

## AFFLICTION'S LESSONS.

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A LETTER FROM A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

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MY DEAR SISTER :—I thank you and dear M—much for having thought of sending me the account of the accident to your dear babe. It is indeed a sore trial to see one who is a part of ourselves thus taken off at one blow, and unexpectedly. Still, what a difference, to have the Lord's love to look to, and to believe one's babe—as I surely do—the object of it. It is a consolation which changes everything, because everything is changed. The knowledge of the love of God, which is come into this place of death, has brightened with the most blessed rays all its darkness ; and the darkness even only serves to show what a comfort it is to have such light. There is nothing in the heart but light ; nothing can make darkness when we have it. It is a world of sorrow ; and the longer we know it, and the nearer even we walk to the Lord, the better we shall know it to be such. I do not mean that none of our sorrows are chastenings : we know that they often are such to His most beloved ones, as we see in Job. By all, save Christ, there is all grace to be learned by them ; and even He entered into the sorrows of others, as arising from their faults and foolishness ; for His sympathies were perfect, and, blessed be God, they are.

He suffered for righteousness, and He suffered