

intellectual conversation. How providential was it that his son George came just in time to see the last of his worthy parent! Thus, my dear madam, friend after friend departs, leaving us to follow at no great distance of time. May we be found ready, that is, resting on the finished work of Christ, ever looking unto Jesus as our all for time and eternity. May the Holy Ghost the Comforter be with you now and in all time of your tribulation is the prayer of yours faithfully,

J. C. COCHRAN.

St. Mary's Spring, as my father called it, is a half-way spot on the Sheet Harbour Road, where he halted to feed his horse. What took place there when any of us were with him is described as follows in a letter to me from one of my sisters: "I think I can see father on bended knees, amid the bird voices, and the gentle tremor of the leaves, with his silver locks waving in the wind, and his voice loud as the sound of many waters, giving thanks to God for protection so far, and pleading for mercy to take us safely to the end. The solemnity of these scenes I never, never can forget. All my life I had such faith in father's prayers, that when he was called home, the one thing I lamented was, no more to hear him praying for me. May I not cherish the hope that in the beautiful home above I am not forgotten by him?"

In a letter to me, my father once wrote: "I hope you will never forget the Sabbath evening walks we sometimes took down to the bushes on the margin of the brook." On the fine summer evenings, he occasionally took us children down to a grove of cherry trees, and prayed for us, naming us each one by name, as indeed he often did at family worship.

G. W. S.