

distressing fears, and crying to an unknown God for help, was now filled with immortal love, soaring on the wings of faith, freed from the chains of death and darkness, and crying out my Lord and my God; thou art my rock and my fortress, my shield and my high tower, my life, my joy, my present and my everlasting portion.

O THE astonishing wonders of his grace, and the boundless ocean of redeeming love! millions and millions of praises belongs to his name. O how shall I make the least return! O what a wretch have I been to stand it out against such love. I have long and often wondered, that God did not have mercy on me and convert me; but now I saw it was my own fault, and wondered why he waited so long upon such miserable rejectors of his grace. O how black appeared all my righteousness, which I saw I had hugged so long. And O the unspeakable wisdom and beauty of the glorious plan of life and salvation. I have often wanted some things in the world, and some plans to be altered, and wished this thing and that thing was not so, because it seemed hard, and not agreeable to my carnal mind and human reasonings; but I would not now have any alteration for ten thousand worlds. Every thing that God did was right and nothing wanting: I did not want then that God should alter any thing for me, but I was willing, yea chose (for it was the food and joy of my soul) to bow to him, to be ruled by him, to submit to him and to depend wholly upon him both for time and eternity; and it was the joy of my soul that he would be God alone forever. I wondered that ever an infinite God should turn a thought of mercy toward the fallen world, and be employed for the welfare of such a wretch as I saw I was. But O free grace, free grace! O how infinitely condescending was the Ancient of Days to become an infant of a span long to redeem perishing and immortal souls! He deserves their praises for ever; and my soul longs to praise him, for he is my prophet, my priest and my king: and this is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem. O the infinite condescension of God to a worm of the dust! for though my whole soul was filled with love, and ravished with a divine ecstasy beyond any doubts or fears, or thoughts of being then deceived, for I enjoyed a heaven on earth, and it seemed as if I were wrapped up in God, and that he had done ten thousand times more for me than ever I could ex-