

Brunswick Aug. 29. 1797.

My much respected friend

I have a serious leisure to write to my Friends but mental and bodily powers are weak. I am greatly obliged to you for the remembrance of me and earnest wish to see me at your mansion. It is upwards of twelve years since I began the wreck of my constitution, when I became more immediately the Superintendent of our Community in America. We have been assisted to spread our Gospel; from Friends and Societies through the sixteen United States, the North West Territory, Upper Canada and the other British Provinces. Altho we do not number, yet we may calculate, upon one hundred thousand in the above named States, in Friendship, and in some degree of Fellowship with us, and perhaps ten hundred thousand that are our regular hearers. Thus hath the Lord wrought for and by us his ministers and People; if we may even dare to call ourselves so! Many of our Preachers have suffered want, hunger, labour, Lodging, Rocks, Rivers, mountains, wildernesses; preaching in the Southern States night and day, the People following to their lodgings, whenever a Preacher is in the Settlements; The Tribes of poor Africans coming in the night that cannot come in the day. The unhealthy climates, many young Men that have seldom wrought at hard labour, and tenderly brought up, where they have had servants to do the drudgery of the plantations. These have had little else except the Clash of Arms and Encampments, many of the hardships of the American war, that you have

known something of. Their zeal and indefatigable labours wrecking their slender systems. A rehearsal of these things to Doctor Joseph Ramsay in Charleston astonished him, and that for the poor pittance of 64 Dollars, the half or one third, this made the Doctor offer and continue to our Ministers his medicines and service gratis. Of myself I may speak as a fool if my Journals ever pass the press, it will satisfy the candid whether I have been labouring or doctering, whether I have been resting on beds of ease, or suffering night dews. I stand astonished at myself and the goodness of God that I have been kept alive and moving, during my ten months indisposition I have rode upon horseback above Two Thousand miles in the worst of weather and Country South and West. And yet after all I am an unprofitable servant, I have not done my duty.

My dear friend I feel a great tenderness for you and the whole Family for your distinguished kindness to our People when they were few in number. You are blest with a Godly mother, as I am also, you have a gracious sister, whose soul with mine, longeth for the salvation of your soul; and the soul of your Brother. But how hardly shall they that not only have much of this world, but are in connection with the policy and interests of this world. My dear friend you hear, you feel The Gospel, do you pray and strive? Early you have been called and are a child of a mother's prayers and tears, Jesus hath wept hath bled for you. From a child God hath been at work on your heart, probably in war and trouble saved, and perhaps you promised

God, if he would spare you, you would seek him. When the Methodists came along at the first you had perhaps powerful and palpable conviction, you could not hide it, you did not wish to hide it, you cannot keep away from Methodist preaching, you would feel a great disappointment and pain not to come to hear; you cannot be happy in worldly enjoyments? You love some of the Ministry as your own soul, yea perhaps more than your own soul, if yet you do not love God. I should be happy to see you, and to see you love Jesus. I have been forbid reading writing and such exercises; Elder Wells that attends me, writeth my letters in general; but I would trust none with this, but myself, if ever I see you again may it be in Jesus. Farewell -

most affectionately yours.

J. Asbury

Excuse me, I am in the Country and want paper.

with great respect remember me to the family

(Copy of a letter from Bishop Asbury
to Curren Portland Junr)

Copy of a letter from
Bishop Asbury to
Genl Cortlandt Jurn