

I have nought to loose, neither is any thing given me to take away. The Lord hath made me naked of all glorious names, and the pride of sects, and the names of office that are in the christian church ; and I am willing to go to the tomb as I was born into the world.

A few of the christian faith are with me, whose minds are changing by every rising and setting sun : They see as they saw not, and believe as they have not believed, and these are the last sacrifice I have to make in the world. They are not mine, nor of me ; but a few that God has given to bear witness of my mind, while my days may be prolonged with them.

I believe they will *remain*, in a christian world when many shall go afloat, as the ship without the anchor, as the mariner having no course. They have been a treasure to my hand writing, and their ears have heard my words ; they have embraced me with love, and mourn my departure to the tomb—they are accepted of God, and he will be with them on every trying day. Their sorrows have been great, and their reproaches not a few (which is the now existing christian practice of life). They are zealous for God, and have erected altars in his name, and sing his perpetual praise with songs of love.

As lonesome as the dove can be,
Are these beneath the shading tree,
Still waiting for a rising sun—
Still trusting in a year to come.

Their songs of love doth never cease,
In these I see the nation's peace.
There's sects, nor names, nor bloods no more
Because the pride of life is o'er.