

and then I would tremble, sometimes expecting he would send me immediately to hell, for charging him with it in my mind, and yet I could not help it, for I was still obliged to think so. Thus I was led to think of God as bad as of the devil by that blasphemous doctrine, that God decreed or fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass, and consequently the death and damnation of the greatest part of the world, and yet made them an offer of salvation, when there is none for them; and thus they make him a dissembler, and charge him with hypocrisy; offering to a poor soul, that which he doth not design he should have.

Why will they dress up a loving, good (yea all good) and glorious Being, in such a black and ridiculous habit? Why will they drive poor bewildered souls to hell with not only such shocking blasphemous thoughts of God, but likewise despairing of any mercy from him? Why do they not let God speak for himself, when he swears by himself, that he has no pleasure in the death of the wicked? Why do they not let sinners know, that he has said, that it is not his will that any should perish, but all should come to the knowledge of the truth, and trust that whosoever will, may come? And instead of telling sinners that God will damn them and send them to hell, if they live in their sins, why do they not tell them that they are already under the curse of a hellish nature by their own sin, which they acted in Adam, and those that reject salvation and love darkness rather than light, they make their own hell, and go to their own place, and that their own nature will torment them and be at such an enmity and rage against God, as will exclude them from all possibility of ever receiving help by the love and mercy of God, for there is nothing they so much hate and will so much rage against, as the love, goodness and purity of God.

I STILL remained distressed in mind a great part of my time, and though my plays often led me away for hours, yet I was not happy in them; for I thought myself in great danger, and often, when writing at school, would so ponder on my miserable condition, that I could scarcely keep my distress concealed. O the unhappy hours I waded through, and knew not what to do, neither did I reveal my mind to any one. I would often go up in the garret, where I could see the burying place, and many younger