

do with it?' They then wished me a good morning, and proceeded over Westminster-Bridge. The first object that presented itself to their view was a poor woman crying bitterly, with three children hanging round her, each sobbing, though apparently too young to understand their mother's grief. On inquiring the cause of her distress, Mr. Wesley learned that the creditors of her husband were dragging him to prison after having sold their effects, which were inadequate to pay the debt by eighteen shillings, which the creditors declared should be paid. One guinea made her happy. They then proceeded, followed by the blessing of the now happy mother. On Mr. Wesley's inquiring of Mr. Burton, his friend, where their charity was most needed, he replied he knew of no place where his money would be more acceptable than in Giltspur-street Compter. They accordingly repaired thither, and on asking the Turn-key to point out the most miserable object under his care, he answered if they were come in search of poverty they need not go far. The first Ward they entered they were struck with the appearance of a poor wretch who was greedily eating some potato skins. On being questioned, he informed them that he had been in that situation, supported by the casual alms of compassionate strangers, for several months, without any hope of release, and that he was confined for the debt of half a guinea. On hearing this, Mr. Wesley gave him a guinea, which he received with the utmost gratitude; and he had the pleasure of seeing him liberated with half a guinea in his pocket. The poor man, on leaving his place of confinement, said: 'Gentlemen, as you came here in search of poverty, pray go upstairs, if it be not too late.' They instantly proceeded thither, and beheld a sight which called forth all their compassion. On a low stool, with his back toward them, sat a man, or rather a skeleton, for he was literally nothing but skin and bone; his hand supported his head, and his eyes seemed to be riveted to the opposite corner of the chamber, where lay, stretched on a pallet of straw, a young woman in the last stage of a consumption, apparently lifeless, with an infant by her side, which was quite dead. Mr. Wesley immediately sent for medical assistance, but it was too