

in this sacred desk,—you will no more hear from his lips words to animate you on your Christian journey—no more will you see him spreading forth his hands, like Moses, in prayer, that you may be saved from your enemies. But while you deplore this, see to it that you do not forget that God is wise in counsel, and faithful in his dealings with his children,—that his chastening hand is laid upon you in love, and that he will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able to bear; but will, with every temptation, make a way for your escape. Treasure up in your hearts the instructions which your minister gave you, the warnings he addressed to you, and the consolations which he administered to your souls, and so live that you may be prepared to join him in that better land.

Most sincerely do we sympathize with his bereaved and sorrowing widow. Her loss is inconceivably great. She feels it to be so in the hidden depths of her soul. How can it be otherwise? The husband of her youth—the father of her children, so mysteriously and unexpectedly severed from her for ever! How afflictive the visitation! But we rejoice to know, that she is enabled, through Divine aid, to rest upon the promise, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” By faith she seems to hold communion with his enraptured spirit in its glorified felicity. It may be soothing to her to know, that thousands of prayers from ministers and people have gone up to heaven, in her behalf, saying, in all the tenderness of religious sympathy, and in all the strength of the Christian’s faith, “God bless the weeping widow of our departed brother, and bear her up in this season of overwhelming sorrow!” These prayers are recorded on high, and will be answered in the bestowment of those blessings, which she and her fatherless children so much need. She, I trust, will learn to appreciate more highly the power of prayer, and the sweetness of the promise, “All things work together for good to those that love God.” May the gifts of Providence, and the treasures of grace, be bestowed upon her and her little ones, in all needful plenitude, that when the trials of this life shall have passed, all may meet where the pain of separation is unknown, and where the soft hand of our Redeemer shall wipe all tears from every eye.

As might be expected, this *unfathomable providence* is peculiarly affecting to the one now addressing you.

Brother VERY and myself left St. John together, on Monday morning, as a deputation from our brethren here, to meet the anniversaries of our denomination in Nova-Scotia, with special reference to the