

TO MRS. JAMES HUNTER.

Mr. Murdoch writes me that you are "hale and weel and living yet," in the eighty-sixth year of your age. Born in the same year, we have seen yon weary winter sun twice forty times return. I well recollect the time when I and my first wife visited you in the wood. The divine Sarah Clarke was a noble woman and worthy of the warmest affection. I humbly hope that she will give me a cordial welcome at the gate of Paradise. I hope that your husband and our pious friends in Newport and Windsor will not be awanting in the day when God makes up His jewels. We mourn not for the dead as those who have no hope. Jesus died and rose again, and those who sleep in Jesus, God shall bring with Him. Says St. John, I heard a voice from heaven saying, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. It is loud as the sound of many waters. It comes from a great multitude which no man can number. It comes from prophets, apostles, martyrs, and confessors. Spirits of just men made perfect! you have finished your course and obtained your reward. Yours is the joy of Paradise, the white robe, the crown and the sceptre. We hear your voice. You beckon to us from the skies to come.

Remember me to your daughters, to Mr. Dill, Miss Frances Cochran, the Hon. Richard McHaffie (1), and other old friends.

1867.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREE PRESS.

*5th Feb.*

I write you for the last time. I am in my eighty-seventh year. I belong to a generation which has passed