

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR.

Sir,—The following article is respectfully submitted to you for publication: assured that it cannot fail of meeting a corresponding interest in the hearts of your numerous readers, especially among those who still bear the name of their venerable founder, Wesley. No incident in the life of one so truly good and great, so abundant in labour for the benefit of his fellow-men, and fraught with blessings to future generations, can be deemed unimportant. He was indeed a "Light" enkindled by the Holy Spirit, and was raised up by Him who is the Father of Lights, "a city set on a hill," that "cannot," that ought not "be hid." He shone resplendent in the protracted course of his extensive missionary, literary, and benevolent career; and his sun, was not only made to go down in brightness, but scattering through the grace of God, its last setting, yet cheering rays, on all around—gave a sure and certain pledge in the morning of the resurrection, of rising in more glorious and brighter array! The Extract is taken from "Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Mortimer: by Mrs. Bulmer." This excellent woman, whose life is so illustrative of the grace of the Gospel, and which reflects such honour on Methodism, claimed Mr. Wesley as her spiritual parent; and, "to connection with him, her admirable biographer remarks, "She owed much of the celebrity of her early course; it exerted a powerful influence in the formation of her character; and she always justly ranked it among the highest, and most valued blessings of her life." She further observes—"Among the friends and adherents of the Wesleys, many such characters were found; and if from all classes of society may be largely selected those who have not only given their sanction to the economy established by these eminent men, but who have themselves been formed by it to an elevation in piety and virtue, to which they might not otherwise have attained,—may not Methodism, like Christianity, appeal for judgment, from the prejudices and passions of men, to its results in the exaltation of the human character, and the general improvement of Society?"

As in the life of Mr. Wesley, the particular providences of God were conspicuous, so was it in that of this his spiritual child. He of whom it is written with reference to the angelic host, that they "do His commandments, hearkening unto the voice of His word," and that they are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation," was pleased to prepare by his grace in (human shrine) and provide in his providence one, in the character of Miss Ritchie, afterward known as Mrs. Mortimer, to be employed in needed offices of love, and kindness, to this his dear and faithful servant in his infirmity, at the close of his mortal existence; Thus accomplishing his own most gracious promise to his chosen ones, "even to old age I am He: and to hoary hairs will I carry you." Isaiah chap. iv. 46. ver.

"In November 1790, Miss Ritchie again arrived in London, and had the satisfaction of once more meeting her revered friend, Mr. Wesley, at whose pressing invitation she became an inmate at the Chapel-house. Her friend, Miss Roe, (now married to the Rev James Rogers) resided there, but was in too infirm a state of health to occupy her usual place in the domestic circle. At the call of friendship, therefore, she consented, for awhile to undertake the charge, and says,—'Believing it to be my providential path, I entered on my new employment, and found sufficient business on my hands. The Preacher who usually read to Mr. Wesley being absent, he said to me, 'Betsy you must be eyes to the blind.' I therefore rose about half-past five o'clock, and generally read from six till breakfast time. Sometimes he would converse freely, and say,—'How good is

the Lord to bring you to me when I most need you! I should wish you to be with me in my dying moments: I would have you to close my eyes.' When the fullness of my heart, did not prevent reply, I have said, 'this, my dear Sir, I would willingly do, but you live such a flying life, I do not well see how it is to be accomplished.' He would end the conversation, by adding, 'our God does all things well: we will leave it in his hands.' During the two months I passed under his roof, which proved his last he spent on earth, I derived much pleasure from his conversation. His spirit seemed all love: he breathed the air of paradise, adverting often to the state of separate spirits. 'Can we suppose,' he would observe, 'that this active mind which animates and moves the dull matter with which it is clogged, will be less active when set free? Surely no: it will be all activity. But what will be its employments? who will tell?' I was greatly profited during this season. My hands were full, but I felt the light of the Divine approbation shining on my path, which rendered easy, many painful things I met with. Indeed I felt it quite a duty to let Mr. Wesley want no attention, I could possibly pay him: I loved him with a grateful and affectionate regard, as given by God to be my guide, my spiritual father, and my dearest friend; and was truly thankful to be assured that those attentions were made comforts to him. With concern I saw, in February 1791, that his strength declined much. He could not bear to continue meeting the classes, but desired me to read to him; for, notwithstanding his bodily weakness, his great mind could not be unemployed. On Thursday the 17th he came home from Lambeth, with a bad cold; but I did not then apprehend much danger. On the following Sunday he was unable to go on with his usual work. I began to fear the consequences, and felt a pleading spirit, crying, 'Lord spare the Shepherd for the people's sake!' My fears were nevertheless mixed with hope; and as no one else seemed to apprehend danger, I endeavoured to resist the fears that rose in my mind. On Monday he was something better; and, ever active to perform his work, Miss Wesley and I accompanied him to Twickenham. On Tuesday he preached in the City-road Chapel, from Gal. v. 5., and afterwards gave out his favourite Psalm, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

On Wednesday he was so much better, as to go to Leatherhead. He returned as far as Mr. Wolfe's on Thursday, and on Friday reached home. To proceed here, would only be to copy a narrative, written at the time by desire of Dr. Whitehead, which he read after preaching the funeral sermon. But as it is now little known, and is not inserted entire in the works of Mr. Wesley's Biographers, an extract from the concluding part of it will here be interesting, not only from its connection with Miss Ritchie, but also on account of its venerable subject. On Tuesday March 1st. Mr. Wesley conversed with his friend Mr. Bradford, upon affairs relating to the Connexion. He was afterwards much exhausted, and while sitting in his chair, was observed to change for death. His voice failed, and we were obliged to lay him down on the bed, from which he rose no more. After lying still and sleeping a little, he said, 'Betsy, you, Mr. Bradford, and the rest pray and praise.' We kneeled down, and truly our hearts were filled with a sense of the Divine presence. The room seemed to be filled with God; he afterwards gave a few directions respecting his general and other temporal concerns; and then, as if he felt that he had done with all below, begged we would again pray and praise. While Mr. Broadbent was thus engaged, Mr. Wesley's fervour of spirit was visible to every one present. One thing we could not but remark, that when Mr. Broadbent was praying in a very emphatic manner, that if God were about to take away our father and our head to his eternal glory, he would continue and increase his blessing, upon the doctrine and discipline, which he had so