

of his fire, and I gave him the right hand of fellowship with all my heart. After I had saluted him, and given a warm exhortation to a great number of people, who followed me to the inn, we spent the remainder of the evening in taking sweet counsel together, and telling one another what God had done for our souls. My heart was still drawn out towards him more and more. There seemed to be a strong and divine sympathy between us, and I resolved to promote his interest with all my might. Accordingly, we took an account of the several societies, and agreed on such measures as seemed most conducive to promote the common interests of our Lord. Blessed be God, there seems to be a noble spirit going out into Wales, and I expect that ere long the fruits will be more visible. After much comfortable and encouraging conversation, we knelt down and prayed with great enlargement of heart. This done, we had a little supper, sung a hymn, and went to bed, praising God for having brought us face to face. Satan, I doubt not, envied our happiness; and we hope, by the help of God, that we shall make his kingdom shake."

Behold how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren thus to dwell in unity. Amid the din and dust of acrimonious controversy how refreshing! It droppeth as the gentle dew from Heaven—the dew of Hermon. May more of it descend on the mountains of Sion! Then will the ancient eulogium no longer sound, as too often, amid the hoarse accents of party strife it has done, like the keen irony of a withering rebuke, "See, how these Christians love one another!" Not less fervent towards Harris were the feelings of his true yoke-fellow, Rowlands:—

"October 20, 1742. My dear Brother,—I bless you for your letters; they were like showers of rain to a dry land. Indeed, the Lord gave you the tongue of the learned. But O what am I? A painted hypocrite, a miserable sinner! I know all the to's and fro's, ups and downs that are in religion; but the blessed liberty that remains for the children of God is still hidden from me. God grant that you may prevail. I wish I could skip and leap over all the mountains of pleasure and laziness, hard-heartedness, unbelief, and rest on the breast of the beloved and never-enough praised Jesus. O blessed time, when all prisoners of hope shall be released, and enter into the rest of their dear Immanuel! I doubt not that your soul joins me in saying, Amen, amen.

"I have been of late in Montgomeryshire, and had great power to convince and build up. Persecution increases. Some of the brethren have been excommunicated. I hope you will consult with the brethren in London, and send us word what we ought to do. At Brecknock, I preached in several churches and houses with uncommon power. I have heard since, that I am brought into court for preaching in an ale-house while there. Your sentiments about this, too, would be very serviceable. Last week I was in Carmarthenshire and Glamorgan, and brave opportunities indeed they were. Whole congregations were under concern and crying out, so that my voice could not be heard. Some persons of quality entertained me with more than ordinary respect. O what am I, that my ears and eyes should hear and see such things? Help me to bless the God of heaven. I hope His kingdom begins to come. Be packing, Satan; flee, flee with trembling, lest the God of Israel overtake thee. Lord, chastise him. Lord, down with him. Let his kingdom be shattered, and let him be himself trampled under the feet of thy children! How long shall he domineer over Thy little ones! My dear brother, up, up with your arms; yield not an inch. That God whom we serve can, yea and will, deliver us. Through his might, we shall win the field."

Harris always triumphed in Christ. In his look, by his language, through his letters, he told "to all around what a dear Saviour he had found." He had the pen of a ready writer, and loved in this way to speak of the things he had learned touching the King. His letters are as ointment poured forth, redolent of the odour of the ivory palace wherein he had himself been made glad. In his lofty flights and passionate outbursts we catch the echoes of our own Samuel Rutherford, when caught up into the third heavens. When the flood-gates were lifted, the pent-up tide of affection gushed forth unrestrainedly. Hear it, as it flowed into the wide warm heart of Whitefield. Here are souls knit. It is the love of Jonathan and David revived:—