

"Journal" New York. 1833.
October 29th

It is long, very long since I have
here recorded the thoughts & feelings of
my heart. Since my last date which
was in Charles Town, I have been
until within a few weeks residing in
Hamilton with my Sister, but during
all this time my feelings have been of
such a complicated, such a wayward
nature, that I have hardly dared to own
them to myself, would that I could now
obliterate them from my memory! But
as this cannot be, I am now resolved
(with the aid of God) not to let them influence
my conduct, however they may vex my heart. The
blow is struck, the wound given, & he alone
who has styled himself the Physician of
souls can heal a wounded spirit. But
I will subdue these feelings, I will con-
quer the rising emotions of my soul. Oh
the depravity of human nature! I am fast
learning that bitterest of all lessons, that
we are not to look for happiness here

where thorns & thistles grow, yes;
My dreams, & hopes are gone,
And I turn to thee Redeemer, O thou
Blest & holy One!

The mandate has been spoken,
And one by one the golden links that
bonded my life are broken,
Yet can my spirit turn to thee thou
chastener,
And can bend in humble supplication
at thy throne, my Father & my Friend!"
November 2nd

Again do I sit down to endeavor
if possible here to fix some of my wan-
dering thoughts, but alas, they are of such
a disagreeable nature, that it is a most
difficult task to attempt to explain them,
Long has my mind been a prey to feelings
I may not now indulge in, a change
had come over the spirit of my dreams.
Help me, my Father, weekly, to submit
to all thy chastisements!

Nov' 3rd Lord's day.

Another precious sabbath have I been
permitted to see, again have I been
allowed to join with the people of
God in worshipping him, who has

redeemed us, & bought us with his
blood; here, & here alone do I find true
happiness, Lord help me ever to
worship thee with a sincere & contrite
heart! I am now in the midst of
near & dear friends, but alas, many
of those I so dearly love, are this
world's people, who know not God,
or knowing him refuse to acknow-
ledge & serve him. Gracious Father,
have mercy upon them! Suffer me
not to disavow that holy name which
I have professed to love, but enable
me so to walk before them, that they
may know that I have been with Jesus
& cleared of him,

Nov' 22nd

Difficult indeed is the task (at
times) even to tell one's own feelings.
Perhaps it is owing to the singleness of
my heart, that I have for so long a time
had such an aversion to expressing my
feelings; I cannot bear to confess all
the wanderings of this heart even to
myself. The anxiety of mind that I have
labored under for some time, seemed
to have paralyzed all other, & better

feelings, but I am now blessed the Lord,
that he has ever in this way made
the path of duty plain to me, & all I now
desire is, to be enabled to say in sincerity
of heart, "Lord not mine, but thy holy
will be done."

1834.

January 4th

Another year has passed away,
& oh with what different feelings do
I enter upon this year, I now look upon
this world as it is, false, deceiving, & deceitful.
but thanks be to God my eyes have been
opened to its vanities, but still have
I abundant cause for gratitude, for "in
the midst of wrath, the Lord has remem-
bered me in mercy," we did I say? Oh
what am I that he should be mindful
of me! Blessed be thy holy name
that thou dost deign to notice me,
that thou dost direct my footsteps, &
lead my wandering thoughts, for much
indeed do I need thy aid, frail, weak,
erring as I am. Though the very
insect of thy creatures, still am I

permitted to look by faith, with joy to that
blessed abode "where the wicked cease from
travelling, & the weary are at rest."

If ever in my life I felt my entire, my
utter dependence upon my heavenly Father,
it has been within the last two or
three months, known unto him are
all my thoughts! It is just three years
day after to-morrow since I first took
upon myself the name & obligations of
a Christian, holy Father grant that I
may grow in grace, as in years!

February 9th Lord's day.

Oh holy Father, stay, stay thine
avenging rod awhile, & shed through
the thick blackness of thine anger,
the light of thy reconciled countenance!
Oh through danger, death, & despair look
now in mercy upon thine afflicted
ones! This last week has another
soul been called to render up its account
to its God. This is the funeral day of
an old, burthened uncle, this day
are the last remains of him, who was
beloved by all who knew him, to be
consigned to the dust. "Dust thou

art, but to dust shalt thou return."

Oh how many lessons do we daily have of the importance of being prepared to die, & yet how little do we profit by them. How true it is that we think all men mortal but ourselves. "Holy Father, prepare us all for death, be it sooner or later, sanctify this affliction, to the bereaved family, Oh may it lead them to thee their only refuge, Oh that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end."

Feb' 23rd Lord's day.

I have been kept at home to day by bad weather, but I have found that "the Lord is not confined to a house made with hands," but is every where present to comfort those that mourn, & to visit unto all such as call upon him. I have been much affected to day in reading the life of Mrs. Juddan, that excellent woman, who gave herself a willing sacrifice to that cause which she loved. When reflecting upon her many trials, & afflictions, & the meekness, & humility with which

she bore them, I am led to despise myself for my sinful ingratitude to the giver of every good. Oh Lord I have merited nothing but thy wrath, & yet thou dost continue in ways of mercy towards me. But if I think full when reflecting upon the example, of that exemplary woman, how do I feel when I think of my crucified Redeemer. Oh how can I grieve, how can I murmur, whatever be my lot, when I reflect what he has suffered, & for whom he suffered!

"When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And mourning sweep o'er all my pride."
I think I have felt more the holy influence, of that blessed religion, which I have professed to consider my chief joy, within the last few months, than I have for a long time previous. Being thrown this winter in the very midst of temptation, has led me to lean entirely upon my heavenly Father for support, it

My constant prayer has been "Lead me
not into temptation, but deliver me
from evil" & when my heart has been
overflowing with love to him, & I
have longed for some Christian
friend to whom I might freely com-
municate these heavenly joys, then
I have gone to him who is the Chris-
tian's best friend, & have ever found
in him all I needed.

But oh daily has my heart been wrung
with anguish, at seeing those near
to my heart, constantly saying by their
conduct "we will not have that man
to reign over." But the Lord's ways are
not as our ways, they are in his hands,
& with him I leave them, let him
do as seemeth good in his sight.
March 2^d. Lord's day.

Again am I prevented from
going to the house of God, to worship
with his children, dear Brothers &
Sisters, though few of you are known
to me, still I do long to meet with
you, it is my delight to worship

with you! But the Lord is good &
gracious, & though he has seen fit
to keep me from his house to day,
still I trust he will be with me,
& enable me to spend this, & all other
days in his fear. I have been almost
constantly confined to the house
for the last two or three weeks, &
I do verily believe it has been for
some wise purpose, for I find
that solitude is very good for me, for
there we can (away from all the
various things that distract our
minds when we mingle with our
fellow creatures) contemplate at
leisure the glorious perfections of
our God. Oh when I think of the
perfect purity, & holiness of the charac-
ter of God, I am led to exclaim
glorious, glorious being, who would
not delight to serve thee, who
would not consider it blessed
to die for thee!

I have suffered much anxiety

during the past week in regard to
my dear mother, for so long a time
elapsed ere I received an answer
to my last letters, that I could not
drive from me the conviction
that something had happened, for
"hope deferred maketh the heart
sick." But thanks be to God who
has heard my prayer, & given me
so much reason to praise & bless
his holy name, for Oh what good,
what glorious news have I had,
the holy Spirit, heavenly Dove is then
descending like a mighty rain,
to cleanse & purify the hearts of
the people. My friend Susan too
had (I trust) been called from dark-
ness to light, from the power of
sin & Satan, to serve the only living
& true God. This very day is she to be
baptized, to profess before God, Angels
even to be dead to the world & alive
only to God. But it is ever with mingled

feelings of joy & fear, that I hear of such
excitements in the church of God, for the
heart is deceitful above all things, & I
tremble lest they may mistake mere excite-
ment of feeling, for conversion, & under
this excitement take upon themselves the
name of a Christian, which, when this
feeling has subsided, they find themselves
unable to keep up the consistency of that
character, because in their hearts there has
no substantial change been wrought.
But the Lord grant that this may not be
the case, with any of those who are per-
haps at this moment taking upon them-
selves that holy name!

Hamilton 1834.

May 25th Lord's day.

Just & merciful art thou O my
God, I delight in thy law!

"Another six days work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day thy God hath blessed."
Gracious Father, though thou hast
seen fit this day to lay me on a

bed of sickness, enable me still in
all my thoughts to be Thine.

"Come bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven."
Sweet indeed is such a day, when
the Lord grants us his presence, & fills
our hearts with love & peace. Blessed
Jesus grant that the time may soon
come, when all shall know & feel
that heavenly calm, which thou
dost grant them that love & fear
Thee!

"This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of care, the end of pain."
Since my last date I have returned to
the country, & this Spring is opening ^{I trust} an
a more submissive, more cheerful heart.
Thanks be to God who has led me (seen
through the furnace of affliction) to the
foot of the cross, may he now aid
me that I may not falter by the way,
but may continue strong in his

strength.

"His right hand shall still defend me,
And will save from every sin."

1835-

January 22nd

Again do I presume my pen, here
to record my poor wandering thoughts.
Alas, I have sadly neglected these pages
lately, indeed my thoughts have been of
such a wayward nature that I have
thought them not worth recording.
I was for many months after my return
to Hamilton in a peaceful, happy
frame of mind, but that peace is fled
gone, & I have now for some time
labored under an irresistible depression
of spirits. The miserable state of my
health, has I know a great effect upon
my mind, it paralyzes every thought,
it blunts every hope. Oh did ye know
(who accuse me of coldness, want of
energy) the constant gnawing pains,
the perfect debility of body, & languor of
mind under which I labor, your
reproofs would be melted to pity! I know
full well, that my feelings flow

languidly, but why is it, is it because
I take no interest in those things
which interest others, because I have
no feeling? True, I do take little or
no interest in any thing, I am almost
bereft of feeling, for while my frame
is racked by disease, while I am
bowed to the very earth under its
weight, I cannot rise above it. When
under the influence of these harass-
ing pains, when every nerve is paralyzed
how can I act with any kind of energy?
Gracious Father strengthen me in
the inner, & in the outer man, & enable
me meekly to submit to all thy dis-
pensations.

Jan: 25th

I have not been happy in my cross to
day, I went to the house of God this morning
but was too sick to enjoy the sermon, indeed
I have not been able to enjoy anything to
day, I have grown cold & languid in
the performance of all my duties.

"In vain I sing my former songs,
In vain I strive to ride;

Ghosannas languish on my tongue
And my devotion died."

My spirit would mount O Lord to
Thee but alas, the flesh is weak, strengthen
me I beseech Thee. O that I were as in
months that are past, return O holy
spirit, heavenly Dove, & take up thine
abode in this languishing heart.
Jan: 27th

My health has been rather better
for the last two days, & my spirits lighter,
but still are my affections cold & dead
in comparison to what they should be,
what they should be? were they ever
as they should be? can I ever love as
I ought while in this tuncement of
clay? O would that I could see one
Christian as he should be. My feelings
are constantly wounded, by the dreadful
inconsistency of professors of religion,
even ministers of the gospel do I see
grossly transgressing those holy rules
which our blessed Lord has laid down
for all such as follow him. O that I
could feel that my example was
such an one as I love see.

How often do I now think of the joys
that were mine during the past winter
for (strange to say) though I was then
surrounded on all sides by temptation
I enjoyed more of the presence of God,
more holy communion with him
while there, than I have since; for I then
felt my entire dependence on God for
all my spiritual joys, I was alone in
the midst of the world, I looked to
him as my only source of consolation.
But when I came with Christians I watched
myself less closely, I depended less upon
God, & more upon man. Alas, that
it should be so! that only when we have
none else to go to, we go to the Lord, ~~and~~
that it is so I know from my own sad
experience, I will often live on for
months in a lifeless frame of mind,
acknowledging, though not feeling
my dependence, till some temptation,
some affliction, will lead me to him
who alone can help me, & for this

very reason am I often the happiest
in affliction, for this reason do I love
the chastisements of the Lord, I kiss
the rod that smites. I should be too apt
to love the creature, more than the Creator
had not the Lord, in the course of my short life,
shown me so much of the depravity of human
nature, of the deceitfulness of all things here
below, of the changeableness, the wayward-
ness of all human affections, had I not
been deceived by those I once hoped loved
me, had they not proved to me that I was
wasting my affections on that which
could change, that I was placing im-
plicit confidence in that which could
betray.

Jan^y 30th

My mind, since my last date, has
been calm, & peaceful. Christ is still, is
ever precious to me, for he alone is holy,
in him alone is perfect good. There is
seldom, & he never any change in my
feelings towards him, for I can but
love him, do what I will I can but
adore him, I can but centre all my
happiness in him. He is my light,

my hope, my life my all.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!"

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

I have seen so much of the coldness, &
heartlessness of this world, that in sick-
ness & solitaryness of heart, "I turn to the
Redeemer, O thou blest & holy One."

"Is this, dear Lord, the thorny road,
Which leads us to the mount of God?
Are these the trials thy people know,
While in the wilderness below?"

Feb '3^d

I have felt happier for the last
few days, than I have for several weeks
previous. I have so much to cloud the
sunshine of my life, that at times I
find it hard to dissipate the clouds
that continually seem to be gathering
over me. I have conjured up things that
were not, & have admired the phantoms
of my own imagination, but O! it
was a foolish dream! I have been
happier the last few days, because

I have been more submissive to the
will of God; I have able to say come
life, or come death, (thy grace strengthen
in me) I am ready.
Feb '15th Lord's day.

Again have I to tell of days
of pain & suffering, again has my
peace been ruffled by disease, I have
for the last week been unable to do
any thing. But still have I been happy.
I have had that peace within me
which the world can neither give,
nor take away. I have felt willing
to confide my all in the Lord, who
will not betray, & to give myself
entirely into his hands who will
lead my steps aright.

"Guide me O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, thro' this barren land."
I expect in the course of two or three months
to leave Hamilton forever. I leave it with
but few regrets, though for these beautiful
hills & trees, & to this lovely place I so
far attacked, but not only there, there

are some few persons in whose friendship I have enjoyed much; thus is another tie about to be severed, another "golden link" to be broken, for it is hardly possible that I shall ever meet these friends on such terms of intimacy again. This is to me a most melancholly reflection, thus the intimate friends of one year meet perhaps the next as mere acquaintances. Sad thought, but it is all ordered in wisdom, for if our friends were never taken from us, we should not know how to value them; but when these ties are severed, then it is that we are led to remember who it was that gave, broke that took away. But though my heart is filled with many melancholly reflections at leaving I still I am delighted with the anticipation of being once more invited to my loved friends in New York, & I hail with joy the hour that restores me to them.

Feb 17th

Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?"

Oh where shall I find freedom from sin!
When shall I learn how to act in this
sinful world! I have felt for the last
two days such a perfect disgust for my-
self & the whole world, that there has
been nothing upon which my thoughts
could rest with any kind of pleasure,
save my God & Saviour, to him alone
could I look for consolation, for he
alone judgeth rightly. But these I
know are sinful feelings, but there
are times when I get so completely
weary of the world that I long "to fly away
& be at rest." I have been so situated this
winter that I have had little or no time
for reflection, & to me solitude at times
is very necessary, I am always the hap-
piest when I am able to spend at least
one third of my time alone, when I can
at leisure collect my thoughts, & examine
& know myself, It seems to throw a
peace & calm over my heart, & so to strengthen
me against temptation, that I am enabled
to go forth into the world "strong in the
Lord, in the power of his might."
But the consequence of this neglect of my

closet it, that my affections have grown cold & languid, I do nothing as I ought, "I do those things which I ought not to do, & I leave undone those things which I ought to do, & there is no health in me" Oh Lord suffer me not to wander so far from Thee, but be thou as a wall of fire round about me to guard, guide, & keep me.

Feb' 2nd Lord's day.

My spirits have for the last week been so depressed by a sense of my aweful sinfulness, that I have been completely bowed to the earth, I have been utterly cast down in spirit, blessed Saviour lay at thy feet would I lie, & in bitterness of soul mourn over my sins. I do not even remember but having had so keen a sense of the depravity of my own heart, all my motions, thoughts, & actions seem to spring from sin. The consciousness of my own depravity has so overpowered me, that I have sick & faint at my sins array them selves before me.

"How pity Lord, Oh Lord forgive!"

This is the day the Lord hath made, Oh that I might now begin a new life! May I never falter, nor look back, but having put my hand to the plough, may I press onward for the prize till I reach that bliss abode where all sin is washed away. March 3rd.

Oh how shall I now find language to express the mingled feelings of joy & sorrow, gratitude & humility that have had possession of me for the last few days. The first day of this month, was a day never to be forgotten by me, how have I been humbled, how have I been exalted! One year ago last Lord's day my friend Susan took upon herself the holy name & privileges of a Christian, since that she has wandered far from God, she has gone in by & for bidden paths, although it has been with very painful feelings that I have been induced to meet her (whom I once treated as a Sister) coldly, still I have felt it was necessary, in justice to myself & her, for I could not countenance, what

I considered a violation of her holy obligations. But she had completely humbled was I even in the midst of my joy, when on Sunday (after coming around the table of our Lord) she came to me with tears in her eyes, confessed her fault & entreated my forgiveness, she has I trust in humility & contrition returned to him, whom she had deserted, may she never so far wander again! Oh never shall I forget that day, the whole scene was one calculated to humble the proudest heart. Previous to the communion Dr H— who one year from that had baptized his youngest son, with the hope that he would honor that profession, was compelled to perform the painful duty of bringing him before the church for excommunication, painful to any Christian but agonizing to a father. The whole church was melted to tears, it seemed to humble every heart.

March 5th

My feelings have become so complicated, that I know not how to express, I am ever between a tear & smile, the slightest word will either cause tears or smiles. We are now getting very near the time of our departure from H—, we shall so soon scatter to the "four winds", some of us never (perhaps) to meet this side the grave, that melancholy thoughts "came crowding thick & fast, As lightning, from the mountain cloud. Though the years that I have spent here, have been years of sorrow, years which I would willingly (with the exception of some few rays of sunshine) obliterate from my memory, still here I have learnt many a lesson of wisdom. Though there is not a tree, nor a leaf here which does not excite melancholy associations, still even to these, sad as they are, I am attached.

March 13th Lord's day.

Thanks be to thee, O thou
blest Comforter, who has sustained me
through the sore trials of the last fortnight.
My feelings have been too deep for sus-
tenance, yea my afflictions have risen
like mountains before me, I have turned
to the right & to the left but found no
relief, I have looked back but it only
aggravated my grief, forward but it
deepened my affliction. In thee alone
my heavenly Father, have I found con-
solation, on thy bosom alone could
I seek repose, for in thee there is a "well
spring of deep gladness to my heart." &
I have felt the assurance that sinful
& polluted as I am, thou wouldst have
mercy upon me.

This day entered into an agreement to
write five years from this time to
the following persons, Mr. Fowler, Belden,
Knackenbush, & Sawyer. —

March 16th

"Oh for a glance of heavenly day,
To take the stubborn stone away;

And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine."

O thou who hast suffered persecution
& death, thou who hast ascended to heaven,
sittest at the right hand of the father,
thou who art now so glorious, have mercy
upon me, & receive my prayer! Grant
me the smiles of thy reconciled countenance,
as the soul pants for the water brooks
so I for thy love. Oh when I think
how ungrateful I am for the blessings
that are still vouchsafed me, how
incurious at the dispensations of
Providence, how restless I am under
every fresh affliction, I am led to
exclaim "who shall deliver me from
the body of this death?"

"Of feeling all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine."

March 29th

Since last I opened this book
my mind has been a prey to sorrow
I may not tell, no; even here I dare
not express them. I must "commune

with my own heart, & be still." May the Lord grant me strength silently, & quickly to bear all he sees fit, "though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," I will kiss the rod, heavy though it be. I can look back upon few, very few periods of my life when I have been so harassed, so utterly cast down, as I have been within the last few months. Every day has brought with it some new perplexity, till I have been led to cry out, "Whither shall I flee, where, or where shall I find rest!" Strengthen me, my father, for the contest, do thou dictate to me, do thou guide me, & I shall not err, do thou vouchsafe to me that which exceeds all other consolation, thy approbation, grant me but that & I can bear all. O God I would welcome affliction, if it brings with it thy love, for thou how do all things serve below.

"Far from my thoughts, pain would, be gone,
Let my religious hours alone:

"How would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!"
April 1st

"How long, holy Father, how long?
yet a little I can this weak frame endure,
for I am fast sinking under the weight
of thy chastisement; but what do I say?
hast thou not said, "thy grace shall be
sufficient me," & do I dare to say I cannot
bear afflictions sent from thee? Miserable
wretch, that I am!"

April 12th Lord's day.

I have been more calm for
the last week, more willing to submit
to him who orders all things in wisdom.
But still I feel an irresistible depression
of spirits, a gloomy foreboding, that
casts a cloud o'er all my sunshine,
there is a something, that blots every
lingering hope. The elasticity of spirit,
the vigour of mind, the energy of action,
all, all is paralysed; my health is
miserable, & I am completely worn
out in body & mind.

In a few days I shall leave Hb., this
bidding good bye, kills me, every day
am I called upon to go through the
painful duty of parting with a friend,
this is indeed a world of changes.

My sweet friend Mary Ella has gone,
she who has been (as it were) a minister-
ing angel, is no longer here to minist-
er unto my diseased mind, lonely, &
wearily passes the time without her.
My Brother, too, has gone, & another
Dorothea, I soon I must follow.

When, O my God, wouldst thou
have me go, what wouldst thou
have me do? all I ask is to know
I do thy will, for in the performance
of that alone do I look for happiness.
I know thy chastisements are good
for me, that, my Father, stay, stay
thine avenging rod, pour more
shed upon me the light of thy
reconciled countenance, pierce,
O pierce the gloom, burst through
the cloud, let me feel thy

quickening spirit!

New York 1835-

April 28th

Here I am once more in my loved
native city, thanks be to thee, O my heavenly
Father, who hast guided me safely through
my perilous journey, & may the same kind
Providence watch over, & guard me still.
Oh that

"thy right hand would still defend me
and would save from every sin!"
It is over, the trying moment is past, I
have burst the ties that bound me to Hb-
asunder, all have I burst? no, no; there
yet remains one, I can never sever,
there is still one connecting link, for it
still contains my faithful little friend
Bona. Foolish as it may be, my parting
with her was the severest trial of all,
nothing but stern necessity could have
induced me to separate myself from her
who has been my companion by day &
by night for eight long years, through the
time she has soothed a weary hour, by
her unchanging affection, her confiding
faithfulness. But this is no longer for
me, cruel necessity has forced me

to have her, alas my poor little dog you know not the anguish thy sickness suffered when the hour came that compelled her to desert thee, indeed that morning sun rose not upon a sadder heart than mine. It is impossible to describe my feelings as each succeeding hill I rise, & shrink faded from my view, suffice it to say, the Lord strengthened me to endure it, & at last conducted us safely to this our resting place.

May 27th Lord's day.

How painful have been my views of heaven & heavenly things, little have my thoughts soared of that spirituality which should ever shed its peaceful influence on the mind & heart of a Christian. I have not in a long time witnessed the ordinances of our blessed Lord so solemnly performed, when they made such an impression upon my heart, as this day. May that impression never fade, but continue to grow deeper, & deeper.

June 10th

1307

To be at rest, where there should be no rest, to be happy, where there is no happiness, to laugh away that time which should be spent in mourning over our own sinfulness, in that to feast our immortal souls upon that which cannot afford lasting nourishment, seems to be the sole object of the world. To waste a life which was given us for higher, & nobler ends, for the most exalted usefulness, to waste this life in mere nothings, in pursuing phantoms which ever, & anon as we come up with them elude our grasp, & prove to be but earthly substances round which our imaginations have thrown a lustre, which belongs only to ethereal things, & which fade in our sight, even before we attain them.

We will for days, weeks, & months indefatigably pursue an object, which when obtained, what do we gain by the possession? we are more unhappy than before for we find that it does not give the long expected & eagerly sought for happiness, & still unsatisfied we have to renew the chase, after some thing on which

to feast our hungry souls. Oh why is it,
that we go hungry, when there is "bread enough
& to spare in our father's mansion," when
there, there is a sumptuous feast prepared
for all who will partake it? So that
we are all invited, of that we may all
freely partake, & there alone can we
find solid & substantial joys.

"This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which we go—
To all joys substantial & sincere;
When shall I wake & find me there?"

July 12th Lord's day.

Thrice precious day, day to my
soul most dear, for in it thou my
favourite my King art honored, thy
best name it by some at least revered,
thy commandments by some obeyed.
Oh glorious feast to partake of thy
ordinances! I have just initiated
the holy ordinance of baptism, &
thou after noon (with divine permis-
sion) I expect to join with the church
of God, in commemorating the
dying love of the Saviour. Holy
Father, prepare me for it, bless it

be "a savor of life unto life," to all who
shall partake.

July 19th Lord's day.

"What should we do, were there no
heaven to look to, no "abiding city" in
which to fix my home, when all this
vain & heartless world forsake, fleeing,
betray, where should this heart, in its
searchings after happiness, find its
haven of rest, were it not for that
best abode "where the wicked cease
from troubling, & the weary are at
rest" When there are none to smile
upon me, none to offer me counsel
what should I do were it ^{not} for the conso-
ling smiles of a heavenly Father?"

But,

"Lost in the high enjoyments of thy
love,

"What glorious mortal could my
envy move?"

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