

Letters: Mrs. Milne on the death of her father (1)**Andrew Bonar:****ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.****COLLACE, F. C. Manse, Dec. 13th, 1855.****MY DEAR MRS. MILNE,**

—I write because it might be some variety to you in your sojourn at Hastings, something like a visit. We felt for you in your bereavement, for a father is altogether peculiar, so peculiar that you know the Lord represents our nearest access to Himself by saying it is our being able to call Him 'Abba, Father;' ay, to 'cry' thus to Him, to speak it loudly, firmly, not faintly, not fearfully—to 'cry' in the ear of angels, 'Jehovah is my Father,' to 'cry' in the ear of the Lord Himself, 'Thou art Abba!'

Dear friend, this is left to you, this supplying of an earthly father's place by more frequent 'crying' to the Father above. And as you do so, lo! there is one at His right hand who smiles on you and calls you 'Sister!' It is your Elder Brother, the Lord Jesus; for He says that 'whoever does the will of His Father is to Him "sister."' And then the silent but most mighty Comforter, the Spirit of grace, He breathes on you while the Father smiles, and while Jesus owns you. What life He breathes, what thoughts, what hopes too! One of the hopes He breathes is 'Come, Lord Jesus,' the hope of the day of meeting in the presence of the Lord, all the friends that He has removed from time to time. I was much struck to-day by a simple thought, viz. 'our joys are only beginning.' Yes, the joys we have tasted are mere foretastes. Have you noticed in Eph. 2 'that in the ages to come He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us.' All we get here is but an earnest and no more. And then, as truly as our joys are only beginning, so our sorrows are ending. They will soon be over: our last tear shed, our last sigh heaved, the last wrinkle on our brow smoothed away by the hand that places on our head the Crown of Glory! 'Come, Lord Jesus!' Will you sometimes pray for us?—Yours truly in the Lord,
ANDREW A. BONAR.