I remember the summer before my sister DeRusha's death about some years ago. She was all that summer in a great hurry and seeking hope in the garden. I heard many repetitions to make religion and the fear of my soul. I did not often set my self to it and pray for my soul and labor after an academic sense of my miserable condition: and reading yet Remains very incomprehensible to sensible and reflective. Nor standing in many thinking after this manner, that I was never more likely to be sensible and one choice of thought, I saw a Bible open before me on my desk, and I found it with eyes which a little surprised me, but I attempt to make covering the pages. This representation was externed, agreeable and sensible, and did not seem to be led into my mind by any thought but as it were thrown in abruptly and to strong, that made me call in my mind. I was very unable to bring of the power of imagination, and thus there was no easy operation in my mind to me of some inaccessible. This I not without reason. So I left my self.
undetermined, or rather determine, that I had no reason to conclude it was anything connotional, but it had considerable impression on my mind, and it led me to reflect what a vast line of the Church and Business of the world is, to our making progress in Religion.