My worthy, good & dear Friend = Copy =

This Opportunity is too favourable to be omitted; long have I looked for the answer to my last, but am persuaded Hurry of Business or the Distraction of the times prevent me. That desireable Consolation — our dear Whitfield's Soul was carried by exulting Angels into the paradise of GOD on the 30th of last Month. He died very suddenly of an Asmatic Fit at Newbury 40 Miles beyond Boston. I hear he is to be interred at Boston. Our Loss is great — mine inconceivable. We loved each other as Brethren ought to do. I could enlarge, but really my heart is full, I can scarce see to write — the flowing tears prevent my enlarging. The Subject too important — I shall go to him. O happy — happy Angel! Our grand Indian scheme is too apparently founded upon Self. The Doct. is turned Heretical — abominably erroneous — Secum is become vile indeed — a base fellow — He was so exalted in Europe that he has practically forgot his GOD, & pays more respect to Bacchus & Mars than the true Jehovah — I hope the Holy Spirit will direct the Trustees to improve that fine Collection to the designed End, & not let our cunning, Scheming religious Pharisees divide the Spoil. Doct. Wheelock has got Bestowed upon him 3000 Acres of Land, on which he is building an Academy for Whites & blacks — the latter will have little Share, tis Profit there. Tis all a farce. Religion is at a very low Ebb here. New Doctrines are daily broaching — the People groan with heavy & burdensome poisons the Dissenters who are vigilantly opposing each other. Had I known of the Believers going to Lond. I would have sent you some Specimens of their un-Christ Divinity. To believe that Christ was a divine person is sufficient Faith, & the sure way to Heaven is by no means but hastily wait till regenerated & then you'll have true faith without such gross absurdities. Bear favour me with a Line & let me hear you the Blessing of Bardoning Love, the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, & the Communion of the Holy Ghost if you think to send me Mr. Hart as you promised. you'll greatly oblige

N. London 8: 5: 1770. Sir

Your truly loving & Obliged Friend & humble Serv. Jonathan Mall. Graves