

may the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you,
and give you peace now and for ever." This is the prayer of

Your affectionate friend and Pastor,

JAS. C. COCHRAN.

St. John's Parsonage, January 1st, 1850.

"Thou God of life with constant care
With blessings crown'st each op'ning year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.

How many precious souls are fled,
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun,
Through his last yearly period run !

We yet survive, but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,
"I shall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far at least in league with death !"

That breath is Thine, Eternal God ;
'Tis Thine to fix my soul's abode ;
It holds its life from Thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To Thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as Thine ;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though Death should blast the rising year."