

TWENTIETH LETTER.

Boston, June 18th, 1860.

Dear Hester,

Yesterday the exercises in commemoration of the death of our beloved minister were all our hearts could desire.

Music Hall was packed, and the attention of the immense audience was held for full two hours. The stand, or pulpit from which Mr. Parker was wont to preach was buried in flowers. In front of it was a cross of white roses and evergreen. Beside the Bible from which we so often heard our minister read were some of the little flowers he loved best—lilies of the valley.

We fallowed as closely as possible Mr. Parker's wishes in regard to his funeral. The hymns he liked were sung, and one especially he desired by Professor Norton,