

Mon. 16. I rode to Dorking, where were many people, but none were cut to the heart.

Tues. 17. I went on to Ryegate-Place. In King Henry the Fourth's time, this was an eminent monastery. At the dissolution of monasteries, it fell into the hands of the great spoiler, Henry the Eighth. Queen Elizabeth, pleased with the situation, chose it for one of her palaces. The gentleman who possesses it now, has entirely changed the form of it; pulling down whole piles of ancient building, and greatly altering what remains. Yet, after all that is taken away, it still looks more like a palace than a private house. The staircase is of the same model with that at Hampton-Court; one would scarcely know which is the original. The chimney-piece in the hall is probably one of the most curious pieces of wood-work now in the kingdom. But how long? How many of its once bustling inhabitants are already under the earth! And how little a time will it be before the house itself, yea, the earth, shall be burnt up!

I preached in the evening to a small company, on, "It is appointed unto men once to die." All seemed moved for the present. They saw that life is a dream: but how soon will they sleep again?

Wed. 18. I preached to another kind of congregation at Shoreham. Here we are not ploughing upon the sand. Many have "received the seed upon good ground," and do "bring forth fruit with patience."

Sat. 21. I met an old friend, James Hutton, whom I had not seen for five and twenty years. I felt this made no difference; my heart was quite open; his seemed to be the same: and we conversed just as we did in 1738, when we met in Fetter-lane.

Monday, 23d, and so all the following days, when I was not particularly engaged, I spent an hour in the morning with our Preachers, as I used to do with my pupils at Oxford.

Wed. 25. I preached early at the Foundery; morning and afternoon at the chapel. In returning thence at night, a coach ran full against my chaise, and broke one of the shafts and the traces in pieces. I was thankful that this was all; that neither man nor beast received the least hurt.

Mon. 30. At my brother's request, I sat again for my picture. This melancholy employment always reminds me of that natural reflection,—

"Behold what frailty we in man may see!
His shadow is less given to change than he!"

Wednesday, January 1st, 1772, we met, as usual, in the evening, in order solemnly and explicitly to renew our covenant with God.

Sun. 5. I buried the remains of Elizabeth Hartland, an Israelite indeed! I know not that, in thirty years, she has ever dishonoured her profession either by word or deed. Some of her last words were, "I have fought the good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

Tues. 14. I spent an agreeable hour with Dr. S—, the oldest acquaintance I now have. He is the greatest genius in little things that ever fell under my notice; almost every thing about him is of his own invention, either in whole or in part; even his fire-screen, his lamps of various sorts, his ink-horn, his very save-all. I really believe, were he seriously to set about it, he could invent the best mouse-trap that ever was in the world!

Thur. 16. I set out for Luton. The snow lay so deep on the road that it was not without much difficulty and some danger we at last reached the town. I was offered the use of the church. The frost was exceeding sharp, and the glass was taken out of the windows. However, for the sake of the people, I accepted the offer, though I might just as well have preached in the open air. I suppose four times as many people were present as would have been at the room; and about a hundred in the morning. So I did not repent of my journey through the snow.

Fri. 17. The usual road being blocked up with snow, we were obliged to take a bye-road to Hertford. I found the poor children whom Mr. A. kept at school were increased to about thirty boys and thirty girls. I went in immediately to the girls. As soon as I began to speak, some of them burst into tears, and their emotion rose higher and higher. But it was kept within bounds till I began to pray. A cry then arose, which spread from one to another, till almost all cried aloud for mercy, and would not be comforted.

But how was the scene changed when I went to the boys! They seemed as dead as stones, and scarce appeared to mind any thing that was said, nay, some of them could hardly refrain from laughter. However, I spoke on, and set before them the terrors of the Lord.