

is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

I am enabled, although somewhat advanced in my eighty-fifth year, to preach every Sabbath, and once or twice a week, and visit my dear people from house to house continually. Please let the infirmities of age excuse the imperfections of my wretched scrawl.

Ever, ever yours in Gospel affection,

HARRIS HARDING.

XXXVII. MRS. PECK, OF OHIO, U. S., TO MR. HARDING.

Johnstown, Licking County, Ohio, April 30, 1853.

My dear brother,—

It is a long time since I received a letter from you. I fear I shall not have the pleasure I have enjoyed in times past of receiving communications of that kind from you. Your age, I expect, will prevent it, and render a sufficient apology for the omission. I plead the same apology, in attempting to dictate a few lines to you. I feel the infirmities of old age increasing every year; and almost every thing around admonishes me, that this leprous house must soon be taken down. Our family connections are dropping off. Three of our dear sisters, and brother Israel are gone. We have been called to part with some of our dear children, while our lives are still spared.

The bearer of this will inform you of such things as you may be pleased to inquire of concerning us, and this country. Also as to the cause of religion; which is low in this church, and in all the churches around us. They have a form of godliness, with little power. They seem to forget the old paths, wherein the fathers walked. Many, I fear, are travelling in by-ways. There is too little distinction between professors of religion