

gentle word for sin arises this day from among us, and enters the ear of a prayer-hearing God, that he will in sovereign mercy hear, and stretch forth his hand and spare us, and save us through the merits and mediation of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

FINALLY—We cannot leave the subject, without pressing on your attention an imperative duty which the subject suggests. If “*pure religion and undefiled*” before God, be to visit the widow and the fatherless, in their affliction, then let me appeal to the Christian philanthropists among you, and ask what provision can be made for the wants of those bereaved families, whose mental agonies are this day far too acute to permit their reflecting upon the wants of the body whether immediate or prospective. Within the past few weeks it has been my painful duty to stand by the sepulchre which received the remains of the husband, the wife and the son, while the tears of eight orphan children moistened the earth as the grave-digger threw it in. This is only a solitary case out of many. The widows and the orphans of our congregations have a peculiar claim on our generosity and regard; and next to them, the convalescent and surviving inmates of our hospital. Strangers from a far country—emigrants houseless and homeless—cast upon our shores, many of whom only reached Canadian soil in time to find a place of interment for a father or a mother; these claim our interest and our attention, for we ourselves are pilgrims as our fathers were, and sojourn as strangers in the earth. As Christians—as a Christian community—we are bound by the sacred genius and heavenly spirit of our holy religion, to look out for all such cases of peculiar bereavement and suffering, and provide for their temporal and spiritual wants.

If our blessed Lord and Saviour were to visit our earth—I would say our city—at this moment, where should we find him? Would it not be, as before, talking with the widows in their affliction—healing their sick daughters, and raising their dead sons? If his followers were to return to our earth, would we not find them, like Elijah of old, sojourning under the roof of the widowed mothers, and blessing their barrels of meal and cruses of oil? Would we not find the Son of Man and his faithful followers visiting our lanes and streets, and alms-houses and hospitals, and alleviating the sufferings and allaying the sorrows of the afflicted and the dying? Would we not discover in their conduct at this moment all the marks of what