

LETTER 12th.

JULY 11th, 1835.

My love to all people, and especially to Israel, whom I have remembered in mine affliction, when I was parting with all that is pleasant in life. The hills and the fields are for him, the rivers and the vallies. But I am alone ; there is none of my blood, or rather of my spirit ; and who will be my kindred, I know not ; or whether I shall go friendless down to the grave. The Lord hath been the pillar of my faith. In his name, I have written many lines, and reasoned many times with the christian world. The shepherds are silent where I speak, and the flocks judgeth not of my communication. I am as one forgotten of his friend, and despised by his neighbour. A communication is not sought with me : the priests have set to their seal that I am wrong : and they run as tho' there was no " stumbling stone " in their way, or a " rock of offence." They lend not a hand unto me, not one saith let us arise, and travel for the City of rest. I am as one cast out for the gathering arm of God, or for ever to be forgotten : for he hath sent no shepherd unto me, to invite me to his fold.

The christian sun shineth not upon my soul, with that lustre of which I hear of others so freely boasting in the world—I am not converted : I am as one of the unhewn stones of the altar : I am as the fashioning hand hath made me, and I am alone in the earth. I have remembered Israel in mine affliction, and given unto him from my lonely shade, such things as the giving hand has given me. I have paid my debts unto him. From him, I have received, and return again that which he has given.—I am not debtor to the world : I am untaught in the christian church, and cannot embrace the common faith as others have done. I depend on the revealed will of the Almighty for the bread of my soul ; I sorrow greatly, and am not comforted.—The wages of sin is taken from me, but my spirit hath not ceased to mourn. I shall be comforted in the latter days, when the Lord standeth upon the