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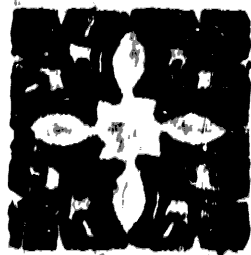
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LETTERS

Received
TO THE

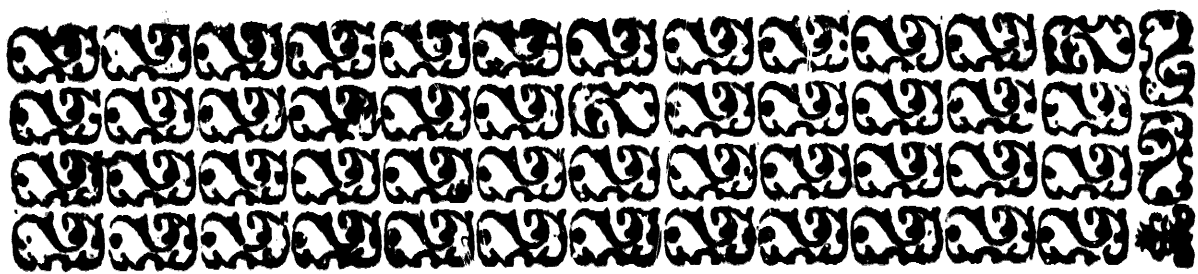
Reverend Mr.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD.



PHILADELPHIA: Printed and Sold by Andrew Bradford.

1739



THE Three following Letters were not intended to be made publick, either by the Rev Mr. Whitefield, or the Rev. Ministers who wrote them; but being in the Hands of a Friend of Mr. Whitefield in London, he admitted some others to the Perusal of them, and it is at their Intreaty that these which were only a private Correspondence make their Appearance in this public Manner. The Motives urging to this Conduct are, that others seeing the loving and Christian Spirit breathing out in these Lines towards a Person whom these Rev. Gentlemen so highly respect and love for his Work Sake might be excited to the same amiable Christian Tempers.

And as we are conscious to ourselves, that our Views in publishing these Letters are laudable, and are not without Hopes it may be attended with much Good; we persuade ourselves that the eminent and Rev. Gentlemen who wrote them, and the Rev. Mr. Whitefield to whom they were writ, will excuse us in taking a Liberty which in common Cases could hardly be justified.



L E T T E R I.

*Dr. C-----, of Boston N. E. to Mr. WHITE-
FIELD.*

Boston, December 3. 1739.

REV. SIR.

IT was the most pleasing Surprise to me to receive your most kind Letter from *New-York*, of the 16th of *November*, and the valuable Present of Sermons, Journal, and Mr. *Seward's* Letter to his Brother, which has found great Acceptance here, together with all yours. I think myself under a happy Direction of Providence in my Writing to Mr. *Pemberton*, since it has brought me into a Correspondence with you, whom I lov'd and honour'd from the first Sight I had of your Journal to *Gibraltar*. I am since greatly confirmed in the Apprehensions that gave me that there was something extraordinary in the Spirit which rested on and acted you ; but when I saw the pleasant Account of the *Oxford* Methodist, with your nine Sermons printed in 1738 ; I saw more Reason to admire the Work and Grace of God in your Rise and Progress. And whereas I said to Mr. *Pemberton* that you were but a young Divine, I will freely confess to you it was
from

from the Sermon on Justification in that Volume, which great Doctrine is there treated too early, as I perswade myself you will satisfy me by what I have since seen from your Pen, in your Answer to the Lord Bishop of *London*.

No, dear Sir, you are no Novice in the Things of God, nor like (in my Hope and Thought) to fall into that Condemnation, yet be such as much as you will in your own Eyes, and lie low before God and Man, and go on in the Strength of the Lord, who resisteth the Proud, &c. I would much rather think, how much soever I am before you in Age, that it becomes both me and my Brethren to lie at your Feet to receive both Instruction, Reproof and Correction in Righteousness; because we did not begin our Ministry with that Life and Spirit as you have been made to do, and your happy Companions from *Oxford* with you: But as the Wind bloweth where it listeth, so the Friends of the Bridegroom hear his Voice in the pleasant Sound of his Gales from Heaven upon whom he pleases to breath, and to honour from on high. Whether this new Thing in our Day be eventually in Mercy or in Judgment with Respect to the Nation in general, and to the Church of *England* in particular, I know not; but I adore the Providence of God which orders this Testimony to the saving Truths of the Gospel, and the right Evangelical Articles of Faith upon which the Church reform'd from Popery, as also to vital Religion and practical Godliness from your Church, its own Bowels, I mean from the Hearts and Lives of a pious Number of her

own Sons, not to be suspected of Prejudice against her by Education, but indeed honour her Hierarchy and Liturgy, and in all Things conformable to her sacred Festivals and full of Duty and Veneration to their Fathers in God; but only struck with an awful Sense of the Perishing of Truth, with Souls, from the Earth, thro' the Earthliness and Negligence of their Clergy Brethren; for the Remedy of which they therefore, by the Grace of God, and in this Strength, would set themselves to strive and labour to the utmost of their Coming forth into the Service of their Sanctuary. *Colossians* i. 28, 29.

This is the plain, fair and impartial Idea I have of your Mission from God; and it is evidently according to the Reason and Faith, a Zeal according to Knowledge, and worthy of him who inspires it, whose you are, and whom you serve; and it is not you that have chosen him, but he you, and ordained you unto these Services, for which he has spirited you, and also succeeded you in an extraordinary Manner, assisting and strengthening you in Body and Soul: A more satisfying Proof of your Mission can't be wished for, adding to all the inward Comforts and Joys which you profess to feel from the Witness of God with your Conscience, which I pray God may abound to you more and more, being the present and abundant Reward of your Labours; besides which also, amidst the Reviling and Abuses of many, both in *Europe* and *America*, you have a Testimony in the Hearts of as many of a better Character for Sobriety and Devotion; and as you humbly and earnestly ask, so you
have

have their Prayers that you may be kept humble, and your Faith and Zeal fail not, but your Labours and Success be more and more.

When I read your Journals, my Heart tells me, if God were not with you of a Truth, neither could your bodily Strength hold out, and less the Powers of your Mind; but the inward Comforts you feel within from the evident Impressions of the Word upon the Minds and Hearts of the Multitudes who hear you, superadded to the other Experience, must yeild you a divine Satisfaction, which the World can neither give nor take away. *Prov. xiv. 14. 1. Thess. ii. 19.*— I write not this to you, my dear Brother, because it has been with me as it is with you, nor because I have seen the like in our *New-England* Churches, altho' there have been, at Times, uncommon Operations of the holy Spirit on the Souls of many under the Ministry of the Word; as in our Country of *Hampshire* of late; the Narrative of which by Mr. *Edwards*, I suppose you may have seen; but I do indeed account the Impressions from God upon the *Methodists* (our dear, Brethren) to be something very extraordinary; and such their Assistance and Success hitherto: And tho' I dare not question the special Direction of God with you, in your Visits to this part of the Continent; yet my human Judgment and Affection has sometimes made me ready to wish your abiding where you so well began. For if the effectual Door there remains open to you, methinks the Harvest is more plenteous, and the Labourers few; and we are bid to pray the Lord of the Harvest to thrust forth Labourers

bourers, &c.---Not but that the *New-England* Provinces and Churches will give a hearty Welcome to Mr. *Whitefield*, whom we now indeed expect with much Desire, according to your declared Intention by the Will of God,---You will have the Comfort to find the same Doctrines of Grace which your Heart is full of, how short soever we may come of your Fervours. Ministers and People here heartily esteem and love you for your Work Sake, so far as has come to my Knowledge; and we have prayed for you in Public; and as our Hearts and Houses will be open to you, so in particular shall my Meeting-House, which is large, if you see good to use it: And yet I will suggest to you my Fears, from your Use of Mr. *Pemberton's* House, whether your preaching in a Conventicle will not be the Thing that shall most rise up in Judgment against you when you get Home; as it was charg'd upon St. *Peter* that in his Travels to propagate the Gospel, he had gone into Men uncircumcised and unclean; and altho' before God it is very easy to wipe off such enthusiastic Clamour; yet not having a Miracle to plead, I know not whether you can satisfy the Weakness, Bigotry and Bitterness of some.

I have not heard, Sir, how our dissenting Brethren, the Ministers, especially at *London*, have accepted and regarded you, or you them. It seems to me by your Journal that (to say the least) they have thought it prudent not to offer, or you not to accept their Meeting-Houses. Mr. *Pearsal* of *Warminster* has wrote to me of you with great Honour and Affection. I should be glad

glad to know how Dr. *Watt*. and others stand towards you, and in their Hearts.—My dear and worthy Colleague Mr. C—— tells me that he wrote to you at the Motion of some worthy Friend here last Week; by which you will see his Heart, like mine, towards you. I could not but wish yesterday you had been present while he preached to us the Doctrine of Justification; not for your Instruction (dear Sir) but Consolation and Joy. I joy to hear you was so welcome at *Philadelphia*, and that so many attended your Ministry at *New York*. A Dr. here put Mr. A——'s Rant against you into our New-Papers last Week; but it rather raised the Esteem of the People of our Communion. If God calls you to suffer, he will (I trust) strengthen you, and make his Consolations to abound.

The Sermons you sent I had not before, nor have seen your Journal at *Georgia* the first Time. Mr. *Seward's* Letter to his Brother is greatly esteemed by us, and he is greatly beloved. Tell him not to expect too much from us, we are much too worldly and lukewarm a People; yet Christ has many sincere Servants, Ministers and others. Our Colleges are a rich Supply to us. We give Thanks for you both, *with our whole Hearts*, and pray God to keep you humble; and ask your Prayers.

I am your affectionate Brother,

B—— C——.

P A T T E R N II.

Mr. G—— T—— to Mr, Whitefield.

New-Brunswick, December 1. 1739.

Very Rev. and dear Brother.

I Think I never found such a strong and passionate Affection to any Stranger as to you, when I saw your Courage and Labour for God at *New-York*; I found a Willingness in my Heart to die with you, or to die for you: I thought if a Spear was pointed at your Bosom I could willingly have received the Thrust to prevent your Death.——I hope your coming here (my dear Brother) has been (through Grace) of some Service to my Soul; for thereby my Esteem of the Scripture has been excited, and my Love to Christ Kingdom and Christ in some Manner inflamed, and my Indignation increased against carnal Ministers. Your Labours have, through Grace, been blessed in this Town to the deep Conviction of two that I have conversed with, *viz.* a young Gentlewoman and a Servant Maid; and several others here have been pretty much affected by your Sermons, among whom is a Gentleman of distinction, who has had his Convictions thereby excited and encreased. Your Sermons have much confirmed the Truths of Christ, which has been preach'd here for many Years in the *Dutch* and *English* Languages.

The Reason why I spoke so little for the most Part of the Time while I was with you, was a shameful

shameful Sense I had of my Ignorance and Barrenness: I was confounded to think that I was such an old stunted Dwarf in Christ's Vineyard, and that after such a Multitude of Waterings and Sealings as God had given me, thro' a long Tract of Years past, almost in all Places where I have travelled; tho' I am as a brute Beast before God, one of the meanest and vilest Worms that ever crawled on the Creation of God, yet I must say to his Praise, and my own Shame, that I have had in Time past such Discoveries of my great Father's dear Affection as have overcome me. I have been drawn into unutterable Groans, Transports, Ravishments, Outcries and Faintings; by beholding the glorious Excellences of the divine Nature, and the dear Charms of the Redeemer's Grace and Love. For Months together my Soul has been so ravish'd with divine Objects, that my Blood has been turned into an unnatural Ferment, my animal Spirits wasted, my Sleep much broken. I have been made to loath my Food, because of the superior Sweetness I have found in Christ: My Body has thereby become poor in a little Time, whilst my Soul has been feasted and fatned with the Dainties of Heaven, the divine Nectar, and ambrosial Sweets, which the triumphant Church more fully enjoys. In the Day time it seem'd as if my Soul, by its vehement Sallys wou'd break its Union with the Body, and leap into the Redeemer's Arms; being impatient of Delays, and sick of all its trifling insipid Sweets that grow in this dusky Vail. O how dear and amiable did

did a burning Love to Christ make suffering for
 Christ appear to me: A Prison seem'd more
 lovely than a Palace; I could not refrain my
 Soul from a secret Longing for Reproach, Po-
 verity, Imprisonment and Death for a glorious
 Christ, that thereby I might testify a greatful Re-
 gard to his unspeakably dear and very venerable
 Majesty. I could not refrain wishing that every
 Hair of my Head was a Life, that I might lay it
 down freely for my sweet Lord Jesus. The
 Fears of bringing any Reproach on his Religion
 has many times brought bitter Tears from my
 Eyes and Heart. Sometimes when travelling on
 the Road, while I beheld the Canopy of Hea-
 ven, my Heart has been suddenly ravish'd with
 Love to God, as my Father; that I could not
 forbear crying out in the pleasing Transports of
 a childlike Affection, Father! Father! with a full
 and sweet Assurance that he was my Father, and
 my God.---In the Night Season when I awoke,
 my Soul was still with God: The Passion of my
 Soul for Christ was so vehement, that my Dreams
 were full of him. It made my Rest very broken,
 and caused me often to speak thro' my Sleep;
 as a Bundle of Myrrh was my beloved unto me,
 he was all Night betwixt my Breasts. And thus
 it was for a long Tract of Time; O I thought
 then I wou'd never stop more in the Christian
 Course, but run incessantly in that pleasant Path
 'till Death. But alas, when the great God wise-
 ly withdrew his quickning Presence, and let Sa-
 tan loose upon me, O what terrible Havock did
 he make in my Soul, and that alas, too much
 with

with my Will, I thought myself a Monster in Iniquity, and that there was some peculiar Brutishness in my Heart, that none had but my self. This made me often wish for Death to get clear of it: This often sunk my Soul in Sadness and Dejection. This cover'd my Face with Shame, and shut my Lips, that I dar'd not speak for my God ; it confounded me to think that I had broke through so many Engagements to God, baffled so many Resolutions and Promises. This had often enrag'd my Soul so against Sin and myself for it, that I have not been able to restrain using Violence against my Body ; With the Publican I have thought, that if it were lawful I could freely try to pluck my Heart out, and tear it in Pieces, that I might be avenged on it for its Backslidings, Treachery, and most horrid, deep and unexpressible Wickedness.—But enough of this, my Pen must hasten to a Period.

Since you was here, I have been among my People dealing with them plainly about their Soul's State in their Houses ; examining them one by one as to their Experiences, and telling natural People the Danger of their State ; and exhorting them that were totally secure, to seek Convictions and those that were convinced, to seek *Jesus* ; and reproving pious People for their Faults: And blessed be God, I have seen hopeful Appearances of Concern amongst a pretty many in the Places I belong to. It seems as if *Emanuel*, to whom a Bow, a Crown is given, wou'd ride upon the Steed of his Gospel, to the spreading of his gracious Conquests over stubborn Sinners through the Nations ; grant it speedily, O thou eternal

eternal God, for thy Christ, for thy Honour
Sake, *Amen, Amen.*

My dear Brother, I cease not to make mention of you by Name in public and private Prayer. I also make frequent Mention of those Worthies in *England, Wales* and *Scotland*, who are imbark'd with us in the same blessed Cause of God. I think it also my Duty to make particular mention in Prayer of your intended Orphan-House at *Georgia*. As also of the private Academies of our Friends in *Scotland* and *England*, &c. &c. And at my Father's, that God would prosper them, and encline his People to support them. May the Lord's Blessing rest upon you, and your Companions in Travel. My dear Brother, I hope you will not forget me in your Prayers, that I may be faithful to the Death, get more Knowledge of God and myself, and obtain a greater Conquest over Sin and Corruptions. I add no more, but my humble, hearty and grateful Salutations to you and your Companions, and remain yours, G-----T-----.

L E T T E R III.

Mr. W-----T----- to Mr. Whitefield.

New York, December 22. 1739.

*My very dear Brother, Grace, Mercy and Peace
be with you.*

IT is with Difficulty that I have redeemed so much Time as briefly to inform you of my
self

self and People how it is with us at present, and am thankful that the good God has given me the Opportunity to gratify you with an Account that your Labour has not been in vain in the Lord in our Parts; as to myself I have been thereby somewhat quickned, and altho' God knows I did not deserve a Crumb with the Dogs, yet I was honoured with intimate Communion with the King, our dear and glorious *Emanuel*; and am, if not deceived, render'd more able to follow the Foot-steps of the Flock. O that I may be faithful to do it to the Death, let come what will. The Christians in my Congregation are also quickned, some by hearing you, and others by their speaking of you: Some are awaken'd, so as I hope they will never rest untill they come to Christ. In the whole Country, so far as I am acquainted, there is an earnest Longing for your Return. I can't but tell you that I believe God will bless your Journey through *Maryland* and *Virginia*. I long to hear from you; your Brethren, your Cause and your Master are upon my Heart when I lye down and when I rise up, when I walk by the Way, and sit in the House. Don't forget me when you lean on Jesus's Breast; with due Respects to self and Companions, as if nam'd from your poor sinful Brother,

W-----T-----,

Margaret (B. H. H.)
 Feb. 26th
 1747

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 126

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