

PREFACE.

The following pages form the substance of several discourses delivered on occasion of the visitation of God's providence by death to families connected with St. Andrew's congregation, Cnatham, N. B. Composed at intervals between the sick chamber and the study, the author cannot claim for them, nor will the reader expect that they should possess, the depth of a profound, or the grace of a finished, composition. But such as they are,—thoughts for the season of sorrow,—he presents them as a tribute of heartfelt sympathy to those who may be passing through a season of solitude and sadness.

Nothing need be added but to commend this humble effort to the blessing of Him, "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy."

"Go, little book! from this my solitude;
I cast thee on the waters; go thy ways;
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,
The world will find thee after many days.
Go, little book! in faith I send thee forth."

Southey.

ST. ANDREW'S MANSE,
Chatham, N. B.,
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