

On the 2d of November she wrote:—

"DEAREST PA—I had set apart this afternoon to write you a good long letter, but company prevented me from fulfilling my purpose. Dear friends are multiplying their tokens of goodwill, and what can I thank but the goodness of the Lord. I have been desiring lately more than I did to live; still I feel to submit all to my blessed Saviour—

'He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.'

Are you coming up on Saturday? I was so disappointed in not hearing from you to-day. Dear ma, my heart is full of love for her. I hope she continues improving."

The father was still prevented from leaving home by the continued illness of her mother, and therefore on the evening of Sabbath, the 5th Nov., he wrote her as follows:

"MY PRECIOUS DAUGHTER—I have just returned from our evening service in Germain Street, where I addressed the people from the 10th verse of the 46th Psalm, 'Be still, and know that I am God.' The divine existence declared, *I am God*. A solemn duty enjoined, based upon that existence: *Be still, and know that I am God*. Amid the overwhelming afflictions which have fallen to my lot, these are the bright truths which cheer me—these the sources of my consolation—these the foundation of my hopes. To see and know God in his creative energy, in his providential dispensations, in his redeeming love, is to see and know what will assuage our keenest anguish, dry up our tears of deepest grief, hush our murmurings, and fill us with joyous hope. What am I, that I should reply against my Maker's will? 'Clouds and darkness may be round about him, but justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne;' He governs in wisdom, in justice, and in love. 'Too wise to err, too good to be unkind.' How precious is that sweet hymn of Cowper, upon the providence of God:—

'God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
'Ye fearful saints fresh courage take!
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercies, and shall break
With blessings on your head.
'Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.'