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Thursday July 21. How often did I propose to myself
another and stricter regulation of life, and how often
did I break this purpose. By a truth I am now a hun-
dred times worse, than I was at the beginning of my
conversion. Now I can not otherwise but again lay
down here all my inadvertencies and blunders. Just
as I did January eighteen, I must rebegin to
plan & rules for myself and take care against over-
throwing them. The first shall be: not to get any
more in my usual way, the second: to be all charity,
the third: not to spend ~~any~~ one single penny more for
indulging to my throat, the fourth: to be sober in
taking whatever it be, the fifth: never to indulge to
vain reveries and schemings of cold plans, the sixth
to devote a part of the day to prayer & edification.
According to these rules I shall try myself day by day.
Can I not employ also to me the words of Martyn?
Apparently outwardly employed for God, my heart
has been growing more hard and proud. — Ps.
There must not be one single moment which I do
not apply for the cause of God and of my own
heart. What am I if M. writes: And even if
I never should see a native converted, God may
design, by my patience & continuance to encourage
future Missionaries. — The divine man said further:
Sweet is human friendship, & sweet is the com-
munion of saints. — but sweeter far is fellowship
with God on earth. —

The evening came, the students assembled; I had promised
that Lucia whom I had unwisely invited might be
present. The Lord granted the request. I do not remem-
ber of unseasonable jests. Oh! It is not so difficult
as the carnal man is inclined to believe: to remain

faithfull and obedient to the law of God; now may Jesus
keep my mind as also the other day.
Friday July 6th. I feel am I born and in sins legatime
my mother. 'O how true is that. ~~Really~~ In two respects
I greatly trespass the law of my Lord. I again overfilled
me and then I indulged to foul fancies. I can't bear
~~that~~ I find myself now so uneasy and heavy, & after
having overladen my stomach. That is a true pain.
it is wonderfull, scarcely one single day I could withstand!
And so very long time I strive after it. The day wears
on & my meanness with it. I took a walk with
Lindy but did not show true that amiable ness which
wishes to remain low, scarcely one that strives. Af-
terwards I indulged to myself so much as to have
again a glass of b. which I resented soon the ill
of it. With O, I was late, he is to go so soon and
what good have I done to him? Will he leave
me with a sedate heart, full of affecting remem-
brance? O no, he can not. - My jesting, my avarice,
my ambition: These certainly will obscure my
image to him. - ~~Remembered~~

Saturday July 7th 21. Sent letters to South, got letters from
Adams. Today I mostly succeeded at last respecting so-
briety, but there was no seriousness in my behaviour.
If we retired oftener to prayer, our strength would evi-
dently increase; the more we retire from it, the heart is
impairing and unholy fancies sully it. - I dwelt
sometime on the idea that a thinking man must soon
be brought to the question, is indulging to all the
propensities we feel in our flesh lawfull, as far as
it does not coincide with the welfare of others?
A natural man will certainly answer in the affir-
mative, but does then come our heart to make us re-
proaches about it who does conscience come to
find fault with it? - How do we come to feel to
~~that~~ total inability to administer one single grain