

the vanities of all earthly treasures; That thirty years had now passed away, all; all of it wasted in worldly pursuits, of no real nor lasting importance, and that now I found my self a complete wreck in the midst of it all. The more I reflected on the past, the more I was convinced of the sin and folly of my past life, and that I was now enduring a severe but merciful chastisement. Kind reader and friends, the more I thought, the more I felt the weight of Divine displeasure; my eyes were being opened to a sense of sin and unworthiness; and I trod the path of prayer as a humble penitent in search of forgiveness. I obtained it. The quickening influence of God's Holy Spirit, was enkindled in my heart. I was happy and rejoiced I sought the House of God, the Methodist Church, and my name was enrolled as a member. Twenty years have elapsed since then, but not a moment I have not felt composed and resigned to our Heavenly Father's will, and now, beloved and gentle reader, before I leave this subject, let me entreat you, as warmly and earnestly as I would my own dear children, to direct your thoughts to purer, loftier, and holier scenes; put our trust in God's Holy Word, full to overflowing with the richest treasures, make sure work for the Kingdom of Heaven, and you will be happy amid the direst calamities of earth.

In the fall of 1854, I huddled together my little effects, and emigrated with my little family to Missouri. I settled in the woods near Pleasant Prairie in Webster County. A yoke of oxen, one wagon, and \$60 in money, completed my worldly wealth. The winter was very cold and severe, and our prospects seemed unpromising, but the people were friendly, and treated us with great respect. The opening spring was cheering to us all. I went to work in good earnest, cleared ten