to attend the Methodist Chapel in the afternoon but were
refused — & Now people seemed with one accord
before our invitation to an afternoon meeting in our house;
so that it was small — yet I hope valuable.
The weather was snowy, sleet & hail, this the day.
We heard a sermon among at Saint Weightman's
a lively spot in view of the Surquetanche. Yesterday
we early drove to Mr. Warner's West Nottingham
to a good meeting in the old meeting house. Large
many Methodists. In the afternoon a meeting at Mrs
Hospitable Lane where we are lodging for 2 nights.
I have to record most painful infirmity in myself
& the depravation of my fallen nature is very
present with me. I desire to be humbled before
the Lord in deep & yet deeper repentance — &
having several contract religious engagements
in prospect for the next few days — if life &
health are permitted — I can heartily commend
the poor frail instrument to their who can
gladly & prize it, & use it effectually for
the purpose of his own glory, & the good of souls.
My recollection of the dead — & of the poor
distant living — is at this time acutely sensitive —
but a blessed hope is not altogether absent, that
we shall, through infinite & adorable mercy, all
meet in heaven.

# Journal of J. J. Gurney 1837 - 1840

I handled once a pebble fair
That seems transparent as the air
Yet beams with many a hue.
Surprised I view the scarlet blaze —
Now from another point I gaze
Behold the flame is blue!

Such gem is oft in Scripture found,
Its charms the anointed eye, around
From point to point surveys;
Transparent in the Spirit's light
The jewel sparkles to the sight
And pours the various rays:

Prolific of its meaning still
A simple line ~~[illegible]~~ the Sacred Page fill
With many a vivid thought;
While in the heart one hope lives,
New aspect some fresh colour gives
And truth on truth is taught.

In regions of the distant west
Just as the sun has sunk to rest,
~~How lovely is the scene!~~
Where red & orange melt in blue
The mountain line is clear in view,
No mist to intervene —

Then pilgrim wanderer, turn the head,
From side to side the blush is spread,
The dome celestial glows —
Reflected to the ravished eye
From west to east around the sky
The ~~[illegible]~~ lustre flows

And dost thou now never see any sun,
A radiant circle round thee run,
When truth thy soul enjoys —
The light that in one ~~[illegible]~~ scripture beams
Reflected from another seems
And ~~[illegible]~~ flows through all the pages.

What though the radiance they display
Compared with heaven's perfect day,
Be like the evening's glow;
~~The~~ mists of ~~nature~~ error disappear
And lines of saving truth are clear
When Jesus Christ we know.