

continue for many ages to spread truth and holiness over the hills and valleys of Scotland.

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*June.*

DEAR SUSAN LYDIARD—Many of your old friends have gone to the silent land since you left us. Most of them were professing Christians, and some of them were the choice gold of the sanctuary. John Dechman and his wife went away like the gallant ship with all sails set, and under the care of the good Pilot would enter the harbour in safety. With him the ruling passion was strong in death. A few minutes before he died, he gave his violin to one of his sons, and told him where he would get new strings. Some people have asked me what John Dechman would do in heaven if there were no music. I replied, that St. John in the visions of heaven heard harpers with their harps, and that holy music and holy love would be the joint enjoyment of pious souls to all eternity. All my early fellow labourers have been promoted to the service of the upper sanctuary, while I have been permitted to linger at the altars of mortality. I might have been happier to have gone with them, but I am sure that all the time allowed me is necessary to prepare for my future abode. I am glad that you have the visits of a good minister, a prayer meeting, and a Sabbath school. You may tread the wilderness with a light heart and a firm step, when you can be refreshed on the Sabbath with still waters and green pastures.

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*June.*

The early labourers in the Presbyterian vineyard in Nova Scotia have all disappeared from our view. The