

the Methodists. This opened their eyes. And not long after, a grave man riding through Wednesbury, the mob swore he was a Preacher, pulled him off his horse, dragged him to a coal-pit, and were hardly restrained from throwing him in. But the Quaker, (such he was) not being so tame as a Methodist, indicted the chief of them at the assizes. The cause was tried at Stafford and given against them. And from that time the tumults ceased.

XXVI. On May 29, 1743, being Trinity Sunday, I began officiating at the chapel in West-street near the Seven Dials, London, (built about sixty years ago by the French Protestants) which by a strange chain of providences, fell into my hands. After reading prayers and preaching, I administered the Lord's supper to some hundreds of communicants. I was a little afraid at first that my strength would not suffice for the business of the day, when a service of five hours, (for it lasted from ten to three) was added to my usual employment. But God looked to that. So I must think, and they that will call it enthusiasm, may. I preached at the Great Gardens in White-chapel, to an immense congregation. Then the leaders met, and after them the the bands. At ten at night I was less weary than at six in the morning. The next Sunday the service at the chapel lasted till near four in the afternoon. So that I found it needful for the time to come, to divide the communicants into three parts, that I might not have above six hundred at once.

XXVII. On August 26, 1743. (my Brother and one or two of our Preachers having been there before) I set out for Cornwall; but made no considerable stop, till I came to St. Ives, on Tuesday 30th. Some time since, Captain Turner of Bristol put in here, and was agreeably surprised to find a little society formed upon Dr. Woodward's plan, who constantly met together. They were much refreshed and strengthened by him, as he was by them. This was the occasion of our first intercourse with them. I now spoke severally with those of the society, who were about a hundred and twenty, near a hundred of whom had found peace with God. But they were roughly handled both by the Rector, the Curate,