth, He that offendeth not in word, the same is a perfect man, and also to bridle the whole body.

November 12, Sunday. Went to bed late last night, but in a degree recollected, though rather hurried with fear lest I should lie too long in the morning. When I rose, I found the weather was very severe. However, I went to A. The extreme cold almost took away my senses. Yet we had a comfortable meeting, and, many people.

January 5, 1776. I find it very hard to be recollected in private prayer. Today I tried the following plan with some advantage. I placed my watch on the bed, that I might know when the hour was out. I first strove to consider myself as in the presence of God as before the throne, worshipping with the heavenly host. Then I strove with recollection to repeat the Lord's Prayer, giving each sentence full scope in my mind. In the words, Our Father, I felt a powerful remembrance of Him after whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, and with delight I then repeated, Hallowed be thy name! That sentence, Thy kingdom come, was much opened to my soul. I see that kingdom is the great promise of the Father, which Christ said he would send upon his children. That indeed is the kingdom which suffers violence, and the violent take it by force. As I repeated, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven, I felt The will of God my sure defence, Nor earth, nor hell can pluck me hence.

Give us this day our daily bread. Is he not our own Father Is he not engaged to provide for his babes Well then, thought I, freedom from debt is more to me than bread, and will he not preserve me from this It was then brought to my mind, The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. In the next petition, Forgive me as I forgive, O! what a cry did I feel for more love! Lord, must I say, That mercy I to others show, That mercy show to me Ah no! I will rather cry out, Mercy, good Lord ! mercy I ask, It is the total sum; For mercy, Lord, is all my plea, O let thy mercy come I' With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again! O how would that cut me off from all hope, were it not for those words; The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin ! Lead us not into temptation. How hath this prayer been answered to me! How would I have run into ruin, but thou didst not suffer the temptation to approach. Thou didst keep my powers as with bit and bridle, and conquered for me; and that when I did not strive, or even know my danger. But deliver us from evil. Lord, I am a desolate woman, who hath no helper but thee. O keep me from evil of every kind; thoroughly purge away my dross, and take away all my tin. For all is thine for ever and ever. This I am assured of, when the soul turns inward to seek the Lord, that moment he turns to it and smiles

upon it; and if it abide with him, it will always grow. But as of a healthy child, one does not see it grow, and yet it doth; so the soul, surrounded by temptation, may not discover its growth; nevertheless, the sun does not more freely give its light and warmth to the earth, than the beams of the immaterial Sun meet the seeking soul.

January 21. I went today to see some sick, among whom was the mother of a young man, who, about four years ago, came to our Sunday night's meeting. It pleased the Lord to awaken him, and soon after he died happy. On his deathbed he entreated his mother and sister, that they would attend the meetings as he had done. Some time after, the eldest sister came to me for advice among the other patients. Conversing with her, I perceived she had some convictions, and invited her to meet with a few persons whom I had collected. She did so, and seemed to drink in instruction as the parched ground the softening shower. After a few weeks she was set at liberty. She was now desirous her mother might share in her felicity. She begged me to visit her, as she was too infirm to come out. Accordingly I went, but found her so ignorant, and so exceedingly weak as to her understanding, that it seemed almost impossible to do her any good. After some time, she appeared under some concern; and her complaint then was, to use her own words, O that I could but get a smile from God! Her convictions continued to increase, and she would cry, O what shall I do Shall I never be saved O how easily did Betty come to it, while I cannot get one smile, not one look from God! The face of the Almighty is all dark to me, as dark as darkness itself. The Lord was then pleased to lay her on a sick bed, in a very painful disorder.

Finding nothing gave her any relief, and believing she must die, she was in great distress, and said to her daughter, My dear, my pain is greater than I can bear! I cannot live over this night. I pray thee go to mistress, and see if she can order me something. O mother, said she, I know not how to go, we have had so much in former illnesses. I fear it will seem as if we were imposing on her; let me go to the doctor again! The old woman lying in great distress, at length cried out, Thou wilt order me a medicine, Lord! I can believe thou wilt. But shall I have no share in thy glory Then, as she expressed it, It went through my mind with power, 'I will have mercy on thee! I will receive thee at the eleventh hour!' O what did I then feel! Such comfort came over me as I can never tell, I did not mind the pain; I believed it would be removed. But my soul! O! what a change did it feel! Why, the dark face of God was all light! I thought before, that he hated me for my sins; but now I saw he loved me. Yes, I saw he had loved me all my life, and had been inviting me to come to him; but I did not understand. And now, O! how I love him! Yes, I love my God better than I ever loved my best bairn (child.) O it is a brave thing! And what a change it makes! Why, one is quite a new creature! And it has made me see things quite different from what I did before. I used to chafe and fret, when anything went wrong, and thought things were very hard ;but now I see nothing is hard; all is love! So I never do complain now. Her daughter came to me, and told me (as well as she could) how her mother was ; but her disorder was so peculiar, and so badly described, that I was on the point of saying, I cannot do anything for her, when all at once a mixture came into my mind. I went and made it up. The first spoonful gave her ease; and soon after quite removed the disorder. All I can say on this extraordinary case is, the Lord would have it so. The medicine was not an opiate, but in itself a very simple thing but when the Lord will bless, who shall stay his hand Thou art a God who hears and answers prayer.

January 30. Last night I met the classes at A. Much of the power of the Lord was present. But, O! I am not what I would be, Lord! How is it I seem to get so slowly forward! This morning I rose early,

and found it good. Self-denial agrees with my soul, but I use too little of it.

* As it was in the days of the personal ministry of the Son of God, so it is in these his Spirit's Gospel days: He hides those things from the wise and prudent, and revealeth them unto babes. The weary and heavy laden, who believe, Matthew 11:25-30. How easy it is to forget this ! How hard to keep it in remembrance, and to allow it its due weight! Did ever any man, since the days of St. Paul, more fully, or more constantly, appreciate this than Mr. Wesley It was the principle that governed and directed his whole life and labours; and on which account he denominated the fruit of these labours, The work of God A work which he began, supported, and prospered; and in respect to which Mr. Wesley, notwithstanding his unparalleled activity, always considered himself as a mere passive instrument.En.

February 4. Last Wednesday I had a remarkable preservation. Going to take my bark mixture, my mind being much taken up with what I had been writing, I took a bottle of laudanum, which through a strange providence was not then locked up, a circumstance which seldom happens. I took four teaspoonfuls and a half of it. As soon as I had swallowed it, I perceived what it was; and thought I must take a large dose of ipecacuanha. I looked for it, but could not find it, though it stood very near me. I knew my life depended on the present moment; and thought, perhaps the Lord has appointed to take me this way. I found my mind calmly stayed on God, and those words came across it, These signs shall follow those that believe: if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them. I went into Mrs. Crosby's room, and told them what had happened. Having medicines in the parlour, we went down to look there for the ipecacuanha, but there was none. We returned to my room and found it. I took about thirty grains. We then joined in prayer. For half an hour it had no effect. I thought it would then have no power, as the opiate must in that time have taken hold of the nerves of the stomach. But it soon after operated, and brought up (it seems) both the laudanum and ipecacuanha. Fearing the whole had not come away, they gave me another dose; but that had no effect at all. I felt, however, not the least inconvenience. In the night, I a little rambled, and was restless, but not ill. On the whole¹ it was a comfortable dispensation. I had been always tempted to think, if I should be called to face death in full health, I should shrink from it. But now that I fully believed it to be just before me, my soul did calmly wait on the Lord, though not with joy, yet with quiet peace!

Last night I dreamed I was telling the Lord he was the loadstone, and my soul the needle. That his will was the north pole, to which my heart should turn, however tossed about. To-day Miss Ritchie came. I have had some profitable conversation with her. She is indeed a blessed soul; and I feel more of the immediate presence of God since that conversation. May 5. I had a meeting some days ago at B, where an odd circumstance occurred. I observed (as I was speaking on these words, The Master is come, and calleth for thee) a gentleman among the congregation; who looked with great earnestness. As soon as the meeting was over, I rode home, where I had not long been, till this man came after me. He is a stranger, and came into these parts about business. He felt a great alarm in his soul; and declared he had always before thought himself very righteous; but he now feared he should go to hell; and insisted on telling me his whole life, and confessing (as he termed it) all his sins. He was very long; and I feared there was in his mind a mixture of insanity. He told me he was building a house for an assembly, but he would go home, and turn it into a preaching house, if I would come and speak in it, that his neighbours might get the light he had got. I strove to prevail on him to return to the friend's house from whence he came

and to set off the next morning for his own country, where he told me he had a good wife and family; but he insisted he would not, leave me till he had found the Lord! At length he said he felt some comfort, and would go and spend most of the night in prayer. Next morning he was more calm; and on my promising to answer him if he wrote to me, he went away. Satan made use of this occurrence to bring me into discouragement respecting public speaking; but some years after, I heard a most pleasing account of this gentleman, that he had indeed turned his assembly into a Methodist preaching house, and that himself and family were joined to the society.

June 11, Tuesday. Mrs. Westerman came here on the Thursday before Whitsunday, and stayed ten days. She came in full expectation of a blessing; and in the Sunday night meeting, as I was in the last prayer, I felt it on my mind to plead with the Lord that he would seal some soul as his abode that night. Just then the answer came. She felt the heart of stone taken away, and has ever since rejoiced with exceeding joy. Tuesday I went to B. When we came, we found the man at whose house we were to have been, died that morning. Another offered his barn, though with seeming fear; but when we came to the house, he either could not, or would not find the key. So we stood in an open place, with some serious people from other parts, and some of the careless inhabitants. However, all behaved well, and I found liberty in enforcing these words, Acquaint now thyself with God, and be at peace, hereby good shall come unto thee.

July 20. This day I found a good deal of liberty in prayer, especially in pleading, If it be thy will I should be holy, if it be the great design of thy death, O, then, let it all be answered on thy poor creature! Let all thy will be done! It seems to me I fall short in every thing. I am continually making rules and plans, and yet I keep to none with any degree of exactness. Nevertheless, I see it well to make them; for though I never come up to what I propose, yet I always gain something; every fresh effort seems to put me a little forward. I have of late been reading Dr. Cheyne's works; I see self-denial very beautiful, and of profit both for soul and body.

July 24. H. S. gave a good account of the work wrought on her soul. I think it is about three months ago I providentially met with her in a class, which I went to meet about a mile from home. She appeared that night all ear, and quite awakened to the desire of loving God with all her heart. I felt much liberty in conversing with her, and asked her to come to the meeting, which she did the first opportunity, and seemed quite broken down; expressing herself in such a manner concerning her inbred sin, as plainly showed the Lord had plucked away every covering. While we were at prayer, she felt a degree of living faith; and last night she gave the following account: After I left you I was very happy. I went to bed, wondering at the great miracle Jesus had wrought in saving such a sinner. When I awoke in the morning, (O, what a precious morning to me!) I had an impression as if my dear Lord stood just by me, and said, 'I will cause all my goodness to pass before thee.' I cried out, 'O, it is thee, my Lord!' Then the words came to me, 'I have set thee as a signet upon mine arm, as a seal upon my heart. Thy sun shall no more go down. I will be thine everlasting light, and thy God, thy glory.' O, what rapture did I feel, and so I do still! He is all day long speaking so sweetly to me, and I have such views of his glorious love as I cannot express. O, never sure did the Lord do such a miracle! For I do believe there never was such a vile polluted creature as I have been!*

August 30. Yesterday it was given out for me to be at . For a whole month it lay on my mind. None, O my God, but thyself, knows what I go through for every public meeting! I am often quite ill with

the prospect. When the day came, the wind was violent, which is a thing I have a great fear of, because it so affects my head; for after riding several miles in it, I am scarcely in my senses. And I suppose it is worse to me, not having been used to ride on horseback till I came into Yorkshire. A little before I set out, I said, O Lord, thou canst still the wind; but thy will be done. When we had got about a hundred yards from the house, the wind fell, and we had no more trouble from it all the way. My hearing was much affected at this time, so that I feared I should not be able to converse with any person. But before I got to the place, my hearing was good as ever it was in my life, and I was not at all fatigued! There were many persons got together; and after spending about two hours with them, the time for the meeting drew on. We went to a barn prepared for that purpose by the kind friend who had invited us. There was a good congregation; and I found some enlargement in speaking on those words which came then to my mind, Hath the Lord as much delight in sacrifices and burnt offerings as in obeying the voice of the Lord Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. As I was speaking on the word hearken, I felt the Lord peculiarly present. The people would fain have had me stay all night; but for some reasons I thought it better to return ;which we immediately did, and reached home a little before eleven.

September 7, Tuesday. Glory be to God! this has been a comfortable day. My soul is sweet in expectation that I shall be filled with the Spirit; and that I shall yet see the time, when by my whole life I shall bring glory to God. I feel power to abandon my whole cause into his hand. O Lord, thou hast undertaken for me; I feel thou hast; I feel also great resignation as to the life or death of thy dear servant. O keep him Lord, as the apple of thine eye. I believe thou wilt order all right; and I shall regard him with an immortal friendship, that will be free from snares, and all Divine. But it is strange, when I am offering him up, the words come, The prayer of faith shall heal the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up. I do not understand, but I stand still.

September 14. Yesterday I was a good deal oppressed. I had undertaken to meet the old members of our society apart, and to propose to them a renewal of our covenant; to set our hearts and hands afresh to the work of God. Glory be to his name, I was carried better through it than I could have hoped for. Some little touches of enthusiasm were beginning to creep in among us, which I thought the more dangerous, as the meeting now grows very numerous, members being added from all sides. Yet was it a great trial for me to have to reprove them, 1. Because many are much farther advanced in grace than I Amos 2:1-16. I was deeply conscious it is one of the most delicate subjects in the world, and requires both wisdom and much love, to extinguish false fire, and yet to keep up the true. All day I kept pleading before the Lord, mostly in these words of Solomon, Ah! Lord, how shall I, who am but a child, go in and out before this thy chosen people

September 17, Tuesday. Glory be to thee, my faithful Lord! O that I could always trust! Then I should always praise! Last Sabbath morning I went, according to appointment, to Goker. I arose early, and in pretty good health. The day was fine, though rather hot. About eleven we came to Huddersfield, and called on Mrs. H. She had asked me to lodge there on my return, and have a meeting, saying many had long desired it, and there would be no preaching there on that day. I felt immediately the people laid on my mind, and that I had a message to that place, and said, If the Lord permit, I will. She then said, We will give it out at noon. We rode forward. Benjamin Cock met us, and kindly conducted us over the moors. When we came to his hut, all was clean, and victuals enough provided for twenty men. But I was so heated with the ride, (near twenty miles,) and with the great fire on which they so liberally cooked for us, that I could eat. My drinking nothing but

water seemed also quite to distress them. They said the meeting had been given out in many places, and they believed we should have between two and three thousand people. That I did not believe; but there was indeed such a number, and of such a rabble as I scarce ever saw. At one we went out to the rocks, a place so wild that I cannot describe it. The crowd which got around us was so great, that by striving which should get first to the quarry, (where we were to meet,) they rolled down great stones among the people below us, so that we feared mischief would be done. Blessed be God, none were hurt! I passed on among them on the top of the hill, not knowing whither I went.

Twice I was pushed down by the crowd, but, rose without being trampled on. We stopped on the edge of a spacious quarry filled with people, who were tolerably quiet. I gave out that hymn, The Lord my pasture shall prepare, &c. When they were a little settled, I found some liberty in speaking to them; and I believe most heard. As we returned into the house, numbers followed, and filled it so full we could not stir. I conversed with them, but could not get much answer. They stood like people in amaze, and seemed as if they could never have enough. Many wept and said, When will you come again We then set off for Huddersfield. I felt very much fatigued, and began to think, How shall I be able to fulfil my word there As we rode along, brother Taylor said, I think I ought to tell you my mind. I wish we could ride through Huddersfield, and not stop. For I know there are some there who do not like women to speak among them, and I fear you will meet with something disagreeable. I looked to the Lord, and received, as it seemed to me, the following direction: If I have a word to speak from him, he will make my way. If not, the door will be shut. I am only to show the meekness of wisdom, and leave all to God. Those words then came with power to my mind, The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend. When we got to Huddersfield, I told them the conversation we had had by the way, and the posture of my mind; which was calm as the limpid stream, and quiet as an infant. I perceived his fears were not groundless, and said, Well, my friends, I will do as you will, either stay with you this night, or go forward directly, for I follow a lamblike Lord, and I would imitate his life and spirit. They said they believed but few of the principal persons had any objection, and the people much desired it; besides, as it had been given out at noon, there would be a great many strangers, whom it would not be well to disappoint. It was then agreed that we should have the meeting in the house, where they usually had the preaching; but when we came there the crowd was very great, and the place so hot, that I feared I should not be able to speak at all. I stood still, and left all to God. A friend gave out a hymn; during which some fainted away. Brother Taylor said, I perceive it is impossible for us to stay within doors, the people cannot bear the heat, and there are more without than are within. We then came out. My head swam with the heat; I scarce knew which way I went, but seemed carried along by the people, till we stopped at a horseblock, placed against a wall on the side of the street, with a plain wide opening before it. On the steps of this I stood, and gave out, Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, &c.

While the people were singing the hymn, I felt a renewed conviction to speak in the name of the Lord. My bodily strength seemed to return each moment. I felt no weariness, and my voice was stronger than in the morning, while I was led to enlarge on these words, The Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King, he will save us. I felt great enlargement while endeavouring to show the purity of our Judge, whose eyes could endure no iniquity. That as a

Lawgiver he was just and holy, and the thing gone out of his lips must stand :The soul that sinneth shall die. But the Lord is also our King, and he will save us. First, by convincing us of the purity of his law, and the justness of our punishment, who have broken it. Secondly, by making us tremble before that Judge whose eyes are as a flame of fire. Thirdly, by leading us to Him who is our Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous, who now manifests himself to the soul as the propitiation for our sins. And, fourthly, as a King, he goes on in the believer conquering and to conquer, till the eternal reign of Jesus commences in the soul; which, as the morning light, grows brighter and brighter unto the perfect day ;till the perfect love which casts out all fear, marks the soul as the abode and habitation of God through the Spirit. Deep solemnity sat on every face. I think there was scarce a cough to be heard, or the least motion; though the number gathered was very great. So solemn a time I have seldom known; my voice was clear enough to reach them all; and when we concluded, I felt stronger than when we began.

They then desired me to speak to each of the women joined in the society, which took me till near ten. The room we went into for that purpose was a damp stone floor, so that I could hardly move my legs when I came out. But they kindled a fire, and after getting some refreshment I grew better. About twelve I went to bed, and rested under the shadow of the Almighty till morning, when I found myself remarkably well. After having breakfasted with brother Goldthorp, where we had a lively conversation concerning holiness, I came home with much thankfulness and peace.

October 8.I was to-day at Clackhightown, and saw the hand of the Lord in many things. I have been more abundantly led to reflect on the difficulties of the path I am called in. I know the power of God which I felt when standing on the horseblock in the street at Huddersfield: but at the same time I am conscious how ridiculous I must appear in the eyes of many for so doing. Therefore, if some persons consider me as an impudent woman, and represent me as such, I cannot blame them. Again, many say, If you are called to preach, why do you not do it constantly, and take a round as a preacher I answer, Because that is not my call. I have many duties to attend to, and many cares which they know nothing about. I must therefore leave myself to His guidance who hath the sole right of disposing of me. Again they say, Why do you not give out, I am to preach Why call it a meeting I answer, Because that suits my design best. First, It is less ostentatious. Secondly, It leaves me at liberty to speak more or less, as I feel myself led. Thirdly, It gives less offence to those who watch for it. Others object, Why, yours is a Quaker call; why then do you not join them at once You are an offence to us. Go to the people whose call is the same as your own; here nobody can bear with you. I answer, Though I believe the Quakers have still a good deal of God among them, yet I think the Spirit of the Lord is more at work among the Methodists ; and while I see this, though they were to toss me about as a football, I would stick to them like a leech. Besides, I do nothing but what Mr. Wesley approves; and as to reproach thrown by some on me, what have I to do with it, but quietly go forward, saying, I will be still more vile, if my Lord requires it Indeed for none but thee, my Lord, would I take up this sore cross. But thou hast done more for me. O do thy own will upon me in all things! Only make me what thou wouldst have me to be! Only make me holy, and then lead me as thou wilt!

August, 1777.I heard Mr. Wesley preach from these words, Dearly beloved, as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul. A sweet discourse it was, showing the great danger of every earthly gratification. This lesson, he said, might be learned even from the body. As often as we take down food, we swallow so many seeds of death, by causing so many

more particles of earth to adhere to, and clog our vessels, and so hasten our dissolution. And without great watchfulness so it would be with our souls, If we were not on our guard, human comforts received would also bring the soul nearer to death, instead of being a step to life. It is truly said of worldly joy, It does with powerful charm hold down the mind, and sensualize the soul.

Sunday noon. I heard him on these words, If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth. His strength was wonderful, and much power attended the word. Lord, be the strength of thy dear servant, and his portion for ever! At night he lodged with us.

August 14. Last night dear Mr. Wesley came here again. After supper he read a letter from Lady Maxwell, in which she expresses a most sweet state of soul; observing that if the name of Jesus is but mentioned, her heart is like the key of a well tuned instrument, when its unison is touched. O how sweet a progress has she made! Lord, let me do so likewise!

Last Thursday Mr. Wesley preached at Daw Green, on I will give to every one of you according to your works. First, he considered, What were the works. Secondly, What the reward. The works, he said, were threefold. First, What the man is. Secondly, What he does. Thirdly, What he suffers. 1. All he is, that is right, shall have its reward :all the fruit of the Spirit, love, joy, peace, longsuffering, meekness, patience, faith, self-denial, fortitude ;all these are the work of God, and all received through Christ, above all, love, which is the image of God. 2. All he does, all his works of piety and mercy, all that is wrought in faith; nay, the most common labours of his daily business, if done in a spirit of sacrifice, shall not be forgotten; for it is said of servants, by the apostle, for their encouragement, that when they obey and serve men, with singleness of heart, they serve the Lord Jesus Christ. 3. All he suffers. Not one cross taken up in obedience to the will of God, but it shall have its reward. But what is the reward First, The very nature of each grace necessarily brings its reward. The more faith, patience, courage, and perseverance, the more holiness will be brought into the soul, and consequently the soul will be rendered more like God, and more capable of fellowship with him: and in proportion to our fellowship with God must be our happiness. But beside these, there is a reward of infinite free mercy (over and above what flows from inherent holiness) bestowed on each grace, and on each action done for God, and each cross borne for his sake.

I felt it come with power to my soul. O for a full devotedness to thee, my God! I see I am quietly to wait on thee, though my crosses are very heavy in many ways. But the will of the Lord be done!

September 12. This day thirty-eight years I was born. Solemn thought! - O how far have I spent these thirty-eight years for God What is my situation, outward and inward Outward it is very trying; my circumstances are very perplexing. But I hold fast my former promises. Christ charges himself with all thy temporal affairs, while you charge yourself with those that relate to his glory. I am determined to make Zion my chief care, though! know not what the Lord is about to do with me. I have a great family, and not an income left sufficient to keep them, which obliges me to sink something every year. The business hurts, instead of helping; and though Mr. * * * is sure it will the next year do far otherwise, I cannot believe it. It appears to me deliverance will begin by bringing me out of this place, dividing the family, and contracting my widespread cares into one, viz., the cause of God only. But how this will be brought about I know not; for though I keep putting out the children as fast as they grow up, yet that is attended with much expense, and I have many grown persons whom I know not how to provide for, nor find any way to dispose of. They are good

sincere souls, and they live to God. Some of them also are very weak in body, and advanced in years. When I have settled all the accounts, I am led to believe it will be the order of God for me to go down to Bath and Bristol for six months. Nine months ago I got a fall, which hath made me in a degree lame ever since. Bath may help that; but I believe I have something to do for souls in those places, and I shall be glad to be at a distance from poor Mr. * * *.O how sad it is! I fear while he helps me, I hurt him. Lord! what a situation is mine! But how is it with me inwardly On the whole I have found my mind more stayed on God this last year, and my confidence in his loving protection is a good deal increased. That sore temptation of fear, by which I have suffered so much in going out in the work of God, I have found a good deal removed by prayer. I have had freedom, and some success, in dealing with souls. But I am not all athirst for full salvation. I do not feel that ardent desire after it which swallows up every other care and desire. I have yet some prospects on earth, which I cannot fully look over. They present themselves before me and I do not feel deeply feel the force of these words, It is far better to depart, and be with Christ. Again, many cares divide my soul. I know not if ever I shall get this place sold; or ever pay my debts. Every thing sinks me deeper in that respect. It is amazing what losses and trials I have! Yet I feel my anchor cast in the will of God. I fear, however, that I have departed from his close embrace, and therefore he hath encompassed my way with thorns. Well, I will, I do embrace his justice, as well as his mercy! Both his rod and his staff shall comfort me!

It is an easy matter to believe when all goes smoothly about us. But now is the time for my faith to have its full exercise. Nothing but ruin in temporal things seems before me, and I am upbraided by many as being a fool. They say, Why does not she turn them all out of doors Nay, some who should know better, cast the same in my teeth! Yet with all my endeavours I see no way out. To turn them out of doors !I have no light for that. Still I seem called to believe God will make a way for each, and remove them in his own time and manner. Still I trust that I shall see accomplished those words, so powerfully applied at Laytonstone: Thou shalt lay up gold as the dust, and the gold of Ophir as the stones of the brook; yea, the Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver. What I understand by these words is, that a time shall come when I shall owe no one any thing, and have plenty to carry on such designs as the Lord shall lay on my heart for his glory. That he will bring me out of this place, and provide some way for every member to be removed, so that I shall say, Now is fulfilled that word, Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee, and light shall shine on thy path. But here is the difficulty; how absurd does it appear to go on with a great household, running me out on every side! How ridiculous will distress so brought on make me appear in the eyes of all! That thought has made me strive and struggle every way to throw it off, but it seems the Lord always frustrates my endeavours, and I am forced to sit down at his footstool again, with that thought, My time is in his hand, and he knows how to deliver. It is hard to believe against seeming impossibilities. Yet it comes to my mind, God does bless me in believing spiritual things that are above my powers; but these are only temporal. Will he bless that exercise of faith It is certain Abraham's faith was tried in temporal things and through the temporal difficulties, he held fast faith in the spiritual. Israel was called into a temporal Canaan, prefiguring the spiritual ;and I cannot divide two ideas which continually seem to dwell together in my mind, viz., that I shall be delivered from all my spiritual enemies, and brought into a most perfect liberty of soul, as soon as I am delivered from the temporal; and that I shall first praise the Lord for the fulfilment of the above promises, and then for full salvation!

October 28. Glory be to God, he is yet working among us! Last week Sally Lawrence was set at liberty, and the change is very evident. Yesterday as I was meeting her, she said, O! had I known what the love of God was, sure I should never have rested so long without it! I have often found great joy, but there was always a sting in the end. Some thought or other would come and take away the pleasure; but now I find a pleasure in God without any sting. Last week I felt a change, and many promises; but I had not a clear evidence. Yet I thought, I do feel in many things as I never did before. However, as you were saying in the class last Tuesday, that we ought to rejoice evermore, and the way so to do was to praise the Lord for what he had done; I thought, then I will try to do so. Accordingly, I spoke more freely than I should otherwise have done, and while I spoke, I found more power to believe. But on Friday, while you were meeting the children, I found my evidence quite clear: these words were applied to my mind: 'There is no condemnation to those that are in Christ Jesus.' And since that time I have been very happy. I never knew such a week as this in all my life. I used to be tired, and I hated the washing week; but I have now been kept in entire peace all through.

Bath, February, 1778. On the 8th of December last, I set out for this place, and came here on the 12th. Much have I seen of the hand of my God here in many ways. Soon after my arrival, Mr. Wesley came to lay the first stone of the chapel. He preached from these words: From this time it shall be said, What hath God wrought He pointed out to us in what a wonderful manner the Lord had carried on his work in the three kingdoms, within these last thirty or forty years. It was a solemn time. The people were very attentive, though the cold was very severe. At night we had a love feast: I was led to speak with some degree of freedom. As I came out, several asked me where I lodged. I told them I should (with the Lord's help) be at home at such an hour every day. Several came to me, one after another, and the Lord's hand hath been with us of a truth. What amazing answers to prayer have I seen! Lord, give me to endure to the end! In the classes and bands, also, I find much freedom in speaking for God; and he gives me to cast all my own burden on himself, and to believe Christ charges himself with all my concerns, while he, in some low degree, gives me to charge myself with those that relate to his glory. Here are many souls who seem to thirst for spiritual conversation, as the traveller for the cooling stream; and whenever we are together, our Lord is in the midst.

March. Conversing with a gentleman who knew something of my situation, he said, If I had had such losses as you have had, and was in such an encumbered situation, I should stamp and tear, and go raving mad. I began to reflect on his words, and thought, How is it that I am kept so calm I saw and adored the hand of my God, and was constrained to cry out, Lord, thou hast known my soul in adversity! This is thy doing, and I will praise thee.

April 4. When I was in this city fourteen years ago, the Lord was pleased to give me some souls. I wondered often what was become of them; but glory be to God! I find them as simple and steady as ever; and some are much advanced. I asked of the Lord at my first coming at this time, that some soul might be particularly blessed, that I might be encouraged to think that I was come in his name. A few days after we came, the answer was given. Brother Cousins was restored to the love of God. But this was only the beginning of good things. Each day opened the providence of God more and more. Several persons got good, and I saw my call quite clear. One old disciple gave me much pleasure. She had long been a follower, and useful to others. The first time I saw her; she laid open her whole heart, and was simple as a little child. I scarce ever found so much of the

power of God in conversing with any one as with her. Before we parted the Lord gave her a taste of the liberty she came to inquire after. She sent others among whom was one young woman, an upright soul, but who had got into sore temptation, and lost her peace. The Healer of the breaches again appeared, and she was filled with consolation, and found (as she afterward told me) she was a new creature. A man and his wife the next day called on me; they had a measure of life; but they were come (as they said) to inquire when, and how, the blood of Jesus would cleanse them from all sin. Such simplicity I hardly ever met with before. My heart was ready to melt with desire. I found such access in addressing the throne of grace as I cannot express. It was all ask and have! I did ask, and, glory be to God, he granted my petition, and brought the dear souls into farther light and liberty!

April 24. I am now at Bristol. Lord! what shall I meet with here O let me be ever observant of thy will!

May. I wrote and sent to my Wednesday nights' meeting, (consisting of about fifty persons, who meet at Cross Hall,) the following letter:

Though various occupations in my Master's work have rendered my pen for a longer time silent than I at first intended, I can assure you with a pleasing sincerity, my heart has often been warmed when pleading before the throne in your behalf. Very dear are all the followers of the Lord to me in every place; but my little company on Wednesday nights will ever hold a peculiar place in my heart. I also include the spreading branch in Wakefield. May lively grace rest on you all! and may you ever adorn your profession as a company of the choicest followers of the bleeding Lamb! Many here inquire, 'How goes on your Wednesday nights' meeting' There is a general belief of great life in Yorkshire. In this your fame is gone out into other Churches. O, how alarming the thought! 'What manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness! A city set on a hill cannot be hid.' Either a ray of light, or a shade of darkness, will reflect from every professor.

Adorable Jesus, fill us with that jealous, just concern, that our light may never become darkness! In order to prevent this, let the most strict and ardent watchfulness keep your eye and heart for ever fixed on 'the Lamb who taketh away your sins!' For it is by those believing views that all the streams of consolation, wherewith our souls are replenished and refreshed, are given. I would have you praise the Lord for me, and therefore I tell you, I have, and do prove him to be a God of faithfulness and truth. The account of a Jewess in this city may perhaps help your strains of praise to rise a little higher. I will therefore give it you in the best manner my memory will afford.

She was born in Germany. Her father was a famous Jew rabbi. He gave her a good education, and brought her up very strictly according to the laws of the Jews. When she was about eighteen she found a strong inclination to come to England. This her parents much opposed, as they could well provide for her, and could see no reason why she should leave her native country. But she had no rest in her spirit while in Germany; so at last they gave consent that she should visit their own people in England. They gave her a handsome sum of money, and sent her off with their blessing, in company with some friends. She continued to live some time in England, till at length she was cheated out of the greatest part of her money. She was then reduced to many hardships, and after a time went as a servant into a Jew's family. Her mistress liked her greatly, and used her as one of her own children. Here she thought her lot was cast in a fair portion, for she loved her

mistress, and rejoiced to do her service. But after a short time a great change took place. Her mistress was awakened to a sense of the things of God, and in the end found 'there was no name under heaven whereby she could be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ.' This grieved the young woman beyond expression. She now hated her mistress, as much as before she had loved her; and very often her behaviour corresponded with the feelings of her heart. The arrows of conviction, however, now began to fasten on her also; and oft she reasoned with herself, saying, What a difference there is between my mistress and me! If I had such a servant I would turn her off at once. But my mistress seems all love since she believed in Jesus Christ as the Messiah; but I am all hatred. Besides, she is happy, always happy, while I am always miserable. Then again, she would start at the thought and say, What! am I going to leave the true religion O, no! I will never believe in Christ. I will pray to the true Messiah. Then she would go up to the top of the house, and (as she thought) looking toward Jerusalem, would cry, 'O Lord Jehovah, hear me! Thou hast done great wonders for our people, and for our nation; and when we were in the hands of our enemies, thou didst send deliverance for thy chosen people Israel. O hear me! thou God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and send us our Messiah, that he may take away our misery! Then 'shall kings be our nursing fathers, and queens our nursing mothers,' and 'we shall be restored again to our former privileges!' It would then come to her mind, Jesus Christ, whom you despise, is the very and true Messiah! But that thought she thrust away with fear.

One night she went to bed in great distress, and dreamed she was walking on a common, and that a man came up to her whom she knew to be Jesus Christ. She looked on him, and between hope and fear said, 'Tell me, are you my Messiah' He answered, 'I am your Messiah.' Yet she drew back, and was afraid to believe. In the morning she knew not what to think. Wherever she went she seemed always to see Christ as hanging on the cross! And in her own soul felt so deeply the sentence of death, that she seemed to have no hope of salvation. At last she told the Lord, one day, she could almost believe, and if he would give some sign, she thought she should hold out no longer. The sign which God gave to Israel, through Samuel's prayer, came strongly to her mind, as she waited before the Lord her soul then struggling between faith and unbelief. It was at that time rather cold weather; but the Lord was pleased, before the close of the day, to send a storm of thunder and lightning, which terrified her beyond expression. While she was on her knees, expecting very moment to drop into hell, (which she now clearly felt she deserved,) she cried to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, to hear and save her! God did hear. Glory be to his free mercy, he made her to feel, 'None but Jesus could do helpless sinners good!' In the same moment she felt his blood applied, and shouted aloud the praises of her Messiah! From this time she continued happy in the love of God. She then became sensible of the stirrings of inbred sin, from which she had no thought of ever being delivered till she should lay down the body. I found much blessing in conversing with her; and after the first time she was much stirred up to seek a farther salvation. For some weeks she was tossed between hope and fear. One day as I was meeting brother Sims's class, she seemed uncommonly oppressed with unbelief, yet she pleaded, 'O! can it be possible that I should be wholly delivered from anger, and live in a place where I have ten children to look after I recommended her to look to Jesus, who could and would 'save her to the uttermost.' Several of us walked home together. As she was praying inwardly, and meditating on the all sufficiency of the Saviour, sister Tripp said, 'God kept Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, in the fire, and why not you' She answered nothing, but pondered the words in her heart. When she got home, she began to consider, He really did keep the three children in the furnace! And he

can keep me from anger. As she strove to believe, her faith grew stronger and stronger, till she could cast the full weight of her soul on Jesus, as her uttermost Redeemer. O my friends, praise the Lord !

Cross Hall, September 12. This day I am thirty-nine years of age. O that I might live to Thee more than ever! What have I either done or suffered for thee, in this last year As to the state of my soul, I trust I am nearer to God than before I went my journey. But I am still a dull scholar in thy school. I want that full baptism of the Spirit: God's promise to all believers. Mr. * * * is very kind and helpful to me in the care of my temporal affairs; but what my trials are, none but God knows. Today I was blessed in praying for him, with that word: I will bless them that bless thee ! Amen! Amen!

Sunday, November 15. This day I found a blessing in putting in practice some resolutions I had formed for my daily walk. At seven we set out for Daw Green, where we had a good meeting. O what a desire did I feel for that people, while I was speaking on that word, The Lord thy God is a jealous God !

March 26, 1779. This day I set apart as a fast to lay before the Lord the following particulars: 1. My present situation. 2. To ask for wisdom how to walk before my family. 3. For more of his love. 4. For a blessing on my journey to. 5. For my relations. On the whole, it has been a good day. As to the first petition, my present situation, I found much power and liberty in believing God would undertake and appoint me some deliverance; yea, entire deliverance, in his own time and in his own way; and I had more faith, I think, than ever before; yet, it was mixed with sweet resignation. 2. How to walk with wisdom before my family. I felt a great pleading for this, and some encouragement that I should yet adorn the Gospel. The third, For more love. I felt freedom in asking it. The fourth, For a blessing on the few days I am to spend at. I feel much of the cross in this adventure; yet, I think I must do it, and God will be with me. As to the fifth, I could find no particular opening, only a willingness to do, be, or suffer, any thing for their good. Perhaps the time has not yet come. The third time I went to prayer, all seemed swallowed up in that petition; Lord, give me the love that never faileth.

Wednesday in Passion Week. I have this day offered myself up afresh to the Lord, as a whole burnt sacrifice. O give me that situation, those friends, those comforts, or crosses, which will best stand with thy own glory! 'Tis all I ask'tis all my choice. May 21. Lord, my thirsty soul crieth after thee; I long for a fuller deliverance. Last night I met the old members of the W. band, and a sweet time we had; the Lord was very gracious in helping his unworthy worn,, and gave me, I believe, to speak to his glory. Since I returned from my journey to, I have been much drawn out in praise. O how good was the Lord! He made hard things easy, and was better to me than either my fears or wishes. To-day, when at prayer, I had a sight of the necessity of contemplation ; I mean, of labouring to keep the mind on spiritual things, and to consider and weigh the word of God, his love, his fulness! Love without end, and without measure, grace !

August, 1780. O Lord, how peculiar are thy ways toward me! What wouldst thou have me to do Here I am; command what thou wilt. Bring me to a state of poverty, reproach, a workhouse, or what thou wilt, only let me not mistake my way. It is true I have more than I owe, and as yet an income for life, enough for myself. But I cannot support these expenses and losses. And yet it seems I cannot get deliverance from them! Every answer to prayer is only Stand still and see my salvation. Lord, I am ready to do so; but all cry out, It is madness not to do something. And yet

thou seemest to frustrate all I attempt. I strive to save in every thing, and many ways I have tried to do so; but unless all did the same, it makes little difference. When I attempt new things of the kind, various difficulties arise; and some are apt to say, Save in something else; you do not run out in this! The other day a friend said he was desired to ask me, If I did not do wrong in spending so much time on the sick poor In making medicines, clothes, &c. And * * * * said, It is a poor way of spending your time thus, for the bodies of the people. If that is your call, it is a mean call ! I have pondered the thought; and having set apart a day for fasting and prayer, the result of my most serious reflections were as follows:-

What was my setting out, or first light Why, from seven years old, (the first time I felt a spark of faith,) my conviction was, not to be conformed to the customs, fashions, and maxims of the world; and my frequent prayer was, as a little manuscript now by me proves, Lord, bring me out from among the ungodly! Cast my lot with the poor who are rich in faith; and make me to have my delight with the excellent of the earth. And then I will not complain for toil, poverty, or reproach. When I was seventeen, my desires after holiness began to deepen, and I found a particular call to a farther dedication of my soul to God, in those words of St. Paul to Timothy, descriptive of the character of those women, who in the primitive Church were chosen as deaconesses, If she have lodged strangers, if she have brought up children, if she have washed the saints' feet, and diligently followed after every good work. When I was twenty-one, being brought to the choice of my own manner of life, I was enabled in a degree to follow the plans thus formerly laid down. As to my present way of life, of which a visiter had said a few days ago, I think, madam, your call is a strange one, to the care of cows and horses, sheep and pigs ;referring to my farm,I considered, I am by the order of Providence made mistress of a great family, and in straitened circumstances. There is therefore occasion for all my care and management, otherwise the embarrassment would be much greater. And it is good for the uncommon pride of my nature to bow before that word, In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread. It is true, I have bread enough for myself; but having joined the interests of so many with my own, I am willing to act thus, that they may have bread too. The Lord hath been pleased, also, to enable me to help the sick: this calls for some labour, and some small expenses in preparing and applying the medicines: but many souls have been blessed and several brought to God thereby. Some rich persons, to whose ear I could never have had access, have, through the belief that I could help their bodies, admitted the closest application to their souls; so that I dare as soon cut off my right hand as bury this trifling talent in a napkin. The souls under my roof also call for more diligent care than I am conscious I bestow upon them; and though some say, I do not regard as any thing what you do for the family, that is only burying yourself in one house ; yet I see it my duty, and I must apply thereto.

Again, I believe I should strive to get at the neighbours who live within my knowledge, and do good to their souls, if I can. To this it is replied, You spend too much time on one neighbourhood. But perhaps I shall soon be called to leave this neighbourhood, and this family, and then I shall not repent of that application. I am also called to keep together some precious meetings, in which the work of God flourishes, and to go sometimes to meet others in more distant places; as well as to write many letters on the concerns of the soul. And now I ask, Lord, am I in my place or not To which it seemed my conscience gave the following answer: The surest mark of true piety is to fill up the duties of our own station with the utmost fidelity. We may plan fine schemes, talk of many journeys, and see ourselves converting whole worlds, but in these airy phantoms there is much

danger of self having a great mixture. Whereas in the application to the order of God, in the present time, as it opens itself from moment to moment, there is no room for choice. I have heard good people say, I am weary of life, because, of the burdens which I have to bear. I want to spend all my time in a more excellent way. And yet as soon as they throw off one burden, the Lord finds them another. But the soul truly devoted to God finds no oppressive burden in the opening of the present moment, which shows the Divine order of his providence, and brings with it, to the resigned soul, both light and power either to act or suffer. In a low degree I find that to be my ease. I am called to work; and therein I fulfil my covenant not to complain of toil, although my wages seem to be put into a bag full of holes. I cannot have my own choice herein; nor do I complain of poverty. Thus I am often upbraided for walking in that order, in which (till I can get out of it) undoubtedly the Lord has placed me. I sink under his yoke, and if I can but keep free from impatience or discouragement, I may fulfil his will, and shall not complain of reproach. But, alas! I do too often admit discouragement, and am ready to cry out, Ah! whither or to whom shall I, Far from these woes, for kind protection fly

Yet something says in my heart, a time is at hand when the Lord will bring me out of these deep waters, and I am determined to stand still and see his salvation.

November. Last night I was led to pray much for a spiritual mind, both sleeping and waking. I went to bed recollected. I dreamed I was sitting up in bed with the Bible in my hand. I saw two shining appearances, but no distinct form. The appearance was as the heads of two glorious persons, and a ray of light came from them on the book in my hand, in which I was enabled to discover something which quite delighted me, and I cried out. O had I known this before, I should have made the whole house ring with shouts of praise! I then saw all around my bed a beautiful garden filled with evergreens, and on each tree, and on the ground, lay something like a light frost. I wondered at that, till these words came to my mind, The dew shall lie all night upon thy branches ! I then cried out, O what a delightful scene! What a lovely prospect! Here shall I for ever rest! I then threw my soul with such a Divine confidence on the Lord Jesus, as I think I never did before, and in that act I awaked. I could not recollect what the delightful discovery in the Bible was; but a fuller sense of God than ever before has rested on my soul.

January 11, 1781. Many mercies have I seen within these three or four days.

Nothing is so good to me, as to meet every thing in the will and order of God; abandoning myself, soul, body, and family, into his hands, believing he will order all right. I find many convictions about my household. I am not a faithful head. I neither lead them by example, instruction, or reproof, as I ought. Lord, teach me how to go in and out before this people! I seem to have an impression that I shall not long remain with them. I seem to see another place, and another people, which I am called to; and outward things confirm the impression. One thing I have been very faulty in during the last year, I have not risen early with any degree of constancy ; and that is a general loss both to my soul and my family. O Lord! when shall I be all glorious within, and my clothing of wrought gold

January 13. I have been to-day a good deal drawn out in prayer. My exercises as to outward things are very great. I have a most narrow path to walk in! I am called to live by faith indeed. As I was at prayer this morning, I was led to ask of the Lord that he would bring me out of all my difficulties in his own way. Certainly the whole earth is the Lord's; and I asked of him such a situation in life as

will most glorify himself. It was brought before me, Perhaps that will be by bringing you to entire poverty. I asked my heart, Am I willing on that condition to be made holy And I felt I could say, Yes, Lord, yes. Again, the thought was suggested, But perhaps to a parish house, while your income goes each year for your debts I answered, Thy will be done! It was then represented, as if I was on a common side, dying, destitute of every human help or comfort. In that I felt great sweetness. But the sorest stroke was still behind: What if you should die in debt, and leave nothing to pay and so through you the Gospel be reproached This came the nearest of all; but it was clearly shown me, that the fear of the Gospel being blamed, often arose from our fear of personal reproach; for as to the truths of God, he would take care of them; and if I was really wrong, it would be for the glory of God to have it made manifest; and if he was but glorified, my soul was content. Certainly, thought I, if it was in my power to break off my expenses, it would be right so to do; and I do right in contriving every way I can toward it. But as all my endeavours are always frustrated, I see no way but to cast myself on the will of God, and embrace, as his will, poverty, and deep reproach; and still continue to believe in the promises till I see, even by the time of my death, that there has not been an accomplishment of them. Perhaps after all I am right. Perhaps the day will come (impossible as it now appears) when I shall have plenty of silver, and then the light shall indeed shine on my way.

Next June I shall be fourteen years from Laytonstone; and the September following I shall be forty-two years old. It may be that soon after that time deliverance may appear. The words rested on my mind, By the way that thou wentest, by that way shalt thou return. Lord, thou knowest what they mean; but I see all sorts of crucifixions are needful for me. O my hard heart! what need hath it had of breaking!

February 15, When I was at Leeds some time since, I had much proof of the goodness of God in many ways. On the whole it was a journey for good. I heard a dream of a good woman while there, which was made a blessing to me. She thought she was dying, and felt her soul leave the body. Immediately she found herself standing in the presence of God! Jesus appeared to her as seated on a white throne! He beckoned to her with his hand, and said, Come up hither. When she was by his side, she saw many of the saints with the angels. Among them was William Bramah; he shone very bright. Some others she knew also. Our Lord then pointed to the crowns of some saints still on earth, and she understood, by the appearance of some of those crowns, that the persons were in great temptation. Our Lord and the glorious company seemed to sympathize greatly with them, and when by faith they conquered, a jewel was added to the crown, and the whole shone brighter! But every time they gave way to any corruption, a gem dropped out, and the whole crown turned dark! Sometimes there seemed joy in heaven over them; sometimes a kind of mourning. She sat some time in sweet delight, and then awaking, found with amazement she was still in the body!

I am going to . It is a fine opportunity for speaking to a number of the most lively souls, out of various societies, and they begin to inquire all around when I will come. O my God, how these things break me to pieces! What an unworthy worm! If they knew me, how would they be astonished that the Lord should work by such a one as I! But thou canst do whatever seemeth thee good!

March 20. I have been poorly lately with a complaint in my eyes; I can write a little. The cold this winter has been very severe, and I have felt it much. But O how am I indulged! A good house, a

bed fit for a king, plenty of fire, food, &c.! while many of my Father's children know almost the want of all things! I was much affected the other day when the preacher left our house. I thought, if I had in this snow and wind to ride over the moors, and through deep lanes, as he has, I could not sit on my horse. Truly I count it a great honour to be permitted to contribute in the least to their necessities! O let me ever wash the feet of the servants of my Lord!

I feel my soul does come forward. Constancy in early rising is a great blessing to me, both as a Christian, and as a mistress. The other morning I was waked with that word, Ye have need of patience, that after ye have done the will of God, ye may receive the promises. At night, as I was at prayer, that word also came with power, Thou hast kept the word of my patience; I also will keep thee in the hour of temptation ! Amen, Lord Jesus, Amen! Give me to keep the word of thy patience faithful unto the end !

April. My soul, wait thou still upon God, for of him cometh thy salvation. More crosses, more disappointments; but last night I had a ray of faith which revived me. I have of late had a very clear view of the absolute necessity of keeping the mind always stayed on God, from those words: Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Indeed he is a chained dog, and can go no farther than man's consent will suffer him. His works are chiefly carried on in the chambers of the imagination. These are indeed the chambers of imagery! He fixes his first hold in the imagination, which is the antechamber of the (heart. Afterward he passes on to the passions and affections. These form the passage through which all passes to the heart, both good and evil. If the mind then is engrossed by Satan, and he be suffered to rule there, the benign influence of the Holy Spirit is prevented, and the soul is filled with all evil. Thus, To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace!

April 25. I have had some remarkable answers to prayer of late, and some directions by lot, which I shall lay up in my heart till I see the way of the Lord. O my God, give me just such a situation in every respect as will be most for thy glory! Many blessings also I have of late received in visiting the sick, and strength has been given me above that which is common. I long for a closer walk with my God! O that I may live to God every moment, with every power! May 6, Sunday. I had liberty this day to entreat the Lord, to show me the surest and shortest way to holiness. Many things were showed me, which I hope to put in practice; but above all, it was impressed on my mind, Live by faith.

6. HER MARRIAGE, AND REMOVAL TO MADELEY

HER MARRIAGE, AND REMOVAL TO MADELEY The seventh of June, 1781, as I before observed, was the day that began my fourteenth year in Yorkshire. On that day I took a particular view of my whole situation, and saw difficulties as mountains rise all around me. Faith was hard put to it. The promise seemed to stand sure, and I thought the season was come, yet the waters were deeper than ever. I thought also, bow shall I now hold fast that word so powerfully given to me, The Almighty shall be thy defence, and thou shalt have plenty of silver At length the cloud arose as a man's hand. The very next day, June the eighth, I received a letter from Mr. Fletcher, in which he told me—That he had for twenty-five years found a regard for me, which was still as sincere as ever ; and though it might appear odd he should write on the subject, when but just returned from abroad, and more so without seeing me first, he could only say, that his mind was so strongly drawn to do it, he believed it to be the order of Providence. In reading this letter I was much struck ;—so many circumstances all uniting. 1. The season it came in, 2. His writing on the subject before we had met, after an absence of fifteen years; and without his having the most distant suspicion of my mind being inclined toward it. 2. His mentioning, that for twenty-five years he had had the thought. All these particulars answered to the marks which I had laid down. His unexpected recovery, also, and safe return, so plainly pointed out the hand of Providence, that all ground of reasoning against it seemed removed. Yet, on the other hand, a strange fear possessed my mind lest I should take any step out of the order of God ;—nor was Satan wanting to represent great trials before me, which he told me I should not have strength to stand in.

We corresponded with openness and freedom, till August the first, when he came to Cross Hall, and abode there a month, preaching in different places with much power :—and having opened our whole hearts to each other, both on temporals and spirituals, we believed it to be the order of God we should become one, when he should make our way plain.

He then returned to his parish, a hundred and twelve miles from the place where I lived; for we could not think of taking the step till my affairs were more clearly settled. So we took our leave of each other, committing all into His hands who does what he will with his own. In about five weeks he returned; but still all seemed shut up; no way opened either for disposing of the farm, or of the family. Conversing one day with Mrs. Clapham, of Leeds, she said, What do you stick at The Lord has done so much to convince you that this is to be your deliverance, how is it that you do not believe, and obey his order I verily believe if you would take the step in faith, your way would be made plain directly; and I will now tell you what has passed my mind concerning it. When I was some months since at Scarborough, as I was one day in private, praying for you, and much drawn out in laying your trials before the Lord, I was as if taken out of myself, and saw by the eye of faith both Mr. Fletcher and you, and that you were designed for each other, and that much glory to God would arise from your union. But at the same time I saw that there were various obstacles in the way ;—but the chief was the want of money. It seemed to me, however, if you would believe and obey the order of God, all would be made clear before you. Then I saw a tall young man, (it seemed to me it was your youngest brother,) who poured down bags of gold , not once only, or

twice, but several times. Some were small, others seemed large sums; one was very large; and it was impressed on my mind that all your trials of that kind were over, and that you would never experience those difficulties any more.* She then asked, Have you more brothers than one I replied, Yes, I have two, and the youngest is tall; but I never received any thing in particular from him, nor have I the least reason to expect it. Her discourse, however, with several concurring circumstances, made an impression on our minds; and after asking direction from the Lord, we agreed to take the step in a fortnight.

* This whole account is certainly very extraordinary. No pious person, however, will say that the Lord has not helped, or would not thus direct or comfort his servants, in peculiar difficulties; and no person, who was acquainted with Mrs. Clapham, will doubt either the truth of her declaration, or the sobriety of her mind.— ED. For the first week all remained as usual; but in the beginning of the second, a gentleman came quite unexpectedly, and bought the place, for one thousand six hundred and twenty pounds. Three days after, another took the stock, &c. A way seemed also to open for each member of the family; so that with a little assistance, every one had a comfortable prospect before them. The case of one, a poor cripple, who had lived with me sixteen years, seemed difficult. Though she feared and loved God, she had such infirmities no one was willing to take her; and we had some reasons against taking her with us to Madeley. But this difficulty also was removed. On Sunday night, November the 11th, I received a letter from a pious lady, who had first recommended her to me, stating that she would take her back and maintain her.

All was now so far settled, that I did not need to sell Laytonstone estate. My income would afford to allow the pious souls of my dispersed family fifty-five pounds per year; pay the interest of the money still owing; and yet leave me such an annual sum as was about equal to my dear Mr. Fletcher's income; and in case of my death, there was in Laytonstone more than would pay all. So on Monday, the 12th of November, 1781, in Batley church, we covenanted in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, to bear each other's burdens, and to become one for ever.

We agreed it would be best to leave all our furniture, except a few trifles, to be sold with the house. Pine would do for us as well as mahogany. I felt some attachment to my neat furniture; but love to the order of God made me take the spoiling of them very cheerfully. The money was not to be paid immediately for the estate; we were, therefore, rather at a loss to settle all our accounts before we left the place, and to give that assistance to our friends we wished to do. On an exact calculation, we found a hundred pounds were wanting. We laid it before the Lord; and the next post I received a letter from my youngest brother, with a bank note of one hundred pounds enclosed, as a present;—though he knew nothing of our particular want, nor had I the least reason to expect his assistance, except the extraordinary communication by Mrs. Clapham, which I have related. On January 2, 1782, we set out for Madeley. But O! where shall I begin my song of praise What a turn is there in all my affairs! What a depth of sorrow, distress, and perplexity, am I delivered from! How shall I find language to express the goodness of the Lord! Not one of the good things hath failed me of all the Lord my God hath spoken. Now I know no want, but that of more grace. I have such a husband as is in every thing suited to me. He bears with all my faults and failings in a manner that continually reminds me of that word, Love your wives as Christ loved the Church. His constant endeavour is to make me happy; his strongest desire my spiritual growth. He is, in every sense of the word, the man my highest reason chooses to obey. I am also happy in a

servant, whom I took from the side of her mother's coffin, when she was four years old. She loves us as if we were her parents, and is also truly devoted to God.

Madeley, Shropshire, May 80, 1782.—Where shall I begin, or how recount thy faithfulness, O my God! O! What is man, that thou art mindful of him Above all, what am I, most sinful dust and ashes, that thou hast made my cup to run over above all I could think or wish for! O for holiness! Lord, let me be thine, and doubly thine for ever!

O the fears which filled my soul before and after our marriage! but how causeless have they all proved! I have the kindest and tenderest of husbands; so spiritual a man, and so spiritual a union, I never had any adequate conception of. He is every way suited to me, all I could wish.* The work among souls increases. I feel it is the Lord who hath cast my lot here. For some months I suffered much through fears of various kinds; all my situation being changed, I feared I should not be equal to the task allotted me, and that I should not be able to please the people for their good. But O! had I in every trial but believed all the way through, how sweetly might I have gone on! Now I see what a gracious Providence hath superintended all! Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, praise his holy name

* Mr. Wesley observes in a letter to the late Mrs. Rogers, at that time (December 9, 1781) Miss Roe, I should not have been willing that Miss Bosanquet should have been joined to any other person than Mr. Fletcher; but I trust she may be as useful with him as she was before.—See his Works, vol. 7:

June 7.—What a deliverance hath the Lord wrought for me! A year ago, I thought there was nothing before me (temporarily) but ruin. This day twelve months, I cried out, Thou hast not delivered thy people at all. How wonderful a chain of providences! As soon as we determined to marry in a fortnight, and leave the event to the Lord, 'the house and all was sold in ten days, and a way made for every one! But wanting a hundred pounds more to get out of that situation, we prayed the Lord to appear in our behalf, and immediately my youngest brother supplied our every need, though he knew not any thing of our necessity. In all my ways thy hand I own!

Thy ruling providence I see.

September 12.—I have seen forty-three years! Lord, to what purpose! Most of this day I have spent in secret prayer; yet my soul is rather sorrowful. I have a variety of people and different calls of God to attend unto; and I seem to want more wisdom, light, and love. My spiritual sphere of action is different. I have in many respects a wider call for action than before; but such a one as requires the momentary teaching of the Lord, both in conversing and Writing. Yet I do not feel all that I felt at Hoxton. No, I do not so live by faith as I did then. But I lie before thee, O Lord! Do all thy will on thy poor creature, for whom thou hast appeared in so marvellous a manner!

October.—The animating example of my dear husband stirs me up much. What a spiritual life does he live— night and day he is always on the stretch for God. I am a good deal encouraged for the people. I have much liberty in meeting them, and my soul feels sweet fellowship with some among them.

November 1.—I feel the care which a new place, and a new situation, is apt to bring on, and it disturbs the peace which should be kept in my soul. Lord, increase my faith ! There are many

peculiar circumstances in our affairs, and strangers are concerned therein; but in the end I have found it all work for good; it has been to me a good and useful lesson. First, I find it a cause of rejoicing that I have found so much love to the persons concerned in it; and secondly, while I was praying about it, it seemed as if the Lord showed me, as immediately from himself, that I was not required to have any anxious care, but that doing as well as I could, I might leave all to God. And if still I could not have things as I would wish, that it was the most profitable cross in the world; for it may be helpful to the soul, after doing all we can, to appear a fool in the eyes of men. Those words also bore much on my mind Fix on his work thy constant eye, So shall thy work be done.

I now felt a sweet calm waiting on the will of God, and I could say, Lord, I leave every thing to thee! One only care my soul shall know ! As I was telling the whole affair to my dearest husband, he said, Polly, do not encumber yourself for my sake. If we must be thought ignorant and awkward, let us submit to it. I require nothing of thee, my Polly, but to be more and more devoted to God.

November 12.—Glory! unceasing glory to my adorable Lord! This day we have been married one year. O how does my soul praise God for his gracious providence! What a helpmate is he to me, and how much better do we love one another this day, than we did this day twelve months! On a close examination, I have reason to believe my soul is coming forward. I have seen this year many and great changes, had many trials and many comforts, and I have learned much experience in various things, which has been much blessed to me. O for the moment when I shall become a whole burnt sacrifice!

Having had some hurry by means of unexpected company staying in the house, and some other things, and reflecting how hard it is to keep up uninterrupted communion with God in outward hurry, it was opened before me, that the very spirit of the Christian life stood in the strictest observations of these words: If a man offend not in tongue, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. Now, for want of this watchfulness, I offend often, and that causes distraction of spirit, and much hurt many ways. If I had a more constant waiting, a more continual attention to the Spirit of God, I believe I should find much more room for silence than I usually do; and that when it was my duty to speak, my words would have more weight. O my God, bring me to this by the way that thou knowest; give me a watchful mind! An eye always fixed on thee, and a far deeper sense of thy sacred presence! I also want a greater power of faith to lead on these precious souls that are under my care to more abundant life. Many are now just on the river's brink, but it seems they want a better helper to assist in bringing them over. May 21, 1783.—This day has been a day of trial. In the morning as I walked out about six o'clock, Mr. * * * 's letter of last night came with pain to my mind. I do not like the good that is in my dearest Mr. Fletcher to be evil spoken of. Before dinner I strove to get near to God, but having been up most of last night, I was very heavy. In the afternoon I could do but little, but I strove to pray. That passage in Mr. Wesley's Notes on the First Epistle of St. John, was much blessed, and very sweet to me. Love is the beginning of eternal life. The same in substance with glory. Also St. John's words, He that abideth in him sinneth not. I saw love comprised all in itself. For two hours I was led to lie before the Lord, though with many distractions, yet mingled with faith and longing desire. O when wilt thou take up in me thine everlasting abode! May 22.—I have this day been engaged in company, and sweetly met the order of God therein. I was enabled to be watchful; and blessed be God, my tongue has been kept. We took sweet counsel together, and I felt the Lord was the director of all within and without.

August 5.—Since the above, (May 22,) what have I seen of the goodness of the Lord! A fever has been in the parish, which took off many whom we saw it our duty to attend. It brought eternity very near, and that always does me good. It came into our family; and Sally was attacked with it. But my gracious God supported me under all burdens, and raised her up again in a wonderful manner. Soon after her recovery, Dr. Coke came in his way from Dublin. When I heard he was below, I felt an unusual spring of pleasure, with something of a conviction that he brought a message from the Lord. I instantly felt a spirit of submission, and as it were a listening to the will of God. So I have often felt when some conviction of fresh duty was about to be made plain to me. A few days before this, as I was one morning at prayer, I thought of one of our neighbours, (a speaker among the Friends,) who was gone to Ireland. It was suggested, Should I be called thither, could I resolve to go It really seemed I could not. The sea, to me ever terrible, appeared then doubly so, and I groaned under the thought,—where is faith and resignation When we came into the parlour, we found the doctor had brought some letters from Dublin to each of us, by which it seemed the cloud moved that way. We said but little then, but went to church, where the doctor preached. Before we came out, my soul was all readiness to go to the world's end, if my adorable Lord so ordered it. When we came home, I followed my dear to his study, and told him if he saw it his call to go, I saw it mine to follow him. He tenderly objected my health, as I had been very poorly some time, and in such a state of relaxation, that I waked for several mornings with blood in my mouth; but I believed that was not to hinder. Since that day we have been preparing for our journey; and I have enjoyed some communion with God in so doing. Satan is not wanting to suggest every thought that can raise fear. One day I was thinking, what would save me from all painful fear. If the Lord was to give me a promise of our safe return, that my dear husband's health should not be hurt, and that we should have much success when there, would that do I hesitated, and my confidence seemed to be shook by temptation. I then thought, What will enable me to drink this cup. to the glory of my Lord My heart presently answered, Nothing but an entire resignation; a losing of my whole will in that of my Lord's, and here I instantly found I was on a solid rock. The trial is not come single. My dear husband's health is not very good. What the Lord will do with us I know not. We are, however, ready for setting off. I feel my heart much enlarged, and my spirit so willing to do and suffer the whole will of God, that it amazes me. When I think of my dear husband's life or health being in danger, I am not anxious as I used to be, but can rest in the love and wisdom of my unchangeable Friend. For this I praise him, because no words can express the treasure I possess in our union. It is such as I had no idea was to be enjoyed in a married state; and in proportion as I get nearer to God, I find a daily increase of that union, and yet I am enabled so to give him up to the Lord, that it holds my soul in a quiet dependence and sweet adherence to the will of God.

William-street, Dublin, September 12.—This day of our birth calls for solemn praise. I say our birth, because, as far as we can learn, my dear Mr. Fletcher was born on the same day ten years before me. And why were we ever brought into being Here is the comfortable answer: I have created thee for my glory: I have formed thee for my praise ! O let us answer that design for ever!

Many were my conflicts before we set out for this place. At one time it was represented to me, that when we were on the watery element, the prince of the power of the air would exert all his efforts against us. As the thought presented, in a moment those words sprang up in my heart: - We shall be safe, for Christ displays Superior power and guardian grace. The Lord gave me to see the whole universe so under his command, as I cannot express. I saw him as holding the winds in his

fist, and the waters in the hollow of his hand. And that sooner all nature should change, than one of (God's promises fail. I am naturally inexpressibly fearful, with all sorts of fear, beyond what words can paint; and it was so represented, if I went among strangers, I should, by that weakness, bring much discouragement on the feeble ones of the flock. But the instance of Gideon was brought before me, and I was made to feel the Lord can get himself glory by the weakest worm; and my heart answered, O will Divine, which I adore and love! what a rest there is to be found in thee!

Well, in this will, with the prayers and blessing of many of our friends, on August the 12th we set off. As we drove from our own door, and my dear was commending us to the protection of the Lord, that word rested on my mind with power, I am thy shield. When we passed the Birches, (where a few years ago that remarkable phenomenon occurred,) Mr. Fletcher pointed out to me the roads and fields which were so lately covered with the river. We could not but be much amazed at the stupidity of the human heart. Most of the inhabitants seem almost to have forgotten the whole transaction! and we were led to observe how vain is the common objection to the miracles of our Lord, or to, the sun standing still at Joshua's word, that they are not recorded in common history. Ah no! That which does not take hold on the sinful affections is soon lost and forgotten! While we were conversing on the above subject, we passed the Eaton Constadine, a little village rendered famous by the birth of that great servant of God, Mr. Baxter, with whose spirit we joined our feeble act of worship before the throne. At night we were affectionately received by Mrs. Glynne, of Shrewsbury, whose love to the children of God does not grow cold. May He who hath promised the prophet's reward, repay her in time and eternity. While my dear was preaching that night, on the danger of being ashamed of the Gospel, my heart yearned toward the people of that place, and the cry of my spirit was, O that these people might live before thee. The next morning we pursued our journey as far as Llangollen, in Wales; but all the horses being out, we were constrained to abide there all night. Inquiring (as we walked about the town) whether they had any praying people among them, the poor things answered us in the best manner they could; and after consulting together, they said, Yes, sir, there are some people who pray in houses at the other end of the town, but we do not know what they be. Another said, This very night there is a man to preach in the chapel belonging to these praying people. According to their direction we went to the place, and found a few poor people gathered in a building, I believe part of an old house. The preacher seemed very earnest and lively; I say seemed, for we could not understand one word, except gogoniant and gwaed, glory and blood; which, with much emphasis, he often repeated. After we were returned to our inn, the few who could understand English came to us, and desired my dear to give them a sermon in the morning, which he did on these words: This is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as he hath given us commandment. It was a good time, and several were present who understood English. We then set off for Conway, and Friday afternoon reached Holyhead. Here, for some reasons, I wished to stop a little, and inquiring when a vessel would sail, we were informed not till next morning. Mr. Fletcher was but poorly. A swelling which he had on his face now broke, and gave him much inconvenience; but on Saturday morning, we were informed that the packet was going off. Some of the people said, The wind is quite contrary, you will have but a disagreeable passage; but believing it to be the order of God we embarked.

Now I remembered how the Lord had shown me, He measureth the waters in the hollow of his hand. The wind soon grew more favourable, and the sea so smooth, that it seemed to me as if I heard him say, Peace, be still ! Mr. Fletcher was not much affected by the sea, but I was very ill. About one o'clock on Sunday morning we cast anchor three miles from Dublin. We then got into a boat, which was rather troublesome, as the tide kept it in continual agitation; but through the goodness of the Lord we arrived safe. After being hindered for some time by the custom house officers, we reached by five in the morning the hotel on Dublin quay.

We now abide with our hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smyth, in William-street, and have seen much of the Lord's hand in bringing us hither. My dear husband has been favoured with such an unction in preaching the word, that it distils as the dew on the mown grass. The present preachers in Dublin, brothers Rutherford and Jackson, are truly simple, pious men, and respect that command. In honour preferring one another. They heartily rejoice in the message my dear husband delivers among them. There are some spirits in this place in whom we find a degree of the primitive simplicity, rejoicing to see a stranger whom they believe the Lord has sent to be a helper of their joy.

I feel a faith riveted in my heart that before it is long there will be a great revival of the work of God in Dublin. I feel much liberty in meeting the classes. Here are a few souls truly athirst for full salvation, and many who inquire after the most excellent way. Our kind and generous host and hostess allow us all freedom in their house, for the glory of God, and the good of his people; and as their servants also are pious upright persons, we can here worship with them in calm and brotherly love.

Madeley, October 30.—How much of thy goodness, O my God! have I seen since I last wrote! On the seventh of this month we left Dublin, and embarked in a Liverpool brig, bound for Holyhead. We had a long way to go in the boat, and about eight at night entered the vessel. The sea was then pretty smooth; but in the night the wind grew high, and the captain thought the sea more swelling than he had seen it for some years. It was what they call very squally; and we were extremely sick, far worse than in going. Those words, given me before I left home, were much on my mind: - And shall he not have The life which he gave, So precious a ransom for ever to save And also, Though I remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, there shall his hand guide me, and his right hand shall hold me. I could not tell whether they were not a call to sacrifice our lives to Him who had sacrificed his for us: but I lay still before the Lord, in the spirit of resignation, saying, Thy will be done. In going over, my dear husband's tender attention was a great alleviation to my suffering, but now we were both so ill (as was also Sally) we could scarce speak or look toward each other, but only wait before the Lord, that all his will might be done. Toward morning, the pump told us the vessel was leaky, but it was in a small degree, and we were near land. It served to remind us of that word There is but a step between me and death!

Since our return I have closely examined what I have lost or got in these last three months. I exceedingly praise the Lord that ever we went to Dublin, and that for various reasons. There are some souls there with whom my spirit found much fellowship; at whose feet I sat, and, I trust, learned many useful lessons. My dear Mr. Fletcher preached in several places beside the preaching house in Whitefriars-street, both to the French and English, and we had some remarkable proofs that he was called there of God,* I have also learned more of my own

weakness and ignorance. I know not I ever found a more humbling season than while I was there. My continual prayer was, Ah! Lord, break me in pieces! Melt me down and let me flow, and more fully take the mould Divine! My soul is deeply convinced of the need of being filled with all the fruit of the Spirit, or I shall never bring glory to my God. O that thou wouldst accomplish all thy will upon me!

* Having visited Dublin soon after the departure of these servants of God, I can add my testimony to the great and good effects which resulted from their visit, and their truly evangelical labours. Never did I see such deep impressions made on the minds of that people, except, perhaps, in the very short visits of Mr. Wesley. But he had the care of all the Churches, and was occupied with that care in every place. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher had a liberty in that respect which our father in the Gospel could not have. They were the unencumbered helpers of the people's joy; and it was truly the joy of the Lord. Those Divine impressions were deep and abiding: and, as Mrs. Fletcher hoped, a great revival of pure religion followed in that society. It had usually consisted of about 500 persons, but it soon increased to upward of 1,000, and has never since fallen below that number. Such longing after entire conformity to the Son of God, I never beheld! It seemed to be the general sentiment of all, from the highest to the lowest of the people. How wide this sacred influence might have extended, who can tell, if a poor sectarian spirit had not limited the labours of the man of God. On their arrival at Dublin, their host, Mr. Smyth, a distinguished and most respectable gentleman, applied to the rector of St. Andrew's parish (in which he lived) for Mr. Fletcher to preach in his church, and as he was a beneficed minister, it was immediately granted. The church (commonly called the Round Church) was crowded to excess. Mr. Fletcher's text was Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian, Acts xxvi 28. He showed what it was to be a Christian, from the liturgy which had just been read; beginning with the general confession, and the authoritative declaration of pardon to those who truly repent, and unfeignedly believe his holy Gospel; and going on to that cleansing of our hearts by the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, that we may perfectly love him, and worthily magnify his holy name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. He then proceeded to persuade them with an earnestness and power that astonished the congregation some of whose seemed to doubt if he were not more than human. But, alas! It was soon known that Mr. Fletches preached that same evening at the Methodist preaching house! The pulpits of the churches were immediately shut against him, Since our return, my dear husband has taken another journey of about two hundred miles, from which he has a good deal suffered. His face is not yet well. But the unwearied patience and resignation wherewith he goes through all, is to me a continual lesson, which I wish to imitate.

November 12.—And do we see the anniversary of our blessed union yet another year And are we yet more happy and more tender toward each other Yes, glory be to God! we are; and what is better, I can truly say, our souls get nearer to God. We are more spiritual, and live more for eternity. What have we passed through together since this day twelvemonth! What a tender kind friend hath he proved himself to me in every circumstance of each situation! And now Providence hath so graciously brought us again to our own country, and quiet habitation. O that we may live to him more than ever.

Yesterday I was much blessed in offering up my whole self, with all my concerns, into the hand of God, believing he would appoint me all my work, and all my crosses. He showed me he would make his will known to me through that of my dear husband, and that I was to accept his directions

as from God, and obey him as the Church does Christ. That I must give myself to his guidance as a child, and wherever we were called, or however employed with the exception of the French church. The first time he preached there his text was, Call to remembrance the former days, in which, after ye were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions, Hebrews 10:32. He thus brought before them the faith of their ancestors and the persecutions that had driven them from their native land, and strongly enforced the inquiry, Do ye now believe When some of the people were asked, “ Why did you go to the French church to hear Mr. Fletcher, when you could not understand one word he said They answered, we went to look at him, for heaven seemed to beam from his countenance!—En. in the work of God, I Should always find protection, and glorify God, while I renounced all choice by doing the will of another rather than my own. This, indeed, I have always seen; but it was now more deeply impressed on my heart, as I was assured there was no danger in doing so, having his guidance. I saw how often, through that unaccountable fear which presses down my spirit, I have been afraid to follow in the ways he hath pointed out, and so have hindered the order of God. Lord, from this day I covenant afresh to be in this particular at thy own disposal!

February 3, 1784.—This day my convictions have been greatly deepened concerning the sin of unwatchfulness in the use of my tongue. We must be willing to be dumb, and not open our mouth, when God’s order calls us to it; and to be fools in the eyes of man, that we may receive the true wisdom.

September 12.—This day I am forty-five years old. Lord, what hath my setting sun to shine on Must I say, A lost life O, how much of it hath been so! What might I have been! What might I have done for thee, O God! Yet this day I have had such a sense of the goodness of God toward me as I cannot express. I am filled with favours! I have the best of husbands, who daily grows more and more spiritual, and I think more healthful, being far better than when we first married. My call is also so clear, and I have such liberty in the work, and such sweet encouragement among the people. My servant too is much improved, and as faithful as if she was my own child. An income quite comfortable, and a good deal to help the poor with! O what shall I render to the Lord for all the mercies he hath shown unto me!

October.—As I was retired this morning at my ten o’clock hour, I was called down to Mary G—. I asked her if she still retained her spiritual liberty. I found by her answers that she did, which caused me to praise the Lord. She gave me a strange account, which I shall insert as she related it. A short time ago, she said, she was one day going out to work in the fields, but thought she would first go up stairs to prayer. While on her knees, praising God for the care he had taken of her children, she was amazed to see her eldest son, about twenty-one years old, standing before her! She started up, but thought, May be it is the enemy to affright me from prayer. Casting her eyes again to the same spot, she still saw him there, on which she ran down into the kitchen, calling on the name of the Lord. Still, wherever she looked, she saw him standing before her, pale and as if covered with dirt! Concluding from this that he was killed, she ran to her mother, who, on hearing the account, went directly to the pit, determined to have him home; if alive. On her drawing near the pit she heard a great tumult, for the earth had fallen in on him and two other men, and the people were striving, to dig them out. At length he was got up alive and well, and came home to his mother, pale and dirty, just as she had seen him! She then fell on her knees, and began praising that God who hears and answers prayer! Many of the ungodly neighbours having been

witness to the whole transaction, are much affected, and I trust this very strange occurrence will work for good.*

October.—Yesterday I was very much taken up in house affairs. Various things occurred which would at sometimes have been a burden; but every thing seemed blessed. These words were all day the language of my heart,— With thee delighted I forget All time, and toil, and care;

Labour is rest, and toil is sweet, If thou, my God, be there.

It was a day of prayer and sweet recollection. This day also I have found much of the presence of God. O for a power of self-denial in all things to do his will!

November 12.—We have been married three years this day. A good day it has been to me! My spirit has been much drawn out in prayer for a farther lift of faith, without which I am sensible I cannot obtain the fulfilment of that promise, Her clothing shall be of wrought gold ! As I was this day reflecting on the wonderful goodness of God in my providential union with my dear husband, (so far, so very far, beyond my warmest wishes,) my heart was enlarged with desire to render to my God a suitable return for all his mercies! I cried from the bottom of my soul to the Father, that he would draw me to the Son! I called on Christ as my living head! It was a peculiar season. These words have ever since abode on my mind: -

* Was not this extraordinary dispensation permitted for the good of these ignorant ungodly persons, who were not likely to be moved by more rational means I—ED.

See him to thy help come down, The excellence Divine.

November 16.—A thought struck my mind tonight, as I was looking over some part of my diary, that there is not praise enough for spiritual blessings. I express my wants, but I ought to praise the Lord without ceasing, that he gives me such an open door to pour out my wants into his bosom; and the answers to prayer I have of late found, have been so quick, so certain, and so wonderful, I am amazed! In July last, we believed the Lord called us to Yorkshire for a few weeks,* and many answers to prayer did we meet with in that journey. Soon after our return, my dear husband was called to take another journey. I knew he would meet with much fatigue therein; and every journey hurts him much; but I was amazed at the calm resignation I felt; the language of my heart was, Happy to meet, yet free to part, Through thee for ever one in heart. This autumn I have been a good deal among the people, and have found great liberty both in public and private meetings. Two dear souls have been lately brought in; and though persecution burns hot against them, they are yet firm, and rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for the cause of God. Lord, keep them, and make them firm as the beaten anvil to the stroke!

* To attend the conference; the last at which Mr. Fletcher was present - ED

Lord's day.—My dear husband was very poorly, and had much appearance of a fever. In the morning meeting I told the dear women we must hold him up by prayer; and indeed I felt our prayers had free access to the Lord. It would have warmed a heart of stone to have heard Mary Matthews give her simple, yet solid and wise declaration of the goodness of God. She had been a long time creeping hither with her sore leg; but she seemed scarce to know which to praise God most for, the strength he had given her to do so, or the pain she had felt all the night before! For, said she, if I had not had pain, I should have slept. But instead of that, I had such a Divine visit

from my Lord, and such sweet intercourse with him, I would not have been without it for all the world. This woman grows much in grace; she is to me a great consolation, and a help in training up some of the lambs of the flock. She had been for some years in a mourning state, (though she still retained her faith,) but the first Sabbath my dear husband and I spoke in the kitchen, she was set at liberty while these words were sung :— The year of jubilee is come!

Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!

January 5, 1785.—I have this day been looking over my many mercies, and my heart was melted into love! O what a prospect! Lord, speak again to my heart, Thou shalt walk with me in white ! I cast my whole self on thy mercy. So much I feel of it as makes me rest under thy shadow! Thy will shall be my choice! Sometimes I think I am so surrounded with comforts, I shall not answer that character, These are they which came out of great tribulation. But I abandon myself to thy dear will, only let me glorify thee to the uttermost! Yea, with every power! It was a good time last night also while at the' prayer meeting.

Yesterday I went with my dear husband to —, but being taken ill, I was forced to return home. This is often the case with me. I am oft disappointed in what appears at first the will of God; but at this time it was far otherwise. I felt a pleasure in appearing mean and good for nothing. Yes, I will glory in my infirmity, that the will of God may be done in me!

July 2.—Much blessed today while my dear husband was preaching the sermon to the club. I had a sweet sight how union with God could transform the soul into his own image.

July 26.—This summer being dry, I have had much opportunity of going about. One day at the Rough Park, I had a peculiar instance of the goodness of God. A son of Belial, a wicked, rude fellow, bound himself and another young man, whom he had drawn in, under a blasphemous oath, that they would be there by the time we began, in order to make a disturbance. Accordingly, about six o'clock, he was for setting off,—when he was suddenly struck as with death. All about him really thought he was dying. He continued thus for some hours. O how easily can the Lord put his bridle into the jaws of those he would restrain! I gave it out to be there again that day fortnight, but in the meantime I walked to a distant place, rather beyond my strength; however, we had a good time. On my return home, I felt very weary, and the thought passed my mind, My soul is too swift for my body; for it seemed as if it would fly to those places where there appeared a call. My earthly frame, however, was too heavy to drag after it. That night I began to grow ill, and it terminated in a fever. My limbs swelled a good deal, and I was covered with red spots; but had not much pain. Now I had a fresh instance of the tender care and love of my blessed partner: sickness was made pleasant by his kind attention. When the day came for me to be at the Rough Park, he went himself, but was so penetrated with the thought of losing me, that he preached as it were my funeral sermon; and the dear people joined him in his feelings and prayer. During this illness many thoughts passed my mind, which I can scarce account for. For a good while past my dear husband has joined with me in prayer in an uncommon manner. We are led to offer ourselves to do and suffer all the will of God. Something seems to tell me I must have more of the bitter cup; and these words are much with me: That I may stand in the evil day, and having done all—stand. My prayer is, That the evil day may be before death,— not at the last. But, Lord, thy will—thy whole will be done!

Certainly I have now scarce any cross. Thou hast made my cup to run over! Yea, thou hast made me to forget all my sorrows. It seems as if I had never suffered any thing! There is not a comfort I can wish for which I have not ;—but, Lord, I want more grace!

October 25.— When I wrote last (July 26,)~ I was indeed arrived a the summit of human felicity! My cup did indeed run over ! I often said, Lord! How is this Am I indeed one of those of whom it is said, These are they who came out of great tribulation My way is strewed with roses. I am ready to say, with Joseph, The Lord hath made me to forget all my afflictions, and all my fathers' house! But O ! how shall I write it! On the fourteenth of August, 1785, the dreadful moment came! The sun of my earthly joys forever set, and the cloud arose which casts the sable on all my future life! At half past ten that Sabbath night, I closed the eyes of my beloved! What a change! The whole creation wears a new face to me. The posture of my mind at this season I will not trust to my memory to describe. I will leave it in the rough manner I then set it down. Perhaps some one walking in the same dreary path may find a little comfort therefrom. To others it may be dry and insipid. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. On September 15, 1785, I wrote in my diary as follows:

I am truly a desolate woman, who hath no helper but thee. I remember a little before the translation of my dearest love, we were drawn out continually to ask for a greater measure of the Spirit—such a measure as was given it pentecost : or in other words, such a manifestation of the loving nature of God, as should fulfil in us that promise, Ye are the temples of the Holy Ghost. This I asked and pleaded for, and that on any condition. My dear Mr. Fletcher used to say, That is right, Polly ;let us hold fast there, and leave all the rest to God, though he should be constrained to part us asunder to give the answer. On the Tuesday before my love died, when those words were applied to my mind, Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory, I felt such a power in them, as seemed in a great degree to take away the bitterness even of that dreadful cup. To behold my glory ! That thought would for moments swallow up all, and I seemed to lose myself in the desire of his glory being manifested. But that awful night! when I had hung over my dear husband for many hours, expecting every breath to be his last, and during which time lie could not speak to, nor take any notice of me, a flood of unspeakable sorrow overspread my heart, and quite overwhelmed my spirit. I was scarcely in my senses; and such a fear seized my soul lest I should say or do any thing displeasing to the Lord, that I was torn as it were a thousand ways at once. My fatigue had been great: I was barely recovered of my fever, and this stroke so tore my nerves, that it was an inlet to much temptation. In former parts of my life, I have felt deep sorrow; but such were now my feelings, that no words that I am able to think of can convey any adequate idea thereof. The next morning—O my God! what a cup didst thou put into my hand! Not only my beloved husband, but it appeared to me my Saviour also, was torn from me! Clouds and darkness surrounded both soul and body! The sins even of my infancy came before me, and assaulted me as thick as hail! I seemed to have no love, no faith, no light; and yet I could not doubt but I should see the smiling face of God in glory! Yea, that heaven would terminate all my sufferings! There did not seem one dart thrown at my final salvation. An unshaken belief that Christ would bring me through all, was my great support; and it seemed to me, that I must have been annihilated had I been moved from that anchor. No finite creature could have supported it. My agonized soul seemed to sweat blood; and I felt the meaning of those words, The pains of hell gat hold upon me ! What, said I, is this the soul that but a few days ago delighted in the thought of His glory ! But now he hath entered into judgment with me! My soul was amazed, and in deep

anguish; and literally my life drew nigh to the grave! When formerly I have read accounts like this, I have thought, These persons have a strong way of expressing themselves; but, alas! I solemnly declare, no expression appears to me strong enough for what I felt. That word passed my mind several times :—

Even to his Father did he look In pain—his Father him forsook! A host of foes seemed to surround me, and I was (as it appeared to me) given into their hands.* Those words came often to my mind, To know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings. Sometimes I remembered that expression, My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me I cast my mournful eyes toward the Man of sorrows who spoke them, but there seemed no answer; all was horror and darkness.

* This whole account describes truly the hour and the power of darkness. The blast of the terrible ones was indeed as a storm against the wall! But this follower of Christ, nevertheless, walked not in darkness. She, like her Master could say My God! my God ! when her soul was sorrowful even unto

Many times a day I visited my lovely corpse, remembering, as I knelt beside him how he used to say, Ah! my dear Polly, must I ever see thee laid out on this bed! But, alas! he could no more speak to me—no more express his tender sympathy! Now I trod the winepress alone, and truly there was none with me. The rest of the day I sat mostly alone in the next room, where my window presented to my view the grave digging, and the churchyard visited by numbers to look at the vault! Soon it occurred to my mind, that before we married some letters had passed between us on particular subjects which he had often told me I had better burn; saying, Thou puttest it off: and if one of us should die, it will almost kill the other to do it then. Yet, being loath to part with them, I had neglected to do it; but now being seized with a kind of palsy, and loss of memory, I thought, Perhaps in another day I may not be able to do it, and then I shall be unfaithful to my dear husband's command. The third day, therefore, I carried them to the fire. But O! what did I feel at the sight! I could not even avoid seeing some of the tender expressions they contained, which were now as barbed wires to my heart. Next day came on the funeral.

All this time my soul was as in the lion's den. The day after I heard that some reports were abroad concerning my dear husband's death—as if he had been delirious, and expired in great agonies. I believed I was called to write the truth; and casting myself on the Lord, to be guided by his hand as a mere machine, I took up my pen and wrote to Mr. Wesley the following letter. I wrote it at one sitting, intending to copy it afterward; but I had no more strength than just sufficed for the occasion. I sent it, therefore, as it was, to the press, and left it all to God death. Thus, Heaven its choicest gold by suffering tried. The saint sustained it—but the woman felt: and she no more disguised her feelings than our Divine Master did.—ED.

August 18,1785.

REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR :—Though but yesterday I with my beloved husband's remains, I must now endeavour to collect my wounded mind, as I would not have any of his words fall to the ground, and give, if possible, some account of the awful, but, to him, glorious scene, Our union increased daily, as did his health and strength; his consumptive complaint appeared quite removed, and in my eyes the bitterness of death was past. The work was sweetly prospering, and

in a variety of circumstances the sun of prosperity shone around us. For some time before this last illness, his precious soul. (always alive to God) was particularly penetrated with, the nearness of eternity; there was scarce an hour in which he was not calling upon me to drop every, thought and every care, that we might attend to nothing but drinking deeper into God. We spent much time in wrestling prayer for the fulness of the Spirit, and were led in a very peculiar manner to an act of abandonment (as we called it) of our whole selves into the hands of God, to do or suffer whatever was pleasing to him. On Thursday, August 4, he was taken up in the work of God from three in the afternoon till nine at night; when he came home, he said, I have taken cold.' Friday and Saturday he was but poorly, though he went out part of the day, but seemed uncommonly drawn out in prayer. On Saturday night is fever first appeared very strong. I begged him not to go to the church in the morning, but let a pious brother who was there preach in the yard; but he told me he believed it was the will of the Lord, and that he was assured it was right he should go; in which case I never dared to dissuade him. As I was in the morning with a little company of our pious women, I begged they would pray that he might be strengthened, and that I might have a grain of that faith which supported the faithful when their friends were martyred. In reading the prayers he almost fainted away. I got through the crowd with a friend, and entreated him to come out of the desk, as did some others; but he let us know, in his sweet manner, that we were not to interrupt the order of God. I then retired to my pew, where all around me were in tears. When he was a little refreshed by the windows being, opened, and a nosegay thrown into the desk by a friend, he went on; and afterward going up into the pulpit, preached with a strength and recollection that surprised us all. In his first prayer he said, 'Lord, thou wilt manifest thy strength in weakness; we confer not with flesh and blood, but put our trust under the shadow of thy wings.' His text was from Psalms 36:1-12 : 'Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast; how excellent is thy mercy, O God; and the children of men shall put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.'

After he had pointed out the Saviour of mankind, and observed, how some by sin had made themselves beasts, he showed that the promise, even in that sense, might be applied to the sinner, as well as to the beasts of the earth: and in speaking to these, with his usual earnestness, he pressed, invited, and entreated them to return unto God, enforcing those words of our Lord when he came near to Jerusalem, and wept over it: 'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.' These words peculiarly pierced the hearts of many, as they have since told me. He continued to observe, in nearly the following words, 'That the wings of the Lord are compared to those of an eagle for strength and protection,' Exodus 19:1-25 : 'I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself.' 'And to those of a hen for love and care, 'Like as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.' In the Jewish tabernacle, where was the holy of holies, two cherubim, were placed, whose extended wings joining together overshadowed the mercy seat. When Christ died upon the cross, his arms were stretched out, and these were as wings of love which he opened, and still holds wide open, to receive all that come unto him; let us then, when we see his love and power thus united to save and bless us, enter boldly into the holy of holies through the door of Divine mercy. A friend threw me some flowers to revive me when I was faint, but the mercy of the Lord is far more reviving; it is this I would hold out to you, and drop it into your very bosoms; may it sink deep there, that you may 'taste and see how good the Lord is,' and confess that his saving mercy is above the richest perfume, for 'he saves both man and beast!'

After sermon he went up the aisle to the communion table, with these words: 'I am going to throw myself under the wings of the cherubim before the mercy seat.' The congregation was large, and the service held till near two. Sometimes he could scarcely stand, and was often obliged to stop for want of power to speak. The people were deeply affected. Weeping was on every side. Gracious Lord! how was it my soul was kept so calm in the midst of the most tender feelings. Notwithstanding his extreme weakness, he gave out several verses of hymns, and various lively sentences of exhortation. As soon as the service was over, we hurried him away to his bed, where he immediately fainted away. He afterward dropped into a sleep for some time, and upon waking, cried out, with a pleasant smile, 'Now my dear, thou seest I am no worse for doing the Lord's work: he never fails me when I trust in him.' After he had got a little dinner he dozed most of the evening; now and then waking (as was usual with him) full of the praises of God. That night his fever returned, but not so bad as on Saturday; nevertheless from Sunday his strength decreased amazingly. On Monday and Tuesday we had a little paradise together; he lay on a couch in the study, and was at times very restless, as to change of posture, but sweetly pleasant, and often slept for a good while. When awake, he delighted much in hearing me read hymns and tracts on faith and love. His words were all animating, and his patience beyond what I can express. When he had any bitter or nauseous medicine to take, he seemed to enjoy the cross, reminding me of a word he used often to repeat, that our business was to seek a perfect conformity to the will of God, and then leave him to give us what comfort he saw good.

I asked him, if he should be taken from me, whether he had any particular directions or orders to give me, since I desired to form my whole life thereby. He replied, 'No, not by mine, the Holy Ghost shall direct thee; I have nothing particular to say, only that the Lord will open all before thee; and let not any one bring thee into bondage. If I stay with thee, I will keep thee from oppression; but if I should be taken from thee, beware.' I said, Hast thou any conviction the Lord is about to take thee. He answered, 'No, not in particular; only I always see death so inexpressibly near, that we both seem to stand as 'on the verge of eternity.' While he slept a little, I laid my trial before the Lord, entreating him, if it was his good pleasure, to spare my beloved husband a little longer; but my prayer seemed to have no wings. It was held down, and I could not help mingling continually therewith, Lord, give me perfect resignation! This uncertainty in my own mind made me rather tremble, lest the Lord was going to take the bitter cup out of my dear's hand, and give it unto me. The cup of separation he had for some weeks before very deeply drank of, when I myself was ill of the fever. At that time he often passed through the whole parting scene, and struggled for the fortitude of perfect resignation. Sometimes he would say at that season, 'O Polly! shall I ever see the day when thou must be carried out to be buried. How will the little things which thou wast accustomed to use, and ..all those which thy tender care has prepared for me in every part of the house, how will they wound and distress me! How is it! I think I feel jealousy I am jealous of the worms! I seem to shrink at giving my dear Polly to the worms!' '

Now all these reflections returned with a millstone's weight on my heart. I cried to the Lord, and those words were deeply impressed on my spirit: 'Where I am, there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory.' 'This promise was full of matter as well as unction to my soul. It explained itself thus: That in Christ's immediate presence was our home, and that we should find our reunion in being deeply centred in him. I received it as a fresh marriage for eternity. As such I still take, and trust for ever to hold it. All that day, whenever I thought of this expression, 'to behold

my glory,' it seemed to wipe every tear away, and was as the ring by which we were joined anew.

Awaking some time after, he said,' 'Polly, I will tell you what I have been thinking of; it was Israel's fault that they asked for signs ; we will not do so; but abandoning our whole selves into the hands of God, we will there lie patiently before him, assured that he will do all things well.'

'My dear love,' said I, 'if ever I have done or said any thing to grieve thee, how will the remembrance wound my heart, shouldst thou be taken from me!'

He entreated and charged me, with inexpressible tenderness, not to allow the thought; declaring his thankfulness for our union, in a variety of words which remain written on my heart, as with the adamantine pen of friendship deeply dipped in blood. On Wednesday, after groaning all day as it were under the weight of the power of God, he told me he had received such a manifestation of the full meaning of that word, 'God is love,' as he could never be able to tell. It fills me, said he; it fills me every moment, O Polly! my dear Polly! God is love! shout, shout aloud! O! it so fills me, I want a gust of praise to go to the ends of the earth. But it seems as if I could not speak much longer; between ourselves , (tapping me twice with his dear finger) now I mean 'God is love, and we will draw each other into God: observe! By this we will draw each other into God.'

Sally coming in, he cried out, 'O Sally! God is love! both of you; I want to hear you shout his praise.' Indeed it was a season of love. All this time the medical friend who attended him with unwearied diligence, hoped he was in no danger. He knew it to be the fever; but as he had no bad headache, much sleep, without the least delirium, and an almost regular pulse, seldom much quicker than my own, he thought the symptoms amazingly mild; for though the disease was commissioned to take his life, yet it seemed so restrained by the power of God, that we truly discerned in it the verity of those words, Death is yours. On Thursday, his speech began to fail. While he was able he continued speaking to all who came in his way. Accidentally hearing that a stranger was in the house, he ordered her to be called up, though uttering two sentences almost made him faint. To his friendly doctor he would not be silent while he had any power of speech ; often saying, 'O, sir, you take much thought for my body; give me leave to take thought for your soul.' And I believe his words will remain with that friend for ever. When I could scarcely understand any thing he said, I spoke these words, 'God is love.' Instantly he caught them, as if all his powers were awakened afresh, and broke out in a rapture, 'God is love, love, love! O for that gust of praise I want to sound!' Here his dear voice again failed. He was restless, and often suffered many ways, but with such patience as none but those who were with him can conceive. If I named his sufferings, he would smile, and make the sign. On Friday, finding his dear body covered with spots, I so far understood them, as to feel a sword pierce through my soul. As I was kneeling by his bed, with my hand in his, entreating the Lord to be with us in this tremendous hour, he strove to say many things, but could not. Pressing my hand, and often repeating the sign, at last he breathed out, 'Head of the Church, be head to my wife.' When, for a few moments I was forced to leave him, to gather up some sheets of one of his manuscripts, which I feared would be lost, Sally said to him, 'My dear master, do you know me' He replied, 'Sally, God will put his right hand under you.' She added, 'O my dear master, should you be taken away, what a disconsolate creature will my poor dear mistress be!' He replied, God will be her all in all.' He had 'always delighted much in these, words:—

'Jesus' blood through earth and skies, Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries I' And whenever I repeated them to him, he would answer, boundless, boundless, boundless! and in allusion to them, he now replied, though with great difficulty, 'Mercy's full power I soon shall prove, Loved with an everlasting love. On Saturday afternoon his fever seemed quite off, and a few Christian friends standing near the bed, he reached his hand to each of them, and looking on a minister, who was weeping by him, he said, 'Are you ready to assist tomorrow' Which recollection of his amazed us much, as the day of the week had not been named in his room. Most about him could not but believe he was better, and would get over it. One said, 'Do you think that the Lord will raise you up' 'He strove to answer, saying, 'Raise in resur—, raise in resur—,' meaning in the resurrection. To another who asked the same question, he said, 'I leave it all to God.' In the evening his fever returned with violence, and the mucus falling on the windpipe, occasioned him to be almost strangled. He suffered greatly; and it was feared the same painful emotion would continue and grow more violent to the last. This I felt most exquisitely, and cried to the Lord to remove it; and, glory be to his name, he did remove it; and it returned no more in that way. As night drew on, I thought I perceived him dying very fast; his fingers could now hardly move to make the sign, (which he seemed scarce ever to forget,) and his speech, as it seemed, was quite gone. I said, 'My dear creature, I ask not for myself; I know thy soul; but for the sake of others; if Jesus is very present with thee, lift thy right hand.' He did so. I added, 'If the prospect of glory sweetly opens before thee, repeat the sign.' He then raised it again, and in half a minute a second time; then threw it up with all his remaining strength, as if he would reach the top of the bed! After this his dear hands moved no more; but on my saying, 'Art thou in much pain he answered, ' No.' From this time he entered into a state that might be called a kind of sleep, though with eyes open and fixed, and his hands utterly void of any motion. For the most part he sat upright against pillows, with his head a little inclined to one side, and so remarkably composed and triumphant was his countenance, that the least trace of death was scarcely discernible in it.

Twenty-four hours my dearly beloved was in this situation, breathing like a person in common sleep. About thirty-five minutes past ten, on Sunday night, August 14th, his precious soul entered into the joy of the Lord, without one struggle or groan, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Often he had said, when hearing of happy deaths, ' Well, let us get holy lives, and we will leave the rest to God.' But I, who was scarce a minute at a time from him night or day, can truly say that there was the strongest reason to believe, 'No cloud did arise, to darken the skies, Or hide, for one moment, his Lord from his eyes.' And here I break off my mournful story! I could say abundance more; but on my bleeding heart his fair picture of heavenly excellence will be for ever drawn. When I call to mind his ardent zeal, his laborious endeavours to seek and save the lost,—his diligence in the employment of his time,—his Christlike condescension toward me, and his uninterrupted converse with Heaven, I may well be allowed to add, my loss is beyond the power of words to paint. O sir, you know I have trodden deep waters; but 'all my afflictions were nothing compared to this.' Well, I want no pleasant prospect, but upward,—nor any thing whereon to fix my hope, but immortality. On the 17th his dear remains were deposited in Madeley churchyard, amid the tears and lamentations of thousands, who flocked about the bier of their dead pastor. Between the house and the church, they sung these verses :—

'With heavenly weapons he hath fought The battles of the Lord;

Finish'd his course, and kept the faith, 'And gain'd the great reward.

God hath laid up in heaven for him A crown which cannot fade; The righteous Judge, at that great day, Shall place it on his head.' The service was performed by the Rev. Mr. Hatton rector of Waters-upton, whom the Lord moved in a pathetic manner to speak to his weeping flock on the sad occasion. In the conclusion, at my request, he read the following paper: - As it was the desire of my beloved husband to be buried in this plain manner, so out of tenderness he begged that I might not be present; and in all things I would obey him.

Permit me then to take this opportunity, by the mouth of a friend, to bear my open testimony to the glory of God, that I, who have known him in the most perfect manner, am constrained to declare, I never knew any one walk so closely in the ways of God as he did. The Lord gave him a conscience tender as the apple of an eye. He literally preferred the interest of every one to his own. He was rigidly just, but perfectly loose from all attachment to the world. He shared his all with the poor, who lay so close to his heart, that on the approach of death, though his speech was so gone that he could utter nothing without difficulty, he cried out, O, my poor! what will become of my poor! I am dead to my poor! He was blessed with so great a degree of humility as is scarcely to be found. I am witness how often he has taken a real pleasure in being treated with contempt; indeed it seemed the very food of his soul to be little and unknown. When he said to me, 'Thou wilt write a line or two to my brother in Switzerland, if I die,'—I replied, 'My dear love, I will write him all the Lord's dealings with thee.' 'No, no,' said he, 'write nothing about me. I desire to be forgotten;—God is all!' His zeal for souls I need not tell you: let the labour of twenty-five years, and a martyr's death in the conclusion, imprint it on your hearts. His diligent visitation of the sick, laid, to appearance, the foundation of the spotted fever, which, by God's commission, tore him from you and me; and his vehement desire to take his last leave of you, with dying lips and hands, gave (it is supposed) the finishing stroke, by preparing his blood for putrefaction. Thus hath he lived and died your servant. And will any of you refuse to meet him at God's right hand in that day

He walked with death always in sight; and about two months ago he came to me one day, and said, 'My dear love, I know not how it is, but I have a strange impression death is very near us, as if it be some sudden stroke upon one of us; and it draws out all my soul in prayer that we may be ready.' He then broke out, Lord, prepare the soul thou wilt call; and O, stand by the poor disconsolate one who shall be left behind. A few days before his departure, he was filled with love in an uncommon manner, saying to me, 'I have had such a discovery of the depth of that word, God is love, as I cannot tell thee half, but it fills me, it fills me. O Polly! my dear Polly! God is love! shout his praise! I want a gust of praise to reach to the ends of the earth.' And the same he testified as long as he had voice, and continued to testify to the end, by a most lamblike patience, in which he victoriously smiled at death, and set his last seal to the glorious truths he had so long preached among you.

Three years, nine months, and two days, I have possessed my heavenly minded husband; but now the sun of my earthly joy is set for ever, and my soul filled with an anguish which only finds its consolation in a total abandonment and resignation to the will of God: an exercise to which my dear husband and I had of late been particularly drawn. When I was asking the Lord if he pleased to spare him to me a little longer, the following answer was impressed on my mind with great power, and in the accomplishment of this word of promise I look for our reunion, 'Where I am there shall my servants be, that they may behold my glory!' Lord, hasten the hour!

I am, Rev, and dear sir, &c., MARY FLETCHER. The Rev. Mr. Wesley. My anguish was extreme. All outward support seemed to be withdrawn; appetite and sleep quite failed me ; and even the air, I often thought, had entirely lost all its vivifying powers. As I never before had any conception of the bitter anguish which the Lord saw good to visit me with at this season; so I can give no just description of it. Known unto God are all his ways ; and I was assured, even in the midst of my trouble, that all he did was well, and that there was a needs be for this heavy trial. But what bound all my other trials upon me was, I felt continually the keenest accusations from Satan, constraining me by every possible suggestion to look at my extreme sensibility in suffering as being deeply sinful! What, thought I, has made this change! If Jesus was my all, should I not feel as keenly the sense of his having suffered for me, as I do in the thought of my dear husband's kindness, and in the dreadful feeling of my separation from him And because I could feel but very faint touches of sensible communion with God, I was torn as it were in pieces. All my religion seemed shrunk into one point; viz., a constant cry, Thy will be done!*, yes, I will glorify thee, even in this fire!

Yet it seemed to me I did not glorify him; and so * This is a fruit of the Spirit that never fails those who abide in the faith, even in the darkest hour.—ED. afraid was I of turning to any human comfort, or stopping short of all the Lord would have me to do or be, that in the midst of this terrible furnace, I can say,'—that at every moment my conscience was quick as the apple of an eye, the slightest touch of sin to feel. 'Yea, my spirit was all eye to discern its most distant approach. Yet in every thing I seemed to be accused, and also condemned; so that my soul, was indeed sorrowful even unto death.*

One morning before I was awake, I heard singing voices, as just over my face: they answered one another with these words,—

' Weep ye in Zion's deep distress, In Zion's sorrow mourn.

Then one voice, which I well knew to be that of my dearest love, spake in distinct words; and with much emphasis,—

Fight the good fight of faith with me, My fellow soldier, fight.

It gave me some little comfort, and animated me to follow his bright example.

One day these words were applied with much power to my heart, These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. What, said I, did the apostle, who had been in the third heaven, and knew well what he said,—did he call these afflictions light when put in the scale with that glory It was answered in my heart, Yes, as a bubble! compared with the glory that shall be revealed. I got a momentary glimpse of our home above, in the celestial city; and those words were spoken through my heart,—

Heaven is thy inheritance, Thou shalt soon remove from hence.

Very many were these little inbreakings of light, yea, often in a day ;—yet my pain was unspeakable. I was constantly perplexed with that thought, that a believer can never be in darkness; that they always rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory ; that nothing but sin given way to, can damp their joy.* This was an inlet to much temptation; and now I had no one to tell my troubles to! no partner to bear a share in them. In all our spiritual conflicts we had been so entirely one, that cares, by being divided, were hushed into peace. A word from him would frequently light

up, as it were, a candle in my soul; and was enough to turn aside the keenest temptation. But now I trod the winepress alone, and felt my dependence had been too much on the creature. I had clung to him as the ivy to the oak, and now seemed to be nothing! I saw myself left in a howling wilderness alone! Yet still I could say,—

* In all this I believe the pious and well informed reader will be satisfied that, (as the Holy Ghost testifies of Job,) she sinned not. nor charged God foolishly.—ED. With thee I on Zion shall stand, For Jesus hath spoken the word. But the Lord seemed to do by me as by the Canaanitish woman; He did not answer me !—I followed, and often said in my heart, (reflecting on all my unfaithfulness,) Ah! It is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs ! It seemed I could to all eternity have praised him for the least drop of comfort; and yet I felt the power of these words,— A drop will not suffice, My soul for all thy fulness cries. In the midst of this dreadful conflict I felt some consolation from the thought, that by the account of his precious death, which surely the Lord himself prompted, and enabled me to write, (as I had hardly at the time either sense or memory,) I had helped, in a little measure, that shout of praise to go forth, which, with his dying lips, he said he wanted to reach the ends of the earth! And though I have lost my dear husband, and felt the force of the hour and power of darkness, yet through all I believed I should conquer. So it is with me now; but I do not seem as yet to have the privilege of shouting victory. As soon as the funeral was over, I found the dear children which my beloved partner had left behind, laid upon my mind. I saw there were many things to settle among them respecting the work of God; some dangerous rocks to avoid, and some needful plans to propose. Therefore, before another week passed, I saw I must act among them, and meet the people the same as before ;—and though very ill, and filled with sorrow, the Lord enabled me to do so— showing me the only way to bear the cross profitably was so to carry it as if I carried it not. About a fortnight before my dear husband's last sickness, he was one night at the Wednesday meeting, when being greatly affected about me, as I was ill at that time, he could hardly get through it. He said to me afterward, My dear, I could scarcely speak to the people. I felt, I knew not how, as if thy empty chair stood by me! Something seemed to say we should soon be parted; and I thought, Must I meet these people, and see my Polly's empty chair always by me ! But now the cup was mine. Yea, and I have drunk it to the very dregs!

September 21, 1785.—Ah! Lord, my soul is exceeding sorrowful! How lonely doth my situation appear! Torn from my dear companion, and made to walk in this dreary path! But this is my greatest weight—I do not feel that union with thee that would make up all. There are in deed moments in which a glimpse of thy love seems to unite me to all good, and wipes away every tear. But these are transient touches, and I am deeply oppressed with that fear that I am not approved in thy sight, because I do not rejoice evermore! I well know I want a farther plunge into thy sacred will. I am not yet the temple of the holy Ghost. For some time back those words have been much on my mind, Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may, stand in the evil day, and having done all, may stand. I have sometimes said, Lord, have I passed that evil day, or is it still to come And I always felt with submission a desire it might not be in death. O Lord! do all thy will upon me, but make me wholly conformable with thy divine nature,! Glorify thyself in thy poor creature! I feel as if soul and body would be divided by this terrible wrench! Yet I acquiesce, fully acquiesce, in thy divine disposal. Yes, I see and admire thy wisdom! I bow down to a dispensation I do not clearly understand! The Lord hath done it! and that shall be enough to satisfy me. I remember one of my

dear husband's dying sayings was, Polly let us not fear, God is love! What canst thou fear, my dearest, when God is love I feel it is the truth; nevertheless I do not feel perfect rest in that truth, for want of that perfect love which casteth out all fear. Nothing will do for me but the indwelling Deity! He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

October 3, 1785.—My sorrowful soul waiteth on thee, O Lord! O what a cloud there is on my whole situation! Three months ago I was raised to the highest pitch of human consolation. I often thought all that God could give of temporal comforts was poured upon me. Whenever I was hearing any one speak of the afflictions they were under, I used to be humbled to the very dust. Something would suggest, Ah! You may well bear your crosses, and rejoice that ye have a treasure continually augmenting in your bosom; but let God only lay his hand on your husband, and see then whether you will bless him! I seemed to me that I so honoured any of my fellow creatures who were in trouble, that I could kiss the very dust from their feet, and was often filled with astonishment, why such a wretch as I was spared their bitter cup! But now I drank it indeed; yet at the same time I can say, I see it my privilege to follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth, without asking where, or to what new cross he will lead me. O what should I do were it not for the privilege of pouring out my soul in prayer! Lord! come and make thine abode in me!

One day, when I had some reason to think this house would be wanted, and that I must quit it, I began to consider where I had best remove to. I reflected on my dear husband's words, when he said, a little before he lost his speech, Stay here, my dear ;—I do not speak for the people, but for thy sake. Thou wilt never be so well settled again. Here thou wilt be most out of the way from many things which would be a cross and a hinderance to thee. It was therefore very painful for me to think of taking one single step in any thing contrary to his advice. And yet I must own, had he not all along said I must stay here, I believe I could not have resolved so to do, for every day brought me some cutting trial. A new ministry, a new plan for the work, and various causes of anxiety and trouble. But now it appeared I must remove. I began to think of one place and another, but every one seemed to bear the gloom of night. I could see no spot in the creation for me to rest in. A peculiar inward feeling, also, seemed to turn from every place I could think of, as if the smile of God was not on my going there. I said, Lord, show me what I shall do! Only show me what is thy will! I thought on two places the most likely; and had some desire to draw a lot concerning them. I had the paper in my hand in order so to do, when the remembrance of my dearest love was presented strongly to my mind, as speaking again those words, Polly, do not let us look for signs; let us leave ourselves in the hand of God. I felt an immediate light of faith, and throwing the paper out of my hand, I took up the Bible, intending to read, and for the present to drop every other thought. It opened on those words: God shall choose our inheritance for us. All my spirit acquiesced, and I answered, Yea, Lord! Thou hast chosen for my dear the bright mansions above; and thou wilt choose for me all my wanderings below. There seemed for a moment such a communion opened between the family below and that above, as I cannot express.

Soon after this I received a message from Mr. Kenerson, letting me know that I should never be turned out of the house, but might rent it; which I received as an answer from the Lord directing my way. It also brought to my mind a dream I had some years before I married. I dreamed a man came to me to offer me some tithes. I replied, Friend, I have nothing to do with tithes—I have no concern in any living. But soon after, I said to one of my family, Hannah, I am going away; I have a call from the Lord; I must go. But again I thought, I know not where, not even into what country.

However, the way of duty is the way of safety. I will set out, and God will lead me. Immediately I left Cross Hall, and after walking a few paces, I thought I was carried in a moment, I knew not how, and set down in a churchyard—and some one said to me, You are to enter into this church. I went in, and walking up the aisle, I heard a kind of groan, and said, That is the sound of death. When I came out of the church, I entered into a house which was just by it. As I was on the steps, it was said inwardly to me, This is the habitation which God hath chosen for you. I answered, O no; I cannot live here. It is the order of God for me to live in Yorkshire. I went into some of the rooms, and found in one I passed through a man and woman. In the next was a young woman with a child on her lap. She appeared dying of a consumption, and in great conflicts. We soon entered into conversation, and she seemed very spiritual. After a time she told me I must come and live here, and here abide.

I replied, O no; I live at Cross Hall, in Yorkshire; and have a great family and many calls there. But, said she, it is the will of God to bring you here. There is work for you to do. She added, Do not be frightened; God will make you a comfortable habitation. I said, Have you the Gospel here She replied, Yes. And who, said I, is the minister that brought it among you She replied, He is not here now. Then who, said I, is your present minister She showed me a name of three syllables;—but though I read it over and over, I could only remember the two last— nerson. I felt myself in great anguish and sorrow of mind, (though I could not assign any cause,) and said, I must go away, I cannot stay here. I do not know that man and woman. I cannot live with them. She replied, That man and woman will go away when you come. But here is a work for you to do, and you must abide here. Do not be frightened; God will make you a comfortable habitation. Being determined, however, to return home, I went down stairs, and seeing a coach ready to be hired, I beckoned to it; the man opened the door, and as I was stepping in, he said, Where will you be carried to I strove to say, Cross Hall, in Yorkshire, but could not. Then I strove to name various habitations I had formerly lived in, but could remember the name of none. As he still persevered in his questions, I at last stepped back, and pointing to the house I came out of, I said, That is my home, and God hath taken the remembrance of every other out of my heart.

I knew nothing of the situation of any thing in Madeley when I had this dream; but when, some years after, I told it to my dear Mr. Fletcher, he said, There was a man and woman who lived with me at that time—and a young woman, A. C., who was very useful in the work, to which she proved a nursing mother. She died of a consumption, in which she had many conflicts. I said, Was there a minister here whose name ended with nerson He replied. No. But now I understand it all. Had I before remembered the whole name, I should at once have known this dream would be fulfilled at my dear husband's death, as Mr. Kenerson was the patron, and his son now became our vicar. My dear Mr. Fletcher always said, if he died, he believed I was to stay here ;—and there are some circumstances which reconcile me so to do.

First,—I never was in any situation in which I had so much opportunity of doing good, (according to my small abilities,) as in this place, and that in various ways, public and private; and to many who live at a distance also. These are providentially thrown in my way, and I find such clear leadings of the Spirit in conversing with them, that (painful as many circumstances are) I am constrained to say, If I choose for the work of God, here I must abide and fix my home.*

Secondly,—Here I have a great many sweet, lively souls to converse with. My meetings are more satisfactory to myself than in any place I ever yet was in; and still I feel it suited to me, as a soil which my soul grows in.

Thirdly,—It suits my temporal affairs; this house At the last conference which Mr. Fletcher attended, viz., at Leeds, August, 1784, (about a year before his death,) I had the privilege of sitting very near him. About the middle of the conference he rose, and addressed Mr. Wesley respecting his parish. He said, I fear my Successor will not be interested in the work of God, and my flock may suffer. I have done what I could; I have built a chapel in Madeley Wood, and I hope, sir, you will continue to supply it, and that Madeley may still be part of the circuit. If you please, I should be glad to be put down in the minutes as a supernumerary! Mr. Wesley could hardly bear this, and the preachers were melted into tears. Turning to them, Mr. Fletcher expressed his hope that they would feed his sheep, and nourish them with the same truths which they had been used to hear, How wonderfully did the Lord provide for them when he was pleased to remove their angelic pastor! My dear, said he to Mrs. Fletcher, when you marry me, you must marry my parish. She did so; and as the new vicar did not reside, and as he had a great respect for Mrs. Fletcher, she was allowed to recommend the curate, whom the vicar invariably appointed, according to that recommendation. The work of God has thus continued, and proceeded for thirty years in peace. May it never be interrupted! - ED being cheap, and several other circumstances also are advantageous.

Fourthly,—I never found any other part agree as well with my health as this has done. From a child I could never live in London, nor in any close place; and here I have had better health than ever before :-only at this season, I find the waves of sorrow have thrown me some paces nearer my eternal home. Truly, also, that part of my dream (the sound of death) hath been accomplished in all its pomp! Would any know the king of terrors Let them look on the corpse of a beloved husband, or tender friend, and there discern the consequences of sin! For a believer to look at death, as seizing on himself, has comparatively no terror! In the midst of the most pleasant scene my life had ever exhibited, I sometimes said, I think, my love, I am selfish: it seems as if I should not fear to die and leave thee! I am deeply sensible, however, of all the pain thou wouldst feel. Yet it seems as if we should not be divided even by death. But now the scene is turned! It is my eyes that must for ever have before them that tremendous night. O! what do I feel! Thy will, O Lord, be done! From this time I have been more and more convinced, my inheritance is appointed of the Lord, and that this is the spot I am to fix on, at least for the present; and I rather believe I shall change no more,—but that where he died, I shall die also. During this heavy night of sorrow, (attended with such aggravating circumstances as it is not needful to explain,) I have also seen an amazing mixture of the tender care and fatherly protection of my God. He withholds his rough wind in the day of his east wind; and will lay no more on his poor creatures than his power and goodness will enable them to bear. I know, assuredly, that my bereavement was wrought for the good of my soul. I am, notwithstanding my inward trials, and deep sensibility of my loss, truly enabled to praise God even for the severity of the stroke. Yes, I love his will, I love his cross! I am, I will be devoted to his glory! And if that can be promoted by my keen anguish, I will delight in suffering all his wisdom shall appoint!

I see also the goodness of the Lord in our bringing Sally Lawrence with us here. The day we were married, as soon as we returned from the church, and went up stairs to ask a blessing on our

union, she came into the room, and falling on her knees before my dear husband, she entreated him not to part her from her dear mistress, who had brought her up. He told her he never would; and now she is made to me a great comfort, having all the usefulness of a housekeeper, added to the affection of the tenderest child. The Lord has also answered my dear husband's prayers with regard to the work of the Lord, beyond all expectation. When he repeatedly expressed his desire that I should stay here, I replied, O how can I bear the place without thee How can I bear to stay, and see perhaps a carnal ministry He answered, Thou dost not know what God may do. Perhaps there may never be a carnal ministry here. And so it proved. The Rev. Mr. Gilpin and his wife, being on the spot, were at that season kind and tender friends to me, and Mr. Kenerson desired him to supply the church till he should return to his own living, which was not for some months. The Lord then provided for us a precious young man, Mr. Melville Horne, who had travelled some time in connection with Mr. Wesley; and concerning whom my dear Mr. Fletcher had (before his illness) expressed a desire that he might be his successor. We have also the Methodist preachers, and their labours are blessed. Brotherly love takes root, and flourishes among us. The work goes on well; fresh converts are continually brought in, and several have with flowing eyes declared, that the words they once slighted, now seem to rise in judgment against them. They bow to the truth, and are, constrained to acknowledge, concerning their deceased pastor, He being dead, yet speaketh. The Lord hath also looked on my temporal affairs, beyond what I could have expected. I observed, soon after my marriage, that all was now made quite easy. I looked on the promise as already fulfilled, having in Layton a good deal more than would pay all. Some hundreds were however still on interest, though we had lessened the sum while my dear and I were together. But soon after he was taken from me, I received a letter from a person of whom I had borrowed some years before a hundred and fifty pounds, that he wanted it directly; and I had at this season a good deal to pay on other accounts. As I wished to be free, for the remainder of my short days, from unnecessary care, I had a desire that the estate at Laytonstone should be sold, and the demands all settled at once. I found, however, that could not be done without loss, and therefore proposed to pay yearly all I could out of my income, which was now increased by the tender care of my dear husband. But my youngest brother, William Bosanquet, whom I had not seen for some years, came down on a visit to me. He expressed the greatest sympathy and tenderness toward me in this time of trial; and, after staying with me some days, generously supplied me with all the cash I then needed. Some months after, an uncle dying without leaving me any thing, (and indeed I did not think I had any right to expect it,) my brothers wrote me word, that they were sorry I was not remembered in the will; and say youngest brother desired me to accept of five hundred pounds (or more if I wanted it) to settle all my affairs. Here was the exact fulfilment of Mrs. Clapham's impression concerning us! [see page 135.] This very brother whom she then saw, (though at that time there was not the least reason to think of any such thing,) did afterward, as it was represented to her, bring me many smaller sums, and at last one so large as to remove all burdens at once from my shoulders! And on January, 1787, I wrote in my diary, I now owe no man any thing but love: my income is quite clear, and I have, according to the promise, great plenty of silver.

7. HER SETTLEMENT AT MADELEY, AND THOUGHTS ON COMMUNION WITH HAPPY SPIRITS

HER SETTLEMENT AT MADELEY, AND THOUGHTS ON COMMUNION WITH HAPPY SPIRITS

December 15, 1785 My soul is exceeding sorrowful. I feel the loss of my dearest husband in a manner I cannot express. Four months are now elapsed since I sustained that dreadful scene, yet it seems as if it was but yesterday. Nothing can comfort me but the blessing promised in those words, "I and my Father will come and make our abode with you." Nothing short of that baptism of the Holy Ghost can heal and satisfy my wounded soul. But I will endeavour to recollect the blessings which attend even my melancholy situation, and strive by steps of thankfulness to raise my heart from gratitude to exulting praise.

First,—I have the comfort of knowing my dear love is in glory. He hath proved the victory,—his "last enemy is destroyed!" Death shall no more threaten him with the cold grave; it is conquered for ever, and shall be "swallowed up in victory."

Secondly,—I had the consolation of being with him to the last moment, and hearing him, so long as he could speak, express how comfortable he was both inward and outward; praising God often for the comfortable attendance he had in the needful hour, and many times saying to me, "I am most sweetly filled, but I do not seem for much speaking; I am drawn inward."

Thirdly,—I rejoice that he told me, "God would open all my way before me ;" and with his last blessing gave me to the Lord, saying, "Head of the Church, be head to my wife !"

Fourthly,—He feels no more from the fear of losing me. Perhaps he is nearer to me than ever! Perhaps he sees me continually, and, under God, guards and keeps me. Perhaps he knows my very thoughts. The above reflections, though under a perhaps, give me some help; but could they be confirmed by reason, and above all by Scripture, they would yield me much consolation. I will try if I can find this solid ground for them.

It appears to me no way contrary to reason to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish, and are divinely permitted to know. In this Mr. Wesley is of the same mind, (from whose writings I shall borrow some of my ideas)—and that they are concerned for the dear fellow pilgrims whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are; and though death is the boundary we cannot see through, they who have passed the gulf may probably see us. Some small insects can see but a little way; an apple would appear to them a mountain, but we can see a thousand of them at once, crawling on what we call a small spot of earth. When an infant is born into this world, how many senses, till then locked up, are on a sudden brought into action, and could the child reflect, a variety of new ideas would be awakened by which it would discern such a capacity of becoming useful and comfortable to its mother, as it never before had any conception of! It could have no communion with her but by one sense, that of feeling; but now it is enabled both to see, hear, and to make itself heard by her. There was an apparent separation from the mother; but in reality it has gained a more valuable possession, which every day increases its

ability of entering into her thoughts, and bearing a part in all her feelings. And may we not suppose, if the use of sight and hearing, as well as the powers of understanding, are so improved by our birth into this lower world, that some powers analogous to the above are, at least, equally opened on the entrance of a spirit into a heavenly state; though perhaps small in the beginning, like the infant, compared with the measure that is to follow Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose a spirit in glory can turn its eye with as much ease, and look on any object below, as a mother can look through a window and see the actions of her children in a court underneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you, by which they can converse with our spirits, and by impressions on the mind, speak to us as easily as before they did by the tongue And what can interrupt either the presence, communion, or sight of a spirit "Walls within walls no more its passage bar, Than unopposing space of liquid air." But may not our reasonable ideas be much strengthened by Scripture Some encouragement on this head I have lately drawn from the account of Elijah and Elisha, (though I do not offer this as a proof, but rather as an-illustration,) for as Elijah was to enter glory without passing through death, it is probable he was favoured before with a more than common intercourse and communion with the world of spirits, as we see in the works of Providence there is a gradual ascent; and I the rather believe this from some passages in his story. Near the time of his translation, it was revealed to the sons of the prophets, who said to Elisha, Knowest thou that thy master shall be taken from thy head to-day But to Elijah himself perhaps it was revealed long before, and it seems to me, he referred to this when he was in the desert of Arabia, under the juniper tree, 1 Kings, chap. 19:—where he requested for himself that he might die, saying, (to this effect,) "It is enough, Lord, I am not better than my fathers." The prophets before me have sealed thy truth with their blood, and why should I be exempt from the common lot of man I had rather die, and come to the now! Why should I live any longer Thou hast enabled me to maintain thy cause against the worshippers of Baal; yet my word hath little weight with them. "They have slain thy prophets, and I only am left, and they seek my life to take it away." Let them have it, for it is far better for me to depart and to be with thee. However, quite resigned to the will of God, he lays him down to sleep, till awaked by an angel of the Lord, who bids him arise, and take the refreshment a watchful Providence had provided for him. Here we have no account of any alarming fear. He doth not, like Daniel, fall down as one dead; nor, like Zachariah and the shepherds, become sore afraid; but after a moderate repast, he lies down to sleep again, and then receives a second visit from his bright messenger, for aught we see, with the same steady calmness as before. From which, I am led to suppose, he was accustomed to such communications. When his faith had gathered strength by his miraculous preservation, forty days and nights without food, full of holy expectation he arrives at Horeb, waiting a farther manifestation of the glory of God, as Moses, the giver of the law, had done in this very place before him. Nor can we suppose this illustrious restorer of the law could be totally forgetful of that prayer, "Lord, I beseech thee, show me thy glory!" The place would remind him of the great discoveries made there. What intercourse he might have with the spirit of Moses, we know not; but it is certain they knew each other some time after on Mount Tabor. Waiting thus, like his great predecessor, for a time, the glory of the Lord was displayed before him, and the question put, "What dost thou here, Elijah" In his answer to which, he seems to intimate I have nothing to do here. Israel has departed from thy ways, and why should I abide on earth any longer. Let me now come up. As a pledge his prayer is heard—he is commanded to anoint Elisha to remain a prophet in his room. And when the

appointed time was come, walking with Elisha, he seems desirous of being alone, (perhaps the powers of darkness now made their last assault, endeavouring to shake his faith with regard to the great event just ready to take place,) and bids his friend again and again to tarry behind. But Elisha, unwilling to lose any part of his blessing, answers, "As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." He then asks him, What shall I do for thee before I am taken away Elisha answers, "Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me." To which Elijah replies, "Thou hast asked a hard thing." Now if a double portion of holiness was all Elisha meant, it was an odd answer, for we know there are no limits to that petition. We may ask as much of the nature of God as we please, and he will do "exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think." And no doubt Elijah knew enough of the mind of God to know that. But might not he mean, let me have the two portions of thy spirit, not only thy communion with God, but let my intellectual sight be opened as thine. Let me also discern the heavenly company wherewith we are surrounded and commune with "the spirits of just men made perfect," though as yet I only by faith behold the Gospel day

This, therefore, did seem a hard thing; for, as Elisha was to die like other men, the prophet might not know whether this favour was to be granted to him or not; and, therefore, as referring to the thing itself, he says, (as it were,) "If thou seest me when I am taken from thee," when the spiritual change hath passed upon me, then it shall be so, and then thy inward sight will be opened. But if I become invisible to thee, as to the sons of the prophets who stand afar off to gaze, it shall not be so. It is not the will of God concerning thee. But the "effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availed." Elisha saw both him and his heavenly convoy, while the sons of the prophets saw neither; and, therefore, went on to the mountains to seek Elijah. And that this supernatural sight remained with Elisha, we have reason to believe; for, being in Dothan, and surrounded with a great host come to take away his life, his servant said to him, "Alas, master! what shall we do " The prophet at once answers, "They are more that be with us, than they that be with them;" and adds, "Lord, open the young man's eyes, that he may see!" And "the Lord opened the young man's eyes, and he saw, and behold, the mountain was full of chariots and horses of fire round about Elisha." It is remarkable this spirit which rested on Elisha was more conspicuous than that which rested on Elijah,—perhaps to prevent the thought, though the man who was to enter heaven alive was thus favoured, no other must expect it. Nay, but God, who delights to confer his greatest favours on the weakest objects, can confer on us all that which he bestowed on Elijah and Elisha. And, if under that dark dispensation, why not in this Gospel day, concerning which it is foretold, "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams" The apostle tells us, "We are not come to Mount Sinai," where Israel both saw the power and heard the voice of God; but to Mount Zion, where we have communion "with the general assembly of angels, the Church of the first born, the spirits of just men made perfect, with Jesus the mediator of the new covenant;" yea, and have access "to God, the judge of all." And were we better acquainted with the privileges of our dispensation, we should become, in a more full manner, inheritors with "the saints in light." But, though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family, the disembodied spirits of the just.

I shall consider these objections one by one. Lord, help me in so doing! Let me at least strive to comprehend something of "the length, and breadth, and depths and height, of the great victory obtained for us over death ;" give me to see a little into that truth, "we are brought from Mount

Sinai to Mount Zion."

Objection the first.—If a good spirit loves those which it loved before, and is acquainted with all their proceedings, will not the sins and miseries of those they thus know and love, render them unhappy, or at least mar their happiness in some degree I answer, there are two kinds of love. If the persons they loved continue sinners, there will doubtless be a separation of spirit, yet I believe a remembrance and a pity will continue. It is said of the Almighty, that "it repented the Lord he had made man," and that "it grieved him at the heart;" and again, that "he was grieved with their manners in the wilderness forty years." Nevertheless, his own immutable happiness was not interrupted thereby. Now, as the saints yet on earth are made partakers of the Divine nature, and much more "the spirits of just men made perfect," so I should imagine their happiness would, in that respect, remain as immutable as that of the holy angels did, when so many of their once dear companions they now daily behold as devils. I cannot let it into my thoughts that ignorance makes up any part of celestial glory, or that forgetfulness can be entered into by their nearer approach to Him, "before whom all things are open and manifest;" and "in whom is no darkness at all."

But, if an entire alienation of affection from the wicked should be needful, that is no proof it is the same with the righteous; for, if the sins of obstinate sinners would afflict them, the growth of grace in the righteous would augment their joy; and our Lord himself tells us, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." If you say, But this joy is only among the angels; I answer, Can we suppose those faithful attendants on the heirs of salvation so carefully to conceal this joy within their own bosoms as to exclude the heavenly spirits who stand in a much nearer relation to us Can we believe they have not all their joys in common No, no; in the Church of Jerusalem they proved that "great grace was upon them all," by their community of goods. And shall our narrow hearts let in the thought that they have not all their joys in common in the Church above Yea, verily," the general assembly of angels, the Church of the first born," and " the spirits of just men made perfect," are but one innumerable company, concerning whom it may well be said,—

"Lift your eyes of faith, and see Saints and angels join'd in one
What a countless company Stands
before yon dazzling throne!"

If, then, there is joy throughout all the realms above, yea, "more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over the ninety and nine which went not astray," how evident it is to an impartial eye, that the state both of the one and the other must be known there, together with the progress of each individual.

Objection the second.—Is not a spirit divested of the body, become of a quite different nature from what it was before, so as to be incapable of the same feelings I answer, Certainly no; the spirit is the man. The spirit of my dear husband loved and cared for me, and longed above every other desire for my spiritual advancement. Now, if it were the body, why doth it not love me still You answer, Because it is dead. That is to say, the spirit is gone from it; therefore, that which loved me is gone from it. And what is that but the spirit, which actuated the body, as the clock-work does the hand which tells the hour It therefore appears quite clear to me, that every right affection, sentiment, and feeling of mind, we have been exercised in here, will remain in the spirit just the same immediately after death. Nevertheless, as with the righteous, heavenly light and love will daily grow stronger, and with the wicked will be an increasing darkness, so there may be, perhaps, in a few days, a much greater change on the newly glorified spirit, than in the understanding of a

child in seven years. The point therefore to be considered is, Will not a continuance and growth in the heavenly state erase those affections and ideas so strongly impressed on the spirit at its first entrance therein To which I reply, As spiritual union arises from a communication of the love which flows from the heart of Christ, I cannot but believe a nearer approach to its centre, and a fuller measure of that Divine principle, must increase, and not diminish, the union between kindred souls; and that their change will consist, not in the loss, but in the improvement of all that is good.

Whatever agrees with the nature of heaven cannot be destroyed, but increased by their abode therein. Now are not love and gratitude natives of heaven, which dwell for ever there If in our present state an abundance of grace is poured out on the soul, what is the effect Doth it make us forgetful of kindnesses received Doth it not rather raise the soul to such a pitch of gratitude, that it is ready to see favours where really there are none And shall not the same love, when perfected in heaven, have the same effect in a more perfect degree The mistake lies here; we forget that Christian love and union below are the same in kind, though not in degree, with those above; and we might as well suppose, when we enter into the realms of light, that we shall plunge into darkness for want of the natural sun, as to suppose that Christian love and union must be destroyed by an abode in that kingdom, where the very element we breathe shall be eternal love. Doubtless we shall know, and gratefully acknowledge, the ministering spirits who have served us here, and be sensible that gratitude is immortal, and does not change its sentiments with its place. I think all this is clear from those words of our Lord, "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail on earth, they," viz., those whom you have helped, "may receive you into everlasting habitations."

Objection the third.—But are they not so taken up with admiring Jesus, as to lose every other affection in him I answer—That love of Jesus which fills the soul with the admiration of his graces, is a love begotten by that which reigns in the heart of Christ himself; consequently it is of the same nature. But is the love of Jesus a barren and inactive love Did it produce in our Lord such an enjoyment of his own pure nature—or such a shutting up in the glories and delights of the Trinity, as to render him forgetful of his creatures Or did it bring him down to "die for his enemies, and receive gifts for the rebellious" When a powerful effusion of grace is poured out on our souls, are we not then most willing and ready to help our neighbour, and to cry out with that good woman, Jane Muncy, "Methinks I am all spirit! I have no rest day or night but in gathering souls to God." Surely, then, we may with safety believe that a holy, unembodied spirit feels the same effect from a fuller effusion of the same love; and that as soon as he hears that word, "I will give thee many things to be faithful over," he immediately enters more fully than ever into the joy of his Lord, which is the joy of doing his creatures good.

Objection the fourth.—But though it may be allowed that the angels are ministering spirits to the saints, in honour of their Lord, who hath taken our nature upon him, we do not know but the spirits of just men made perfect, being of a higher order by their near relation to their Head, may be exempt from that servitude. I answer— To this objection may not those words of our Lord be applied, "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of" "He that will be greatest, let him be servant," saith Jesus Christ, who came himself not to be ministered unto, but to minister ;" and if our Lord washed our feet, shall we be above the same employment Jesus, our Master, though in his glorified state, calls himself the "Shepherd of his sheep," and walks with jealous care amid his "candlesticks of gold, holding the stars in his right hand;" and I can no more believe the divinest

spirit in glory above the service of mankind, than I can believe there is pride in heaven. Abraham is represented as receiving Lazarus to his bosom, and as giving a mild answer even to a damned spirit! And when souls at the foot of the altar cried, How long they were told "to wait till their fellow servants came also." Did they not then remember their fellow servants When the heart is full of grace, it delights in the meanest office, and feels pleasure in yielding happiness even to an insect. We are sensible no part of our worship is more pleasant in the sight of God than obedience, and no employment more delightful to the saints than that of promoting the glory of God. Now the Lord hath said of his creatures, "I have created thee for my glory; I have formed thee for my praise!" Shall not then the blessed spirits be very zealous in promoting that glory The glory of God and our interest are inseparably one. And are they not "one spirit with the Lord" And is not their highest delight in that in which he most delights, which is the salvation of his people So that an exemption from serving the Church would rather create pain than give satisfaction.

Again, the highest honour that can be conferred on a creature, is to have the nearest resemblance to its creating Head. Now he hath said to the believer, "I will dwell with you—I will come and make my abode with you." The soul who hath felt a small degree of pure love can answer this objection at once from the feelings of his own heart; the language of which is, I love him continually, and therefore I will feed his lambs.

Objection the fifth.—But as paradise is a place, as well as a state, and finite beings are not omnipresent any more than omnipotent, how can they be there and here in the same moment I answer—I do not suppose they can. But if I were to tell you of a minister who daily visited his flock, inquired into all their concerns, and knew their whole situation, would you say it was impossible, because he lives in that house, which is his home, and he cannot be in two places at the same time And yet it is certain we are perfectly acquainted with the situation of many who do not live with us in the same house. If we see them but once a week, our shallow capacities can take in all they tell us of their past and present state. But if, instead of waiting for the slow and imperfect conveyance of words, we could by a cast of the eye read every thought in a moment, and without labour visit them as easily as the sun shines in at their windows, (though it still remains in its proper place,) our acquaintance would be much more perfect. We are now in the body, and have senses and faculties suited thereto; therefore our human eye can at once measure the body of our child, and discern every wound or bruise, or even a speck of dirt thereon. And have not spirits faculties suited to spirits, by which we may suppose they can as easily discern your soul, as you could discern their body when they were in the same state as yourself And may there not be a way by which a spirit actually before the throne of God may still see and serve the souls committed to its care, supposing them to act as ministering spirits

I ask, If you had never heard of a looking glass, would you understand me if I said, Though you stand at one end of that long gallery, and I at the other, with my back toward you, I can discern your every action and motion, and know every change And yet such a knowledge the looking glass would convey to me. Now, if all things on earth are patterns or shadows of those above, may not something analogous to the glass represent to the world of spirits as just a picture of the changes of posture in the spirit, as the glass does those of the body Some have supposed the appearance or representation of every soul still in the body to be constantly seen in heaven. That this may be without the knowledge of the person concerned is evident; because Ananias knew nothing till God said to him, (speaking of Saul,) "Behold, he prayeth; and hath seen in a vision a man named

Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight." Various dreams of pious persons, who have thought they saw their appearances in paradise, over which the heavenly company mourned or rejoiced—as well as the amazing instances of second sight—seem to strengthen this opinion.

If this seem strange, let us consider how strange it would appear to us, if we had never heard of letters, to be informed there was a method among many nations of wrapping up their thoughts in a bit of paper, and by that means conveying them hundreds of miles into the bosom of their dearest friends! As little could you conceive of the faculty of speech had you never known it; or the commanding knowledge which the eye gives you over a large space and a number of persons in one moment, had you been born blind. But though I mention these similes, because some can only conceive of spiritual matters by gross ideas, I believe our union to be far more close with the heavenly host than to need these representations. What else doth those words of the apostle mean, "We are come to the general assembly, to the Church of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect" And if " He maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire," cannot a spirit be with me in a moment, as easily as a stroke from an electrical machine can convey the fire for many miles in one moment, through thousands of bodies, if properly linked together That the devils are about us and know our thoughts is evident. A sinful thought is suggested; we answer it by Scripture. Immediately it is answered again. And shall not departed happy spirits, who are so much more of one nature with us, have the same power Mr. Wesley has a beautiful observation in his sermon on those words, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation" He says, "That the guardian angels know our thoughts seems clear from the nature of their charge, which is certainly first for the soul, and but in a secondary sense for the body." And are not our kindred spirits more nearly related to us than the angels Why then should they not have the same discernment But to return to our first question. Can they be here and in paradise at the same time Otherwise, how can they constantly minister to us Perhaps we shall not be able to comprehend this till that word is accomplished, "Then shall we know even as also we are known." But if this cannot be, then we must give up all the agency of angels, for the same argument will hold good against that. And yet our Lord hath said, "Despise not these little ones; for I say unto you, in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father who is in heaven."

Objection the sixth.—But is it not said of the dead, "They are gone into the land where all things are forgotten" And is it not the design of the Almighty that our union should cease with our life, and that death should divide us As to the first part of the objection, I allow there is in Psalm eighty-eight an expression which implies forgetfulness; but I think it is spoken of the body, which will remain in this state of forgetfulness till reanimated by the spirit. But what has that to do with the soul We hear of the souls at the foot of the altar, who cried, "How long, O Lord, till thou judge and avenge our blood on those who dwell on the earth" And they were told "to rest till their brethren and fellow servants should be slain as they were." Here was a remembrance both of friends and enemies, as also of the manner of their own death. Again, "the four living creatures, and the twenty-four elders" in their song of praise, have these words, "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." They are also emblematically represented as having "vials full of incense in their hand, which are the prayers of the saints:" wherewith surely their desires (and consequently remembrance) are joined. Abraham

is called the father of the faithful, because of his steadfast belief of the promise concerning Isaac, and is set forth as an example to us. Can we believe him to have forgotten that whole event? Certainly the angel who called to Abraham, and said, "Lay not thy hand on the lad," remembers it; for we cannot suppose him to have passed through any change of nature since that time.

If you say it was the Angel of the covenant, yet doubtless many of the heavenly host were witnesses to that great and typical transaction: and must all the wisdom of God manifested by the Church, as the apostle observes, and "made known thereby to the principalities and powers in heaven,"—must, I say, all the prophecies, types, and revelations, as well as their accomplishment, remain for ever the subject of admiration and praise among the angels, and yet "the spirits of just men made perfect," the subjects for whom, and on whom, all was fulfilled,— must they only be locked up in forgetfulness? Are they, with ignorant amazement, to hear Gabriel repeat his conversation with Zechariah? Or does he in vain endeavour to stir up in Mary a remembrance of the salutation she received from the same bright messenger? Shall Moses and Elms only remember the scene on Mount Tabor, while Peter; James, and John remember neither it nor them? If you say, Doubtless every scene relating to the Saviour will be remembered, but we shall not remember or know one another; I answer, The one cannot subsist without the other. If Abraham remembers the type in Isaac, with the exercise of his faith when "he hoped against hope," he must remember Sarah, the removal of Hagar, with every remarkable circumstance of Isaac's birth. Will it not then be a great lessening of his praise and triumph, if he cannot know whether Isaac and Sarah are with him in glory? If you carry it a little further, and say, doubtless he knows they are there; then for what cause can he be forbid knowing and conversing with them? Or, is this privilege only granted to Moses and Elias, who, I again say, doubtless knew each other on the holy mount as well as the disciples knew them. Can we suppose Adam to have a just conception of the incarnation and death of the Messiah, and yet to forget the circumstances of his own fall which occasioned this gracious union? Must he not then remember Eve, and eternally rejoice to see how the Seed of the woman has indeed bruised the serpent's head? The account of the rich man and Lazarus alone is sufficient to answer every objection. They could see and know each other, though one was in heaven and the other in hell,—consequently each could see all on earth. Abraham knew the state and situation of both so as to say, Thou, hast had thy good things and Lazarus his evil things. And the rich man could remember his five brethren. If you object and say this was a parable, (which there is no room to assert,) would our adorable Lord put forth a parable full of deceptions and wrong ideas, suited to lead us into error rather than truth? I do not wonder a poor heathen should dream of a river of forgetfulness, by drinking of which all former scenes were to be lost in oblivion: but for a soul enlightened by revelation, to forget that a day is coming in which every secret thing shall be made known, is indeed a melancholy proof that darkness hath covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. The second part of the objection we will now consider. Some have alleged, that though it is certain, we shall remember and know one another, because without that remembrance many subjects of praise would be lost in oblivion, nevertheless will not all particular unions cease, and is it not the design of God that death should divide? To answer this objection, I must premise, that what is of God shall stand. I plead only for that union which has God for its source; and I think it would not be hard to prove, that what God hath joined together, death cannot put asunder. To that question, therefore,—Is it not the design of God that death should divide us—I answer, Division comes not from God, but from the devil. God, both in his nature and works, is perfect unity, and his original design for our first parents was not sorrow,

consequently not separation. If we suppose their friendship was not to have been immortal, we must suppose pain to be in paradise; for Adam could not without pain inform Eve of such an awful secret, that when they had praised God together for a certain time, they must eternally forget each other! That he should no longer remember he was formed out of the dust, nor Eve her miraculous and near relation to him! Would not this information have been a bitter draught even in paradise Or suppose he had said, Though we shall have a bare remembrance of each transaction, nevertheless that close union, that endearing oneness of soul, of which the love of God is the foundation,—that very union hereafter the love of God is to dissolve. This would indeed have been in itself exceeding bitter, and therefore never was the original design of love. It was sin that brought in separation. It was owing to the hardness of our heart, for in the beginning it was not so; for God created one man and one woman. Well may we, therefore, mourn for the separation death occasions; and our sorrow is countenanced by Jesus himself, who wept over the ravage of this dreadful enemy, when he saw the consequences of it in Martha's and Mary's tears. I allow that it is true most unions on earth are dissolved by death, because the friendships of the world are oft confederacies of vice, or leagues of pleasure; and few can add, "Ours hath severest virtue for its basis, And such a friendship ends not but with life." The Christian can say more; it ends not even with life. In the Church below we are commanded to love our neighbour as ourselves, and to consider our fellow Christians as members of one body; but does this obligation prevent particular unions Let that soul be the judge who hath felt most of the love of God and his neighbour. For otherwise, there is, indeed, a love of propriety, or, in other words, self-love reflected, which purity of heart will remove. But as similitude joins, and dissimilitude separates, so those spirits who are joined by their similitude of love and pure worship, who having been led in one path, (and probably prepared for one mansion,) can as easily retain a peculiar union without any diminution of their love to others, as a married couple can retain their love to each other, notwithstanding they have a dozen children to share it with them. My experience in the love of God is very shallow; yet I have felt enough to satisfy me, that the more our love to God increases, the nearer will be our love to each other, and the more indissoluble the tie; and the stronger this union, the more it will reflect on all around; and turning to its source, the love of Jesus will reflect back again with a perpetually increasing purity. But I build my strongest argument on those words, O death, where is thy sting O grave, where is thy victory If death can eternally separate kindred spirits, it hath eternally a sting! And if the grave can eternally retain the body, it would have an eternal victory. But there is a covenant made with our dust. His elect shall be gathered from the four winds. Bone shall come to its bone, and not one forget its socket. And shall nothing be lost but our spiritual union Shall the grand enemy still have that one trophy left to glory in, and to insult over the saints of God Shall we believe him when he says, "A day is coming in which your closest unions, your purest ties of friendship, shall be no more! All that wonderful chain of providences, in which angels were employed in bringing you together, shall be sunk in eternal oblivion! Indeed this was not the original design of the Almighty; but I have overturned this one great design of love, and that so effectually, that the Saviour himself could not restore it; and instead of having abolished all the consequences of death. It leaves the scar of separation for ever! Now I am the father of death, and have so far conquered, that what God hath in design eternally joined together, I have eternally put assunder!"

Ah, no! glory be to our victorious Conqueror! death shall be for ever swallowed up in complete victory! He hath abolished it, with all its consequences, and brought life and immortality to light by

the Gospel. He hath broken down the wall, removed the veil; and through him we are come to the Church of the first-born, to the spirits of just men made perfect. We are fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God! And having overcome the sharpness of death, he hath already opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Perhaps some may say, But if it be thus, why do not the Scriptures plainly tell us death is no division but on our side; and that our friends still see, hear, and are about us I answer, There may be many reasons why a veil should be drawn over this heavenly secret. It is probable the primitive Church knew it more perfectly; but what was the consequence When they left their first love, they no longer held the Head, but ran into the false humility of the worship of angels, instead of worshipping God only, and adoring him, for the angelic ministry. Perhaps some communion with departed spirits caused the first step into the egregious errors of the Papists; and man, ever prone to extremes, knew not how to throw away the abuse, without throwing away the use of this heavenly secret. Nevertheless, "The secret of the Lord is still with the righteous, and his ear is open to their prayers. He will manifest himself to them, though not unto the world;" and he will grant to heavenly minds, when he sees good, a heavenly communication with the Church triumphant.

About this time I had a letter from my brother-in-law, De la Flechere, in Switzerland, letting me know that his son was coming to England, and he wished him to spend some time with me; hoping the sight of the place on which his dear uncle had spent so many years' labor might, with the blessing of God, raise some thoughts in his mind of the importance of a religious life. I laid the matter before the Lords believing he would order all right; for ever since the removal of my beloved husband, I have so experienced the effects of his last prayer, "Head of the Church, be head to my wife," that I was not permitted to doubt that all concerning me was under the Lord's immediate direction. And though my state was not for the present joyous, yet, through all, I inwardly believed the hairs of my head were numbered. Some particular circumstances, however, caused me to think it was the order of God I should go to Bristol, Bath, and some other places, and that now was the time; for after my return, it might be that the Lord had something for me to do or to suffer here.

Since my marriage I had travelled a good deal with my dear Mr. Fletcher, and in these journeys had often suffered much through needless fears; the most predominant passion of my soul by nature. And what, thought I, should such a poor creature as I do with only Sally, and under some disadvantages I had not then But still I believed it to be the call of God. At the time I had appointed to set out, there was an appearance of much snow, which caused my friends to advise me to put off my journey a little longer; but as this would have deranged some plans, I thought it better to follow the course which I had fixed. When all was ready, and I was waiting for the carriage, I cast my eyes on the Bible which lay open before me, at the thirty-fourth Psalm. Much of it was applied to my heart; in particular these words O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears. Faith sprung up in my heart. I said, It shall be fulfilled; and from that hour I have felt such a change, in regard to fear, as I can give no one an idea of, unless they should have suffered as I have done, from the same infirmity.

All the way as I went through various things, which would once have been very painful, I could feel those words my own which; for so many years I had longed after, viz., that "resignation left me no room for fear." No; "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

Many providences I met with in my journey, and very clearly did I see the hand of the Lord in various places and things. While I was at Bristol, in the house of my kind and affectionate friend, sister Johnson, I was agreeably surprised with the sight of Mr. H * * * who had left his native place and was just come to settle at Bristol, because he believed it most profitable for his soul. He presented me to his wife, a serious woman, saying, My dear, this is your mother also, for she is mine; and both assured me of their determination to be entirely devoted to God. As there was something singular in this affair I will mention the particulars. In the journey which I took with sister Ryan to Clifton, for her health, when I was about the age of twenty-seven, we lodged in a house where the family were very ungodly. There was only my sick friend, myself, and the nurse; and our whole apartments consisted of two chambers. After we had been there two or three days, we observed some things which we did not like very well. One night there was a strange noise below stairs, as of very rattling, wild company. It may be supposed it did not well agree with my sorrowful heart; for at that season I had nothing to expect (humanly speaking) but to bury my dear friend there, or carry her back in a coffin,—only she had various promises to the contrary, which sometimes I believed, and sometimes doubted. On inquiring next morning, they informed us that "Mr. H * * * was come, and now they should be all alive." I had before asked the family (who did not appear to be persons of the best character) if they would choose to come up into, my room in the morning to family prayer, as they were only women But they never, as I remember accepted the invitation. However, some days after the above mentioned racket, they sent me word, "If I pleased, Mr. H * * * and themselves would wait on me to prayer the next morning." I did not dare to refuse, and answered they were welcome.

God only knew what a cross I felt in so doing! I had all the reason that could be, to think they only wanted to divert themselves; and the receiving a wild young gentleman, with such gay ladies, into my bedchamber, seemed to me a strange enterprise. The chapter I chose to read was the twenty-fifth of Matthew. I spoke with freedom on each of the parables, and found God was with my mouth. I did not much look off the book, till about the middle of the parable of the talents, I cast my eyes toward Mr. H * * *, and was surprised to find his earnestly fixed on me, and swimming with tears. When prayer was over, he respectfully returned me thanks, and went down stairs. After attending three mornings, he stopped behind the family, and told me, when they were gone, that he was convinced he led a bad life, and he wished to learn how to do better; that he was free from all business, had a good fortune, and was only here accidentally; and if I would tell him where he could get instruction, and help for his soul, he would go any where; "for this house," said he, "I must leave." From the first morning there was no more noise, singing, breaking glasses, or rude behaviour of any kind. As my friend grew worse, we were desired to leave Clifton, and try Bath. There she recovered to admiration; and in a short time we returned to the orphan house at Laytonstone. Mr. H * * * made good his words; and cultivating the friendship of some pious persons whom we had recommended to him in London, particularly brother George Clark, he became much confirmed in the truth; and hath ever since remained a follower thereof, and a promoter of the prosperity of Zion. At Bristol also I met with poor Fanny,* much grown in grace, and adorning her profession. And after a month's absence, I was brought again in peace to Madeley, and constrained to say, "In all my ways his hand I own; His ruling providence I see."

I now found my dear love's relations in Switzerland laid greatly on my mind in prayer; and sometimes when engaged therein, it has seemed to me as if his dear spirit so joined with me as I

cannot express; and for his nephew in particular, whom I expected, I was greatly drawn out in intercession. Being poorly one Saturday night, about ten o'clock, (the last week in May,) I was about retiring to bed, when word was brought me that my nephew was arrived. He could speak but little English, and I but little French. This was the first I had seen of my dear husband's relations. He was of his own name, his godson, and his only nephew. But alas! I now received him alone, and instead of showing him his dear uncle, and sweet instructor, I could only lead him to the silent tomb, and say, "Live as he lived, and thou shalt die as he died."

I found him, as I expected, quite carnal, and very averse to the things of God. As my spirits were very weak, and his pretty high, I wished to have him rather as a visitor than one of my family; and Providence so appointed for me. Mr. Horne, the curate, understanding French, kindly offered to receive him into his house, until he was more perfect in the English language. I soon discovered he was of a sweet temper, a fine understanding, and outwardly very moral; but withal a strong Deist; and as he delighted much in philosophy, he placed such confidence therein as to believe he could set us all right, if he might have but five hours dispute with us.

*The Jewess mentioned in the former visit

I inquired of the Lord concerning the method I should use toward him; and saw, for the present, I was only called to show him condescension and love—to consider myself as his servant in Christ, and therefore to stand always ready to take up my cross, and in every thing innocent to do his will rather than my own. And as I could not say much to him in words, I must the more endeavour to show him, by the example of myself and family, that religion justly bears the character given her in those words: —

"Mild, sweet, serene and tender is her mode, Nor grave with sternness, nor with lightness free:

Against example resolutely good;

Fervent in zeal and warm in charity."

It appeared to me as if those four lines were given me as a direction which I must ever keep before my eyes. And much did I plead with the Lord, that nothing he saw in me, or mine, might tend to set him farther off from God. When we could converse in English with tolerable ease, I perceived he had not only imbibed many wrong sentiments, but had such a stock of Pharisaical righteousness as I scarcely ever met with before.

One day, as he was talking in his free way, about the truths of the Gospel, a friend said, "If your aunt hears you talk at this rate she will be much grieved." He replied, "But I will not say these things to her; though should my aunt talk much to me about religion, I fear I should shall not keep my temper: for my uncle drove many people mad when he was abroad. I do believe there were three hundred who were quite mad! They talked of being filled with love, and kept praying and running together, not only while he was there, but since that time also."

Hearing of this, I said, "Tell him I will promise to keep my temper whether he does or not, for my love to him has a better foundation than he can shake." In order to improve in the English language, he proposed to read to me some hours in a day; and I was to choose the books. Mr. Wesley was so kind as to send him Beatty's Evidences of the Christian Religion, which he read with some pleasure: but as yet his heart remained untouched.

I was very conscious I had none of that wisdom which in cases of this kind is often very useful; and where it is joined with Divine unction, does beautifully illustrate the truths it endeavours to defend. But that word was remembered with pleasure, "I will choose the foolish things of the world to confound the wisdom of the wise." And again, "My strength shall be made perfect in weakness."

Well, thought I, if I have no philosophical arguments to bring, I will so much the more cry to the strong for strength. I cannot do with the armour I have not proved: but the stone of conviction, and the sling of faith, is that which I must depend on; and when these are directed by the Spirit of God, nothing can stand against them.

Many of the Protestants in Switzerland are Deists; they are nevertheless very strict in bringing the young people to the communion; and they esteem it a reproach to do otherwise. My nephew expressed a desire of joining with us in that mean of grace; for having been from home some years at the university, he had not yet been brought to the table. Mr. Home told him freely his scruples in receiving him as a communicant; but after much conversation, he perceived a degree of conviction, and a desire to know the truth, and consented to admit him. The first time he came to the table, as he was kneeling beside me, and Mr. Home was speaking those words, "The blood of the Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee"—I found, such a power of prayer spring up in my heart, it seemed as if I claimed a ray of the Divinity just then to penetrate his soul.' He hath since told me he felt something very particular at that moment. My greatest difficulty, however, lay here, he did not believe the Scriptures. I was therefore cut off from drawing any arguments from them, and could only hold to this, the necessity of a change, in order to be capable of enjoying the Supreme Being.

I observed to him, You believe heaven to be a state, and a place of holiness, and the happiness there to be separate from all sin; —is there not then an absolute need of having a disposition suited thereto —This he readily allowed; but added, "Then I will make myself this new creature. The Supreme Being hath not left his work imperfect. He hath given me powers sufficient, if I do but use them; and if I am to do all by this grace of God, as you say, then what has God to thank me for" I endeavoured to convince him of our utter helplessness, except through that assistance which we draw from union with God through the Saviour, without whom we cannot do any thing. He replied, "Indeed aunt, that is not my case. I do not know how it may be with others, but for me, I do assure you, there is no snare I cannot avoid, nor I any passion I cannot overcome." As he abhorred the doctrine of the fall as much as that of the Divinity of our Lord, I did not speak often on those heads. I sought rather to convince him he was fallen, whether through Adam, or any other way, and that he was a sinner and unfit for heaven: and narrowly did I watch for every opportunity of pointing out any disposition that would help to prove my argument, though it was very difficult to bring him to a consciousness of any. At last I observed he had an abhorrence of the sin of envy, and a sensibility of having felt it. I then, on every proper occasion, enlarged on the happiness of the blessed, as consisting in love, the very contrary to selfishness, which was the principle from which envy took its life; and therefore he must become a new creature to enter into that state. This he now began to see, and sometimes to feel; but all my hopes appeared to be overturned at once by a circumstance which occurred. He had fixed his affections on a lady from whom about this time he thought he received some encouragement. Elated with joy, he was carried out of himself! There was nothing left for me to take hold of. He had no ear to hear but on one subject. I returned to a silent waiting before the Lord.

One night about the beginning of November, I dreamed I was in a church, standing by a communion table, on which lay a large Common Prayer Book, open in the service of matrimony. I observed it was all marked, as my dear husband used to mark those books he much approved. I beheld it with pleasure, for being near the 12th of November, I took it as a token that he remembered with approbation the transaction of that day,—our marriage. I was conscious of the presence of his dear spirit, as sent to communicate something to me. As I looked on the book, he signified to me the whole was emblematic, though few entered into the spirituality of it; adding, "This is a great mystery: I speak concerning Christ and the Church." As I cast my eyes on that word, "Who giveth this woman to this man " he pointed me to that text, "None cometh to the Son but whom the Father draweth." As nothing was spoken in words, it is difficult to describe the ideas which were conveyed to my mind. A gleam of light seemed to break forth in my soul, by which I discovered in how full a sense the souls of the redeemed are given by the Father to the Son, as his bride! I then thought on those words, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." In this acceptable moment, my nephew came to my mind. I said with a groan, O for our nephew! Immediately I saw a little bird fly around and around. I said, That is the emblem of my nephew's 'spirit. If it come to me and I take it up, his soul will be given unto me. I had no sooner spoken the word, but it came and alighted on the table before me. I took it up, stroked it, and let it fly again. A thought then struck my mind,—O, but he does not believe the Scriptures! The bird came, and I took it up the second time. As it flew again, I thought, O, but he does not believe in the Divinity of our Lord! Immediately it returned, and I took it up a third time. I no more saw it flying, but a beautiful large bird stood with great solemnity before me, and I awoke. As I was in prayer a little time after the above dream, these words bore on my mind, "He setteth the solitary in families, and maketh them households as a flock of sheep." Also, "Thy sons shall come from far; and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." It was on the Monday night I had the dream here related; and on the following Friday, my nephew received a flat denial from the before-mentioned lady. Here all his philosophy and boasted reason failed. He was as one driven to desperation. The next night he told me all his heart, saying, "O aunt! if you could see into my breast, you would see how troubled I am for the pain I have caused you. But now I see you are in the right. No! we cannot do without the help of God. I thought I could conquer every passion, but now I find they are taller and bigger than I." After telling me how many trials and disappointments he had met with in life, he added, "Do, dear aunt, pray with me." I did so, he weeping all the time with groans. When we rose from our knees, he said, "Ah! I am in the wrong, I thought all religion stood in the abhorrence of outward evil! but now I see there is something more." I told him my dream: when I came to that part of it relating to himself, he was much moved, and said, "O, aunt, if it depend on me, it shall be accomplished, indeed it shall." The next morning, he told me that after we had parted the last night, as he was striving to pray, he found all his troubles gone, and felt for a few moments such a tranquillity as he had never known before. But his trouble, as well as his reluctance to believe, returned again; yet with this difference,—he had now a consciousness that he was wrong, and expressed a great desire to know and embrace the truth. From some concurring circumstances, I believed it to be the order of God to invite him to live with me the remainder of the time he had to stay in England; but remembering what a friend had said, "I cannot converse with him any more; he tears open all the wounds of unbelief;"—I said, "Lord, shall it be so with me" and was answered by the application of that word to my mind, "I will not send you a warfare at your own charges." And glory be to my adorable Lord, so it proved; for all he could say

served but to light up a fresh candle in my soul! Every time I read the Scriptures, a new lustre shone on every part, and the Divine evidence rose higher and higher in my heart. I could now observe he heard with deep attention; and one day he said to me, "Aunt, it is not now that I will not believe, but that I cannot; for when you read the chapter night and morning, and tell your thoughts upon it, it seems unanswerable. But then something comes—some thoughts,—I do not seek them, but they come and throw me all back again." His state was now very uncomfortable. Sometimes he was just ready to receive the Scriptures as truth: then a variety of objections would start up in his mind, and cause him to cry out, "How can these things be" If we cannot be saved without believing that Jesus is God why did he live and die in such obscurity Would not a merciful Being have rendered every thing quite clear that he required his creatures to believe, upon pain of their salvation * He added many arguments frequently used by Deists, such as, "How clearly doth the whole creation prove a Supreme Creator! The day and night, the sun and moon, and all creatures! We cannot help believing they have a Maker. Why is not the Divinity of Jesus Christ made as easy to be believed as these things" I replied, the belief of those things you have mentioned, are by the outward senses; but religion is an inward principle, which God must open in our souls, and which changes every power and passion thereof. If all you are to believe could be comprehended by the outward senses the greatest sinners might be as good believers as the most holy persons. But the sense which God opens in the soul, and which we call faith, makes you acquainted with spiritual things, and capable of communion with God. He then answered in haste, "God hath never opened such a sense in my soul, and of course he will not condemn me for not using a power he hath not given." True (said I) it is not opened in you; but it is because you shut your eyes and heart against it. Your state is exactly described in the word of God, whether you will believe it or no. This same Jesus whom you have despised, was "to the Jews a stumbling block and to the wise Greeks foolishness; but to us who believe," we feel him to be "the wisdom of God, and the power of God."

It was a precious time to my own soul; I had such a sweet view, of the whole plan of redemption! A ray of light shone upon the amazing wisdom, as well as love, contained therein, and filled my heart with a sweet liberty, while I was attempting to lay before him the hidden glories of the adorable Jesus, when he appeared without form or comeliness, and by his deep humiliation marked out all our way! How well suited this plan of salvation was to break down the high aspiring thoughts of man, and to bring him into that absolute dependence, and perfect submission, which make the joys of heaven! I observed also, that a far greater salvation was wrought out for us, and a far greater glory would redound to God, by this wonderful act of free grace, than could have been if we had never needed such a Saviour.

*The God of infinite mercy, justice, and truth, 'has made all clear. The evidences of his being are not stronger than the evidences of the religion he has revealed.—ED.

I now daily discerned some advances—he gave back more and more; and the word of God began to be more honourable in his eyes. But yet he would say, "Every man hath the right of private judgment. Can I not be saved without believing on Jesus Christ If I address my prayers to the Supreme Being, and strive to obey him, why should I be condemned for not believing what I cannot understand " To this I answered, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that all who believe on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, said I, there is the condition: "If you believe on him whom the Father hath given." He seemed in a struggle to

believe, and said with vehemence, "But I cannot believe God would become a man, and die for me. I am not worthy of it. The thought is absurd! Why, aunt, if I were condemned to death, do you believe the king of England would die to save my life" No, said I, I believe he would not. "Now, there is the thing," replied he,—"you start at the thought of the king dying for me; and yet you want me to believe that God hath died in my place !"*

I observed the different relation he stood in to God. The king (said I) did not create you; you are not his offspring; neither can the love of a finite being bear any comparison with that pure unmixed love which dwells in the heart of God. The king did not voluntarily take all your condemnation on himself. But the Almighty Saviour has done so. He acts by us as if some great potentate should receive into his favour a poor beggar—make her his spouse—take all her debts on himself—give her a right to his treasures—a part in his throne—and a share in all his titles. "Thus God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him," should by virtue of that union inherit all things! Here is the condition; but you will not comply therewith. Only suppose, for one moment, that the king had died to save your life; but that when you was informed of his unparalleled love, you would give no credit thereto, even though one should say to you, Only look through this glass in my hand: I hold it to your eye; only look through it, and you will see him hang bleeding there! But you turn away your face with contempt, and will not so much as look on him who bleeds for you! Would you not in that case be a monster of ingratitude Now this word of God, this book, is the glass; if with simplicity and prayer you look into it, you shall there discern that supreme Being, (whom unknown you worship,) and that "He was in Christ reconciling the world to himself: and that there is no other name given under heaven whereby you can be saved."

*What a genuine instance of carnal reasoning!-ED

One afternoon, as he was reading to me, I pointed him to the experience of Brother Story, believing it was suited to his present state. But contrary to all I had for a long time seen in him, he appeared quite hard, and cavilled at almost every sentence. I answered his objections for a long time, till I was quite spent. Then looking solemnly at him, with tears in my eyes, I put out my hand to take the book. He was moved, and said tenderly—"What, aunt! What! No! I will read any thing, any thing you give me! You think me in a bad spirit, aunt!" I replied, Why, my dear, I do not think you are in a very good one. That book does not suit you to-night. He then read on, till he came to a part very applicable to his present feelings. He dropped the book at once, and remained silent. After a time I asked him what was the matter. He replied, " I know not what is the matter! I feel a horrible sensation! O! what do I ail How have I been speaking to you! Dear aunt, the more kind you are, the more ungrateful I am. What is the matter with me I am worse and worse!" I strove to comfort him, saying, It is well; the Lord is beginning to show you your heart. "Ah!" replied he, "you say very well, but I say very ill; for I am worse than before I came to England. O! I am ashamed to think how I spent my life! I thought I had done all things for the glory of God. But now I see I have done all for myself, and to please myself only." After some time of silence, he said, "I will now tell you what I have been doing. All this week I have strove to address my prayers to Jesus Christ, as you advised me, but, alas! I am more dull and cold in them than I ever felt before! O! if he is God, why doth he not help me! You said, aunt, he would answer for himself!" Then in an agony he added, "Why does he not answer Why does he not answer" While I was making a few observations on the long time the Lord had waited for him, &c., Mr. Horne came in to meet the men's class, to which he was that night to go up for the first time. When he came down, he said his

mind was more composed, and he wished he had frequented that meeting before.

After supper, being alone, we renewed our conversation, and I repeatedly assured him the Lord would shine upon him if he would only persevere. His cry was still, "Why does he not answer" It being late, we parted. I then went again to the throne of grace, to pour out my complaint before the Lord. I saw we were come to a point, and could go no farther without his immediate help. I had staked all on the faithfulness of my God, and had declared the answer would come: and now there was nothing more for me to do, but to obtain it of the Almighty. Sometimes I felt all faith and hope; at others, as if cold water was thrown over the fire of expectation. Satan was not idle. He suggested, You will find him to-morrow as you left him to-night. I pleaded with the Lord that it was no new thing I asked. He had shown his approval of sacrifices by fire from heaven; he had wrought for his people; he had given signs and wonders! "His arm was not shortened," and I besought him to appear in such a manner for this young man, as should convince him of the truth. Sometimes I felt all discouragement, but I did not mind that; I knew from whence it came. I said, Lord, thy word stands always sure; it is not my feelings, but thy faithfulness, that I depend on. Lord, thou hast said, "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, I will do it." I ask this in thy name! I leave it in thy hand assured of the answer. The next morning he went out early. On his return at night, he said, "Aunt, I have a great deal to tell you. After we parted last night I thought I would pray; but that it was right to consider what I wanted most. Then I thought, why I want most light on this point, about Jesus Christ. But will God so condescend as to answer me Then, aunt, I heard a voice (not with my ear, but I did hear it) say, Yes, he will. Then I began and made prayer—and an hour went away like a minute—and I could say, Through the Lord Jesus Christ! O! dear aunt, I thought I must have come up and told you, but you were gone to bed. And again I thought, maybe tomorrow God will confirm this. And so he has, for when I was at Waters Upton, Mr. G H. began to make pleasantries of the miracles of Jesus Christ. I said in myself, Yesterday I could have smiled at this, and heard it with pleasure; but now it was a horrible sensation; I could not bear it; I was forced to go out of the house. Was not that a sign, aunt, that there is some change in me"

Soon after he had a particular dream. He thought he was in Switzerland, and attempting to converse with one of his old acquaintances on the things of God; but was much surprised to find he could only speak in English. Afterward, as he stood at a window with his father, he saw eight full moons all at once, and said in his mind, It means eight months. A beautiful city then rose up before his eyes, and as he looked thereon, he beheld a lovely appearance, and thought, Is that St. John He looked, till dazzled with the beams of glory which surrounded the face as it passed over the city, he cried out, See! father, see! The Lord Jesus! The Lord Jesus! and so awoke. This dream seemed to make a deep impression on him, though he attempted no explanation. About a week after this, coming home one night late, from visiting a sick neighbor, on my inquiring after his state, he answered, "Aunt, I have not found the evening long, for I have been in deep recollection almost all the time you have been gone. And now I can say, 'Faith is the evidence of things unseen,' for if I had seen my Lord, I could not be more assured than I am." From this time the change has been more and more evident. He attends all the meetings with me, and our dear friends are not a little delighted to hear the nephew and godson of their beloved minister telling, in his broken English, that his eyes, which had long been accustomed to see darkness, do now behold the light of the Lord.

Some time after, writing to a friend, he uses these words: "I have altogether left Mr. Horne's house, though fully satisfied with all there; but it would have been very disagreeable to me to have been forced to ride daily, and at night, over one of the worst roads in the kingdom. I have now for three months enjoyed the happiness of living with my aunt, and I feel more and more the immense obligation which I owe to her, not only for all temporal care she hath taken of me, but much more for the blessing of my soul. Yes, she hath shown me, clearly, that the knowledge of mathematics, and a vain philosophy, are not sufficient to procure us true happiness; but the knowledge of Him only who giveth wisdom liberally to those who ask it. She hath taught me to distinguish the things which are situated within the reach of our understanding, from those which are beyond it; for I must own that the idea which I had before of the strength of my understanding, and the extent of my knowledge, was so false, that I thought nothing to be out of my sphere. But now, blessed be God! not only I feel that it is not permitted to men to scrutinize with profane looks the mysteries of religion, but I believe them with a holy respect; and far from being ashamed to acknowledge Jesus for my Saviour, I set my glory in it, and that persuasion makes me happy !"

He is indeed a new creature; and his conscience appears to be so tender, and his convictions of the need of a farther change so strong, that I am sunk in amazement and wonder! O what a prayer-hearing God have we to do with! "Ask, and you shall receive," is more than ever written on my heart! On the first of January, he was much blessed, and told me he had found such a power to renew his covenant with the Lord as he had never done before. He broke out in prayer with such simplicity as delighted the whole congregation! In a few months he must leave me and return to Switzerland—I trust in the power of the Lord, to be a messenger of glad tidings to the dear family of his precious uncle. O my God! What hast thou done for thy poor worm in the day of her adversity! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name!"

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