

Jan. 23/19 (2/1)

The above particular instances of the goodness and mercy of God in raising me up such valuable friends in early life, I think it my duty to record in order to shew how many claims He has upon my gratitude and love. And you will judge, Sir, that to see me go on in the above promising way was to my mother and my friend peculiarly gratifying; but they were deceived and disappointed; and I was deceived and humbled too. The world was giving me praises which I could not bear, and after having lived three years or more as a tolerably consistent religious character, the world and sin and Satan entangled me in their snares and I fell an unhappy victim. I had trusted too much to my own arm, I was not acquainted with myself and the evil nature of sin. I did not cry for help. I listened to the voice of temptation. I was something like to Cornelius in understanding, far beneath him in manner of life. Thus passed on many days, unhappy always

(S) I still correspond with this Gentleman