

fended his father, who threatened to correct him, he kept himself at a distance in the garden, till seeing his father approach, and fearing his anger would be renewed by the sight of him, he ran away. But he was presently struck with deep remorse, thinking, "What! do I run away from my father? What a wicked wretch! It may be that I may live to grow up and have a son that will run away from me!" And it was some years before the impression of sorrow, then made upon him, wore off.

When he was about seven years old, he was reproved by his nurse-maid, saying, "You are a naughty boy, and the devil takes all such." After he was in bed, he began to reflect on her words, his heart smote him, and he said, "I am a naughty boy, and perhaps God will let the devil fetch me away." He got upon the bed, and for a considerable time wrestled with God in prayer, till he felt such a sense of the love of God, as made him quite easy.

He went through the usual course of academical studies, in the University of Geneva. One of his uncles who was, at that time, a General Officer in the Imperial service, then invited him into the same service, promising to procure him a commission. But just as he came into Germany, the war was at an end. Being so far on his way, he was then invited into Holland, by another uncle, who had, a little before, been desired, by a correspondent in England, to procure a tutor for a gentleman's sons. He asked Mr. Fletcher whether he were willing to go into England, and undertake this office. He consented, and accordingly went over to England, and took the care of Mr. Hill's two sons, at Tern-Hall, in Shropshire: and he continued in that office till the young gentlemen went to the University.

When he entered Mr. Hill's family, he did not know Christ in his heart. One Sunday evening, as he was writing some music, the servant came in to make up the fire, and looking at him, said, "Sir, I am very sorry to see you so employed on the Lord's day." He immediately put away his music, and from that hour, became a strict observer of that holy day.

Not long after, he met with a person, who asked him to go with her and hear the Methodists. He readily consented. The more he heard, the more uneasy he grew: and doubling his diligence, he hoped by *doing much* to render himself acceptable to God: till one day hearing Mr. Green he was convinced he did not know what true faith was. This occasioned many reflections in his mind. "Is it possible (said he) that I who have made divinity my study, and have received the *premium of piety* (so called, from the University) for my writings on divine subjects; that I should be so ignorant as not to know what faith is?" But the more he examined, the more he was convinced; then sin revived, and hope died away. He now sought, by the most rigorous austerities, to conquer an evil nature, and bring heaven-born peace into his soul. But the more he struggled, the more he was convinced, that all his fallen soul was sin, and that nothing but a revelation of the love of Jesus could make him a Christian. For this he sought

with unwearied assiduity: till one day, after much wrestling with God, lying prostrate on his face before the throne of grace, he felt the application of the blood of Jesus. Now his bonds were broken, and his free soul began to breathe a pure air. Sin was beneath his feet, and he could triumph in the Lord, the God of his salvation.

From this time he walked valiantly in the ways of God: and thinking that he had not leisure enough in the day, he made it a constant rule to sit up two nights in a week, for reading, prayer, and meditation, in order to sink deeper in that communion with God, which was become his soul's delight.

Notwithstanding the nights he sat up, he made it a rule, never to sleep, so long as he could keep awake. For this purpose, he always took a candle and book to bed with him. But one night, being overcome of sleep, before he had put out the candle, he dreamed his curtains, cap, and pillow, were on fire, without doing him any harm. And so it was. In the morning, part of his curtains, pillow, and cap were burned. But not a hair of his head was singed. So did God give his angels charge over him.

Some time after, he was favoured with a particular manifestation of the love of God: so powerful, that it appeared to him, as if body and soul would be separated. Now all his desires centered in one, that of devoting himself to the service of his precious Master. This he thought he could do best by entering into Orders. God made his way plain, and he soon after settled in Madeley. He received this parish as from the immediate hand of God, and unweariedly laboured therein, and in the adjacent places, till he had spent himself in his Master's service, and was ripening fast for glory. Much opposition he met with for many years, and often his life was in danger. Sometimes he was inwardly constrained to warn obstinate sinners, that, if they did not repent, the hand of God would cut them off, and the event proved the truth of the prediction. Notwithstanding all their opposition, many were the seals of his ministry.

He had an earnest desire that the pure Gospel should remain among his people after he was taken away. For this purpose he surmounted great difficulties in building the house in Madely Wood. He had not only saved for it the last farthing he had, but when he was abroad, proposed to let the Vicarage-House, (designing, at his return, to live in a little cottage near it,) and appropriate the rent of it for clearing that house.

Since the time I had the honour and happiness of living with him, every day made me more sensible of the mighty work of the Spirit upon him. The fruits of this were manifest in all his life and conversation, but in nothing more than in his meekness and humility. It was a meekness which no affront could move; a humility which loved to be unknown, forgotten, and despised.* How hard is it to find an eminent person who loves an equal? But his delight was, in preferring others to himself. It appeared so natural to him, that it seemed as his meat, to set every one before

* I think this was going to an extreme.—Mr. Wesley.