

he has softened those sorrows, that he has sustained you under those trials; and looking beyond yourself think of what he has done for his Church and people.

Shall we thank him for the *present*, too, as we return to our work conscious of great unworthiness, great weakness, great unbelief, great difficulties? Yes! thank God for your opportunities? Thank him that he graciously permits you to labour for him, and ask that you may delight to do his will.

Shall we thank God for the *future*? the future yet far off, distant, dim, uncertain? O, it is none of these! It is not distant, for to-morrow is part of it, and you know what work to-morrow will bring with it, unless indeed it land you in eternity. It is not dim, save to those whose eyes are either fixed on worldly things, or filled with unbelieving tears. It is not uncertain; the promises of God in Christ are yea and Amen; and "the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."

Look back then! look around! look onward! all by the light that streams from the eternal city! and in all these thank God; and while you thank him take courage, or, as the dying teacher said:—"CLING TO CHRIST, AND GO ON WITH THE WORK."

A PARENTAL EXAMPLE.

"My dear and honoured father," writes Joseph Williams, of Alderminster, "has been dead now two years. His memory blessed, and will be for ever dear and precious to me. In him I have lost, not merely a loving father and friend, but a wise and able counsellor, a faithful guardian and monitor, and an excellent pattern of sobriety, watchfulness, self-denial, and diligence, particularly in his heavenly calling. He redeemed a great deal of me from his bed, rising commonly by four, and spending two or three hours, till the family rose, in reading, meditation, and prayer. He was a man of a hot, passionate temper, but through his great watchfulness and close walking with God, it very seldom broke out; on the contrary he was remarkable for his meekness, calmness, and stability. As he lived generally beloved by persons of all denominations, so he died much lamented. I have great reason to say God I had such a father. Oh! that I might more and more prize his excellent virtues! His death greatly impressed my mind, and roused me out of that spirit of sloth and slumber into which my prolonged marriage had betrayed me. Upon serious reflection, I became more sensible of the great loss I had sustained—was