

altered from its first edition, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the word." A folio edition of the works of the outed minister of Dartmouth, though rather high priced, took well, and my father was one of the original subscribers. Next to the Scriptures, it was his favourite book, and as, at ten years of age, I could read pretty well, and as my voice, to use my own expression, even then was an "audible" one, he conferred on me the honour and the privilege of now and then reading to him aloud, after the labours of the day, one of Flavel's sermons. The style was simple, the diction sweet and sappy, and the titles were fascinating, "The Fountain of Life opened," "The Method of Grace," "Navigation Spiritualized," Mount Pisgah," &c.

I got a fondness for the task, and often, while other boys were at play, I was reading John Flavel. The idea occurred to me of copying out in manuscript as many of the sermons as I had time and paper for. Having provided myself with a *whole quire* of foolscap, I made a commendable effort in my best hand. But I longed heartily for the close of the first sermon, and proceeded no further. An aged aunt who lived with us, and who belonged to the moderate school, said to me that to have copied one of "Blair's" would have been "wiser like;" but Flavel was no favourite of hers. She accompanied her suggestion with the broad hint that there seemed "something of the hypocrite" about the whole concern, and perhaps she was not very far wrong. My religious belief at this time was strictly orthodox, but it had a tincture of antinomianism about it. I had clear ideas of the "fountain of life," but as to the "method of grace." I knew nothing about it. A lengthened period elapsed between my clear apprehension of the foundation of hope, and my cordial reliance on the grace of the Spirit to enlighten, to sanctify, and to guide. A still longer period elapsed before I knew the defects of such a book as "Law's Serious Call," and, although Whitefield's memoirs were estimated in our circle above all price, the Calvinistic system had as yet failed to "conquer me." This topic I shall have occasion to notice again, and in the meantime