

the time would soon make me be as wild as before: no sooner would I hear the music and drink a glass of wine, but I would find my mind elevated and soon proceed to any sort of merriment or diversion, that I thought was not debauched or openly vicious, or that I thought would be a blot in my character; but when I returned from my carnal mirth I felt as guilty as ever, and could sometimes not close my eyes for some hours after I had got home to my bed, on account of the guilt I had contracted the evening before. O what snares were these frolicks and young company to my soul, and had not God been more merciful to me than I was to myself, they would have proved my fatal and irrevocable ruin. O let all those that love their own souls flee, flee from carnal pleasures, and young carnal company, as they would from the gates of eternal misery; for it is poison to the soul, as ratsbane is to the body: such ways are the ways of death, and such steps take hold of hell; which sins I began to follow, when about seventeen years of age, and continued in following them until I was twenty three, and part of my twenty fourth. O what a wonder that ever I was snatched from that alluring snare. The Lord still followed me, and would not give me up; I began to be more and more afraid of the condemning power of sin, and my lost and undone condition. I then engaged more closely into morality and followed my duties; but all did not take away the fear of death and hell: yea, I was so burdened at times, that I could not rest in my bed; when I had been to any frolick or into carnal company. I was often afraid to close my eyes for fear that I should awake in hell before morning. I was one of the most unhappy creatures that was on earth. When I felt the least disorder in my body, I would be in such distress that I could hardly contain myself, expecting that God was about to call me away, and I unprepared; for although I was so strict in my morals, yet my religion would not stand by me in a time of distress or when death stared me in the face. Not that I thought being willing to die is sufficient to be fit to die; for the wicked have no bands in their death, but when a man's eyes are open, death is very distressing, without an evidence of being prepared.

GOD in his infinite goodness did not leave me to rest on a form of religion, but still gave me a sense of my lost