

scene in the midst of which we now are found, is unprecedented. No. In the mysterious progress of human affairs, under the pressure of mighty laws, guided by Him who established them, there are scenes of great and unspeakable suffering, concerning which it is impossible for us to say which is the darkest and dreariest, but we may truly say, nevertheless, that *this* is dark and dreary.

The congregation usually worshipping in this house called from his former sphere of ministerial labour, our now bereaved and desolate friend, to take the pastoral oversight of them in the Lord. We know that he was severely pressed with the question, What is duty? and after a sore conflict he came away to us, under a sense of duty to his Master and himself. His lovely and devoted wife, loyal to her husband's claims, and to her Divine Master's authority, gave herself ungrudgingly to the movement and sacrifice. She had to leave behind, father and mother and other relatives, besides a host of friends in their late sphere, to come amongst a people whom she knew not. When after her arrival, I expressed to her my sympathy with her, and the fears I had entertained prior to their decision, lest her opposition might prove fatal to our expectation of seeing her husband amongst us, she promptly and with gentle firmness said, "Where my husband sees it his duty to go I go; I would not venture to undertake the responsibility of deciding in such matters; I should never think of opposing," or words to this effect. This wife, the almost idol of her husband's heart, young, amiable, highly intelligent and cultured, singularly attractive in the quiet dignity and gracefulness of her manners and deportment, has been cut off after about six weeks' residence among us, leaving four little ones motherless, the eldest only four years old, and the husband of her youth and love, stricken and desolate.

It is a great sorrow, for not only are the circumstances just alluded to an aggravation, but we have in her death lost a most valuable worker for Christ. Burdened, as she has necessarily been, with cares in getting into a house, furnishing it, and giving to it the aspect of

a refined and comfortable home, she has, notwithstanding this, shown from the first moment a warm interest in all that has pertained to her husband's work, and to the welfare of the congregation. Besides, I had incidental proof—not obtruded, but incidental, that in Manchester she was greatly esteemed and beloved, on account of her sweet character, and of her lively interest in such works as women perform in a very large and well-organized congregation. We should have enjoyed a similar benefit had it pleased God to spare her life.

It is a great sorrow, for it is wringing with unutterable anguish the heart of a man whom we have already learned to love, and who is himself but partially recovered from a serious illness; and we can conceive how it will fall as a heavy, heavy blow on father and mother who so recently parted with their daughter in the midst of her little family, full of hope, and one of them giving to her the prospect of a visit from him next summer. Brothers and sisters also are among wounded hearts, and not a few in the large church they left in England. Our sorrows are augmented, I mean those of this church, by the consideration that this precious life may have been in some sense sacrificed for us. Great excitement is involved in such wrenching of ties as she has gone through. A loving heart is tremulously sensitive amid partings and farewells. Then there is the voyage with its care of little ones, and the introduction to new faces and scenes and duties, all fitted to task, if not overtask the physical system. We judge not on this matter, but the very thought that the thing is possible, augments our sorrow.

And now what shall we do? We cannot recall this loved one to her house and home on earth, and much as she loved them, we are persuaded she would deem it unkind to recall her, could we do so. There is a Father's house of home and worship, into which, we believe she has obtained entrance, through the power and grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom she trusted and loved. And that is a yet better home, brighter, sweeter, holier! What then shall we do? Seeing we sorrow not as they who have no hope, seeing a