

About a week after my father had received the Lord's Supper at Lambeth, he made the following record in his diary:—

"Monday, October, 16, 1809.—Rose a little before six o'clock, and was at Dr. Clark's before half-past seven. Had a long and pleasant conversation with him, in which I disclosed my present state and feelings; my temptation to fear lest I should neglect my resolutions as I had done before. He gave me much consolation, 'For,' said he "those were made in weakness, but these are made in the Lord, and He will strengthen you.' He advised me to purchase an Oxford Bible, to read two chapters in the Old, and one in the New Testament daily, and mark such passages as most struck me; to join Class; and on what conditions offer assistance at Sunday-schools. He said that when I was in trouble he would assist me. Upon the whole, I had a happy interview, and at leaving, went on my way rejoicing."

Before this conversation, my father had been once to Mr. Shaw's Class. He now determined to give his name as a member; and from that day to the time of his death, he continued in fellowship, with the people called Methodists.

That he grew in grace, the following extract from the same diary will show:—

"Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1809.—Hail blessed day. I felt, as I had mentioned to my sister and Dr. Clark, that this was the happiest day of my life, for I experienced such a sense of God's pardoning love that I could look forward with confidence to that change that awaits all. Not but I was sensible that I was not perfect, but from a retrospective view of His gracious and merciful dealings towards me when I was afar off, and acted as if independent of Him, I concluded that as I came now confessing my sins, and desiring to forsake them, acknowledging my desert of punishment, and pleading no other atonement but that of the Lord Jesus Christ, I might claim the promises made to such as believe and confide in Him for the fulfilment and completion of that work which I was conscious he had begun in my heart, even should He be pleased to call me home to-morrow. It is impossible to describe the feelings I had the whole day. All was peace and joy through believing. I communicated my experience to Dr. Clarke, who gave me much encouragement."

On Good Friday, 1810, my father became a teacher in the Kennington Lane Sunday School, conducted by Congregationalists. Here, the lowest class was placed under his care, a charge that he valued highly and kept faithfully. For many years he acted as Superintendent of this school. Soon after commencing Sunday School teaching, he began systematically to assist the poor and sick. Thenceforward engagements in the church crowded upon him.

Perhaps few men have more fully united the active and the contemplative parts of the Christian character than he. It might truly be said of him at this period of his life,—

"His days were spent in doing good,
His nights in praise and prayer."

—And in later years, those who were familiar with him only in the city, as he hastened from office to office in the despatch of business, or in