

to the Cathedral, for I am afflicted by a painful lameness in my left knee. The load of years begins to press upon me (I am now toiling through my 87th year), and my sight is both dim and irritable, so that, as a matter of necessity, I am generally compelled to employ an amanuensis. That part is now filled by a niece who is to me in the place of a dear daughter.

I need not tell you that the meetings of the British Association are still continued, and the last session (this year at Edinburgh) only ended yesterday. Let me correct a mistake. I met you first at Edinburgh in 1834, the year I became Canon, and again at Dublin in 1835. . . . It is a great pleasure to me, my dear friend, to see again by the vision of memory that fine youthful person, that benevolent face, and to hear again, as it were, the cheerful ring of the sweet and powerful voice by which you made the old Scotchmen start and stare, while you were bringing to life again the fishes of their old red sandstone. I must be content with the visions of memory and the feelings they again kindle in my heart, for it will never be my happiness to see your face again in this world. But let me, as a Christian man, hope that we may meet hereafter in