

circuit steward, and Br. Chauncy was class-leader. I always called them "Caleb and Joshua," for, like them of old, they were always leading on the sacramental host of God's elect to victory. May they finish their course with joy, cross the Jordan of Death triumphantly, and enter into the rest above, where I hope to greet them, and all the good brothers and sisters of Hector.

Between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, I still find many old friends who are now among the most able and influential of the land. Many whose homes formed a resting place for me while cultivating Immanuel's land, are still living, surrounded by children who have joined in the way their fathers trod, and many who have passed on before, have left to their children the legacy of a good example, and an unwavering trust in God. May they profit by their parents' example, and so live while on earth, as to meet with them above.

I reached home after an absence of two months; found my family comfortably well. My eldest son had been better during my absence, than for two years previous.

After a short rest, I attended a camp-meeting held at Lebanon, the home of my boyhood. Many associations connected with this part of the country, render it peculiarly interesting to me. But a few miles from