

dust of seventy or eighty years has rolled over their tombs, and the grass grows green on their graves. I have often heard the old people speak of the Rev. Mr. Secomb of Chester, the divine and the poet of Nova Scotia ; the Rev. David Smith of Londonderry, a skilful and deep divine, but defective in his elocution. The ore was rich, but it wanted polishing. The Rev. John Munro of Shelburne was a sound divine of good education, but he never was married, and wanted that refinement which he might have acquired in female society. In dealing with other denominations, he was rather unsparing in the use of arrows in the pulpit ; but honey will catch far more flies than vinegar. The Rev. David Cock of Truro was a good man and a sound divine, but never preached well except when in a hurry and pressed for time. In summer and winter he always preached till the sun had sunk in the west. He had fine pastoral manners, and Judge Archibald used to say that he had seldom ever seen a more finished gentleman than Mr Cock. This accounts for the polished manners of the Truro people, and gives them an air of more refinement than the people of surrounding settlements.

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TO P. HANNAY, DUANESBURG, NEW YORK.

*July.*

After a man's head is whitened with the snows of eighty-seven years, it is time for him to cast off the deep cares of life and to prepare for a home in heaven where sin and sorrow never enter. The world is to us but a dream ; eternity is a dreadful reality, and we ought to make due preparation for it. I have had a share of those afflictions which are common to men,