

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

To the Congregation of Trinity Church :

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

Two years ago, I addressed a short New Year's Letter to you, as had been my custom in my former Parish of Lunenburg, and since my connection with you; and I am led to renew the practice, by the kind enquiries of many of you, for the expected visitor to your dwellings. But how many eyes that read my last, are now closed in the silent grave! How many, then, in full vigor of mind and body, bustling to and fro in our streets, have vanished from our midst, and their names must be sought on the cold tomb-stones of the cemetery? Some have gone where none but the all-seeing eye can discover their wasting forms, and lie in the caverns of the mighty ocean; from whence, however, they will as surely come forth, on the great rising day, as if loving hands had shut them up within some ornamented enclosure, and planted the earth above them, with the choicest flowers that grow in our gardens. Yes Brethren, I need not tell you, that since I last took up my pen to address you, trying changes have passed over many of you. Perhaps it has been the loss of parents or husbands, or a loving wife, or dear children, or attached friends, who helped to make your lives happy. But whatever the cause may have been, you have had your dark hours, your tears and your heart aches, it may be in the last two years. Have they left a sanctified influence on your minds? "No chastening, for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous, but afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby saith the word of Him that comforteth them that are cast