

the Lord will support me under this afflicting trial. I hope it will yet be for my good.

It was rather singular that on the Monday evening previous to her death, we all heard three smart raps on the middle-room window. Sarah heard it too, and asked what I thought of it. The same rap was heard before —— death.

13th.—Sarah Sprott was yesterday committed to the dust in full hopes of a blessed resurrection. She was followed to the grave by a numerous train of mourners. The Almighty has taken away the highest of my created comforts. I hope to live nearer to Himself and to enjoy higher measures of grace.

15th.—Came to Newport along with brother James. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers met us at the door, and received us kindly.

20th.—Preached at Rawdon a funeral sermon for my dear wife from these words, "Man dieth and wasteth away." The people were much affected and shed tears in abundance.

TO THE REV. W. KING, RECTOR OF WINDSOR.

24th April.

I am here and well, and have received every attention from kind friends, but the wounds of the heart are too deep to be suddenly healed. The sun of my prosperity has set in a cloud, and my earthly happiness and hopes are buried in the grave of my wife. Her early death has made sad havoc of my affections and darkened all my prospects. She, whom I loved as my own soul, is as the clods of the valley. Her active limbs are mouldering in the clay, and her gentle and deathless spirit has escaped to the mansions of the just, to be

joine
appro
saint:
enter
Sh
Lord
Lord
the n
whic
and
frien
Sprot
said
an e
ways
these
with
neith
the a
Th
sever
I
music
spring
which
music
my e
with
of lif
affect
reach
tears
bleed