

shall never have again one to lead us in the choir as you used to do.

We have had two other losses of dear friends this year,—one most distressing, Col. F. Strangways, and by the last mail we hear of the death of Archdeacon Woolcombe, an old Exeter friend. Our circle is indeed narrowing to a very small space. Will you accept our kind love and sympathy, and please to convey the same to her sister, who, I understand, is still with you, and believe me

Your sincere friend, JOHN FREDERICTON.



MRS. EWING'S TOMB AT TRULL.

*"... It is the good, and not the great things, of my life that bring me peace: or, rather, neither one nor the other, but the undeserved mercies of my God!"* — FRIEDERICH'S BALLAD.