

sible to prevent himself from falling asleep; and he has been heard to say that rather than remit one half-hour of that consecrated time he has kept awake by pricking himself with pins. He made it a point to count his sleeping hours, allowing himself only six. His habit was to rise at eight, and go to bed every morning at two o'clock; but he soon changed this custom for one more conducive to health, both retiring and rising earlier. The habit of early rising acquired in youth he never lost. Till growing infirmities hindered, he rose at six o'clock, read and prayed with my mother before leaving his room, and then spent the hour from seven to eight in converse with himself and with his God.

The sixth of September, 1809, was a memorable day in my father's history. He went to his bedroom at ten o'clock, and took up Benson's "Apology for the Doctrine of the Methodists." Whilst reading, his sense of guilt and need became burdensome, and he fell on his knees to seek deliverance. Through the still hours of the night he reviewed his past sins and failures; recognized his own impotence, and the sufficiency of Christ; and though his diary, which he began to keep from that time does not speak in set terms of pardon and peace, yet it affords ample evidence that from that night he ceased to hear the condemning voice of conscience, received Jesus Christ as his atoning Saviour, and had the faith which gives the victory over the world. Before he slept he wrote out many rules for his future guidance. Among them are these.

"To exercise myself much in constant and earnest prayer.

"To beware of the first temptation to sin.

"To watch against covetousness.

"To be sincere in all things.

"To beware of acting in any instance contrary to conscience.

"To consider seriously as to receiving the Sacrament, the first opportunity."

On the 5th of October, my father heard Mr. Benson, at Lambeth Chapel, from the words, "Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread and drink of that cup." After much doubting as to his own fitness, my father determined on staying, "remembering," he writes, "the vanity of life, and the possibility of feeling differently another time." His father went with him into the vestry of the Chapel, and there Mr. Benson gladly received him, and urged him to keep his newly-made covenant with God. The youth left the Communion-table, weeping tears of joy, as he felt himself bound for life to a new and holy service, and saying from his heart—"Blessed be the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten" me "again unto a lively hope, by the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." Fifty-one years after, his last communion was a time of joyous weeping, as he looked back on early vows kept by God's grace, and onward to his inheritance so nearly reached. His whole soul seemed to be stirred to its depths while he joined his family in singing,—

"And soon my spirit in His hands,
Shall stand where my Forerunner stands."