

guardian of Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps, preserved me from this wicked temptation.

HAVING at length wandered till I was fairly bewildered among the *ignes fatui* of contending Sects, I resolved to look no farther, but retire once more to the strong hold of Deism; and resting satisfied with the existence and perfections of the Supreme Being and with my moral obligations, together with what hope of a future state might be derived from analogy, desist from any farther pursuit.

ON March 4th, 1799, I was married in the Church of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, to Miss Kingsley, of the Parish of St. George, in the East Middlesex. Shortly afterward I received an appointment upon the Hospital Staff of the Army, and was sent to Yarmouth, to assist in the Hospital filled with sick and wounded Russians, after the disastrous campaign of that year in Holland.

NOTWITHSTANDING my melancholy eclipse of mind with regard to the great truths of Christianity, books of devotion still continued to occupy my leisure hours. Having met with Law's *Serious Call to a devout and Holy Life*, I read it with great care and delight. I followed his method of prayer for a considerable time—and tho' I afterward discontinued this practice, his book still shares many of my reading hours.

I LEFT Yarmouth in July, 1800, and served successively at York Hospital, in Chelsea, and at Blatchington Barracks in Sussex, with the 95th Rifle Corps.

EARLY in 1801, I was ordered on service to the West Indies. I sailed in the Packet from Falmouth, March 7, and arrived April 11th at Barbadoes. During the passage, I lost a little Boy, my first born. I lamented his death with the