

"Journal." New York.

July 20th Lord's day. 1835.

"Just & true are all thy ways
Oh thou King of saints!" When
it was for this consoling cour-
sion, when, Oh where should I
find consolation in this sorrow-
ful pilgrimage. My mind has
of late been sad enough. My
heart has received a wound from
a source whence I little expected
it, from one whom I had hoped
to find true to the last, but thus
are all things human. Oh when
shall I learn not to set my af-
fections upon any thing that
is of earth! ~~They last~~ but
for a moment, while heavenly
joys can never fade.

"The friends who in our sunshine
live.

When winter comes, are gone,
And he who has but tears to give
must weep those tears alone."

Heartless, heartless words, my heart
sickens within me at the thought
of you. I cannot turn my eyes
upon one bright spot, say it
will be bright to-morrow.

Blessed Jesus, thou only art bright
thou only art glorified, thou
art a friend in sickness & in
health, in prosperity & adversity
thou art that friend that sticks
closer than a brother, thou art
at all times the same, yesterday
^{to day} & forever. Oh enable me to fix
my whole heart upon thee.

Oh thou who driest the
mourner's tear,

How dark this world would be,
If pierced by such sorrows here,
We could not fly to thee."

Hell Gate Lord's ^{day} August 7th 18

I have this day heard a very excel-
lent sermon from the Rev Dr.

Hawkes, from these words "occupy
till I come" Oh that I might so
occupy my time, that when he
comes I might say "Lord it is
done as thou hast commanded"
But alas! my time is most unpro-
fitably spent, my hours, & days, &
weeks pass by, & upon none
can I look back & say that

I have done ought that was
good, anything that will tend
to the good of my fellow creature
or the glory of my Master. I am
alarmed when I think how

useless a being I am, literally
a cumber of the earth. I am
constrained to exclaim, "Lord
what art thou that thou shouldst
be mindful of me!" For not with-
standing all my shortcomings, all
my ingratitude & sinfulness thou
wilt continue to vouchsafe to
me, that which never failed me
thy love & boundless mercy. Blessed
Jesus what should I be were
it not for thee! How should I
drag out this weary life, were
it not for the hope of that which
is to come! For amidst my saddest
loneliest solitary thoughts, this
hope beams in upon the darkness
"as a guide to my feet, & a lamp
to my path" onward I go directed
by this heavenly light, for to me

all else were darkness) & still
onward may I continue to go
till I reach that blest abode
"where the night shineth as the
day" where there is no darkness,
but all is light & life. Oh that
all might be guided by this same
glorious light! Oh when I see those
who I am constantly with, those
whom I so dearly love, still in
the bonds of iniquity" living alone
for this world, regardless of that
which is to come, I feel as if
I would rather lay me down &
die, than have it so, my heart
is too full for utterance, it
poisons my sweetest cup of
pleasure, thus am I alone
even in the midst of friends
for upon the subject that is nearest
& dearest to my heart, they cannot

sympathize with me. Sad, sad indeed have been many of my thoughts this last week, for every thing around me has tended so forcibly to remind me of past times, times never to be recalled, that I hardly know which has predominated melancholy or pleasing thoughts. Sometimes methinks, I have almost thought that he (who has long since gone never to return to earth) was alive again, oft has my imagination fancied him addressing me, but oh, fearful imagination! for the sad reality has the next moment forced itself upon me with a two fold weight, & I have parted with the delightful illusion with as much grief, as I once

parted with the dearer reality. Again & again have I had to say to my self no, these eyes will never again behold that dear form, never may they again feast in the sunshine of that smile. No it is not you, but one so like you, that methinks, I might love him for thy dear sake! Oh my beloved Uncle when shall I cease to mourn for you, when shall these wounds which every day bleed afresh, be healed. Oh that I might in sincerity say "God not mine, but thy most righteous will, be done"
New York. August 16th

I have left the delightful country, I am again hemmed in by brick houses, I have been away but one short fortnight

8^{get} so complicated were my feelings
while away, that ~~it~~ it almost
impossible to regain my usual
train of thoughts & feelings. I
cannot pin any thoughts down
to any one ~~thing~~. I feel such
an indescribable apathy, & want
of interest in everything, though
I strive against it I cannot over-
come it. Oh Lord grant me some
life, some little energy, let me
feel that I at least have life
in me.

"Oh that my thoughts & thanks
might rise,
As grateful incense to the skies!"

August 23rd Lord's day

I have been to church, but
heard such an indifferent sermon, that
I grieve to say it made little or no
impression upon me. Oh that it
should be so! that I should ever hear
the gospel preached with indifference.
Faint, weak, erring nature, that
can only be moved when the truth
comes clothed in beauty.

I feel more composed, & happy in
my mind, than when last I wrote
in this book. I have by perseverance
subdued, or rather banished the
painful train of thoughts that
had got such fast hold upon
me. For they were dangerous & sinful
murmurings to indulge in, they
evidenced a want of submission to
that will, to which the Christian
should ever submit with cheerfulness.

There are times when my feelings upon
that melan choly subject, so get the better
of me, that it costs me many a
struggle to subdue them. They are
like smothered embers, which, let
but the slightest breath of wind reach
them, & they are at once kindled into
a flame. Gracious Father grant me
thine aid in subduing all feelings
which are not in accordance with
thy most holy will! for "thy ways
are not as our ways, neither are
thy thoughts as our thoughts"

"Search the in most recesses of my
heart, & if thou findest any corruption
for there, remove the darkening vanity,
and blot every name but thine from
my breast."

August 30th Lord's day.

I have this day heard a very excel-
lent sermon from the Rev Mr Com-
bs that I might profit by every good
sermon that I hear, that I might
correctly apply, & rightly appreciate
all that I hear. Truly I have
much cause for gratitude, for
being allowed to hear the gospel
constantly preached, & so preached!

"Almighty God, exert thy power,
and smite the stony heart;
Then shall thy justice be adored,
thy mercy stand confessed."

Gracious Father, thy mercy is bound-
less, & (all unworthy as I am) there
are few to whom thou hast ex-
tended thy bounty more plentifully
than to thy sinful servant

"O! who hath tasted of thy clemency
In greater measure or more oft, than I?
Which way soever turn my face or feet,
I see thy mercy, & thy glory meet."

September 5th Lord's day.

This day I have spent in my own room, but my Father is always present, he can see me & comfort me as well in one place & time as another, "he knoweth my down sittings & my up risings, he understandeth my heart afar off, he is acquainted with all my ways." To him alone can I look for aid, from him alone can I expect consolation, while he is with me I am perfectly happy, I ask for no more, Oh my Father let thy rod & thy staff still comfort me, be thou still my strength & shield.

"Guide me all my journey through,
and crown my journey end."

Sept' 12th Lord's day.

Our dear Pastor has returned, & I have again enjoyed the rich blessing of hearing the gospel proclaimed in all its beauty & purity, Oh that I might faithfully perform all its dictates, that I might live a holy, a devoted life, that I might in all my actions glorify my Lord & Saviour, that I might by patiently & meekly submitting to all his displeasures show that I do indeed in truth love him, that I bear his chastishments however severe.

I know they are good for me, for they tend more effectually than any thing else, to wean my affections from this world, & teach me to look beyond the confines of earth for all my happiness.

My thoughts, my hopes, my heart
I call,
Are centred in the great Eternal
One.

I have too long sought for earthly
joys to believe that they may there
be found, no; this world never yield-
ed me much happiness, & the little
it has given me has been so fraught
with thorns that it has been a
near bought pleasure. I love not
the world, nor the things that are
in the world.

I have this day witnessed the
blessed ordinance of baptism, &
partaken of the communion.
Oh that these ordinances might
be spiritually blessed to my soul.
merciful Father direct my thoughts,
I step aright, suffer me not to
follow thee afar off. "When I
cease to love & praise thee, let me
cease to live. For without thee

This life would be a dreary waste,
"Look gently down, almighty Jesus,
Prison me round in thy embrace;
Pity the heart that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine."
"Thy yoke is easy & thy burden light"
There is no real joy that is there, "Give
what thou wilt, without thee
I am poor, & with thee rich, take
what thou wilt away."

Come, Lord, and never from me
This would be a darksome place:
I find no pleasure here below,
"When thou dost veil thy face."
Oh how is it that so many fix
all their thoughts, their hopes of
happiness upon this vain &
flattering world, oh when I see
how all earthly things pass away
how even the brightest of earthly
beauties, last but for a moment
I turn involuntarily to that bright
world where no darkness shall ever

intends. —

Sept 19th

Oh for a kindred spirit!
What would I not give for one
heart that beat with mine, for one
being in whom I could unhesi-
tatingly repose every thought & feeling.
We think I would not care who, or
what it was, only let its heart
beat in unison with mine, let
it sympathize with, & understand
all my thoughts & feelings.

In vain do my eyes wander
over this earth in search of such
a spirit, in vain does my heart yearn
for one true faithful soul. of
all my earthly friends, (I trust
I have some) there is not one
"kindred spirit," no; not one!
Not one in whose breast I can
repose all my sorrows. Surrounded

by those styled friends, I find my-
self a lonely & desolate being, my
own heart alone knows its own
bitterness, & with that I have to
commune & be still. But,

"Why should I complain,
Of want or distress,
Of reputation or pain?
He told me no less."

The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Thro' much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord."

Am I not blessed with heavenly
joys, for which a thousand others
sigh in vain? Is not my father
forever near, is he not my com-
fort when all earthly comforts
fail? Is he not when my
heart is full of sadness, fill my
cup of joy even to overflowing
by his own life giving presence?
Oh with such a friend can

I rejoice!

"Tho' dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide;
Tho' painful at present,
'Till cease before long
And then, Oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!"

Oh why, (when I know its inability to yield me any joy) why do I thus cling to earth? why do I thus continue to seek out some bright spot on which to rest my weary heart, when I know full well that whatever I may chance to find bright to day, will fade in to-morrow's sun may rise.

Oh home, sweet word, when shall I be able to call you mine, when Oh when shall I comprehend your meaning. I have no home on earth. But,

"In midst of dangers, fears, and
deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
We praise thee for thy mercies
past;
And humbly hope for more."

Sept' 20th Lord's day.

Again have I been to the house of God, but alas, again have I to tell of listening to the gospel with comparative indifference. Oh how subject are even our best, truest feelings to the state of the body, how willing so ever be the spirit, when the flesh is weak, it languishes. Thus have my devotions this day been marred by bodily indisposition. I have literally had no thoughts, no feelings save about my own miserable flesh. Oh health! inestimable

blessing! grant me but this, Oh
Lord, & I will call myself rich.
Oh why is it that I am thus languid,
that I should ever be so indifferent
to things of such all importance.
"Oh Thou to whose all searching eyes,
The darkness shineth as the night
Search prove my heart & let it be,
Freed from its gross & joined to thee."

I was very much struck lately in
reading the following beautiful
extract, a little varied it would
be so expressive of my own feelings.

"Tell me no more - no more
Of my soulds lofty gifts! are they ^{paid} not
To quench its parching thirst for happiness,
Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to ^{find}
One true heart unto me, wherean my own
Might find a resting place - a home for all
Its burden of affections?"

Sept 22nd

I believe the Lord shows
us this world as it is, for good &
wise purposes, he often takes
from us, all our pleasure in
its pleasures, all our joy, in its
joys, that by thus lessening all
our hold on earth, we shall
be led to turn to him to whom
we should devote our hearts
best affections. Strange as
may be the assertion, I knew
from my own experience that
the moments of my purest joy,
have been those of my deepest
affliction, for when I have been
surrounded by clouds, impenetrable
darkness, when I have turned
to the right & the left, & there

has been no eye to pity, nor
arm to save, then indeed have
I felt my utter & entire dependence
upon him, whose eye alone
has pitied, whose arm
alone could save. Oh sweet
have been those precious
moments, when my God has
been to me my all, when I
have known no consolation,
no friend, no guide, no pro-
tector, but in him!

"Thy voice produc'd the seas and
spheres,
Did the waves roll & planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
Thro' all these various works of
thine."

The last few days I have been in
a continual whirl (to use a
beautiful expression) I have had

little or no time for reflection.
Oh that I could learn the way to
live a life of which I could
approve, that I might learn to
be of some use in the world!
Oh that I might be enabled to follow
closely in the footsteps of my Father
merciful Father, send me the aid
of thy holy spirit, to guide me
in all my ways, Oh let me
implicitly follow all its dictates,
enable me constantly to feel that
every word of my mouth, & thought
of my heart is known unto thee,
for which I shall have
to render to thee an account
at the last day! Great & Glorious
art thou, my Father! I adore
thee for thy loving kindness!

"Awake, & sing the song
Of Moses & the Sacerd;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name."
Sept 23rd

Now what shall I say? Have
I done ought that is good that
I can record? Have I had one holy
thought or feeling? Had my heart
once ascended to its maker, in
prayer & praise, has it once been
moved with gratitude to him
the author of every good? Have
I once felt or thought or sought?
Alas my conscience answers no; &
therefore is it that I have nothing
to say, I am so averse to acknowledge
my short comings, to confess my
ingratitude.

Sept 24th

What, after all our grief,
Cheremil, & excite ment, what after
all this, does this world amount

to? After all our endeavor, what
gratification can we derive from
it? alas my heart answers none,
When I have striven (as I do not
deny I do often do) to enjoy it, to
find amusement in its vanities,
I find I enter into it with so
little heartfelt interest, that I
bring sorrow instead of joy to my
heart, for I have made still
deeper the conviction that "it
is all a dream, an empty show".
But joyfully do I hail the solitary
hour, that ~~comes~~ brings me back
to myself, & sends my thoughts
to that "bright world to which
we go" for it.

"Oath joys substantial & sincere,
When shall I wake & find me there
I even love the melancholy thought,
~~that generally have~~ that generally have

possession of me, & when for a
moment they are dispersed by more
trivial joys, I feel as it were out
of my element, & return to them
with a saddened pleasure.

Sept 2nd Lord's day.

I have just returned from
morning service, with my heart
as much unmoved, as if I had
been listening to the most unim-
portant truths. Oh I find it
impossible to express the uneasiness
I feel when I find myself so
cold a listener to the holy word,
when I find that I am, with
the most perfect indifference
listen to its ^{precious} truths. When
I forget the satisfaction of thy
love, O my God, let pleasure be
a stranger to my soul,

"O! hear, & to my longing eyes
Restore thy wanted light,
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night."

We heard yesterday from my dear
Sister, oh now that I am so far
separated from her, how does my
heart yearn towards her, how
oft do I dwell upon past scenes
of both joy & sorrow in which
she has participated. Oh how
often do I feel as if I would
willingly relinquish some of the
pleasure I now enjoy in the society
of beloved friends, that I might
be enabled to beguile some of
her solitary hours, but it cannot
be; O how may the Lord be with
her, & may he enable her to place

her whole trust & confidence in him, who will never forsake her, may she find in him that consolation which the world with all its professions can never give. ~~The greatest~~ ^{unexpressed} ~~to say~~ ^{is} ~~the greatest~~ ^{my separation} ~~is my separation~~ ^{from my only sister, who is what} ~~consolation in this separation is,~~ ^{that it is what my wife} ~~and now I understand.~~

I who make the same profes-
 sions literally sacrifice nothing
 I am disgusted with my own
 selfishness & base ingratitude
 When I ask myself the question
 what do I do for him who
 has done so much for me?
 my soul blushes for shame
 at the answer of my conscience
 Gracious Father aid me to do
 something strictly for thee, let
 no selfish motive intrude,
 but let it be for thy glory alone
 Sept 29th

so might!

Oh what would I not give to see
all flocking to the foot of the cross,
to see them all crowding around the
banner of the Lord. Ye who have
none but Christian friends, know
not the anguish I suffer, at seeing
that blessed cross daily, yea hourly
trampled on, at seeing that banner
levelled & broken. Holy Father, "forgive
them, for they know not what they
do" While the world do thus seek
to defeat thee, do thou in thine
own mighty Power, rear aloft
thy glorious banner, uphold it
by thine own almighty strength.
Again thy holy victory! Yes, let
the world rebel as they will in
their own might, it is that the
boastings of shortsighted, erring
mortals, whom thou canst smite
at thy pleasure, to whom thou
canst say "go & he goeth, as this

the doeth it," & who will soon
moulder in the dust, while yet
thou dost reign in immortal
glory. Oh foolish man, thus to think
thou canst trample an omni-
pence, knowest thou not, that in
spite of thine utmost endeavour,
the Lord he is God, & that long
after thou hast ceased to be, his
power & glory shall remain
unchanged, yea age after age
shall pass away, even the heavens
shall wax old, & the sun & moon
decay, but the Lord, he is the same
yesterday, to day, & forever.

Oh my Father, when I think of
thee as thou art, so great, so glorious,
so pure, so holy a being, I feel as
if I must be too insignificant
to be noticed by thee, too sinful
to receive mercy from one so
infinitely exalted! But then I

remember that not even a sparrow
falleth to the ground without thy
notice, & all guilty as I am I have
hope for mercy, through the blood
of the blessed Redeemer.

October 3rd.

I am weary of this foolish
world, weary of its heartless savings,
every thing I say, every thing I enter
into, seems to be so fatal without
interest, that I feel like a mere
machine. I cannot take any real
interest in any thing, alas how
differently do I feel from what
I once did, there was a time
when this world seemed bright
to me, there was a time when
hope lived in this heart, there
was a time when I could be
joyous in the Spring, & happy in
the fall, for it brought nearer the
approach some anticipated hap-
piness, but now are all seasons
alike to me, melancholly are the

thoughts that fill my heart, as upon
each succeeding Spring I gaze upon
the returning beauties of nature;
as each day is brighter & brighter, as
each day brings forth new leaves, new
beauties, so does each day unfold
new sadness to my heart. Had then
as fall approached, as I see the face
of nature fading, each day becoming
more ghastly, I feel as if in it
there was a warning for me to
prepare for the same end, & I feel
an indefinite horror of winter,
I feel as if something must happen
e're Spring can come again.
Melancholly as are my thoughts at
all times, still it is as a balm to
my wearied heart to gaze upon
the freshness & beauty of nature, I
have often calmed the turmoil
of my soul, by gazing upon the
peacefulness of inanimate things.
I could spend hours in this

way, for as I contemplate the
expanses of creation, my thoughts
ascend to the Creator, from
nature to nature's God, & never have
I returned from such contem-
plations without being calmed
by their holy influence. But when
winter comes, it is so like myself
it has nothing bright nor beautiful
for me to gaze on, & all is dull,
dull without & dull within.

"Alas! what do I see in this
waste barren & wild wilderness, this
dismal region? Alas! what do
I see, wasting that breath in
sighs & endless complaints that
was given me to bless & praise
the infinite Creator? Alas! what
do I see among strangers &
enemies, in this wild, inhospita-
ble place, far from my home
& all the objects of my solici-

relight?

"My wishes, hopes, my pleasures, &
my loves,
My thoughts, and noblest passions
are above."

October 4th Lord's day.

Oh blessed day, day to my soul
most dear, this is the day when I
feel myself calm, if not happy,
grateful, if not joyful. I have the peace
the holy peace of such a day, yea
I have the day "the Lord hath made"
This morning I attended the house of
God, I heard an excellent sermon from
our dear Pastor, but still I heard
with a cold heart, I heard without
applying, or appreciating. Oh why is
it thus, why does my heart so hard
remain? I know not why it is, that
at times find it so difficult to
listen to the very things in which

I am so deeply interested, to that
alone in which I do feel any real
interest. For well do I know that the
Lord is my chief joy, beside him
there is none else, without him
life would be a dreary waste.

"His fading charms no longer please,
No more content afford;
Far from my heart he joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord."

Oh that I might be wholly & entirely
devoted to the Lord of my life,
that I might never grow cold
or inactive in his service, that
my joy all the day long might be
to glorify him till I reach that hour
"where the wicked cease from troubling
& the weary are at rest"

"Now Lord I would be thine alone
And wholly live to thee;
But away I hope that I have with
away

a worthless woman like me!"

Oct '10th

This is my nineteenth birth
day, nineteen years have I numbered
How have I improved them, have
they been devoted to the glory of my
Lord? "Would that I could feel that
I had so lived, but while each
succeeding year has been but a repe-
tition of sins of omission & com-
mission, while every year has told
the oft repeated tale of sinful in-
gratitude, the Lord has continued
to watch over me, & guide me, he
has uphold me in all my ways, "in
the midst of deserved wrath, he
has continued to remember his mercy".
Oh that the goodness of God might
lead me to repentance!
"Oh, may I ne'er forget
The mercy of my God!"

nor ever want a tongue to spread
His loudest praise abroad."

Oct 25th Lord's day

My thoughts have, since my
last date, been serious & subdued
if not saddened, by a recent pain-
ful event in the order of Providence.

This event is only one of the many
that have occurred in the course
of my life, to remind me of the
shortness of time, & the nearness
of eternity, more deeply to impress
upon my mind the necessity of
being prepared for that death
which (we know not how
soon) awaits us all. I have lately
felt
(must confess) as I never felt before.
My thoughts have many of them
been very painful, but these events
are all ordered in infinite wisdom,
for I feel that even this has

been of service to me. Any thing
that leads us to reflection is good
for us, it opens our eyes to many
a thing, over which we might have
slumbered for years; when led to
self examination we find many
many errors in ourselves which
have often passed by unnoticed
& unrepented. But I find it impos-
sible to express the anguish I feel
for those who are living & dying
totally unprepared for eternity.

Gracious father, grant, for Thine
own mercies sake, to save them!
I cannot endure to see them thus
ignorant of thee. "Oh forgive them
for they know what they do!"

And not only they, but I too, my
father, stand in great need of thy
forgiveness, I am all unholiness &
unclean, yet truly, have I

sinned in thy sight before men
I am no more worthy to be called
thine, I have in all things
come short of thy glory, but still
I hope for mercy, still can I look
to thee, who never yet turned a
deaf ear to my petitions, cleanse
& purify me, I beseech thee, from
all mine iniquities, &

"Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last!"

November 1st Lord's day.

Alas, so unprofitable to me
have been all the thoughts of the
past week, that I have nothing here
to record but mispent hours, &
abused privileges. I can do nothing
but confess my sins, & pray for
aid to forsake them, Oh help me
Oh my Father in this most difficult
task!

Nov 8th Lord's day.

"How oft, alas, in sinful ways
my feet have strayed, when, O when
shall I learn follow strictly in the
footsteps of my Saviour."

"Return, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy founts no
more;

Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore."

Nov 15th Lord's day.

Oh that I had so lived
that I might look back upon
each ~~succeeding~~ year, & say "Lord
it was done as thou hast com-
manded" that I might in looking
into my own heart, be able to
say "I feel that my motives were pure,
that I was in all things actuated
by a desire for the promotion

of my Master's (not my own) glory.
but I have so much to repent
of that at times I feel as if re-
pentance was of no avail, as
if my iniquities were too numerous
ever to be blotted out, & then
it is that I feel myself the very
chief of sinners, I can only say
"Lord have mercy upon me
a sinner!"

"Tis a point I long to know
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no
Am I this, or am I not."

I went to church this morning
but was so disturbed in my
reflections, that (though I
blush to confess it) I could
not listen to the sermon.

Thoughts of past follies came
crowding themselves upon
my memory till they completely
overwhelmed me, my thoughts
& heart were led captive by them.
Oh what a thralldom! there are
some parts of my life upon which
I now can think with any
patience, Oh that I could live
them over again. Some times
think if I had never left
New York I could look back
upon my life with much
more satisfaction, & then again
when I think how much
of good I have gained in
travelling this but too thorny
road. I feel that I am

indeed wicked to wish one
jot or tittle to be altered, for
knowledge of the world, can
alone be gained by experience
of it, & the errors of my past life
will serve to deter my footsteps
from wandering again,
they have taught me to
know my own heart, to know
its weakest spots, & there to
guard it. Though the experience
I have had of my own frailty
is painful to reflect upon
still I am convinced it
was a useful, as well as a
necessary lesson.