

mama to get out as soon as the weather will permit her—the country will soon have much to interest and attract with its natural beauties, always displaying the wonders of a mighty Creator,—nothing earthly so well calculated to soothe the spirits and compose the mind. We forget self, in contemplating His glorious works in beauty and usefulness.

“ELIZA DUNSCOMB.”

“ March 12, 1850.

“MY DEAR JANE,—The sight of your note yesterday evening, shocked me inexpressibly, and I had hardly the courage to break the seal, for I saw but too plainly that it was sent to tell the saddest news. The first glance at your handwriting confirmed my worst fears, and I could not help weeping bitterly when I found who the loved one was that had been taken from you. You have indeed been bereaved, but you have the sweetest and dearest consolation that can be afforded under such circumstances, even the blessed certainty that your dear father has entered into a happy, a glorious rest, where suffering and sorrow can no more reach him. ‘Thanks be to God who has given him the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord.’ Oh! my dear, in such moments what should we be? what should we do? without that gracious Saviour, in and through whom alone there is life and hope. May He be sensibly present with you all by the power of his Holy Spirit, and comfort and sustain you in this season of sorrow and trial. To his gracious care I commend you affectionately and earnestly. God is indeed dealing with you just now, but doubt not for a moment that he only chastens in tender love: not for his pleasure, but for your profit. ‘Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ You are constantly in my thoughts; and much, very much, do mama and I wish that we were near you, that we might do the utmost in our power to be of use and assistance to you. She unites with me in tender love and deepest sympathy. She would write to our dear Mrs. Durnford, but she thinks it best not to do so just at present. It was so very kind and considerate of you to write so to me, my dear —, but you are always full of thought for others. May our Heavenly Father richly bless and *fully* comfort you and yours, for Jesus Christ’s sake.

M. A. B.

“If you can, will you let me hear from you in the course of a few days.”

“ May 31, 1850.

“A short time after I had written last to you, my dearest —, on taking up a newspaper which had been some days in the house, without my looking at it, how was I struck by a notice in the Obituary!—and how did I regret my untimely letter! I would have recalled it if I could. I would have written immediately on receiving the melancholy announcement which had so surprised me, if I had felt I could say anything seasonable or soothing. All I could then offer—all