

wished, as I wish now. What I
would see you - Oh! I love to
write to you, but I long to see
you face to face, and talk, &
to receive an answer immediately
and not wait until they are
written. O the pen moves so slow-
ly, when our heart is full,
full of love for friends. Well,
shall I say I long to see you
to pour out my heart, to talk
the thoughts that are now
struggling to escape - My dear
friend, my more than friend,
I cannot keep from telling
you, - that I am happy - do
you wish to know the cause?

Well, it is because I feel approved
of God, because I feel the dear
approval of my blessed sister
Emeline, to whom I made a
sacred promise that I would

"seed the Lord" - And Oh! how long
I've neglected that promise - Oh!
how long I have felt her clear
eyes bent-searchingly upon me - and
I felt as if I would shrink from
that earnest gaze, but I could not.

Oh! how long I have felt the
need of religion - Well, when the
cloud of sorrow and affliction,
rested on our dwelling - when the
cup of grief, you know how bitter it was,
was pressed to my unwilling lips, then,
how I felt the need of that Friend
that "sticketh closer than a brother",
how I long to cast my poor,
bleeding, sinful heart at the feet
of Jesus, and plead that He might
accept it, but I feared what the
world might say, what my young
friends might say - and I rejected
the cup of salvation proffered to my
very lips, heeded not the still