

Charles Wesley In-Correspondence (1766–70)

Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition, Duke Divinity School

Table of Contents

(Update: October 3, 2024)

1766 Feb. 27	Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham	1
1766 Feb. 28	Rev. John Wesley	2
1766 c. Mar. 10	Dr. John Jones	3–4
1766 Apr. 01	Rev. John Richardson	5–6
1766 Apr. 18	Rev. Martin Madan	7
1766 Apr. 25	Anne Davis	8
1766 June 27	Rev. John Wesley	9–10
1766 July 09[–10]	Rev. John Wesley	11–12
1766 Aug. 23	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	13–14
1766 Aug. 27	Rev. John Wesley	15
1766 Nov. 25	Jane Catherine March	16–18
1767 Jan. 27	Rev. John Wesley	19
1767 Feb. 04	Lady Huntingdon	20–21
1767 Feb. 12–14	Rev. John Wesley	22–23
1767 Feb. 28	Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham to Charles Wesley Jr.	24
1767 May 13	Rev. John Richardson	25
1767 June 21	Rev. John Wesley	26–27
1767 Sept. 12	Louisa Darby to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	28
1767 Sept. 26	Richard Green	29
1767 Oct. 20	Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham	30
1767 Oct. 21	Jane Hawstead	31–32
1767 Nov. 03	John Johnson	33–34
1767 Nov. 29	Rev. Vincent Perronet	35
1767 Dec. 16	Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham	36
1767 Dec. 17	Miss L. Elliott	37–38
1768 Jan. 15	Rev. John Wesley	39
1768 Jan. 29	George Lambertson	40–41
1768 Mar. 09	Robert Nugent (Lord Clare)	42
1768 May 14	Rev. John Wesley	43
1768 May 15	Rev. Vincent Perronet	44
1768 June 14	Rev. John Wesley	45
1768 July 06	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	46
1768 July 11	Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	47–48
1768 Sept. 13	Roderick Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	49
1768 Nov. 07	Lady Huntingdon	50
1768 Dec. 17	Rev. John Wesley	51
1768 Dec. 17	Lady Huntingdon	52–53
1769 Feb. 03	Eleanore Laroche	54–55
1769 Feb. [10?]	unidentified Quaker	56
1769 May 12	Rev. John Wesley	57–58
[1769] May 20	Rev. John Fletcher	59
1769 Aug. 29	Sarah (Evans) Gwynne	60
1769 Sept. 02	Samuel Lloyd	61
1769 Dec. 05	John Nelson	62
1770 Jan. 15	Rev. George Whitefield	63

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Table of Contents

(Update: October 3, 2024)

1770 Mar. 03	Ann Chapman	64–65
1770 Mar. 12	Rev. Dr. John Jones	66
1770 May	unidentified correspondent	67
1770 Aug. 10	Rev. John Fletcher	68–69
1770 Sept. 01	Rev. John Fletcher	70
1770 Nov. 01	Anne (Stone) Barnard	71
1770 Nov. 04–06	Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	72–73
1770 Nov. 13	Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham	74
1770 c. Nov. 20	Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	75
1770 Nov. 28	Lady Huntingdon	76–77
1770 Dec. 03	Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley	78
1770 Dec. 16	Rev. John Fletcher	79

1766

From Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham

London
February 27, 1766

My Very Dear Reverend Friend in the Lord,

Indeed the receipt of yours yesterday was matter of grief and rejoicing to my poor worthless heart.¹ And the more so at this juncture, as we may and do, I am sure, truly sympathize with each other in both those sensations. My dear son having been as we all apprehended at the point of death but a few days ago.² But oh the unbounded goodness of the ever loving, ever compassionate tender-hearted Jesus. He has not only heard the prayers and cries of the poor widow in restoring him to her again, but has so crowned him with his loving kindness and mercy that his heart is *full of love* and praise, and expands itself to all around him.

Oh my dear friend, let us join in heart and voice in praise and thanksgiving for the Lord's gracious dealing with us both. He has spared you your blessed partner and helpmeet, your darling son, and at the same time he has deprived you of one earthly comfort in taking her to glory,³ has blessed you with another to supply her place and prove a growing blessing and consolation to you in partnership with my dear little friend and lover,⁴ to whom I desire to be remembered to in the kindest manner, as also to your dear partner, who I trust the Lord will soon raise up in strength of body and soul as he hath done my dear son—who is now, thank God, so well recovered as to come downstairs, and was to have called me out of [?]⁵ this morning, had the weather permitted. I received yours at his house, in presence of dear Mrs. [Bridget] Carteret and [Anne] Cavendish, who all, I am sure, feel for you, and in particular my dear son, who I am sure sympathizes with you, and did they know I was now writing to you would charge me with more love and kindness to you and yours than my pen could express. Pray, as often as you pray for poor vile worthless sinners that has been highly favoured by the Lord, remember in particular,

Your ever faithful friend in the Lord,

G. H.

My son's disorder was a cold and defluxion of his chest, which was apprehended would have turned to an inflammation.

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Charles / Wesley at his house / in / Bristol."

Postmark: "27/FE."

Endorsements: by CW, "Febr. 27, 1766 / Lady Gertrude congratul." and [[Bristol⁶ read / April]] 17, 1766."

Source: holograph; Bridwell Library (SMU; previously WMC Museum, Elmer T. Clark Collection).

¹CW had informed Lady Hotham of the birth on Feb. 24 of his and SGW's seventh child, Samuel (1766–1837). His letter is not known to survive.

²Sir Charles Hotham (1735–1767), 6th Baronet of Scarborough.

³CW and SGW's sixth child, Selina, born Sept. 8, 1764, lived only five weeks.

⁴Charles Wesley Jr., of whom Lady Hotham was particularly fond; see her letter to CW Jr., Feb. 28, 1767.

⁵One word is illegible.

⁶In such cases CW means he read the letter to his band in Bristol.

From the Rev. John Wesley

Lewisham
February 28, 1766

[[Dear Brother,]]

We must, we must, you and I at least, be all devoted to God! Then wives and sons and daughters and everything else will be real, invaluable blessings.¹ *Eia, age; rumpe moras!*² Let us *this day* use all the power we have! If we have enough, well; if not, let us *this day* expect a fresh supply. How long shall we drag on thus heavily, though God has called us to be the chief conductors of such a work? Alas, what conductors! If I am (in some sense) the head and you the heart of the work, may it not be said, “The whole head is sick and the whole heart faint”?³ Come, in the name of God, let us arise and shake ourselves from the dust! Let us strengthen each other’s hands in God, and that without delay. Have *senes sexagenarii*⁴ (who would have thought we should live to be such!) time to lose? Let you and I and our house serve the Lord in good earnest!

May his peace rest on you and yours!

Adieu!

I desire all the society to meet me on Tuesday evening (March 11) after preaching.⁵

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother] Feb. 20. 1766 / stirring up.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/27.

¹CW had surely written JW (in a letter that does not survive) about the birth of Samuel. In the letter CW may have expressed reservation about coming to London to fill in for JW when he left on his yearly preaching tour. However CW did spend mid-July to mid-Sept. 1766 in London.

²Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv.569: “Come on, act; break off delay.”

³Isa. 1:5.

⁴Latin, “old men in their sixties.” JW had turned 60 three years earlier in 1763; CW would turn 60 in the next year (Dec. 1767).

⁵Referring to Bristol, where CW was residing. JW met the Bristol Society on Mar. 11; cf. JW, *Journal* for that date, *Works*, 22:32.

From Dr. John Jones

[London]
[c. March 10, 1766]

Newcastle upon Tyne
Sunday, February 23, 1766¹

Dear Sister,

This comes to acquaint you with the death of my honoured father.²

On Thursday, the 13th of this month, all that day he looked so beautiful and comely to the admiration of us all. Night being come, he was taken very ill in his first sleep. On Friday I asked him what he could take. His answer was, “Betty, I am to eat no more.” And so he continued, his illness still increasing. He was calm, composed, and resigned to the will of God in all things. I always beheld in my dear father such faith and love and divine resignation that I never did see in any other.

On Sunday, the 16th day, “Now,” says he, “my soul is made ready, willing, and prepared to meet the Lord.” Ever after his soul was filling with such longing and unwearied desires to be dissolved and be with Christ. He said, “I cannot stay. O I must go to my beloved Redeemer, to be with him forever. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

On Monday, the 17th, he said to me “I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course and kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the righteous Judge shall give unto me at that day.”³

On Thursday, the 18th, he received the holy and blessed sacrament. He declared to the minister what God had done for his soul. He said his anchor was cast within the veil, both sure and unmoveable. The minister’s answer was “If any has attained to it, you are the man. I always thought it of you.” As long as he had his speech he preached Christ to every person that came to see him. Madam Button came to see him. Her company was desired at Madam Reay’s that afternoon, but she excused herself saying, “I am going to see to see that good old saint Henry Jackson, and to have his last blessing and prayer before he dies.”

His whole life was nothing but one entire dedication of his body and soul to God, praying for all continually. His whole soul was lost in praise and thanksgiving unto his adorable Saviour and God, who loved him and bought him with the price of his most precious blood. In all the various dispensations of God’s providence in the world towards himself and family, he was still magnifying and praising his holy name. Always thankful, humble, loving, and obedient to God. Nothing could move him or put him out of temper one moment. Receiving everything as from the hand of God with such faith, patience, fortitude, and resignation of mind that we were all amazed to see such a marvellous work of grace wrought upon his soul by the Spirit of God. O that we may all live and die in his spirit, for Jesus’ sake!

Before his speech left him, he blessed all his children, and his grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. And on Thursday morning he yielded up his soul to God in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection. As he was universally loved both by rich and poor in his life, so in his death universally lamented. He died on Thursday morning, February 20, being 99 years and five months old.

[daughter of Henry Jackson]

[Jones adds at end]

¹Jones is copying and forwarding for CW’s benefit a letter delivered to JW by a daughter of Henry Jackson; see JW, *Journal*, Feb. 23, 1766, *Works*, 22:31–32.

²Henry Jackson (1666–1766), a weaver in Newcastle, was an active supporter of the Wesley brothers and one of the trustees of the Orphan House.

³1 Tim. 4:7–8.

I have spoke with nurse Worcester. Brother Keene went through great trials, but he finished his course in peace.⁴

I am, with respects to Mrs. Wesley and all friends, dear reverend sir,
Yours, etc.

J. Jones

I am just going to see Mr. Cheesment, who I hear is very ill.⁵

Address: “To / the Revd Mr C Wesley.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Feb. 23. 1766 / H. Jackson’s death.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP 2/28.

⁴CW’s long-time friend Thomas Keene was buried Mar. 9, 1766 in London. See next letter for more.

⁵Capt. John Cheesment (1732–83), a merchant of St. George Parish, was one of the original trustees of City Road chapel. See Stevenson, *City Road*, 250. Jones spelled “Cheesement.”

From the Rev. John Richardson

[London, West Street] Chapel
April 1, 1766

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I have begun to execute your last commission, and hope to finish it very soon.¹

Poor Mr. [Thomas] Keene you might have left out of the list. He is gone to his reward. When you met us last at brother [Richard] Moss's you said, "Well, who among us shall fall next? What say you brother [William] Osgood?" God's thoughts are not as our thoughts! He made a glorious entrance. He sent for me the Sunday before he went. "When I get a little slumber, I awake in such dread and horror as inexpressible. Dread—not of spirit, my heart lays still—but of body. O what a loose stone have I been in the building. I wonder I was not jostled out."

I prayed with him and the heavens were opened. He had some conflicts after. He was afraid of being alone. But when the last battle was won, he said, "Now you may either stay or leave me. I am entered within the gate of the city." Calling for his son,² he looked earnestly on him and said, "Oh my son, what a distance thou art from me. I am within the gates of the city."

O sir, how is it that I stand after such a man in Israel is fallen? But he is risen forever. Our loss is his gain.

Our dear friends rejoice with me on account of your increase of strength. But we cannot believe it is all to be spent at Bristol. You cannot afford us a visit you say. Granted! But why will you neither let your band, nor the whole society, give the labourer (if not his hire) at least his journeying expenses. This is a hard question. I defy all Bristol to answer it. You talk of "2,000 or 3,000 members and no prophet's chamber." But the reason is against you. Many would open their chamber. But the prophet will not enter it. For reasons that I can better tell when we meet than write, my house does not suit. *Sat verbum sap[ienti]*.³ Not that all is not well. I believe I shall always have reason to bless God for his last gift.⁴ The more you know of my situation, the better you will like it. We love one another more and more every day.

Mr. Keene, I hear, has left something for the poor in [the] society. Betsy Duchesne gives her duty and thanks for your last.⁵ It was much comfort to her. She is very diligent in selling cases. ⁶Mrs. MacDon[ald], ⁷[Sarah] Clay, [Bilhah] Aspernall, Smithson,⁸ Cheesment,⁹ Bale, etc., etc. give their duty. And I have given your answer to their enquiries till I am sick of it. If you will not come, nor send a better, I must hold my tongue. If you will once consent to come, I would suit my journey to be back if possible before you had been three weeks in London.

¹CW's letter, with the commission, is not known to survive.

²James Keene (b. 1718), son of Thomas Keene.

³"Enough said" or "A word to the wise is sufficient."

⁴John Richardson married Susanna Wright on Feb. 10, 1766.

⁵This letter is not known to survive.

⁶Of "scripture cards"; see note on CW to SGW, July 2–3, 1763.

⁷Elizabeth MacDonald appears as a married woman throughout the Foundery Band Lists (1742–46). She was a servant at the Foundery for several years and was buried June 30, 1778 in Bunhill Fields cemetery.

⁸Ann Smithson appears in the Foundery Band Lists (1742–46).

⁹Sarah (Crane or Grace) Cheesman.

I hear since I began my long letter that you have writ[ten] to Mr. [Martin] Madan and told him “you will soon give him ocular demonstration that you are alive and the papers [are] liars.”¹⁰ Is this true? I hope so. The witnesses are in general moderate—i.e., not so full of self-praise. We want more preaching on the atonement. So much “Do, Do” will never do. Come away sir, and let us once more hear of Jesus Christ and him crucified. That name is everything.

Poor Mrs. [Anne] Davis give her duty. Mrs. [Millbery] Foottit’s troubles with her boy increase. She is to be pitied. Sisters Collinson¹¹ and [Elizabeth] Butcher salute you and thank you for yours, but want you next.

My partner joins me in love to you and all your house. In hopes of seeing you before I set out, I remain, dear sir,

Your obliged and affectionate servant in Christ,

J. Richardson

Thank you for your kind thought of invitation to Bristol A house would long since have been found you here if you would come and lay up your ashes in Bunhill Fields.

Address: “To / The Revd. Mr. Ch. Wesley / at / Bristol.”

Endorsements: by CW, “April 1. 1766 / Richardson’s of Keen’s / death.” and “[Bristol read / April] 17 / 1766.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/98.¹²

¹⁰This would be CW’s letter to Madan of Mar. 18, 1766 (not known to survive).

¹¹Susannah Goss married John Collinson in Southwark in Nov. 1744.

¹²For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:

<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From the Rev. Martin Madan

[London]
April 18, 1766

My Dear Sir,

I was much obliged by your kind letter of the 18th ultimate,¹ and made happy to find so good an account of your household. I rejoice that we are to expect you soon in this part of the world. *Manasseh* is fixed for the 30th instant, at the Lock Chapel, and I hope it will suit you to come and hear it.² I have tickets for yourself, Mrs. Wesley, the young organist [CW Jr.], and any other friends you choose to bring.

As to Latin, the only way I find to make it pleasant is to do a little at a time, and to avoid making it a task. By these means my boy goes on well,³ and now begins to construe Aesop's *Fables*. I have a notion my friend Charles's genius is more disposed for the gamut than the accidence.⁴ And if I can at all judge of his dispositions, music will be his forte. I think he bids fair to make a second [John] Worgan.

I have not read the book of Fénelon's you mention,⁵ but think writing treatises upon the education of children is something like writing upon the art of making shoes of proper sizes, which can only be effected by measuring every particular person's foot. I see such difference of inclination, temper, and disposition in my own children as sufficiently convinces me that I must act as the physician's phrase it "*pro re nata*,"⁶ and adapt instruction, etc. just as the occasion offers. One thing nobody can be mistaken in, and which I would desire to observe that it is a grand point with me—viz., to conciliate the love, esteem, and friendship of my children towards me, and to convince them that they can look upon none on earth so really and affectionately their friend as I am.⁷ This begets a confidence and open-heartedness that will lay the only foundation for their being before my face what they are behind my back; and prevent the various occasions of lying and hypocrisy which they are so prone to, and which meets with sad increase by the misjudged severity of parents, especially in the religious world. And after all, it will hold true in temporals as in spirituals, it is love that makes our nimble feet in swift obedience move.

We have had a sick house with the measles, but thank God the children are all now well. Mrs. [Jane] Madan joins in best wishes to your whole self with, my very dear sir,

Yours most sincerely and affectionately,

M. Madan

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesly / in Charles Street / Near the Horse Fair / Bristol."

Postmark: "19/AP."

Endorsement: by CW, "April 16. 1766 / M Madan / on Education."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP 1/55.

¹This letter is not known to survive, but there is an excerpt in the previous letter from John Richardson to CW.

²*Manasseh, King of Judah: Written for music* (London: H. Cock, 1765).

³Martin Madan Jr. (1757–1809).

⁴I.e., CW Jr. is more disposed to scales of music than charts of grammar inflections.

⁵François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, *De l'éducation des filles* (Paris: J. Mariette, 1719).

⁶"according to the situation or circumstances."

⁷The other Madan children were Anne Judith (b. 1753), Maria (b. 1755), William (b. 1759), and Sarah (b. 1761).

From Anne Davis

[London]
April 25, 1766

Reverend and Ever Dear Sir,

I thank you for your kind and comfortable letter,¹ which is always a cordial to your weak, unworthy servant.

You ask me if I am still groaning to be delivered from sin and pain. I am, my dearest sir, oppressed beyond expression with this painful body. And too often my spirit as well as flesh is ready to fail, which makes me groan with bitter groanings indeed for patience to bear and suffer all the Lord shall please to lay upon me to his glory. For it is a time of sore trial and temptation with me. I see much of my want of faith and every grace of the Spirit, and the necessity of a closer union with the Lord Jesus, that I may be enabled through faith in him to tread in his steps and be a thankful partaker of his sufferings without a murmuring groan. And there are times that I think I may say I am thankful for the rod, and count it an honour to be admitted to taste of his cup. But alas, those happy moments a[re] short, and I sink again beneath the cross which lays heavy and long upon my weary back. But yet hither to the Lord hath helped me, and I stand, all glory be to him, as a bush burning but not consumed.² And he gives me to hope he will make me more than conqueror at last. And I am determined by his grace, if he slay I will trust in him. He is my only hope, and I have nothing else to fly to.

I beg your prayers that I may be kept to the end. I give you joy of your dear family[’s] safe recovery and another son. My heart has been with you. Though I have been silent, I have felt your burden and bless the Lord, though there has been such a report of death, you are all alive. And Miss [Rebecca] Gwynne tells me you intend to make us a short visit. Better short than not at all, for the sight of you will do me good.

I beg my kindest love and respects to my dearest Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley and the little ones. But I am not able to write to her at this time for I am very ill, and much worse than ever. I still comfort myself with the hopes of the end being nigh. And if it is far off, blessed be the Lord, there is a time when it will come. O happy day!

I pray the Lord Jesus be ever with you and yours, [this] is the earnest desire of, dear sir,
Your ever affectionate and much obliged servant and daughter in the Lord,

Ann Davis

Address: “To / The Revd. Mr Charles Wesley / Bristol.”

Endorsement: by CW, “April 25 1766 / s[ister] Davis dying daily” and “[read Bristol].”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/47.³

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²See Exod. 3:2.

³For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From the Rev. John Wesley

Whitehaven
June 27, 1766

[[Dear Brother,]]

I think you and I have abundantly too little intercourse with each other. Are we not *old acquaintance[s]*? Have we not known each other for half a century? And are we not jointly engaged in such a work as probably no two other men upon earth are? Why, then, do we keep at such a distance? It is a mere device of Satan. But surely we ought not, at this time of day, to be ignorant of his devices. Let us therefore make the full use of the little time that remains. *We* at least should *think aloud*, and use to the uttermost the light and grace on each bestowed. We should help each other,

Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.¹

In one of my last [[I]]² was saying [[I]] do not feel the wrath of God abiding on [[me]].³ Nor can I believe it does. And yet (this is the mystery) [[I do not love God. I never did]]. Therefore [[I never]] *believed* in the Christian sense of the word. Therefore [[I am only an]] honest heathen, a proselyte of the temple, one of the φοβούμενοι τὸν Θεόν.⁴ And yet to be so employed of God! And so hedged in that I can neither get forward nor backward! Surely there never was such an instance before, from the beginning of the world!

If I [[ever had had]] *that faith*, it would not be so strange. But [[I never had any]] other ἐλεγχος⁵ of the eternal or invisible world than [[I have]] now. And that is [[none at all]], unless such as faintly shines from reason's glimmering ray. [[I have no]] direct witness (I do not say that [[I am a child of God]], but) of anything invisible or eternal.

And yet I dare not preach otherwise than I do, either concerning faith, or love, or justification, or perfection. And yet I find rather an increase than a decrease of zeal for the whole work of God and every part of it. I am φερόμενος,⁶ I know not how, that I can't stand still. I want all the world to come to ὃν οὐκ οἶδα.⁷ Neither am I impelled to this by fear of any kind. [[I have]] no more fear than love. Or if [[I have any fear, it is not that of falling]] into hell but of falling into nothing.

I hope you are with Billy Evans.⁸ If there is an Israelite indeed, I think he is one.⁹

¹Abraham Cowley, "Anacreontiques, V. Age," ll. 10–11.

²JW placed scattered words and clauses throughout this letter in Byrom's shorthand, to help preserve privacy if it fell into other hands.

³This letter is not known to survive.

⁴The Greek phrase in Acts 13:16; "fearers of God."

⁵"Proof" or "persuasion."

⁶"Carried along"; The term used in 2 Pet. 1:21: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."

⁷"One whom I do not know."

⁸CW as now in London, staying at the home in Clerkenwell of William Evans, a member of the Foundery (as evidenced by a letter CW wrote his wife on July 12, 1766).

⁹See John 1:47.

O insist everywhere on *full* redemption, receivable by *faith alone*. Consequently to be looked for *now!* You are *made*, as it were, for this very thing. Just here you are in your element. In connexion I beat you; but in strong, short pointed sentences you beat me. Go on, in your *own way*, what God has peculiarly called you to. Press the *instantaneous* blessings. Then I shall have more time for my peculiar calling, enforcing the *gradual* work.¹⁰

We must have a thorough reform of the preachers. I wish you would come to Leeds with John Jones in the machine.¹¹ It comes in two days. And after staying two days, you might return. I would willingly bear your expenses up and down. I believe it will help, not hurt, your health. My love to Sally.
[[Adieu.]]

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother] June 27. 1766 inviting.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/28.

¹⁰JW is being hortatory here ; he well knew that it was he would had in recent years stressed that perfection could be received *now*, while CW had been stressing the *gradual* work of sanctification.

¹¹I.e., come in a public carriage, in time for the Conference set to begin in Leeds on Aug. 12.

From the Rev. John Wesley¹

Stockton
July 9, 1766

[[Dear Brother,]]

I hope Samuel Richards has not left his wife destitute. Sister Purnell certainly is unqualified for an housekeeper.² I will give her five pounds that she may not be distressed before she is in some way of life. I have wrote to Nancy Smith to go to Bristol directly.³ By all the accounts I have had from others, and by talking with her myself, I judge she is a proper person. I am sure she has grace and sense, and is willing to learn.

I shall judge of the bands at Kingswood when I am there. They have not met tolerably for these dozen years.

I *have set* aside J. H.,⁴ and will stand by it. But I expect to ⟨find⁵⟩ more critical cases than his.

⟨O⟩ how apt [[are you to take the]] colour of [[your]] company! When [[you and I]] ⟨talked⟩ together, [[you]] *seemed* at least to be of the same mind with me, and now [[you are]] all off the hooks again! Unless [[you]] only talk because [[you are in an]] humour of contradiction. And if so, I may as well blow against the wind as talk with [[you]].

[[I was not mad]], though Thomas Maxfield was. *I* did not talk nonsense on the head, as he did. I did not *act* contrary to all moral honesty. When [[your hymns]] on one hand were added to his talking and acting on the other, what was likely to be the consequence?⁶

I will tell you a secret. [[I will not be]] opposed at the Conference; for I will not dispute. I shall find them other work. But (as I wrote in my last) it is highly expedient *you* should be there. Don't mind four or five pounds expense. I have enough for you and me.

[July] 10⁷

One word more, concerning setting perfection too high. *That perfection* which I believe, I can boldly preach, because I think I see five hundred witnesses of it. Of *that perfection* which you preach, you

¹JW is clearly replying to a letter from CW, which is not known to survive.

²Mrs. Richards was likely the housekeeper at the New Room at the time of her husband's death (records do not survive). Sister Purnell may be the Mary Purnell of Bristol, who wrote JW on Jan. 20, 1740 and was buried at Kingswood in 1768.

³Ann Smith (d. 1774) became housekeeper at the New Room in 1766, serving until she married John Whitehead in 1769. Cf. G.M. Best, *The Cradle of Methodism* (Bristol: New Room Publications, 2017), 325.

⁴Likely John Hampson (c.1732–95), who became a Methodist travelling preacher in 1752. The 1765 Conference asked whether two men identified by the initials RF and JH could be received as itinerants, and answered, "Not unless we could pay their debts" (*Works*, 10:311). In his letter of April 3, 1766 to Samuel Furlly JW also expressed concern over Hampson's doubts about the doctrine of the witness of the Spirit.

⁵A small patch is torn away by the wax seal, but the text can be reconstructed.

⁶JW was pointing out how the "blessing controversy" highlighted some themes that CW had commended through his hymns in the 1740s. These emphases cast Christian perfection as a *full* renewal of our moral character that came in a single experience, subsequent to our conversion, received *unilaterally* and *instantaneously* from God *through prayer*. One of the clearest examples is a hymn titled 'Prayer for Holiness', esp. sts. 6–7, *HSP* (1742), 219–21.

⁷Orig., "June 10"; a slip of the pen. This rambling postscript continues JW's concern that CW should preach the 'instantaneous work' of entire sanctification in the letter of June 27 above.

do not even think you see any witness at all. Why then you must have far more courage than me, or you could not persist in preaching it. I wonder you do not in this article fall in plumb with Mr. [George] Whitefield. For do not you, as well as he, ask: ‘Where are the perfect ones?’ I verily believe there are none upon earth, none dwelling in the body. I cordially assent to his opinion, that there is *no such perfection* here as *you* describe. At least, I never met with an instance of it; and I doubt I never shall. Therefore I still think to set perfection *so high* is effectually to renounce it.

Pray tell Mr. [Samuel] Franks I have this moment received Mr. [William] Pine’s letter and agree with every article of it.⁸

I believe the sooner sister [Ann] Smith goes to Bristol the better. I wish you would advise and encourage her a little.

Both James and Jonas *had* much grace. But you and I are no Calvinists. I know nothing of Jonas’s escape.⁹

It is not strange that an high nervous disorder should terminate in madness. Yet she too *had* much grace, and perhaps has still.

Miss Lewen gave me a chaise and a pair of horses.¹⁰

You are a long time getting to London. Therefore I hope you will do much good there. Yes, says William, “Mr. Charles will stop their *prating in the bands* at London, as he has done at Bristol.”¹¹ I believe not. I believe you will rather encourage them to speak humbly and modestly the words of truth and soberness. Great good has flowed and will flow herefrom. Let your “knowledge direct, not quench the fire.” That has been done too much already. I hope you will now *raise*, not *depress* their hopes.

“They consider us,” says honest George [Whitefield] “as setting suns. And yet it may please God we should outlive many of them.”

The proposal is good. But I fear our council is a little like the senate of Capua.¹² Come, try. Name me four senators, and I will name four more. Find such as you can, till you can find such as you would. Don’t expect men “without spot or blemish.” I could name six if need were, and yet not one angel; but οἱοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσί.¹³

[[My wife [Mary] continues in an amazing]] temper! Miracles are not ceased! Not one jarring string! O let us live now! My love to Sally.

[[Adieu.]]

Address: “To / The Revd Mr C. Wesley / At the Foundery / London.”

Postmark: “14/IY.”

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother]. July 9. 1766 / peevish — w[i]th his perf[ectio]n & 500 witnesses / will not be opposed at ye Conference.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/29.

⁸Likely related to how to supply books for Ireland; see JW to CW, Aug. 9, 1765.

⁹The likely referents are two men ordained by Erasmus of Arcadia: James Thwayte and Jonas Latles (see JW to CW, Jan. 11, 1765). Latles’s “escape” would explain his return to JW’s good graces.

¹⁰On Margaret Lewen, see the account below of her final days in Jane Catherine March to CW, Nov. 25, 1766.

¹¹Probably William Briggs; see his letters to CW in the early 1760s.

¹²Relating to a story where the people of Capua soon found that it was easier to criticize their current senators than to find better replacements.

¹³Homer, *Iliad*, v.304, ‘who are yet mortals’.

From Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Bristol]
Saturday, August 23 [1766]

My dearest partner's last is just come to hand, and I entirely approve of your staying in town to settle there our affairs and putting our money in the stocks yourself and not a broker.¹ Mr. [Henry] Durbin has gained a pretty advance for his child by putting into the 4 percent stocks when he advised us to do the same; which, had we done at that time, then we would have had scores of pounds above a thousand, instead of being short now. But that loss is past, not to be repaired.

This morning my friend John Nelson called in on me and has brought Isaac [Duckworth] back, who would readily fetch you down if you wanted him. They unite in duty to you.

I am glad your brother's strength is so renewed. May his useful life long be preserved.

Yet, who do you think heard, and was ready to eat your musical son yesterday but Mr. Broderip.² Nurse James came from Mrs. Hill's in Back Lane to beg Charley's company to play on her daughter's harpsichord.³ At first I hesitated, finding it was the day he attended to teach. But I found his hour was 11:00, and I would not let Charley go till 12:00 on account of his school. But it was 1:00 before he came, and she listened without the door but was surprised when he came in. Charles played on with ease. O courage to him. "O," the nurse says, "he did entrance him with delight for his performance." He played Stanley's *Solos* without book very well.⁴ Mr. Broderip told him, "Wesley would be a great man."

But believe me, all these encomiums seem no more to Charley (as yet) as though he did not hear them. I wish him always as dead to the breath of fame, however deserving he may be esteemed of it. And to give you a proof of his indifference, he this morning rode out again with Mr. Rooke⁵ (who was so careful that he would treat him with a second breakfast). But when they returned I asked Mr. Rooke if his pupil had told him what a great brother musician's approbation he had (yesterday). He said "No." But when I acquainted him of it, it pleased him, and was more than he expected in regard to his instruction.

I every day am looking for a sight of our friend Mr. [Joseph] Stokes, but have not yet seen him since his return from the Western circuit. Would not you enquire Mr. [James] Neale's abode, to oblige Mr. Jane?⁶

I think to go up with Mrs. [Elizabeth] Vigor to Mile Hill, but as the family is in the house know not how we shall see it?⁷

¹Apparently she had just received CW to SGW, Aug. 16, 1766.

²Edmund Broderip (1727–79) was the organist at St. James's, the home parish of CW's family while in Bristol. SGW spells "Brodrrip."

³Jeremiah Hill (1720–1810) and his wife Mary (Marten) Hill lived on Back Lane in the Old Market area of Bristol. Their daughter Elizabeth (1746) was studying harpsichord at the same time as was CW Jr.

⁴John Stanley, *Eight Solos for a German Flute, Violin, or Harpsicord* (London: Johnson, 1745).

⁵Edward Rooke (d. 1773) was an organist in Bristol, at All Saints church from 1759–69, and at the cathedral from 1769 to his death. He was currently giving CW Jr. lessons; see CW, *Journal Letters*, 451. CW spells "Rook." SGW spells "Rook."

⁶CW added a note, in shorthand: "[[Giles(?) house field, Aldersgate Street]]."

⁷A possible house to purchased for their family, for which CW was seeking subscribers; see CW to SGW, Aug. 9, 1766. CW referred to the location as "St. Michael's Hill" in his letter of Aug. 17–19, and named the current family as "Foot." This was an area about a half mile west of the home they had been renting on Charles Street.

I am glad our valuable friend Lady Huntingdon is (under God) in such faithful ministers' hands, who have a single eye and, through the grace of God, would help her in her every design to promote the good of souls. Pray give my kind love to Mr. [George] and Mrs. [Elizabeth] Whitefield, Mrs. [Anne] Davis, Mrs. Boulton and partner,⁸ Mrs. [Hannah] Heritage, etc., and Miss [Louisa] Darby. Charles beg his duty and 20 kisses to papa. Sa^{lly}⁹ joins. I really fear you and your fellow travellers ^{<are>} bringing Sally a cat from Mrs. [Priscilla] Rich, and already we have three. But it is time for me to get rid of some of them.

My kindest respects to dear Mrs. Rich, Mrs. White,¹⁰ and Mrs. [Martha] G[umley]. Friend Vigor and her sisters¹¹ unite with me in most affectionate remembrance to you. Samuel is gone out awalking. May the Lord bless and prosper your every lawful undertaking, and bring you back in health, and enable you to labour here as in London. The children join me in love to every kind enquirer.

I must now break off.

Farewell my dearest Mr. Wesley

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Chas. Wesley / At the Foundery / Upper Moor Fields / London."

Postmark: "25/AV."

Endorsement: by CW, "Sally Aug 23. 1766 / Charles and Brodrip."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/19.

⁸John and Susanna (Davis) Boulton.

⁹A small portion is torn away, affected a word each on two lines.

¹⁰The woman CW calls "Nanny White" in CW to SGW, July 14, 1766.

¹¹Elizabeth (Stafford) Vigor and her sisters Ann, Mary, Sarah, and Susanna Stafford.

From the Rev. John Wesley

[Bristol]
[August 27, 1766]

Yesterday I preached to a large congregation in my Ladyship's chapel.¹ Mr. [Joseph] Townsend read prayers. How came anyone to think he had forsaken her. It is an entire mistake. He is zealously attached to her, I believe as much as ever. Only he is more zealous to save the souls at Pewsey than he was. He is in an excellent spirit. I know very few like-minded.

O let us work while the day is.² If I live to meet you here at my return from Cornwall, I shall have no objection to going over to Bath; you one Sunday and I another.³ Do *all* you can, and you shall soon do more.

Source: excerpt in letter of CW to LH; MARC, DDCW 2/16.

¹LH had opened a fine chapel in the Vineyards area of Bath in Oct. 1765. JW records preaching there on Aug. 26, 1766 in his *Journal, Works*, 22:57.

²See John 9:4.

³I.e., the brothers continuing to fill the pulpit of LH's chapel; she sent JW a letter of appreciation for this arrangement on Sept. 14, 1766.

From Jane Catherine March

[London]
Tuesday, November 25, 1766

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I am obliged to you for the friendly hints in yours,¹ though I wish them to have been more at large.

I quite agree with you that the state of a “father in Christ”² is not being saved above receiving out of Christ’s fulness grace upon grace. But the soul is put in a capacity to receive as freely and as constantly as we breath; and thereby kept always empty, yet always full; rich, yet poor; having nothing, and yet possessing all things. And who that knows anything of the happiness and safety of leaning on our Beloved would wish to be less dependant upon him at present? I find that text “without me ye can do nothing”³ the joy of my heart. And shall more fully, when he is revealed more fully to my heart. I once industriously sought a stock of grace in myself, and expected to be made *something*. But experience hath taught me that I am to live not on grace but on *Christ*, and that my privilege as well as calling is to be *nothing*. So that I delight in that preaching, etc., which lays the sinner low and keeps us crying “Hosanna to the Son of David.”⁴

But I know not whether I quite understand your meaning with regard to not saying even “in my heart I have attained.” If you mean the having “I” annihilated; the feeling “I live not, Christ liveth in me”;⁵ my sentiments are quite similar. But I can’t help believing that whatever work is wrought on the soul we are conscious of. Else how could it be said “we know the things which are freely given us of God, by the Spirit which we have received”?⁶

Since I wrote last,⁷ I have been called to keep the faith in wrestling with principalities and powers, and am made more acquainted with Satan as a liar from the beginning. But at the present the Lord hath suffered this cup to pass from me, and I now rejoice in his love and feel the name of Jesus, *my Jesus*, as ointment poured forth. And my present desire is to be still and know that he is God, to be hid in the secret of his pavilion, and to be wholly taken up with loving, adoring, and beholding this Jesus who is full of truth and grace. I often wish to hear not only the active life of a Christian preached, but more of the contemplative, the interior life. This always animates my soul and makes my feet like hind’s feet—swift to run the way of his commandments.

As to your waiting to hear from Miss [Mary] Bosanquet before you write to Mrs. Gausson,⁸ she certainly would approve. But she does not carry on a regular correspondence with hardly any. And as to regarding the punctilios of good breeding, you must bear with our friend’s thinking it right to lay them aside. But I would apprehend, after you had given Mrs. Gausson reason to expect to hear from you, she might interpret your silence as a breach of your word. I suppose you have heard that Mr. [Daniel] Owen has broken his leg, and is thought will always be lame.

¹This letter from CW is not known to survive. In it he clearly continued to challenge the more extreme claims made by some of those in the “blessing” cohort in London with which Jane March was closely tied (hosting meetings in her house).

²See 1 Cor 4:5.

³John 15:5.

⁴Matt. 21:9.

⁵Cf. Gal. 2:20.

⁶1 Cor. 2:12.

⁷This letter is not known to survive.

⁸Anna Maria (Bosanquet) Gausson, the sister of Mary Bosanquet.

I am glad I have an opportunity to comply with your request of being informed the particulars of Miss Lewen's glorious end,⁹ as I have just received the account from Miss Bosanquet. But as perhaps you may not be acquainted with the state of her soul, it may throw light upon the Lord's dealing with her at the last to mention that the Lord in a very remarkable manner always saved her by irresistible grace. I believe she had no deep awakenings before she received a manifestation of the love of God—which she had almost lost when she first came to London, and wholly so before her return from Newcastle. She came in darkness to Leytonstone,¹⁰ and so she remained till within 24 hours of her death, when the heavens seemed opened and she beheld Jesus, standing at the right hand of the Father.

The account of Miss Lewen's death extracted from a letter of Miss Bosanquet to Mr. [John?] Fenwick.

To give you the whole account as clear as I can, it was thus: Her soul seemed on Tuesday, October the 28th, for the most part dark. At night we, being alone with her, conversed about the things of God. She told us some particulars wherein she had not been open, and said she had suffered loss and was very distant from God, and she lamented it. We answered, "We have a confidence for you that, whether you live or die, God hath hold of you." She replied, "But what is that to me? I can't believe it myself. O I have not lived close with God, or made use of my advantages as I ought. And what a work have I now to set about; and it is bad work to do in sickness." I said, "Don't you remember the promise I had for you at Bath, that Jesus would stand as the wall of fire around you?" She said, "But oh, I can't believe it."

The next day she seemed better, and it appeared as if her disorder was going off. In the evening Sarah Ryan and I was again alone with her and she resumed her conversation about her soul with great concern, saying, "O my soul! What will become of my soul? I know not where it is going." Sarah Ryan said, "Is there anything on your mind? Would you like to see anybody we could send for? Or Mr. Wesley?" She replied, "No, I want nobody but the Lord." I said, "If anything remains you think you should speak, do. And give glory to God, for it seems to me as if Jesus would say, 'Today is salvation come to thy soul.'"¹¹ Sarah Ryan said, "It seems to me as if God would break in upon your soul this day, and I think I must stay all night and wrestle for you." She spoke her mind freely, the things which laid on her conscience, and continued, "I was encouraged when you said you would pray all night for me. And now there is such a sweet word come to me, 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.'"¹²

After some time, as we was sitting in solemn silence, waiting before the Lord, she broke out with awful reverence, "O now I know I shall be with Christ forever." She spoke then for half an hour, exhorting all the family (who were then coming in) to *know*, to *use* their advantages, saying, "You are in a good situation. You will never be in a better. I was a fool, a double fool, for I might have laid up more treasure in heaven if I had [been] nearer God. O my dears, be open! Be open! O how good is God. I don't want anything now. I don't want anybody. I believe I shall see Miss Dales in heaven.¹³ I hope I shall see _____. Nay, I shall, for if God has been so good to me,

⁹Margaret Lewen (c. 1742–66), born in Newcastle to parents active in Methodism, spent time in London in the early 1760s, where she befriended Mary Bosanquet. JW came to regard her a "monument of divine mercy" (see *Journal*, May 2, 1764, *Works*, 21:463).

¹⁰In 1762 Mary Bosanquet gathered Sarah Ryan, Sarah Crosby, and some other women into a community that converted a manor house in Leytonstone, Essex into an orphanage and school.

¹¹Luke 19:9.

¹²James 5:16.

¹³Ann, Margaret, and Mary Dale, cousins of Mary Lewen, were taken in by her parents Thomas and Sarah Lewen, after their own parents died.

sure he will to _____. I know I shall see you there. I believe I shall see all this family. Fear nothing. Fear nobody. God will stand by you. God will defend you. O how I am united to this family.” Some time after she said, “I know I shall be happy, as happy as I am capable of. But oh I see great degrees of glory I have lost by not living close to God and being more faithful. Now I wish I had given up my own will more.”

She remained happy all that night, had no rest, often a violent pain in her side. About 12:00 the next day she was seized with violent hysterics, which we thought would end in death in a few hours. And when we thought her just going we said, “If Jesus is precious, lift up your hand.” She seemed to have no sense. A little after she revived and a sweet smile appeared in her face and she repeated those lines of the hymn:

Nature’s last agony is o’er,
And cruel sin subsists no more.¹⁴

In a little time more she said, “I was all the while quite sensible, but when you spoke to me I had a quiet struggle with Satan and could not just then tell if Jesus was precious or no. And now I am tempted I don’t love God with all my heart. But I will hold him fast. The words of the hymn spoke through me, but I don’t know yet that I have power to believe them. But I know I shall.” She continued so till near 6:00 expressing her faith. But at the same time saying the work was not finished. On *(which¹⁵)* she said, answering her own thoughts, “Why? Is there any sin I know of? No, *(there)* is not.” Then looking on us with a sweet smile, “I think I am sorry to leave you. *(And)* how is that should I feel that?”

Soon after she went into the agonies of death and seemed wrestling, or rather waiting, on God. Sarah Crosby [said,] “Is Jesus all to you? If he is, hold up your hand.” She did. After we asked, “Is the work finished now? Is all clear?” She did not then make the sign. We asked, “Are you sensible?” She lifted up her hand. Soon after, repeating the former question, she held up both her hands. And when Sarah Crosby said, “Has the blood of Jesus Christ cleansed you from *all* sin?” she help up her hands and smiled with such expression as cannot be told. Indeed, words are nothing. For there was a rapture in her face that cannot be expressed. At last she said, “He is my only portion,” and soon afterwards, throwing herself back, fixed her eyes upwards and spread her hands. I said, “Does glory appear before you?” She made the sign, and the delight of her face spoke more abundantly than any words. In a few moments more she breathed her last in a kind of rapture.

With respects to Mrs. Wesley, and hopes to hear of your amended health, I remain sir,
Your obliged and affectionate,

J. C. March

Address. “To/ The Revd Mr Charles Wesley / at the New Room / in Horse fair / Bristol.”

Postmark: “25/NO.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Nov. 25. 1766 / Ms Marsh [sic] of Ms Lewin’s / blessed End.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 2/64.

¹⁴This combines lines from two CW hymns: see “The Life of Faith,” st. 11, line 2, *HSP* (1740), 14; and “Psalm 57,” st. 1, line 6, *CPH* (1743), 80. No hymn combining the two lines has been located.

¹⁵A small portion on the right margin is torn away, affecting four lines. The text is recreated as possible.

1767

From the Rev. John Wesley

London
January 27, 1767

[[Dear Brother,]]

Some thoughts occurred to my mind this morning which I believe it may be useful to set down—the rather because it may be a means of our understanding each other clearly, that we may agree as far as ever we can, and then let all the world know it.

I was thinking on Christian perfection, with regard to the thing, the manner, and the time.

1. By perfection I mean the humble, gentle, patient love of God and man ruling all the tempers, words, and actions, the whole heart by the whole life. I do not include an impossibility of falling from it, either in part or in whole. Therefore I retract several expressions in our *Hymns* which partly express, partly imply, such an impossibility. And I do not contend for the term “sinless,” though I do not object against it.

Do we agree or differ here? If we differ, wherein?

2. As to the manner, I believe this perfection is always wrought in the soul by faith, by a simple act of faith, consequently in an instant. But I believe in a gradual work both preceding and following that instant.

Do we agree or differ here?

3. As to the time, I believe this instant generally is the instant of death, the moment before the soul leaves the body. But I believe it may be ten, twenty, or forty years before death.

Do we agree or differ here?

I believe it is usually many years after justification, but that it *may be* within five years or five months after it. I know no conclusive argument to the contrary. Do you? If it *must be* many years after justification, I would be glad to know how many. *Pretium quotus arrogat annus?*¹ And how many days or months or even years can you allow to be between perfection and death? How far from justification *must* it be? And how near to death?²

If it be possible, let you and I come to a good understanding, both for our own sakes and for the sake of the people.

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother] Jan. 27, 1767.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/30.

¹Horace, *Epistles*, II.i.35, ‘What year must claim the reward?’

²JW published this summary, stripped of the interrogatives to CW, in *AM* 6 (1783): 156–57; cf. *Works*, 13:199.

From Selina (Shirley) Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon

Brighthelm [i.e. Brighton]
February 4, 1767

My Dear Friend,

You have the thanks of many hundreds to be your blessed reward for your kind services in my chapel.¹ I know you want neither my thanks nor theirs; but you must bear with mine, and which I do [give] from my heart, feeling it our due from us all. I am sure that your last works shall be more than your first, and that the old spirit of zeal will yet arise in all the old messengers and with more grace and glory than ever. I look upon you and all the other three (your brother, George Whitefield and I find Mr. [Howell] Harris here also) coming up into it, and a blessing spring[ing] up from it most uncommon.

The same power and wisdom I find to be the testimony from your precious labour at Bath. O don't leave when you possibly can help poor young souls! Remember there are many instructors but few fathers, and the care of the great and universal work ought to be the care and prayers of us all, night and day. And the present slothful compromising spirit to fall against as brass everywhere, as the sure distinctive(?) in the end of every real good.

I am refitting my chapel here, for many reasons that appear needful for the furtherance of the work. And when it is opened I could not help wishing to have all the old servants together at one love feast before I [have] finished my course. Your brother and Mr. Whitefield are ready in London, and Mr. Harris here, and nothing but you wanting, *should your heart wish* to share this blessing.² I really expect from this feast as a first dedication of our remaining days to the Lord. I trust the day of Pentecost may fully come and crown all the last works with fresh glory upon them! A short excursion, should the weather be fine, would not fail of adding health of body as well as strength of soul. Give it up, my dear friend, to him who shall best satisfy and direct you on this subject. Any day before or by the 21st of this month I hope my chapel will be ready, and this will be the utmost limits of Mr. Harris' stay; and indeed much grace is upon him and I am quite anxious for this blessed meeting. Many of my London friends, I hope, will be down at it, and I find I cannot spare you.

O may the Lord so unite us all in this everlasting bond of love and fellowship for his sake that as one heart we may follow his gracious and blessed voice through life and death to glory! Mr. [William] Jesse has promised by the end of this month to serve the Bath chapel. I find a great blessing (by my accounts) attending the people there and a testimony it does stand for truth, and this is all my heart wishes for. And woe to the professors of it if they make this of none effect through reproaches brought by them. This we have nothing do with, but to go on straight forward and not faint on our parts. The rest is in our Saviour's hands, who has all power in heaven and earth and thus the governance of all [of] it. Let us, my dear friend, rest before him in this and beg and expect every supply of grace and strength for what is before us. Perhaps (greater?)³ trials than we have yet met with for his dear sa(ke. B)ut to endure to the end through faith and prayer in and to him alone is our only care. Not having heard from you, [Thomas] Maxfield's affair is just where it was. May the Lord order all for the best. I beg my love to dear Mrs. Wesley and I am, my dear friend, ever, more sincerely and affectionately

Yours in sacred bonds of the gospel,

S. H.

¹CW had preached sometime earlier this winter at LH's chapel in Bath; following up on JW's agreement the two brothers should preach there when they could (see JW to CW, Aug. 27, 1766).

²When CW inquired of JW whether he would be attending, JW expressed surprise that he had heard nothing of the gathering and had made other plans; see JW to CW, Feb. 12, 1767. No record has been located of whether the event took place or CW attended.

³A small portion torn away by the wax seal.

Address: “To / The Revd Mr. Charles Wesley / at his house in / Charles Street / Bristol.”

Postmark: “7/FE.”

Endorsement: by CW, “L. H. Feb. 4. 1767 Invitation.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/504/1/76.⁴

⁴Cf. the previous transcription in Tyson, *Correspondence*, 108.

From the Rev. John Wesley¹

London
February 12, 1767

[[Dear Brother,]]

What I mean is Bishop Lowth is sometimes hypercritical, and *finds* fault where *there* is none. Yet doubtless his is the best English grammar that is extant.² I never saw *Hermes*; the author of it is a rooted deist.³

I won't complain of your preaching too often at Bath.⁴ Pray do *you* take two things upon yourself: 1) that punctual notice be given on Sunday, March 8, in the chapel of my preaching there on Tuesday evening, March 10;⁵ 2) that notice be given at Bristol on the same Sunday of my preaching at the New Room on Wednesday the 11th, at 7:00 in the evening, and afterwards meeting the society, at which I desire all who can to be present. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday I purpose meeting the classes.

Pray take care that brother Henderson wants nothing.⁶ Sickness is an expensive thing.

You are not yet (nor probably I) aware of pickthanks.⁷ Such were those who told you I “did not pray for you by name in public.” And they are liars into the bargain, unless they are deaf.

The voice of one who truly loves God surely is:

'Tis worse than death my God to love
And not my God alone.⁸

Such an one is certainly “as much athirst for *sanctification* as he once was for justification.” You remember this used to be one of *your* constant questions. It is not now. Therefore *you* are altered in your sentiments. And, unless we come to an explanation, we shall inevitably contradict each other. But this ought not to be in any wise, if it can possibly be avoided.

I still think to disbelieve *all the professors* amounts to a *denial of the thing*. For if there be *no living witness* of what we have preached for twenty years, I cannot, dare not preach it any longer.

The whole comes to one point: Is there or is there not any instantaneous sanctification between justification and death? I say “Yes.” You (*often seem* to) say “No.” What arguments brought you to think so? Perhaps they may convince me too.

¹JW is responding to at least one letter of CW, where CW engaged JW's letter of Jan. 27, 1767. In the addition made Feb. 14 JW may be responding to a second letter mentioning the invitation LH sent to CW on Feb. 4, 1767. No letter of CW addressing either topic at this time is known to survive.

²Robert Lowth, *A Short Introduction to English Grammar* (London: Millar & Dodsley, 1762); see also JW, *Journal*, June 16, 1770, *Works*, 22:234.

³James Harris (1709–80), *Hermes; or, a Philosophical Inquiry concerning Language and Universal Grammar* (London: H. Woodfall, 1751).

⁴Cf. JW to CW, Aug. 27, 1766.

⁵JW kept this appointment to preach in LH's chapel in Bath; see *Journal*, Mar. 10, 1767, *Works*, 22:73.

⁶Richard Henderson (1737–92) entered Methodist itinerancy around 1762 (cf. *Works*, 10:296), but health and other challenges led him to cease travelling about 1770. He and his wife then settled in Hanham, near Bristol, where they opened a boarding school, and later converted it to an asylum for the mentally impaired.

⁷*OED*: “One who curries favour with another, esp. by informing against someone else.”

⁸CW, “The Resignation,” st. 2, *HSP* (1740), 76.

Nay, there is one question more: If you allow there is such a thing, can one who has attained it fall? Formerly I thought not, but *you* (with Thomas Walsh and John Jones) convinced me of my mistake.

Saturday morning [February 14, 1767]

The delay of sending this gives me occasion to add a few words. I have heard nothing of the love feast;⁹ but if I had, I could not go. On Monday I am to set out for Norwich. Divide then the men and women at once, as we do in London. I shall not be in town again till this day fortnight.

Oh for *an heart* to praise my God!¹⁰

What is there beside?

Πάντα γέλως καί πάντα κόνις.¹¹

Address: “To / The Revd Mr C. Wesley / in / Bristol.”

Postmark: “14/FE.”

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother]. Febr. 12. 1767 / [[pros[pect]us Guthrie’s History¹²]].”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/31.

⁹The gathering LH hoped to hold at her remodeled chapel in Bath; see LH to CW, Feb. 4, 1767.

¹⁰The opening line of CW’s hymn on Psalm 51:10, *HSP* (1742), 30.

¹¹“All is laughter, all is dust.” A saying attributed to Glycon in *The Greek Anthology*, IV.x.124.

¹²Apparently JW sent CW the prospectus for a project just entering publication: William Guthrie, *A General History of Scotland from the Earliest Accounts to the Present Time*, 10 vols. (London: Robinson & Roberts, 1767–68).

Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham to Charles Wesley Jr.

London
February 28, 1767

My Dear Little Friend,

I think myself much obliged to you for your love token,¹ of the first fruits of the labours of your pen. May they be as successful in all your other undertakings, that your performances may every day prove more and more profitable to yourself and pleasurable to your dear parents; to whom pray make my kind love and best wishes acceptable, with thanks to your father for his letter.² My son [Charles], Gatty,³ and Miss Gee⁴ all join in kind remembrances to your and your sister, and believe me ever, my dear,

Your most faithful friend, lover, or wife, whichever you choose,

G. Hotham

Address: "To / Charles Westley Esqr. / at The Reverend Mr Charles Westley's / House at / Bristol."

Postmark: "28/FE."

Endorsement: by CW, "To – Cha. Wesley Esqr. / from his Friend, Lover, or Wife / Lady Gertrude Hotham / Febr. 28, 1767."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/502, p. 19.

¹The letter of CW Jr. to Lady Hotham is not known to survive.

²CW's letter is likewise not known to survive.

³Lady Hotham's daughter Gertrude.

⁴Gertrude Gee, an unmarried cousin of Lady Hotham.

From the Rev. John Richardson

Newcastle, but going to Kirkleatham
May 13, 1767

Reverend and Dear Sir,

You asked life for me and truly he giveth it. My strength began to come from the hour prayer was made.¹ Surely this is the Lord's doing. I beg that public thanksgiving may be made.

I took sweet counsel a few days with Mr. [John] Berridge. His words fell upon my heart. Indeed he has the Spirit of God. As I passed on, truly the Lord was with me. My soul bowed before his presence. The farther I got from London, the nearer I came to it. I had all my companions with me and about me, upon the great moors and waste places, especially Barnby Moor. I had a glimpse of what the apostle meant when he said "Absent in body, ..." ²I only stayed three days to bury my mother,³ and set out for Hartlepool with a preacher.

The lot here fell upon me to tell the little flock about Jesus. Mrs. Romaine's house,⁴ where I lodged, is a house of prayer. At Sunderland I was constrained to speak of him that loved me, etc. At Newcastle the Lord gave me a word, and I trust he made it bread to his children. I remember, and it was grief to me, that I had said "I will not appear publicly at Newcastle." This will teach me a lesson against "I will." It is impossible to be dumb here. O sir, it is good to visit the churches. How they explain that word, "Truly we have fellowship [...] one [with another]."⁵ If you could travel, the people would eat you up.

In my next I can give some account about returning. At present I am blind. I have received something for Cas⁶ at Sunderland. I beg my kind love to Mrs. Wesley and little ones, and am, dear sir,

Your obliged servant in Christ,

J. Richardson

P.S. Mrs. Wesley gave me the inclosed as I was going to seal this. She carries very fair.⁷

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Cha. Wesley / at the Foundry / London."

Postmark: "19/MA" and "NEWCASTLE."

Endorsement: by CW, "[[Richardson]]" and "May 13. 1767 / Richardson - alive."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/123.⁸

¹This apparently was at a service in London (where CW and the family had come for the summer), before Richardson headed north.

²1 Cor. 5:3.

³Richardson was born in Kirkleatham, Yorkshire, about 15 miles south of Hartlepool.

⁴Isabella (Cook) Romaine (c. 1684–1771), mother of William, still lived in the town of his birth.

⁵1 John 1:3–7.

⁶Possible a nickname for CW Jr.

⁷Mary (Goldhawk / Vazeille) Wesley was headed to Newcastle, because her daughter Jane (Vazeille) Matthews, had just remarried after the death of John Matthews, her husband; Jane's second husband William Smith, lived in Newcastle. The enclosed note is not known to survive.

⁸For a digital copy and "as-is" transcription, see <https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk>.

From the Rev. John Wesley

Athlone [Ireland]
June 21, 1767

[[Dear Brother,]]

For some time I have had many thoughts concerning the work of God in these kingdoms. I have been surprised that it has spread so far, and that it has spread no farther. And what hindered? Surely the design of God was to “bow a nation to his sway.”¹ Instead of which, there is still only a Christian here and there, and the rest are yet in the shadow of death; although those who would profit by us have need to make haste, as we are not likely to serve them long.

What indeed has hindered? I want to consider this. And must we not first say “*Nos consules*”?² If [[we were more holy in heart and life]], more thoroughly devoted to God, would not [[all the preachers]] catch [[our spirit]] and carry it with them throughout the land? Is not the next hindrance the littleness of grace (rather than of gifts) in a considerable part of [[our preachers]]? They have not the whole mind which was in Christ. They do not steadily walk as he walked. And therefore the hand of the Lord is stayed—though not altogether; though he does work still, but not in such a degree as he surely would were they holy as he that hath sent them is holy.

Is not the third hindrance the littleness of grace in the generality of the people? Therefore they pray little, and with little fervency, for a general blessing. And therefore their prayer has little power with God. It does not, as once, shut and open heaven. Add to this that, as there is much of the spirit of the world in their hearts, so there is much conformity to the world in their lives. They ought to be both burning and shining lights, but they neither burn nor shine. They are not true to the rules they profess to observe. They are not holy in all manner of conversation. Nay, many of them are salt that has lost its savour, the little savour they once had. Wherewith then shall the rest of the land be seasoned? What wonder that their neighbours are as unholy as ever?

But what can be done to remedy this? I wish you would give an attentive reading to the *Minutes* of the last Conference, and see if it will not be worth our while to enforce them with our might.³ *We* have weight enough, and can enforce them. I know not who can or will when we are gone. Let us *now* fix things on as firm a foundation as possible, and not depend upon seeing another Conference.

Richard Bourke,⁴ John Dillon,⁵ and one or two more in this kingdom are truly devoted men. So are a few of the preachers in England. *Si sic omnes!*⁶ What would be able to stand before them?

How go you on in London? How is George Whitefield, and my Lady [Huntingdon], and Mr. [Martin] Madan, and [William] Romaine, and [John] Berridge? Do you converse with those that are most alive? And sparingly and warily with them that are dead while they live?

I hope Sally and your young ones are well. Oh what a work is it to train up children for heaven! Peace be with you and yours!

”Ερρωσο⁷

¹Cf. CW, Psalm 8, st. 6, *CPH* (1743), 67; and CW, Psalm 22, st. 19, *MS Psalms*, 49.

²“We are the chief [cause].”

³See particularly, *Minutes* (1766), QQ. 20ff, *JW, Works*, 10:324–42.

⁴Richard Bourke (d. 1778) was admitted on trial as an itinerant in 1765, and to full connection in 1767 (see *Works*, 10:303, 343). Bourke continued to itinerate until his death.

⁵John Dillon (d. 1770), a soldier for many years, was converted under Methodist preaching and became a member of the society at Cork. In 1765 was taken into the itinerancy.

⁶“[O] that all were!”

⁷“Be well!”

Charles Wesley In-Correspondence (1766–70)

Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition, Duke Divinity School

(page 27)

Address: “To / The Revd Mr C. Wesley / at the Foundery / London.”

Postmarks: “1/IY,” “ATHLONE,” and “COUNTY?”

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother]. June 21. 1767 / Cause in past of the Decay.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/32.

Louisa Darby to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley¹

Bristol
September 12, 1767

I was in hopes to have had a letter from my dear Mrs. Wesley before now, and both Mrs. [Elizabeth] Vigor and myself were greatly disappointed in not receiving one this day. Everyone at the [New] Room would have it you were to be here this day. We expect to hear Mr. John Wesley this evening. Our friends of Earl's Mead are arrived and are all pretty well.² Miss Sally much better than we expected. Her arm is cut in a shocking manner, but is now upon the healing. Mr. James recovered of his rheumatism. All join in kind love and wishes for your return. Has dear Mr. [Charles] Wesley seen poor Mrs. [Martha] Gumley since her illness? Is she as bad as she was two years ago, and is she now out of danger? I long to hear how she does. Had I been a welcome guest, I should have been with her before now. How is Lady Robert?³ Is she in town or yet at Ealing? Has Mr. Wesley seen her? She has been very bad indeed, but they send me word of her being much better.

Miss Foard⁴ tells me you have a scheme for me, which I should be very glad to know, as my dear Mrs. Wesley cannot propose anything but what must be agreeable to me. I am at present upon the *lookout*, and much in *suspend* between Bristol and London. If I could have succeeded in my projects of buying(?) some goods, it would have been much to my advantage, as lodgings are so extravagantly dear. And between us, if I am not *helped*, what shall I do? For I hate to be in debt. I trust in *providence*, though with a *throbbing heart*.

My dear little charge has presented us at dinner with a new tooth, his ninth, and one just upon the coming out.⁵ He is, thank God, very well, but hardly recovered his last pull. He has charming spirits and is a true lord of the creation—for he will govern or scold for it. He is a lovely child.

All our friends here are pretty well. Mrs. [Elizabeth] Farley [is] better, though poorly yet. She goes in the country tomorrow for the air. Miss Edwards [is] much the same.⁶ Miss [Ann] Chapman has been ill a long while. Mrs. [Sarah] Pearce and her sister as usual. They all beg their respects.

Dear Mrs. Vigor and the Miss Staffords join in kind love and respects.⁷ Miss Sally Stafford hopes her husband is constant.⁸ My love to him and my bed fellow [Sarah Jr.]. I long to see them both. I hope Mrs. [Elizabeth] Waller's family are all well and herself perfectly recovered from her late illness. [I] beg my best compliments to them.

Adieu my dear friend. Present my respectful love to dear Mr. Wesley, and believe me
Ever yours and obliged, humble servant,

L. Darby

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Charles Wesley / at the foundery – upper / Moorfields / London."

Postmark: "Bristol."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWF 24/4.

¹Little is known of Louisa Darby (1733–1824) except that she was a niece of Martha (Meighen / Colvill) Gumley who never married.

²Capt. John and Margaret (Jenkins) James and family.

³Mary (Degge) Manners.

⁴Orig. "Ford"; Ann Foard (1741–99) of Southwark, London.

⁵CW and SGW's son Samuel, who had been left in Darby's care while the family was in London.

⁶Elizabeth Edwards, who died in early 1770; see Ann Chapman to CW, Mar. 3, 1770.

⁷Elizabeth (Stafford) Vigor and her four unmarried sisters.

⁸Playful reference to CW Jr. by Sarah Stafford (1703–70).

From Richard Green

Chelsea
September 26, 1767

Dear Sir,

We do most sincerely rejoice that you and our dear Mrs. Wesley and your little ones arrived safely at Bristol, where we hope you found your little boy well.¹ May the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ reward you a hundred-fold for the very, very kind assistance you have been to us and, I do firmly believe, to thousands.

My wife is, thank God, very well, and the little ones. You are seldom out of our thoughts. Patsy says she believes you will be one of the last she thinks on. And I, for my part, think you will be the last I shall forget. Every object around me reminds me of the Master you serve and whose glorious gospel you preach. I have the satisfaction to inform my good friend that every day brings to our view new joys, new comforts, new blessings, in proportion as we find ourselves unworthy of them. The gospel is the only lesson for humility. It is an inexpressible pleasure to have it in one's power to open our mind on this subject. But it is a new one to me. The pleasure I have in writing to you gives me so much pleasure that I have not words to express myself, especially as I set down to write this in the day, having so many interruptions that I know not what I write. When I next have the pleasure of hearing from you, I will make a more quiet hour.

I had the pleasure of hearing of Mr. [Martin] Madan's health yesterday. I called on him, but he was out. Colonel [Bartholomew] and Mrs. [Lucia] Gallatin were at the Lock [Hospital chapel] on Wednesday, and well the day before I received yours.² I am proud of your commission to deliver your love.

I hope Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley keeps up her spirits, notwithstanding her condition.³ Tell her Mrs. Green is not like the same woman she was when in the same way before—her spirits were so much better. May she and every individual of your family and friends experience that peace of mind you are so studious to procure for others. And may you all pass smoothly over the rugged paths of life, and at the end of which experience those blessings of eternity, is the sincere wish and frequent prayer of

Your sincere friend and most obedient servant,

Rd. Green

N.B. The post has much hurried me, will make more time for the next.

Address: "To / The Revd Charles Wesley / Bristol."

Endorsement: by CW, "Sept. 26. 1767 / Grateful Green / in blossom."⁴

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 2/65.

¹CW and SGW had left their youngest child, Samuel, in Bristol while they were in London this summer.

²This letter is not known to survive.

³SGW was about seven months pregnant with their eighth child.

⁴"In blossom" written originally in shorthand; expanded later.

From Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham

London
October 20, 1767

My Dear Reverend Friend,

This comes to inform you I have sent my little lover¹ (by the Bristol Carrier which will be with you on Thursday next, the 22nd) a small remembrance of some music books to keep his hands in exercise till we meet again.² I sent my whole stock all together as I found them, but am not certain, as I had no time to examine them, whether the fire and water music is among them or not. But in that case, as they seem to be what he has set his heart most upon, I will get them for him and send them when I have an opportunity by somebody that goes to Bristol.

I trust this will find you all as well as I wish you, both in soul and body, and trust whenever you pray for poor sinners you will remember me. I am sure you'll be glad to hear my dear son is the better for the waters, which has encouraged him to go from the Spa [Belgium] to Nice [France] for his winter quarters, in hopes that fine climate may, by the blessing of God, reestablish his health. And [I] trust the Great Physician has not only pointed out the means but will send a blessing with all his undertakings for body and soul; in which prayer I am sure you will join with

Your sincere and faithful friend,

G. H.

My best love and good wishes attends your dear partner and all your offspring.

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Charles Wesley / In Charles Street / Bristol."

Postmark: "20/OC."

Endorsement: by CW, "Oct. 20. 1767 / L. Gertrude with / music; her son better / a lightning before death."³

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/502/2/20.

¹CW Jr.

²CW did a catalogue of music books owned by CW Jr. in 1768; the works sent by Hotham would be among them. See Randy L. Maddox, "Collection of Music (1768): Charles Wesley, Jr." *Proceedings of the Charles Wesley Society* 14 (2010): 105–08.

³Word of Charles Hotham's death near Nice reached London two days after this letter was sent; see *London Evening Post*, Oct. 22–24, 1767.

From Jane Hawstead¹

Kingston, Jamaica
October 21, 1767

Reverend and Very Dear Sir,

I've a good hope this will find my dear father in Christ well and as happy as a felt union and communion with his God can make him, that his dear partner enjoys the same inestimable blessings, and that his dear little ones afford him the comfortable hope of their being marked with grace also—which I am convinced is the wealth and treasure you wish your children to be possessed of. I trust the work of God greatly prospers in your land, in your church, and in your own soul, which will afford great comfort to hear.

I have much to praise God for: for his gracious deliverances from imminent dangers the first part of our passage, and for remarkable fair winds and pleasant weather the other part of it, which brought us safe to this port in thirty-eight days from Plymouth. But oh my dear sir, I find I want a thankful heart, and desire earnestly, pray for a more thankful heart. For indeed, I've much spiritual blessings to praise God for, as well as temporal ones. For I have various times enjoyed large manifestations of the love of God, even till my cup runs over; and at some seasons my faith so strong and hope so abundant that I know not if [I] should be able to bear greater degrees of spiritual delight without its overpowering my mortal frame. Lord fill my soul with grateful love for all thy inestimable blessings.

O my dear sir, grant me a constant interest in your prayers, that God may ever keep me near himself, looking unto Jesus, hanging upon and depending on him from moment to moment for all things needful for life and godliness. Indeed, my dear sir, I stand in much need of your prayers, for this is a dreadful place, a very Jericho. No gospel preached here, neither any Christian friend to converse or advise with. Yet, glory be to God, though I am [away] from the outward means, yet the God of means is here. This my soul knoweth right well, for he oftentimes visits me with his great salvation. This is a great encouragement to press forward.

And I have another as great. which as it will add to your comfort and may be a jewel in your crown (as in all probability begotten under your ministry) I must acquaint you with. It is not surprising news that a soul should go triumphant to God in such a place as this, where there is not the least outward helps but all the drawbacks that may be. Yet so it is, all glory and praise be to redeeming love for it. Mr. Gilbert Ford,² our Attorney General, who has been a resident of this island many years off and on, but came here from Bristol, and was (as I am informed) brought up and educated by the direction of Lady Huntingdon. His death bed he made his pulpit, and on it preached to all that came to see him. And the novelty of the thing drew numbers to his house. He prayed, warned, and reprov'd and exhorted them till they was all astonished at the strange things what was brought to their ears. He was very plain with the clergyman belonging to parish where he lay sick, and reprov'd him very closely. Which I hope has had a good effect, as the gentleman preached a very extraordinary sermon the next morning (being Sunday) at the church, and another in the afternoon at the house where the people had stayed, some from the day before and the greater part all that day, so that they was obliged to kill a calf to provide for them. The cry was they never saw nor heard the like before—such expressions of the goodness of God, such resignation to the will of God, and such excellent prayers they never heard before. And thus he continued to praise and glorify God till a short time before his death, when his sense failed.

But they are waiting for the letters. So [I] must conclude, entreating an interest in your prayers

¹Jane Hawstead (c. 1713–78), who never married, immigrated to Jamaica in 1730 and acquired property there and in Virginia. She returned frequently to England, residing in Aldgate, Middlesex at the time of her death. Her will included £25 for the poor women in the “band society under the care of the Rev. Mr. Wesley.”

²Gilbert Ford (1722–67), son Rev. Thomas and Elizabeth (Wise) Ford.

and of your very dear brother's, to whom I was to write but the hurry I am in will not permit me at this time. Pray sir, present my duty to him and plead my excuse for this time. My most affectionate respects wait upon your very dear partner. [I] hope she will also remember me when at the throne. And know if my poor, feeble prayers might prevail in behalf of my dear ministers, they will then have showers of choice blessings poured upon them and a double portion of the Spirit of God given unto them. And do thou, o my God, bless them with the blessings I have prayed for. Bless them indeed, and enlarge their court. Let thy hand be with them and do thou keep them for evil, that it may not grieve them. O my god, grant this my humble request for them and for their's. And do thou bless me, even me also, oh my god, true in charity.

Dear sir, favour me with a few lines to help build me up in the faith of the gospel of Christ. I am, very dear sir,

Your most affectionate servant and daughter in Christ,

Jane Hawstead

Endorsement: by CW, "happy J. Hawstead / Oct. 21. 1768³ / Ford's blessed end."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/83.⁴

³CW has the wrong year; possibly the letter did not make it to him until early 1768. Gilbert Ford died in 1767.

⁴For a digital copy and "as-is" transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From John Johnson¹

Dublin
November 3, 1767

Reverend Sir,

I am “still alive,” and alive to God in a measure. I have abundant reason to praise the Lord for his goodness to me a sinner, who has been graciously pleased to support that life he gave me upwards of twenty years ago. Though often in that time [I] have been guilty of many follies, yet blessed be the name of the Lord Jesus, he never suffered me wholly to depart from him, nor long to remain under guilt! But if my foolish heart wandered from him, he always showed me my folly and returned again with his wonted favour. So that I do not remember I have ever lived one day, in that time, without enjoying a sense of divine mercy (in a measure) or sorrowing after it.

The first seven years were the most trying part I have yet seen. My temptations were many, and exceeding violent. I often thought my strength would fail under them. My body suffered much in those trying days. I know not that I ever heard of a temptation I did not feel severely—but one, that was to doubt the being of God. This I felt before I obtained mercy, but not since. In those trying times I often blessed God for your labours in London. Often your words have been so blessed to my soul, Though I had almost concluded, before I heard, all was over; yet [I] have returned with a joyful heart, believing Jesus would make me more the conqueror.

The twelve years I have been engaged in calling sinners to repentance have been much more comfortable to me. When speaking to others it has been my comfort not to preach an unknown Christ! Very seldom have I ever preached without a sense of his mercy to my own soul, more or less. Twice or three times I remember this was the case. But oh what did I then suffer! I cannot express it in words. Once I was determined to preach no more. But finding one soul under that discourse brought to God, my judgment was changed. So I ventured again, and bless God have been enabled to continue to this day! But when I look back and consider my ignorance and weakness, I am astonished that ever the Lord should use such a creature.

I am obliged to you for your kind invitation to visit England, but am in such a bad state of health [I] am not able to take the place of an itinerant. I am now only supernumerary and often think this will be my lot the few days I have to live here. So that unless I should recover my health, [I] think it will not be in my power to see my native country again. When there about six years ago, I got a quartan ague² which so wrecked my constitution that I am always in pain. Unless a little time in sleep, which is but little, nor has been for those years. I do not remember once to be refreshed by sleep, but always more fatigued in the morning than at night when I go to my bed. When your brother [JW] was here in the summer, I walked about Dublin with him every day, so much that it brought a disorder on me that I have not since been able to ride, and fear I never shall again. I was confined to my room for a long time. the inflammation is gone, but a hardness remains, which seems to be fixed.

The society here is in a tolerable way. I have seen them more lively. Some are brought to God and some remain dead and stupid. Others are very steady and lively in the ways of God. The most of those that caught the strange fire kindled by [George] Bell in London are gone away into the world. Others that were teachable are solid, happy, and still profess to feel nothing but love in their hearts; and their present conduct does not contradict their profession. We have at present Mr. Helton³ and Mr. [Thomas] Olivers.

I sometimes am much distressed at the thought of you and your brother’s removal to the

¹John Johnson is listed in the 1767 *Minutes* as supernumerary in Dublin.

²A fever that recurs every three to four days; often malaria.

³John Helton (c. 1731–1817) first appears in the *Minutes* as an Assistant in 1765 (see *Works*, 10:304); he had likely been travelling since 1763.

kingdom. I sometimes see a great number of dissenting congregations, and the Methodists shut up in a corner. At other times I think God will support his own cause and keep them in the good old way. But I can scarcely believe this. I think ordination by the Episcopal bishops would tend to the same, unless they would suffer us to go on in the same way as we do at present. But this cannot be expected. The desire of my soul is that the Methodist preachers might go on in the same way we are in, seeing the Lord has so wonderfully blessed us. Now we lay open to every party. Either of the other ways we should be contracted. These are my thoughts at present; but the Lord, I know, is wise in all his ways and can bring mighty things to pass.

I have often wished for Dr. Byrom's book of shorthand.⁴ But now it is come too late for me, as I am not capable in my present weakness to apply myself to anything of the kind. The time I have to spare must be otherwise employed, at least [it] ought to be. I hope it will be employed in endeavouring to live to God, that I may finish my course well! O that it may be my happy lot. Sometimes I hope it will; at other times I have some fears.

Please to remember me in the kindest manner to my friend Mr. Lunell.⁵ I hear his situation is in some measure agreeable to him. The Lord help him to improve it to his present and eternal happiness, Amen.

Please to give my love to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley. I remember her well and often think of you and her, by the happiness I have with my own partner [Ann]. I often say I know two happy marriages at least. Yours is one and my own is another. For this I desire to praise the Lord also. I was sick when yours came to hand, so it suffered the same fate with mine to you; but unexpectedly it came to hand about a week ago. My wife joins me in duty to you and love to Mrs. Wesley. I am, dear sir,

Your unworthy son in the gospel,

John Johnson

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley / at / The New-Room in the Horse-fair / Bristol."

Postmark: "DUBLIN."

Endorsement: by CW, "Nov. 3. 1767 / J. Johnson / Acct. of himself."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/93.⁶

⁴CW and many others had learned John Byrom's shorthand by personal instruction; while Byrom intended to publish a guide as early as 1723, it did not appear in print until 1767: *The Universal English Shorthand* (Manchester: np).

⁵William Lunell (1699–1774), a wealthy cloth merchant in Dublin, was drawn to Methodism in 1747 and became a friend and supporter of the Wesley brothers. He had recently moved to Bath for his health.

⁶For a digital copy and "as-is" transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From the Rev. Vincent Perronet

[Shoreham]
November 29, 1767

My Dear Brother,

I thank you for your very kind and Christian letter to me and my son William.¹ Blessed be God, I have often experienced from very early days the truth of that gracious promise: “When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow. When thou walkest through the first, thou shall not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee!”²

The Lord permitted me (for wise and gracious reasons) to be fully assured that my dear boy would do well. Even after he was taken up, I have awoke and both prayed and gave thanks for his recovery! And was there not cause? His doing well and recovery were determined by his God! But his poor father mistook the glorious designs of God! God heard and answered my petitions—but in a way far surpassing the meaning of them!³ Let us leave all to God, and all will do well.

Our kindest respects and best wishes are with you and yours. The Lord will manifest his power and goodness to your dear companion in her approaching extremity!⁴ May his grace and presence be ever with us!

Thine affectionately,

V. P.

Address: “To / The Reverend / Mr Charles Wesley / at / Bristol.”

Postmark: “7/DE.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Nov. 29, 1767 / Mr Perronet a Xtian / Mourner.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/472/13.

¹This letter of condolence is not known to survive.

²Isa. 43:2.

³Perronet’s youngest child, John, had died of smallpox, being buried in Margate, Kent, on Oct. 31, 1767.

⁴SGW had given birth to their eighth child, John James Wesley, just days earlier; see CW to William Berkin, Nov. 23, 1767.

From Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham

London
December 16, 1767

My Dear Reverend Friend,

Your former blessed letter should not have lain so long unacknowledged had I been as able as I was willing.¹ Notwithstanding, the Lord has been so exceedingly gracious to support me under my severe trial, beyond what I could ask or think. Praised forever be his name. What shall I render to him for all his goodness to me, a poor sinner, who am unworthy of the breath I now draw? Yet he daily crowns me with mercy and loving-kindness, in prosperity [and] in adversity, in giving and in taking, and has enabled me to say “Blessed be the name of the Lord”² under all his dispensations.

And as you have sympathized with me under them all, I am thankful for this opportunity of doing so with you on this happy occasion of your dear partner’s being safely delivered of a son.³ May he be a growing blessing to you both, with the rest of your dear offspring—to whom I desire my kind love, but more especially to my little lover.⁴ My very best wishes attend you all, and [I] am, my dear friend,

Ever yours in the Lord,

G. H.

As often as you pray for poor sinners at the throne of grace, I hope you remember me.

Endorsement: by CW, “L. Gertrude blessing God / for his death Dec. 16. / 1767.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/428/2/82.

¹Lady Hotham learned of her son Charles’s death just days after her previous letter of Oct. 20, 1767. CW had surely written soon after hearing himself of his passing. This letter of consolation is not known to survive.

²Ps. 113:2, etc.

³John James Wesley.

⁴CW Jr.

From Miss L. Elliott

[London]
December 17, 1767

Reverend and Dear Sir,

I am exceedingly obliged for the favour of your kind and agreeable intelligence concerning dear Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley. I desire to thank God with you for this renewed instance of mercy, which I hope will be continued to Mrs. Wesley's perfect recovery, and that the little newborn may be an additional blessing to those God has before given you. May they all, with ourselves, by divine grace be heirs of glory, and then well were it for us that ever we were born.

I thank God my sister is perfectly recovered of her many-months most painful indisposition, by the medicine blessed for the restoring her health and some symptoms besides. We have reason to think her disorder was inward piles, to an exceeding great degree. The day was fixed for Dr. Hunter's attending her in a most disagreeable operation,¹ when providentially a person called at our house that had been a sufferer in the like case and had found immediate relief by taking the lozenges. My sister directly made trial of them. She found ease the next day, and in three days was as perfectly free from that disorder as she ever was in her life. This happy change has continued ever since, without the least return, and its now a month since it took place. My poor sister cannot be sufficiently thankful. She says could we know what she constantly suffered, we must think her cure almost miraculous. I have been thus particular and enclose the bill in case any of your friends should be afflicted in the like case, as I know you would have a pleasure in directing to a medicine for ease. But in particular I think of dear Mrs. Wesley, as I believe she has known something of the painful disorder.

I bless God I found renewed strength of body and mind at Margate. But I was not without the cross there. One exercise was in the loss of two valuable friends, both taken off by the smallpox. The first was a dear female friend, I trust now a saint in glory—as she lived the life and died the death of the righteous, was enabled under the severest pain of body to rejoice in the Lord, and give comfortable testimony to those about her of her happy interest in Christ. She called herself a monument of mercy and free grace, giving all the glory where it was due.

The next awful dispensation of that sort was in Mr. Perronet's family.² I suppose you have heard that Mr. John Perronet died this year at Margate of that distemper so fateful amongst them. He suffered eleven days more pain of body than can be expressed. He was very desirous to die, if that was the will of God, but begged his friends would only pray that the will of God might be perfected in him. He gave a happy testimony of his sure and certain hope in Jesus, and quietly breathed his last while joining in prayer with a Christian friend that was kneeling by his bed. The consolations that abounded towards his dear brother Charles [Perronet] and Miss [Damaris] Perronet were such as I never before saw on the like occasion. God gave me strength to be assistant to Miss Perronet in attending him to the last hour of his life. It was in mercy made an awful profitable time to my soul, which I hope and trust will be lasting.

In my way from Margate I spent some days at Shoreham, and I found the hand of the Lord was not shortened there also, as the good old man [Vincent Perronet] was supported in a manner that every day occasioned on me thankful amazement. It was moving to see some of the poor people of the place in tears, lamenting their loss of this valuable young man; as I find he was not only to the greatest degree dutiful and affectionate to his worthy parent, and kind to all his family, but also to all others within his reach.

My brother and sister desire to join in affectionate best respects to yourself and Mrs. Wesley. May every needful blessing of time and the greatest happiness of eternity attend your and yours. I trust

¹John Hunter (1728–93), of Scottish ancestry, was a leading London surgeon, made a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1767.

²See Rev. Vincent Perronet to CW, Nov. 29, 1767.

we shall have your kind remembrance in the best manner. I am, dear sir, with most grateful respect and esteem,

Much yours,

L. Elliott

Address: “To / the Rev. Mr Westley / Bristol.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Dec 17 1767 Miss Elliot / happy deaths.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/57.³

³For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

1768

From the Rev. John Wesley

London
January 15, 1768

[[Dear Brother,]]

Six or seven hundred pounds is brought to a Conference, of which five hundred at least pays debt. Then extraordinary demands are answered. How much remains for law? I am now near three hundred pounds out of pocket, which I borrowed to pay Mr. Pardon.¹ When I receive some more from Newcastle, I will send it to Bristol; probably very soon.

It is highly probable one of the three will stand before the Lord.² But, so far as I can learn, such a thing has scarce been for these thousand years before, as a son, father, grandfather, *atavus*, *tritavus*,³ preaching the gospel—nay, and the genuine gospel—in a line. You know, Mr. White, sometime chairman of the Assembly of Divines, was my grandmother's father.⁴

Look upon our little ones at Kingswood as often as you can. A word from you will be a quickening to them. O how many talents are we entrusted with!

“But what account can thy bad steward make?”⁵ Indeed, we have need to gird up the loins of our mind and run faster the small remainder of our race. “One thing!”⁶ Let us mind one thing only; and nothing great or small but as it ministers to it!

Peace be with you and yours!

[[Adieu.]]

Endorsement: by CW: “B[rother] Jan. 16. 1768 / 5 generations of g[ospel] ministry.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/33.

¹Likely John Pardon Esq. (1733–1803), a lawyer in London.

²Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley had recently given birth to another son, baptized Jan. 11, 1768 in Bristol as John James Wesley, which surely occasioned CW writing to JW. While CW had three sons currently, John James would die in early July, and neither of his sons who reached adulthood entered the ministry, so there was no unbroken chain of five generations of clergy.

³“*Avus*” means “ancestor” or “grandfather.” JW is using these two terms to refer to the next two generations: great grandfather and great-great grandfather.

⁴John White (1590–1645), also known as “Century White,” was the father of Mary (White) Annesley, JW’s maternal grandmother. While White was a member of the Westminster Assembly the last two years of his life and chaired some sessions, he was trained as a lawyer and served in Parliament, not as a priest! JW may have assumed that his paternal grandfather (John Westley) was married to a daughter of John White (1575–1648), rector of a parish in Dorchester, who also participated in the Assembly from 1643–48; but this was almost certainly a mistake: see Frank Baker, “Wesley’s Puritan Ancestry,” *London Quarterly and Holborn Review* 187 (1962): 180–86. Of course, John Westley’s grandfather Bartholomew was clergy, reaching back to that generation.

⁵Cf. Luke 16:1–13.

⁶Luke 10:42.

From George Lambertson

Leeds
January 29, 1768

A most surprising instance of love the Lord hath lately shown to one of my neighbours, who has been in a decline of body about three years. He has been inclinable to all manner of sins, and that to a very high degree, except the sin of murder—and that he has been near committing upon his wife sundry times. One would be almost ready to think he had been born in hell.

His soul had lay upon my spirits a long time. He would not suffer any person of any religious turn of mind to come at him. He was confined to his chamber about six weeks. Thirty days before his death I took an opportunity and went to his house. His wife being present at my entrance, I asked her if it would be agreeable to her husband to ask him how he did. She said she thought it would not, but said she would go and ask him. And when she returned she said nothing at all, therefore I concluded there would be no admittance. However, his wife went upstairs again to carry something which was wanting. I then thought, if I do not see him at this time, I never shall. Upon this, lifting my heart to the Lord, I took courage and followed her upstairs without any manner of invitation.

No person can support the anger which appeared in his countenance. I sat down without asking and dropped a few words in the tenderest manner I probably could, for fear of blocking up my way. Before I left him the first time, I asked him if it would be agreeable to him to make him a short visit at times. To that he gave little answer. However I repeated my visit the next day and took a little more freedom with him by telling him the danger of living and dying without an interest in the Redeemer. He seemed now to be more attentive and I found more liberty to speak to him. Before I left him the second time, I asked him if it would be agreeable to him to offer up a few words in prayer to God on his behalf. He said he thought there could be no great harm in it, upon this he went down upon his knees to my very great surprise.

Now from this time forward I visit him twice every day till he left the world. When my first week was expired, it pleased the Lord to convince him of the deplorable condition he was in. He was terrified and affrighted at the sight of himself. He perhaps had as dreadful a conviction as ever men had. The next time I went he said, “Mr. Lambertson, I have turned over such a night as never man did.” He said, “I have seen hell and them foul fiends in it. And that’s my place, there’s nothing for me but banishment from the presence of God for forevermore.” And many such dreadful expressions as these, too dreadful to dwell upon.

In this condition I think he continued two days and two nights. He was now ready to go into despair. I told [him] God had not shown him hell to put him into it, but to convince him it was the place he merited; and likewise to pray to God to be delivered from it. He said, “Do you think so?” I told him the blessed Jesus died for the very vilest of the vile. But he replied, “I can have no part in his death, I have been such a wretch.” I bid him lay his soul at the feet of the blessed Jesus. He immediately replied, “I will, but do you think he will have mercy upon such a hell-deserving creature as I am.” I told him I verily believed he would, if he from the bottom of his soul could cry for mercy. He said, “Oh! great is your faith for me!”

In two days, after the conviction was ended, the Lord gave him a secret hope. He then said, “If he sends me to hell I’ll praise him there.” The next visit that I made [to] him, he said, “These foul fiends of hell I hope hath nothing to do with me now, I’ll be glad to see you every hour if you please,” and would never have had me from him. Every visit now that I made him filled my heart with transports of joy. The next morning I went as formerly. He said, “I have been conversing with Jesus.” This was his language, “My soul lays at the feet of my blessed Saviour.” I answered him, “Let it continue there and if you perish, I’ll perish with you.”

It would have delighted any Christian’s heart to have conversed with him. He had been much inclined to drink strong liquors, but after he was convinced of his sin would scarce take what would

support him. He said, “It keeps me from praying, and it keeps me from my Saviour.” The day before he left the world I asked him if he did not choose to take a little of something to refresh himself. His answer was, “I’ll sup no more till I sup with my blessed Jesus in his everlasting kingdom.” He further said, “I would be glad to suffer something for my Saviour who suffered so much for my sins.”

A few hours before he departed I asked him if he had any fear of death. His answer was, “Death will be a welcome messenger to me.” The last two hours that he lived, he lay as one dead with his hands grasped together. We did not expect him to speak one word more. But that God who knows what will most advance his own glory gave him something further to speak, and when the last two hours was ended, he loosened his hands from together and put one of them out to his wife. She took hold of it and with broken accents said, “Did you want to say something to me, my dear?” Now this same man said to his wife only five weeks before his death that he would curse her to his last breath, [but] now clasped her in his cold arms and with a much louder voice than he had spoke for a fortnight said, “God bless thee! God bless thee! God hath pardoned all the sins that ever I committed in my life. God bless you all, praise God and sing.” And away he went triumphant to glory.

He died in the thirty-third year of his age, left a wife, and a child, and a small estate.

“Follow after” he cries,
As he mounts to the skies,
Follow after your friend,
To the blissful enjoyment that never shall end.¹

Five persons of circuit heard all these last dying words.

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/113.²

¹CW, Hymn XV, st. 3, *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 22.

²For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From Robert Craggs-Nugent (Lord Clare)¹

Bath
March 9, 1768

Dear Sir,

As I am sorry to find there seems to be a probability of contest at the ensuing election, which in its consequences must affect me, give me leave to entreat a continuance of those friendly offices with which you have upon former occasions favoured and assisted, dear sir,

Your much obliged and obedient servant,

Clare

Endorsement: by CW, “ March 9. 1768 / Courteous Lord Clare.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/84.

¹Robert Craggs-Nugent (1709–88) currently represented Bristol in the House of Commons. In 1767 he had been Baron Nugent and Viscount Clare; in 1776 he was made 1st Earl Nugent. There was a new election of members of Parliament in Mar. 1768.

From the Rev. John Wesley

Edinburgh
May 14, 1768

[[Dear Brother,]]

It is well Sally Rouquet is in peace.¹ I have been long persuaded that if she continued to hinder him, God would, in mercy to them both, take her away.

I am glad Mr. [John] Fletcher has been with you. But if the tutor fails, what will become of our college at Trevecca?² Did you ever see anything more queer than their plan of institution? Pray who penned it, man or woman? I am afraid the visitor too will fail.³

The archers here have sorely wounded Lord B.

But if Isaac [Duckworth] stays with you in London, what have the stewards of Bristol to do with him? They may then easily find his equal; for with regard to them, he is equal to — nothing.

I am at my wits' end with regard to two things: the Church and Christian perfection. Unless both you and I stand in the gap *in good earnest*, the Methodists will drop them both. Talking will not avail. We must *do*, or be borne away. Will you set shoulder to shoulder? If so, think deeply upon the matter, and tell me what can be done. *Age, vir esto! nervos intendas tuos.*⁴

Peace be with you and yours!

Adieu.

Address: To / The Revd Mr C. Wesley / at the Foundery / London.”⁵

Postmark: “MA/14,” “18/MA,” “19/MA,” “23/MA,” “Bristol.”

Endorsement: by CW, “May 14. 1768 / B[rother] / [[for the Church]]! / Afraid for the Ch[urch] and Perf[ectio]n.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/34.

¹Sarah (Fenwicke) Rouquet, wife of James Rouquet, was buried in Bristol on May 6, 1768. CW had clearly informed JW of this event, though the letter is not known to survive.

²LH initially recommended to Fletcher that Joseph Easterbrook (b. c. 1750), who had been educated at Kingswood, might be the tutor to assist him. Fletcher agreed, but by Apr. 1768 something occurred that led to Easterbrook being dismissed. JW may be referring to this, or holding reservations about John Williams, whom LH turned to next.

³LH had named Fletcher as the “visitor,” giving him oversight of her school at Trevecca.

⁴“Come, be a man! Stretch your nerves.” The last three words are from Terence, *The Eunuch*, II.iii.19.

⁵The address was changed twice. It was sent first to CW in London, arriving while CW was still in Bristol; then sent to Bristol, by CW had by then gone to London; so it was sent again to London.

From the Rev. Vincent Perronet

[Shoreham]
May 15, 1768

My Dear and Reverend Brother,

I have long owed you a letter of congratulations on the safe delivery of my dear sister.¹ I hope I may congratulate you both upon many spiritual blessings since. You told me that my prophesy of her was fulfilled.² I bless God for it!

You will have now the agreeable news to hear that your prophesy concerning my poor brother is also fulfilled: “He will be given to your prayers.” To the prayers of his friends he has been given! All glory to redeeming grace! After lying four days extremely weak, and discovering a deep work in his soul, he departed last Thursday night in great joy!³ My tears and grief of more than fifty years are swallowed up in comfort. How good is my God!

Our best respects and love are with thee, my dear sister, and family. The Lord Jesus be ever with us!

Thine affectionately,

V. P.

Endorsement: by CW, “May 15. 1768 / Dr Perronet departed in Xt.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/472/14.

¹On the birth of John James Wesley in Nov. 1767.

²See the last paragraph of Perronet to CW, Nov. 29, 1767. CW’s letter making this point is not known to survive.

³James Lewis Daniel Perronet (1689–1768) was buried May 13, 1768 at St. Leonard, Shoreditch.

From the Rev. John Wesley

Norton, Near Stockton
June 14, 1768

[[Dear Brother,]]

I rejoice to hear, from various persons, so good an account of the work of God in London. You did not come thither without the Lord.¹ And you find your labour is not in vain. I doubt not but you will see more and more fruit while you converse chiefly with them that are athirst for God. I find a wonderful difference in myself when I am among these, and when I am among fashionable Methodists. On this account the north of England suits me best, where so many² are groaning after full redemption.

But what shall we do? I think it is high time that you and I, at least, should come to a point. Shall we go on in asserting perfection against all the world? Or shall we quietly let it drop? We really must do one or the other; and, I apprehend, the sooner the better. What shall we jointly and explicitly maintain (and recommend to all our preachers) concerning the nature, the time (now, or by and by), and the manner of it (instantaneous or not)? I am weary of intestine war, of preachers quoting one of us against the other. At length let us *fix* something for good and all; either the same as formerly, or different from it.

”Ερρωσο³

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother]. June 14. 1768 / of uniting.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/35.

¹CW had come to London by mid-May.

²A small hole is torn away by the wax seal, but can be reconstructed with confidence.

³“Be well!”

From Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Bristol]
Wednesday, July 6, 1768

My Dearest Mr. Wesley,

This comes to acquaint you that our dear little babe [John James] is no more. His agony is over. But it was a hard struggle before he could depart. He was dying all yesterday from six o'clock, and about 9:00 last night he departed. He screamed three times about half an hour before he died that he could be heard from nurse's parlour to the other side of the street—not through guilt (that is my comfort), but through extreme pain. Perhaps were I of Calvin's opinion, I might have attributed it to a different cause.¹ But glory be to a Redeemer's love in declaring (for the consolation of distressed parents) that "of such are the kingdom of heaven."² O that I may land as safely in the harbour of eternal peace!

Nurse has behaved as tender and watchful as possible. I should be glad to hear what I shall give her for her extraordinary trouble and loss of rest. This is the first week of another month since I paid her.

The rest of the children are well at present, but [I] know not how long it may be so. The smallpox is next door but one to us, and I fear for my little Sammy.

I can do no more than the united love of many here attends you. Mr. [James] Rouquet called today and desired his. So did Mrs. Jones of Fonmon.³ Mrs. [Elizabeth] Vigor, and Mr. and Mrs. Ellis⁴ join the children and me in duty and love. I am

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

Sa. Wesley

Address: "To / The Revnd. Mr. Charles Wesley / at the Foundery / Upper Moor Fields / London."

Postmark: "8/IY" and "Bristol."

Endorsement: by CW, "Sally / Jacky received up! / July 5. 1768."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/50.

¹SGW assumes that Calvin held that those who die as infants are damned.

²Matt. 14:19.

³Mary (Forrest) Jones was likely in Bristol assisting her oldest daughter, Catherine, who had married John Coghlan of Bristol in 1751. Catherine would die Oct. 19, 1768.

⁴This is apparently William Ellis of London, and his wife, whom CW had helped find housing for a stay in Bristol, likely for access to the Hotwells. See SGW to CW, July 11, 1768.

From Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[Bristol]
July 11, 1768

I this day received both my dearest Mr. Wesley's letters.¹ You can sympathize with me in the loss of my dear little babe, which is moderated to me by the small expectation I had of his life, together with the consideration of the sufferings he went through (which are now at an end, and he eternally secured from the malice of men or devils, etc.). When I come to die, I shall be thankful. At present I can only say, "The Lord is righteous in all his ways,"² and orders all things for good to his children. May I be found of that happy number in the day when he makes up his scroll!

I shall give nurse what you order. Saturday evening the child was buried.³

Who next [...] shall be summoned away?
My merciful God, is it I?⁴

I employed Birt,⁵ and desired the clerk to take care of the tombstone, etc. I hope it will not again be removed for that few that remain of our offspring. Though I dread it for my dear Samuel. He eats but little easiest food and I intend to give him less (while the smallpox is in the neighbourhood). But I remember all these means, together with physic, was used for my dear Jacky⁶ before he sickened, but to no purpose.

We shall be glad to see you returned when you think you can leave London with freedom, knowing you can be spared. Otherwise, I would not wish you to neglect the public on my account, especially as your ministry is so much blessed in that place.

It is uncertain when my father and mother will be at Brecon. Perhaps not till September. But I am told they won't spend the winter at Bryn-y-oye.⁷

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis are both setting their house in order. He has had great fatigue to get it made presentable. It was neglected by the people that ought to have got it ready. They have been here, backward and forward, till today, and they must lodge here yet. They both join in duty and thanks to you for your kindnesses.

Return my grateful love and respects to good L[ady] G[ertrude Hotham?], Mrs. [Lucia] Gallatin, and Miss Hardy, whose tender regard for me and mine I thankfully acknowledge. My dear Mrs. [Elizabeth] Vigor has shown her usual love to me in all my troubles, and unites with Mr. [John] and Mrs. [Margaret] James, and Mrs. [Mary] Jones of Fonmon in kind love.

Charles and Sally send their duty. I am, my dearest Mr. Wesley,

¹These letters, including CW's initial response to SGW's letter of July 6 informing him of the death of their infant son, are not known to survive.

²Ps. 145:17.

³John James Wesley was buried at St. James church, Bristol, on July 9, 1768.

⁴Cf. CW, Hymn III, st. 3, *Funeral Hymns* (1746), 4:
Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
Who first shall be summon'd away?
My merciful God—is it I!

⁵William Birt, of Bristol is listed as a carpenter (to make the casket) in the *Bristol Directory* (1775).

⁶Their first child, John Wesley, who died of smallpox.

⁷See Sarah (Evans) Gwynne to SGW, May 30, 1763.

Ever yours most faithfully,

Sa. Wesley

My love to Mr. [John] and Mrs. [Susanna] Boulton, and Mr. and Mrs. Told,⁸ Mrs. [Anne] Davis,
and Mrs. [Milberry] Footitt.

Address: "To / The Revnd. Mr. Chas. Wesley / at the Foundery / Upper Moor Fields / London."

Postmark "13/IY."

Endorsement: by CW, "Sally July 11, 1768 / Samuel well as yet."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/20.

⁸Silas Told married Mary Varney in 1734.

Roderick Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

Bryn-y-oye¹
September 13, 1768

Dear Sister,

My mother has had so severe an attack of the stone as to render her incapable of writing; although, thank God, she is somewhat better than she has been.

We were in expectation of seeing you here last Saturday, and sorry we were prevented. However, I am to assure you on the part of my father and mother that a hearty welcome (although the lot is poor) will be shown you, and all relations rejoiced to see you. But none more than, dear sister,

Your's most affectionately,

Rod. Gwynne

[another hand] The affectionate dues of this house attend Mr. Wesley, yourself, and little ones. My duty to my aunts.

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 7/27.

¹Bryn-y-oye was the original estate of Howell Gwynne (1668–1708), the father of Marmaduke Gwynne.

From Selina (Shirley) Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon

Tunbridge
November 7, 1768

My Dear Sir,

I had no reason to complain of your absence, though I had to lament it. But you have to forgive this in me, as well as everything you see and know of me. I often wish and pray for grace enough to bear with myself, for in this sense I feel I have not renounced it or it would not become such a burden. Your kind account of Bath revives me. I believe the Lord has many to call there, and with such a thirst for the preaching that is quite distressing while so few labourers are yet in the vineyard.

We got safe to Tunbridge and found the same there also. And much bitterness came in very plain terms from the pulpit to me, a poor miserable object to employ so much pains and thought about. My chapel, I hope, will be opened by middle of June.¹ Remember that is a very short trip from London. My love to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley. I hope you both have satisfactory light about Bath.² Do let me know as matters open. I dare wish nothing, so blind and selfish is all my best designs and purposes. Sure[ly] the Lord never had such a poor, vile, blind, fool in his service. Indeed my dear friend I am never weary, night nor day, of his work but that he has such patience to bear me. And the expecting every hour when he will put me out of his sight, this keeps my heart as water poured out before him.³ And I am ever saying, “All do well but wretched me.” All can, all will, be accepted according to what they have. But I have nothing to be found but sin and shame. I say little of what I feel. My situation wants such courage and spirit to carry me through that I often smile over my own sorrow and oh great, great unprofitableness. Thus am I bore up in spite of myself, not knowing in body, mind, or spirit what the following day is to bring forth. Faith is a straight and narrow way, and was it not <...⁴> day that my soul is emerging into <...>ity for all its wants. Was it in the wings of time only, I must sink to the earth in sorrow. You have often a sympathizing spirit for the poor and the weary of the flock. Bestow a little of that upon me, my dear friend, and your petitions. Ever believe me

Your indebted and affectionate friend,

S. Huntingdon

Address: “To / The Revd Mr / Charles Wesley.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Nov. 7. 1768 / L. H.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/504/1/77.⁵

¹LH’s fourth chapel did open in Tunbridge in 1769.

²LH was encouraging CW and SGW to relocate to Bath, where he could give primary guidance for her chapel there.

³See Ps. 22:14.

⁴A small portion is torn away by the wax seal, affecting two lines.

⁵Cf. the previous transcription in Tyson, *Correspondence*, 110.

From the Rev. John Wesley

London
December 17, 1768

[[Dear Brother,]]

I thank you for your reproof.¹ There is reason in what you say. If there was not evil, there was the appearance of evil.

Two hours on Tuesday and four hours on Thursday I listened with both my ears.² John Downes, his wife [Dorothy], John Jones, and William Evans vehemently accused. William Garrat answered (though interrupted an hundred times keenly enough) point by point. When the hearing was over, the strongest thing of all was, we seemed *all agreed* in our verdict: 1) that he had *spoken* several hot and improper things; 2) that he had *done* wrong in leaving his master on so short warning; and yet 3) that there had been *no dishonesty*, either on the one part or the other.

“How, then, came the man to break?” Why, 1) in four years’ time he earned six hundred pounds; 2) within that time he expended (including a few bad debts) about seventeen hundred and fifty.

Matters have not been well carried out at Liverpool. But what can’t be cured must be endured.

Why you simpleton, you are cutting me out a month’s work. Nay, but I have neither leisure nor inclination to *write a book*. I intend only 1) to leave out what I most dislike; 2) to mark what I most approve of; 3) to prefix a short preface. And I shall run the hazard of printing it at Bristol. There you yourself can read the proof-sheets.³

You do well with regard to my sister Emily.⁴ What farther is wanting I will supply. I hear nothing from or of our friend at Newcastle.⁵ I have no time for Handel or Avison now.⁶

Peace be with you and yours.

Adieu.

I am now a mere Fellow of a college again.⁷

Address: “To / The Revd Mr C. Wesley / in / Bristol.”

Postmark: “17/DE.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Dec. 17. 1768 / Brother. ones in the wrong.”⁸

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 3/36.

¹This letter of reproof is not known to survive.

²See the account in JW, *Journal*, Dec. 13, 1768 (*Works*, 22:165). While JW identifies the master there only as “Mr. D.,” it was John Downes, who was forced to declare his watch-making business bankrupt (see list of Bankrupts in *Public Advertiser*, Nov. 28, 1768.)

³JW was preparing his *Extract from Dr. Young’s ‘Night Thoughts’* (1770); see *Journal* Dec. 20–31, 1768, *Works*, 22:177.

⁴Emily (Wesley) Harper.

⁵I.e., JW’s wife, Mary (Goldhawk / Vazeille) Wesley.

⁶I.e. the classical music favoured by CW’s sons, as epitomized in George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) and Charles Avison (1709–70).

⁷JW likely meant that he was now essentially a bachelor (with he and Mary separated); his fellowship at Lincoln (resigned at his marriage) was not restored.

⁸This last line is written first in shorthand; then spelled out in longhand.

From Selina (Shirley) Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon

Brighton
December 17, 1768

My Dear Friend,

I felt such a *revival of love* and fellowship with dear Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley and yourself that I am constrained to tell you. This morning brought me your very, very kind letter.¹ There is something at the bottom of old friendship in our Lord's family that is like himself. Having loved his own, he loves them to the end. And as he covers over all our littleness so tenderly and lovingly, so do we to each other while our hearts are really kept with him honestly and uprightly. He can make us ashamed of our folly, even while we can count it our wisdom. This teaching, with all others from him, makes us his willing scholars, as none teaches like him.

Oh your prayers and desires for me I bless you for, and thank him who gives them to you for such a poor vile, foolish creature. His presence² is better than even the life he gives us to all eternity. It is by this and this only our wills, our affections, are separated (or sanctified) from earth, selfish ends, and all lost in him. This occasions my little light to explain all difficulties by the want of *real knowledge* of him. This is the high prize of our calling. It will be our highest glory in eternity³ to behold that face without a veil while his presence fills our hearts. Sin and evil are out of sight—but destroyed I cannot contend for, because I do not know it to be true. And while grace remains free through time with us. And that we want it as such and no other way. And through all we can meet with it is and does remain the arbitrary love and tenderness of his heart afresh each day to supply all our lack. And therefore our union of life with him is constantly to destroy death in us, which seems to me to be wanting while the mortal state of death is about us.

Oh I do certainly *know* I am a poor, vile, evil creature, and that constantly from the smiles of his most, most precious countenance! And thus beholding him I desire to forget everything about myself, earth, or heaven, and can beg him to pity and forgive for me all that which pride would bade me to seek from myself. Oh I am poor indeed, very vile indeed! And this I see from the truest light. And though I can't love an outward sinner with more than pity, yet indeed I can and do see how the Lord might love him better than me. Pride has so many works and various insinuations that [I] must ever be content to plunge my guilty self into his hands without reserve, as only a sin offering to him. I want no state, nothing from him, to appear better to myself. The little faith I have makes me satisfied for eternity to lie thus in his hands without one care about myself. The little spark of love for him would make me labour for him till I died. While tears of shame followed all my performances and unwearied prayers (from the continuous ignorance that is in me) for certain direction, clear daylight for *my* work, that his will alone may be the one separating power of all darkness, selfish[ness], and pride, from all I do or suffer.

How am I led to tire you my dear friend, while speaking of this poor wretched being which is patiently bore with, nay blessed by the friend of all friends. And I know the simplicity in which I do say all this to you. I on my knees with tears of love and shame. I can say and only say to him who searches the heart and tries the strength of all those who follow him, "Oh mine is perfect weakness." And now, my dear friend, how can such a creature be felt to say what is best.

My heart wishes you at Bath fervently.⁴ If this is purely for the Lord and his people, will not every means bring you there? Oh it will, it must! He has you in reserve for something. Should it be to help his poor helpless widow's hands to be held up by the blessing you are to bring to the people. You

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Orig., "His presence, his presence."

³Orig., "in eternity, in eternity."

⁴See the note on LH to CW, Nov. 7, 1768.

will not, I am sure, despise my low estate. All fresh openings of work bring me fresh enmity and violent opposition. This cast at such a straw (strange[ly]) gives it strength. And being lost in faith, and the cleavings of this to all Israel's strength, I am without carefulness while I live. I hope for this reason nothing little or weak(?) can be unfaithfully cast aside by me. The school⁵ and all else I bow before the Lord for, and desire to tell him, "This or what he pleases."

I shall do very ill, but I dare not but add, "Indeed I will do it as well as ever I can." My groans have met his tender heart with this before now, and in all he may suffer such a creature to do he will never suffer it to say more than this truth from a broken spirit. By this means I may have a gracious ray of light and be found ready to satisfy those whose hearts of honest confidence may ask anything from me.

And in reply to the gentleman, I make out my meaning with that interpretation your light upon my situation of mind best gives you, and render all love from me to him. For any measure of confidence he can have in such a worm, I even can loath and yet⁶ his charity to it shall be good and not be forgotten, as in the name of one of Jesus's disciples. My love, my tender love to dear Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, with a thousand, thousand blessings upon her and hers. Love springs up with these and makes them the natural knit of my heart when these are not there. And poor, poor vain words supply only that sad lack. My hands are so full that whichever way I look (but when above myself to heaven) with the words of unbelief I must say "How can this be done?" O the government of all things is on his shoulders, and makes all things possible to faith. All that ask after me bless and thank from me, and ever believe me, my dear friend,

Your faithful and affectionate and grateful friend and servant,

S. H.

Address: "To / The Revd Mr Charles / Westley at his house / Charles Street / Bristol."

Endorsement: by CW, "Dec. 17. 1768 / L. H. [[an profession]]."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/504/1/88, with ending in MA 1977/504/1/78.⁷

⁵That LH was preparing to open at Trevecca.

⁶The juncture of the separated portions of the letter comes here.

⁷Somehow the two portions of this letters have become separated in the holdings at MARC, which helps explain how the opening (which lacks a date) is transcribed in Tyson, *In the Midst*, 75–76, under a date in late May 1751.

1769

From Eleanore Laroche¹

Queen Square [Bristol]
February 3, 1769

Sir,

The allegiance which is at length so happily formed between the Horsefair and Prince's Street will, without doubt, be attended with the most desirable consequence.² For the future, many of us will have no objection to pass an hour or two at the [New] Room on a Sunday night, when no other amusement is going forward, provided we can be sure of suffering no insult from the zealous preacher, who may ignorantly inveigh against such diversions as we apprehend to be no ways inconsistent with rational religion and sober godliness (to which I can assure you we have no objection) and in a moderate enjoyment of which diversions we are happily encouraged by the public countenance and example of Mr. Charles Wesley.

By this he has also amply refuted the enthusiastic rhapsody contained in some passages of his hymns, which are sometimes sung with devout ignorance by his deluded followers, and which we beg may never more be heard in the Room or appear in any future edition of his books. The whole hymn on "Innocent Diversions," and that upon "The True Use of Music,"³ are of a piece. But this is the most striking passage, upon which I will observe that there is no more difference between the hellish harpers of Vaux Hall⁴ and the performers at The Assembly Rooms, than between the enthusiastic ravings of a Methodist preacher in the field and the same jargon vented in a room in the Horse-fair.

The civiller crowd
In theatres proud
Acknowledge his power,
And Satan in nightly *assemblies* adore:
To the masque and the ball
They fly at his call;
Or in pleasures excel,
And chant in a grove to the harpers of hell.⁵

We are therefore in great hopes we shall not any more hear ourselves damned for going to a harmless play and least of all to an instructive tragedy, which I freely own, with a friendly game at Quadrille,⁶ is my favourite amusement; not withstanding which I humbly hope for salvation through the

¹Eleanor Laroche (1704–98), of French descent, the unmarried sister of James Laroche (1703–70), a merchant and alderman in Bristol, resided at Queen's Square in Bristol.

²A large hall named "The Assembly Rooms," on Prince Street in Bristol, opened Jan. 14, 1756 with a performance of Handel's "Messiah." The building became the social centre of Bristol, used for concerts, public dinners, lectures, etc. CW Jr. was part of a public concert there in early Feb. 1769.

³CW, "Innocent Diversions," *HSP* (1749), 2:140–41; and "The True Use of Music," *HSP* (1749), 2:253–55.

⁴CW specified Vaux Hall, a theatre area in London, in a footnote as one "grove" where some chant to the harpers of hell.

⁵St. 4 of "Innocent Diversions," *HSP* (1749), 2:140–41.

⁶A card game popular at the time.

merits and powerful intercession of our Redeemer. I could say a great deal more but I must now dress for the concert, for I have heard much of Master Wesley's [CW Jr.] surprising abilities that I would not upon any account miss this opportunity. While we are hearing the charms of Delia, you will be celebrating the Redeemer's charms. And thank God he has given us time for all things. Only I advise you not to sing, at least for a month to come, "The True Use of Music."

Sir,

Your humble servant,

Eleanor Laroche

Address: "To the Preacher at Mr. Wesley's Room/ in the Horsefair."

Endorsement: by CW, "Feb. 3, 1769," and "[[Mrs. Eleanor Laroche / with my answer]]."⁷

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 4/73.

⁷CW made a copy of his reply to Laroche, dated Feb. 8, on the verso of her letter.

From an Unidentified Quaker

February [c. 10,] 1769

Respected Friend,

Although I am not a member of thy community, yet [I] am in fellowship with all that fear the Lord. Therefore as such I have a right in the spirit of meekness and truth to ask thee: Because in thy appeals, thy other writings and thou preaching thou hast made such great and public declarations of the necessity of a holy life, adding to it the apostle's declaration that whatsoever we do should be done in the name and to the glory of God giving thank for all¹ (to which I say, Amen), dost thou believe all these declarations written and spoke was in the truth? If so, how canst thou breed up thy son a poor simple twiddler,² to please a giddy, unthinking multitude? Alas, alas, Samson, what grind³ in the prison house? O my friend what, thy son, thy wife, with other professors of thy society appearing on a public stage, to the glory of God? O no. Did those, when thy son received idle claps, not cause him to receive the applause of man?⁴ But where was the honour that came from God? Art thou a teacher in Israel? Remember Eli!⁵ Could thou always do so? If not, I pray thee, look into thyself; remember from whence thou art fallen!⁶ Neither have bitterness against thy unknown friend, who wisheth well to Zion. For if thou hast done well, shalt thou not be rewarded? If otherwise, sin lieth at thy door.⁷

Farewell

Address: "To / Charls Westley / at the Preaching roome / in the Horse Fair / Bristol."

Postmark: "Bristol."

Endorsement: by CW, "A true Friend / against Music / Feb. 13. 1769 / Answered."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 4/72.

¹See Col. 3:17.

²I.e., trifler.

³I.e., hard labour; see Judg. 16.

⁴See John 12:43.

⁵The priest, whose sons were unfaithful; see 1 Sam. 2:12–36.

⁶Rev. 2:5.

⁷See Gen. 4:7.

From the Rev. John Wesley¹

Galway
May 12, 1769

My Dear Brethren,

1. It has been long my desire that all those ministers of our Church which believe and preach salvation by faith might cordially agree between themselves, and not hinder but help one another. After occasionally pressing this in private conversation whenever I had opportunity, I wrote down my thoughts upon this head and sent them to each in a letter. Out of 50 or 60 to whom I wrote, only three vouchsafed me an answer. So I give them up. I can do no more. They are a rope of sand, and such they will continue.

2. But it is otherwise with the travelling preachers in our connexion. These are at present one body. They act in concert with each other, and by united counsels. And now is the time to consider what can be done in order to continue this union? Indeed as long as I live there will be no great difficulty. I am a center of union under God to all our travelling as well as local preachers. They all know me and my communication. They all love me for my work's sake. And therefore, were it only out of regard to me, they will continue connected with each other. But by what means may their connection be preserved when God removes me from you?

3. I take it for granted that it can't be preserved by any means between those who have not a single eye. Those who aim at anything but the glory of God and the salvation of men, who desire or seek any earthly things, whether honour, profit, or ease, will not, cannot continue in that connexion. It will not answer their design. Some of these, perhaps a fourth of the whole number, will procure preferment in the Church. Others will turn Independents and get separate congregations, like John Edwards and Charles Skelton. Lay your accounts with that. And be not surprised if some you do not suspect be of this number.

4. But what method can be taken to preserve a firm union between those who choose to remain together? Perhaps you might take some such steps as these:

1. Upon notice of my death, let all the Assistants for the time being immediately repair to London.

2. Let them seek God by solemn fasting and prayer.

3. Let them draw up Articles of Agreement to be signed by those who choose to act in concert.

4. Let these be laid before all the preachers at the ensuing Conference.

5. Let as many of them as choose to remain together sign these Articles, and dismiss those who do not choose it in the most friendly manner possible.

6. Let them choose a committee of three, five, or seven, each of whom is to be moderator in his turn.

7. Let this committee do what I used to do: propose preachers to be tried, admitted, or excluded; fix the places of each preacher for the ensuing year, and the time of the next Conference.

5. Can anything be done now in order to lay a foundation for this future union? Would it not be expedient for any that are quite willing, to sign some Articles of Agreement now? Suppose something like these.

We whose names are underwritten being throughly convinced of the necessity of a close

¹JW was seeking CW's input on a paper that JW would read at the Conference in Leeds on Aug. 4, 1769 and was published in the *Minutes* (see *Works*, 10:376–78). If CW replied, it has not survived, so it is unclear whether he contributed to the changes found in the *Minutes*.

union between those whom God is pleased to use as instruments in this glorious work, in order to this union between ourselves are resolved God being our helper.

I. To devote ourselves entirely to God, denying ourselves, taking up our cross daily (In particular fasting often) after the example of that blessed man David Brainerd;² steadily aiming at one thing, to save our own souls and those that hear us.

II. To preach the old Methodist doctrines (and no other) contained in the four volumes of *Sermons*; particularly the witness of the Spirit, as the privilege of all Christians, and instantaneous (as well as gradual) sanctification.

III. To observe and enforce the whole Methodist discipline, contained in the Minutes of the Conferences. Particularly keeping in the Church, preaching at 5:00 in the morning, and in towns the visiting as far as possible the members of the Society from house to house, according to the plan laid down in the Minutes of the Conferences.

[[Dear brother,]]

Send me your thoughts on the foregoing articles, with as many amendments and additions as you please.

[[Adieu.]]

Address: “To / The Revd Mr C. Wesley / at the Foundery / London.”

Postmarks: “MY/15” and “22/MA.”³

Endorsement: by CW, “B[rother]. Plan of Union / May 12. 1769.”

Source: holograph (draft of Aug. 3 circular); MARC, DDWes 3/70.

²JW had just published *An Extract of the Life of ... David Brainerd* (1768), abridging Jonathan Edward's *Account of the Life* (1749) of this missionary to the Delaware nation of native Americans in New Jersey.

³The first postmark is Irish, the second is for its arrival in London.

From the Rev. John Fletcher

Madeley
May 20 [1769]

My Very Dear Friend,

I do not know where you are. I venture however to write a couple of lines to you in London, to ask how you are in body and soul, and to tell you that by the grace of God I am well in body, although I live (like a hermit all alone in my house) on bread, cheese, milk, and butter. This way of life, which calls for no cookery, is better suited to my temperament than meat. As regards my soul, my nature dies hard (as you say in English)—if it is true that it dies at all. The Lord help me to take up my cross in leaning upon yours!

The charcoal-burners and miners are starting to work under a piece of land belonging to the glebe which will procure me several pounds sterling, which I plan to venture in having a booklet printed for the use of my rationalist parishioners.¹ I have again put my hand to the pen this week, although probably I shall soon lack heart. If you are willing to undertake the corrections, I could seriously consider printing.

Your brother is too busy to correct with care.

The Lord strengthen you and give you the grace to give yourself wholly to him, as he has given himself wholly to you! The Lord bless your ministry as he does not do mine! Farewell. Pray for me and the peace of our heavenly Father keep your heart in his divine love.

If Mrs. Wesley and the little family are with you, greet them on behalf of

Your unworthy servant,

J. Fletcher

P.S. If you are going to a French bookshop (Vaillant), I would be greatly obliged if you would buy me Voltaire's *Henriade*, the cheapest edition. If you find his other poems cheaply, I ask you to buy me those also, except his dramatic pieces.

Are you able to recommend to Lady Huntingdon a good master for her college?

Mrs. [Hannah] Heritage will be able to send me the books by the girl who brings this letter, if they are not heavy.

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley / At the Foundery / Near Upper Moor-Fields / ~~by favour of~~
/ Mrs Heritage."

Endorsement: by CW, "[[May]] 20. 1769 / [[Fletcher with my answer]]."

Source: holograph (in French); Garrett Evangelical.²

¹Fletcher's work on this project would be interrupted by a trip to Switzerland and the debate with the Calvinists over the *Minutes* of the 1770 Conference. Its completed form was: *Appeal to Matter of Fact and Common Sense; or, A Rational Demonstration of Man's Corrupt and Lost Estate* (Bristol: Pine, 1772).

²A close transcription of the French original, showing Fletcher's original spelling, cross-outs, and the like is available in Forsaith, *Labours*, 243–44. We give here, with revisions in style, Forsaith's English translation (pp. 244–45).

From Sarah (Evans) Gwynne

[Garth]
[August 29, 1769]

Dear and Reverend Sir,

I thank you most sincerely for your letter and prayers on my behalf.¹ I need them extremely. God can endue me with patience and [I] trust he will. I have it tried by a degree I hope unexperienced by most. The trials are the heavier as they proceed from those quarters I least suspected or had cause to fear. Yet thus it is. They reward me evil for good, and hatred for my goodwill towards them. May God forgive them and turn their hearts to seek him. Then all will be well.

My bodily health is much increased, I thank the Lord. Therefore [I] hope he will preserve me in life to do just[ice] to the memory of the dearest friend on earth while living and most lamented in the grave.² I am so full of grief that I can only add my blessing to my daughter [SGW] and your young ones, and that I am, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately whilst,

Sa. Gwynne

Dues attend all my relations and friends.

Endorsement: by CW, "My Mother's Last³ / Aug. 29. 1769."

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 1/71.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Marmaduke Gwynne had died Apr. 13, 1769.

³Sarah (Evans) Gwynne would die in Jan. 1770.

From Samuel Lloyd

[London]
September 2, 1769

If you estimate my esteem and affections by the number of “how do you do visits,” you will conceive about the same opinion of me as I do of many professing religious friends—who under that pretension have introduced themselves into my confidence and affairs, affecting a desire to serve me, while the event has proved their selfishness the only motive of their offer; and their contrivance rather to perplex than lessen my cares. But I look up to that adorable power who has mercifully brought me thus far on my journey homeward, that I shall not be disappointed of my hope, but enabled to show forth my integrity and singleness of heart. “It is actions prove the man.”

Remember me to Mrs. [Sarah] Wesley, and beg her acceptance of the enclosed banknote for one hundred pounds from her and

Your affectionate friend and servant,

Sam. Lloyd

Address: “To the Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Lloyd’s Present / 100£ / Sept. 1769.”

source: holograph; MARC, DDP 1/54.

To John Nelson

Sunderland
December 5, 1769

Dear Sir,

This, with my duty to you and best love to you and yours. I can say that there is not one day passes that you are not brought to my remembrance when I pray in private, and here is multitudes in this round asketh after you. There is many of your children about Sheephill and Spen and Horsley and other places that say they would go 20 miles to see you once more in the flesh, for they bless God that ever they heard you.

Sister Tinkler has gone in full triumph since I came, and several lately that were the fruit of your preaching at Tanfield Cross. And we had a young man near Horsley that I visited, died happy.

Our congregations is large in every place. I think Durham was never in so prosperous a way before. There is several fresh members joined in several parts of the round and many back-sliders come again, and some hath found peace after their great revolts. To God be all the glory. I think if God give you strength and direct you once more into the north, I believe it will be a blessing to thousands, and to your own soul. For I find it to be a blessing to my soul to find so many of our first fruits stand so fast in the way they were called, and to hear of so many that is gone off in such a triumphant manner, and to see others come in to fill up their places.

I desire an interest in your prayers and in all the church of God. I hear my wife [Martha] is in but a poor state of health. O sir, pray for her as I do for you and yours. And I shall be glad to hear from you, and how the work of God goes on with you in that place. My kind love to all enquiring friends, from

Your unworthy brother in Christ and as a son to serve in the gospel,

John Nelson

Address: "Charles Wesley at the / foundery near Moorfields / London."

Postmark: "8/DE."

Endorsement: by CW, "J Nelson / Dec. 5. 1769 / happy deaths."

Source: holograph; MARC, PLP 78/53/7.¹

¹A previous transcription was published in Laycock, *Haworth*, 289–90.

1770

From the Rev. George Whitefield

Bethesda
January 1, 1770

My Very Dear Old Friend,

I wrote to your honoured brother from on board ship.¹ Since then what wonders have I seen! What innumerable mercies have I received? A long, trying, but I humbly hope profitable, passage; my poor feeble labours owned in Charlestown, and everything more than promising in Georgia. The increase of this once so much despised colony is incredible. Good I trust is doing at Savannah, and Bethesda is like to blossom as a rose. The situation most delightful, very salubrious, and everything excellently adapted for the intended purpose. All admit the goodness, strength, and beauty of the late improvements. In a few months the intended plan I hope will be completed, and a solid lasting foundation laid for the support and education of many as yet unborn. Nothing is wanted but a judicious, moderately learned, single-hearted master. Surely the glorious Emmanuel will point out one in his own due time.

Do pray. I am sure prayers put up above thirty years ago are now answering. And I am persuaded we shall yet see greater things than these. Who would have thought that such a worthless creature as this letter writer should live to be fifty-five years old? I can only sit down and cry, “What hath God wrought?”² My bodily health is much improved, and my soul is on the wing for a northern gospel range. You and all your connections will not cease to pray for me. I would fain begin to begin to do something for my God. My heart’s desire and incessant prayer to the God of my life is that the work of the Lord may prosper in your hands, and run and be glorified more and more. Oh to work whilst it is day! Oh to be found all on the full stretch for him who was stretched, and groaned, and bled, and died for us! Unutterable love. I am lost. I am lost in wonder and amazement, and therefore, although with regret, I must hasten to subscribe myself, my very dear sir,

Less than the least of [...]

GW

P.S. Cordial love awaits your whole self, all enquiring friends, and all that love the ever-loving, altogether lovely Jesus in sincerity. I hope to write to your honoured brother soon. Brethren pray for us.

Address: “To / the Revd. Mr. Charles / Wesley at the Foundry / London.”

Postmark: “6/M(A)” and “Bristol.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Zealous George Whitfd. Jan. 15. 1770.”

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 2/29.

¹George Whitefield to JW, Sept. 12, 1769; see *AM* 6 (1783): 273–74.

²Num. 23:23.

From Ann Chapman¹

Bristol
March 3, 1770

Reverend and Dear Sir,

Although much indisposed, I think it my duty to acquaint you of my dear friend's death; my beloved Miss Edwards,² whose loss I deplore but sorrow not as those without hope, believing she sleeps in Jesus. The particulars of it, as far as I am able, I will lay before you, knowing it will be some satisfaction to a friend who was interested in her spiritual welfare.

On Thursday, two days before Mr. [John] Fletcher left Bristol, he gave her the sacrament in the parlour, spake close but very comfortably to her. After which she was greatly distressed in soul, crying to the Lord for mercy night and day. Saturday she took to her room, rather despairing. Sunday morning I was called early, and to my great grief found her distracted—as much as two could do to hold her in bed. She strove with us till all her strength was exhausted and then lay quiet for a time, till the fit came on again with double force, She had intervals of sound reason, which she mostly employed in strong prayer. But [she] did not appear to have any comfort or hope till the Thursday following. In the afternoon Miss Norman came to see her, spoke to and prayed sweetly with her.³ Afterwards I ask[ed] if she was anything comforted, how she found her soul? She answered Satan had been with her the whole time, and that she was lost. It was all over with her. She was undone, undone forever.

Upon hearing this my soul was fired with zeal for the Lord and revenge to the tyrant foe. I burst forth in an agony of prayer to Jesus. I presumed to say, "If thou art God, the mighty God, seize the purchase of thy blood out of the teeth of the devouring lion. Appear oh Lord. Maintain thy own cause. etc." Oh what did I then feel for her, and she for herself. At length she broke out and prayed as I scarce ever heard before. Such sensible, strong, heartfelt expressions. The Spirit of supplication was indeed poured upon her. Just then she was more deeply convinced of unbelief, [and] said, "I can make no amends. It is faith I want. I can't believe. Lord give me faith, give me faith, etc." Soon after she said, "It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth? It is a free gift, free grace, free. Glory, glory be to thee." With a countenance that discovered inward joy and love, she said, "I trust I have had a taste, a glimpse of his love." "Lord" (said she) "wrap us both in the mantle of thy love." Much more was uttered by her at that time which I cannot particularly remember, as I was myself lost in wonder, love and praise.

Tea being got ready, she asked a blessing, sat down, ate and drank, made a good meal, receiving it with thanksgiving (though before we had been trying all the day, both by fair means and by force, to get something down her throat, to little or no purpose). We then sung "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." It was my class night, so I thought it right to go and return thanks. But as I was leaving the room she called me to her and said softly, "I begin to doubt." I bid her look to her Saviour who was able to keep her from falling. When I returned she was closely engaged in prayer I asked how it was. She replied, "I fear I shall lose it." I told her she must be kept by the power of God through faith. She continued praying for a considerable time. About 10:00 she went to bed. I sat up with her and intended it alone, but at twelve o'clock she awoke in great agitations, threw the clothes off, and I was obliged to knock for assistance. All that night we had hard work, and she against us as if we were the foes she ought to try to overcome, many times calling for help from the Lord.

¹Ann Chapman (likely the one of this name baptized at St. Augustine the Less church in Bristol in 1737) was drawn into the circle of Methodists in Bristol in the early 1760s. After CW and SGW moved to London, Chapman was their most frequent correspondent keeping them abreast of events in Bristol, and she hosted CW and family members in her house when they visited Bristol.

²Elizabeth Edwards was buried Mar. 2, 1770, at St. Augustine the Less church in Bristol. She may be the daughter of Thomas Edwards, the apothecary, baptized in 1734.

³A Mary Norman is listed in the Bristol Society Register in 1770, in a band for single women.

In this way she continued for the most part till Tuesday morning, when she got out of bed (with difficulty, they got a little of her clothes on) and went to the door, and scarcely could three of us keep her in. As cold almost as a stone, and death sweats upon her, she at last sunk into Molly's lap and then said, "Thou art the resurrection and the life." And Molly heard her say, "He quickeneth me, etc." Soon after, with great labour, we got her on the bed. She then repeated what she said before, adding, "Thou art life Lord, thou art life." And more that I could not hear.

She then lay down more composed (and resisted but little when we gave her anything) till between 6:00 and 7:00 at night, when she was lifted up to take something. She repeated the Lords Prayer. Afterward cried, "Miss, Miss, Miss" (as she had lain quiet a long time, I was gone of an errand). And then screamed out five or six times ("Patty, Patty" as they thought). Whether it was her sister, or "Chappy" (as she often called me) we cannot tell. She then prayed to the Father of mercies to look upon her for his Son's sake and continued in prayer. After, she could not be heard. When I came in (which I think could not be more than half an hour after) I saw plainly she was dying, and very quietly. I would not disturb her, as I had not a doubt concerning her happiness, She did not speak more. A few minutes after 9:00, without a struggle, a sigh, or groan, she expired. Her soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler,⁴ and I am left to mourn for myself.

Dear sir, pity and pray for me. I must own to the praise of my God, mercies have been mixed with miseries. My sorrows have been greatly mitigated by her joys above related. And my spirit at present seems called away from all things here below to rest in the Center of all good. Please to excuse the many imperfections of my epistle. It is simple truth and less than might be said. I was an eye- and ear-witness, but my ears are dull of hearing and my memory very short. May it never be altogether forgotten by me.

If it would not be too great a favour, I should be very glad to hear from you or Mrs. Wesley, and more so to see you. Had you been here, [I] believe I should almost have tired you out with my late exercises. But the Lord saw best I should have little help. Mr. [Thomas?] Edwards and Mrs. [Sarah] Pearce joins in duty to you and love to Mrs. Wesley, master, and miss with, dear sir,

Your affectionate daughter In Christ,

Ann Chapman

Mrs. Pearce begs you'll be so kind to send the little parcel from Mrs. Guillam by a safe hand; or what will be better, bring it soon yourself, there being a piece of money in it to pay for her.

Address: "To / the Revnd. Mr Charles Wesley / To be left at The Foundery Near / Upper Moorfields / London."

Postmark: "Bristol."

Endorsement: by CW, "March 3 1770 / Ms Chapman Ms Edw's bl. death."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/34.⁵

⁴See Ps. 124:7.

⁵For a digital copy and "as-is" transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From Rev. Dr. John Jones¹

Harwich
March 12, 1770

[[Reverend and Dear Sir,]]²

This comes to assure you that I am not unmindful of you and my old friends, that I do not shun to declare the whole counsel of God in the plainest manner I possibly can, and that there are even a few here who I trust are not strangers to the power of godliness.

Jemmy Lloyd begins to apply.³ It is difficult to get him to think much about anything. He is very well, and has been since he came here. He has spirit enough. I could easily love him too much. Please to give his duty and my respects to his father and mother when you see them. You are not in earnest with respect to Master Charley,⁴ and therefore I need not fear that my courage will be put to the trial. However, if we live to the summer, come and see whether I shall be ashamed even of you. Harwich is both one and twenty miles from Colchester.

Mr. Gibson has been confined to his room for near four months.⁵ This has made my work exceeding hard. But all is well. I do not expect much rest this side the grave. I have no friend to procure me a vicarage or rectorship. I should be glad if I had more time to prepare for the pulpit. I have not been idle since I came here. You would say so, if you knew all.

I have above fifty scholars, twenty of whom I teach from the house I live in. I have several boarders. I have a nephew of Mr. [James] Ireland's, to whom please to give my respects and his duty. I must also beg you will remember us to Mrs. [Elizabeth] Vigor and family, and all inquiring friends.

Could you spare me a little, by lending me a few manuscript sermons? My illness, which greatly affected my head, has rendered me quite fearful of preaching *extempore*. But blessed be God, I am as capable of writing as ever. But nothing, except speaking, tries me so much.

Sally⁶ joins in kind respects to you and Mrs. Wesley, with [[reverend and dear sir]],

Your unworthy yet affectionate brother,

J. Jones

I am glad William Ley has employment.

Address: "To / The Revd Mr C Wesley."

Endorsement: by CW, "[[John Jones March]] 12, 1770" and "J. Jones from Harwich / March 12. 1770."⁷

Source: holograph; MARC, DDP 2/29.

¹John and Sarah (Perrin) Jones had moved to the coast town of Harwich, Essex, for their health. Initially John supported themselves with a school. But he soon received ordination from the Bishop of London, and appointment as vicar of St. Nicholas church in Harwich.

²Jones had learned, but seldom used, Byrom's shorthand.

³Likely John Lloyd Jr (b. 1758), son of John and Martha (Toll) Lloyd of Bath.

⁴I.e., CW Jr.

⁵Rev. Thomas Gibson (b. 1699) was the current vicar of Harwich.

⁶Sarah (Perrin) Jones.

⁷On the address side CW has written in shorthand, for some reason, the names: [[Sir Jeffrey Amherst]] (1717–97, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army during the Seven Years' War); [[Lord Oxford]] (Edward Harley; 1726–90, 4th Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer); and [[General Harvey]] (Edward Harvey, 1718–88, named Adjunct-General to the Forces in 1763).

From an Unidentified Correspondent¹

[May 1770]

Sister Jones from a child had been instructed in the things of God, and had a desire and esteem for them. But about 19 years since began to be more deeply concerned about her soul. Which continued for about 12 years after, when she found in her class a sense of pardon by an application of those words, “My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my saviour.”² This she retained to the last. And her behaviour was greatly becoming the gospel, in seriousness and labour for the good of others. Nor presumptuous sin or great offence could be laid to her charge.

About two years since, she began to decline in health, and has been dying daily ever since. She might very properly be called a “daughter of affliction,” but was enabled to endure, as seeing him who is invisible. Her behaviour towards the last was truly patient. No complaining or murmuring was heard. All temporal concerns, and even husband and children, were given up into his hands who ordereth all things well. All her thoughts, desires, and affections seemed to be in heaven. Jesus was the burden of her song, and to hear of him the joy of her heart. Thus she waited for her Lord from heaven, and Jesus, who saith “Surely I come quickly,”³ came and took the weary exile home.

P.S. She desired that a sermon might be preached from Rev. 7:14, “These are they which came out of great tribulation, etc.”

Endorsement: by CW, “S. Jones’ death / May 1770.”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/501/97.⁴

¹The handwriting in this letter is very similar to the letter by John Johnson of Nov. 1767. If it is Johnson, than this sister Jones lived in Ireland.

²Luke 1:46–47.

³Rev. 22:20.

⁴For a digital copy and “as-is” transcription, see:
<https://www.library.manchester.ac.uk/services/digitisation-services/projects/rapture-and-reason/>

From the Rev. John Fletcher

Madeley
August 10, 1770

My Very Dear Friend,

The water of the ocean and the Mediterranean have not quenched my spark of brotherly love for you.¹ I have a great desire to see you, to converse with you about the mysteries of the Kingdom of heaven, and to learn from you what the Lord does for you and yours.

For myself, I will soon have recounted to you what he has done through me; although an eternity would be too short to speak of what he has done for me. You know that wherever I am I am an infinitely less than useless servant. However, blessed be his holy name, I live; and I dare to say that Jesus lives and lives for me; and from time to time I have the courage to say that he lives in me.

My countrymen welcomed me as I had not dared to hope, and seem to have their curiosity awakened—and perhaps for some, their conscience. I hope to see them again if God opens the way to me.

What I have seen and heard during my journey has emboldened me to dream anew of my book.² It seems to me that the subject is exactly what is needed by the world. But the execution of it is perhaps fit only for the flames or for wrapping groceries.

My generous travelling companion³ insists absolutely upon reimbursing me 69 pounds which I had put into his purse to defray travelling costs. This sum will pay the stationer, the printer, and the binder, if you are willing to read my manuscript with the severity of a friend and a critic and to give it your imprimatur once you are well acquainted with the contents. For some days I have preached the gospel more freely to my little society. I did not go beyond inviting them to Christ, smoothing the way for them, and making them understand the benefits of faith, the terrible effects of unbelief; and the consequence is that the greater part are enlivened with a new spirit and begin to enter in, to dwell within, the Kingdom of God. I fear to give them other nourishment beside the peace found in the gospel, and to weigh them down with other commandments than those given in 1st John: faith and brotherly love. It seems me that we cannot have too much forbearance for sinners, nor extol too highly to them the love of Jesus when he himself took flesh and announced redemption and salvation to publicans and wicked men. It seems to me also that faith manifests itself gradually in several hearts, and that our duty is to nurture its most feeble spark, its faintest glimmerings. What do you think about this point?

Maybe I shall be at Trevecca on the 24th of this month. Will you be there? Our friend from London, Mrs. Voileau, comes to stay at Mr. [George] Stonehouse, your neighbour.

Is there not in Young such a line as, I think, what is the name, “Through Reason’s wounds alone our faith can die.”⁴ I would like to set them for a motto at the title of my book.

How is your wife, your children, and my goddaughter?⁵ Greet them from me. And say to Sally that I beg her to learn to write well enough to be able to reply to me, if I write a letter to her to ask her if she knows what I promised on her behalf as her baptism.

Farewell.

Address: “To / The Revd. Mr. Charles Wesley / at Charles’s Street / Bristol.”

¹Fletcher had just returned from a trip to his native Switzerland.

²See Fletcher to CW, May 20, 1769; the eventual book was *Appeal to Matter of Fact and Common Sense; or, A Rational Demonstration of Man’s Corrupt and Lost Estate* (Bristol: Pine, 1772).

³James Ireland, of Bristol.

⁴Edward Young, *Night Thoughts*, Night Four (using “thy faith”). Fletcher used this quote as the motto for *Appeal* (1772).

⁵Sarah Wesley Jr.

Postmark: “Worcester.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Fletcher / Aug. 10. 1770.”

Source: holograph (in French); MARC, MA 1977/495/33.⁶

⁶A close transcription of the French original, showing Fletcher’s original spelling, cross-outs, and the like is available in Forsaith, *Labours*, 249–50. We give here, with revisions in style, Forsaith’s English translation (pp. 250–52).

From the Rev. John Fletcher

[Trevecca] Wales
September 1, 1770

My Dear Friend,

I would be most happy to come to see you and to consult both you and your brother on my book, but I am obliged to go back to Shropshire. Perhaps I will see you before the winter?

I am so pressed that I do not have the time to write to my goddaughter at present,¹ nor barely to you. However, I am taking the opportunity to ask you to assure your brother of my respects and of my affection, as well as the sadness caused me by the distance which I see between Lady Huntingdon and him.² I have done what I could to banish the prejudices which seem to cause it, but I could not succeed. I have said that it was the young men and myself who had invited him to come spend some time here. My Lady does not wish that her students preach in connection with your preachers at Brecknock, for reasons which seem to her important. A legal perfection frightens her, and seems to her a monster as terrible as dangerous. Some misunderstandings in respect of the chapel at Bath make her fear that you seek only your own interest, or that you have some intentions in the matter. Time will sort out these matters. For myself, who only enters into divisions and disputes to endeavour to bring them to an end, I am the servant of both and would esteem myself happy to be able to demonstrate it by these actions. Meanwhile I assure you that I am with a Christian devotion.

Your poor friend in Christ,

J. Fletcher

Address: "To / Mr. Charles Wesley."

Endorsement: by CW, "[[Fletcher September]] 1. 1770."

Source: holograph (in French); MARC, MA 1977/495/34.³

¹Sarah Wesley Jr.

²Tension between JW and LH had simmered for some time. At his annual Conference with his preachers in early Aug. 1770, JW supported (and likely wrote) a set of comments that are anti-Calvinist in tone (see *Works*, 10:392–94). Likely in response to hearing about the discussion, LH withdrew an invitation extended for JW to preach at Trevecca (see JW to LH, Aug. 10, 1770, *Works*, 28:302). Their relationship would be torn further by the death of Whitefield, and what many of Whitefield's friends considered the audacity of JW preaching the official funeral sermon for Whitefield. Reacting to such criticism, JW wrote a frank letter to LH that apparently charged her with an inflated sense of self-importance, etc. While this letter is not known to survive, JW gives some sense of its contents in his letter to Joseph Benson, Nov. 30, 1770 (*Works*, 28:326–28).

³A close transcription of the French original, showing Fletcher's original spelling, cross-outs, and the like is available in Forsaith, *Labours*, 253. We give here, with revisions in style, Forsaith's English translation (pp. 253–54).

From Anne (Stone) Barnard¹

Bovagh near Coleraine²
November 1, 1770

Reverend Sir,

Your letter of the 17th of October did not reach me till the 28th,³ as I had left Dublin the 9th to spend the winter in this country, in hopes of being of some service to my son, by taking some care of his three small children, who have lost a careful, prudent, and affectionate mother.

I thank you most sincerely for offering me so many motives for acquiescence and consolation, which I bless God I can take comfort in. And when I look back upon the great share of blessings showered upon our family, I dare not harbour a complaining thought for any check or disappointment. On the contrary, I have very often dreaded the share of good things which have hitherto fallen to my lot, lest they should justly be accounted to me as my portion, which I beseech God to avert!

I must earnestly entreat and beseech you to be remembered in your prayers! I am confounded at your doubting whether you have the Spirit of grace and supplication. You who have such uncommon gifts to direct and assist others! O who cannot fail of the prayers and blessings of these whom you have taught and assisted to praise and pray in the most lively and exalted style. I sincerely profess that I never fail to desire a blessing from above upon the author, whenever I apply to your writings for instruction, correction, or delight; and I doubt not there are many more daily doing the like.

I have great satisfaction in what you tell me of your son [CW Jr.]. I think the subject he is now upon a vast source of pleasure, and the poor author I know was a believer, though he was driven out of the way by strong passions and strange weaknesses.⁴ Even in that exalted performance there are some things so low and trivial as should by right be omitted, and forgot—a dialogue between sin and death, as if they were taunting at each other. He had people about him that would betray him into absurdities, in order to ridicule him. He told the Bishop of Derry he would never set any words attune but what were upon sacred subjects; and the next thing offered to him was Congreve's *Semele*, which is a most shocking, vile, profane composition.⁵ When my Lord reproached him for prostituting his art and breaking his resolution, he said he had applied to one who recommended the poem as proper for an oratorio. Yet this man in the part of *Messiah* ("I know that my redeemer liveth"; "Comfort ye my people"; "Every valley"; "He was despised"; and some of the choruses: "Wonderful!", "Counsellor!", "King of king", "Hallelujah"), and many more parts, carries the mind above anything in this world. And I know from himself his subject exalted him. My sincere love and service attend Mrs. Wesley and your son. I wish I knew how I could testify my sincere regard to them and to yourself, and hope you will ever esteem me

Your obliged and faithful friend and servant

Barnard

My best respects attend Mr. John Wesley when you have opportunity to offer them.

Address: "Revd. Mr C: Wesley."

Endorsement: "Nov. 1. 1770 / M[rs]. Barnard / Answered".

Source: holograph; MARC, DDWes 2/69.

¹Anne (Stone) Barnard (1699–1782) was the widow of William Barnard (1697–1768), Bishop of Derry. She was currently living with her son Rev. Henry Barnard (1728–93), who had lost his first wife.

²Where her son Henry Barnard was rector

³See CW to Anne (Stone) Barnard, Oct. 17, 1770.

⁴Charles Jr. was immersing himself in the works of George Frederick Handel (1685–1759).

⁵Handel's adaptation of Congreve's *Semele* was first performed in February 1744.

Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[London]
November 4–6, 1770

My dearest sister Wesley's favour by Miss [Louisa] Darby was very acceptable.¹ And though it bore a long date, we all rejoiced to see the bearer of it, from whom we had a particular account of each of our dear friends and was thankful to hear she left you all in health, which blessing I trust will long be continued.

Many have been taken off here, as well as in Bristol, with a putrid fever; amongst them poor Miss Ashley (that was), which I believe is the only one you had any knowledge of. I wished they had had Mr. Shirley,² who has hitherto been blessed with success, and on my mentioning your hint, he kindly offered his manner of treating his patients for me to convey to you, and hope it may be useful to many. He is at present attending poor sister [Elizabeth] Waller, who has had a return of her old disorder, but hope the worst is over. She received a few lines by last night's post from brother Duke,³ just to acquaint her of dear aunt Harvey's death,⁴ which Aunt Juggy⁵ desired him to do; otherwise have no reason to imagine he would have thought us worthy of his notice. We had no intelligence of Miss Popkin's marriage⁶ but what the public papers gave. I fear she has been hasty in her choice, though much is to be said in her favour.

We have neither seen or heard anything of Mrs. [Martha] Gumley since I wrote last, which I wonder at, unless Molly has left her and got into another service,⁷ for the both seemed tired of each other. When brother [James] Waller returns from France (which we expect will be next week) I shall desire him to enquire after the former.

Monday, November 6.

I intended [to send] this by Saturday's post, but Mr. [Thomas] Shirley disappointing me in the promised prescription prevented my finishing it. As franks are scarce, which on the whole I am not sorry for, having it in my power to assure you that sister Waller is surprizingly recovered within these two days and able to get down again. Also that brother Waller returned safe and well to us last night, though a little fatigued after his journey. They beg to join me in kind love to brother Wesley, yourself, and the dear children. Tom and Becky desire their duty and love (as due to each).⁸

I must add (though I am sure you'll be sorry to hear) that poor little Flora⁹ died about a fortnight ago. How much it fretted us you may easily guess, knowing what a favourite she was with us all. But for the future [I] shall spare myself a trouble of that kind.

¹This letter is not known to survive.

²Thomas Shirley (1729–1805), a surgeon living and practising in Islington.

³Marmaduke Gwynne Jr.

⁴Anne (Gwynne) Harvey, the widow of Rev. George Harvey, died Oct. 29, 1770.

⁵Joan Gwynne (1703–86).

⁶Rebecca Eleanora Popkin (1748–99) married Lewes Watkin (b. 1737) in Aug. 1770.

⁷Mary ("Molly") Maund (d. 1780), a servant of Martha Gumley, was currently watching over the Wesley family home on Great Chesterfield Street. See Rebecca Gwynne to SGW, Dec. 3, 1770. She later became a servant in the Waller household.

⁸Thomas and Rebecca Waller, children of James and Elizabeth (Gwynne) Waller.

⁹Likely a pet.

I hope soon to hear from you, and shall be glad to know when you expect cousin Molly's return to Bristol,¹⁰ or whether you've lately heard from her. Miss Darby told me she seemed very low-spirited, which I am sorry for.

I remain my dearest sister's
Ever affectionate and obliged,

R. Gwynne

Our kind respects wait on dear Mrs. [Elizabeth] Vigor and every enquiring friend.

Source: holograph; Duke, Rubenstein, Frank Baker Collection of Wesleyana, Box WF 4.

¹⁰She may be referring Mary (Gwynne) Leyson, or possibly Mary Musgrove.

From Lady Gertrude (Stanhope) Hotham

London
November 13 [1770]

My Dear Friend in the Lord Jesus,

Indeed I sympathize so much with you in the unspeakable loss we have sustained, that I feel much more than I can express, and our only alleviation is that our loss is his gain.¹ Never did I see so awful, so solemn an assembly as were gathered together last Sunday at Tottenham Court Chapel, where out of five thousand I believe there was scarce a hundred that could refrain from tears. And indeed Captain Joss's sermon on the occasion was a most awful² one and very applicable.³

But next Sunday, he gave notice in the pulpit, your brother Mr. John [Wesley] was to preach his funeral sermon,⁴ according to the agreement made between them in their lifetime that which ever should survive the other should pay that last tribute of friendship as a public testimony of their mutual regards. And I propose, please God, to be a witness of it—notwithstanding the crowd I imagine will be so great as to make it very difficult to get into the chapel.

But as this is too tender a subject with me to dwell any longer upon, I shall conclude with my hearty prayer that we may so follow him as he followed Christ,⁵ as to be made partakers with him in glory. Oh my friend, pray that whensoever I am summoned I may be enabled to say, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."⁶ Amen.

Ever yours in the Lord,

G. H.

Our friends in St. James's Place join with me in love and best wishes to you and yours.⁷

Address: "To / The Revd. Mr. Chs. Wesley / Charles Street / Bristol."

Postmark: "13/NO."

Endorsement: by CW, "[[Lady Gertrude of George Nov]] 13" and "Lady Gertrude / of G. Whd.'s Funeral / Nov. 13."

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/502/2/21.

¹George Whitefield died Sept. 30, 1770 in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Word had now reached England.

²Used in sense of "full of awe."

³Torial Joss (1731–97), a converted sea-captain, was one of the preachers Whitefield left in charge at the Tabernacle and Tottenham Chapel when he left for North America. Hotham spells "Joyce."

⁴See JW, *On the Death of George Whitefield, Works*, 2:330–47.

⁵See 1 Cor. 11:1.

⁶Cf. Rev. 22:20.

⁷Bridget Carteret and Anne (Carteret) Cavendish

Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[London]
[c. November 20 1770]

[earlier missing ...] she has quitted Marylebone, and is at one Mr. Weatherills, a coach and house painter in Margaret Street, Cavendish Square. I should imagine it is neither safe or right that brother Wesley's should be left quite empty,¹ especially if he has thoughts of being there in February, which in the general is the coldest part of the year. We all truly sympathized in the loss of dear Mr. [George] Whitefield. And Mrs. Heron, with myself, had a great desire to hear Mr. Wesley preach his funeral sermon.² [We] got to the [Tottenham Court] chapel sometime before service began, but to our great disappointment were obliged with hundreds beside to get to another church, such a concourse of people I never saw before. Mrs. Beckman with great difficulty got in by the assistance of an officer who came with Lady Gertrude Hotham.

Becky is too much engaged at present to answer dear Charley's letter,³ though she knows I have a frank, but say she certainly will by our friend Mrs. Heron, who intends setting out for Bristol the latter end of this week. Brother [James] Waller accompanies her the first day's journey, and a friend from thence is to meet her on the second. We beg and entreat that you will visit, and be free with her, for she is a worthy woman whom we greatly love and regard.

Cousin Popkin⁴ is in town and [... portion of manuscript missing]

Mrs. Heron, who proposes being at Bristol on Saturday, says she'll call on you this day sevensnight, if the weather will permit. She is one of no ceremony, thought at first acquaintance a little shy, which will require a little freedom on your side. I am sure we will miss her much.

Source: holograph; Duke, Rubenstein, Frank Baker Collection of Wesleyana, Box WF 4.

¹I.e., the house of Great Chesterfield St. in London.

²JW preached the funeral sermon for Whitefield on Nov. 18, 1770 at both the Tabernacle and Tottenham Court Chapel in London; see JW, *Journal, Works*, 22:259.

³This letter of CW Jr. to Rebecca Waller is not known to survive.

⁴Thomas Popkin (1719–72) of Forest Fychan, son of Rebecca (Evans) Popkin.

From Selina (Shirley) Hastings, Countess of Huntingdon

Colton(?)
November 28, 1770

I thank you for your kind consideration of me.¹ I am glad my friend David(?) went before me, and that that voice had arose in his heart that very often does in mine: “Lord remember thy poor widow and *all* her troubles.” All I can say [is] it is the narrow way and life is in it.² I hope it will be no matter of dispute between you and your brother on my account.³ O no! I have cast my care on him that I know careth for *me* and he shall not fail to lead aright through the fire and the water. To be wholly the Lord’s has, I trust, been my object only. And this I cannot fail while the pardon of grace remains in the Saviour’s compassionate heart for such a poor, vile sinner. This your brother cannot take from me, because it is the only good part which I have chose.

For that reason I have reason to bless the Lord for all “you shall tread upon serpents and scorpions and . . . and they shall not hurt you.”⁴ The poison loses their intended venom. I wish I could say anything to add to the best impressions of my late dear friend Mr. [George] Whitefield. One part of his character ever the most to be admired by me was the most artless mind—an Israelite indeed in whom was no guile.⁵ Many private and many important transactions in which I have in the most particular manner attended to, and from my whole soul believe there is not one soul living either in temporals or spirituals he ever *meant* to deceive for *any* purpose. And that it was his great point ever in godly sincerity and simplicity to have his whole life approved in this world. No prospect of pretended good could make him do evil. This is my testimony of him in this respect. I account for this from the clear revelation of Jesus Christ to his soul by the Holy Ghost. This and this only true knowledge of God can have such effects. In this the eminence of his whole character with me consisted. I *knew* he knew what few if any know of that Lord they profess. It was not words but power and real knowledge of the only thing worth knowing, to know the only true God, etc.—which most others talk about and I fear that is all, or in such a degree of light that neither makes their misery or his mercy sufficiently clear for either their being Christians or well being as such. All at the bottom had a single eye for the Lord, and whatever was mistaken for this end was deficiency in judgment considered rationally or temporally. Anyone that knew as well as I his true spiritual knowledge of eternal things must be absolutely sure of this.

I lament more of this did not appear; but from the dark state of the church I believe, nay am sure. He thought his ministry might be more generally useful by the measure of light he let shine. His intercourse with the Lord was ext(…⁶) and therefore void of vanity or enthusiasm (….) was a certain matter, and he died as he had long lived, knowing *him* who heard him in his last cry to him. My dear friend, believe me there is little of this life in the world though it is the whole of *all* religion. And this every hour does certainly prove to me, it is everything, this present time, *but actually knowing* the Lord. Pains, pride, etc. pass for this, but nothing can be further from the point.

¹CW had written LH twice after learning of the death of George Whitefield; see Seymour, *Huntingdon*, 2:237. While Seymour saw these letters, their current location or survival is unknown.

²Cf. Matt. 7:14.

³Referring to the growing criticism in Calvinist Methodist circles, led by LH, of the *Minutes* of the 1770 Conference.

⁴Luke 10:19.

⁵See John 1:47.

⁶A small portion is torn away by the wax seal.

May many be the cry of every soul for this blessing. These are my best hints, as they came most under my own knowledge, and for which my heart was unalterably attached to him and I trust ever will be. My love to dear Mrs. Wesley. Thank her for her kind sympathy. I am, my dear sir,

Your truly affectionate friend and servant,

S. H.

Address: “To / The Revd Mr Charles / Wesley in / Charles Street / Bristol.”

Endorsement: by CW, “Nov. 28. 1770 / L. H. [[for brother]]/”

Source: holograph; MARC, MA 1977/504/1/79; Tyson, 111–12.

Rebecca Gwynne to Sarah (Gwynne) Wesley

[London]
December 3, 1770

I attempted an acknowledgment of my dearest sister Wesley's favour when Becky wrote,¹ but had such a trembling in my hand that I was obliged to lay my pen down again, and continued very low near a fortnight together. Sister [Elizabeth] Waller also has been very indifferent since last Thursday sevensnight, with an inflamed throat, a pain in her chest, which has lowered her spirits more than ever she experienced in the many and severe illnesses she has gone through before; though Mr. [Thomas] Shirley has all along assured her there is not the least danger. She slept tolerably last night, and we hope in a few days she'll quite get the better of it.

Your letter to Molly Maund by Friday sevensnights post, brother [James] Waller took to your house on the Sunday following. For as we did not know but that Mrs. [Martha] Gumley might be there, [I] did not choose to send it by an indifferent hand. He found the house locked up, therefore called at the next door, where it seems she had left the key that morning, and with them he left your letter. Which I suppose she has answered ere this, but by a person who called here a few days ago [I] find [...]²

[...] has visited us twice, but not a syllable has passed concerning his daughter, for James Powell (who came with him the first time) begged it might not be mentioned, which was a sufficient hint to us for the future.

Poor Mr. Pemberton was here on Saturday.³ He has again been very ill with a return of his fever, and [I] greatly fear he'll never be capable of doing the least business. His poor wife [Elizabeth] is also sadly distressed about her journey woman, who is taken with the small pox and obliged to be put into the hospital. One comfort is that her business rather increases, and she labors hard for bread. When Lady Robert [Manners] comes to town, [I] hope you'll yet use your endeavors to have her put on the compassionate list, for she is surely an object that calls for pity.

Brother Waller talks of sending us to Bath after Christmas, which on my sister's account I wish may be the case. And if it is so, and that dear Charley [Jr.] is to come up, hope we may travel together.

We all join in love to my dear brother, yourself, and the children. I remain, my dearest sister,
Ever yours etc.,

Reb. Gwynne

Duke University, Rubenstein Library, Frank Baker Wesleyana Collection, Box WF4

¹The letter from SGW to Rebecca Gwynne is not known to survive.

²The first leaf ends here and it appear one or more leaves which should follow are missing.

³Roger Pemberton (c. 1725–72) married SGW's cousin Elizabeth Leyson (c. 1725–1800) in 1750.

From the Rev. John Fletcher

[Trevecca]
Sunday, December 16, 1770

My Dear Friend,

It is time that we awoke. Death is at the door. I thought to see you at Bristol, providence sends me back to Madeley. Mr. [James] Ireland is passing by and I cannot let him depart without assuring you that I sincerely wish you all that I could desire for myself. I have just answered Mrs. [Ann] Power's question, who lives at Mr. Ireland's house: "What is that evangelical faith of which you speak that you do not have, and that gift of the Holy Spirit which is the baptism of the true Christian?"¹ I do not have the time to copy my ideas that I have tossed rapidly onto paper. She will communicate them. I pray you to say to me what you think of them.

Mr. [George] Whitefield certainly had his baptism. But new baptisms are necessary from time to time. Compare Acts 2 and Acts 4. The more the magnet rubs the needle, the more magnetised it becomes. Why did you not follow the Lord for another baptism, and by his Spirit dwelling within you, when he once gave you an earnest of that happy day of Pentecost that you have not forgotten. Well then, Jonah, sleeper, why do you not cry to your God for the Spirit of resurrection and of life which must enter again into the witnesses who are dead, or sleeping.

The Lord be with you. Pray for me, who is as usual,
Your feeble unworthy servant,

J. Fletcher

Endorsement: by CW, "Fletcher / Dec. 16. 1770."

Source: holograph (in French); MARC, MA 1977/495/35.²

¹Fletcher's letter to Mrs. Power is not known to survive.

²A close transcription of the French original, showing Fletcher's original spelling, cross-outs, and the like is available in Forsaith, *Labours*, 257. We give here, with revisions in style, Forsaith's English translation (p. 258).