As Francis Asbury grew older, he insisted on continuing to travel, despite asthma, pleurisy, rheumatism, and other infirmities. During the last two years of his life, Asbury, with John Wesley Bond as his traveling companion, crossed the Allegheny Mountains four times in going to and from the "western country" of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee, and what is now West Virginia. During that time he also visited New England, and made two trips to South Carolina and Georgia.

In the late winter of 1815-1816, Asbury started north, hoping to reach Baltimore where the General Conference would convene on May 2. He was never to arrive there. At Richmond, Virginia, on Sunday, March 24, 3:00 P.M., he preached his last sermon. He was so weak that he had to be carried into the church. Unable to stand, he sat on a table and delivered his message, pausing frequently to get his breath. He rested the following day and then pushed on to the home of George Arnold at Spottsylvania, Virginia. Ill and exhausted, he could travel no further. There while seated in a chair, his head resting on Bond's hand, and shortly after he had lifted his own hands in silent testimony to his faith, the bishop breathed his last on Sunday, March 31, 1816. Thus Francis Asbury, the prophet of the long road, died as he had lived—en route.

John Wesley Bond, Asbury's companion the last two years of his life, was the second son of Thomas Bond. John was born at Fell's Point near Baltimore on December 11, 1784. His parents were converted under the preaching of Robert Strawbridge and were therefore among the earliest Methodists in Maryland. The Bond family lived briefly at New Store, Buckingham County, Virginia, where the mother and wife died. About 1790 the family moved to the vicinity of Fallston, Harford County, Maryland, where the father married a second time. The Bond home became a haven for Methodist preachers and a place for Methodist preaching and Methodist meetings. Thus John Wesley Bond and his older brother Thomas Emerson Bond came early under Methodist influence. The senior Bond died in 1805, an event which deeply affected John Wesley Bond. Following a protracted struggle with his conscience, John entered the Methodist itineracy, joining the Baltimore Conference at its session in High Street Church, Baltimore, March 11, 1810. After three years of traveling, he had to locate in order to take up farming and support a widowed sister and her five children. A year later he was readmitted to the conference, and his appointment, according to the Minutes of the Annual Conferences for that year,
read, "John W. Bond travels with Bishop Asbury." Asbury's record of this appointment is more poignantly expressed:

My friends in Philadelphia gave me a light, little four-wheeled carriage; but God and the Baltimore Conference made me a richer present—they gave me John Wesley Bond for a traveling companion; has he his equal on the earth for excellencies of every kind as an aid?

Several months later, and after two trips over the Alleghenys, Asbury again expressed his appreciation and esteem for his traveling companion:

O my excellent son, John Bond! A tree had fallen across our way—what was to be done? Brother Bond sprung to the axe fastened under our carriage, mounted upon the large limbs, hewing and hacking, stroke after stroke, without intermission, until he had cut away five of them, hauling them on one side as he severed them, so that we passed without difficulty. Is there his equal to be found in the United States? He drives me along with the utmost care and tenderness, he fills my appointments by preaching for me when I am disabled, he watches over me at night after the fatigue of driving all day, and if, when he is in bed and asleep, I call, he is awake and up in the instant to give me medicine, or to perform any other services his sick father may require of him; and this is done so readily, and with so much patience, when my constant infirmities and ill health require so many and oft-repeated attentions.

Seven other references to John Wesley Bond, along with the frequent occurrence of the word "we" in Asbury's Journal during his last two years, testify to Bond's able and acceptable ministry as the bishop's traveling companion. The comments of contemporaries confirm Asbury's high estimate of Bond and the service he rendered. Seeing Asbury and his companion at the Ohio Conference in 1815, Jacob Young wrote:

Bishop Asbury, in very feeble health, was not able to walk or stand alone. The Reverend John Bond has the charge of him, carried him in his arms like a little child, set him in his carriage when he wished to travel, and took him out in the same way when he wished to stop. He was seated on the platform in the conference-room, called on Brother Bond to read a chapter and give out a hymn, and then this great man of God prayed, sitting on his seat, for he was not able to kneel down.

What was probably the last letter that Asbury wrote carried a final tribute to Bond:

The incredible toil of Wesley Bond is only known to me; I must reward him. His character is good; he has attempted to moderate his sermons; preaches to acceptance—generally beloved by the preachers and people.

On April 1, 1816, the day after Asbury's death, Bond wrote to Bishop McKendree, giving him an account of the senior bishop's last days and death. This communication from Bond was published in the American and Commercial Daily Advertiser, Baltimore, Maryland, Friday, May 10, 1816. Because it is not widely known and is not readily accessible, it seems in order to print it in full here along with the newspaper's introductory statement.
John Wesley Bond's Reminiscences of Francis Asbury

Rev. Francis Asbury


Spottsylvania, Va. April 1, 1816

Revd. and dear Sir,

Probably before this will reach you, you will have heard its solemn contents from some other source; but still I feel it my duty to send you a particular account of what has taken place:—Yesterday the Lord visited us with a most solemn and afflicting Providence; he has taken our venerable Father from us, Yes, Bishop Asbury is dead!

We reached the house of his old friend, John Potts, in Manchester, on Saturday the 16th day of March. On Sabbath he insisted on speaking to a congregation, to be convened at 4 o'clock in brother Potts' house. Though it was with difficulty he could be heard, yet he spoke for more than an hour; and when done, did not appear so much exhausted as I expected. On Monday, though the weather was unfavorable we crossed over to Richmond and put up with Brother Raymond. On Thursday we moved to Brother A. Foster's. On Sunday 24th, he persisted in a resolution to speak to the congregation at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. I feared the consequence, and urged every thing I could, with prudence, to dissuade him from it; but he said, God had given him a work to do there, and he must deliver his testimony. At the time appointed he was carried into the meeting house, and sat in the pulpit, on a table, when he preached his last Sermon, from Rom. IX chapter, and 28th verse, “—For he will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness, because a short work will the Lord make upon earth.” He spake near an hour, and when done, was almost spent. We, however, set out on Tuesday, and travelled twenty two miles. Brother Foster accompanied us to our old friend Thomas Crenshaws. Being much fatigued and very unwell, he tarried here on Wednesday, and requested that an appointment should be made, and word sent out that there would be preaching at four o'clock in the afternoon saying,—“He wished those that were with him to do something, if he could not.” A small congregation collected, to whom I preached, but our venerable Father was too unwell to come into the congregation.

On Thursday we again set out, and travelled twenty miles, and put up with our good friend and Brother Edward Rouzee; here he was exceedingly feeble, though cheerful. We set out again on Friday; brother Rouzee came several miles with us, and then took leave as one who was giving up his father to die. We dined at Brother Hancock's and then proceeded to our old friend, George
Arnold's, travelling in all this day, about twelve miles; but I never saw him so much exhausted in travelling before.—He said to me on Saturday morning, “If this should be as good a day as yesterday, we can hardly help travelling some.” It, however, rained, and I was not sorry to see it, wishing them to rest. It being proposed that we should have meeting on Sabbath, I spoke of sending a note to a family about five miles off, who, it was said, would be much gratified to know it. The Bishop hearing it replied—“You need not be in a hurry;” which was so unusual a thing for him to say respecting meeting, especially on the Lord’s day, that I concluded he apprehended that he would be too weak to bear the noise of a meeting in the house. He spent a very restless night, and in the morning appeared more than usually unwell. I proposed sending for a physician, the family saying that there was a Dr. Lewis, a practitioner of eminence, about 10 or 12 miles off. He objected, saying, “I shall not be able to tell him what is the matter with me, and the man will not know what to do.” On my urging it again, he said, “He could only pronounce me dead.” I said, “Probably he could give you something that would relieve you,” he replied, “my breath will be gone before he can get here.” I said, “I hope you have no apprehension of anything serious taking place, have you?” He answered “yes.” After a while I asked him, “whether, if any thing serious should take place, he had any word to leave with me.” He said, he had spoken and written so fully, that it was unnecessary.—I then told him, that I had heard him speak so frequently on the affairs of the church, that I believed I understood his sentiments fully. He replied—“yes.”

After a while, asking the hour of the day and being told that it was near 11, he asked ‘if it was not time for meeting.’ being told that there was none present but the family, he replied, ‘call them together, I want to have meeting.’ They being collected, I read what was our lesson for the day, the 21st chapter of the Book of Revelation: it being remarkable that the last chapter on the Revelation, which in course should have been read in the evening, should close the day on which he closed his labors. During the whole of the meeting, his soul seemed engaged, and it was truly an affecting time, he appeared much elevated and raised his hand frequently in token of triumph. When meeting was over, he called on me ‘to read the mite subscription.’ But being told that there was none present, said no more. His calling for this to be read, shows that not even the pangs of death were able to wrest from him the interests of the missions which lay with so much weight on his mind.

After this his voice failed, but he still gave evidence that he possessed his reason to the last. A little before he died finding that I was affected at his not being able to take a little barley water
which I offered to him in a tea spoon, he lifted up his hand towards Heaven with an expression which I shall never forget. He then without a groan or complaint, fell asleep in the arms of his Saviour, at 4 o'clock on Sunday, the 31st of March, 1816. Yours with respect,

JOHN W. BOND

Rev. Bishop M'Kendree

After initial burial in the Arnold family plot at Spottsylvania, Virginia, Asbury's body, at the request of both the Baltimore Conference and the General Conference, was disinterred and taken by John Wesley Bond to Baltimore. On May 10, 1816, Bond and Henry Boehm, the other living traveling companion of Asbury, along with the members of the General Conference, followed the casket to Eutaw Street Church where it was reburied.17

Bond returned to circuit preaching, but he survived Asbury less than three years, dying of "epidemic fever" in Baltimore, January 22, 1819. The last two years of his life Bond traveled the Harford Circuit in the Maryland County which had been his home. While Bond was serving this appointment, Nelson Reed asked him to compile his reminiscences of Francis Asbury. Bond prepared the paper and presumably sent it with his letter of explanation to Reed.

Bond's 27-page manuscript containing his reminiscences of Asbury has recently been deposited at Drew University and has been examined by the author of this article. It is called Anecdotes of Bishop Asbury, though it is doubtful that Bond intended to give the work a formal title. The document is composed of seven fascicles or divisions. Each fascicle bears a number, and with one exception each contains four pages. They are designated Anecdotes of Bishop Asbury, No. 1, No. 2, and so on.

In his letter to Reed, Bond says that the Anecdotes were not written down as they occurred but that they were chiefly recalled from memory. He believes that the facts are faithfully recorded but admits that they may not be in exact chronological order. Bond's explanations seem to suggest that he did not keep a journal during the period of his travels with Asbury, or that if he did it amounted to little more than jottings about places and the dates they were visited. Moreover, the reminiscences, as he said, were compiled only after Reed requested them.

The facts set down above indicate that Bond's Anecdotes are not part of the long lost Journals of John Wesley Bond, Traveling Companion of Bishop Asbury, which William W. Sweet lists in his Religion on the American Frontier as being at Drew University.19 Apart from Sweet's reference there is no ground for believing that Bond kept a full journal while traveling with Asbury. However, the fact that he gives exact chronological data for some events in his
letter of April 1, 1816 to William McKendree and does the same in some instances in the Anecdotes suggests, as indicated above, that he probably kept a brief record showing dates and the places visited.

What happened to the Anecdotes after Bond wrote it and sent it to Reed is not known. Bond hoped that it would be of "assistance in writing the life of Bishop Asbury." There is no record that Reed himself brought out such a work, though he served as a member of a committee charged with that responsibility. At the suggestion of William McKendree, the conference held in Baltimore, March 2, 1817, appointed Joshua Wells, S. G. Roszel, Nelson Reed, William Ryland, and Henry Wilkins to compile a life of Asbury. The committee chose Samuel K. Jennings, a physician who had served as president of Asbury College in Baltimore, to write the biography. Jennings' oral report to the conference of 1818 was well received, but in the following year a committee appointed by the conference read his 269-page manuscript and rejected it as unsuitable for publication. Jennings declared that the committee was prejudiced because of his Reform principles (he later became one of the founders of the Methodist Protestant Church). The matter of a life of Asbury came before the General Conference in 1820 and again in 1824. William Beauchamp was finally directed to complete the work, but whether or not he undertook the assignment is not known. As it turned out, no biography of Francis Asbury was printed until 1858 when W. P. Strickland brought out The Pioneer Bishop or the Life and Times of Francis Asbury.

In the light of the above, it seems that John Wesley Bond's Anecdotes was prepared at the request of Nelson Reed as a member of the Baltimore Conference Committee which set out to gather materials for a biography of Francis Asbury.

In time Bond's Anecdotes apparently came into the hands of Bishop Matthew Simpson (1811-1884). In any event, the document was found by this writer, along with other Methodistica, amid some 500 of Simpson's letters. Clarence True Wilson, a great admirer of Simpson, gathered up and preserved the entire collection, including Bond's Anecdotes. On Wilson's death in 1939, these materials became the responsibility of his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Trueman Collins, Portland, Oregon. Mr. Collins recently passed away, but prior to his death, he and his wife agreed that Wilson's papers, which bear importantly on the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the twentieth century, along with the Simpson letters and the Bond Anecdotes, should be made available for study. Mrs. Collins has, therefore, turned over a part of the large and important Collins Collection of Methodist Materials to Drew University for preservation and research. John Wesley Bond's letter of Decem-
ber 11, 1817 to Nelson Reed and the Anecdotes are now in the vault of the Drew University Library.

Both the letter and the Anecdotes are here printed in full with annotations. Minor corrections in the text of the Anecdotes made by an unknown party in the past are clearly indicated in the footnotes.

Harford County, Maryland
December 11, 1817

[Rev. Nelson Reed] 25
Rev. and dear Sir,

According to you request I have drawn up some anecdotes of that eminent man of God, (such I shall ever esteem him) the late Rev. Bishop Asbury, whose memory is indeed dear to my heart. And I consider it among the greatest privileges of my life, that I was favoured during the last two years of his pilgrimage to be almost constantly with him: to have been enabled in any degree to aleviate his sufferings; and to support in my arms his sinking frame, while his happy spirit took its flight to the worlds of bliss.

Many circumstances of his life affected me much; but that of his death, made an impression on my mind which I think nothing will ever be able to erase.

The few anecdotes I have recorded are chiefly such as I could recollect from memory; having omitted to note them down as they occurred. Which must be my apology for any irregularity in the arrangement of facts. Some conversations may have taken place and some events occurred not precisely in the order of time in which they are mentioned. But I deem it of not so much moment at what particular time a circumstance happened if it be faithfully related. In some instances, too, I may not have given his own language exactly; but feel confident I have given the sense of what he spoke. And I have constantly endeavored to express his own sentiments in his own words.

I should have forwarded my letter sooner, but that my time has been much occupied in consequence of the bounds of my Circuit being enlarged. This however, though it may have prevented your receiving my letter as soon as you might have expected, yet affords it the advantage of containing more matter; as some of the circumstances recorded did not occur to my mind until a few days ago.

No doubt much that I have written will be thought not worth notice. And in selecting from it something to enrich the body of your work, my manuscript will be reduced in the same proportion as the reducing a "Quarto to a Sixpenny volume." If it should not be "entirely annihilated." If however, what I have done, shall afford you
any assistance in writing the life of Bishop Asbury, I shall be fully compensated for any labour it has cost me.

With sincere affection I subscribe myself your younger and unworthy brother.

John W. Bond

Anecdotes of Bishop Asbury

It has been said by some, that persons designed by Providence to fill important stations or as extraordinary characters are frequently distinguished in infancy by some remarkable event. Whether this be true in the general I know not; but certainly our venerable friend was in eminent danger of violent death when very young; and was providentially preserved. The circumstance I had from his own mouth. A room attached to the house in which his father resided, had been occupied for the use of some machinery that caused a large hole to be left in the floor of the second story, over the hearth below. The Bishop's Father being a gardener by trade, used to put up his gardening tools, consisting of long shears, pruning saws, hoes, rakes, etc. in this place. One day Francis, (the only son) was left in this upper room; nor was his danger thought of until his Father, calling to his Mother said, "Where is the Lad; I hear him cry." His mother then ran into the room and found he had crawled to the hole in the floor and fallen through. But by the kind providence of God, the gardening tools had been recently removed, and a larger boiler nearly filled with ashes put in their place, into which he fell; this broke his fall, or the world would most probably have been forever deprived of the labours of Bishop Asbury.

I received my appointment to travel with Bishop Asbury, at the Baltimore Conference, March 1814.27 Previous to the appointment being fixed, he took me by the hand and let me know that if I went with him it must be a voluntary thing; that he would feel delicate in receiving the attentions of any man who might accept the station merely in conference appointment. The Bishop was at this time in a very infirm state of health. He had taken cold in the fall of 1813, which was several times renewed through the winter, and he was moreover in a very bilious habit.29 He tarried a few days at Perry-Hall and took medicine when finding himself a little better we set out for the Philadelphia Conference on the first of April 1814. By the importunity of his friends at Philadelphia he was prevailed on to have a top put to his Sulky, having travelled through the winter without any.

Friday, 15th April. Though the Bishop was still unwell, and the weather unfavorable, yet we set off for the New-York Conference; the Bishop having a string of appointments through New-Jersey.
We crossed the Delaware in the steam-boat. It came on to rain very hard, and as there was no shelter to the boat, and the Bishop was taken very sick, and had a severe spell of vomiting on board; we had a very disagreeable passage: yet he seemed cheerful, as though these were scenes with which he had been familiar. We however landed safe through mercy, and the weather clearing off we continued our way; but the Bishop was taken sick again on the way and vomited much. He wished to obtain a little wine or porter; hoping it would stop his vomiting; but though we stopped at several places none could be had. I was pleasingly surprised to see with what cheerfulness he bare his affliction, and how composedly he met every disappointment. After travelling eleven miles we came to Woodsberry, and the Bishop being still very unwell consented to tarry at the house of one of our friends, and let Brother Michael Coate go on and fill his appointments. This night he took medicine which kept him up great part of the night; he however appeared a little better in the morning and set out for his appointment twenty miles distant and got there while Brother Coate was preaching. When he had concluded the Bishop went into the house, and first apologized for his not being in time: stating his ill health, which indeed his looks but too fully confirmed. He mentioned his sacred regard of character, and determination to be found in the punctual discharge of those lessons of industry which he in conjunction with the conferences constantly inculcated on the younger preachers. After which he gave a lengthy and pathetic exhortation. While almost the whole congregation was in tears. We then went 3 miles for dinner and 7 more for lodgings; in all thirty miles.

In conversation with Bishop Asbury, on the subject of his extraordinary exertion to reach his appointments; I endeavoured to dissuade him from it, stating that such was the state of his health, that it must be greatly impaired if not destroyed by such exertions. But he remarked that, “Sometimes circumstances were such as would justify a preacher’s disappointing a congregation, were the people acquainted with the reasons that detained him. But when the people collected and there was no preacher, every one would form his own conjecture on the subject, and might think the preacher negligent and lose confidence in him and so be discouraged. It has never been my practice to say to the younger preachers ‘Go Boys.—but—Come.’ I have ever set an example of industry, and punctuality; and if ever the young men should neglect their appointments, it must not be by our example.”

On the 23rd of April at night, Bishop Asbury was taken ill at the house of Brother Michael Coate, in Burlington County, New-Jersey, seventeen miles from Philadelphia. At the earnest solicitation of his friends he consented to a physician being called in;
when Dr. Egbert, formerly a traveling, but now a local preacher of our church was sent for. Afterwards Dr. Page, a friendly Quaker, was called in and attended in company with Dr. Egbert: and Dr. Thos. Sargent, hearing of his illness, came in company with the Rev. Thos. Haskins of Philadelphia to see him, and they afterwards visited him nearly every other day during his stay in New-Jersey, tho' they lived 17 miles distant and the Delaware [River] between.

His complaint was termed a bilious pleurisy; his lungs were much affected; the discharge of mucus exceedingly great: his cough was very distressing, and his old asthmatical complaint being aggravated thereby, he at some times appeared near strangling. Yet was his soul preserved in patience, and constantly happy in God: frequently exerting his feeble voice to sing the praises of God. And though his note was almost sure to be interrupted by his cough, yet on recovering his speech, he would frequently cry out “Praise the Lord! Glory to God. O glory!” and clapping his hands together as in an ecstacy of joy. And he frequently said afterwards that, it was “The severest, and sweetest affliction” he ever felt.

During the whole his mind seemed set on the work of God. Finding he should not be able to get to the New-York Conference that year, he appeared much concerned for Bishop McKendree who he said was left to bear the whole burden alone. And in order to assist him as much as possible he drew up a list of appointments for the preachers and sent them on; which appointments as he afterwards told me were uniformly adopted except where some change of which he could not then be acquainted such as death, or locations among the preacher, or the receiving of young men on trial etc. made an alteration necessary. And as far as I could learn, there never was a time when the preachers were more generally pleased with their appointments.

Every part of the work alike seemed to share in his concern and attention; and he frequently said, every part had an equal claim on him. And, when he was holden from them that, he could not give them immediate personal attention, yet how frequently did he commend them to God in prayer. O, how often have I heard him in the dead hour of the night, when, from the violence of his cough he was unable to lay down, and nearly gasping for breath, yet spending that breath in whispers of prayer for the work of God in general, and particularly for those engaged in carrying it on. His active mind was almost incessantly running from Conference to Conference. And through the different Districts, Circuits and Stations; calling the different preachers by name and commending them to the protection of God. And in proportion to the weight of their charge or the danger of their post, did they appear to share in his prayers.
About this time he heard of the affliction of his old friend Emanuel Kent of Baltimore, in the loss of his amiable wife. And in the night I overheard his ejaculations, "Lord bless Manny Kent:—bless his soul" etc. This is one out of many instances in which he showed he could weep with those who wept, and tho' absent by many miles, yet the sufferings of others, specially the children of God, deeply affected him. Indeed few men appeared more deeply affected by sympathy than him.41

Through his whole illness he was active in exhorting those who came around him, endeavoring to excite all to a closer walk with God. And though much gratified with the presence of his brethren, especially those in the ministry, he manifested much concern lest by any attention to him, any the least attention should be omitted to their particular stations.

Such firmness and fortitude in bearing pain I never witnessed in any man before. During the frequent dressing of his blisters (of which he had about seventeen during his illness) I do not recollect to have heard him once complain. One of his physicians (Dr. Sargent) remarked that "He exceeded all the sick persons he had ever seen; that all the patients he ever attended (the Bishop excepted) seemed to think themselves privileged to complain."

Being so exceedingly reduced in the flesh, the bones appeared in danger of cutting through the skin; to prevent which, I had to spread plasters of Diachylon on soft leather and cover the parts that were most chafed. Still he was cheerful, and would sometimes indulge in pleasantry. Once having called for the glass to see if his countenance retained its bilious aspect, observing how his flesh had wasted away, and how exceedingly ghastly his appearance was; he smiled and in allusion I suppose to the Conference having requested him to sit for his likeness, observed "If they want my likeness now they may have it."

Bishop Asbury at one time during his illness appeared to be sinking fast: his flesh was nearly cold, his pulse could scarcely be perceived; and his voice had almost failed. A warming pan with live coals was passed slowly over the bed for some time, while a free use of spiced wine and columbo was resumed.44 After a while he revived. In conversation on the subject afterward, the Bishop observed he "Had frequently heard ministers in their sermons speak of the 'cold chills of death;' and that he thought he at that time experienced something of what they were.

During the forepart of his illness he said he had no presentment either of life or death. And I believe his life was nearly dispaired of both by his physicians and his friends until he himself informed me that he should recover so far as to remove from where he then was. This he informed me of while he was yet very ill; and when he
was apparently growing worse. And I confess that, judging from appearances, so unfavorable were the symptoms, my faith well nigh forsook me, and I began to fear he was mistaken, and I was afraid to say much about it at the time. One circumstance I think rather singular, (viz.) I do not recollect that I ever before or since felt entire liberty to pray for the life of any person; yet on this occasion I had; and particularly one evening while holding meeting in Lumberton. I did not then know that any other person had felt in the same way, but afterward when Mr. Taylor, a local preacher from Philadelphia visited Bishop Asbury he mentioned his being prayed for in the different meeting-houses belonging to our church in that city, and remarked that he had never known the like before: there prayers were not prefaced as usually with “If it be thy will.”—“If consistent with the wisdom of Thy Providence” etc. But it seemed that their faith would take no denial. Their cry was, “Lord spare him” etc. This may seem strange to some, but I believe that, that Spirit which “helpeth our infirmities,” frequently teaches us what to pray for and strengthens our hearts to ask it; and would do so much oftener if we lived more under its influence. During the whole of his illness Bishop Asbury remained exceedingly happy in God, and would frequently clap his hands together and cry out “O Glory.” “Glory to God” etc.

He was confined at Br. Coate’s seven weeks; the last of which he rode out several times, and on the ninth of June returned to Philadelphia. The Bishop frequently expressed in the highest terms his gratitude for the kind attention showed him by the whole of the family during his illness. And indeed their kindness was exceedingly great; not only to the Bishop but to me also, and to all others that were with him. Mr. Michael Coate, and Mr. Ayahel Coate’s wife have both gone to their reward, having since then died in the faith.

O that the Great Head of the church may take care of the family, and reward them abundantly for their labour of love to his prophet.

On the ninth of June we left New-Jersey and returned to Philadelphia. Reflecting on this severe affliction the Bishop would frequently say, “It was a mysterious Providence; he could not see through it, or discover the end particularly designed to be effected by it; but it was all right; he would leave it to be explained hereafter. Thus, in all the dispensations of Divine Providence he would Confess the Almighty just, And where we can’t unriddle learn to trust.”

After tarrying about a week in Philadelphia to recruit, at the house of his faithful friend, our dear Brother Thomas Haskins, since gone to his reward; we set out for the Ohio Conference, to be held in Cincinnati. To get to which the Bishop manifested more than ordinary concern; frequently expressing his fears that Bishop
McKendree would not be able to reach there. We took in the carriage with us a number of Bibles, and Testaments from the "Philadelphia Bible Society." And it was truly gratifying to see what pleasure he manifested in giving them away, especially when he met with a poor person who he thought would be likely to make good use of them. And many such we found; especially when we had gotten beyond the market towns; where the women had not an opportunity of obtaining a little money by means of small marketing. One I particularly recollect in the state of Kentucky, who tho' her husband possessed property, yet when we gave her a Bible, she endeavored for a time to conceal her feelings but when she found her tears flowed too fast to be concealed, gave vent to them and said, she "Believed God had sent us there to bring her the Bible; that she had been trying for years to get one but could not succeed." Surely the love of money is the root of all evil. Influenced by this principle, this man would withhold from his wife and children several of which were nearly grown, the holy scriptures, whose precepts alone could preserve their morals and instruct them in the way to Heaven.

I could but mark what an agreeable effect the rural scenes of the country had upon the Bishop. His mind seemed fatigued with the noise and bustle of the City; but he had not proceeded more than ten or twelve miles into the country when he appeared all life,—all pleasantry,—all affection. And on one occasion he remarked to me that, "No one knew what effect it had upon him to get into a retired situation, in a quiet, plain and pious family." And he appeared to enjoy much solemn delight when he reached the mansion of his late, venerable friend, the Rev. Martin Boehm, of Lancaster county Pennsylvania. While he viewed the old mansion, the Chapel and Burying-grounds which contained the earthly remains of his old Friend, with several others who once lay near his heart; his mind seemed to rise above all earthly things; and sweetly anticipate the moment when he should join them in the paradise of God.

July the third we reached Little-York, and put up with our worthy friend Mr. Francis Hollingsworth, in whose hands the Bishop placed his Manuscript Journal to be prepared for publication. Bishop Asbury called on Mr. Hollingsworth again the ensuing year, and tarried near a week, reviewing his Journal as revised by Mr. Hollingsworth and left with him such part as he had kept through the year. Afterwards in conversation with me on the subject of his Journals the Bishop appeared much pleased; and spake in high terms of what Mr. Hollingsworth had done.

It was about this time, he received a letter from the Rev. Daniel Hitt giving an account of the great deficiency in the preacher's quarterage in the New-England Conference. The Bishop thought it most likely that the same deficiency would prevail in the Ohio and
Tennessee Conference, and that many of the preachers, especially those with families, would suffer, or have to locate; in order to seek support by their own industry in some secular employment. To prevent which he now first drew up what he termed his "Mite-Subscription:" with the intent of relieving such Conferences as might be in distress. The object of this subscription he afterwards so enlarged as to embrace a Missionary Plan: hoping to obtain German, French, and possibly in time Spanish Missionaries. He was led to this by seeing there were numbers of these people in our country who do not understand the English language: and the French especially tho' there are so many of them in our sea ports, yet they have no place of religious worship in the United States except possibly in Orleans, and an old Church in Charleston, S. C. which I believe is not occupied. On this work his heart was much set. He in Chillicothe, Ohio, met with an intelligent french Gentleman from Gernsey, or Jersey, who was acquainted with the Methodist Society there. And through this Gentleman he wrote a letter in the french language to one of those islands inviting missionaries to the United States.

Through much weakness he reached Chambersburg, Pa. on the fifth of July, where he met the society in Br. Thos. Johns' house, for the first time he had attempted any thing in public since his illness in New-Jersey. And thinking it probably would be the last time he should see them, he gave them some account of himself: stating his early awakenings and conversion to God; his call to the ministry, and volunteering to come to America, with a summary of his labours and sufferings here. He stated moreover that, in the forty years he had laboured here he had never found time to, "purchase land, to build himself a house, or even to marry a wife. That his labours in the ministry had called for all his time, and all his thoughts." On one subject eluded to above, the Bishop afterwards in conversation stated to me that he did not believe that any person entertained more honourable views of marriage than himself. And that this was one reason why any man, however highly he might have conceived of him, sunk in his estimation the moment he discovered him to be influenced by any unworthy motive in forming so close a union. That as to himself, had he entered into such a state, it would have been his duty to have paid to his family a suitable attention. But that such was the nature of his calling, and such the demands upon him that, he never could think of dividing his time.

In crossing the western mountains his strength was at times almost exhausted. The exceeding roughness of the roads, obliged him to hold on to the posts of his carriage to prevent his being knocked against its sides; he would some times say, "O my poor arms,—my poor arms." Which from his great weakness he assured me ached much, and were very sore for a considerable time after.
Some times in the severe jolting of his carriage; he in allusion to his being as he said in his second childhood, would say, "My cradle rocks hard." Thus would he mix pleasantry and good humour even with suffering. But what induced him to labour and suffer thus? Was it the hope of worldly gain? Behold, all who knew him know he sought it not. O how often have I heard him say that, the whole of the western country could it all be offered him, would not be sufficient to hire him to cross those rugged mountains in his state of extreme weakness. And that, nothing but the hope of being useful to the souls of men, could prevail on him to undertake the task.

His patience in bearing disappointments was equal if not superior to that of any man I ever knew. During the whole time I was with him I do not recollect to have ever heard him repine at past events. He would think of, and talk about them, in order to direct his future conduct; but to brood over them with dejection, was a disposition from which he seemed to be entirely delivered. Nor do I recollect ever to have known his spirits to fail, whatever difficulty may have occurred. On all such occasions, the sentiment written on his heart seemed to be, "How shall I mend it:—How can things be made better." And in those unpleasant circumstances which frequently happen on long journeys, (especially such as his) as the failing of horses, the breaking of any part of the gear or carriage, or meeting with bad accommodations etc. Which are so apt to chafe the mind of a person but slowly recovering from a long and tedious disease; he manifested a manliness or Christian fortitude but rarely seen. Indeed his mind was so stayed on God, and so deeply grounded in the doctrine of Providence, that when he had been industrious to accomplish any purpose; so that he could not blame himself with any neglect, and then failed in accomplishing it, he readily concluded, God had ordered it otherwise, and appeared to have given it up without reluctance: not appearing to regret his own disappointment in the least. His mind too was stored with proverbs, or sententious sayings, which he threw out on such occasions, so as to produce a pleasant effect on the minds of others, while it fully relieved his own. So when after a tiresome days journey he found his accommodations such as would be loathsome even to a well man; he with all appearance of cheerfulness, would say, "Make a difficulty of nothing;—Any port in a storm." As his first visit to Ohio, after his illness in New-Jersey, we stopped for dinner at the house of our kind friend, old Mr. Faucett, who wished us to tarry and have meeting, but the Bishop refused, wishing to spend the Sabbath in Steubenville. Having got about a hundred yards from the house, it being a private road and on the banks of the Ohio, was nearly hid by elder-bushes, and the wheel striking a stump, it broke the tongue of the carriage. The Bishop, learning what had taken place, looked out and seeing the stump
of the tongue, with its sharp splinters near the horse said: "It is a
mercy it did not run into the horses thigh.—Well it is never worth
while to cry over spilt milk; it is neither manly nor religious: come,
take out the horses, Brother Faucett will make us another tongue."
I could but look with astonishment to see a man of his age, and so
broken with disease, and his nerves in so shatter'd a condition,
maintaining such fortitude and firmness of mind; and withall such
cheerfulness.

We reached Cincinnati two days before the conference began,
and found his fears but too much realized. Bishop McKendree did
not reach there till near the close of the conference, and then came
on his crutches; having fallen from his horse, passing through
Pennsylvania—

We observed above that every part of the work shared in his
concern and his prayers. But it was not that alone which was under
his own superintendency, that lay near his heart: our brethren
abroad had constantly a place therein. Once at the Leesburg Con-
ference, when rising from prayer, he cried out, "Pardon us Mighty
God! we forget our Brother Coke." He then in a most impressive
manner, implored the blessing of the great Head of the church on
the Doctor and the weighty missions in which he was engaged;
[together with the rest of our European brethren, and the work of
God at large.] (Of Doctor Coke, Bishop Asbury always spake
with much affection, and in the highest terms of applause. When
the account of the Doctors death reached America, the New-York
Conference, then sitting in Albany, requested Bishop Asbury to
preach his funeral. On which occasion, after stating the Doctor's
parentage, birth and education; his good standing as a citizen, and
prospects in life; his conversion and call to the ministry; his dis-
interestedness, liberality, zeal, travels and sufferings; with his use-
fullness as a minister, and missionary superintendent etc. observed,
on his character, "He was in his temper, quick.—It was like a spark;
touch it and it would fly; and was soon off.—Indeed it is natural in
a Welch-Man to be quick.—But jealousy, malice, or envy; dwelt
not in a soul so able as that of Coke.") His mind was not of that
narrow cast which sought the good of his own particular party. He
rejoiced to hear of the spiritual prosperity of Zion every where. And
when he received an account of a revival of true religion in any
particular church; he rejoiced to report it in his travels, that he
might stimulate others of the same community to spirituality and
zeal by the example of their brethren. So when passing through
New-Jersey in 1815 he heard of the revival in some of the congrega-
tions of our Presbyterian brethren. I have heard him relate it
with much apparent satisfaction in Carolina and elsewhere. In like
manner he was distressed at any account which was calculated to
wound the cause of religion, whether the subject of it was a member
of his own particular church or not. In December 1815 while in South Carolina, he received the account of the accusation brought against the Rev. Mr. — — — of Baltimore. His very soul seemed grieved: he often mentioned it to me with expressions of sorrow. He said he knew it would cause a number of his members to join the Methodist Church. But said he “What of that? We never wish to build on the ruin of others.” He then adverted to the opposition there had been in that church between what was called the “Formal,” and the “Evangelical” or “Spiritual” ministers. And said that this minister having stood high in the party who contended for spiritual reform, the opportunity would be seized; and spirituality spoken of with reproach: besides the occasion it would furnish for the infidel to scoff at all religion.

Though he well knew that God had given us in the holy scriptures, one consistent, and closely connected chain of doctrine; and that there alone must be looked for the most approved form of church government; and that the adopting and maintaining this, was no small part of the duty of an individual, or community; yet he was well convinced that all the essential parts of christian doctrine and discipline, were held by most of our neighbouring churches. Hence he ever sought to cultivate a friendship with them; saying it was better that christians should try to find out in what they did agree, than in what they did not; and make that the subject of conversation; and from the good principles which they held in common with each other, to try to excite each other, to serve God.

His labours in the ministry were greatly blessed of the Lord, not only as a superintendant, but as a preacher. Many instances might be recorded; one particularly strikes me. Passing through Kentucky in the fall of 1815 we stopped at the house of our worthy Brother Barnabas McHenry. A neighbour hearing Bishop Asbury was there came over to see him, and in conversation with me remarked, “About twenty years ago, I saw the Bishop, at Berkley Springs; he preached out at the Spring, and his voice being clear and strong; he exerted himself to make even the careless moving multitude hear him. His text was, “O wicked man, thou shalt surely die.” I was then a gay, thoughtless, prayerless, young man; fond of pleasure, fond of dress; but the words of the Bishop fixed deep in my mind: and whereever I went, his text with the solemn doctrine he advanced from it; followed me and was uppermost in my mind; nor did I ever get rest until I felt my wickedness was forgiven.” He then appeared happy in religion.—In preaching, he had a remarkable method of raising his voice, and applying particular parts of his sermons, so as to arrest the attention of his hearers. On his last visit to Ohio, it being the summer before his death, he attended a Camp-Meeting near Urbana; While preaching from these words, “It is high time to awake out of sleep; for now is salvation nearer
than when we believed:” toward the close of his sermon, he smote the pulpit three times with his hand and cried aloud, “Awake! Awake! Awake!” when a poor careless man sitting near the skirts of the congregation and paying no attention to the sermon, had his attention so powerfully arrested, that he roused up as from a stupor, and never rested until the Lord converted his soul. Thus was God graciously pleased to own the labours of his servant to the close of his life.

Nor were his labours confined to the pulpit; he was preaching where ever he went. And he more than once informed me that when the state of his health was such as to bear the fatigue, it had been his uniform practice, on entering a house to tarry for a night, to talk particularly to every member of the family on the subject of religion. On such occasions, the poor blacks shared largely of his labours. And indeed much of his attention was devoted to this distressed people. In preaching if he saw any number of them present; he mostly spoke particularly to them; and on other occasions, he conversed freely with them: always inculcating on their minds, fidelity to their owners, and piety toward God. They in a great degree seemed sensible of his worth. I recollect once in South Carolina, in December 1815 being in a low state of health; and having nearly exhausted his small stock of strength by preaching; he retired to his room. But there being a great number of black people present, some of them having come a great way to see him; as they supposed for the last time: which indeed it proved to be; they requested to be admitted into his room, to which he consented, though he was able to do but little more than reach his hand, and look up and commend them to God. They came in by turns as many as the room would hold; and then withdrew and made way for others, until all had an opportunity to speak to him. It was truly affecting to see them: seeing his emaciated appearance, they would burst into tears and after taking hold of his hand in the most affectionate manner, would go silently away with the tears trickling down their cheeks, as tho' they were soon to lose (what indeed he ever had been) one of the best friends they ever had.

The poor in general shared largely of his labours, and he manifested peculiar pleasure in offering the consolations of the gospel to those who had to suffer so many privations and afflictions in this life. Nor was he satisfied with barely giving them instruction or advice: his charity knew no bounds but the limits of its resources; nor did I ever know him let an object of charity pass without contributing something for their relief. Knowing the smallness of his funds, I have on some occasions, when we have had an expensive journey before us, suggested to him my fears that, should he not retrench his charities, his means would be expended before he would receive a supply. But his usual reply would be, “Never
mind Dear, the Lord will provide." And his confidence was never misplaced, for He whose charge the poor is, always sent a seasonable supply: and frequently from an unexpected quarter. Thus verifying the scripture, "He that hath mercy on the poor lends unto the Lord: mark what he layeth out, for it shall be repaid him." As he committed to me the care of his cash, it furnished me with an opportunity of knowing when he either expended or gave any away. One instance particularly affected me. When in South Carolina, stopping at the house of one of our friends, we found there a poor woman who with two little children, a son and a daughter had requested privilege to tarry all night. This woman had been lately left a widow: Her husband had left Kentucky some time before with a drove of horses, and came on to the lower part of South Carolina where he died. The poor woman having nothing for herself and her children to subsist on there; had undertaken the tedious journey from near Lexington in Kentucky, to the lower part of South Carolina on foot; stopping at times and spinning to earn something for herself and her children to travel on until they should reach the place where her husband died, to see if any thing remained of the property he brought in. Bishop Asbury, having conversed with her and being convinced that her account was correct, desired me (though I knew at the time his funds were low) to give her a dollar. I took an opportunity when the family was absent, to hand it to her, telling her the Bishop had directed me to give her that; supposing she might want it before she finished her journey. Her countenance changed and she at first looked as if she had rather give than receive from the Bishop, but turning her eye towards her little daughter who was standing by, a mother's feelings prevailed, and she received it, uttering with a deep sigh, "O yes, I shall want it." And as she turned her head away I saw the tears trickling down her cheeks; as though female modesty, a mother's fondness, and gratitude to God and his servant were the sensations by which her feeling heart was affected. Thus was he engaged in doing good to the bodies and souls of mankind through almost the whole course of a long life. Though his rules of economy and saving appeared at times as it respected his own wants, to border on severity; yet the value he set on money except as a means of doing good, was very small. Many evidences of this might be recorded.—I will mention one.—He once in the South, asked me if he had a $10 note of a particular description. (I kept his money for him and acted as his steward.) as I knew his design was to enclose it to a needy person, and knowing his funds were low, I thought it my duty to inform him that I thought he had it not to spare: and informed him how low his funds were. He replied with much tenderness, "O, Dear, I am rich: I shall have $30 when I get to Charleston, besides my dividend of $30 from the Conference, in
all $60.93 (The Bishop had subscribed and paid $30. to the building a meeting house, some where within the bounds of the S[outh] C[arolina] Conference; but the Trustees failing in getting a title to the lot, and other difficulties occurring, they abandoned the object for that time, and returned the money. His claim on the connection had been—for Quarterage $80. And his travelling expenses about $100, making his whole demand $180 pr. annum of which each of the nine annual conferences paid $10. But the ill state of his health requiring me to travel with him, and he insisting on paying my quarterage and expenses himself, it raised his claim on each of the 9 conferences to $30, making in all $230 per year.)

It cannot be reasonably supposed that a mind so philanthropic as his, could look with an eye of indifference on the cruel slaver of the poor Blacks in the southern and some of the middle states. He frequently spake of it with deep concern; and said he had examined it every way of which his mind was capable: that in parts of the country there were difficulties in the way of freeing them: the poor things have no protection. And evil disposed people would abuse them. That under such circumstances he did not see what we as a ministry could do better than to try to get both masters and servants to get all the religion they could, and get ready to leave a troublesome world. That this would make the owners humane and the servants trusty: and would therefore make the situation of both, much better, even in this world, and infinitely so in the next. But he said their condition after they were free was too often made a pretext for holding them, when the true cause was avarice. That where this was the case, he considered the person to be a slave-holder in soul; and that he could not see how a person who had a slave-holding soul in them could ever get to the Kingdom of Heaven. He thought, he said, that in the places where the strongest prejudice prevailed against an immediate and indiscriminate emancipation, from the uncultivated state of their minds; yet no objection could in reason lay against allowing the slave to purchase his freedom, and allowing him certain privileges or perquisites with that intent. And that he thought every Legislator ought to favor this. That it would give a spur to industry and economy and would excite a laudable ambition to maintain a fair character; and would tend to a gradual improvement of the mind and manners. That it would cut off the objection, "That the emancipation of some makes the rest discontent[ent]ed." For all would know that if they conducted themselves as others had done, they might enjoy the same advantages.

The Bishop appeared to derive much satisfaction from the reflection, that the condition of the slaves was ameliorated where ever Methodist influence prevailed. Once in S[outh] Carolina seeing a number of negro children out at play, I remarked to the Bishop that,
I was gratified at seeing them comfortably clothed, but mentioned that I expected he could remember when things were different. He answered, "Yes, formerly they generally ran naked."

Bishop Asbury was truly a Man of prayer. In this sacred employment he equaled if not exceeded any man I ever knew. And I have often been much affected to see him when he had any thing more than ordinary on hand; particularly in time of the sitting of conference; when he was fixing the stations of the preachers to their several circuits, after having conversed with and obtained all the information he could from his Colleague, the Presiding Elders, and others of his brethren; he then seemed almost lost in thought and in prayer. And I have frequently seen him on such occasions, after rising from prayer; set down, affix a few names opposite stations he wished them to fill, and then return to his knees. And in this manner he would continue, alternately praying and writing until the whole was accomplished. He appeared indeed to live near to God; and to expect like Abel, an answer to his prayers. I recollect once, after having been some time in his room at prayer, he came to me and gave me some directions concerning something I was doing for him, he appeared to have something weighty on his mind; and after a short time returned to his room, uttering as he entered, "I have not got my business done yet." These words did not appear to be spake with a design to be heard; but seemed to be the effusions of a full heart. I soon after found he was deeply engaged in prayer. After some time he came out of his room again and seemed quite cheerful, and it was easy to see, his mind had experienced much relief.

Bishop Asbury was thought by many, to be a stern man and rather austere in his manner. Perhaps by nature he was; and it was his own opinion that by nature he was suspicious. These tempers when indulged, and suffered to follow the corrupt leading of fallen nature are certainly much to be dreaded. But as it is not the office of grace to destroy human nature, but to sanctify it: I am fully convinced that every natural feature of the human mind has its use; and when brought properly under the influence of grace, fits the individual for that particular station for which an ever ruling providence designed him. Thus altho' these features of the mind mentioned above; though when found in a governor,\textsuperscript{94} or even in an irreligious head of a family,\textsuperscript{95} tend to destroy the peace and safety of themselves and others: yet when corrected by the love of God and our neighbour, they will produce\textsuperscript{95} much good; especially in an executive officer.\textsuperscript{96} When a person is continually exposed to the flatteries and persuasions of men, endeavoring either from design or a blind fondness to draw him from his duty; and has frequently to deal with men tho' in the general mean well, yet are human beings, and have many of the weaknesses of humanity
about them: and are ever seeing difficulties in the way; he must not possess too much flexibility of disposition. And in gathering up his mind, (so to speak) and fixing himself not to be swerved from duty; the countenance and voice may assume an appearance, which a person not acquainted with human natures, especially if they themselves be a little displeased, will be very likely to mistake for anger, or other improper tempers. And this from two years opportunity of observing, I am convinced was frequently the case with Bishop Asbury. And suspicion itself may also be rendered subservient to the most useful purposes. For when a person is almost continually engaged in intricate business, coming on in rapid succession, and finds himself straitened for time; he will be under frequent temptations to take things on trust, or presumption. And it was no doubt this natural temper of mind brought properly under the government of grace, which induced him to thrust himself into every part of his charge; lest something might be wrong,—lest some part of the cause of God might suffer. These natural turns of mind certainly require great watchfulness and much grace to keep them in a right direction; and so does every other disposition of the human heart. And in Bishop Asbury, they had a right direction—He had feeling:—few men perhaps had more: though he had firmness and decision. He had confidence;—few men perhaps had more unshaken confidence in his friends: though he seemed determined to be blind to the faults of none.

Bishop Asbury was not apt to say much of himself; or of his own attainments. Yet sometimes among his friends he would speak with considerable freedom on the subject. And once in particular, I recollect to have heard him say, that he had experienced an entire death, to the “Lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life.” His humility led him indeed to attribute this to the great sinking of the powers of nature: that the whole system being so long and so greatly broken by disease, its powers were so nearly exhausted, that desire had failed. But I cannot but think differently; I am of opinion that the mind that has been accustomed to indulge in licentious thoughts, and whose memory recalls former scenes of dissipation, will find evil desire arise, even when the power to execute is lost. I therefore must and do believe, that this victory was obtained, by (what I think the only possible way) living near to God, and through the aid of His Spirit, checking the risings of evil thoughts; and thus resisting temptation in its forming state, until the soul is transformed by the renewing of the mind, and proves (knows by experience) what that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of the Lord is: even its sanctification [in] perfect love to God; governing completely the desires and passions of the man.

Bishop Asbury, several times remarked to me in the course of
conversation relative to his infirm state of health, and apparently approaching dissolution that, "Mr. Wesley had requested that he might not live to be idle. But I feel no liberty to make such a request: I must leave it to God; it may be his will that, as the people have seen my strength, to let them see my weakness also."

Some few weeks before the Bishops death; while at the house of his kind friend, Capt. Caleb Rembert, in S[outh] Carolina, He in conversation with his old and intimate friend, the Rev. Mr. Smith of Camden, on the subject of the Pelagian heresy, observed ((The controversy seems to end in this. Whether we are saved by our own righteousness, or the righ[t]eousness of another)) "I was a moral youth, and remarkably fond of reading the Holy Scriptures from a boy. Which by the particular attention of my Mother I was taught to do distinctly at five years of age. And when at school, for my sobriety, and refusing to play with wicked boys, particularly such as said bad words, (the sound of which always distressed me) I obtained the name of 'Methodist Parson'. I did not indeed at that time know what it meant; but thought it must mean some thing very bad, as it was given me as a nick name, out of reproach; and had as leave they had called me a horse thief. At an early age, I was put apprentice. At about thirteen years of age, I was brought under deep concern for my soul. And about this time there came a man in the neighbourhood; a traveling shoemaker, who called himself a Baptist, and professed to be converted. He held prayer meetings in our neighborhood, and my Mother who was a praying woman, and ready to encourage any one who appeared to wish to do good; invited him to hold a prayer-meeting at My Father's house. At that meeting I was convinced there was some thing more in religion than I had ever been acquainted with. And at one of these meetings, held by this man, I obtained that comfort I had been seeking."

"After this I began to assist in holding prayer-meetings, and some times to give an exortation. And after a while to speak from a text. And though I was then an apprentice, and had my regular work to do as an apprentice; yet I would request my Mother to wake me at four o'clock in the morning, that I might finish my day work time enough to attend my meetings, which were some times from three to five miles distant. From which I some times would not return so as to get to rest, until twelve o'clock at night. And then rise again the next morning at four, and pursue the same round. This I would do four or five nights in the week, besides holding meetings at three or four different places on the sabbath days; which places were commonly from three to six miles apart. And I always performed my journeys on foot. This continued more than four years; while I was an apprentice. I then entered the traveling connection, and traveled nearly one year on supplies, when I was received at the Conference, and traveled four years."
teered to come to America as missionary to North-America, and am now in the forty-fifth year of my mission in this country. During which time I have laboured extensively. Sixty times I have crossed the wide range of the Alleghany mountains, in going and returning, to and from the Western country; and often before there was even a bridle path to point the way, or a house to shelter us; and when Indian depredation was committed, before and behind and on either side of me.—Twenty-nine visits in thirty years I have made to North and S[outh] Carolina and various parts of Georgia. And frequently when their rude pole-bridges would be floating by the waters that at times inundate the low lands of that country. So that some times I had to wade and lead my horse along the best way I could. And there it was I caught such colds as have fastened like a vulture on my lungs ever since. And by frequent exposure to bad weather, and having to sleep in pole-cabins, where there was nothing between the logs to keep out the wind, I have had such attacks of the rheumatism that my feet and legs have been so swollen that I was unable to walk: and would have to be carried and sit on my horse; where not being able to keep my feet in the stirrups I had to let them hang. And in this painful condition I have traveled hundreds of miles preaching the gospel. And from these repeated swellings, and the severe pains accompanying them, the use of my limbs [was taken] from me that, I have not been able to stand to preach a sermon, for seven years. But have had to rest myself against a table or stool. Besides all my labours and sufferings in other parts of this newly settled country. But what of all this? True, it is not forgotten before God.—Yet I can trust in nothing I have ever done or suffered. —I stand alone in the righteousness of Christ.—I stand in the justifying; and in the sanctifying righteousness of Jesus Christ. And glory to God! I feel as great a verity in the doctrine I have preached, as ever I did in my life. It is the doctrine of the Scriptures; it is the doctrine of God.”

Thus was his mind preserved in an unshaken confidence, to the very close of life, in that doctrine he had preached for more than half a century. And by this he was comforted both in doing and in suffering.

Once when in a very weak state; having to be raised up while his sheets were changed. He looked at us with a sweet and cheerful countenance; and said (in allusion to the helpless state of his body;) “Ah! It is sown in dishonour: but!”—And looking up toward Heaven, gave us at once to understand, he felt his interest in the latter part of the text: “It shall be raised in glory.”

Such was the shattered state of his lungs in the latter part of his life, that it afflicted him very much to preach; especially to large congregations. His cough was always greatly irritated by it. On one occasion, I recollect having to rise in the night to give him some-
thing to check his cough. When he observed, "Ah, I may always calculate on losing half the nights sleep at least, after preaching in the day. But I will freely give that, to have an opportunity of inviting poor sinners to my blessed Saviour." This he frequently called his, "Sweetest of all employments." And in this employment, his plan was probably original. He had a remarkable method of making an unexpected use of observations he had dropped in preaching.

Once in the City of New-York, when preaching to the people of colour, observing there were a number of White persons present, he anticipated some of the objections which white people are apt to make to the Blacks. And among others, this, "These people cannot stand good prosperity:—good usage spoils them." He remarked, "I don't know that they can bear prosperity as well as they can poverty or affliction.—Have we borne it?—Are we as humble and as much devoted to God, now; as when we were poor?" Which words had a very striking effect on the audience.

At another time while preaching in the same City, he gave some account of his own labours and sufferings. And observed, "By frequent exposure I have had such attacks of the rheumatism as have almost taken the use of my legs from me. And repeated colds, from wading the swamps of N[orth] Carolina, have brought on a disease which has fastened so like a Vulture in my breast that, I have well nigh cough’d my lungs away. While this late affliction has nearly scraped all the flesh off my bones; and my strength is almost gone." And then gathering up his little remains of strength: as though caught new fire: he cried aloud, "But Glory to God! My heart's not gone,—my faith,—My love to God's not gone." Which words appeared to run through the congregation like electricity.—Tears appeared to gush from almost every eye. While shouts of —"Glory to God!" were heard from almost every part of the house.

Respecting the particular circumstances of his death, I refer you to the letter I wrote to Bishop McKendree, immediately after the event, which has since been published. On which I have nothing more to add.

As I was appointed by the General Conference to attend the removal of his body, it may be necessary to state that we arrived at Mr. Arnold's on the 6th day of May, and made known to him the request of the General Conference. On which Mr. Arnold observed that he "Considered the General Conference to have the right to dispose of the body of Bishop Asbury, but that he would not part with the remains of his Old Friend, in compliance with the request of any individual, or of any other body of men."

He proceeded on the same day, to open the grave, when wishing to have one more view of that face on which I had so often looked with so much pleasure, we on opening the coffin, found to our
agreeable surprise that, his features were still perfect, tho' he had lain under ground 35 days. His coffin was immediately enclosed in tared sheets and conveyed in a hearse to Baltimore where we arrived on the afternoon of the 9th and stopped for the night at the house of Br. Wm. Hawkins.

1 Minutes of the Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the Year 1773-1828 (New York: Mason and Lane, 1840), Vol. I, p. 248 (Minutes for 1814) and p. 263 (Minutes for 1815).


9 FAJL, Vol. III, p. 556 and see also p. 509.

10 The writer is indebted to the Rev. Mr. Edwin A. Schell, Executive Secretary of the Methodist Historical Society of the Baltimore Annual Conference for information about the existence and location of this letter.

11 John Potts was admitted to conference in 1796 and travelled for 13 years in Virginia and Maryland. He located in 1809 and settled in Manchester (present-day South Richmond). See FAJL, Vol. II, pp. 203, 458, 807 and William W. Bennett, Memorials of Methodism in Virginia, (Richmond, 1871) p. 610.
John Wesley Bond's Reminiscences of Francis Asbury

While an infant Simpson was baptized by Francis Asbury. After his conversion at a camp meeting in 1829 he joined the Pittsburgh Conference and in 1852 was elected bishop. He became a close friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln whose funeral he preached.

Clarence True Wilson was born in Milton, Delaware in 1872. He was ordained in the Wilmington Conference and served churches in that conference and across the United States. He and Dr. Alfred Smith were instrumental in establishing the Temperence Movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Clarence True Wilson almost singlehandedly saw to it that the Methodist Building was erected in Washington, D.C. It has been called his monument.

Bond seems to assume that Nelson Reed (or perhaps the Committee of which Nelson Reed was a member) was writing the Life of Francis Asbury.

The home of Henry Dorsey Gough was on the Bel Air Road, 12 miles northeast of Baltimore. It became a regular preaching place for Methodists after 1775. See Lednum pp. 153-157, also FAJL, Vol. II, p. 754 (Maryland—March 28, 1814).

While Bond here speaks of Philadelphia friends prevailing on Bishop Asbury to have a top put on his sulky, the Bishop later writes in his Journal that Philadelphia friends had given him "a light, little four-wheeled carriage" FAJL, Vol. II, p. 756 (July 19, 1814).

The Philadelphia Conference met at Philadelphia, April 6, 1814.

Woodbury is the county seat of Gloucester County, New Jersey.

Michael Coate (1767-1814) was born in Burlington, New Jersey of Quaker parentage. He joined Conference in 1795 and served in New York, New England and Canada. He was Presiding Elder of the West Jersey District when this event occurred.


Emanuel Kent was a merchant in
Baltimore, Maryland, a class leader in Light Street Church and a trustee of Cokesbury College. *FAJL*, Vol. II, p. 357.

 Clearly written by second hand over an unrecognizable original word. Diachylon is a plaster used for excoriated surfaces and wounds.

 Original word was "appearances." 

 Original word obliterated. Second hand has written "resumed."

 Lumberton, New Jersey was a regular preaching place when the Burlington Circuit was formed in 1789.


 Three words, "near to him" in original hand have been crossed out.

 This probably refers to Azahel Coate. While Bond notes that Francis Asbury was taken ill at the home of Michael Coate (vide supra p. 17), Henry Boehm, Reminiscences Historical and Biographical (New York: Carlton and Porter, 1867) p. 420, indicates that he was ill at the home of Michael Coate's brother. "On reaching home I heard that Bishop Asbury was sick at Brother Sale Coates', a brother of Michael and Samuel Coate, at Lumberton, New Jersey." There is a gap of twelve weeks in Francis Asbury's Journal at this point. *FAJL*, Vol. II, p. 755.


 Michael Coate died August 1, 1814, less than two months after Asbury left Lumberton, New Jersey. Azahel Coate was the brother of Michael and Samuel Coate and it was in his home that Bishop Asbury was confined during his illness in New Jersey. See footnote 47. The date of the death of Mrs. Azahel Coate is not known.

 See footnote 48.

 This is not an omission but a pen line in the manuscript.


 The Ohio Conference met at Cincinnati, Ohio, September 8, 1814.

 Two words, "the Bishop," in original hand have been crossed out.

 Two words, "her feelings," in original hand have been crossed out.

 67 One word in original hand is illegible.

 Martin Boehm, the father of Henry Boehm was born November 30, 1725. He inherited and lived in the family mansion in Conestoga Township, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Martin Boehm was a Mennonite and in 1756 was chosen by lot to be a Mennonite preacher. The Mennonites expelled him for being too evangelical. He joined the United Brethren and eventually became a Methodist. He and Francis Asbury were close friends.


 Francis Hollingsworth, (1773-1826) was born in Fells Point, Maryland and was the final transcriber of Francis Asbury's *Journal*. From this evidence it is clear that Francis Hollingsworth lived in York, Pennsylvania, for at least one year. 


 Asbury had thus left part of the manuscript of his *Journal* with Francis Hollingsworth on the July 3, 1814 visit to York, Pennsylvania, and retained part himself, during the year between July 3, 1814 and June 29, 1815.

 Daniel Hitt was born in Fauquier, Virginia, entering the travelling ministry in 1790, and served extensively in Western Pennsylvania. He was Asbury's travelling companion in 1807. He became Book Agent in 1808 and it was in this capacity that he wrote Asbury on this occasion. He died in Washington County, Pennsylvania in 1825.

 See Tipple *op. cit.*, photograph between pp. 294 and 295.


 End of fascicle 2.

 After the above interlude Bond continues the account of their westward journey after leaving York, Pennsylvania (see footnote 58 above). The visit to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania is undated and undetailed in the *Journals*. *FAJL*, Vol. II, p. 755.

 The Allegheny Mountains. 

 The three words, "tackling of the," have been crossed out.

 One word in manuscript is indistinct.


FAIL, Vol. II, p. 758 (Ohio—September 6, 1814).

For an account of McKendree's injury see Painé, op. cit., Vol. I, pp. 236 f.

This could not be the Sixth Annual Conference which began in Leesburg, Virginia, May 18, 1778. It probably refers to one of two conferences held at Leesburg, Virginia: April 28, 1789 or August 26, 1790.

Thomas Coke (1747-1814), was the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church; he was ordained and sent to America by John Wesley in 1784 with instructions to ordain Francis Asbury and assist in organizing an American Methodist Church.

In the case of Thomas Coke, this probably has reference to his missionary efforts in the West Indies. See Thomas Coke, Extracts of the journals, (London: G. Pome and More, 1793), pp. 92-127.

The New York Conference met at Albany, New York, May 12, 1815.


The last page of Francis Asbury's Journal records seven days in December of 1815 spent in South Carolina. There is no reference to this incident in his Journal. FAIL, Vol. II, p. 797.

Original hand read "occasion."

Original hand read "opportunity."

End of fascicle 3.

Barnabas McHenry was born in North Carolina December 18, 1787. He became an itinerant Methodist Preacher in 1797, served frontier circuits in North Carolina, Tennessee, West Virginia and Kentucky. He died near Springfield, Kentucky, June 16, 1833.


Ezekiel 33:8.


Romans 13:11.

Original hand read "encounter."


End of fascicle 4.

The sentence enclosed in double parentheses is a footnote found at the bottom of the page in the manuscript marked by an asterisk.

The sentences enclosed in double parentheses are a footnote found at the bottom of the page in the manuscript marked by a cross.

Original hand read "the lordly monarch."

Original hand read "tend to produce."

The word "officer" has been added by a second hand.

The two words "of duty" have been crossed out by a second hand.

The word "infirn" has been added by a second hand above the original word "afflicted" which has been crossed out.

A large family of Remberts lived twelve miles north of Sumter, South Carolina. This was the location of Rembert Hall where Francis Asbury was a frequent visitor.

The only Smith mentioned by Francis Asbury in his Journal as living in South Carolina is Henry Smith, FAIL, Vol. II, p. 764 (South Carolina—November 7, 1814). Henry Smith who lived near Chester, South Carolina is probably not to be identified with the Rev. Mr. Smith from Camden.

Pelagius was a fourth century British monk who insisted that man could if he would always will the will of God.

He was opposed by Augustine of Hippo who insisted that man's will was corrupted and man could never by his own power will the will of God.

The following sentences in double parentheses are a footnote found at the bottom of the page in the manuscript marked by an asterisk.

The words "I was etc., as above" follow the footnote at the bottom of the manuscript page.

"to America" has been lightly crossed out by the original hand.
Corner of manuscript is torn at this point.

I Cor. 15:43.

End of fascicle 6.

See above pp. 5-9, especially footnote 9.

By order of the General Conference of 1816 and at the request of the Methodist Society of Baltimore, the remains of Asbury were taken up and brought to Baltimore for burial in a vault prepared for that purpose under the pulpit at Eutaw Street Methodist Church, where they remained until June, 1854, when they were removed to Mount Olivet Cemetery, Baltimore. See FAJL, Vol. II, p. 803 and Tipple, op. cit., pp. 237-239.

This would indicate that Asbury was buried on Monday, April 1, 1816, the day after he died.

End of fascicle 7 and end of manuscript.