

away, and the decays of age have come upon me like the mist of the desert. I now see more than ever the beauty of a holy life. Were I able I would go through the world to preach Christ and Him crucified. I have traced the Almighty in all His works, in the starry heavens, in the blue skies, in the stormy seas, lofty mountains, splendid forests, green meadows, cornfields and flower gardens, but I have seen the most gracious tokens of His presence in the sanctuary and in the temples of religion. I can say with the Psalmist, one day spent in the house of God in the exercise of piety and devotion is better than a thousand anywhere else. It is a prelude to that happy land where congregations never break up and Sabbaths have no end.

To G. W. S.

*27th Dec.*

Charles would write you that John died at Fort Belcher on the 29th of last month. I have had a long stream of disappointments, afflictions, and trials. I sincerely hope they are all designed for our good and intended to prepare us for heaven. I followed two still-born children to the grave and two wives—jewels of the first water. John's death presses very heavily on his mother. Fell death, like an untimely frost, has nipped two of your olive plants. I trust they are translated to a better clime, where they shall flourish to everlasting ages. Mary must feel this stroke. Women are more tender than men. We are more our mother's than our father's. After nameless pains and perils they give us birth ; we are theirs by nightly watchings and daily cares. A mother's love to a son transcends all the affections of the heart. Mothers have the greatest influence in forming the character and in promoting morality and piety. Whenever I hear