

TUNSTALL. CIRCUIT.

Extract of Wm. Sanders's Journal. 1821.

WHEN into Tunstall branch I came,
To sound the great Messiah's name,
To Gnosal first I did repair,
And Jesus Christ was with me there.

(Oct. 28.)

And when I preach'd on God's own day,
The gospel seem'd to win its way;
I like a trumpet cried aloud,
And rais'd my voice amidst the crowd.

Again, when darkness veil'd the sky,
I rais'd the gospel standard high:
What then I felt can't be express'd,
My soul was wonderfully blest.

The people round me did rejoice,
They, who had made the Lord their choice,
And sinners much affected stood,
Though strangers to the Saviour's blood.

On Monday night I preach'd again,
Not fearing all the frowns of men,
Tho' sinners dar'd the truth to oppose,
And storms of persecution rose.

Oh! may the God of truth and grace,
Revive his work within this place;
May sinners there like Dagon fall,
And crown the Saviour, Lord of all.

To Bradley next, I went straightway;
A few have there begun to pray;
A glorious work is there begun,
O may it still be carried on.

On Sunday the sweet day of rest,
I preach'd at Newport and was blest;
For Jesus Christ was there indeed,
A present help in time of need.

(Nov. 4.)

I' th' afternoon the class I led,
And God his glorious fulness shed,
He blest us with his heavenly grace,
And glory seem'd to fill the place.

One, who had groan'd beneath her load,
Could rise and praise a pardoning God;
She felt her sins, at once depart,
And Jesus' love o'erflow'd her heart.

I in the evening preach'd again,
And Christ was truly precious then;
The place was crowded all around,
While I made known the joyful sound.

There discord finds no place to reign;
Still one in Christ may they remain;
And daily in his footsteps go,
And find the gate of heaven below.

O may the sound of gospel grace,
Be heard and felt in every place;
May Newport rise with pardon blest,
And share an everlasting rest.

To Coal-pit Bank I found my way,
And God did there his love display;
A num'rous crowd did there attend,
While I proclaim'd the sinner's Friend.

At Dunnington, I next did speak,
And though my body was but weak,
While I the num'rous crowd address,
I felt unutterably blest.

Here seems a prospect of much good,
O may the Saviour's precious blood,
Cleanse each foul heart from every stain,
Our preaching then will not be vain.

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From thence I next pursued my way,
To Lileshall, to preach and pray,
And there I did the truth declare,
While many heard with earnest care.

Another blessed sabbath came,
And I at Newport did proclaim,
The wonders of redeeming grace,
The Love of God to Adam's race.

(Nov. 11.)

From thence to Sutton straight I ran,
To shew what God had done for man;
The little cloud begins to rise,
O may it spread along the skies.

Again to Newport I return'd;
While all my soul with rapture burn'd ;
The Spirit did upon me rest;
And God the great assembly blest.

Two precious souls for mercy cried,
But were not fully justified;
May God, who sent conviction's dart,
Descend and heal the broken heart.

On Monday, the ensuing day,
We met again to sing and pray;
One of the souls who were distrest,
Was pardon'd, comforted, and blest.

If God vouchsafes to answer prayer,
May these my friends his fulness share;
That I, with them, may meet at last,
In heaven, when all the storms are past.

Wm. SANDERS.

References

Primitive Methodist Magazine 1822/62