

HUMOUR OF JOHN WESLEY.

WESLEY'S humour, enhanced the blandness of his piety, and enabled him sometimes to convey reproof in a manner which could hardly be resented with ill-temper. "Michael Fenwick," he says, "was often hindered from settling in business, because God had other work for him to do. He is just made to travel with me, being an excellent groom, valet-de-chambre, nurse, and upon occasion a tolerable preacher." This good man, one day, was vain enough to complain to him that, though constantly travelling with him, his own name was never inserted in Wesley's published journals. In the next number of the journals he found his egotism effectually rebuked. "I left Epworth," wrote Wesley, "with great satisfaction, and, about one, preached at Clayworth. I think none were unmoved but Michael Fenwick, who fell fast asleep under an adjoining hayrick." He could be noble in his reproofs as in all things else. Joseph Bradford was for many years his travelling companion, and considered no assistance to him as too servile, but was subject to changes of temper. Wesley directed him to carry a package of letters to the post; Bradford wished to hear his sermon first; Wesley was urgent, and insisted; Bradford refused. "Then," said Wesley, "you and I must part." "Very good, sir," replied Bradford. They slept over it. On rising the next morning Wesley accosted his old friend, and asked if he had considered what he had said, that "they must part." "Yes, sir," replied Bradford. "And must we part?" inquired Wesley. "Please yourself, sir," was the reply. "Will you ask my pardon?" rejoined Wesley. "No, sir." "You won't?" "No, sir." "Then I will ask yours," replied the great man. Bradford melted under the example, and wept like a child. The aptness of Wesley's replies sometimes took the form of severe repartee, but only when it was deserved. "Sir," said a blustering, low-lived