

our lost child will be ever at our hearts : when I remember her filial sweetness, her angel-virtues, her matchless perfections—the only view we had in life was to see her happy : that is past, and all is now a dreary wild before us. Time may blunt the keen edge of sorrow, and enable us to bear the load of life with patience ; but never must we hope the return of peace.

The shortness of life, and the consideration how much of our own is past, are the only consolations we can receive : it cannot be long before we rejoin our beloved child : we have only to pray for that ardently-expected hour, which will re-unite us to all we love.

Why will man lay schemes of lasting felicity ? By an over-solicitude to continue my family and name, and secure the happiness of my child, I have defeated my own purpose, and fatally destroyed both.