

love the Saviour? (He died for children as well as those of riper years!) Why? All ye impenitent children, ask your own hearts this question, and reply to it by yielding yourselves willingly to Jesus Christ.

How sad to our hearts was the day subsequent to the funeral! After morning prayers, our father, laying the large family Bible upon the table, reseated himself, and covering his face with his hands, ejaculated, "My poor motherless children!"

It was all he could speak, although I felt his heart was burdened with something of importance he wished to communicate. We wept too—my brother Willie and I. Our father, soon recovering himself, in a broken voice said,—

"My children, you are indeed motherless; yet, as it was the will of God to take your dear mother to himself, it is our duty to kiss the hand that sent the affliction. We can cast this burden of sorrow upon our heavenly Father, trusting that he will sanctify it for our spiritual good. We needed it; God never willingly afflicts the children of men; all things are ordered wisely."

For some moments he continued talking in this manner, as if to convince his own mind of the duty of Christian resignation, so difficult a lesson to learn. At length he continued,—