

"Journal" New York. 1836.

Feb. 28th

Sund's day.

"Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm & heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!"

Yes; I would live with none, to none, & for
none, but my Father only. I would conform
in all things to his will; I would do all
things to his glory, I would be dead to the
world & alive only to him. But alas; how
miserably weak I am, though, it is the
whole desire of my life to serve my Lord &
Master, how often does the weakness of the
flesh predominate, alas, how often am
I led captive by vain & sinful desires

"Prone to wander Lord I feel it,

Prone to leave the God I love;

Here's my heart Oh take & seal it

Seal it from thy courts above."

I have for some time been in a most
painful state of doubt & perplexity as to the
path of duty, to know the will of my
heavenly Father has been my fervent my
constant prayer,

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way,
As almost drove me to despair."

Yes; I trust he has made known his
will concerning me, & will he give me
strength to abide by that will? will
he enable me to ~~abide by that will~~,
sacrifice all to him, help me to know
nothing save Christ & him crucified?
Will he, when the hour of trial comes,
be my support? Yes, he will, he will
not forsake those that trust in ^{him}, this
will shale be my law, though it be as
the cutting off of a right hand. yes;

"The dearest idol I have known,
What's in that idol he,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee."

Oh Father grant me grace & strength, not to
shrink from my duty, Oh help me, I do
most fervently pray thee, to keep the resolu-
tions this day made. O thou "work in

me both to will & to do of thy good pleasure
bairn, Father, are my best desires unless
strengthened by thee, vain even thine own
true word unless enforced by thee

But scarce as may be the present trial,
There is a peace in submitting to thy will
that I would not exchange for all the
world can give

"So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm & serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

March 6th Lord's day.

Oh that my heart might no more
depend upon earth for its happiness, that
I might now cease endeavoring here to
seek for that which earth cannot afford
Father, show me wherein I have so
grievously erred, that thou dost thus
pursue thy course to death; hast thou
not still some rest in store for me, or
dost thou thus break all my schemes

of earthly joy, that I may seek my all
in thee?

"Rest for my soul I long to find-
Faviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek & lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart."

Were it not for these precious words, "whom
the Lord loveth he chasteneth" long e're
this would I have sunk under the
weight of my trials, yes; nothing but
his grace could be sufficient for
me. I know his chastisements are
good for me, & I trust that by their
instrumentality my eyes have been
opened to see & repent of many an
error in my past life, & I believe he
has thus time after time blasted
all my hopes, that I might be led to
enquire of him the reason of all these
things, & learn from them that without
serving & loving him ~~xxx~~ with my

whole heart & soul there is no peace.
I think he has led me to see more of
the sinfulness of my own heart than
I ever yet have done, he has taught
me to seek more earnestly to know, &
do his will, I now (at least partly) see
wherein I have most grievously erred,
but I would rather, know the whole
I would do thy whole will, that thou
mayst stay thine avenging rod, & cause
more shed upon me the light of
thy reconciled compassion. I know
that thou hast said that "in this
world we shall have tribulation"
I feel too that thy will is in all
things perfect, yea; I know that
"all things shall work together for
good to them that love thee, & are the
called according to thy purposes" still I
would pray thee, if it can be in accor-
dance with that will, to grant me
rest, Rest for my weary soul it all

Lucas desires,

"Be not to me a judge severe,
For so thy presence who can bear?
But thy regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye."

"Then grant, O Lord, that I may learn
To make my Saviour some return;
And be thy heart inspired to rise,
The wings of love to yonder skies."
March 17th

Father grant me strength to
keep the many resolutions formed during
the past few weeks, suffer me never
again to grow so cold so lifeless in
the performance of all my duties, never
let me so far wander from thy fold.
Oh how bitterly do I mourn over my
past transgressions, yea Lord at thy
feet would I prostrate lie, for I am
unworthy the least of all thy mercies,
& hadst thou dealt with me as I

deserve thou wouldst long ago have
cast me off as a number of the earth
But I would bless thy holy name,
that thou hast shown me the sinful-
ness of my heart, that thou hast
led me to see known over my cold-
ness, Oh take now I beseech thee, take
& keep this heart, let me know no other
God than thee, rule thou entirely, &
reign thou supremely in my heart
hence forth & forever."

April 10th Lord's day.

I have thus neglected here to
record the subjects that have since I last
wrote occupied my thoughts not because
they have been of a trivial or uninterest-
ing character, but because my time has
been so constantly employed that I have
found none which I could conscientiously
devote to this duty. We have been through
a very interesting & I trust to all a very
profitable series of meetings in the
church to which I belong.

would now renewedly dedicate my
whole heart & life to thy service, yes;

"Give me a calm & thankful heart,
from every murmur free;

The blessings of thy grace impart,
and wake me true to thee."

April 14th Lord's day.

Temporal troubles & perplexities
have pressed so heavily upon me during
the past week, that I tremble when I
think how very far my mind is from
the state in which I would have it
on this the Lord's day. I tremble too
lest, as these troubles encompass me
about, I shall lose sight of the Author
& finisher of all things, lest, in the
midst of perplexities to which there
seems no end, I shall forget my trust
in him who has said that "all
things shall work together for good
to them that love him."

Oh Father I do believe that thou dost
order all things in wisdom, help
thou mine unbelief! Strengthen
me for whatever thou hast in store
for me, & enable me always to say
it is the Lord, let him do what
seemeth him good.

I would not murmur at the
will of God, I pray to be submissive
to it, & yet it does seem to me as if I
should be too happy to be freed from
these bonds, & find myself in a quiet
a happy, a christian home, to be
freed from my present cares & troubles
which unavoidably take up so much
of my time & thoughts, & render me
unfit for the service of my God. Oh
how bitterly have I felt this during the
past week, I have gone into the sanctua-
ry with a mind bowed down by anxiety
& perplexities, with a heart burdened

with sorrow, wounded with the selfishness, deceitfulness, & cruelty of others, & wrong to its very core by a sense of injustice. Oh my Father when wilt thou deliver me from all these, oh why is it that thou dost thus pursue thy worm to death! "But though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee," for,

"To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My guide thro' all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me."

"Ah, no, with thee I'll walk below,
My journey to the grave:
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go,
When only thou canst save?"

May 5th

Owing to the multiplicity of my work
employments lately, I have been obliged
to neglect the pleasant duty of recording
the thoughts & feelings of the last week or
three weeks, & now I write laboring under
indisposition of body, & depression of
spirits, for oh what a melancholy change
has been wrought within the last few
weeks, what a void has been created in
many a heart, how many a gay heart
has been saddened & left desolate. Yes
within the last week I have received
the too melancholy tidings of the
death of one not long known but
very dear to me, dear because of his
so lovely character, & oh how
dear, because in him did I discern
the image of one long since gone
but never forgotten, & now I have
but memories. I loved him ^{too} to lose
him.

"Oh ever thus in childhood's hour
"Has seen my tenderest hopes decay,
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away."
But what must be the feelings of
those whose whole hearts were centered
in him, who were connected to
him by every tie that can bind
human hearts, my heart bleeds for
them. His said afflictions are blessings
in disguise, may this so prove to
this dear afflicted family, & oh may it
lead them to the only true & never failing
source of consolation, oh methinks
I would cease to weep could I but
see them turning to him who
giveth & him who taketh away, in
whose hand are the issues of life
& death, without whose knowledge
not even a sparrow falleth to the
ground

Oh than blest comforter do thou in
mercy support & strengthen them, & lead
them to thee their only refuge.

May 8th Lord's day.

I am via the Providence of God
now deprived of going to my own church
more than once a Lord's day for we
have moved such a distance from
the church, that it is impossible to
walk it more than once a day, & be
benefited by going, therefore as the ordi-
nance of the Lord's supper is to be
administered this afternoon, I am obliged
to forego the privilege of witnessing the
holy ordinance of baptism this
morning, that I may be in some state
of preparation for the holy duties of
afternoon. I feel this to be a great
privation, but it is a light privation
compared with what I justly deserve
when I now look around me & see

the depths of affliction into which
many near & dear to me are plunged
I am ashamed to think that I should
ever have murmured at the slight
afflictions which the Lord in infinite
wisdom has seen fit to send me.
It is many a long year since death
has brought such sadness to my
heart, I know it is done in wisdom
yet I do feel at times ^{I fear} almost sin-
fully unwilling to have it so, it is
too melancholly a fact for me long
to think of at home. But Father since
thou hast seen fit so to order it, do thou
in mercy be very near to those upon
whom thy rod has fallen so heavily,
sanctify this thy chastisement to them
O be thou in mercy very near to me during
the remainder of this day for I am weak
& need thy constant care,

tho perhaps we form no variance of which
I am about to partake, do thou lead
my thoughts aright, for I feel a total in-
ability even to think as I should.

I feel sad & cast down, but I know
not how to express my feelings, I only
know that this would appear to me as a
sad & dreary master, in which I have
no home, in which I find little joy.
^{I can say} ~~might~~ in the words of the hymn

"Come then afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast,
You only bear the way,
Hence quickly home to rest."

O joyful hope! there is a rest beyond
the grave, that is my home, there my
"abiding city."

May 15th Lord's day.

I find myself so much out of spirits & out of health, that I have hardly energy to write or thoughts to express. I have felt so sad lately that I grieve to say I have found it almost impossible to interest myself in my duties. I do not know what to do with myself it seemed to me that I cannot live & feel so. I have no thoughts, but sometimes seem to me no feeling, but a total sickness, sadness of heart, the world appears to me as one vast wilderness without one green spot, truly "clouds & darkness are round about them."

"But he in thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgement & Truth support his throne."
Oh I would be submissive to his will
for it is in all things perfect, but I
cannot express the painful want

of interest that I feel in all outward things, he alone who searches the inmost recesses of our hearts knows the weakness & sinfulness of mine. Oh may he strengthen, may he guide me both in every my Father deliver me from these miserable feelings!

May 23^d. Lord's day.

Again I am prevented by indisposition from going up to the sanctuary to worship with the children of God on this his own day, but may he, who is not confined to a "house made with hands" dwell in my heart, & guide my thoughts, Oh may this house be to me a sanctuary of the most high, & may I here consecrate to him my whole heart, may it now no more follow after fleeing joys, for why should I seek for what I never shall find, joy on earth. My only joy is in my Lord, my whole delight in his service, Oh could I but devotedly

& faithfully serve him, then I should
be happy. Yes Lord,

"Thy Name my inmost powers adore;
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from thee! - This death - 'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin - deep despair!"

"Lay at thy feet my soul would lie;
There safely dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thy eye,
For life, eternal life is thine."

Again am I anticipating another change,
Oh may it prove to be for the best to all who
are concerned in it; I trust it will & I
try to be happy in that hope. But my life
has been one of such continued changes &
frequent disappointments, that I am no
longer able to anticipate any coming
event with unmingled pleasure, all I can
now arrive at is a willingness to go
wherever it seems to be the will of God
that I should. I expect in the course of
the summer to join my Sister & Brother
& go with them wherever the Lord

directs, & after making that thing fixed
as a principle, I might easily have the plank
of being a family separated from them, & yet
in leaving New York (as it may be) for the
last time my heart is so filled with
melancholly feelings that I cannot now
rejoice even in the idea of seeing my
dear Sister; though many a link that
once bound me to New York is now
severed, still there are a few that yet
remain unbroken & when I think of
leaving those I so dearly love with the
probability of never meeting them again
this side the grave, the thought is one
so sad that I cannot long retain
it, & in sickness of heart flee from
it, may he who has never failed to
grant me support under every trial
strengthen & support me through
this. Into his hands I commit myself
"let him do what seemeth him good."

May 29th Lord's day.

Again am I deprived of the precious privilege of going the house of God, but he who causes the rain to descend can also cause ^{the} plants to grow & flourish in the storm, so may he even amidst clouds & darkness grant me increasing strength, enable me to bear much fruit. May he so guide & direct me that when the bridegroom cometh I may be found with my "Lamp trimmed & burning." I feel most sensibly that unless the Lord does "work in me both to will & to do of his good pleasure" that I shall (particularly in my present state of mind) go far far astray. I feel such an entire want of energy, that unless he inspire my heart & revive it, it will sink in deep despair. "Hope deferred truly maketh the heart sick" it were impossible for me to express the

weariness & sickness of mine, I know I am sinful in suffering these wretched feelings so far to get the better of me, & this consciousness only aggravated my woe.

"Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
My faith will fail, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last."
I feel that in God alone is my hope,
To him alone can I go, from him
alone can I receive what I so ardently
desire.

"The help of men & angels joined,
Could never reach my case!
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundless grace."

"No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bless,
And satisfy my heart."

June 5th Lord's day.

Another weary week is fled & gone, but days & weeks are all alike to me, no happy hour leaved on my memory one pleasing recollection, no pleasing surprise comes to break the wearying monotony of my solitary life; I feel like "one who keeps alone". The joy of others, brings but sadness to my heart, truly a lonely & a weary path is the one I tread. My heart thought longing for happiness finds nothing to satisfy it, Dearest & anon as it would be glad & rejoice (even in others joy) is it driven back in loneliness there to "commune with itself & be still". Oh,

"I would not live always, I ask not to stay,
When storm after storm rises dark over the way.
The few lurid moments that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.
Another day and I prevented from going to church by bad weather, it is not till we are

deprived of such precious privileges that we learn how to prize them. I have for the last year been so near my church that I have not known what it was to be prevented from going, but now the food & strength that I could there seek, & often found to cheer me on my way is taken from me. I know not what has come over me lately I feel so sick & sad, I wish it were not so, yet I cannot dispel the gloom that daily thickens around me, I have sought, but find no joy in anything, I have endeavored to take refuge in thoughtfulness but that will not come at my call nor does it give me what I need, & often I think that the best years of my life are wasting in idleness & sadness, that they bring me joy to myself nor good to others, that in short I am a most unprofitable servant I cannot tell the anguish I feel. Yet when I look around me & see how completely fettered I am, I can only in

the utter hopelessness & helplessness of my case
cry "Father forgive & strengthen me"

"But, when I say, 'My strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before."
June 17th Lord's day.

It is now two weeks since I have
written a line in this little tale of sin
& sorrow, I thought sometimes I cannot find
the time to write half in it what I ~~would~~
yet there are times when it becomes
irk some to me, for want of something
save my own miserable feelings to record.
The last two weeks my mind has not been
so much a prey to its own wicked imaginings
for I have been almost constantly occupied
either for myself or others, & I think I have
felt more submissive to the will of God,
less of those eager & ardent longings
for blessings which his infinite
wisdom has denied me. Oh that I could
ever submit willingly & cheerfully to that
most righteous will! I have again been
permitted to meet with the children
of God in his own sanctuary. Oh

'tis a blessed privilege!

"Oh Lord, my best desired fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine."

June 20th Lord's day.

Another day and I deprived of the
privilege of going to the house of God,
Father thou who in infinite wisdom
has taken from me this precious
privilege knowest my necessities, do
thou grant unto me according, do
thou supply my wants, grant me thy
love which is worth all other ~~possessions~~ ^{blessings}.

The last week has been a lonely
& a weary one, dark without & dull
within, the weather cold & stormy, my
home lone & dreary, my mother is in
Philadelphia, & I have been emphatically
^{that I should be alone}
alone, surrounded by those I call my
friends may seem strange, but 'tis as
true as tis strange that many & many
a hour am I left in solitude & sadness.

thy explanation of this strange fact (which
from long experience of its truth has
ceased to excite wonder in me) is
that this is a selfish world, made up
of selfish friends, while you can con-
tribute to the pleasure of others, you
may be sure of being sought by your
friends as their chief delight, but when
in turn it becomes theirs to be the
contributors not the partakers then it
is that you find yourself deserted
by ^{those by} whom you were sought as their
dearest friend, yes;

"The friends who in our sunshine
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone."
I would give much to be able to look
upon this world with the same eyes
that I looked upon it three years ago;
I would not like to part with all the
lessons the experience of those years
have taught me, & yet I would have

nuclear many a lesson of human
frailty that I have learnt in them;
it is painful thus early in life to have
all its delusions destroyed, so completely
stripped of all its charms, & seen as
it is but a motley crew of cold hearted,
selfish, sinful beings, each intent upon
their own gratification, caring not
how many hopes as dear as their
own they crush in their path, how
many hearts desires blighted, if but
theirs bloom.

It has not been easily or
willingly that I have learnt this sad
truth, I have endeavored to close
my eyes against it, but I can be blind
no longer, I can no more banish
the conviction that every days experience
deepens. But now I find my-
self ready to be interested in the joys
& sorrows of those around me, though
I feel like one who while reading
a story weeps over its sorrows, while she
laughs to think that she could be

were at hand at such a critical moment
 I need little to fear present gloom, for
 that certainly before the vision of
 brighter days, of power & less selfish
 things, of holier & nobler joys, but since
 these hopes have so oft been slighted,
 all my efforts fail to restore them
 to life; know all my bright visions, all
 my hopes of happiness are crushed
 in heaven, there alone do I look
 for better things, for holier joys.
 "Oh God, whose faithful eye
 the un-deaf soul perceives;
 Holy & heavenly is the joy
 thy shining presence gives."
 My brethren in Christ heaven
 be alive any one thing above all others
 has been, Heaven, the vision of being
 loved, & all my references of the sanctity
 of such duties, of the purity of human
 affection has not been based in
 something it were now unstable.

as human friendship is to be
 though I think to compare it to feel, to
 know that great duty & divine happiness
 based by our heart's desire to be to such a
 world of happiness, to be of importance
 to our individual in the world is
 neglected all around us; but to
 feel as there is beauty as that I
 realize but a partial ^{through the human}
 view of my immortal friends is to
 our satisfaction be loved by them even
 as the Lord their God, adding &
 giving satisfaction. But that there
 needs so much ^{disregard} in
 friends is proved to me by the fact
 that the Lord has refused me
 of them, & heaven are here faithful
 & worth the May were. Yes it is the
 fact, let him do what he will, his
 good!

July 3^d Lord's day.

I have (thanks be to him who granted me the privilege) been enabled to go up to the same way of the most high, though not the one in which I am accustomed to worship, still I trust I went with a heart prepared to receive the good that was there vouchsafed me, & that by there waiting on the Lord I did come home strengthened, & that he would grant me strength even to mount as an eagle's wings, that I might run & not be weary, walk & not faint. Father thou dost ever order all things in wisdom, & thou knowest what thou hast in store for me, if my desires are not in accordance with thy most righteous will, if thou seest in mine infinite wisdom, which I, in my weakness & pollution cannot understand) dost not see fit to grant my petition, then I pray thee, that

(Stay)

"While here in the valley of conflict I
O give me submission & strength as my day,
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home."

"Whatever thou deniest, O give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face,
Indulge me with patience to wait at
thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of ^(Home)

Father whenever thou dost lead my footsteps,
enable me implicitly to trust in thy
guidance & direction, & Oh as my
day, so let my strength be. Teach me
to serve thee with gladness, & then
I shall be happy, yes when I can learn
to look upon thy service as my chief
delight, & hope for, wish for no more
than indeed. Shall I be blessed

"I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at 'Home'."

July 10th Lord's day.

I know of no greater privation than being obliged thus day after day & week after week to stay from the place which of all others I most desire to go to, which affords me more true gratification, more real good than ought else the world can give, & this blessing for which my soul pants is that of being enabled to worship my God in His own house & with His own people. Hither hast thou taken from me this inestimable privilege because I have abused it; or for what hast thou thus deprived me of my only joy on earth? Oh make me to feel wherein I have offended thee that thou hast thus dealt with me! or if it be to try my faith in thy goodness, my submission to thy will, then grant that they may

be strengthened, for,

"My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command."

"If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet would I not repine,
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine."

I expect I'm long to leave New York for a distant & a strange land; it is utterly impossible for me to attempt to describe my feelings upon this subject, if I look back to past experience for direction in them, it warns me not to anticipate, if I look to the future it is so enveloped in doubt & uncertainty that I can but hope in fear & trembling, I can only say Lord here am I, do with me as seemeth good in thy sight!

July 31st

It is now some time since I have written in this record of forlorn hopes & miserable feelings, partly for want of time & ability & partly because I am weary of telling the same old tale.

Many a sad thought have I had, & many a tear have I shed, but why tell them? They were nothing but sinful murmurs against the justice of an infinitely just God, it is for want of submission to his holy will that my earthly joys are from me gone, it is for want of love to him that, oft an absent God I mourn. Yes, it is just, it is just with my latest breath will I declare his justice, though hope be banished forever from this breast and yet methinks, deservingly as I do most agonisingly feel my self to be of his wrath, I could not live

an hour were I not permitted to hope that the time will come when I shall be freed from sin, when I shall "depart to a brighter shore,

And sin & sorrow sex no more". And I could even now hail with joy the hour, could I but feel that I were prepared for joys so holy, happiness so divine, could I but bring myself to look upon death with calmness. Weary as I am of the world, ardently as I long for holy & heavenly joys I cannot think of the hour of death with anything save fear.

In looking over the world, the past, the present & the future this life has appeared to me such a short dream from which I must ere long wake that I have endeavored to abstain myself to think of death, but in these reflections my all of consolation is that "as my day, so shall my strength be" & to take from me the delight

assurance of the support & guidance
of my heavenly Father, & you take
my all, how could I ~~long~~ endure
this miserable existence, did I not
know that even my life was
sustained for infinitely wise pur-
poses, yes, deprive me of the soothing
conviction that every event of my
life (however trifling) is ordered in
wisdom & mercy, & you remove
the foundation upon which is
built all my hopes of happiness
here & hereafter. In these hours
of sadness & solitude what would
be my support, where my consol-
tion, were it not that his hand
is in it, & the knowledge that though
I see not now I shall see hereafter
that wisdom & mercy were in
every chastisement. When in the
midst of clouds & darkness I

turn me to the right & the left &
no ray of light beamed upon the dark-
ness of my weary hours, how should
I endure them did I not know that
this too was mercy, infinite mercy.
I would not exchange, even in my
saddest hour, this consolation for
all the world can give, for I can
feel no happiness separate from this.
When I look around me upon those
who do not acknowledge him to be
the ~~author~~ of all their joys & sorrows,
much less feel their afflictions to
be but blessings in disguise I won-
der how they live, for what can support
in the hour of affliction save this
blessed consolation!

August 7th Lord's day.

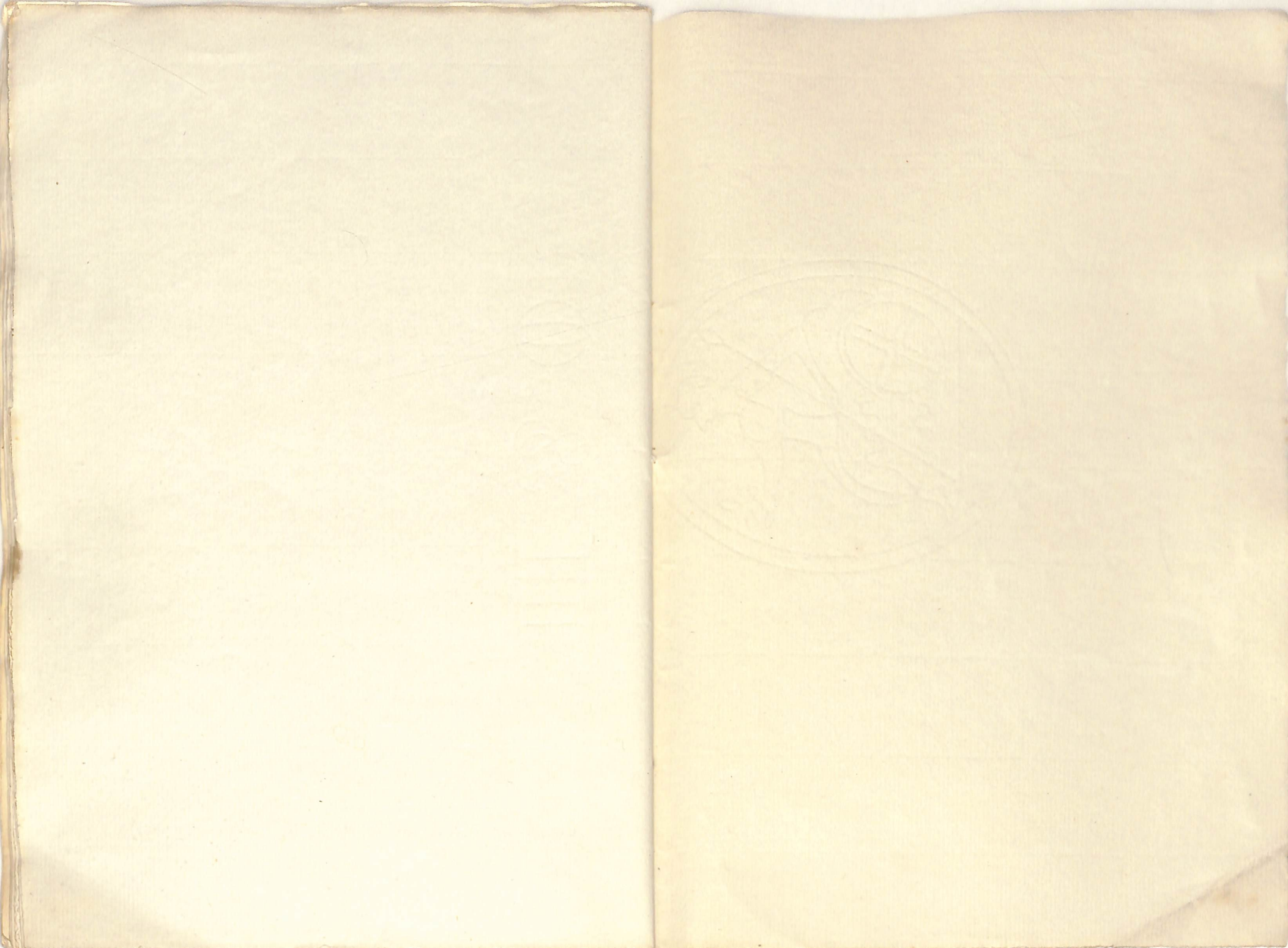
Oh that my faith were
stronger, I do at intervals think I have
got fast hold of the promises of God,
in trusting in them find such holy
consolation, that I have thought that
doubt & fear could never reach me
more, but alas, the very next dawn
that crosses my path darkens every
hope.

"Yet, will I ne'er repent my choice,
I'll ne'er withdraw my trust;
I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
And kind, & wise, and just."

Then, O my soul, why thus depressed,
And whence this anxious fear?
In God, the refuge, fix thy trust,
And check the rising tear."

Father let my faith be in thee, alone,
let me be strong in thee & in the
power of thy might, save me, O

save me from the delusions of my
more sinful heart, O lead me not
into temptation, but deliver me from
evil, let Christ reign in my heart, the
hope of glory, then "I will trust & not
be afraid", for "God is my salvation".
Happiness has forsaken the earth, it is
only to be found in his presence, where
is fulness of joy, and at his right
hand where there are pleasures forever-
more.



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