

Consort—one, whose conduct and wisdom and many noble virtues had won the nation's love and admiration—an event which the citizens of the Mother Country are even now mourning with unfeigned sadness—sadness still more profound on account of the sorrow of our beloved Queen, whom may God support and make strong to bear the affliction, which in his inscrutable wisdom, he has sent. We know, that out of all the evils that are born in time, God will educe some good that will remain eternally. Let this be our hope and consolation in all conjunctures, and though some dark shadows of doubtful import are apparent in our usually peaceful and lustrous skies, and are well calculated to make the brow grave, and fill our hearts with anxiety, let these only move you to stand firm to your duties in the day of trial and to seek more earnestly that blessing of God, which maketh rich and addeth no sorrow thereto—then shall this Christmas be a joyful one to you after all, and the voice of your Heavenly Father whisper to your hearts his love and mercy, that endure forever.—Amen.

