

"Sweet thoughts! may they be inscribed upon our hearts by the Spirit's saving power. O for more faith to take hold of the verities of the God-head! It does indeed seem strange that those who love you with the purest, strongest affection, should not be allowed to be with you, my dear child, in this hour of your weakness. I know your dear mother feels this to be a severe deprivation; but an all-wise One has so decreed, and we must bow in humble submission. 'Be still, and know that I am God.' We thank the Lord with our whole heart that your dear husband is able to spend so much of his time in administering to your comfort; that your daughters are all love and obedience; that kind friends come in to show their heartfelt sympathy and goodwill; but best of all, is the presence of your loving Redeemer, to lighten your pathway, and to fill you with hopes and evidences of future bliss.

"The sweet little son too must feel the withering touch of disease. Well, my love, heaven is a better place for him than earth. He is a lovely flower to transplant in the heavenly garden, and to bloom and flourish in the eternal Eden. There he will soon grow to angelic size, and to the perfect stature of a man in Christ Jesus. His infant soul has not been tainted with actual sin, but he will sing with you the same song, because redeemed with the same precious blood." \* \* \*

"Monday morning, the 6th. I could fly this morning, dear love, to your bed of sickness to speak words of solace to you, and to send a prayer to heaven for your loved babe upon the verge of heavenly glory; but I must not, cannot leave your dear mother for an hour. She may get to heaven before you, and be ready at heaven's gate to bid you welcome, and to say to her glorious Lord, 'Here am I and the child which thou hast given me.' Blessed meeting! Think not of the death-pang, love, or of the grave's gloom, Jesus has taken away the sting. 'O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?'

'The graves of all the saints he blessed,  
And softened every bed;  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying head!'

"But O think of heaven, bright, glorious heaven. Do you remember the morning, my darling, in Fredericton, when you rushed to your father's arms, exclaiming, 'The Saviour has appeared for my soul, dear pa, and pardoned my sins.' That was the happiest

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to break it

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