

Yes! sure it is, though oft it make us shrink,
And crosses many plans we've fondly laid;
Yet, we shall praise the Lord for every link,
In all the chain of love His wisdom made.

Nor have we passed through one unneeded cross,
Or waters deeper than He bore us o'er;
Nay, gain we've found, where oft we counted loss,
And more his love we'll know on Canaan's shore.

Then let us cast our every care on God,
In simple faith upon His love depend;
With sweet submission kiss the chastening rod,
Sure only what is needful He will send.

The Death of John Burns.

My beloved father was taken away from home and many of his earthly friends, to his eldest son's to die. He would never have been taken from his children and partner, as he was, only for not understanding the work God had called me to. The summer previous to his death he was distressed above measure, and especially when God called me to this work of writing. God saw fit to not only command me to write, but every spare moment of the Sabbath was devoted to this work. He could not understand how it was that I should be commanded to leave the Church, nor indeed did I then see the reason, only I knew it was God, therefore I was not able to explain to him this mystery. He did not like to think that God would deal thus with His servant, and it was such an out-of-the-way command that he grieved over it continually; but the wisdom of God did not see fit to let him know anything concerning this thing. He grieved me very much on one occasion. He said, "If I thought it was God, I would not care if you would go to prison." But these "ifs" God don't like, for he knew in his heart that it was God, because he saw much of His goodness to me, and he