

# THE JOURNAL

OF THE

REV. JOHN WESLEY, A. M.

SOMETIME FELLOW OF LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.

---

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

---

VOL II.

FROM NOVEMBER 25, 1746, TO MAY 5, 1760.

---

---

LONDON:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY J. KERSHAW,  
14, *City-Road*, and 66, *Paternoster-Row*.

1827.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY MILLS, JOWETT, AND MILLS,  
BOLT-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

**AN EXTRACT**  
**OF THE**  
**REV. MR. JOHN WESLEY'S**  
**JOURNAL,**  
**FROM FEBRUARY 16, 1755, TO JUNE 16, 1758.**

---

**NUMBER X.**

---

tinue him simple of heart! Then his sense and learning will do him good: but how great are the odds against him!

Sat. 22. I called upon one who did run well for several years: but for a considerable time he had cast off the very form of religion. Yet his heart was not utterly hardened. He determined to set out once more; and since that time he has been more confirmed in walking suitably to the Gospel.

Fri. 28. Mr. Meier, Chaplain to one of the Hanoverian regiments, called and spent an hour with me. I am surprised at the seriousness of all the German Ministers with whom I have had occasion to converse: entirely different from that pertness and affectation of wit, which is too common in our own country.

The following letter (which I received two or three months after) was dated on this day:—

“Though you and I may differ in some little things, I have long loved you and your brother, and wished and prayed for your success, as zealous revivers of experimental Christianity. If I differ from you in temper and design, or in the essentials of religion, I am sure the error must lie on my side. Blessed be God for hearts to love one another!

As I knew your correspondence must be very extensive, and your labours various and incessant, I intended to have kept my peculiar love for you a secret, till we arrived where seas shall no more roll between us. But your late pious charity constrains me to give you the trouble of a letter. I am confident God will attend it with his blessing, and render you useful at the distance of near four thousand miles.

“How great is the honour God has conferred upon you, in making you a restorer of declining religion! And, after struggling through so much opposition, and standing almost single, with what pleasure must you behold so many raised up, zealous in the same cause, though perhaps not ranked under the same name, nor openly connected with you!

“I am endeavouring, in my poor manner, to promote the same cause in this part of our guilty globe. My success is not equal to my wishes; but it vastly surpasses both my deserts and my expectation. I have baptized near an hundred and fifty adult negroes, of whom about sixty are communicants. Unpolished as they are, I find some of them have the art to dissemble. But, blessed be God, the generality of them, as far as I can learn, are

real Christians; and I have no doubt but sundry of them are genuine children of Abraham. Among them, in the first place, and then among the poor white people, I have distributed the books you sent me.

“I desire you to communicate this to your brother, as equally intended for him; and let me and my congregation, particularly my poor negro converts, be favoured with your prayers. In return for which, I hope neither you nor your cause will be forgotten by,

Reverend Sir,

“Your affectionate fellow-labourer and obliged servant,  
*Hanover, (in Virginia),* “SAMUEL DAVIES.”  
 “Jan. 28, 1757.”

Sun. 30. Knowing God was able to strengthen me for his own work, I officiated at Snowsfields, as usual, before I went to West-Street, where the service took me up between four and five hours. I preached in the evening and met the Society, and my strength was as my day. I felt no more weariness at night than at eight in the morning.

Sunday, February 6th. The number of communicants at Spital-fields, made this Lord's Day a little more laborious than the former: but God added proportionably to my strength; so I felt no difference.

Thur. 10. At the request of the author, I took some pains in correcting an ingenious book, shortly to be published: but the more I consider them, the more I doubt of all systems of astronomy. I doubt whether we can certainly know either the distance or magnitude of any star in the firmament. Else, why do astronomers so immensely differ, even with regard to the distance of the sun from the earth? Some affirming it to be only twelve, others ninety millions of miles!

About this time the following note was given into my hand at Wapping:—

“John White, master at arms, aboard his Majesty's ship Tartar, now at Plymouth, desires to return Almighty God thanks, for himself and all the ship's company, for their preservation in four different engagements they have had with four privateers which they have taken; particularly the last, wherein the enemy first boarded them. They cleared the deck, boarded in their turn, and took the ship, thirty of the enemy being killed, and fifty more wounded. Only two of our crew were wounded, who, it is hoped, will recover.”