

How must that dear wife long to show you the little babe which, has become perfect in beauty! Oh, can you bear to think of being separated from them forever, Mr. W?

'I don't see but I must,' said he, 'If all you say is true.'

'No one but yourself will be to blame if you are not saved,' I replied. 'God has used the severest method to detach you from earth. He now admonishes you, by what you have suffered, that future and endless separation will be intolerable. Speaking to the Israelites, He tells them of their sufferings when they shall be separated from their children by enemies in war. 'Thy sons and thy daughters, shall be given unto another people, and thine eyes shall look and fail with longing for them all the day long.'—How insupportable is home-sickness to a husband and father in a foreign land, thinking that the ocean lies between him and his home. What weariness and restlessness you feel now, as you miss your wife and children. The world is a sepulchre to you. What would you do hereafter, to find that they are together in heaven, and, you banished from them?'—

'Well, I wish that I had never been born,' said he, 'and if there were such a thing as annihilation, I would soon find it.'

'Better be a happy spirit in heaven through eternity, as you may be,' said I. 'The time will come when you will look on all these troubles with a peaceful mind.—I love to say those words to myself: 'Thou which hast showed me great and sore trouble, shalt quicken me again, and bring me up again from the depths of the earth. Thou shalt increase my greatness, and comfort me on every side.' I shall not wonder if I see you again in a happy home, your feelings mellowed and chastened by affliction, and you in possession of rich joys, and exerting great influence by reason of your experience. God 'maketh sore and bindeth up: He woundeth' and His hands make whole.—'He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.'

His countenance began to brighten; and he said—"Hope is a blessed medicine after all; Pondera shut down the lid of her box in good time when she kept Hope behind, after she had let out all her plagues."

"That is a good fable," said I; "but

there is a better Scripture for you: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost." What a name that is, Mr. W.,—'the God of hope.'"

"I am glad I met you," said he. "I begin to think that I have been very foolish. There's no use of being so stubborn. I have stood in my light. If I had done better I might have escaped these troubles."

"I am glad to hear you bemoaning yourself said I. "Now turn to God, my dear sir; humble yourself to Him—for He is God, and you but dust. 'Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time.'"

"Whether He exalts me or not," said he, in a somewhat excited way, which startled me, "you have made me feel that I have a duty to perform. Walk in," said he, as we came to his door. He rang the bell. A middle-aged woman opened the door a little way, and peeped out, knowing that she was alone in the house, and feeling suspicious of every one who came to it.

"I want you to go with me," said he, 'to the spot where my wife died.'

The chamber was a little darkened, the blinds being partly shut. The full bed with its snowy white drapery, had an affluent look. The door of a cedar-wood closet stood open, and there hung a lady's dresses making me start at the thought of my intrusion into such a sanctuary; while I remembered, too, what mournful relics they were to this bereaved man. A little feature in a sad scene frequently occupies the chief place in our thoughts, and here my eye caught on the sleeve of a dress which hung out, with the bend in it made by the wearer's arm! How sick at heart did I feel; and what I should say to my friend in my frame of mind, I did not know, when I was surprised by the sound of his voice in prayer.

I looked round, and he was at the further side of the bed, kneeling, and lifting up his folded hands upon the white coverlid. I shall never forget his words. He stole round and knelt at some distance from him, while he said—