

London  
Feb. 20. 1782

My Dear Brother

It was a good Providence, that  
none of your Bones were broken: God  
gave his Angels charge over you. So far  
the old Mother can go & no farther.

Tis well if those Head-strong Voluntaries  
do not soon get their own necks into a  
halter. The sensible Volunteers have  
cavalantly refused to join them in any such  
measures.

This is not my year for Ireland, but  
whether I shall go Westward or Northward,  
I have not yet determined. You say  
"Pray deliver <sup>it</sup> in haste." But you do not say, To whom?  
I suppose you mean, to Mr. Abraham. I am  
y<sup>r</sup> Affectionate Friend & Brother J. Wesley



From Rev John Will  
Draughtsman

To John Bredin  
Old Bealies