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JOURNAL

OF

REV. FRANCIS ASBURY,

BISHOP OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

In Three Volumes.

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1852.
Thursday, January 1, 1801. We began our conference with the new year. Sat from nine to twelve o’clock in the forenoon, and two hours in the afternoon; the band-meeting was held between the hours of seven and eight. A clerk for the minutes was appointed, and another to keep the journal. We admitted four probationers; re-admitted two deacons to their standing in the travelling connexion, who had left it to locate; located three, to wit, Blanton, Cole, and Evans; and re-stationed, Gains, Wiley, and West, who had all located themselves in the course of the last year. We had great union: it is true, some talked loud; but I dare not say there was any improper heat. Our sitting continued five days, and we rested one Sabbath. We were richly accommodated at Smith’s and Carpenter’s, and two other houses. We only failed forty-eight dollars in paying all the preachers their demands.

Thursday, 8. Yesterday and to-day I have been busy writing many long letters to my correspondents in the north.

Friday, 9. We came on thirteen miles to Granney’s quarterly meeting, and lodged at Anthony Pressly’s.

Saturday, 10. I gave a short discourse upon 2 Peter iv, 3, and afterward rode up eight miles to the Hanging Rock.

Sunday, 11. At Horton’s meeting-house I spoke on Heb. viii, 10, 11.
Monday, 12. On this day we rested, and were busily employed in looking over our books and papers.

I felt deeply affected for the rising generation. Having resolved to catechise the children myself, I procured a Scripture catechism, and began with brother Horton's; to this duty I purpose to attend in every house where leisure and opportunity may permit.

Wednesday, 14. We left Hanging Rock and came to Little Lynch and Flat Creeks, crossing the great branch at M'Mee was's ford: this last is called a creek; but it rises near the Waxaws, and flows about one hundred and fifty miles, mingling its waters with the great Pee Dee below Port's ferry.

We had an excessively warm day for the season: the horses and their riders were both fatigued much in riding forty miles in ten hours. Seated upon the sandhills, we dined, at the root of a pine, upon a morsel of bread and bacon; and then remounted and pushed on to Anson in North Carolina: we sheltered ourselves for the night at Thomas Shaw's, upon Little Thompson's creek.

North Carolina.—Thursday, 15. We are still at Thomas Shaw's. What kind of folks am I among—unhappy people! One aged man had shot the constable when about to serve a warrant on him; a second had stabbed another dangerously—their names may go into shades. O sin! O intoxication! when—when will these people be civilized—and all be truly spiritualized.

On Friday we attended at Jackson's meeting-house; it was a gracious season. Bishop Whatcoat spoke on Isa. xii, 2. We lodged at Stephen Pace's, upon Browns Creek.

Saturday, 17. We had a meeting at John Mills's; his wife came from Maryland, he from Virginia; the children are coming to Christ. This neighbourhood is visited with a revival of religion.

Sabbath day, 18. We came to Wadesborough after a court-week. We held our meeting underneath the court-house, within the arches: we had a most delightful day. Bishop Whatcoat spoke with great ingenuity and authority upon
"The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life." My subject was Luke xviii, 27. We lodged at I. Cash's.

Monday, 19. We came to Webb's ferry: the rain drove us under the roof of the widow Williams, where we remained until the storm was over, and then pushed on to James Pickett's, in Richmond county.

Tuesday, 20. I gave a discourse on Amos vi, 1: "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion!" I felt some openings.

I have had many and great exercises of mind respecting men and things, but my soul enjoys great resignation: I take the bitters of life as things which medicine my soul, producing caution, humiliation, and sanctification.

Wednesday, 21. We rode ten miles to the Presbyterian meeting-house: many attended at a short warning. My subject was Heb. vii, 25. We had a quickening season. After meeting we rode three miles to Rockingham, the seat of justice for the county of the same name. We had been expected at twelve o'clock, hence with this circumstance, and that of court time to boot, we had but few hearers. Meeting was held in the academy, a very commodious house for Divine service. Rockingham stands upon a beautiful eminence, and hath some valuable houses; about twenty families make the inhabitants. We were kindly and elegantly entertained at the house of one who had been one of us, but now is of and in the world.

Thursday, 22. We came to Marks Creek. I spoke on Heb. iii, 13-15. We had a good season. We lodged with Solomon Rye.

South Carolina.—We now descended into South Carolina. Marlborough county presents many interesting views—the saw-mills; the solitary, lofty, long-leaved pines; and the land, though a barren, is of the most beautiful kind, and for range for cattle and for timber is very valuable. It was my lot to be speaker, brother Whatcoat had taken so deep a cold he could do nothing. I preached from the parable of the sower.
We continued our journey down Naked Creek, by Robinson's house, mills, and stills, and brought up at Turbot Cottingham's, at the Beauty Spot. Notwithstanding all that Methodists, Baptists, and three meeting-houses have done, the people are still far from beautiful in a spiritual sense. We had no opportunity to send harbingers, we had therefore no appointment.

Saturday, 24. We hasted to James Speers's, at the Three Creeks, where we dined, talked, and commended ourselves to God. That we might make our own appointments at Harris's meeting-house we came on to James Harris's upon Muddy Creek. Brother Speers spread the tidings for us far and wide.

This is an unhappy country: it is thinly settled, and many are moving away to Georgia and the Natchez; our societies are small, and the prospect low. Too often, when any rise in their circumstances, they seek for offices, or become slave-traders, and much too great to be Methodists.

We have ridden since the commencement of the year one hundred and eighty miles in the Carolinas.

Monday, 26. We rode twenty miles to Bennet Flowers's; the men were from home, but the women gave notice of a meeting for the morrow at the old meeting-house. After our meeting, about one o'clock, we came off and travelled down to G. Sweet's, Bull Swamp, Liberty county: we sent our host to call a congregation for Thursday. We now had time to read and write.

I find reasons enough in my own mind to justify myself against the low murmurs of partiality in which some have indulged. We are impartial. We spend as much time in the extremities. We know not Maryland or Delaware, after the flush, more than Kentucky, Cumberland, Georgia, or the Carolinas: it is our duty to save the health of preachers where we can; to make particular appointments for some important charges; and it is our duty to embrace all parts of the continent and union, after the example of primitive times and the first and faithful preachers in America.
Thursday, 29. At Sweet's chapel I preached on Rev. xxii, 14, 15. The order, 1. The city. 2. The citizens. 3. Their admission. 4. The characters shut out from the city. I felt light and liberty.

Friday, 30. We came to the Bear Pond's school-house, where we had a decent, attentive congregation. I preached on John vii, 16, 17. Introduction.—It was observed that the dispute of the Jews with our Lord about the Messiah, was not if he should be the eternal Son of God, and the adopted son of man, but whether Jesus was that person whom Moses foretold that Church and nation should come, and what manner of person he should be, fifteen hundred years before. The Jews knew where Christ was to be born from Micah v, 2. See also Matt. ii.

Mr. Shacklesford gave us a pressing invitation to dine with him, and treated us with friendship and hospitality. We rode in the evening to Port’s ferry.

Thomas Humphries had been very sick, but was recovering from a pernicious disease; it was reported he would die; but I did not feel as if he would die at this time.

Sure nothing could so effectually alarm and arm the citizens of South Carolina against the Methodists as the Address of the General Conference. The rich among the people never thought us worthy to preach to them: they did indeed give their slaves liberty to hear and join our Church; but now it appears the poor Africans will no longer have this indulgence. Perhaps we shall soon be thought unfit for the company of their dogs. But who will mourn the loss of the friendship of a world that hath so hated our Lord and Master Jesus Christ?

We have loitered away this month, and have ridden but about two hundred miles.

Saturday, 31. We rested: wrote, and read, upon the solitary unhealthy banks of Pee Dee, in sight of the lofty moss-grown cypress trees and swamps. My soul is in peace; Jesus, Jesus is my all; my soul is love to God, to Christ, his Church, and all souls.

Sabbath day, February 1. We rode six miles to Britons
spirit of the Gospel: what absurdities will not men defend! If the Gospel will tolerate slavery, what will it not authorize? I am strangely mistaken if this said Mr. Reeves has more grace than is necessary, or more of Solomon than the name. We lodged for the night at William Gore’s.

From this neighbourhood we came to Abraham Bepent’s, Brunswick county, North Carolina, fording the Seven-mile Creek, and crossing the Wacamaw River at Loftus’s Flat.

North Carolina.—We have ridden at least five hundred and fifty, if not six hundred miles, over the hills, barrens, swamps, savannahs, rivers, and creeks, of South Carolina.

At Gause’s Manor, or more properly town, we were pleasantly situated. I had a most solemn visit to the sea-beach, which to me was a most instructive sight: the sea reminded me of its great Maker, “who stayeth the proud waves thereof;” its innumerable productions; the diversified features of its shores—the sand-hills; the marsh; the pimeta, tall and slender; the sheep and goats frisking in the shade or browsing in the sun; or the eye, directed to the waters, beholds the rolling porpoise; the sea-gulls lifting and letting fall from high the clam, which breaking, furnishes them with food; the eagles with hovering wing watching for their prey; the white sail of the solitary vessel tossed upon the distant wave—how interesting a picture do all these objects make!

We preached at William Gause’s, the patriarch of the place; his son stood for scribe, and assisted me in making extracts of letters to add to my manuscript.

We visited Charlotte meeting-house, named after the river, vulgarly and improperly called Shalotte. On our return, I prepared a few long letters for the north.

My mind is in great peace. I lament that I have no access to the poor: our way is strangely closed up at present in consequence of the Address. I made my last visit to the sea. I thought upon my friends on the other side the great waters; my voyage to this country; the little probability there was of my ever again seeing my dear mother, or my native land.
We have had preaching in three places; to wit, at Bепent's, in Brunswick county, and at the Manor.

Sunday, 22. We attended a meeting at Lockwood's Folly. I gave a sermon upon 2 Cor. iv, 5. 1. What the apostles of our Lord did not preach. 2. What they did preach. 3. The relation of ministers to Christ and to souls. The principles of their service. They sought not their own honour, ease, or interest—they did not make disciples for themselves—they had not wisdom, righteousness, redemption, for souls; nor grace to convict, convert, or regenerate. They preached Christ in his prophetic, priestly, and kingly offices—in his Gospel; in the sacrifice, once offered, of himself—in his Divinity. “Ourselves your servants for Christ's sake,”—his saved, his qualified, his commissioned servants (not slaves)—bound by his word, his grace, his love—not for any worldly consideration, but “for Christ's sake:” warning sinners, hypocrites, Pharisees, and backsliders;—comforting mourners; strengthening believers, and urging and inciting to holiness of heart and life. I observed, “servants,” yet their rulers; according to Scripture testimony—see Heb. xiii, 17; 1 Peter v, 2.

We were kindly entertained at Mr. Bellon's: the whole family came to the house of public entertainment, eight miles from their dwelling, to make us comfortable.

Monday, 23. Rode to Edward Sullivan's, at Town Creek—eighteen miles.

Tuesday, 24. I preached: my subject was Luke iv, 18. We had a full house. I baptized three adults, and as many children.

Wednesday, 25. We dined with General Smith—there was abundance and hospitality. We came into town. Jeremiah Norman gave us a sermon. Our tabernacle is crowded again: the minds of the people are strangely changed; and the indignation excited against us is overpast: the people see and confess that the slaves are made better by religion; and wonder to hear the poor Africans pray and exhort.

Thursday, 26. I preached, for the first time, in our house,
and for the second in Wilmington: my text was found in Acts xxvi, 17, 18. At eleven o'clock we were crowded; and I felt uncommon enlargement. One of the respectables came in the name of some of the reputables to request that I would preach in the ancient, venerable brick church: I was weak—had spoken long and loud, and was more than ordinarily unwell; but brother Whatcoat was unwell and not able to go out. At four o'clock we had a large and decent congregation—I lectured upon Romans x, 1–4. In the evening, numbers, both white and black, came again to the tabernacle. After John Norman had preached, I read, and commented upon two letters respecting the work of God in Delaware, and Cumberland, in the West.

Friday, 27. We came off early and travelled on to Nixon's, through dews, damp, and rain—a great part of the way weary, pained, and sleepy, for want of rest. I gave a discourse on Matt. xi, 28–30.

Saturday, 28. About sunrise we hasted away and came to Lot Ballard's, at the Rich Lands, New River, about forty miles: we stopped not on the way. I unfortunately left my famous spectacles behind: I had laid them by, overwhelmed with drowsiness, and failed to take them up to read a chapter, as is my custom, except upon such over-doing journeys. We walked our horses at the rate of four miles an hour: my poor nag limped. I thought it was owing to the bad state of his shoes, when, behold, an oyster-shell had wedged itself in the hollow of his hoof, near the heel.

Sunday, March 1. At New River I preached on Luke xix, 10. We had a very serious but unaffected congregation.

Joseph Ballard, and his wife Mary Ballard, are gone to rest, after a respectable profession of religion amongst the Methodists, for seventeen or eighteen years. John Perry, a pious soul, formerly of the Baptists, and an official character amongst them, is also gone to his reward. He had backslidden; but was restored among the Methodists, and became a preacher and deacon: he died upon the road, going to an
appointment: neither he nor Ballard held slaves—hail, happy souls!

Monday, 2. We had to march down upon Trent, sixteen miles. The appointed meeting had been transferred to Frederick Argate’s, occasioned by the death of his venerable mother, the respectable wife of General Frederick Argate, who had been suddenly called away. This lady justly deserved the great and good character she had for forty years preserved, as a wife, a mother, a mistress, and a friend: to relieve the poor, and to solace the afflicted, gave her pleasure and occupation almost uninterrupted. Thursday week she was at meeting—the following, she was a corpse. My subject on this solemn funeral occasion, was 1 Cor. xv, 22: “As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.” First, Our union with Adam, and the unhappy consequences. Secondly, Our union with Christ, and the happy consequences. We have already ridden eighty miles from Wilmington.

Tuesday, 3. We came to Jones court-house: we had many women, but few men: my text was 1 Cor. vii, 29–31. I suppose I shall not soon prophesy there again—for good reasons.

We went not to see our wealthy friends, but came down to Thomas Lee’s, where we held a meeting on Wednesday and Thursday. My text was Acts xx, 32. Brother Whatcoat spoke from Isaiah lvii, 1; a portion of Scripture very seasonably chosen.

I began to review for this year the preachers and stations. We may perhaps find one preacher for a circuit in the Virginia Conference. I am shocked to see how lightly the preachers esteem, and how readily they leave the travelling plan. O Lord, by whom shall Jacob arise?

Friday, 6. Rode to Newbern. Brother Whatcoat preached in the evening.

Sabbath day, 8. We had a sacrament in the morning, and brother Whatcoat preached. In the afternoon I made an improvement upon Matt. xvii, 5. I have been rather clouded in mind, and have felt no pleasure in my administrations to-day.
Monday, 9. We rode thirty-seven miles to Washington. In our way we crossed Neuse, swiftly and safely, at West's ferry. At twenty-one miles we stopped to feed—high price and poor fare. We have ridden six hundred and fifty miles towards the fourth thousand since the Carolina Conference. Here Ralph Potts, a Northumbrian, (Old England,) but American-made-Methodist, received us as the angels of God.

Tuesday, 10. I gave a serious talk to more persons than I expected, on Rom. x, 16—a subject well fitted to the state of the people of Washington.

Ralph Potts hath begun a handsome chapel, thirty feet square, and, by the blessing of God, he will finish it without any man's help.

Wednesday, 11. We came twelve miles to Josiah Little's. We called upon brother Floyd by the way. He is sickly. I bless God that this family standeth by us yet. I also called at brother Norris's. At Little's we had many people. Two of our friend Little's brothers are gone from our society. O! the slave-trade!—when will it be no more?

Thursday, 12. A dreary ride of thirty miles, without food for man or beast, brought us to Joseph Pippin's. Here we were kindly entertained. Our friend Pippin hath been settled in the Connell Swamps for twenty years. He hath six children, and about fifteen slaves, and never has had a death in his family. Mercy and miracle! May they praise the Lord!

Friday, 13. At Toole's meeting-house, near Tarborough, brother Whatcoat addressed the congregation, upon Zechariah ix, 12. My choice was Isaiah i, 9. I spoke with great heat and rapidity about half an hour. My text was well chosen, if the comment was not well executed. We lodged at Mr. Toole's.

Saturday, 14. Fifteen miles to Prospect chapel—open to all societies. Brother Whatcoat gave a short discourse upon justification by faith. My subject was: The love of God and the love of the world contrasted with, and subversive of each
other: according to the degrees, so the effects and fruits of these opposing systems.

Having fourteen miles to Henry Bradford’s, we had no time to dine. We took to horse, and came in with the shadows of evening. This morning we breakfasted at seven o’clock, and we now supped at seven—hard preaching and hard riding occupied the intermediate hours.

We have passed rapidly through Edgecombe into Halifax county. O, the awful state of religion in this circuit!

Sabbath day, 15. At Bradford’s meeting-house, near Fishing Creek, my portion of the word was from Psalm i, 2, 3. I discovered some solemnity and a few tears. Brother Whatcoat preached on John iii, 17. We rested this Sabbath. We have ridden one hundred and twenty miles in a few days of the past week.

Monday, 16. We were under the necessity of moving to Northampton. It was very warm: we started, and crossed Roanoke river at Pollock’s ferry, and arrived at R. Whita-ker’s—twenty miles. I was taken very ill with a bilious affection. I had a high fever, and my head and back furnished symptoms of a lowland intermittent. I could not eat, and thought of staying in the house. I changed my mind, and went to Rehoboth chapel. I read the letters giving the accounts of the work of God in the State of Delaware, and in Cumberland. At brother Grant’s I took a little water-gruel, and rode on eight miles farther, making twelve miles this day. We lodged at Joseph Pinner’s.

Wednesday, 18. We had timely intimation of rain. We started nevertheless, and had the rain, more or less, to Winton, a distance of twenty-five miles. Here we were glad to stop to dry and dine; but no more—ride we must. Gates court-house brought us up in the evening. Our ride to-day is little short of forty miles. I preached in the court-house, on Titus ii, 11, 12.

Friday, 20. We went forward to Isaac Hunter’s, twelve miles. Alas for this place! Five souls of the whites—some poor Africans are seeking the Lord.
Saturday, 21. We came to Newland Creek, twenty-two miles, and lodged at James Spence's. This is a most awful place, and Satan triumphs. Sabbath day was cloudy, and myself very unwell; but God enabled me to speak with uncommon unction, from John iii, 19–21. "The darkness of the world"—in birth, education, dispensation, practice—the contrary light of Revelation; the inspiration of the Spirit; the experience and practice of God's people and ministers:—they came to the light to try thereby their conviction, conversion, and sanctification; and as the touchstone of their justice, mercy, truth, and love. "Condemnation"—they are condemned by the word of God, their own consciences, by the people of God—they shall be found guilty in the day of judgment, and be condemned—according to the Gospel privileges and light they have lived under and rejected; and they shall condemn themselves forever in hell.

We came to M'Birde's. I had a dumb chill, and a sick night.

Monday, 23. We made twenty-two miles to Samuel Simmons's. Our flight has carried us through Pasquotank, Camden, and Currituck counties, in North Carolina, which we shall leave to-day. My horse enslaves his rider. I suffer under severe bodily affliction. I am sorrowful; yet without sinning.

Tuesday, 24. At Currituck, Williams's meeting-house, brother Whatcoat preached. I gave a short exhortation; after which we proceeded on to James Wilson's. We have done with North Carolina for the present.

Virginia.—Wednesday, 25. Cold and snow. I spoke on Isaiah li, 3. I. The cause of Zion's mourning. "Waste places"—such as had been improved, but forsaken. "Wilderness"—never cultivated: the one representing the Jewish nation; the other, heathen lands. II. "Joy and gladness"—yes, the shouts of the millions of the redeemed of the earth.

Thursday, 26. Brother Whatcoat preached at Cuthrell's, near the great bridge. We came through the rain to Hos-
pital Point, and crossed over to Portsmouth. I answered several letters.

Friday, 27. We had an open time at Portsmouth.

Sabbath, 29. Unwell: my horse also. Preached in Norfolk: my subject, Gal. vi, 9. Returned in the horse-boat through the rain. At three o'clock, I spoke, on, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." The gracious state of heart, and the gracious practice which was manifested by the righteous, in their doing all from a principle of love to Christ; and the blessed consequences—"eternal life." Of the wicked—their opposite characters and practices, and the effects produced—"everlasting punishment."

Monday, 30. We came to Jollif's: it was not my day to preach, nor indeed was I well able.

Tuesday, 31. We came in haste to Suffolk. It was my lot to preach in the court-house at twelve o'clock. My foundation was 1 Tim. iv, 9, 10. It was with great labour I came through: my cold, loss of voice, and a pain in my breast, were greatly afflictive. We have one good-hearted Methodist, and two very respectable friends here; and the inhabitants, generally, are very catholic—they desire to build a house for us. This town has one grand street, about one hundred houses, and is well-situated for trade in lumber, turpentine, tar, and pork, collected from Carolina and parts of this State. We lodged at Richard Yarberry's, an ancient friend of mine from Dinwiddie. He and his wife were the disciples of Mr. Jarratt. The old prophet, I hear, is dead. He was a man of genius, possessed a great deal of natural oratory, was an excellent reader, and a good writer. From 1763 to 1801, (I think,) he was minister of the parish of Bath, in Dinwiddie county, in this State. I have reason to presume, that he was instrumentally successful in awakening hundreds of souls to some sense of religion, in that dark day and time. How he died, I shall probably hear and record hereafter.

Wednesday, April 1. We came to Jethro Hazlett's, near
Somerton. The people were lively, and prayed, and praised, and exhorted. I felt the soreness in my breast, and was silent. After meeting, we came on to Knotty-Pine—to the house of mourning for a favourite son. Marmaduke Baker was this day to have gone to Princeton College to finish his education. We hope he is gone to the college of saints and the society of heaven. We have ridden twenty-four miles—faint and feeble.

Thursday, 2. I gave, perhaps, my last talk in Knotty-Pine chapel, on 1 Peter iv, 17. We hasted to Winton; benighted in the swamp, which for two miles was overflowed with water. We arrived late at Dr. Laroque's, where we lodged. From Portsmouth hither, we make sixty-five miles. At eleven o'clock brother Whatcoat preached in the court-house, from John iii, 16. After preaching, we hasted to Murfreesborough, twelve miles. I preached at N. Vicks's: my text was John iii, 17. Where I laboured I lodged.

Saturday, 4. We came to Edward Sorry's, in Northampton county, dined, and hasted along towards Sterling Boykin's, twenty-eight miles.

Sabbath day, 5. I preached at Concord meeting-house, and lodged with Thomas Dupree, a descendant of a Huguenot who fell a martyr to persecution. I felt dejection of spirits and awful feelings for the state of the people. I preached on Heb. ii, 3. I again preached on "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world:" to these exercises were added a sacrament, and the baptism of children. We had a solemn season.

I recollect having read, some years since, Ostervald's Christian Theology: having a wish to transcribe a few sentiments in the work, I met with it, and extracted from chap. 2, page 317, what follows. "Yet it cannot be denied that in the primitive Church there was always a president who presided over others, who were in a state of equality with himself: this is clearly proved from the catalogues of bishops to be found in Eusebius and others; in them we may see the names of the bishops belonging to the principal Churches, many of
whom were ordained whilst the apostles (but especially John) were still living." So far Mr. Ostervald, who, I presume, was a Presbyterian. In Cave's Lives of the Fathers, and in the writings of the ancients, it will appear that the Churches of Alexandria, and elsewhere, had large congregations, many elders; that the apostles might appoint and ordain bishops. Mr. Ostervald, who, it appears, is a candid and well-informed man, has gone as far as might be expected for a Presbyterian. For myself, I see but a hair's breadth difference between the sentiments of the respectable and learned author of Christian Theology, and the practice of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There is not—nor indeed, in my mind, can there be—a perfect equality between a constant president, and those over whom he always presides.

Monday, 6. At Malone’s chapel I preached on Luke xxiv, 44-48. We lodged at brother Reeple's.

Tuesday, 7. Leaving Jones’s, we proceeded on, through heavy rain, to Drumgoold’s.

Wednesday, 8. Dromyrick chapel had been removed and enlarged for the conferences. Thursday, Friday, and Monday in conference. We had a press of business, but were peaceable and expeditious. Brother Lee preached on Saturday: I held forth on Sunday morning to an unwieldy congregation in doors, whilst William Ormond preached out of doors, and the poor blacks had their devotions behind the house. My subject was Rom. i, 16: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The manifest excellence of the Gospel of Christ in three cases. 1. As a revelation from God, by ancient, and multiplied, and sure prophecy. 2. As it proclaimeth salvation to all the world who will give it that attention and that credence which is given to the reports and to the business of the world. The spiritual and glorious salvation of the Gospel. The power of God displayed upon the rich, the poor, the worldly minded, the worldly wise, and worldly ignorant, and sinners of the deepest dye. Modern ministers and the people of God of the present day, should not
be ashamed to believe and profess the experience and obey the precepts of the Gospel; not ashamed to suffer for it and support it; not ashamed to claim all its promises; contend for the truth of its doctrines, and the necessity and efficacy of its divinely-appointed ordinances.

Monday, 13. We finished our conference, and next day I recommenced my northern march, preaching at Drumgoold's, (now Ellis's) chapel, whither we had returned. Doctor Smith, on whom I called, took a wart, cancerous in appearance, which had troubled me three months, from my foot.

Thursday, 16. At Mabry's chapel. I paid a visit to an old mother in Israel. I have fevers and feebleness, but a soul entirely swallowed up in God. I preached on Titus i, 16. The characters of those who profess to know God by his works of nature, his providences; yet there are of these who reject his word, who imitate him not in his attributes and perfections, forgetting that we might as well suppose a man without bodily powers and mental apprehensions, as a God without justice, mercy, truth, love, and holiness. Some profess to know God by revelation, yet in works deny him; others profess to know God by revelation and inspiration, yet, like the others, neither fear God, trust in, nor love him, having deceived their own souls; others have fallen from the experimental and saving knowledge of God, yet profess to know God. Lastly, How excellent the character of those who know God, and prove it by their works, and uniformity of tempers and actions, living always in the fear of God, and in an unshaken confidence in his mercy and his truth.

Friday, 17. Ten miles brought us to Supponey Creek. We lodged at the house of Richard Greaves's widow. The husband is gone home, having departed in perfect love, after twenty years' profession: he wrote and felt a blessed experience a short time before his death.

Saturday, 18. For thirty years past I have occasionally preached at Stony Creek; I held forth at the chapel on Psalm lxxviii, 5-7. After preaching we hasted on to B. Malone's to dine, and thence to Petersburg, thirty miles.
Sabbath, 19. There had been put forth a printed appointment for me to preach the funeral sermon of the late Rev. Devereux Jarratt, who had lately returned to his rest.

My subject was Matt. xxv. 21: "His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It was observed, I. That a good servant was only good in the relation which his practice and his experience bore to the example and the precepts of his divine Master; that his was Christian goodness—a goodness altogether founded in grace. II. "Faithful servant"—faithful to his ministerial character: he hath a high and just sense of the authority of his Divine Master in the person of God the Father and God the Son; he hath a just respect for the people he is to serve of all characters: the service he is to perform—1st. The preaching of the word. 2d. The administration of the sacrament and ordinances. 3d. Ruling the Church of God. The "talents"—the gift of prayer, preaching, expounding of the Scriptures; and social advice. "Faithful in a few things"—"to be ruler over many things" in the glory of God. The "joy" of Jesus—the joy of his redemption and salvation of souls socially and personally, felt and experienced—and lastly, the hearty welcome into glory.

Mr. Devereux Jarratt was settled in Bath Parish, Dinwiddie county, Virginia, in the year 1763, and continued until February, 1801. He was a faithful and successful preacher. He had witnessed four or five periodical revivals of religion in his parish. When he began his labours, there was no other, that he knew of, evangelical minister in all the province! He travelled into several counties, and there were very few parish churches within fifty miles of his own, in which he had not preached; to which labours of love and zeal were added, preaching the word of life on solitary plantations and in meeting-houses. He was the first who received our despised preachers—when strangers and unfriended, he took them to his house, and had societies formed in his parish. Some of his
people became travelling preachers amongst us. I have already observed that the ministry of Mr. Jarratt was successful—I verily believe that hundreds were awakened by his labours; they are dispersed—some are gone to the Carolinas, to Georgia, to the western country—some perhaps are in heaven; and some, it may be, in hell.

The day after, we rode through a cold day to Chesterfield court-house, and the next day we came in, dripping, to Richmond: about four o'clock, lame as I was, I walked to the new house, where I spoke to a small congregation from Matt. v, 16.

Wednesday, 22. Although it was excessively cold, occasioned by a fall of snow on the mountains, we took the road, and came as far as Lyon's, in Caroline, about thirty-five miles.

Thursday, 23. By taking the road over Buck's bridge, we crossed Mattapany without difficulty. On our route I saw that beautiful spot, the Bowling Green, improved into a neat village at Caroline court-house. We dined at Todd's, and came on to Fredericksburg: here I completely failed, and went to bed, after ordaining William Hughes a deacon. Brother Whatcoat spoke in the new house, which I could only behold with my eyes at a distance. Some years ago Doctor Coke and myself wished to preach, but there was no place; now, the people desired to hear me and could not.

Friday, 24. Was a day of rain. Onward we went—Potomac run was passable—Aquia, full enough to catch my dipping foot—hills, and clay, and another swelling stream still between us and Dumfries—arrived at last, we borrowed a widow's house and held a meeting; my subject was Luke xix, 10. We were kindly entertained at Cook's.

Saturday, 25. We came on to Alexandria. O the clay! O the insolvent roads!

Sunday, 26. I gave a discourse upon Zeph. i, 12.

I received two letters sent after me, requesting the substance or heads of the sermon preached on the occasion of the late Rev. Devereux Jarratt: I sat down, and as well as
I could collect and remember them, hastily arranged my thoughts upon paper, and left the manuscript with Nicholas Snethen to copy.

MARYLAND.—We had some difficulty next day at the ferry, being obliged to wait an hour, which made us too late for meeting in Georgetown.

I visited Captain Lloyd Beal. I also visited Ezekiel King, son of my most dear friend, father King, in Stroud. Can a son of so many prayers be lost? heavy strokes of Providence have afflicted his mind: he hears—he weeps—O that I may yet see him converted!—he desired that I should pray in the family.

Tuesday, 28. We came to Montgomery court-house, fifteen miles, where I found a decent, attentive congregation, in a house as well contrived and fitted for religious worship as any I have seen: my subject was Luke xxiv, 45–48.

Jehovah is at work—We have new converts added. We dined at E. Busson's, and came on to Joshua Pigman's, twenty-five miles.

Wednesday, 29. We had a large assembly at Goshen meeting-house: brother Whatcoat preached. We came on that evening to Levin Warfield's.

Thursday, 30. We arrived to dine at Alexander Warfield's, on Sam's Creek, and pushed on to Henry Willis's, on Pipe Creek, where it had been our intention to open conference.

We had about forty members present, and sat on Friday, Saturday, and Monday: on Tuesday morning we rose. We had great peace; and good news from several circuits—revivals of religion. I was greatly supported in mind and body. On Sabbath day I preached from Matt. xxviii, 18–20. 1. The authority of Christ—his natural, and his Divine right as the co-eternal Son—his right by redemption—his right by family compact, and the delegation of the whole Trinity, to the work of redemption and salvation. 2. The branches of duty appointed to his ministers: to preach the Gospel in all its essential points; to administer the ordinances; and to rule the
Church of Christ. 3. "I am with you"—at all times, and in all places, to support and to give you success as Christians and as ministers. We had six elders present; to wit, William Watters, John Phillips, Solomon Harris, Joseph Stone, John Cullison, and Alexander McCaine. There was preaching every day and every night. Our own people, and our friends in the settlement were equally kind; and we had rich entertainment. This settlement of Pipe Creek is the richest in the state: here Mr. Strawbridge formed the first society in Maryland—and America.

Wednesday, May 6. The clouds are gone, and we must move. The weather has lately been unpleasant. I changed my old horse for a younger and a better. We came to Baltimore in a great storm, but I was not much damped: I sat in George Roberts's house, and received my old friends and all who called to see me.

Sunday, 10. I had an opportunity of speaking in Lightstreet church, upon Romans i, 16–18. We had an open time and an attentive congregation: I felt that the Lord was amongst the people. In the afternoon, at the Old Town church, I spoke on Romans xvii, 5. In the evening I read the Duck Creek and Cumberland account of the work of God: it would not have been greater labour to have preached. We went to bed at eleven o'clock, slept at twelve, waked at four, and at five mounted and hasted away to Perry Hall to preach at eleven o'clock: my text was Mark ix, 14–29.

Tuesday, 12. At Gunpowder Neck I spoke on Psalm cii, 13; at five o'clock we had a meeting at Abingdon: there is a revival of religion in this circuit. The day is excessively warm: my foot sore—and a high fever. We lodged at William Smith's. Sarah Dallam's eldest daughter, Eliza Stump, professeth conversion, and her daughter Sarah, and little Philip her youngest son also.

Wednesday, 13. I preached once more at Josias W. Dallam's—I could speak with more faith than usual upon Acts ii, 37, for behold! Henry Watters's son, many years insensible to the things of God, was converted! When we parted
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with Godfrey, he looked after us with wishful, willing eyes and heart: that the dear soul should sit nearly thirty years under the Gospel, unconverted and almost unconcerned—how strange! and should be at last visited and converted—how merciful!

Thursday, 14. Crossed Susquehannah ferry, and came in to meeting at half-past eleven o'clock: the people were waiting; and I gave a short discourse upon Heb. ii, 3. We dined and rode on to Bohemia Manor.

Friday, 15. Brother Whatcoat preached: I gave a short exhortation. We hope that nearly three thousand souls have been added since last conference in the peninsula of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia.

Saturday, 16. We rode rapidly to the brick meeting-house in Kent, a distance not less than twenty-two miles: I was outdone: brother Whatcoat preached upon, "Now we live, if ye stand fast in the faith."

Sunday, 17. We had a love-feast for the whites and blacks: there might have been fifteen hundred people. My subject was Psalm cxlvii, 3-5: this was a trying exercise, but I humbly hope it was not all in vain.

We came away, and steered to New Town, Chester, fifteen miles, through dust and heat, to keep an appointment made for the night, which held us until after nine o'clock. Fatigue and fever prevented my sleeping.

Monday, 18. We rose at five o'clock, and came off at six, bending our course to Centreville, seventeen miles. Ah! heavily moves this clay. I came in weary and unwell: I spoke on Romans x, 21. I was greatly assisted in mind and body. After meeting I rode to brother Pinard's, where I was glad to lay myself down to rest.

Tuesday, 19. We came off, cool and calm, to Easton. Brother Whatcoat preached: I gave an exhortation. We take a county and a circuit in a day. I can only say, I am kept from murmuring and sinning: but ah! it is like pressing out life with labour: such extraordinary exertions call for great Divine support for soul and body. O how sweet

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will be eternal rest to labouring souls! Our prospects are pleasing in Kent, Queen Anne's, and Talbot circuits: souls are added to the Church and to Christ; prejudices fall before the force of truth and power of God.

Wednesday, 20. We came to Bolingbrooke: my subject here was Heb. x. 38, 39. We dined at William Brown's; one of his sons hath found the Lord. A calm and safe passage brought us over Choptank at Eunal's Ferry.

Thursday, 21. In Cambridge we held a meeting in the court-house, and had a large, well-behaved congregation to hear: brother Whatcoat spoke on, "To you is the word of this salvation sent." I made the application, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Friday, 22. We had a long ride to William Frazier's through dust and excessive heat.

Saturday, 23. I preached upon Peter's fall. It was hard to leave loving souls; so we tarried until morning.

I formed a plan for another year, allowing only about twenty days to visit every circuit but Caroline, by one appointment in a circuit and county.

Sunday, 24. We came to Choptank, and found that the people had attended the day before, of which we were ignorant, and that no appointment had been made for the Sabbath. It was not light labour to make thirty miles by eleven o'clock; and, worn as I was, I should have failed had not Thomas Forster lent me his carriage.

Monday, 25. Arrived in Dover, we found the people collected at the meeting-house so numerous that they could not be well accommodated: we therefore adjourned to the state-house, where I spoke to them from Haggai ii, 5—9. Brother Whatcoat preached at the chapel, and I gave an exhortation —and so ended the great meeting in Dover with us. My mind was somewhat taken up with getting another horse, and he did not please me. I went to Dr. Cook's to see Thomas White's only surviving daughter, and Sarah Cook. I preached at Duck-Creek Cross-Roads, upon 1 Thess. i, 7—12. I am under some dejection of spirits; yet I know of
no cause except bodily infirmity, produced by excessive labour, and speaking long and tolerably loud to large congregations. My foot and my fears are troublesome to me. In the afternoon I must needs go to attend an examination of the children of a school partly under the Methodist direction: I could not have thought the scholars would so greatly improve in so short a time: their improvement reflects honour upon their teacher, a Mr. Hughes, a Methodist from Ireland. The master had provided a medal, but the committee judged it proper to keep it for a future examination. Indeed, the master himself was best entitled to an honorary reward; and this being the general sentiment, a subscription was undertaken for money, to furnish the children each with a small silver piece, and so make them equal—in a free country.

Thursday, 28. At Dickenson’s meeting-house I preached upon Matt. xxv, 46. We rode home with Benjamin Hersey, at Noxentown mill.

Friday, 29. We were righteous overmuch in riding in such haste and heat, thirty miles, without refreshment; but we had fears for the Philadelphia society. At six o’clock I gave a discourse at Wilmington, on 1 Pet. v, 7: “Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.” First, We should have no care, as ministers or as Christians, but what is proper—such care as may, with humble confidence, be cast upon the Lord. Second, How we should cast the whole upon the Lord—by faith, by prayer, by patience, and resignation. “That the Lord careth for us” as a God.

Pennsylvania.—Saturday, 30. Most excessive heat, through which we rode to conference in Philadelphia.

Sabbath, 31. I preached in Fourth-street, on John iii, 19. I was very lame. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, I attended the session of conference, but on Saturday I remained in my lodgings, and ministered to my sore foot. Our conference was a gracious one. It appeared as if the preachers were unwilling to elevate their voices lest there should be an appearance of heat or anger;
yet with the greatest plainness would they differ from each other, calmly, and in love.

_Sabbath, June 7._ I took up my cross, and stayed quietly in the house with a blister to my foot. We shall see if another operation will be necessary. Minutes and letters took up my attention. We elected and ordained eight deacons, and the same number of elders; on account of my lameness it was done at my lodgings. We were well satisfied in the stationing of the preachers; we received one from Canada, and sent three thither. My soul hath great peace; and although there has been a formidable division threatened, we humbly hope God will overrule it all to his glory.

_Wednesday, 10._ Doctor Physick applied a caustic to my foot.

I wrote to Dr. Coke. My mind is greatly supported under my own troubles, and the afflictions of the Church; nevertheless, the Lord appears glorious upon our continent, and my soul exults in Zion's prosperity. From the 7th to the 16th no regular journal. Our conference meets this day in New-York; and here am I in Philadelphia, and here must I remain in patience and in pain.

_Tuesday, 30._ No journal kept. I have had caustic after caustic applied; now I have hope of a cure on my foot.

_Sabbath, July 5._ I attended at Fourth-street: sermon and sacrament. I spoke from 1 Cor. xi, 27-29. I stood upon one knee and one foot, about an hour and a half. I was much assisted, and great solemnity appeared in the congregation. I have little interesting for insertion in a journal. Letters received from the Carolinas advise of a revival of religion.

On _Wednesday_ last my foot began to feel better. Dr. Physick, who hath so kindly attended me, gives his decided opinion that my sore is a sinew strain: a dead part of the sinew must still come away.

_Sabbath, 12._ I preached in Fourth-street on Luke iv, 18: there were some flowings of life to myself and to the assembly. In the afternoon I spoke at Ebenezer on Isa. lv, 6, 7.

_Monday, 20._ At St. George's church, Fourth-street, I spoke on the parable of the sower: my congregation was
small. In the afternoon, at the Academy, my subject was James i, 12.

Why should I continue my journal while here? what would it be but a tale of woe?—the society divided, and I, perforce, shut up in Sodom, without any communication with the connexion at large.

Sabbath, 27. At St. George's, I spoke on 1 Peter iv, 17. At Bethel, my text was 1 Peter iv, 18.

I have been reading my papers, for a second volume of a journal. June and July of this year are almost blanks with me. I have had my own bodily and soul sufferings; and some violent men have divided the body of Christ in the city of Philadelphia—let such answer for it in this, and the world to come.

Friday, 31. After a serious confinement in Philadelphia of two months of trouble and affliction, I took my departure and rode to the Wheatsheaf, where we breakfasted, and thence proceeded to Wilmington, Delaware; I stopped with Allen M'Lean. I found Mr. Worrel very ill, and addressed him seriously on the concerns of his soul, commending him to God in prayer. After supper we went to John Miller's, in Newport.

Delaware.—August 1. I called upon Mr. M'Intyre; we talked, we prayed and rejoiced together in the work of God. I could not pass my old friend Isaac Harey, without calling. We could with gratitude review the past, and dwell upon the present dealings of the Lord with us as a people, and say, what hath God wrought?

Maryland.—Within two miles of North East, the heavens grew big and black with wind and rain: happily for us brother George's house was at hand: there we talked, prayed, and sheltered. Sister Howell is very low and languid. I lodged at Daniel Sheredine's. He had never lost sight of God for twenty-nine years, and now he is united to us.

Sunday, 2. I preached at the chapel opposite the church, so called: my text was Luke vii, 22, 23; we had a living season.
Monday, 3. We came off at six o'clock, and after riding twenty miles, stopped to take refreshment at Mr. Stump's, in Bush. I spoke a word of consolation to a true daughter of that excellent woman Sally Dallam, now with Christ; it was a time of great family affliction, but the mourner enjoys divine love for her support.

I came on to Perry Hall. Here were things to arrest my attention—out of sixty or seventy servants, many shouting and praising God. My dear Mr. Gough was somewhat unwell. Mrs. Carroll seriously ill, and her mother absent in attendance on old Mrs. Carroll, at the Mount.

I continued at Perry Hall, from August 3d to Saturday the 15th. An intermittent fever came upon me every morning, and indisposed my stomach: it was with difficulty I could attend to the performance of family and closet duties, being much unfitted for reading or writing. I got through a part of Dodridge's Rise and Progress, and some of Young's Night Thoughts. The great engagedness of the African part of the family was delightfully pleasing. Gough Holliday professed to find the Lord, and one or two more of the family appear to be earnestly seeking him. I preached, read, prayed, exhorted, and conversed; but it was not much I could do. Our family, when in the chapel, makes a respectable congregation.

Sunday, 16. I spent this day in Baltimore. My indisposition of body was amply compensated by the consolation I felt whilst holding forth upon Matt. v, 8: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I. The character of those who by justification are, in a special manner, called to be pure in heart; called by promise, by privilege, by duty.

II. The purity of the Gospel in authority, in example, precept and spirit; in its operative influence on the understanding, conscience, intentions, will, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows and affections, producing the sanctification of the soul in a deliverance from all sin.

III. The visions: in what manner the pure in heart should
see God; they shall see him in his perfections, in his providence, in his works of nature, and the operations of his grace, and they shall see him in his glory!

I had a desire to preach in the market-house upon Howard's Hill. I spoke to hundreds, perhaps thousands, upon Luke xiv, 21: “Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.” I thought it my duty, and I felt it a delight to sanction what the preachers do in preaching abroad: I wished to do it in Philadelphia, and had appointed it, but some of my brethren made strong objections, and it was abandoned. We have peace, health, and union in Baltimore.

Wednesday, 19. I came from Baltimore to Robert Carman's, near the Stone chapel. This was a day of great and good news. I heard that eight souls professed to find the Lord at a prayer-meeting in the city; twelve souls at Callison's, in the Barrens, about fifteen days past; and by letters from Thomas Wilkerson, and advices from William M'Kendree, forty souls were happily made subjects of converting grace at a late meeting held in Cumberland, Tennessee—this meeting continued from Saturday until Monday, and there was then no prospect of its concluding soon: the elder was under the necessity of coming away to attend to his other appointments.

I made two visits to a beautiful country-seat belonging to Captain Yellett: here is a charming house, fine gardens, and well-improved grounds; but on what lease? Ah, how uncertain are all our earthly enjoyments! My business was with the sick: O, may sweet Sophia find spiritual wisdom, gold tried in the fire, that she may be rich in every virtue and every grace that can adorn the woman, the wife, the mother, the daughter, and the Christian!

Thursday, 20. I preached at the Stone chapel at a short notice, to a few serious, respectable people, on 1 John iv, 15–17. I spoke next day at Ryster's Town on Isaiah xxxv, 3–6: although the warning was short, it was a day of liberty to me. We dined at Weis's public house, and proceeded on to Henry Willis's, at Pipe Creek: we had the company of Jesse Hol-
lingsworth and James M'Cannon: we felt the heat and feared the rain, but happily arrived before it fell, at a pleasant shelter and a Christian family. Next day we visited the Sulphur Springs, and rested the body a little.

Sunday, 23. I preached at the Stone chapel on Heb. xii, 25: it was a gracious season. On Monday we rested.

Tuesday, 25. We rode to Alexander Warfield's, on Sam's Creek. My mind is variously exercised in my infirm state; but I plainly perceive that I must be made perfect through labour, temptation, and many sufferings in the flesh and spirit.

Wednesday, 26. We visited John Norris's family: here I saw the aged mother of ninety years: she reminded me of my own. I dined with the household of Eli Dorsey—the children of my once dear friend Sarah Dorsey, now no more. At James L. Higgins's I gave a discourse upon 2 Cor. vi, 2.

Thursday, 27. We rode up to Stephen Shelmerdine's.

Friday, 28. At Fredericktown I spoke on Matt. xi, 5, 6. Here I met with Bishop Whatcoat and Sylvester Hutchinson: we formed a plan for our future journeys and labours. They, to visit Maryland by the way of Baltimore and Annapolis, and thence on to Richmond and the towns on the route to Camden in South Carolina, and southward to Georgia; I, in company with Nicholas Sthen, go out to the western conference in Nolachuckie, then afterward cross over to the South.

Saturday, 29. The evening brought us to Thomas Keys's, upon Shenandoah. We went by the way of Samuel Phillips's, to see his dear, afflicted wife—perhaps for the last time in this world: God is still gracious to this family. We also saw Harper's ferry, and beheld with satisfaction, the good plain buildings erected there by the United States.

Virginia.—Sunday, 30. At Charlestown I preached under the shady oaks to perhaps fifteen hundred people, upon Heb. x, 39: it was a gracious season—truth had its dominion in some minds. We administered the sacrament. I ordained to the office of deacons, John M'Therson and Thomas Littleton. I rode home with John Davenport.

Monday, 31. Reached Winchester. Since I left Balti-
more, I suppose I have ridden, by crooks, corners, and straight lines, one hundred and thirty miles. My mind in general has been sweetly stayed upon God.

Wednesday, September 2. We spent this day at Elijah Phelps's—the old place, and it was like old times.

I received an Address from the most respectable citizens of Winchester, praying the continuance of Mr. Snethen to officiate in the ministry amongst them; but it could not be: he was appointed at Baltimore to travel with me, and I could not get another at this time and place to answer as well.

Thursday, 3. We rode through heat and drought to Woodstock. N. Snethen preached upon, “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” I spoke in the evening on Luke xix, 10: the house was full, and there were people in the street. We lodged at Madera's.

Friday, 4. The weather as yesterday: we nevertheless made thirty miles to Jacob Huster's.

Saturday and Sabbath day were spent at Rockingham quarterly meeting, held in Harrisonburg: the brethren were lively in the sacramental meeting. Many came from far, although the heat was very great. N. Snethen preached on Saturday upon Rom. xii, 17, and Sabbath day, Rom. xii, 1. My subject was 1 Pet. iv, 17. The house could not at all contain the people, we therefore took to the woods; but we failed in shade, and felt some inconvenience in the sun.

Monday, 7. I was very unwell; but I rode. The route led through a fine shade, sixteen miles as computed, but really twenty miles, to William Young's, formerly an elder in the Presbyterian Church. We had a gracious season. N. Snethen preached on John iii, 17. I believe the Lord will work in Augusta county amongst the Presbyterians.

Tuesday, 8. At Moffit's meeting-house N. Snethen spoke on 2 Cor. vi, 1, 2. My subject was 1 Pet. v, 7. The heat, augmented by the long drought, was very oppressive to the system: I was very unwell.

Wednesday, 9. At Staunton, N. Snethen preached at eleven o'clock. I preached from Acts iii, 26. Ministers Wilson
and Glendid were present. N. Snetten and P. Bruce held night-meeting—heat! heat!

Thursday, 10. We passed Greenville, Fairfield, and came to Lexington to lodge at Shield's: we got here what failed us on the way—good entertainment.

Friday, 11. We rode by the Rockbridge and Springfield, to Pattensburg, and thence on to James Tapscoot's: I was hungry and unwell, having taken cold by exposure to the evening air.

Saturday, 12. We came to Fincastle. We have made, I presume, one hundred and twenty miles this week; and some rough roads. I have felt suffering faith, and fervent love to God and souls.

Sunday, 13. I preached from 1 John i, 5-7. I had taken cold, attended with a great check to respiration, which made my bodily feelings very uncomfortable.

Monday, 14. We visited Mr. Phillips, a Baptist minister, who received and kindly entertained us: from this fifteen-mile stage we proceeded to Thomas Raborn's, making thirty-three miles for the day. Greatly desired, and much needed, rain came at last.

Tuesday, 15. We preached at Raborn's, brother Snetthen and myself, to a very attentive people. I had to excuse my non-attendance at this place last year: the failure was occasioned, first, by my not knowing the distance; secondly, because I was persuaded to take the route by English's ferry, as being the better road for a chaise. After meeting we took up our journey across the Alleghany mountain; but finding after we had ridden nearly ten miles that it was growing late, we turned up towards the sun, and housed for the night with John M'Daniel, upon Tom's Creek. My soul is kept in great peace, and I have grace to bear and suffer; my spirit is calm and pure.

Wednesday, 16. We came to Pepper's ferry—behold me once more on New River!

Thursday, 17. We held a meeting at Pepper's chapel. N. Snetthen spoke upon 2 Peter i, 10. As I was called upon by
recommendation to ordain Edward Morgan to the office of a deacon, my subject was 2 Tim. iv, 1, 2. We lodged at Mr. Hance's.

*Friday, 18.* We stretched along to Thaddeus Cooley's, near Wythe court-house, and next day came to Charles Hardy's. My companion's horse fell to-day, and I had scarcely time to reflect upon the probability of its being my turn, when my little mare also came down; but the Lord preserved man and beast.

*Sunday, 20.* We came over the mountain to Saltsburg, and preached at the widow Russell's. N. Snelten was greatly enlarged, upon Luke xi, 3, 4. I was so feeble, I had but little to say, upon, "Behold, now is the day of salvation." I have a partial restoration of health; but the fever returns every morning, added to which, the severe and constant riding, with want of, and generally irregularity of meals, becomes in a great degree a cause of sickness. I was pleased to see our local brethren come forty and fifty miles to visit me. We met with joy, and parted in tears!

*Monday, 21.* We had to try Clinch mountains—four miles over. I continued on horseback, ascending and descending: my sore-backed, slender-jointed beast wrought it but badly. We made twenty-two miles this day, and happily escaped the showers which fell in the afternoon. We lodged at Francis Browning's.

*Tuesday, 22.* We had a meeting at Elk Garden meeting-house: we felt as if in a stove-room while N. Snelten was speaking, upon, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." I spoke from 2 Peter iii, 17, 18. We dined at Richard Brice's. He is now growing very infirm.

*Wednesday, 23.* We rode to Castle's woods. I was amazed at the goodness of the Lord to this western country generally; and was surprised and gratified to observe the improvements made in Russell county particularly. I was well weary of riding over such an uneven surface as we have lately passed—at the rate of about twenty miles a day, equal to many more on level land.
Thursday, 24. We rested at Charles Beckley's. N. Sne-then preached upon Coloss. i, 21, 22. I spoke from 2 Cor. vi, 2: "Behold, now is the accepted time."

Friday, 25. To Copper-Creek meeting, fifteen miles. We had mountains, vallies, and rocks, as usual. There was a cabin, but we delivered our testimony in the woods. After meeting, and refreshing our horses with a bite, we pushed on to Mockison Creek, crossing it nine times in about five miles: the roads were rough as usual, and the fords at the stream, rocks, loose, or sideling and slippery. We lodged at William Lawson's.

Saturday, 26. We wrought down Mockison to the Gap, where the accumulated waters of the stream have, at some time, apparently burst their way through Clinch Mountain. After recrossing the north branch of Holston, we stopped at John Wadley's, and refreshed man and beast. Our host became our guide, and tripped over the hills with us in the rain, his mare barefoot, and himself without a saddle to ride on, or a great coat to shield him from the weather. At length we reached Charles Baker's, upon Main Holston, in safety. I began to feel and to fail. I have ridden about one hundred miles in the last four days; the roads equal to any in the United States for badness. My bowels, and my poor horse's back are in bad order. How much time we have to read, and write, and pray, those who travel with us may judge.

Tennessee.—Sabbath day, 27. I was unwell, and willing to sit still.

Monday, 28. Attended by John Watson, we crossed Holston and Watawga, near the junction, and came to Dungworth's.

Tuesday, 29. I preached upon 2 Tim. iv, 7, 8, and then rode on through Jonesborough to Cashe's.

Wednesday, 30. I spoke on Heb. ii, 1, and hasted on to Ebenezer to attend the conference.

Our brethren in Kentucky did not attend: they pleaded the greatness of the work of God. Twelve of us sat in con-
ference three days; and we had not an unpleasant countenance, nor did we hear an angry word:—and why should it not always be thus? Are we not the ministers, of the meek and lowly, the humble and holy Jesus?

N. Snethen gave us two sermons. We ordained on Friday, Saturday, and Sabbath day, and upon each day I improved a little on the duties of ministers. On the Lord's day we assembled in the woods, and made a large congregation. My subject was Isa. lxii, 1. On Friday and Saturday evenings, and on Sabbath morning, there was the noise of praise and shouting in the meeting-house. It is thought there are twenty-five souls who have found the Lord; they are chiefly the children of Methodists—the children of faith and of many prayers.

Monday, October 5. We parted in great love. Our company made twelve miles to Isaiah Harrison's, and next day reached the Warm Springs upon French Broad River.

Wednesday, 7. We made a push for Buncomb courthouse: man and beast felt the mighty hills. I shall calculate from Baker's to this place one hundred and twenty miles; from Philadelphia, eight hundred and twenty miles.

Friday, 9. Yesterday and to-day we rested at George Swain's.

Sabbath day, 11. Yesterday and to-day held quarterly meeting at Daniel Killions's, near Buncomb court-house. I spoke from Isa. lvii, 6, 7, and 1 Cor. vii, 1. We had some quickenings.

Monday, 12. We came to Morrough's, upon Mud Creek: here we had a sermon from N. Snethen on Acts xiv, 15. Myself and James Douthat gave an exhortation. We had very warm weather and a long ride. At Major Britain's, near the mouth of Mill's river, we found a lodging.

Tuesday, 13. We came in haste up to elder Davidson's, refreshed man and beast, commended the family to God, and then struck into the mountain. The want of sleep, and other inconveniences, made me unwell. We came down Seluda River near Seluda Mountain: it tried my lame feet and old
feeble joints. French Brod, in its meanderings, is nearly
two hundred miles long; the line of its course is semicircular;
it's waters are pure, rapid, and its bed generally rocky, ex-
cept the Blue Ridge; it passes through all the western moun-
tains. We continued at John Douthat's on Wednesday,
and Thursday furnished a meeting. N. Snethen spoke
upon 1 John v, 10. I spoke also; my subject was Hosea
x, 12.

Friday, 16. We reached Samuel Burdine's, sixteen miles.
N. Snethen spoke from 1 John v, 4, 5. I followed from
Titus ii, 11, 12.

South Carolina.—Sabbath, 18. Yesterday and to-day
we attended quarterly meeting at Salem, near Staunton's ferry,
upon Seluda River. N. Snethen's subject was Psalm cxix,
59, 60. I came off with reading a letter containing an ac-
count of the revival of religion amongst the Presbyterians and
Methodists in Cumberland. On the Sabbath N. Snethen
spoke upon Luke xiv, 26; the ground I took was John iii,
19, 20. After a shower on Saturday it cleared up cold, with
the wind from the north-west. The house would not contain
our Sabbath congregation; they stood in front of the cabin,
under whose projecting roof we found shelter from the sun.
Our situation was eligible, because the voice was thrown for-
ward, and because we were protected from the wind whilst
speaking. James Jenkins followed with a call to backsliders.
The people were serious, but I heard of no conversions. We
lodged at Henry Parriss's, on the Grove.

Monday, 19. At John Bramlet's, Greensville. After
meeting, we rode to Thomas Terry's, upon Reedy River.

Tuesday, 20. Thanks be to God for one night's rest. I
calculate that we have ridden eighty miles since we left John
Douthat's. O Lord! thou preservest man and beast. We
attended a meeting at a Presbyterian vacant house. N. Sne-
then preached upon Isa. lv, 6. I read James M'Groody's
narrative of the work of God in Logan county, Kentucky.

Wednesday, 21. We rode sixteen miles to the widow Bram-
let's meeting-house. N. Snethen spoke on Matt. v, 3, I
followed from 2 Pet. i, 4. We rode four miles to Daniel M’Kee’s, where we held a meeting in the evening.

**Thursday, 22.** We came twenty miles to Casey’s, late and lost, and arrived whilst Coleman Carlisle was holding forth. I only read a letter and gave an exhortation. This family (the Caseys) entertained us when we were few in number in these parts.

**Friday, 23.** We rode ten miles to Bigg’s meeting-house, and held a meeting. N. Snethen preached from 1 Tim. i, 5; I only exhorted—the wind all the while blowing freely upon my naked head. We kept on ten miles to Davis’s; here we held an evening meeting: N. Snethen preached, and I exhorted.

**Saturday, 24.** We had to attend a meeting appointed at Broad River circuit. N. Snethen spoke from 2 Tim. ii, 8. I only exhorted, and read a letter giving an account of the work of God in Kentucky.

We have been working this week from Seluda to Reedy River, down the Enoree, crossing and recrossing through Pendleton, Greensville, Laurens, Spartensburgh, and Newbury-district counties in South Carolina. I cannot record great things upon religion in this quarter; but cotton sells high. I fear there is more gold than grace—more of silver than of “that wisdom that cometh from above.”

**Monday, 26.** At Beauford’s meeting-house N. Snethen preached from James i, 4; there was some breathing after life. We lodged at Mr. Hardy’s.

**Tuesday, 27.** At Bethel N. Snethen preached on Heb. x, 32. I afterward gave a discourse. We next day attended a meeting at the widow Coate’s, in the Bush River circuit: N. Snethen spoke on Matt. v, 20. I gave a few words on Luke vii, 18. We had an open season; and were made happy at John Myers’s, the steward of the circuit.

**Thursday, 29.** We had a long ride to Edgefield court-house, and were kindly entertained at Doctor Fuller’s: the town was in great disorder, it being court time.

**Friday, 30.** We came in haste to Daniel Baugh’s: here we
met Bishop Whatcoat, and Sylvester Hutchinson, who had come along rapidly. At the meeting-house, where we spent about three hours, we were joined by Stith Mead, John Garven, and Lewis Mycrel. Now we formed a plan for future labours and travel: it was concluded that Bishop Whatcoat should go from the centre, east to Savannah and St. Mary's; whilst I go west, in Georgia.

Georgia.—Saturday, 31. We came to Augusta. On the Sabbath day N. Snethen preached; after which I gave a few thoughts upon, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all people;" N. Snethen spoke again, in the afternoon, on the choice of Moses. Bishop Whatcoat held forth at night. We have a very large and most elegant house in this place, for which we are indebted, chiefly, to the generosity of the inhabitants. Our congregations are most respectable, and very attentive; but I heard of no conversions—the time for this is not yet come.

We have travelled this week one hundred and twenty miles. The season is exceedingly dry. I was made glad to find one who had departed from God for fifteen years, happily restored to the Lord and to myself; his own dear wife and child, and a family of one hundred souls, are also in the enjoyment of religion. Maryland appears as if it would feel the millennium in a few years.

Monday, November 2. We rested in Augusta. In the evening we rode to Mr. Lacey's, and next day travelled on to Columbia, twenty miles, and stopped with brother Allen, a local preacher. We had our brothers Hutchinson and Mead with us.

Wednesday, 4. At Scott's meeting-house, upon Little River, N. Snethen spoke on the Pharisee and publican. We came home with Mr. Gaterel. Here we parted with Bishop Whatcoat and his assistant, they directing their course south-west, across the State, and by a circle to Savannah and St. Mary's.

Thursday, 5. We came an hour too late to the Cross Roads: N. Snethen spoke from 1 Tim. iv, 8. I followed from Isa.
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lxi, 1–3. By riding a little in the rain and evening damps, we arrived at Richard Easter's in Petersburg, at the junction of the rivers, on which are the towns of Lisbon and Vienna in South Carolina. Petersburg is beautifully situated, has about eighty houses, well constructed for stores, and about one hundred buildings in all; they are generally one story in height, well painted, with convenient shed attached. At noon we held a meeting; the day was cold, and the house open. At night I preached in Richard Easter's house on Isa. xl, 31; the people were very attentive.

Saturday, 8. At Thompson's meeting-house N. Snethen preached from Matt. xviii, 19, 20. We also held a meeting on the Sabbath.

I suppose we have now travelled twelve hundred miles since leaving Philadelphia. I often have it whispered in my ear, what certain folks are pleased to say of my being an Englishman. How can I help that; I am not ashamed of it. But I am seeking souls, and Zion's glory; heaven is my country.

"There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come."

Monday, 9. At Pellum's we had many people, to whom N. Snethen spoke upon Matt. v, 8. We lodged at Captain Blackman's.

Tuesday, 10. N. Snethen spoke at Coldwater on Matt. xi, 28, 29; and next day, at Oliver's chapel, again, upon Psalm lxxxv, 8; I followed with a few words upon 1 John i, 6, 7. We lodged at Stinchcomb's: here I found Maryland people who heard me when children.

Thursday, 12. We came to Redwine's. Here some have been awakened amongst the Methodists, and have joined the Baptists; thus we have laboured, and others reap the fruit.

Friday, 13. At Carroll's meeting-house N. Snethen