

A

L E T T E R

From the Rev. Mr. James Davenport, to Mr. Jonathan Barber Preacher of the Gospel at Bethelda in Georgia: Published with the free Consent of Mr. Davenport.

Very dear Brother,

YOU have I perceive, sustain'd the Loss of a dear Creature-Comfort, your little Daughter. I rejoyce to hear that the Lord hath not only supported you under this Affliction, but given his Blessing with it to your dear Soul. Hath not the Lord, dear *Jonathan*, much more than made up the Loss of Himself; while the Stream failing, he hath refilled your Soul, and filled it up to the Brim at the Fountain-Head, with others of his dear Children, of whom he hath graciously and gloriously increased the Number among you of Late, • as I understand by your kind Letter.

Blessed, yea, blessed for evermore be the
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• There was, the Spring before the Date of this Letter, a Revival of Religion at Bethels, where there were Ten or Twelve hopefully converted.

great and worthy Name of our Immanuel! Well! Glory to free pure Grace: The Wilderness is become a fruitful Field, and made to blossom as the Rose: *The Rose of Sharon* appears in transcendent Glory. Lo! now the Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone, the Flowers of Grace appear, the *Time of the singing of Birds*, young Converts, sweet Birds of Paradise is come, and there they are chirping forth the Praises of the Lamb on the Boughs of free Grace; and the *Voice of the Turtle*, the blessed Spirit is heard in your, as well as in our Land: This is the more refreshing to me, as the dear Lord himself drew out my Soul much, (I believe for more than a Month) the latter End of last Winter, and beginning of the Spring, that he would give you, my dear Brother, much Assistance, Comfort, and Success &c. as I wrote to you in a Letter about that Time. Oh! He is a Prayer-hearing, a Wonder-working God! He makes his Name appear glorious and excellent indeed! *Glory to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Amen.*

The Letter that comes inclos'd to you, beloved *Barber*, from our dear Brother T--- was perused by me when it came to Hand; that I might find out what remained for me to write,

write, and I am glad he has given you some Hints of what has pass'd, and somewhat particularly: But a full Narration must be left untold till we see one another here below, or meet in the Upper-House; just as our Father pleases: But if it be his holy Will, I should indeed be glad, my dear Brother, yea very glad to see you again while we are in this World. Oh my dear Brother! When will you come over to your longing and loving Brother *Davenport*, and others that are dear to you? The Lord give me to wait, and you to come in his Time.

But to return, I would add to what Brother T--- has written on the awful Affair of Books and Cloaths at *New-London*, which affords Grounds of deep and lasting Humiliation. It was, to my Shame be it spoken, the Ringleader in that horrid Action. I was, my dear Brother, under the powerful Influence of the false Spirit, almost one whole Day together, and Part of several Days. The Lord shewed me afterwards that the Spirit I was then acted by, was in its Operations void of true inward Peace, prompting me to lay the greatest Stress on Externals, to neglect the Heart, to be full of Impatience, Pride, and Arrogance: Although I thought

thought in the Time of it that 'twas the Spirit of God in a high Degree, (awful indeed!) My Body, especially my Leg were much disordered at the same Time, which Satan and my evil Heart might make some Handle of. When the Lord shewed me and my Brethren T.--- and S.---our Sin, he disposed us to a free and full Confession. Presently upon it a Light shone into my Soul, discovering the Wisdom of God in leaving us, and me particularly to fall; that however Shame belonged to me, yet Glory to him for his Wisdom especially; but this Light I soon shut my Eyes against, because it was sweet, I could not bear it. I thought, having committed so grievous a Sin, I must have much more Bitter, before I had any Sweet. Thus I tried to be humbled, crying in my Soul for more Weight, seeking after a legal Repentance; and thus I continued from some Part of the Forenoon, till near Night. Although this sweet and pleasant Light was offered to my Soul almost or quite all the Time; but I durst not admit it for the Reason aforesaid: Yet at last it increased to that degree, and became so powerful that I could withstand no longer, I was constrained to praise the Lord, especially for his Wisdom, in
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leaving me to fall as I did. At the same Time my Sin in falling appear'd ne'er the less, but indeed more odious and Abominable; but still I must praise the Lord, while I condemn'd and loath'd my self. The dear and merciful Lord took from me a legal Spirit of Heaviness and gave me a Garment of Praise; and I found Gospel Repentance to be quite another Thing than I imagined in my legal Frame, viz. to take Part with the Lord fully against my self. He gave me truly to loath what I had done, and my self for it; and he made me willing if it was his Pleasure, and for his Glory to be stoned by the whole World together, not to make Attonement, but in Testimony against, and Abhorrence of the Sin; yet still I must praise the Lord if I went thro' Hell to him, I must praise, I could not bear to refrain from that one Minute. I believe most of God's dear Children around could not receive it, that I should enjoy the Lord so soon after so awful a Fall. However the Lord purified my Comforts in this Way, and I could not wonder at them, having been my self just before in the same legal Frame and Track. Quickly after one told me, he believed I had confess'd that to be the false Spirit that was the true, I gave
heed

heed to him, and presently began to murmur against the Lord, and felt about a Quarter of an Hour, as if I was sinking into the Belly of Hell; but the Lord in great Love came again and brought to my Soul a sweet and powerful Sense of his Wisdom in leaving me to fall; that I might thus be purged of idolizing my self, others of God's Children purged of idolizing me, Hypocrites also discovered, yea, and the Elect converted; while others are hardened in righteous Judgment, &c.

Thus was my poor ill deserving Soul in Free Grace refresh'd for a Day together, and sometimes even feasted. The next Day I felt still, but had not so much Sweetness, but the Day after, the Wisdom, Power, Love and Faithfulness of God shone in clearly and warmly together on my Soul from Morning to Night. In the Afternoon in those Words, *He doeth all Things well!* Thus was my Soul fed, yea sometimes filled with Comfort, while my dear Brethren that fell with, or rather after me, who had not been near so guilty as I, were filled with racking Distress, Darkness and Temptations. Oh my Brother! This was sovereign Grace indeed! By this Time my complicated Disease was come near to a Crisis: For I had
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the long Fever on me, and the Cancry Humour broken out in one Leg, raw and swol'n round and over it from my Knee to my Foot at the same Time, and running Friday Night and after, near the Middle of *March*, I believe I may say Quarts in some Hours; and now for a Day together I expected nothing but to die, and that soon; all about me expected the same. But Oh! my dear Brother, I can't tell you in Words, how refreshing this was to my Soul; although I concluded it would be look'd upon by the World, and even by most Christians as an immediate Judgment of Heaven, and that so I should die in their Eyes as a Hypocrite and Malefactor: Yet, blessed be God, I think this did not at all damp, but sweetly purify my Joy, my Evidences for Heaven, thro' pure rich Grace, were then clear without Doubt, and a secret inexpressible Thirst for Eternity given and continued to my unworthy Soul most of the Time with much Composure, sometimes with Rapture. Oh! my beloved Brother, you must think, for I can't tell you how I felt, when I thought thus; Oh! am I indeed within a few Days, or a few Hours of Eternity, blessed Eternity! What so near the End of my Course here? And especially,
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am I so near the End of all Sin, that which my Soul could not bear, and longed to be freed from above any Thing else! Difficulties and Troubles seem'd as nothing in comparison of it! Oh! am I so near pure and perfect Glory above! Oh I shall then be like my glorious God, and dear Redeemer? *For I shall see him as he is, &c. I shall sin no more, no more for ever, &c.* Here let your Soul Fire in Meditation and joyn with me in Praise to the blessed Father, Son and Spirit, *Amen!* Once indeed I was thought by some to be actually dying, when I was just a fainting. I did not think I was going then, but I hop'd in a few more such Turns that I should take a clear Flight to the Realms of Glory. It seem'd to be a Foretaste of Death, and I had presently a Foretaste of Glory, which the Children of God enter into in a Moment, when they leave their Bodies and this World. Oh! What heavenly Light and ravishing Joys broke in then upon my Soul! *Blessed be the Lord for evermore.*

But the Lord was pleased to order me to return, and tho' it was truly hard, the Lord enabled me to say, *Thy Will be done.* I seem'd indeed to those about me, as one rising from the Dead, particularly to Brother S---and T---
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and the Lord comforted my Soul with a fresh Sense of that Word in *Heb. 11. 12. Therefore sprang there even of one, and him as good as dead, &c.* Also the Lord set home that Word powerfully, and caused a feeling Sense of it to continue near a Month together; *Go tell the Disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee.* As if the Lord had said himself, *Go, tell my Disciples that have forsaken me, and Peter that has denied me in a most awful Manner, tell them, &c. Tell Peter the guiltiest of all, the vilest of all, comfort his drooping Soul, let him be distinguished by Grace, free sovereign Grace, tho' he has distinguished himself by Sin; call him by Name, tell him I go before him into Galilee with my comfortable and successful Presence, let him stand up in the Day of Pentecost, and speak, let my Power go forth and Three Thousand be converted &c.*

Thus was my poor Soul refreshed and satisfied, that the dear Jesus would further comfort and improve me, *would go before me, &c.* Oh! My Brother, never did I behold so clearly and so sensibly apprehend the Lord's sovereign Grace with respect to his Children, the most back-sliding of them, as at this Time I am speaking of; and then for near a Month,
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and at sometimes since, *Glory to God alone.* The Lord Jesus was also pleased to give a fixed, solid and sensible Union to his Children where ever they were, and what ever their Frames might be, or their Thoughts or Treatment of me, be it ever so wrong (they then being to be pitied) I say, Union to them as and because they were Fellow Members of the same Body of Jesus, more purely I think, than ever before: And blessed be God, this was a great Support and Comfort to me in the uncommon Trials I met with from the Children of God at that Time. Say of me, or do with me what they would, still I must love them dearly, inexpressibly; and if they pull'd from me, they seem'd to pull the Heart-Strings of Love the tighter; my very Soul thro' Grace lov'd them and pitied them, and those dear Christians, that spake and acted most against me, I think I may say thro, rich Grace, were made as dear, if not dearer to my Soul than any, *Glory to God!* Had it not been so, my Trials wou'd have been exceeding cutting. Thus the Lord stood by me, and strengthened me, and comforted me a vile Mortal: blessed be his Name forevermore, who so wonderfully display'd his Covenant-Love and Faithfulness,

Faithfulness, even to the most backsliding of his Children.

Oh! My dearly beloved Brother, the Lord give you to take Warning by this terrible Fall and give you *to watch and pray that you enter not into Temptation.* Oh be humble thro Grace, and be not proud of the Gifts and Graces, the Assistance and Success the Lord has given or may give you, take no Part of the Glory to your self, neither lean to your own Understanding. Oh! be not wise above what is written, nor ever leave the sacred unerring Oracles of Truth. The dear Lord save you from Extremes on both Sides the Path of Duty, and continue his Presence, yea fill you still more with his Spirit, and give you Grace for Grace. *Grace, That you may rightly improve, and not sadly abuse, the Grace that he gives, &c.* The Lord bless you my dear Brother, and bless these mournful and yet joyful Lines to you and to any other that may hear them. Do write to me as soon and as often as you can, or rather let me see you Face to Face, that we may speak about Jesus together, and I trust he will come in the Midst and say, *Peace unto you.*— I can't but hope, if my dear Brother *Whitefield* return, and it be the Lord's Will, I may

See you in these Parts in the Spring, or soon after. *The Lord's will be done.*

These Lines come fill'd with Love to you, and the dear Children of God with you. Tell those poor Orphans and others that are unconverted, I long for them to come to Christ without Delay: For, *If they don't come to Christ and believe on him, they must be damned and burnt in Hell for ever.* Mat. 16. 16. John 3. 16. Dreadful indeed! Oh! Jesus offers Mercy freely, (*John 7. 37.*) and can they bear to stay behind in this glorious Time, when others thro' Grace are flocking to Christ, and longing for them. (*Luke 7. 41, 32.*) You may improve upon this with them, as the Lord may enable you.

The good Lord bless it to their dear precious Souls! When Brother *Whitefield* returns, give much *Love* to him, and desire him to pray, and join with him in praying for

Your poor fallen Brother, yet mercifully treated in our dear and blessed IMMANUEL.

Maidenhead, in N. Jersey,

Nov. 30, 1743.

James Davenport.

Extracts

Extracts of a Letter from Mr. Jonathan Barber, to the Rev. Mr. Davenport, in Answer to the Foregoing.

My very dear Brother Davenport,

JOYN with me in giving Glory to the Name of our GOD, for what he has been doing among us at *Bethesda* of late, as well as formerly. Surely your Heart must leap for Joy, when you hear what the Lord has done for us, and that he made use of you as an Instrument. Indeed, we have had a Spring of new, and very wonderful Delights. This desert Land is made to rejoyce and blossom like a Rose. We have seen somewhat of the Glory of the Lord and the Excellency of our God. He is indeed excellent in Working. Oh! that I could suitably admire and set forth his Work unto you. When you read, you must think what you have seen in Time past, and may the Lord give you a lively and refreshing Sense thereof. For some Months past there has been some Stir among the dry Bones in this Valley.---

Valley.----Several were awakened and made to cry earnestly after the Lord. And about a Month ago, one of our Labourers was hopefully converted, a Man of about forty Years of Age.

The last Day of last Month, I receiv'd Yours from *Maidenhead* of the 30th of *November* last, for which I thank you. I read it over to some of my Friends that Evening; but being some what wearied in Body, having been abroad all Day, I found no Disposition to deliver your Message in publick that Night; but the next Evening. I thought I must do it, and so took your Letter in my Pocket when I went to Prayers, and after Prayers, I read about a Page and Half at the Beginning, and delivered the Message at the latter End, and as the Lord enabled, I did enlarge upon it both to the Converted and Unconverted, and the Hearts of some of God's Children were warmed and some others cried out under Concern. After Publick Worship was over, they got together in another Room, and the Spark was soon kindled into a Flame.----The Love of God was shed abroad in many Hearts, and they sang Braile to free Grace. One and another came running to me telling me how the Lord had revived

revived their Souls. You will have a Taste of their Loves by the Letters they have sent you, and I hope you will write them an Answer as soon as you can. But my Brother, I have not told you the one Half yet. The same Night that the Children of God were revived, was a Night of God's Power to four poor Souls. I can't particularly relate to you the Manner of their Conversion, it was very evident and wonderful to all around, most of the Night was spent in Prayer and Praise. Oh! How sweet was it, your Experience must Witness? The next Morning, another young Woman, that had been crying with the Rest the Night before, was brought out of Darkness into marvellous Light.---Most of that Day and the next, many Souls were filled with the Love of God, some were even overcome with the Power and Sweetness thereof.

In the Day of God's Power his People shall be willing. Some Days past we have had no great Stirring, what the Lord has further to do here, I know not. I can't yet tell, whether the Lord will let me leave *Bethesda*, but Time will discover what the Will of the Lord is.

(16)

I thank you my dear Brother, for your loving and seasonable Warning, may the Lord enable me to take it, and keep me from falling. Blessed be God that he has humbled and raised you up again. Your Letter upon that Head is very pleasing to me and others. I hope and trust it will be a Means of your standing more steady, not in your own but the Lord's Strength, but I can't dwell upon it. May the Lord keep us both from a sinful conformity to the World: For what Communion hath Light with Darknes. May the Lord abundantly bless your Labours where you are, and wherever he sends you. How glad should I be to see you; let me hear from you as often as you can.

from your loving Brother,
Bethesda, March 10, Jonathan Barber.

1743-4.

P. S. My dear Brother,

I must add a few Lines in haste to let you know, that our dear Lord is carrying on his Work among us still. Many have been comforted, and two Women that came here from *Savannah* under Concern, were converted last Week, what the Lord will do, I know not.

Pray

(17)

Pray for us still, my dear Brother, and accept Love once more from my dear Wife and from your Brother,

March 10, 1743-4.

J. Barber.

There being a Reference made in the foregoing Letter, to some others from several of the Orphans at Bethesda, it's thought proper to subjoyn them thereto, which are as follows.

A Letter from ----- to the Rev Mr. Davenport.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IT has been upon my Mind to let you know what the sweet Lord Jesus has done for my Soul. Indeed, he has done great and marvellous Things for me, blessed be his holy NAME. He brought me out of my native Land, and brought me to this House of Mercy. Soon after I came here, at Times I was under some Concern about my poor Soul, but it would soon wear off. At the Death of dear Mr. Barber's Child, the Lord was pleas'd to renew my Convictions again, and made me cry out, *What shall I do to be*

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saved.

saved. I continued in great Distress about Six Months; and one Sabbath at Meeting, my Soul was in great Anguish, so that I cried out. I continued so till the *Friday* following, and could not rest Night nor Day, then did I see that if the Lord had not Mercy upon me, I must go to Hell, it was but what I deserv'd, yea I deserv'd a Thousand Hells: But when I was stripp'd of my own Righteousness, then the Lord put on me the Robe of Christ's Righteousness: Yea, he passed by me, and saw me polluted in my Blood, and said unto me *live*, and I did live. Then did he afford unto me that Peace, *which passeth all Understanding*, and the Joy of his free Spirit. O What a Love did I then feel to God and all his Children! Indeed my Soul was ravished at God's free Grace that had chosen me, and left Thousands to perish for ever. Then did I think that I would never be sorry any more; but lest I should be exalted above Measure, the Lord saw fit to hide himself behind the Wall, and then did I think, that *My Lord had forsaken me, and my God had forgotten me.* But O! He has shewed me that *those that he has once loved, he will love to the End:* For he in loving Kindness visited my Soul again. O blessed

blessed be his holy Name. *He has brought me to his banquetting House, and his Banner over me is Love, yea he stays me with Flaggons, and comforts me with Apples. He is come leaping over the high Mountains, and skipping over the Hills of Separation.* O! What reason have I to praise the Lamb for ever and ever: For he is a forgiving God, he heals all my Backslidings, and loves me freely, not for any Thing in me, but for his own Name's sake. The last Night the Lord stood in the midst of us, and spake Peace to many that were troubled. Indeed, your sweet Letter was a Means of reviving my Soul, I felt such a love for you, that I could have wished to have been with you, that we might praise the Lord together. The Glory of God shone amongst us: O! How does he ride conquering amongst us: For in a very little Time he has been pleased to call to himself five poor Souls, and has comforted many of his dear Children! O! How shall we praise the Lord enough that there is *Peace on the Earth, & good Will towards Men?* Indeed, *this Wilderness is become a fruitful Field, and an Habitation that the Lord delights to dwell in;* both old and young Converts are praising Free Grace, surely the long distressing Winter is past, the Rain is over and gone, the Flowers appear on the Earth.

Earth, The Time of the singing of the Birds is come again, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. Glory! Glory! Be to his Holy Name? How does the Love of Christ revive our Souls! And if so little a Drop revives us here, how shall we be when we come to the Fountain, where we may drink to the full? Dear Sir, I would beg your Prayers for me, that the Lord would keep me humble.

So I remain your unworthy Servant
Bethesda, March 2,

1743-4.

A Letter from _____ to the Rev. Mr. Davenport.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Write these few Lines to you, that you may know, that I am very well in Health, as I hope you are also. I lived in this House of Mercy four Years, and the Lord was pleased to let me know what a miserable Sinner I was, and he made me able to wait upon him. It is nothing but Free Grace in Christ, and not for any Thing we can do, but for his Names Sake, that he should look upon such rebellious Worms of the Dust as we are.
Indeed,

Indeed, It is wonderful that God hath been pleased to look upon so many of us here at *Bethesda*: For the Lord hath brought us out of the *Horrible Pit*, and out of the *Miry Clay*, and he hath set my Feet upon a *Rock*, and hath established my Goings, and he hath put a new Song into my Mouth, even *Praise for evermore*: For he is my *Shepherd*, he maketh me to lie down in *green Pastures*; he maketh me to rest in his *everlasting Arms*. O! Sweet it is to lie in *Jesus's Bosom*? O! I long to leave this *House of Clay*, that I may live with God in a *House not made with Hands eternal in the Heavens*, to sing *Hallelujah's* for evermore. O! What blessed Time it will be, when we all meet together, when we all sing the same Song, even *Praise to the Lamb*, who layed down his *Life* for us, that he might rescue us from going down to the *Pit of everlasting Destruction*. O! What shall we render to him for all his *Goodness* to us, who hath made us meet to be *Partakers* in his *everlasting Kingdom*? O! It is good to be in the *Lord's Family*. The Night before I wrote to you, *Mr. Barber* preach'd upon your Letter. Indeed, the *Word* came with much *Power* upon my *Soul*. O! How sweet it was! It was a sweet Feast unto
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my Soul? Dear Sir, this House is an House of Mercy to many Souls, so it is to me. Dear Sir, your sweet Letter hath stirred up many poor Souls, and hath been a Means of the Conversion of Five, and many of the Children of God were filled with Comfort. And many more *wait at the Pool for the Stirring of the Water.* Dear Sir, I hope you will not take it amiss, because I am a Stranger to you. So no more at present. *Grace, Mercy, and Peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.*

I remain your unworthy

Bethesda March

Servant _____

2, 1743-4.

A Letter from _____ to the Rev. Mr. Davenport.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Must tell you, what the Lord hath been doing among us of late. O! Dear Sir, don't you long to hear good News from the *Orphan-House.*

Indeed, I can tell you, that the Lord has been working wonderfully among us of late. For last Night and this Morning, there was

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no less than five Souls brought out of *Darkness into God's marvellous Light.* Indeed I never saw so much of the Power of God in all my Life Time. It seem'd like Heaven upon Earth. O dear Sir, don't your Soul rejoice to hear such glad Tidings? Last Night Mr. Barber read your sweet Letter that you sent him in publick Worship. O! How sweet is was?

I think I could hear it read a Thousand Times over, it is so sweet. I'm sure the Lord put it into your Heart to write it: For the Lord has been pleased to make it a means of stirring up many Souls to seek after the Lord Jesus Christ, and of comforting all his dear Children. I'm sure the Lord has heard your Prayer for the poor Orphans. You said last Spring you found great Power to pray for this Family. I am perswaded the Lord hath answered your Prayers. Indeed, you brought past Times fresh unto my Mind, when you compared young Christians unto the sweet Birds of Paradise. O! How sweet them Words tasted! The Lord filled my Soul with his sweet Love. Indeed, I can say, that *my beloved is the chiefest among Ten Thousand,* and one altogether lovely. O! there is nothing to

to be compared with him for Loveliness. O!
 Dear Sir. My Heart burns with Love to you.
 Indeed I long to see you, I think, then I could
 tell you better what the Lord has been do-
 ing among us. Indeed, *The Winter is past, the
 Rain is over and gone, the Time of the singing
 of Birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is
 heard in our Land.* O! What glorious Times
 we have in *Bethesda!* We see Souls flocking
 to Christ, *as Doves to their Windows.*

No more at present, I remain your
 unworthy Servant

Bethesda, March

24 1743-4

A Letter from _____ to the Rev. Mr.
 Davenport.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Must tell you what the Lord has been
 doing in this Wilderness for us. O! He
 has been doing wonderful Things at the
Orphan-House. He has made the *Lame to
 leap as an Hart, and the Tongue of the Dumb
 to speak, and the dead to walk!* Dear Sir, Mr.
 Barber

Barber receiv'd your kind Letter the 29th of
 Feb. at Night, and the First of *March* at Night,
 he read some of it in publick Worship; and
 there were some Texts of Scripture, which Mr.
 Barber expounded, and it pricked some to the
 Heart, and made them to cry after the Lord
 Jesus Christ for Mercy; and the Lord heard
 five of them that Night and next Morning;
 and it was a Means of rejoycing many Souls
 to hear how you talked about young Converts,
 and young Birds of Paradise. O! how sweet
 is it to my Soul to hear Souls blessing and
 praising God! O that we may see Converts
 fall as Morning Dew. Oh! what a glo-
 rious Sight that will be to see Souls flying to
 Christ, *as Doves to the Windows.* I see
 some Souls flying to Christ, and resolved to
 stay no longer. Dear Sir, I hope you will
 have many Souls for the Crown of your rejoy-
 cing in the Day of the Lord Jesus. Dear Sir,
 pray for me that the Lord would not suffer
 me to forget my first Love. Dear Sir, I can
 say, *my Beloved is mine and I am his—He feed-
 eth among the Lillies—Let my Beloved come in-
 to his Garden and eat his pleasant Fruits—make
 bast my Beloved, and be thou like to a Loe, or a
 young Hart upon the Mountain of Spices.* Dear
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 Sir,

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Sir, I hope it will rejoyce your dear Soul, when you hear that your Letter was the Means of converting five Souls. Dear Sir, If you thought that your Letters would have been a Means of the Conversion of one Soul, I am sure you would not begrudge your Labour. Dear Sir, since I heard of your Letter, I have been so full of Comfort, I thought it was like the Day of Pentecost. Dear Sir, I long to see you once in the Body; but if not, we shall all (I trust) meet you in Heaven, singing Hallelujah! No more at present, this is from

Your unworthy Servant

Bethesda March

6, 1743-4.

A Letter from _____ to the Rev. Mr. Davenport.

Rev. and much honor'd Sir.

I Hope you will not take amiss the Boldness and Freedom I take in writing these few Lines to let you know the Comfort and Bene-

(27)

fit I have had in hearing your Letters to our dear Mr. Barber, namely the Night after they came to Hand. Mr. Barber thought of reading that Passage you sent to the Children in Publick, accordingly he did: He first began at the Beginning, and read some Way; he was soon fill'd with Power from on High, and enabled from those Texts of Scriptures; that were in your sweet Letter, to speak largely to them that were present; both the Converted and unconverted.

But O how was my Soul filled with the Love of Jesus Christ! I long'd for all poor Sinners to come to Christ, Indeed my Heart was ready to burst for them. I could do nothing but beg and pray, that Christ would come and get to himself the Victory, in the Hearts of all poor Souls amongst us. Indeed it was a glorious Night to many Souls here, both to the Revival of many of God's dear Children, and to some that had sat in *Darkness and the Shadow of Death*: Among whom was a Sister who now writes to you, *M. A.*

But Oh! Glory be to God, that he was pleas'd to bring her with three others that Night, and one the next Morning to lay hold of Jesus Christ for their Saviour and merciful

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Redeemer,

Redeemer, who redeemeth their Life from Destruction, who crowneth them with loving Kindness and tender Mercy, satisfies their Mouth with good Things, so that their Youth *is renewed like the Eagle.*

Dear Sir, Will not your Heart rejoyce and be glad, to hear such joyous Tydings from a far Country; that the Gospel flourishes in this Wilderness Land, that Souls are daily flocking to Christ, *as Doves to their Windows.* Indeed it fill'd my poor Soul with Joy and Gladness to hear that the Gospel runs and is glorified in these our Days in your Land. O Glory, Glory, Glory, be to his holy Name, for sending Christ into the World to die for Sinners, of whom I am chief, that he did not suffer me to fall into the Pit of everlasting Destruction, but when he saw me in my Blood, said unto me *live.* Yea, he passed by me and said unto me *live.* Indeed then was a Time of Love; but O now I want an enlarg'd Heart to praise him more than I do: For that he hath done such wonderful Things for me, and the dear Lambs of his Flock here.

Dear Sir, I make no doubt, but that the Lord has drawn out your Heart to pray for us, that our dear Mr. *Barbar* may have a plentiful

tiful Harvest of Souls this Spring, as well as the last. Blessed be God that he should put it into your Heart to pray for us at such a Distance as this, and give an immediate Answer to it. Surely our great God is a God hearing and answering Prayers: He will surely reward you an hundred Fold for your Work of Faith, and Labour of Love for us; which is the earnest Prayer of——Honour'd Sir, your
unknwon and unworthy
Servant in Christ

Bethesda, March

2, 1743-4.

A Letter from———to the Rev. Mr. Davenport.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Must tell you what the Lord has done for my Soul. No, never did I see such a Sight, nor my Ears hear such a Sound, as the last Night at our usual Meeting together. Dear Mr. *Barber* read the Letters that you sent him. Indeed every Word he read seem'd to pierce as if a Sword had been run thro' me. He spoke first to thole that were converted last Spring.

Spring. O; how it cut me to hear him putting them in mind of the glorious Time last Spring. But after he spake to us that were in a natural State. Oh! he intreated poor Sinners to believe on the Lord Jesus. O indeed I thought it was all in vain: For I thought I must sink down into everlasting Burnings; for I thought Christ would not save me. Indeed God seem'd to be stirring up many; and I could not bear it; but I would cast my self at his Feet, seeing I deserv'd nothing but Hell.

But indeed I did not lye long there before he told me my Sins were forgiven me. O indeed Sir, the Lord has surely heard your Prayers for us! Indeed, *the Time of the singing of Birds is come, and the Voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land.* Sweet Birds of Paradise indeed, chirping forth the Praises of the Lamb that was slain. Sure it's a glorious Sight that I saw! Five of us espoused as it were at once unto the Lord Jesus! Surely I can say this Verse,

*I that am drawn out of the Depth,
Will sing upon the Shore:
I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,
Pure Mercy will adore.*

Blessed

Blessed be free Grace! There is nothing in us that we should be so highly favour'd. O what a Wonder is it that we are not lifting up our Eyes in Hell Torments. Oh! how shall I praise such free Grace!

O! Dear Sir, I am sure it will rejoyce you to hear that God is a working so gloriously in *Bethesda*. Oh! what a blessed House of Mercy is this, to many poor Souls ready to perish; but O! there is nothing in the House, if the Lord had not been there. But the Lord says, (*Psal* 102) He will regard the Prayer of the Destitute and not despise their Prayer. And I am sure he hath heard mine. O dear Sir, pray for me that I may be a chaste Vrgin to the Lord, that he may keep me close by his Side; that I may never run a stray: For I trust, *he hath bought me with a Price, even the Price of his own Blood.* O what a blessed Time will that be when we shall all meet in Heaven, there to praise the Father, Son and Holy Ghost ever more. No more at present,

I remain your unworthy Servant

Bethesda, March

2, 1743-4.

O For Doves Wings to soar away
To Regions of eternal Day,
To flow'ry Banks of lasting Peace,
Where we may see our Saviour's Face.

Even there to join the happy Quire,
Our Breasts inspir'd with heav'nly Fire;
To sing the Victories of Grace,
And still be Burgeſſs in the Place.