

thought that God was an angry Judge; I could not endure to think of him one minute. There was nothing before me but a continual looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.

In that situation, I could comfort myself in nothing but a promise of long life. I thought as I was then but young, and to look forward to old age seemed a great while, entertaining the hope that I should be spared until I was old in years; but I was so alarmed at the thoughts of death, judgment, and eternity, that a wish that I had been born one of those good children that would go to heaven, was frequently in my mind.

I was afraid of doing that which was sinful, to speak a wicked word, or to tell a lie. I was one day alone by myself, thinking of my awful situation; I said in my heart, What benefit will it be for me to restrain myself from that which is evil and sinful, for hell will be my portion when I die, do what I will? Then I felt a powerful temptation to speak whatever came into my mind. For I thought to be afraid of sin, was in some degree a punishment in this life. I thought I might as well fill up the measure of my days in all manner of wickedness, without any restraint. Then wicked words rushed into my mind for utterance—I opened my mouth and tried to speak them, but was restrained through fear, and had not power to speak one word, neither did I ever feel such a temptation again.

It was rumored, about this time, that a distant island had been destroyed and sunk by an earthquake, in the time of a dreadful storm. That news was awful to me indeed; I was dreadfully tempted that we should share the same fate. It was so powerfully riveted upon my mind,