

CHRIST UNITED METHODIST CHURCH

History Series: The History of John Wesley and the Methodist Church

Compiled by John H. Evans

Sabbath Nov. 19, 2006

PART 8: WESLEY'S JOURNAL IN GEORGIA (*CONTINUED. SECTION 2*)

Sunday, April 4, 1736 – [Note: I will include a couple of entries like this one to indicate some of the physical conditions experienced.] About four in the afternoon I set out for Frederica in a pettiawga—a sort of flat-bottomed barge. The next evening we anchored near Skidoway Island, where the water, at flood, was twelve or fourteen feet deep. I wrapped myself up from head to foot in a large cloak, to keep off the sand flies, and lay down on the quarterdeck. Between one and two I waked under water, being so fast asleep I did not find where I was until my mouth was full of it. Having left my cloak, I know not how, upon the deck, I swam around to the other side of the pettiawga, where a boat was tied, and climbed up by the rope without any hurt, more than getting my clothes wet.

Saturday, April 17, 1736 - Not finding any door open for the pursuing our main design [Note: Converting the Indians.] we considered in what manner we might be most useful to the little flock at Savannah. And we agreed 1) to advise the more serious among them to form themselves into a sort of little society, and to meet once or twice a week, in order to reprove, instruct, and exhort one another; 2) to select of these a smaller number for more intimate union with each other, which might be forwarded, partly by conversing singly with each and partly by inviting them all together to our house; and this, accordingly, we determined to do every Sunday afternoon.

Monday, May 10, 1736 - I began visiting my parishioners in order, from house to house; for which I set apart the time when they cannot work because of the heat, namely, from twelve until three in the afternoon.

Thursday, June 17, 1736 - An officer of a man-of-war, walking behind us with two or three of his acquaintances, cursed and swore exceedingly; but upon my reproving him, seemed much moved and gave me thanks.

Tuesday, June 22, 1736 – [Note: Recall Wesley was still very “high church” so a service was very like a Roman Catholic mass.] Observing much coldness in M-’s behavior I asked him the reason for it. He answered, “I like nothing you do. All your sermons are satires upon particular persons, therefore, I will hear you no more; and all the people are of my mind; for we won’t hear ourselves abused.

Besides, they say, that we are Protestants. But as for you, they cannot tell what religion you are of. They never heard of such religion before. They do not know what to make of it. And then your private behavior: all quarrels that have been here since you came, have long been of you. Indeed, there is neither man nor woman in the town who minds what you say. And so you may preach long enough; but nobody will come to hear you.”

He was too warm for hearing an answer. So I had nothing to do but thank him for his openness and walk away.