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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

of substantial happiness. It may, so ~~the~~ experience
informs us, it may silence for a while, the unwell-
come checks of conscience, and please the fancy
with a multitude of empty dreams & promises
which are never realized. In its amusements
time may imperceptibly steal away in mirth
laughter, but we never ~~shall~~ find it stand
the test of one hour's serious reflection. — Now
this ^{known} acknowledged, are we not forced to believe in
a state of premedial corruption, through which
the propensity to sin came into our body. —

Sunday 8th July 21

When I was writing yesterday to W. G. R. about the
Miss. line, and when I afterwards was reading ^{Burns}
I felt a strong inclination to retirement from
the business of this world in entire denial of
self. But I have formed wrong ideas about
retirement, far just the reverse I should find
in the Miss. life, nothing but a continual change
of objects and scenes so as to distract and weary
the mind. The result of my reflections on this
matter is at present: I am aware of my fatal
inability for the Miss. line, partly by the
refinement of my spirit which is allways
poring and ruminating on literary subjects,
partly by the infirmity of my body which ^{is}
requiring a laborious care: Should I then
notwithstanding all this once enter in this
career and succeed: it will apparently be
a miracle, so as I experienced already many
miraculous supports of God.

It is Sabbath today I read again in Burns. O
indeed! I could relish the Sabbath repose not
less than the English. And, I am sure, it would
do me a great deal of good. I am worse than
I imagine. Other Christians tell me they feel