

Sunday Morning" In every
Section of this Large City, the
Sounding bell - is ringing out
its accustomed invocations to
all - To come and pay their bows
to the Most high God - And I like
many others sum today to turn
a deaf ear to the call - Its not
right, I know its not; Yet I
do not heed the invocation or warn-
ing - how is it with you, I
suppose you are regular in your
attendance at Church -

I will now try and answer your
letter - Yet I feel my inability to
do it justice -

Yes, the old year has passed away,
And like last friends, we at first
was saddened at the thought - but
the New year Stept in her place
And now we cannot realize
the difference nor feel the loss
we have sustained - is it not so