

instantly felt such a fear come over me that I arose and put away all my toys.

I was much terrified on being told there was to be a day of judgment, when this world would be burned up, and all things that are therein, and that the wicked should be burned up at that day.

I was told I must pray when I retired to rest at night. I then began to be much alarmed under an apprehension of a future punishment, a place of fire and brimstone, which would never be quenched, where the souls of the wicked would be banished the moment they left the body, and there to continue to all eternity.

About that time a young girl died in the settlement. It was said of her that she was a good girl, and that she was gone to heaven. I also heard of some others who were said to be good people. I therefore began to understand that there was a place of happiness for the good, as well as a place of punishment for the wicked. But that gave me no comfort, for I thought that the righteous were born into the world without sin, and continued so until death, and then were received into heaven; and that those who were born in sin remained in that state until death, and then were sent to hell.

I did not understand the plan of redemption through our Lord Jesus Christ, or that if we repented of our sins, God, for Christ's sake, would pardon and deliver us from that awful state of punishment.

My mother frequently told me that I was a sinner, and that wicked people went to hell, and I believed her. Therefore, I had not the least hope or expectation of anything better but that hell would be my portion after this life. These ideas made death appear awful indeed. I