

THE GOOD NEWS.

A SEMI-MONTHLY PERIODICAL:
DEVOTED to the RELIGIOUS EDUCATION of the OLD AND YOUNG

GOD'S PURPOSE IN AFFLICTION;

OR

THE SCEPTIC BEREAVED.

There are some things which God does to us, perhaps, with the simple object of making us feel that He is God. Then a controversy arises between us and Him, the issue of which is fraught with permanent consequences for good or evil in our characters and condition. If some one in affliction could express all that they think and feel, they would tell us that they do not like the character and doings of the Almighty, as they understand them. They would say: "We cannot help this. Men make impressions on our minds according to their character and conduct. These impressions are involuntary. We do not feel complacency in the character of the Almighty, as we view it."

Such was the sad, the fearful state of mind in an infidel, as I was talking with him about the loss of his three children, who died within a year and a half of each other. His second child, a daughter of seventeen, was drowned in a pleasure party; his eldest child, a son of nineteen, fell a victim to the cholera in a western city; and now his infant and his wife had just descended into one grave. The child, a week old,

lay on its mother's arm in the coffin. Several hundreds of people had been to view the sight; and many a spectator grew faint as he felt the hand of God in that dwelling, and said, "What desolations He hath made in the earth!"

It was toward sunset on Sabbath evening. I had been on an errand, for a Minister, respecting the supply of his pulpit for the evening service, and was coming through one of the parks on my way home, when I met this bereaved husband and father strolling listlessly along, looking dejected and pale; and, when he saw me, he lifted his eyes without raising his head.

"Which way are you walking?" I said to him. He had formerly visited in my father's family, and we were on pleasant terms.

"Oh," said he, "nowhere; I came out to get away from myself, and from my tomb of a house. Sundays are awful things to a man like me."

"Well, now," said I, "Mr. Winn, I was praying for you last evening, if you will excuse me for speaking of it; for never in my life did I feel so toward a human being as I have felt toward you. Some lines of