

this camp-ground, is the place where, more than fifty years ago, the venerable Eben White presided at a similar meeting. I was but a small boy at that time ; my father and mother were there, and I well remember the manner in which the Lord manifested himself to his people in all his fullness, and where the slain of the Lord were in the camp. I never think of that meeting without a thrill of emotion. Many times since then, while passing that consecrated spot, have I hitched my horse, and walked over the ground, hallowed by so many associations, and as I wiped the falling tear from my eyes, I have lifted up my heart in prayer to God, asking for a more full return of those early scenes in our meetings at the present day. Here also repose the remains of my honored father, my eldest brother, his wife and only daughter, all of whom, I hope and trust, have made heaven their home.

In this neighborhood lived my first class-leader, J. Hitchcock, who, for deep piety and sound judgment, was unsurpassed by any around him. Br. H. was among the first to open his doors to Methodist preaching, and the weary itinerant always found a welcome at his table. Years have rolled by since these veterans left the Church militant for their home above. And may all their children—children of many prayers, see to it that they fail not in meeting their honored parents in heaven.