

upon the grave of a beloved wife, and there ask thy heart if thou wouldst barter the hopes of the Christian, for the doubts and fears of the Infidel.

Farewell, then, thou lovely one. Thou hast changed time for eternity; and the trials of earth, for the joys of heaven. Thou canst not return to me, but I can follow thee. Thou hast preceded me but a few short days.

Soon will I, too, shake off this "mortal coil," and then I will seek thee in the mansions of the blest. Till then, farewell

Yours, in affliction,

BENJ. F. MANIRE.

*Cotton Gin Port, Miss., Dec., 1854.*

DEAR BROTHER MANIRE:

Eight fleeting months have just been numbered, since you entered connubial life with that accomplished, beautiful and *Madonna*

The bridal morn was one of sunshine and felicity. Little did you dream that the cloud of affliction was so near the horizon of your brightest earthly anticipations! But remember, my dear brother, that very cloud is edged with white; and God can educe good from the deepest trials.

Let Mirabeau, in his moment of exit from time, exclaim, "sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that I may enter upon eternal sleep,"—but the Christian's shout is, "Thanks be to God, who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

O, brother, beloved in the Lord, what a treasure is the gospel! It melts down the misfortunes of time, as the sun the accumulated snow-drifts, and cheers on, amid the darkest night of trial.

Hope in Jesus, is an anchor in heaven, and smoothes the rugged descent to the tomb. And when the storm-god of afflictions howl around the abode of the dying saint, this anchor holds the bark of immortality steadily to the port of endless bliss; and the child of God rides safely home to glory.

My brother, you have recently witnessed that faith in Christ binds the broken heart, and heals the severed ties of nature, and imparts solace to the bereaved in pointing to a re-union beyond the swift flowing Jordan of death, where no *adieu*—no *farewell* is heard. There you will meet your lovely Mary in that blessed union, where the tear of separation shall not be shed, nor the heart bleed over severed ties. And here I may add, that God has implanted in man