

A word to my little Book, and I am done. I hope that thou wilt ne'er forget that I have commenced and completed thee in the name of that God that preserved a Moses in the Ark, and an Elijah from a wrathful Ahab. Knowing that thou art destined to embark on the boisterous ocean of life, "midst storms and commotions and shipwrecks and loss," I presented thee in embryo to many of my friends. Some encourage thee forward—will hail thy return in print with a welcome, and give thee a place on the shelf—others tremble at thine appearance, and predict no good either of thyself or thine author. If thou hast any foes, they may scold, abuse, and probably burn thee, whilst others may be induced to scribble again. Whatever may occur, ever bear in mind that thou art designed to lead the reader from himself—from shades, past, present and to come—to Jesus, and through him to heaven. May he bless the writer with divine wisdom, and the reader with holiness of heart, and may we at last meet in Heaven, is the prayer of the Author. Amen and Amen.

Union Road, Oct. 23, 1846.

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