

struck its roots deep, and expanded its branches wide, bringing forth the fruits of righteousness; or, to drop the metaphor, we had hoped that though we had lost a valuable member of our little society, in the removal of our beloved Christiana Jones, her dear child would be growing up to take her place in the church and in the neighbourhood. But "God's ways are not our ways, neither are his thoughts our thoughts." We knew not how much we loved her; but God who loved her better than any on earth, has, for some wise end, taken her to his better care and happier home in heaven.

"What can preserve my life, or what destroy?

An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there."