

“You are a wiser man than I am, Mr. Forsyth,” said the elder, and sat down rebuked.

No course in life so invariably smooth and prosperous in its tenor that the consolations of religion — even regarding religion as a matter of this world alone — can be well dispensed with. There are griefs which come to all ; and the more affectionate the heart, and the greater its capacity of happiness, the more keenly are these felt. Of nine children which his wife bore to him, William Forsyth survived six. Four died in childhood ; not so early, however, but that they had first engaged the affections and awakened the hopes of their parents. A fifth reached the more mature age at which the intellect begins to open, and the dispositions to show what they are eventually to become, and then fell a victim to that insidious disease which so often holds out to the last its promises of recovery, and with which hope struggles so long and so painfully, to be overborne by disappointment in the end. And a sixth, a young man of vigorous talent and kindly feelings, after obtaining a writership in India through the influence of his father’s old protégé, Mr. Charles Grant, fell a victim to the climate in his twentieth year. Mr. Forsyth bore his various sorrows, not as a philosopher, but as a Christian ; not as if possessed of strength enough in his own mind to bear up under each succeeding bereavement, but as one deriving comfort from conviction that the adorable Being who cared for both him and his children does not afflict his creatures willingly, and that the scene of existence which he saw closing upon them, and which was one day to close upon himself, is to be succeeded by another and a better scene, where God himself wipeth away all tears from all eyes. His only surviving son, John, the last of four, left him, as he himself had left his father more than fifty years before, for a house of