

So force my lonely way, through thicket brush & briar
(tearing my clothes & covering me with wounds from the
thorns) to gain the Summit of some Mountain from
whence I might perceive some cabin or place of shelter
to refresh & brighten up my despairing mind &
but Oh no all was dark & cheerless & rained all the
day at length weak wet & hungry I laid me down on
the Mountain to die I had no opinion that I could live out
the dreary night I therefore pulled out my Pocket book &
with a pencil wrote as follows I _____ was lost on
the prairie near the Settlement of Oparostame & died
on such a night 1855 (as I had no opinion that I could
outlive another terrible night) & if any one should
find the book & would send on to my wife in the
East According to the direction I had given & say when I
had died & how they would receive the thanks of a ^{man} Dying
or I should feel under great obligation if they would
inform some of my friends in Oparostame of my circum-
stances (whom I name) & then putting the book under my head
I commended myself to God never expecting to see the
light of another day

but through the mercy of God I was preserved although
brought close to the gates of death I was raised up & fast
to the glory of his name the morning arose brighter than
the previous one & the dew & rain drops shone forth
as they tipped the prairie grass like pearls glistening in the