

Jan. 29/19

There was one event of a temporal nature which I believe happened on account of my departure from the country, and which gave me much pain. My Father and Mother had retired to spend their declining years upon a small copyhold estate, which by birthright would have been mine. Upon this I had spent all my early days. The fruit trees were called mine, and some trees round the orchard and premises had been planted by my own hands, and were growing up towards maturity. There was not a piece of arable or pasture land belonging to it, to which I had not been repeatedly led by the hand of my mother. The whole had been owing to her industry, and to her prayers and grief. There died my father at the advanced age of ninety three years, and there also died my youngest sister rejoicing in the bright prospect of eternal glory. I visited her once upon her deathbed; she loved me; I think I can still see her raising her head from her pillow, and expressing the most affectionate and tender concern for my future and everlasting welfare. It pleased God that I