

Mr. Burdett

Frederick, Sierra Leone, 11th August 1812

My Dear Sir,

Last night I received your Letter, by the favour of Mr. Scholze, who with his wife arrived safely in the Colony, about 12 o'clock at noon. I was truly glad to hear from my native land; particularly to hear that the Kingdom of Jesus is in an increasing state, home & abroad. The language of my soul is, Thy Kingdom come, more and more into my soul, and into the souls of all thy servants, who are thy chosen instruments, to convey this heavenly treasure, even the word of reconciliation, that it may be wafted into the remotest parts of the habitable globe. That the wilderness and solitary places may be glad, & the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. I feel truly sensible of my unworthiness for the accomplishment of this work, viz. of Preaching among the heathen the unspeakable riches of Christ; but I feel truly happy, when I come to see that my sufficiency is of God. I am determined, to devote myself to the work you and the Father have shared upon the land of the living; many have been cut down since our arrival. Mr. Kist and myself are just recovering, from a fever. Mr. Kist had a very severe attack, his pulse at one time was as high as 125 per minute; but he who orders all things for the best, has rebuked the disorder. I for a week to praise my God, my disorder is well, has thus far escaped the fever. It is the rainy season with us now, and will not be entirely over till the beginning of Oct. Our congregations are generally at this time are thinner, but we have no reason to complain. Mrs. Burdett's daughter died very happy lately, a Mother's daughter last Sunday night, about 3 nights before she died, she was looking the last death. Neither of them had obtained pardoning love before they were taken ill, but upon the death, the Lord manifested himself to them. She called her grandmother (who is also a Methodist) in the night, to tell her what God had done for her soul; she said "Praise the Lord, he has pardoned my sins; his sweet love is come to my soul." "Praise the Lord, thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is written on thy heart—go in peace, and say no more." I must see my dear Mother, to tell her also what God hath done for my soul. In the morning Mrs. Burdett went to see her, and found her in great pain, yet enjoying the liberty of God's children. About half an hour before she died, she had a hard struggle with the enemy. She said "I have just escaped hell; Satan would have me in, but the Lord delivered me, and when I escaped, another soul was brought to the Lord, the before-mentioned Mrs. Burdett. After the lamp of life was out just like a candle, I have no doubt but that she reached the blissful shore. Another old member of the Society died lately, who was about 100 years of age. I went to see him a short time before he died, told us, in a very satisfactory manner, that he had communion with the Father by the Spirit, and an interest in the Father's blood. Glory be to God, our labours have been in vain in this distant land, and I am sure it will be so.