

Talk 3
John Wesley: A Brand Plucked from the Burning

A close shave

From Epworth to Oxford

Holiness and the 'Holy Club'

'I felt my heart strangely warmed'

Wesley, the itinerant field-preacher of one book

Sowing and watering

Wesley's legacy

And can it be?

**And can it be that I should gain
an interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died He for me, who caused his pain?
For me, who him to death pursued?
Amazing love! How can it be
that thou, my God,
shouldst die for me?**

**'Tis mystery all! The immortal dies:
who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
to sound the depths of love divine.
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore,
let angel minds inquire no more.**

**He left his Father's throne above –
so free, so infinite his grace –
emptied himself of all but love,
and bled for Adam's helpless race.
'Tis mercy all, immense and free;
for, O my God, it found out me!**



**Long my imprisoned spirit lay
fast bound in sin and nature's night;
thine eye diffused a quickening ray –
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light.
My chains fell off, my heart was free:
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.**

**No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living head,
and clothed in righteousness divine,
bold I approach the eternal throne,
and claim the crown, through Christ, my own.**