

his remains were followed to the place of interment by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and sympathizing neighbors.

Yours fraternally,

JOHN McKECHNIE.

PRICEVILLE, Sept. 24, 1882.

DEAR BRO. McDIARMID,—I received your sympathizing letter with a very thankful heart. I did not expect that you had us in such affectionate remembrance, on account of your being now three years without seeing us, and being at so many different places, and mingling with so many people. I should think this would have the effect of erasing from your mind, to a great extent, almost any obscure individual. But I am especially pleased that you remember our darling little boy. David had not obeyed the Gospel, yet I am not at all solicitous about his eternal well-being. I never pressed that matter upon him. I never believed in pressing any one to obey the Gospel except they did it understandingly, which I doubt if he was capable of doing. He was indeed a very good obedient boy, and his heart was big with love to everybody, especially his mother and his sisters and myself. I think the person does not live who can say that he ever heard a bad word out of his mouth, or used any one otherwise than with the greatest consideration and respect. He was a beautiful reader of the Scriptures, and it was our custom before retiring, all to join and read verse about, in which he always joined, except when he was very tired or sleepy. He was a great help to me in my work, being very active, and willing to do anything he could with pleasure. The day before he was killed he loaded loose oats all day. His school teacher, a pious Godly man, says that he does not think in all his experience he ever knew a boy so amiable and good in his disposition. He was also the making of a splendid scholar, being intelligent and bright, learning everything thoroughly. He and I intended to be your guests a day or two at the time of the Exhibition. We had it arranged to go on Tuesday, the 12th; but alas! for earthly hopes. We carried his remains to the little cemetery at Bro. McKechnie's on that day. We miss his noble form all over our home, and his soft gentle words as he would ask some interesting question, or offer to do some service for us. His mind and his little hands were always busy about something noble and good. We draw consolation from the firm belief that he was carried by angels to Abraham's bosom; and that when Jesus comes again his corruptible body will put on incorruption. May we who are left weeping on the shores of time so live that we may join him in that better world where there shall be no more sor-