

The affection that began in 1823 between that strong man and his gentle wife, knew no check nor diminution, and he was as much the lover when on March 7th, 1874, he looked his last "good bye" to her, as when half a century before he claimed her as his bride.

And on his Golden Wedding, the words which on the sixth anniversary of his marriage he penned at sea, being absent from home, were as true as when he wrote them :—

" I ne'er forget the enraptured word,
 " When meekly blushing at my side
 " Thy plighted faith in Heaven was heard,
 " And thou becam'st a willing bride.

" Since when, the marriage bond was sealed,
 " Six happy years have rolled away,
 " And on my memory stands revealed,
 " Dear Mary, 'tis our Bridal Day."

Not long after his induction as Rector of Trinity, there came to him a sensational, and pleasant reminder of his old sea faring life :

One Sunday morning a Captain of the Merchant Service just arrived from Lisbon, came to worship in the Church, and no sooner had the Rector pronounced the opening words of the service than the stranger, excitedly and audibly exclaimed : "That is Bullock ;
 " that is the man who saved my life."

A meeting in the Vestry after service explained the excitement, and the recognition.