

The Empty Crib



A Book of Consolation.

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The empty crib

She







THE CHILDREN OF
GEORGE AND MARY

George

Mary

THE
EMPTY CRIB:

A Memorial of Little Georgie.

*WITH WORDS OF CONSOLATION FOR
BEREAVED PARENTS.*

BY
REV. THEO. L. CUYLER,
BROOKLYN.

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GEORGE SIDNEY CUYLER,

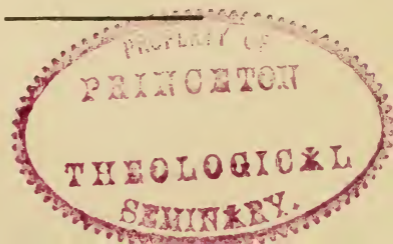
ONE OF THE TWIN CHILDREN OF

REV. THEODORE L. AND ANNIE E. CUYLER

—◆—
BORN IN BROOKLYN, JULY 9, 1863.

WENT HOME TO HEAVEN, APRIL 19, 1868.

—◆—
“The one shall be taken, and the other left.”





Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in
heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.





“Who plucked that Flower?”

CRIED THE GARDENER, AS HE WALKED THROUGH THE GARDEN.

HIS FELLOW-SERVANT ANSWERED,

“THE MASTER!”

AND THE GARDENER HELD HIS PEACE.

[Inscription in an old English churchyard.]





And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that
day when I make up my jewels.





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MEMORIAL.



AFTER the death of our dear boy, a very large number of tender and beautiful letters of condolence reached us from all parts of the land. As it was quite impossible for us to reply to all these kind letters, it occurred to us that the most fitting response would be to prepare a brief sketch of our child, and of the touching circumstances of his death, and to send it to those whose words of sympathy have been so grateful. Many of these letters contained words of precious consolation that are as well calculated to comfort other bereaved parents as they

were to comfort us in our first great sorrow. Such passages from them as could be printed, without any violation of delicacy, have been wrought in with the following brief narrative. Both the narrative and the succeeding articles are published simply and solely with the hope that they may be a solace and a blessing to some hearts in the great *Household of the Sorrowing*.

This is the largest household in the world. There is hardly a dwelling "in which there is not one dead." In almost every home there are stored away, among its most cherished treasures, a little photograph, or a box of toys, a torn kite, a halfworn cap, or a pair of tiny shoes. They all tell a story too deep for tears.

Into such homes I have been called, like other pastors, a thousand times. I

have sat down beside the afflicted fathers and mothers in my flock, and tried to comfort them. I have read to them the heavenly messages of consolation, and knelt beside them as they rocked and trembled under the tempest of their agony. But how often have these mothers said to me, "Ah! my pastor, there is one thing in this world that you never can understand until you have felt it for yourself, — and that is the sensations of a parent over his or her *own child* as it lies in the first awful silence of death. You must go through all this for yourself, and then you can realize what it is we suffer, and what it is that our smitten souls most need." After hearing such things, we have come back to our happy home and said, "Oh! if those lessons are to be learned only by having the little crib emptied in *this* house, may the Hand that takes the

treasure be the same Hand that can open our eyes to see the infinite blessedness of a sanctified sorrow !”

Three years ago, in a half-playful description of “A New Home” (in the New York “Evangelist”) I wrote, “What sorrows this home hath in store for us, God only knoweth. Perhaps in yonder nursery a little crib may grow deeper until it deepens into a grave. Father, not as we will, but as Thou wilt.” The prophecy is fulfilled. And I trust that it will not be an indelicate exposure of private griefs if a father’s heart utters, at such a time, a few words to the large and ever enlarging circle of those who mourn beside a deserted cradle, or in a silent nursery. As one of old has said, “these pages, if thou be a father, thou wilt pardon me; if nocht, then reserve thy censure till thou be a father.”

OUR little GEORGIE and his twin-brother Theodore came to us on the ninth of July, 1863. The double gift of our heavenly Father to us called forth peculiar joy; and from that birth-hour until that chill, dark Sabbath night in which they were parted, they never gave us one moment's pain or displeasure. They never cost us any but tears of thankfulness. The twofold care, even in earliest infancy, was a twofold delight.

They were both consecrated to God in baptism a few months after; on the day of the service I preached on the Mission of children as the instructors of their parents ("He set a little child in the

midst of them"). The sermon closed with a quotation of the following pathetic lines : —

“I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played ;
I shall miss him more by the fireside
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride ;
And they will speak, with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house, —
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our soul shall have no blight,
And our love no broken ties ;
We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide ;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.”

Some of our congregation expressed their surprise at the allusion to the death of children and the quotation of such lines, and thought them ominous.

For nearly five years God spared our noble boys to be the sunlight of our dwelling. "I almost envy you those rarely beautiful and lovely twins," wrote the Rev. Dr. P——, of New York. Usually the first inquiry of our visitors was to "see the boys;" and many an one has said to us since, "Georgie was far the most beautiful boy I ever saw." "Give me one of these," our brother Newman Hall used to say at our fireside, "for I have none in my nest at home." Those who recall the little fellows, as they were led by their faithful German nurse Gesine through the streets of Brooklyn, or in the park at Saratoga, will remember the peculiar loveliness of Georgie's countenance. It was a face to dream about. His photographs (which are skilfully engraved for this volume), give no adequate idea of the flood of joyous light that seemed to

beam from his large lustrous eyes and bewitching mouth and golden hair. There was a fine vein of poetry in his nature. Among the first words which he ever uttered were "moon" and "'tar," as he gazed with infant glee at the heavens, from his nursery window. At three years of age, when riding with our friends at Cedar Cottage, his constant exclamation was, "Oh! see the beautiful clouds!" One day when he came in from the garden, he said, "Mama, I've been to see where the strawberries *are sleeping*."

There is a mystery about twin-life that affords a constant study to the parent. Sometimes the resemblance, both in features and in character, is so striking as to make each one the shadow of the other. The only marked likeness between our twin-lads was in the tint of their fair complexion, and of their hair. Georgie,

though the most delicate at his birth, became much the larger, and possessed the most keenly sensitive nerves, and the liveliest exuberance of spirits. Neither his feet nor his tongue could move fast enough to keep up with his ardent temperament. It was quite in character with him, that one of the first prayers he ever uttered was in these summary words : "O God, please to make Georgie a good little boy, *right away!*" A sweet archness of expression played over his countenance, while he was making his droll speeches or practising his roguish fun, that was quite inimitable. As he was playing horse rather violently in his mother's room, she corrected him several times without his making any answer ; at length he said, "Mama, doo know that *horses never talk.*"

From their early infancy the boys had

been, in part, under the care of an excellent German nurse, "Neenie;" and she continued with us until she saw her "sweet lomb" (as she used to call Georgie) close his eyes in death. Neenie was their almost constant companion in the nursery, and often in their walks. No recollection is more familiar to our neighbors than the sight of the little German woman pushing a double baby's carriage along the sidewalk; or, when they grew older, leading one by each hand. How proud she felt when passers-by halted to admire their beauty, or to steal a kiss on the little velvet cheeks! She taught them to count and to say their prayers in German; and from her they acquired a sort of broken half-German brogue that made Georgie's droll speeches all the droller and more entertaining. The boys were very much attached to

their nurse. But when his mother asked, "Georgie, which do you love best, Mama or Neenie?" he replied, "Mama, dere is a difference in my love. I love Neenie a sousand dollars; but I love *doo* more than tunc [tongue] can tell."

The color of a faithful negro servant was a perpetual puzzle to him. At length he discovered a solution that was about as satisfactory as the theories of some writers on ethnology in our times. Seeing a painter putting a fresh coat of black on our iron railing, he asked with much earnestness, "Is dot de mon what painted Diana?" He was accustomed to see domestic servants and coachmen calling with messages for me. One day he peeped into the sitting-room, and saw me talking with a worthy brother-pastor of an "African church." When I came out, he inquired, "Papa, *whose* colored mon

was dot in de sittin'-room?" I replied, "My child, he was nobody's man; he is Jesus Christ's servant; he is a minister." With a most ludicrous look of wonder he said, "Well, I soodn't sink any minister would be so culled as dot."

The tall figure of Dr. M—— was about as much a study with him as the origin of color. When the doctor had left the house, after a professional visit, Georgie asked, "Mama, how *high* is Dr. M——?" The answer was, "He's six feet." "Oh, dear! *six feet!* Where does he keep 'em all?" When we used to ask Georgie, "Of what are you made?" instead of the usual answer, "Of the dust of the earth," he always persisted in saying, "I'se made of blood, and of flesh, and bones, and hair, and nails." How plainly we can hear him repeat his amusing paraphrase of Joseph's history, in which he told us

how "his brothers took him out of de hole, and sold him to de Arabs, and dey put him up on de commel, and he had a nice ride down to Egypt and *growed and growed till he got to be a gentlemon.*"

While recording these sprightly speeches and winning ways, we do not set up our dear child as a prodigy. He was not; nor did he ever display any morbid mental precocity.

Both the boys had superb health, and enjoyed their play to the top of their bent. Once, when playing in the third story of our house, they daringly crept out of the dormer-window into the eaves-trough! and when their affrighted nurse found them there, and drew them in, one of them cried, "O Neenie! we was lookin' to see how pretty it is down in the garden!"

After this providential preservation of their lives in their third year, and after

their happy deliverance from many of the perils of early childhood, we confidently trusted that they were both to be spared to us. Their mother spent much solicitude in securing a large photographic picture of them; and it was brought home but a few days before Georgie's death.

It was a singular coincidence, — the superstitious would say an omen, — that, on the day preceding his death, Georgie was playing with his blocks in the nursery, and when his mother asked him if he was building a house, he answered, "No; I'm makin' a coffin." Coming in from digging in the garden, he said, "I've been makin' a little grave!" The little hollow in the earth which the dear hand made that day is there yet, with the bits of wood and brick beside it. To his grandma, — who watched the white cap and blue cloak that day, bending over the task with so



GEORGIE
| in his third year |

much glee,—that miniature “tomb in the garden” is the most touching and cherished relic of our lost treasure.

In a bon-bon he found a piece of candy singularly shaped like a tombstone; and bringing it to his mother, he said, “Mama, I’ve found my tombstone.” After eating it, he said, “There, I’ve swallowed it! Will it kill me?”

On the evening of the seventeenth of March, a “church-sociable” was held at my residence, and many of our beloved congregation gathered to offer their congratulations, as it was the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding. Music and conversation occupied the happy evening; and, at the close, I took the bright, merry boys in my arms and made an off-hand address of thanks to our guests. The boys never looked lovelier; and when it was over, some one asked, “What *would*

you do if one of them should be taken from you?" Our reply was, "We have had nearly five years of perfect happiness in them already, and if they were both to die to-morrow, we should always thank God that He gave them." That was the *last* evening in which the wee lads ever were brought in together to see our visitors.

A few days later, their mother made her last excursion with them. It was to witness the panorama of Bunyan's "Pilgrim," at the Athenæum. The pictures of the fiend Apollyon, of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and of horrible Giant Despair, rather terrified Georgie, who was always timid. At length he covered up his eyes, and said, "Don't make me look again until *the angels come.*" Blessed boy! they were not far off; and very soon the "gates of pearl"

which the Dreamer saw in vision, were to open to his coming footstep.

In the diary of the teacher of the infant class of our sabbath school I find the following loving record of our boy's brief career under her faithful teachings: "Georgie C—— was one of the sweetest lambs of our infant flock; his affectionate temperament, gentleness, and other lovable traits drew our hearts to him at once. We have felt for some time that if there was a representative from our pastor's family called for in heaven, Georgie would be the one selected. I recollect, at one time, he recited a part of the hymn 'Jesus loves me;' after endeavoring to portray the Saviour's character in a way that a little child's mind could appreciate, a tear stood in his eye; he was asked, 'Georgie, do *you* love the blessed Jesus?' and his face lighted up with one of his sweet smiles,

— ‘Oh, zes, mam.’* The last lesson he recited will never be forgotten, — a verse from the Psalms. The lisping tones of his voice still sound in my ear as he slowly repeated, ‘Hide me — under de sadow — of dy wing.’ When we heard there was sickness in the pastor’s house, not having had the slightest intimation who it was, we said to ourselves, ‘The messenger is at the door; Georgie is called for; such loveliness is not often permitted to remain in such a world as this.’”

Georgie grew sweeter and more winsome every hour during the last winter; and, sometimes, when he came home from the sabbath class, and laid his golden curls on my shoulder, and repeated his hymns in so tender a voice, I felt a secret tremble at the thought that so

* Georgie never said *yes*; but always “zes.”

much treasure was intrusted to so frail an earthen vessel. On the sabbath preceding his death, he came in from the school, and shaking the snow from his coat, marched up to me, and began to repeat the verses he had committed to memory, "God is love," and "Knock, and it shall be open to doo," and "Hide me under the shadow of thy wing." Already was that "wing" being outspread to hover over our darling; but our eyes were mercifully holden, that we saw not its coming. The card which he brought home that sabbath from school, and which was discovered afterwards in his little box, contained the appropriate passage, "They shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

The day before his departure from us was spent in frolicsome and happy play. We observed a peculiar flush on the faces

of both the boys, but it excited no alarm. At the tea-table they both stood up, and repeated, in jocular style, a bit of verse which their cousin had taught them:—

“As I was walking out one day,
A sinkin ob de wedder,
I spied a pair ob roguish shines,—
A neat and happy fedder.

She looked at me, I looked at her,
My heart it went tit-tat,
And den see turned so smililëe,
How does doo like my hot?

Oh! I sink it's gay and pretty too,
Dey look so well togedder,
Dame glossy coorls and yockey hot
Mit de rooster's fedder.”

When Georgie had finished his in his broad amusing pronunciation, he kissed us all “good-night” for the last time, and ran laughing from the room. As he was put to bed, he roguishly said, “My little footies are tired at both ends.” Hearing his mother pass the nursery, he said,

“My sweet little mama, come and kiss me good-night; I want to talk to doo.”

Early on the next morning (sabbath, April 19th) the dreaded scarlet fever—most mysterious of all permitted scourges of the fireside—smote his lovely form with a violence past all skill to arrest. The first symptoms were a vomiting, accompanied with a high fever, and a racing pulse. The usual *rash* did not make its appearance. The malignant poison of the disease seemed to crush the whole nervous system at once, and in a few hours he lay in an entire collapse, like that of the Asiatic cholera. He suffered no acute pain,—only complained of being “tired;” but the livid and purple hues of his delicate skin told how rapidly death was changing his countenance, and sending him away.

The sermon which I had before pre-

pared for that very morning was on reading aright the discipline of our heavenly Father, — especially in the death of our children! In that sermon I said, "A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow than I have pitied the mother of a departed joy. Parents, spare your tears for those whom you have laid down to sleep in their narrow beds of earth, with the now withered rose-bud mingling with their dust. *They are safe.* Christ is their teacher now, and has them in His sinless school, where lessons of celestial wisdom are learned by eyes that never weep. Save your tears for your *living* children, if they are yet living in their sins, unrepentant and unconverted." The sermon closed with the hymn (selected the day before):

"My times are in thy hand,
Great God! I wish them there."

I had already prepared and marked for the *next* Sunday a discourse on the words, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted!"

While this almost prophetic service was going forward in the church, Georgie seemed to have the premonition — which often makes a dying child wiser than parent or physician — that he was near his end. He repeated his cradle-prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and then a part of his favorite Sunday-school hymn:

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong;
They are weak, but He is strong.

Jesus loves me; He has died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
And bid His little child come in."

After he had finished this most perfect of modern child-hymns, he looked up to

his mother, and his nurse Neenie, and whispered, "Does Jesus love me? What will Jesus *say* to me when he sees me?" We flattered ourselves with the vain hope that he might survive until the next day, and accordingly I left him for a couple of hours, to fulfil a most important pulpit engagement. The little fellow kissed his hand to me, and his feeble "bye-bye" were about the last words that ever fell from his lips. The agonizing convulsions presently came on; and soon after sunset, our glorious boy lay cold and silent on his pillow. Our Sabbath evening was his bright and endless Sabbath morn!

I was dumb; I opened not my mouth, because
Thou didst it.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;
blessed be the name of the Lord.

AS the tidings of his death spread through the neighborhood, there were wakeful and weeping eyes in nearly every dwelling. One of the neighbors preserved, as long as she could, on her parlor window, the faint print of his little hand, left there the day before his death; and other such touching proofs of affection for the child reached us from many quarters. The old Irish gardener came weeping to his work in the garden. "It e'en a'most *kills me*," said he, "not to hear the boys halloo to me from yon nussery window."

Our Lafayette - Avenue congregation were celebrating, that evening, the anniversary of their mission-school, in the church. The Brooklyn Union of next day, in its report of the celebration, says, that, "While Mr. Thompson, of Ohio,

was speaking, a message was received that one of Dr. C——'s twin-children had just died, and Mr. T—— spoke most touchingly and eloquently of the sad event. A feeling of sorrow settled upon the whole audience; and, after a hymn by the children, they were dismissed." A valued friend, who was present at the service, gave such expression to her feelings and those of our beloved congregation, in the following letter, that we cannot refrain from inserting it.

"Well do I know, my dear Mrs. C——, how utterly inadequate are human words to give consolation in such a trying hour; but be assured that the household of our pastor, over which death has thrown his gloomy pall, and the bereaved hearts bowed in sorrow there, are held in tenderest remembrance by the whole church. In each household within it are thoughts

and words of sympathy which must find expression. 'Hitherto,' as Mr. C—— said in his remarks at the funeral of Mr. Crook, 'no badge of mourning has ever hung at the door of his own dwelling, or any coffin ever yet passed its threshold,' — so never before have we had occasion (in the great mercy of God who has spared you) to have our hearts drawn out, and our tears to flow for you. But now this sorrow is taken up and shared by *all* as one common sorrow. I was struck, on Sunday morning, with the intense interest felt by the entire congregation in the sickness which had invaded your dwelling; and when at night it was announced that 'little Georgie had gone home to heaven,' how all hearts were thrilled! How many low, earnest words were spoken sadly, and how, as in one great family, did the sorrow seem to per-

vade the church ! It must, in some measure, comfort you to know that in your affliction we too are afflicted. I have seldom known a church which seemed so much like one great harmonious household, — the result of the untiring efforts of your husband and yourself to create friendly feeling, and of the cordial hospitality which you have always exercised towards us. May you all have your reward now by the outpouring of sympathy from the many hearts you have blessed !

The form of your trial is peculiar to you. The gift of two beautiful children at once is seldom granted ; and these two, — *how beautiful* they were ! There must be a certain pleasure and pride enjoyed in a pair of such lovely boys that no single child could give ; and I think we all felt this pride and admiration too. Now

that the twins are separated, and so suddenly, what *can* I say to comfort your bleeding heart? Nothing, perhaps, that you will not hear from others; but I do so long to lift your thoughts (as mine were in my bereavement) out of this earthly home up to that beautiful home, through the pearly gates of which has flown your darling child. The sweet flower, lent to you a little while to adorn your dwelling, and so tenderly cherished there, is now transplanted to the garden of the Lord, where it will expand into more wondrous beauty than any earth-culture can create. Oh! could the veil which hides him from your view, be lifted for one brief moment, and you behold the radiant glory of that upper world; could you but see the seraph-form winging its flight in snowy whiteness toward the throne of God, and there amid the

angel-choir singing the angel-song with happy voice, — without a fear or a home-longing, — how would you be comforted, and, in time, *rejoice* that in his innocence and purity he was "*for ever with the Lord*"! Tread softly now; for you are the "mother of an angel;" and from out of that shining band of little ones, gathered to beautify the Palace of our Lord, one lovely cherub shall watch and wait to welcome his "sweet mother."

May Jesus, the "Man of sorrows," so fill your heart with the rich consolations of His love, that you may be sustained through all this trying scene, and be able to yield your precious treasure, un murmuringly, to Him who doeth all things well! "What we know not now, we shall know hereafter." May the God of all the families of the earth put underneath you His everlasting arms of love, to shield

and protect you; and as this link is formed with the heavenly world, may you be gathered there at last, an unbroken household! Will you please to put these flowers in little Georgie's casket?"

"Little Georgie loved flowers," wrote one who was very near and dear to him. "Often have I gathered them for him. Please place this cluster in our darling's hand. They have been watered with my tears. Their silent language may tell of the wealth of love and tenderness, and the agony of grief that fills this heart at the memory of the angel-child."

From many sympathizing hearts, in one of the most generous of flocks, came similar fragrant tributes. To the cluster of flowers (arranged in the form of a cross), which were sent by Mrs. C——'s sabbath-school class, was appended the motto: —

“We say, ‘Good-night, Georgie, dear!’
The *angels* say — *have* said,
‘*Good-morning!*’”

From a household in Philadelphia, to which the twin-laddies were especially dear, came these soothing words, on the day of the burial. “We are thinking of you all at this hour, fancying the change which death has made in the aspect of every familiar room in your cheerful house, and not yet able to banish the sound of children’s voices. ‘The boys’ are everywhere still.

“Yet we know that in *one* room must lie the darling of all hearts, ready for his burial. God comfort you in the sad hour of this day when you take him out of the house, and come home again without him! We shall all be thinking of you this afternoon, and of the new-made grave in Greenwood. Who would have said that

Georgie must be the first to take possession of that silent home? God seems most like a *father* just now, when he comes, and, with an authority we do not think of questioning, chooses the little tender child for whom we had thought no one but ourselves could care properly, and places him at once beyond the reach of all harm. I am sure you can say, 'We shall always be glad that he was ours even for a few years.'

"But then to be always missing Georgie, always reminded of him by the sight of Theo., about whom, sweet little lamb, there seems a sort of forlornness, when without his playmate!—oh! one needs a great deal of comforting under such thoughts; and sometimes thick clouds will appear, to keep out every ray of light. The photograph of the boys lies close by my pen, and as I look from my

page to the two faces, I cannot think that one is *so changed*. Sweet Georgie! what thoughts did he have when he asked 'what Jesus would say to him'? We shall always think of him when the children say that hymn, 'Jesus loves me,' of which they are so fond. Yesterday, when brother Theodore's boys came over, they seemed to be awe-struck, as if something they could not comprehend had befallen Georgie and Theo.; — how the two names seem to flow together as if we never could separate them! Dear cousins, I know you will not turn away from *any* source of comfort; and whatever the sympathy of friends can give, you now have in the richest abundance, and in heavenly consolations infinitely more."

Well might our dear friend say that "one needs a great deal of comforting" when they go into a nursery that rang

every day with the music of merry voices, and find it silent; and beside an empty crib, see, by the dim light, only a white sheet covering a little form whose stillness makes the heart ache! In such a chamber of silence with what a heavenly sweetness does the voice of Jesus say to our aching heart, "THY SON LIVETH!"

On the afternoon of April twenty-second, — a golden spring day, when the early violets were opening to the sunshine, — we bore away our darling to his burial. The simple story is told in the following passage from the "Union" of April 23d: —

"Yesterday afternoon the burial-services of little Georgie Cuyler took place at his late home in Oxford Street. The house was thronged; and friends, unable to gain admission, lined the sidewalk, stood in groups in the yard, and crowded

the piazza. In the parlors, the hall, and everywhere were flowers in profusion; many of them were wrought into the most tasteful forms of crowns, crosses, anchors, stars, and other fitting devices. Over the medallion likenesses of the boys was a superb floral crown, and on the white casket rested an exquisite cross of fragrant buds. The Rev. Theodore S. Brown, of the Memorial Church, read the Scriptures; Rev. Dr. Hall made the opening prayer; Rev. Dr. Duryea made an address and offered prayer; and Dr. Cuyler uttered a brief testimony to his assembled people, on the sustaining grace of God in trial. The choir of the church sang the two hymns,—‘Jesus loves me,’ and ‘Peacefully sleep;’ and at the close of the services, the remains were taken to Greenwood.” Georgie’s resting-place is on Fountain Hill, by

Rill Path, in a plot wherein no one else has yet been laid. When we lowered the precious sleeper into his narrow bed, it seemed a cold lonely spot to leave a delicate child. But we parents must remember that it was in just such a spot the MASTER lay; and from His tomb in Joseph's garden, as from His living lips, issues His divine command, "Suffer the little children to *come unto Me.*" It is only when we open a gateway of earth for the body, that He doth open to the spirit a gateway to glory, —

"And bid His little child come in."

In arranging this simple Memorial of our child, this seems to be a fitting place to introduce two poetic tributes which may well be laid as chaplets on his new-made grave. The first one is from an unknown friend in Virginia. The other

is from a gifted authoress whose productions are already familiar to the American people.

WHAT WILL JESUS SAY?

SUGGESTED BY THE LAST WORDS OF GEORGIE
CUYLER.

“He looked up to his mother and whispered, ‘Does Jesus love me? What will *He say to me* when He first sees me?’”

“I KNOW that He loves me, mother;
I know that He hears me pray;
But when He sees me coming,
What will Jesus say?”

When He hears my little footstep,
Will He cross the crystal sea,
And bid out from among the angels
Come to welcome me?”

All through that April sabbath,
With head on the mother’s breast,
The sweet child murmured of Jesus
Till the sun was low in the west.

Then the door of heaven opened,
That had been ajar all day,
And our darling alone could answer,
“What will Jesus say?”

We know that He went to meet him ;
We know that a piercèd hand
Was the first that clasped our dear one's,
In the bliss of the better land.

We cannot grow used to the silence ;
We listen all the day
For the voice that made such music,
For the voice that's far away, —

For the merry foot on the stairway,
For the voice like a silver bell ;
And Thou knowest, O our Father !
How hard to say, *It is well !*

The cup is very bitter
Pressed to our burning lips ;
The shade of that April sabbath
Hath left our lives in eclipse.

But our hearts are lifted higher,
In the holy hour of prayer ;
And our heaven hath drawn the nigher,
And grown exceeding fair.

On the grave we scatter flowers ;
But our glorious boy hath gone
Where no shadow of death shall darken
The flowers around the throne.

And the sacred touch of sorrow
 Wafts from earth's cares away,
 As we think how sweetly he whispered,
 "What will Jesus say?"

M. E. M.

NORFOLK, VA.



THE TWINS.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GEORGIE C—, APRIL 19

I SAW twin-lilies on one stem
 Pure, beautiful they were to see!
 Life's morning dew on each, — a gem
 Shone in the sunlight lustrously;
 Almost alike, and yet in them
 Strange difference there was to me.

I passed again; but one was gone —
 The fairest *that* — the first to fall!
 Its lily-mate drooped all alone
 A frail sweet flower, the gardener's all
 Yet not his all — a rose had grown
 Before within his garden-wall.

I heard the voices of twin-birds,
 Fair fledglings of the sunny Spring;
 Their notes seemed like prophetic words,

Fulfilled when one at morn took wing,
Leaving his mate among the herds
Of mortals and of beasts to sing.

I saw twin-children, noble boys,
Fairer not Beauty could create!
They loved: yet one cared less for toys
And more for dreaming than his mate.
Death sundered these! Now heaven employs
The high-souled boy in seraph-state.

The flowers that grew upon one stalk,
Will blossom never as before;
The birds that cheered the garden-walk,
Will sing in sweet duet no more;
But those twin-souls rejoined shall talk,
In the new life, their first life o'er.

O large-eyed boy! and were those eyes
In which such depth of love we found
Opening so wide on Paradise
While our short sight by earth was bound?
Did he the child, than man more wise,
See that *his* life lay all beyond?

Who would recall him from that life?
Would love parental see again
Its darling in the mortal strife,
Or growing up to sin and pain?

If meet that dust to dust be given,
'Tis meet that beauty should return
In all its freshness back to heaven.
We give but ashes to the urn :
The flame by which life's shell is riven,
The soul of Beauty cannot burn.

E. C. K.

NEW YORK, May, 1868.

While the form of our precious child was yet lying in the nursery, his twin-brother (who had been removed with his sisters, for fear of contagion, to the house of our kind friend, Mr. H——) was seized with the scarlet-fever, though in a less malignant form. The rash made its appearance immediately; but the prostrating effect of the disease brought him into great danger, and this danger was increased by a sympathetic suffering about his lost mate. Before either of the children were informed of their brother's death, little Theo. wakened Mary in the night, and said, "Mary, do you know

Georgie is an angel?" "I don't want to get well," he whispered to his nurse when at the worst: "I want to go and be with Georgie. Don't give me any more medicine."

On Wednesday afternoon, about the hour when his brother was borne away to his burial, Theo. looked up suddenly, and said, "Nenie! why didn't *you* look up and see Georgie when I did?"—"Because I did not know that Georgie was here."—"Why, yes: he was," the boy replied: "he just came and put his little face right in that little round hole" (pointing to the arch above his bed), "and looked at me, and then went away." The nurse inquired, "How did Georgie look?"—"Just like he always did," the child replied, "only that his hair was brushed away back. I think he had wings, but I didn't see them." When asked afterward,

"Why didn't you speak to Georgie?" he answered, "I didn't think it best, mama, because he was an angel." The impression of having seen his twin-brother on that day remains to this moment in my child's mind as firm and distinct as any recollection of the past. I record the singular incident without either comment or conjecture.

For five weary weeks, which the little fellow bore with uncomplaining patience, our devoted friends and his physicians watched over him with untiring fidelity. He often hid away his face, and seemed to be mourning the loss of his other self. In his childish frankness he once said, "I think God was real *mean* to let Georgie die; I wont have anybody to play with." Older people have *felt* quite as rebelliously as the bereaved child; only they were not willing to say it as bluntly.

Sitting on his mother's lap by the window, she spoke of his brother's spirit, and he said, "I knew Georgie's *body*; but I don't know his *soul*." Looking out towards the sky, he inquired, "Mama, is Georgie in the white cloud, or in the blue?" Again, as his mother said, "Theo., Allie Edsall is almost the only one Georgie knew when he got to heaven," the child gravely answered, "O mama, you forget Jesus." It was a trying day to us when the little fellow sat at that window, and watched the children of our Sabbath school march past in their anniversary procession, with their badges of mourning. The infant-class banner, that the twins were to have carried, was draped in black. As the younger children passed the little survivor in the window, they took off their hats, and sang Georgie's death-bed hymn,

"Jesus loves me, this I know." There has been many a statelier procession in honor of eminent departed officials, that has not touched so closely the fount of tears.

Another trying day was that to us when we brought our surviving son back to his home, and to the empty, silent nursery. The playthings were there just as before, — the kite which Georgie had flown on his last day of happy health, and the little block which he had held in his hand when he fell asleep on so many a night. On the wall were hung the big letters, — the "round O," and the "crooked S," — which he had tried to repeat over when he lay dying of the fever. The slate and pencil were there in the nursery drawer; but the little hand that made pictures for us had "forgotten its cunning" in the grave. Theo. felt the

meaning of all this as keenly as we did ourselves, and for many days wandered lonely over the house, as if searching for his lost mate. Awakening the first morning in one of his pensive moods, his mother asked him, "Wouldn't you be glad to see Georgie come back into this room now?" With a very confident tone, he answered, "Mama, he *is* here! Whenever I'm a good boy, God always sends a sweet, happy little angel to stay with me; and I'm sure He wouldn't send any one but Georgie." All these may seem to be but trivial incidents to record even in so unpretending a volume. But remember this is a child's biography, and is written for the eye and heart of those who know how much of every home-life is made up of the childish words and acts of those young mirrors in which we see ourselves. This is written, too, for those who know

too well what it is to wait and weep in vain, —

“For the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

But to resume our narrative. During his visit with us, last autumn, my beloved brother, NEWMAN HALL, of London, became very fond of the boys, and had many a merry romp with them, carrying them around the room on his back, and swinging them up in his arms to the ceiling. Georgie went into these romps with a glee that made his eyes glisten; and one of the most characteristic pictures of Brother Hall in my memory, represents him cantering through the house, playing “pig-a-back,” with a jolly face peering over each shoulder.

On the last sabbath morning of his sojourn in America, he sat in my family-

pew, and heard a few simple thoughts on God's method of dealing with His people in "stirring up their nests" of domestic enjoyment. One of the earliest letters of my friend, after his return to London, commences thus:—

"How little I thought, my dear C——, when I heard you describe (as I felt you did) your own flaxen-haired child, that it was *your* nest, which was to be thus "stirred"! God help you! Mine is the constant grief of never having had a child in the home-nest. Yours has been the repeated joy of receiving — the continued joy of retaining — such treasures; and now, all at once, you have to endure the blow of the sudden *removal* of the object of such accumulated love and delight! Only He who gives can help you to endure the stroke; and His name is *Father!* But this means, oh, how

much! Dear boy! I did not think, when I mounted him on my shoulder, and played with him, that I was so near a *cherub* (soon to be). What remarkable intelligence and childish faith he seems to have indicated! Those traits of intellect and early goodness endear him the more, and aggravate the loss. Yet they show the beauty of the work of God in him, and his meetness for such a promotion. It would be an impertinence to remind you of any of the trite arguments of consolation.

“It is all very well to be told how he has been saved from the sorrows and perils of earth. You wanted to see him *upheld amid* the perils by God’s grace, doing a brave, true-hearted man’s work in *this* life, and then receiving his reward up yonder. It is easy to say that he has “only gone on before.” You wanted him

as a companion *here*. It is a grief, — a terrible loss, — which I can only imagine. But He who made a father's heart knows the pain, and knows, too, how to soothe it. May He be with you and your sorrowing household, and give you sunshine through your tears !”

In a later letter, Brother Hall says, —

“I keep the photograph of your dear boys on my table before me where I write. You would have been here, and I rejoicing in your fellowship, and enjoying with you some of our old English scenes, if your boy Georgie had not gone home to heaven. But his was the *best journey* after all. It costs many tears to see those we love taken there ; but we could hardly be so selfish as to call them back. ‘I shall go to him,’ said a bereaved father of old. Heaven is not far off. You and I *may* have to go there by a slow train ;

but then, again, God may send for us by the 'express'! And wont one of us look out for the other? Which it may be, God only knoweth. I sometimes hope it may be myself. My precious mother is visiting us at the age of *eighty*; but we must soon part from her. Love to her has been a passion from my infancy. I shall so want to go when she goes. But it is best to have *no will* of our own; but to wait our Master's will, and meanwhile to do diligently and thoroughly each day's work for Him."

I trust that my brother will not chide me for giving to other eyes this glimpse into his own heart-life. But the author of "Come to Jesus" belongs to the whole Church of Jesus; and to them every syllable of this artless letter will be fragrant with the "odor of the ointment." With this epistle of Christian love, came also

across the water a like expression of sympathy from my old Brooklyn associate, and now the pastor of the American Chapel in Paris. Let bereaved parents read this and the succeeding letters as if every word of consolation were addressed personally to them.

PARIS, FRANCE, May 19, 1868.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND FRIEND, —
The papers brought me the sorrowful intelligence of your bereavement several days since; but I thought you might possibly be on your way across the ocean before a line of fraternal sympathy could reach you. Last sabbath, I was gladdened with a sight of your elder T. M. S——'s face in the chapel; and I learned from him, that you now feel obliged to relinquish the idea of an European tour this summer.

In my precious photograph-book, where the images of dear old Brooklyn friends meet me with a look of welcome that often draws tears to my eyes, there is a card with thy face upon it, and opposite, in one chair, are cuddled up together the forms of two babies that you and I crowed over more than once, when "the twins" were an "institution" in your household. I am not ashamed to say, my brother beloved, that I have wept bitterly over those mementoes of years ago. My heart is full for you in what I know is one of the keenest afflictions you were ever called to suffer. I wish no wish more tenderly this morning than that it were in my power to utter one word that would give comfort to you and yours.

You know that every word I now send you is written out of the very valley of

the shadow of death in which I have been treading these weeks past. In the loss of him who was at once a brother and my own child all in one, I have suffered beyond any experience I have ever known in a somewhat tried and broken life. And so, down here in the dark, I cannot say that I bid you welcome as you come down. Such "misery does not love company." But I feel an irrepressible desire to help you somewhat, and lift you as I can.

It is just a question now how we are to stand such shocks, and not betray the hopes and promises of the new life. "A good man struggling with adversity is a sight for the gods to look at," said the heathen long before Christ came to earth. And may we not feel a thankfulness and glory in the thought that even now there is no shadow between our Father's face

and our own? My poor head, on the stone-pillow, looks right up through all space, without an intervening cloud, to the very presence of the Master; and I am ready, this moment, to whisper to any ascending angel on the ladder, "tell him I am unbroken and acquiescent in His will!"

Meantime, I doubt not that you feel, at times, that terrible sense of *insecurity* which makes you look tremblingly on every thing that yet remains to you. Some of us have been through all that, and it does not come to any thing. Such misgivings may distress us sorely; but they do not render any thing we love the more unsafe. To fear an earthquake, may make one restless; but it does not do any thing like heaving the earth after all. God does not follow our foolish alarms; but He follows His own pur-

poses. And one of those purposes is to hide His face for a moment; and another is, with everlasting kindness to draw those who trust Him. Whom He loveth, He oft doth chasten.

So, my dear old fellow-worker, I stretch out my hand to you over the ocean. We cannot carry each other's burthens; but we can entreat each other to be brave and unflinching. "And Jonathan, Saul's son, went forth into the wood unto David, and *strengthened his hand in God.*" Never doubt for a moment that not only will it be "well with the *child*;" but you will more and more see that "it was good for me to be afflicted." The sweetest office of Agnes' "little key" was to open the locked hearts of those who had been bereaved of their children. Praying for you, over and over again, that our

good God will be pitiful, I remain, as
ever, Fraternally yours,

C. S. R.

One of the venerated pastors of the "Collegiate Church," in New York, had been prepared, by no small measure of bereavements, to "weep with those who weep;" and three-score years of experience of God's grace enabled him to send us these words of fatherly sympathy:—

"Since I heard of the sudden death of your lovely twin-boy, it has been in my heart to write you. I am not a stranger to like afflictions with this in which God has visited you and your household. Of the eight children whom the Lord gave us, He has removed six unto Himself; three in infancy, one in early childhood, and the two whom you remember, at the ages of nineteen and twenty-one. None but a parent who has been similarly tried,

can enter into full sympathy with you. An additional interest was imparted to your little boy, in being one of the lovely twins. There is an exquisite tenderness in the heart of a mother, which a father's may resemble, but cannot equal. My wife desires me to express her tenderest sympathy with yours. May she be drawn, by this very sorrow, closer to the Saviour who has taken her little lamb into His own arms in heaven! May this trial deepen your own experience of that Saviour's love, and enable you to minister more effectually the consolations wherewith you are comforted, to the children of sorrow. Your Redeemer is with you in this furnace; and not a hair of your head shall be harmed.

“Your brother in the faith and service of Jesus.

“T. D. W.”

Out of the fulness of his warm heart, — that heart which has so endeared itself to his Rochester neighbors, in their hours of trouble, — Dr. Shaw sent us this characteristic note.

“I see by the ‘Evangelist,’ my dearly beloved brother, that a shadow has fallen upon your household. But it is the shadow of the One who came to *give* as He came to take, the shadow of Him whose shadow is *light*. My brother and sister, how gladly would those who love you take this great grief and divide it among themselves, and not leave one single drop for you. This we cannot do; but perhaps something better than this. We can commend you to Him who heals the broken hearts, who binds up the wounded spirit, and who can restore all that He takes away, — and how much more beside! Oh, what a child that will

be when you meet him again! so glorious, so wonderfully changed, that, like Mary at the sepulchre, you will have to look the second time before you can recognize him.

“But this is a sacred as well as a sad hour, and I would not trespass on it, much as I love you, much as I would do for you. Alas! that we should find ourselves so weak, in that hour when we would do the most. Again I wish you, dear, dear friends, grace, mercy, peace, and consolation, — and all in that One who hath dealt the blow!

“J. B. S.”

The intimate associate of many happy hours wrote me from Stockbridge, Mass., on the same day: —

“I was very much surprised and pained, on taking up the ‘Evening Post’ in the cars last night (on my way here), to find

the announcement of your little boy's death! My dear friend, what can I say except that it is the Lord's doing, and therefore *must be right*. He knows just what is best both for you and for the child. He has gathered another lily to the Conservatory above. The Lord Jesus loved him more, and has done more for him than you can possibly do, and HE has taken him. I think that I can, in some faint degree, realize the great blank which this must make in your household, for the little ones so entwine themselves about our hearts, that any rupture of the strands is like breaking the very heart-strings themselves. But this will make one more attraction to heaven, — having one so dear already there before you. He has gone to that blessed household so largely composed of little children. He will hunger no more, neither will he

thirst any more, nor will the sun light on him, nor any heat. But, with the Saviour who so loves little children, he is in the Golden City, in a bliss of which we can form no conception. May the blessed Comforter give you of His comfort, and enable you to say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!'

"Affectionately yours,

"P. C."

"The elder saints
Seemed to my eyes a countless multitude;
But these *cherubic babes* outnumbered them,
As the dark pine-trees of Siberia's wilds,
Unfell'd, immeasurable forests, yield
In numbers to the ferns and summer flowers
Which grow beneath their shadowing boughs,
And fringe their gnarlèd roots with beauty."

BICKERSTETH.

On the same sabbath in which our darling boy left us to "go up higher," my good friend Governor Buckingham was

called to part with his wife, — one of the noblest of women and of wives. The last time I ever saw Mrs. B., — at Saratoga, — our boy was standing by her side ; and two more perfect pictures of exuberant health there were not in that whole drawing-room. In a note, sent us a few days after his wife's departure, the governor says, —

“I had noticed the death of your dear boy, which occurred on the same day on which my beloved wife was called into that joy which is to be found only in the presence of Christ Jesus, whom her soul loved. I know what it is to bury all the hopes which cluster around a beautiful, bright, and only son, — a little younger than yours ; and in that grief we can to some extent sympathize with each other. But you know not what loneliness and desolation follow the re-

moval of the very light and life of your home. God grant that you may be kept in blissful ignorance for many, many years! I pray, too, that God may find it best to spare your other dear boy; and may he comfort you and your dear wife abundantly! We will struggle on a little longer; and then meet these loved ones where there is no pain, no sickness, no sin, no sorrow.

“Ever yours,

“W. A. B.”

I find it very difficult to know where to stop, as I look at the piles of kind and sympathetic letters which lie before me, — every one of them moistened with tears of gratitude as they were read. One touch of sorrow makes the whole world kin. Perhaps one reason why God leads us into the vale of bereavement is that our hearts may warm to-

wards others who are suffering the same griefs as ourselves. When we have laid one of our own children in the grave, every other little grave becomes an object of interest; and we can hardly pass a doorway with a white ribbon floating from it, without a desire to go in and inquire the particulars of the tender sorrow, and to offer a syllable or two of condolence. No stroke touches all hearts like the death of children. "My eyes are still wet from reading the story of your little boy's death in the 'Independent,'" wrote an eminent civilian to us. The tenderest episode in Lincoln's career of trial and glory is the breaking down of his father's heart over the loss of the boy "Willie." To this day, Horace Greeley is ready to turn away from the most gifted and entertaining guests, and to talk, by the hour, with any one who

will listen to him, about that beautiful and idolized son "Pickie," who was buried nearly twenty years ago. I know of few finer passages from Mr. Greeley's prolific pen than the following, with which he closes a statistical sketch of Lake Superior and its shores:—

"Who shall then know or care that I, a tired wanderer from the city's ceaseless strife, once roamed along these shores, patiently turning over the pebbles and sand, in search of agates and cornelians, or joyously gathering the red berries of the mountain-ash,—and all for thee, dear son of my heart! polar summer of my rugged life! then so anxiously awaiting me in our distant cottage home, as now more calmly in the radiant Land of Souls? God keep me worthy of thy love through the weary years, till I meet thee and greet thee in that world where the

loving re-unite, to be parted no more for ever."

I should like to have *known* that nobleman who is said to have kept a certain box beside his bed as the most treasured article in his mansion, and, in his will, made a provision for its farther safe-keeping. After his death, the box so sacredly guarded was opened, and, instead of imagined stores of gold or jewels, it was found to contain only a few playthings of a darling child, who had died many long years before! How true to nature is the New-Testament history which pictures to us the ruler Jairus hastening to bring the divine Healer to the bedside of his sick daughter, and the anxious father beseeching the Saviour to "Come down, ere my child die!" Then, as now, the blow which makes the heart bleed the soonest is that which falls upon the head of a beloved child.

It has been from those parents who have themselves been bereaved that we have received many of the sweetest letters of condolence. In the subjoined passages from a few of these letters are the experiences of some who have learned in their own homes the lessons of an empty crib. The first is from the author of that delightful hymn, —

“ My faith looks up to Thee ! ”

BIBLE HOUSE, N.Y., April 21, 1868.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I know that sorrow is a sacred thing, on which a stranger has no right to intrude ; but I do not count myself a stranger, though we have not met as often as I could wish. If I have no other ground to justify my sending this note, this you will allow to be a valid one, that my dear wife and myself have committed seven sweet chil-

dren to the dust! All of them that was *mortal*, I mean; and now we always think with a tranquil joy of our family in heaven. Full well we know how to sympathize with you. Our own experience has been, that the sympathy of those who have themselves suffered has somewhat more of meaning and of comfort in it than that of most others. I do not doubt that you will take this affliction lovingly, as from the hand of your faithful Lord; and that He will send you such special gifts, such delightful revelations of Himself, that you will have no difficulty in saying, "He hath done all things *well*." It is, probably, in part, for the sake of their flocks that ministers are called to suffer; that, like our Lord, we may the more readily be touched with a feeling of others' griefs. A child in Heaven! It is a thrilling thought. I

never knew how much there was expressed in the Bible of divine love to little children till I searched for it beside my precious dead. I pray God to give you and yours all comfort in this great sorrow, and believe me,

Faithfully yours, R. P.



JERSEY CITY. April 23, 1868.

MY DEAR AND AFFLICTED BROTHER, — Although not claiming the intimacy with you accorded to many others, yet to-day I feel very near to you, by the similarity of our grief. Twelve weeks ago, this day, God, who kindly gave us our twin-boys, took one away. He spared them both, in mercy to us, three and a half years; but one grew too lovely for earth, and our heavenly Father took him unto Himself. Every Thursday is sacred to us, on account of the memory of our lost

treasure, — lost to us, but gained to God. Every grief is *solitary*, and God only knows our grief, and He only knows yours.

This sorrow we must so heal (by the divine help) that it may make us purer and stronger for the Master's service. May God sanctify your sorrow greatly, and give you the support which I *too sadly* know you will need! *Bonar's* hopes are ours, — as he gives them in the lines, —

“Years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallowed up of life,
On that immortal shore.

“Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
And smooth that golden hair;
Then shall we kiss those lips again,
When Lucy shall be there.”

In deep sympathy, yours,

G. H. P.

ALLEGHENY CITY, May 16, 1868.

MY DEAR SIR,—If it ever falls in your way to visit Allegheny Cemetery, you will there see “a flower” on *three* “little graves.” “*Anna*, aged seven years; *Sadie*, aged five years; *Lillie*, aged three years;” all died within six days, and all of scarlet fever! It sometimes may reconcile us to our own affliction to hear of one still greater elsewhere; and this is the reason why I, a perfect stranger, venture to trespass upon you in your sore bereavement, and to tell you of my heartfelt sympathy. I am especially drawn towards your suffering household because your beloved boy died with that dreadful disease, the scarlet fever, which, in its malignant form, no medical skill seems yet able to master. May God, in his all-wise providence, spare the life of the remaining twin-boy.

Our little ones were as lovely in character as in appearance. We trembled often at the thought that their stay with us might not be long, as they seemed to be ripening for heaven. The older ones were wont to pray often for me when I was away, and very tenderly for me, if any thing occurred to trouble or grieve me. When Annie was sick, and she saw a tear on my cheek, she wiped it away, patted my face, and said, "Don't cry, dear ma; you are a dear good ma; but let me speak to God." She clasped her little hands, and said, "O God! wont you please make mamma *try* and *not cry*, and please take the pain out of my knees. Amen."

When Sadie was brought into the room, attacked in the same way (with severe vomiting), she smiled sweetly, and said, "Ma, I am not much sick." I said,

“Daughter, would you be afraid to be much sick, and perhaps die?” Her cheerful answer was, “No, no: if God wants me, I am willing to go.” When the sprightly fairy-like little Lillie with her golden curls, was brought into the nursery, — prostrated from the first, — she faintly said, “Dear ma, when us all die, us will all be in heaven; and that is such a nice place.”

Oh, what a sorrow was this! God grant that His hand be *stayed* with you! I can feel now that all that affliction was needful for me. When I go to their three little graves, week after week, and place their favorite flowers there (as they come in their season), I fancy that I can still feel that soft little hand patting me, and saying, “Don’t cry, ma; *don’t cry*.” When there, I realize that their spirits are near me, and I come home comforted and re-

freshed. It may be so with you and yours in days to come.

A READER OF THE INDEPENDENT.*



NORTHVILLE, CAYUGA Co., N.Y.,

July 9, 1868.

MY DEAR MRS. C., — When the sad intelligence of the death of your beautiful little Georgie reached us, it found us most anxiously watching at the sick-bed of our aged father; but he is now quite restored. Not a day has passed that I have not thought of you and of your great sorrow. I have made numerous attempts to write you, which have only ended in blinding tears and choking sobs. I know so well how bitter a cup it is to drink when a darling child is snatched

* This is but one of many kind letters received from unknown "readers of the 'Independent,'" and "of the N.Y. 'Evangelist.'" .

away so suddenly : one of my own household's treasures was taken in the same manner with only a few hours' longer illness. I know, too, how poor and powerless are words to comfort the heart so sorely smitten as yours. When all looks dark, and the sunshine even is sad, and even what once made life joyous but adds to its gloom ; when every thing around you reminds you of the loved one, — then there is only One, who, in such an "even time," can give you "light."

I know how painful must this, the anniversary of the birth of your dear boys be, bringing back as it does so many sadly-sweet memories of past joys and disappointed hopes of a bright future for noble Georgie ; for we love our little ones not only for what they are, but for *what they are to be*. I cannot express to you

how much I loved and admired your little boys. (I hope I did not covet them.) *Theo.*, with his merry prattle and winsome ways; *Georgie*, with noble brow and thoughtful face, — once seen, were never to be forgotten. I have ever loved them, and felt such an interest in them as I felt in no others.

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S. M. A.



[An Indian letter, — enclosing seeds of flowers.]

VERMONT, May 19, 1868.

For many moons the words of the pale-face brave have come to the heart of his red sister, — sweet as the murmuring of rippling waters to the thirsty lips of the weary wanderer. The steel tongue has come to the ear of your red sister, and told her that the Great Spirit has entered the door of your lodge, and taken to the

happy hunting-ground a light from your wigwam. Ah! my brother, the Great Spirit has a beautiful garden, where live the little red and pale-face papposes, free from all earth's storms. The Great Spirit, my brother, can take better care of your little Georgie, give him a better home, and an education among the angels! The oak grows strong by the storm. So will your love to the Great Spirit grow deeper, since He has taken to His care your beautiful boy.

Will you plant on his grave these star-flowers? As they come up with their sinless blossoms, may they cheer you in your sorrow, and bring him near in memory and hope! Few places on earth are nearer heaven than the spot where rests our dead.

Your red sister has said her talk, and would hear from the pale brave. With

greetings to the gentle partner of your sorrows, I am yours in Christian love.

Your red sister, C.



WEST 44TH STREET, NEW YORK,
April 20, 1868.

The shadow has indeed fallen upon your household, and one of its sunbeams has been shut out. I know how dark is that shadow, and how yearningly the heart seeks after its sunbeam; and with deep sympathy and sorrow, I take you by the hand, and mingle my tears with yours.

I well remember the dear boy, as I saw him at Saratoga last summer, so full of life and promise, so joyous, twining himself so lovingly about your hearts; and the thought comes welling up, — has that life gone out? Is that all that

we are to have of Georgie? No, no: he is not dead. The Master had need of him, and said, "Come up higher," and so, on that holy day, sent His chariot of winged angels, and took him home.

My brother and sister, look not into the grave: your boy is not there; he is above, with the redeemed; his life has just begun. Look up, and see him in the arms of the blessed Jesus, who smilingly says to you, "Suffer the little child to come unto Me." In the spiritual garden, you have now a new interest: your own plant is there; and the great and good Gardener has Himself undertaken its culture. You may be sure it shall become a glorious tree. Let not your hearts be troubled: a heavenly mansion has received your darling boy, and ere long you shall go to greet him there; then, if not before, will you learn

the full import of those blessed words, "What I do, thou knowest not now, but shalt know *hereafter*."

T. S. B.



OH! what sorrow, my precious friends, has this day brought me: for your sorrow is my sorrow; and your grief, mine also. G—— called me in hurried accents, and read to me the terrible announcement. Can it be possible that the angel of death has snatched away one of those lovely cherub-boys, the pride and joy of your home? Would to God it were impossible! Oh that I had wings to fly to you this moment, to tell you how my heart is overwhelmed by your grief! Amid your tears, and in your deepest sorrow, let your hearts swell with gratitude, that his precious twin is still spared to you! God bless, sustain, and comfort you both; and

bind your hearts all the more closely to each other and to Him!

S. C. H.



THIS morning, I was telling little Charlie — our only son, and two months younger than your treasure — all you have written in the "Evangelist," of Georgie's illness and death. When I told him that Georgie asked, "What will Jesus *say* to me when He sees me?" Charlie answered immediately, "Mama, He will say, 'Suffer little children to come to me, and *forbid them not.*'" Those words of the blessed Jesus, coming in such a response from the child's lips, had such an heavenly sound, that I thought, surely those mourning parents would be comforted by them! No words can comfort you like those of the precious Saviour. Yet blessings, rich and large,

may be given you, in answer to the prayer of many, who, like us, have never seen you face to face.

N. K. H.

MICHIGAN, May 10th.



MY interest in your twin-boys has been deepened by seeing their beautiful photographs; and I can realize how keen the pang, how poignant the anguish of separation. I hope that by this time the consolations of Jesus have soothed your grief, and fortified your courage to endure what your heavenly Father has laid upon you. These mysteries of His providence are tests of the faith of a Christian heart; and though we cannot help wondering why a child of light and hope and grace should be removed, while our streets are noisy with waifs born into sin and misfortune; yet we, who see the love

and care of a heavenly Father over the world, can believe His wisdom, and trust His goodness. I hope that the rest of your children may be spared to live and to work for Christ, which is the highest end of life here, and which takes hold of heaven hereafter.

MRS. G. L. F.



DEATH emptieth the house, but not the heart. That keeps its darling safe, even though out of sight. I know well the ache of utter loneliness, the silence never broken by a sound we still keep listening for. These are *His* ways to draw us nearer Him. Then lean heavily on Christ. Lie down on His promises; claim them for your own. Although affliction's rod is made up of many keen twigs, they are all cut from the tree of life. Did it never occur to you that there

is a great spiritual want about those Christians who have *never suffered*? Leighton says, that "God had only one Son without sin, and never one without suffering."

A *goodly* portion of my own life has been spent on the bed of an invalid, shut out from all the cheerful and useful activities of life. But my meditations of *Him* have been sweet. During my invalid life, — one of intense suffering, but yet a life of perfect peace in Jesus, — your husband's writings in the "Independent" have so comforted me, that I would fain return to you both even one little ray of spiritual comfort.

A. E. A.



WE lost our first-born, a bright beautiful "Georgie," born one year before your own. On the Sabbath morn he came,

and at the noon of another glorious Sabbath he breathed his last sigh upon my bosom. Thenceforth how inexpressibly nearer and dearer are Jesus and heaven!

We have been along the shore of the "dark flood," and held the hand of our darling until the surge swept black between. But the path to heaven has been bright ever since, and still his footsteps shine along the air, and the gates above stand evermore ajar. Our best love and prayers are for you in Jesus.

MR. AND MRS. G. L. T.



I HAVE just noticed an article of yours entitled "Gathering the Grapes," and in another column of the same paper, the death of your little twin-son. I know something of the sorrow that has come to

you ; for we lost our dear boy at two and a half years of age.

Yet I am sure that even in this "wilder-ness" into which you have been brought, your heavenly Father will "give you your vineyard from thence" so that the Valley of Achor shall be to you a door of hope. Thank God ! we sometimes get a taste of "the grapes" in what many would deem strange and dreary places ; and even amid the dry sands of the desert, the rich clusters are brought to us by un- seen yet gentle hands.

J. M. C.



WHAT can human sympathy do but commend you to the great Consoler, who wept with the sisters in Bethany? He only can heal bleeding hearts. My earnest prayer goes forth to Him that He will sanctify your grief and make your

life richer and sweeter, and gently guide you towards the land of Beulah where the shining ones shall often visit you this side the river.

J. E. H.



How the poor stricken heart turns, in its yearnings, toward that unseen world, the home of our loved ones! If it were not for our faith in the *certainty* of the life beyond, how *could* we bear such blows as this? To consign our lovely cherubs to the tomb, is a prostrating agony; but when we can raise our heads in the serene hope of a re-union, the keenest edge of sorrow is tempered, and we can feel with Whittier, that, —

“Somewhere and somehow we shall meet again.”

The conviction, too, that *God is good*, and doth not afflict willingly, helps us

steadily forward, giving us gleams of light in the valley of the shadow of death.

F. L.



To me, there was always on little Georgie's face such a sweet pensive expression that it seemed almost heavenly; and I can easily behold him now, by the eye of faith, as a sweet little angel in the bosom of the Saviour. Heaven will be nearer to you than ever before; and I know it will be dearer.

M. S.



God never loves us better than when He sends us bitter troubles. He so mingles mercy-drops in our cup, that we love more and more the hand that touches us, even though we bathe with sorrowful tears that hand to which we cling. The river of sorrow is often a *new baptism for*

the ministry. May it be so to you, and "as one whom his mother comforteth," so may God comfort you!

M. E. G.



HEART-THANKS, my dear friend! for the *sacred* picture, and for the touching story of "The Empty Crib." Had you or had I kept silence, the very stones would have cried out. Perhaps few feel more for you both in this dark hour than I, who learned early the lesson of grief, and so lately saw your cherub-boy in all that mysterious beauty which seemed to foretell his early recall to the children's Paradise. Truly it is no common trial to lose *such* a boy, and to see such a tie as bound him to his bereaved mate, torn asunder in a moment. Such a wound cannot be bound up save in the "balm of Gilead," and by a Saviour's hand.

The photograph you sent me cannot do justice to a soul-beauty like Georgie's. As for my verses, so unworthy of the heavenly child, they are yours; do what you will with them. How truly were "angels whispering" to your boy when he spoke those dying words! Favored ones are we who have little ones training in the school of heaven. My first and fairest entered that *High School* a quarter of a century ago. With a loving kiss for the "other half" of your now glorified child, and for his bereaved sisters,

Yours ever,

E. C. K.



HAS that bright sunny boy—whose brief biography we have tried, with trembling hand, to write—lived and died for naught? Nay: verily he has not. The value of the lives of those whom God

sends into this world, are not to be always measured by their duration. Our precious child completed his earthly mission before his fifth summer had shone upon him; yet he as truly fulfilled "the work of Him who sent him," as if he had lived to threescore and ten.

The music of his merry voice, and the sight of that face — which was not only to be looked *at*, but to be looked *into* — will be a joy for ever to hundreds who knew him. His sudden departure stirred and softened many a heart; and the tears shed over little children —

“Have their own sweetness too.”

No bereavements are commonly so fruitful in spiritual blessings as those which, at once, empty our cribs and fill our hearts with Jesus. To me and to mine this cloud of trial has been rain-

bowed with mercies and blessings. We have learned the blessedness of tears: they wash the eyes, that faith may see farther into heaven. We have tasted the sweetness of sympathy in hours of grief; and the only pain I feel in presenting this brief memorial, is that its brevity must exclude many scores of sympathizing letters, which were quite as precious to us as any in this volume. We have been admitted to the sacred circle of the sorrowing. Henceforth, while we "weep with those who weep" over children in the grave, we can also "rejoice with those who rejoice" over children in glory. Henceforth this world is so much the less dear, and Christ is by just so much the dearer, and heaven is the nearer.

Henceforth Jesus is not only our Redeemer, but the guardian and teacher of

our cherub-boy. To every one who may read this story of our empty crib, I gladly offer my testimony, that the everlasting gospel, the presence of the divine Comforter, the all-sufficient grace of God, the "anchor sure and steadfast," which I have so often tried to commend to others, are now to my smitten soul *infinitely* and *inexpressibly precious*, Welcome be the baptism, however bitter, that shall make any of us ministers of the Word, more consecrated to the glorious work of preaching CHRIST and Him crucified!

I close this love-tribute to my boy, in the very room whence his spirit took wing for heaven. The pillow in the crib is all smooth and undisturbed to-day. A picture of *Jesus blessing little children*, hangs before me on the wall. Every shelf in yonder closet is filled with his keepsakes; and on the nail hangs his

little velvet cap. As I look at all the playthings, and at the precious little slate on which he tried to mark, with feeble hand, on his dying day, I cannot believe that he is dead. He must be somewhere in my dwelling yet.

“I walk yon parlor-floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber-stair;
I’m stepping towards the hall
To give the boy a call,
And then bethink me that *he is not there.*”

“I know his face is hid
Under the coffin-lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair.
My hand that marble felt;
O’er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that *he is not there.*”

“Not there! Where then is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he once did wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked: *he is not there.*”

“HE LIVES! in all the past
He lives; nor to the last,
Of seeing him again, will I despair.
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel-brow,
Behold it written, — “*Thou shalt meet me there!*”





A CHILD IN THE MIDST.*



WHEN Christ wished to rebuke the selfish ambition of his disciples, he took a little child and "set him in the midst of them." From that child they were taught a lesson of unselfishness and humility.

So our heavenly Father now sets little children in our houses to be *our teachers*, as well as to be taught themselves. No home is complete without child-music to enliven it, and little faces to light up its

* This is from the discourse preached on the day of Georgie's baptism in the Lafayette-Avenue Church.

apartments. Never was there a cottage so humble, or so meagre, but that it could be made cheerful, by the crow and chirrup of infant gladness. And we have seen a magnificent mansion that, with all its rosewood and velvet, its pictures and marbles, was yet sadly *empty*; for no crib stood in its sumptuous chambers, and no child-voice rang through its lofty halls. No house is a "furnished house," until God, in his loving kindness, setteth a little child in the midst of it.

Bear in mind that the little immortal is placed there to teach us, their parents, as well as to be trained themselves. What lessons they impart to us, what inspirations, what exhibition of our own faults, what spiritual discipline! They are not sinless cherubs, or they would not teach us so much: we are not sinless Adams

and Eves, or else we should not so much need to be taught.

One of the first lessons they give us is in PATIENCE, — a virtue that some of us are slow in acquiring. But who can teach it better than a helpless, dependent, and often wayward and exacting child? Through long, wakeful nights, the peevish cry of the little sufferer means, "*Bear* with me, mother! I know no better. I can't help it. I can't be any lighter to carry, or any quieter, under the dartings of pain's sharp needles. You *must* bear with me." Every year is a year of added instruction. Is the youngster slow and dull over his books? Then be patient. If it is hard to get the truth in, it will be harder to get it out. "Why do you tell that child the same thing a dozen times?" said the father of John Wesley to his persevering mother.

"Because," replied the shrewd woman, "all the other eleven times will go for nothing unless I succeed at the twelfth." We do not know whether it requires more patience to get on with mercurial, quick-tempered children, or with slow-witted ones. Both require forbearance and careful handling. Both can drill us into patience. How patient God is with *our* wilful disobedience and ingratitude and stubbornness! Should not we be long-suffering toward the little trespassers against parental law?

Children are more than teachers of patience and forbearance. They are household *mirrors* to reflect our own faults, — sometimes, too, our own graces. If we wish to see how ridiculous and hateful are our ebullitions of sudden passion, we have but to look at the anger-storms of our little imitators at our own

firesides. That sullen scowl was caught probably from our brows. That ill-natured snarl was the echo of our own. That revengeful blow struck at a brother may be but the rehearsal of the last angry slap we gave the lad, more in revenge than in the love of correction.

Would you see your own faults? Look at your children. They are the plates on which father and mother are photographed. Sometimes the "family likeness" is frightful. Would you see how your own desecration of the sabbath looks? Look at your eldest son, lounging down, late and ill-humored, to his tardy meal on a Sunday morning, more keen for your "Sunday Herald" than for a preparation for the house of God. He is only photographing his father. Would you know how melodious is an oath? Listen to the young practitioner of your

own profanity. When you lose temper at his spendthrift habits, remember who it was that taught him to prefer a fine coat to a fine character. Are your daughters extravagant? They but begin just where their fashion-worshipping mother leaves off; and they go commonly as much beyond her, as she went beyond Christian prudence and economy. Do you get provoked at their tattle? Perhaps they caught a relish of scandal at their parents' table; perhaps they learned to coin falsehoods from your hypocrisy toward visitors, or from false messages sent through servants to the door. Childish deceit is often the mirror's reflection of parental cunning and dissimulation. Many a worldly-minded mother has seen, in the mocking impenitence of a daughter, the reflex of her own "lust of the eye and the pride of life." Many a David has

wept over his sensual, licentious Absalom, —and tears all the more bitter because he saw his own sins stereotyped in his offspring.

Believe it, O parents! that when God sets a child in the midst of us, he puts a looking-glass there to see ourselves in. Our vices are often made to glare back hideous from the countenance and conduct of those who sin our sins over again, and “break out” with our own moral infections! I once saw a mother weeping over the coffin of an infant who had died from a disorder communicated by herself: It was to me a type and a parable. When, on the other hand, I have seen a godly-minded pair, looking with grateful joy on the child of their love, as he came home with his prize from school, or as he stood up before the church to confess Jesus Christ, in the fresh beauty of a youthful

consecration, then I saw the mirror of childhood giving back the beautiful reflection of parental piety and grace. If we are faithful to our children's souls; if we more ardently desire to see them rich toward God than rich in gold or bank-stocks; if we *live out* so lovely and consistent a religion, that they may long to reflect it in their own lives; if we consecrate our children to God, by consecrating ourselves, — then we may thoroughly expect to rejoice in the early conversion of our offspring to Jesus, and in an after-career of usefulness and honor. And when we reach heaven at last, *there*, too, it will be seen that Jesus Christ "sets our child in the midst" of us.





GOD'S BITTER CUPS FOR SICK SOULS.



GOD is the wisest and best of physicians. He understands precisely the soul's diseases. He never selects the "wrong bottle," and never gives one drop too much of corrective medicine. My brother, can you not trust your heavenly Father? Do you fear that he will give you poison in His cup of chastisement? Do you try to avoid the draught which He has prepared, and with a wry face push it from you? "The cup which your Father gives you, shall you not drink it?"

God often comes to one of his own children, and finds him in sore need of

spiritual medication. He has become sick from indulged sin, and eating of forbidden fruit; or else he is utterly debilitated in all his powers and affections. His pulse beats low; his graces are weak. Perhaps this very Christian used to pray for more grace, for more strength or humility or patience or assurance of hope. God takes him at his own word. The Christian asks to be made purer, better, stronger, and more Christ-like. And the very first thing that his heavenly Father does is to mingle for him a cup of bitter disappointments or afflictions. Instead of relieving him, God seems to be smiting him. Instead of increasing his joys and hopes, he seems to be blighting them like Jonah's gourd.

Perhaps this is the way, my reader, that God is treating you. A bitter cup of trial has been commended to your lips.

But it is *your Father's* cup: drink it. What does faith in God *mean* but just this very thing,—that you will trust him though he slay? What is faith but the firm and delightful belief that when God goes into the laboratory of his secret purposes, and mingles for you a bitter draught, he knows just what he is doing, and also just what your soul's disease requireth? It may be bitter, but the disease is worse.

I call you to witness that those confiding souls who have taken God's medicines of trial in the right spirit have found their prayers answered *in* their afflictions. Behold! the very graces they prayed for — the patience, the meekness, the heavenly-mindedness — were in that cup, that bitter cup! If the cup had not been drank, the sweet coveted blessings would have all been lost. If God had not dealt

with them precisely as he did, the spiritual disease would have raged on, and the soul have been sick unto death. Do not then push away that tear-draught of sorrow which your merciful Father is pressing to your trembling lips. The cup is encircled with this precious inscription: "*Whom I love I chasten; all things work together for good to them that love me.*" Will you refuse to drink it?

Oh! what blessings are afflictions to those who can bless God *for* afflictions! "Oh!" said a bright-hearted young man, who was tortured with a fatal and painful bodily disease, "when I have the most pain in my body, I have the most comfort in my soul. When Christ suffered, he had none but enemies about him, and they gave him gall and vinegar to drink. When I thirst, I have beside me the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. The

cup that He gives me, shall I not drink it? I do not doubt but that there is love in the bottom of the cup, though it is bitter in the mouth."

There was a fine Christian philosophy in this last thought of the suffering youth, — that at the *bottom* of the cup lay the precious blessing. He must, therefore, drink the whole bitter draught, in order to reach it. Depend upon it, brethren, that many of the purest and grandest displays of Christian grace can only be reached under a regimen of severe trial. Faith's anchor is never so fully tested as in a hurricane. Patience never shines so lustrous as in a midnight of black adversity. Courage never shows so grandly as when death on his "pale horse" is careering down upon us over a battle-field strewn with defeat and disaster.

There is a patience of hope, a joy un-

der tribulation, and a sense of the immediate support of Jesus that never can be reached by us when we are in a condition of ease and outward prosperity. These rich graces lie in the *bottom* of trial's bitter cup. And God esteems these graces of such priceless value that he mingles for us just such cups of suffering, in order to bring out the graces in their beauty and power. God so esteemed faith in Abraham that he proved it with a knife flashing over the throat of his darling son. He so esteemed patience in Job that he stripped him of all his wealth, and left him the *richest soul* on all the earth. What a cup of compounded trials did he mingle for the heroic apostle! Yet that apostle gratefully acknowledges that "the trial of his faith, being much more precious than of silver and gold, though it be tried in the fire, would be found unto

praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.”

Be not surprised, my friend, when God mixes for you a bitter cup. He sees that you need it. Disappointment and bereavement do not put sugar into their cups: they are meant to be bitter. So are the best tonic medicines bitter; but they quicken appetite, and invigorate the system. Many a cup of wormwood has braced a Christian's graces. Many a sore loss has proved an everlasting gain. Bereavements are often full-brimming cups of tears; but they have been a medicine to the soul more healing than the sweetest "balm" on Gilead. God never mingles a cup of trial for one of his children without a merciful purpose. He either means to cure a soul's sicknesses, or to save it from eternal death. The cup which our Father gives us, shall we not drink it?

Let us all be careful how we choose a cup for ourselves, and insist on having it. Children choose confectionery always sooner than medicine: one may bring sickness, the other health. God sometimes lets us have our own selfish way. He left rebellious Israel to their own way when they grew tired of Heaven-sent manna, and lusted for the quails. He sent them the food they asked for, and, while the "flesh was yet between their teeth," they were smitten with a terrible plague.

So has many a Christian lusted for what has proved a plague to his soul. I have known professed Christians to choose for themselves a cup of great worldly prosperity; and *it made them drunk!* There was Satan's sorcery in the cup. Their heads grew dizzy, and they were lifted up with pride. They grew greedy

for lucre, fond of fashionable follies, self-indulgent, and neglectful of their religious duties. Prosperity spoiled them. It has ruined thousands in our churches. Ah! had all these foreseen what was in that cup of worldly prosperity, they might well have cried out, "O Father! I pray thee, let *this cup* pass from me!"





OUR BABY.



TO-DAY we cut the fragrant sod
With trembling hands asunder ;
And lay this well-beloved of God,
Our dear dead baby, under.
Oh hearts that ache, and ache afresh !
Oh tears too blindly raining !
Our hearts are weak, yet, being flesh,
Too strong for our restraining.

Sleep, darling, sleep ! cold rains shall steep
Thy little turf-made dwelling ;
Thou wilt not know, so far below,
What winds or storms are swelling.
The birds shall sing in the warm spring,
And flowers bloom about thee ;
Thou wilt not heed them, love, but oh,
The loneliness without thee !

Father, we *will* be comforted !

Thou wast the gracious Giver :
We yield her up, not dead, not dead,
To dwell with thee for ever.

Take thou our child, — *ours* for a *day*,
Thine while the ages blossom.

This little shining head we lay
In the Redeemer's bosom !





QUIETNESS BEFORE GOD.



QUIETNESS before God, especially in dark hours of trial, is one of the most rare and difficult of graces. Yet when it is gained, it proves one of the most wholesome in its influence. None pleases God more; none renders religion more beautiful in the eyes of men.

Yet how we dread the hour of trial! How fervently we beg that "*this* cup may pass from me." No one loves to be afflicted. No one loves to have his plans defeated, or his hopes dashed; to be stripped of his property or to be cast

down from his perch of ambition; or to be bereaved of his household treasures.

We shudder at the sight of that surgical knife which God employs upon us. Our self-love rebels against the excruciating "operation." But when God — who wounds in order to heal — is engaged in His providential process of amputating a darling lust or cutting out an ulcer of besetting sin, our "strength is to *sit still*." "Keep still, my friend; be quiet," says the army-surgeon to the writhing soldier under his keen knife. Restlessness only endangers a false cut of the knife and only aggravates the wound. So, when God is operating on the heart by sharp trials, the first duty of his child is perfect, submissive, unquestioning quietness.

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," is the very core and essence of our model prayer. When a sabbath-

school teacher once asked of his class, "How do the angels in heaven do God's will?" one child answered, "Immediately." Another said, "Diligently." A third answered, "With all the heart." A fourth said, "Always." A fifth said, "They do it altogether." After a pause, a little girl spoke up and said, "Sir, they do it *without asking any questions.*" Here was a perfect definition of quietness before God. It is a rare grace, because it is so difficult to exercise. A score of Christians can pray and give and work for God, where one can be found ready to sit down and *suffer*. To go into battle, with the bugles sounding and the very blood leaping to the fingers' ends under the impetuous charge, is full of thrilling exhilaration. But to be picked up bloody and mangled, and borne back among pitying comrades to the rear; to be laid down

helpless in the hospital, and await your slow turn for the surgeon's probe; to be transferred from his knife (with one limb the less) into the nurses' silent "ward" of sufferers, — to do and bear all this, calls out the loftiest qualities of true heroism. The battle-field costs less than the hospital. So, in the spiritual conflict, God puts especial honor on the grace of passive submission. He commends the "strength to sit still." He approves that patient quietness which "behaves itself like a child that is weaned of his mother." And the loftiest saints in the Bible are those who have become the most "perfect through suffering."

Quietness under God's discipline is simply the willingness to let God have His own way. It is ready to go where He sends us, to bear what He lays upon us, to sit still just where He places us.

Why should we try to get away from His blessed discipline? When you would fill a vessel with water from a hydrant or a rain-spout, you do not remove the vessel while the stream is pouring in. It is filled by *sitting still*. And if God's storms are filling your heart with heaven-descended graces, why should you seek to move away from beneath its blessed out-pour? If God is refining your heart, why seek to be taken out of the furnace?

“Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flames doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
But yet I whisper, '*As God will!*'
And in His hottest fire sit still.”

We have seldom met with a finer illustration of this grace of quietness than was presented by an aged lady, who, after a busy life of doing good, was at length

laid upon her bed, pain-worn and helpless. A good minister went to see her, and asked if, after her active habits, she did not find her confinement hard to bear. "No, sir," said she: "not at all. When I was well, I used to hear the Lord say day by day, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this, and do that;' and I used to do it as well as I could. But now I hear him say, 'Betty, lie still, and cough.'" Which of these two acts of obedience was the most difficult to perform, we leave our readers to testify, from their own experience.





IS IT WELL WITH THE CHILD?



“And she answered, It is well.”—2 Kings iv. 26.

YES: all is well, though from thy longing
gaze,
The darling of thy heart hath passed away!
The anxious eye of fond maternal love
No more shall rest upon his cherub-face;
No more the joyous laugh, the prattling tones
Of infant mirth, shall greet thy listening ear.
The little lips, so often prest to thine,
No more in beaming loveliness shall smile;
And from the empty crib there comes no
sound,

The above lines — never before published — were written by a beloved relative of our child, and have an appropriateness that calls for their insertion.

No gentle breathing from the slumbering one,
To tell thy child is there.

Oh, what a sense
Of anguished loneliness comes o'er the heart
As oft thine eyes upon the garments fall,
Wrought with such pride for him!

Can it be well,

That ne'er again the absent father's arms
Shall clasp the beauteous boy; that fancy's
eye

Shall trace no more upon his smiling face,
The faint resemblance of the cherished dead;
That the fair picture hope's bright pencil
drew,

In richest coloring, is washed out in tears?
Yes: *all is well!* Oh, lift thine eyes above!
What can a mother's fondest wishes ask,
For her lost darling, like the bliss of heaven?

And thou must go to him! May the same
robe

That made him spotless in the sight of
Heaven, —

The costly robe a dying Saviour wrought, —
Be cast around thee too! And when the ties

That bind ye now to earth are torn and rent,
May every little voice that mingled here
In sweet communion 'round your happy
 hearth,
Unite to swell the ceaseless choir of heaven!

ZANESVILLE, August, 1841.

S. W. C.

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THE CONVERSION OF CHILDREN.



SOME worthy Christians are strangely sceptical in regard to the conversion of children; they admit the impressibility of childhood; they admit that early piety is beautiful; they read in their own Bible the promise, "those that seek me early shall find me;" and they read, too, of such examples of youthful religion as Samuel and King Josiah and the well-taught Timothy. But about their own children's conversion they have grave doubts and misgivings.

Just as well might they doubt the abil-

ity of a child of ten years of age to love its mother, or to obey the commands of its father. A child *trusts* its parents implicitly. How does your little girl *know* that it is not rank poison that you are giving her when she is sick? She cannot analyze the medicine; yet she swallows it down from simple faith in your say-so that it is "good for her."

If a child can love a parent and trust a parent and obey a parent, it can love and trust and obey God. These three mental acts are the very essence of religion. Bear in mind, too, that in every thought and act toward God the child may have the supernatural aid of the Holy Spirit. Also bear in mind that the centre of Christianity is CHRIST. Now, an ordinary child of ten or twelve years can appreciate Christ's history, his beautiful deeds of power and mercy, the sweetness

of his promises, and his death of self-sacrifice, just as well as a man of threescore. The mysteries of Christ's incarnation I cannot *understand* any better than a child; nor need either of us do it. A child can love Jesus with all the ingenuous ardor of its young heart. Is not this the touchstone of vital Christianity?

Just as soon as your son and daughter are old enough to understand right from wrong, they are old enough to *do* right or wrong. Doing right is religion; doing wrong is sin. Sorrow for wrongdoing is contrition. Ceasing to do wrong, from right motive, is repentance. Asking Christ to forgive wrong is an act of faith. Did you never know a child to be capable of these exercises?

Why argue the possibility of childish piety, when innumerable cases of sincere, intelligent, well-founded godliness have

been exhibited by the very young? One of the most beautiful examples of almost angelic piety I ever witnessed was in a sweet girl, who was transplanted to heaven at the age of nine years. Her talk with me in my boyhood impressed me more than my minister's sermons. When a little sick lad was asked by his pastor, "Would you like to get better?" he answered, "I would like the will of God." — "If you get better, would you live just as you did before?" — "Yes; if God did not give me his *grace*, I certainly would." Could an adult mind have any better conception of dependence upon God than this?

It may be said that "children's minds are volatile and changeable." Are grown people never changeable? Do men and women of forty years never become backsliders? I had rather risk the volatility

of childhood, than the temptations to self-seeking sharpness and worldliness that beset middle life. If childhood is credulous, manhood and old age are too sceptical. Better a heart that believes too much and too easily, than one that is too slow to believe and to move at all. Oh! be assured, ye parents and teachers, that there is no such soil in the world for religious truth and converting grace as the heart of a frank, susceptible, trustful child. From that soil grows the loftiest and sturdiest piety of after years.

The most important ten years of human life are from five to fifteen years of age. The vast majority of those who pass twenty irreligious are never converted at all. Dr. Spencer tell us that, out of 235 hopeful converts in his church, 138 were under twenty years of age, and only *four* had passed their fiftieth year! I have

been permitted, during my ministry, to receive over one thousand persons into the church, on confession of their faith; and not one dozen of these had outgrown their fiftieth year. I did, indeed, once baptize a veteran of eighty-five; but the case was so remarkable that it excited the talk and wonder of the town. Such late repentances are too much like what the blunt dying soldier called "flinging the fag-end of one's life into the face of the Almighty."

In judging of the genuineness of children's conversions, we must remember that they are but children. Don't expect a converted boy to be a pious man; he is yet only a boy. Like a boy, he loves to play, and ought to play. But if he is willing to leave his play to attend a prayer-meeting, why is not that as good a proof of his heart-

devotion, as for a man to quit his work for the same purpose? The little girl who denies herself a doll or a dress, in order to give the money to a missionary-box, practises a Christian benevolence as pure as our noble merchant princes, when they bestow their thousands in munificent charity. A child that controls its temper, because God forbids anger, does as saintly a thing as Stephen did when he forgave his persecutors. Hypocrisy is one of the most heinous and hateful of sins: is there more of it under twenty years of age than over? I trow not. In estimating the evidence of childish religion, we must look for children's graces, and make allowance, too, for childhood's weaknesses. God's grace does not make a boy a man: it simply makes him a *better boy*.

At what age should a child be admitted

to the church? To this question we would answer, that every one should be admitted to Christ's church as soon as they give good evidence of a Christian conduct. The church is for *all* who love the Lord Jesus, and who seek to serve him. The Bible does not make *age* a condition of salvation. Shall a truly converted child be kept away from Christ's table until it has got over being a child? And what is the use of having a fold, "if the lambs are all to be kept out until they can stand the weather"?

In every age of life, piety is possible, is attractive, is indispensable to salvation. We rejoice to see the man of middle life, or the mother amid her cares, yielding to Jesus a heart that has long been enslaved by worldliness, or haunted by scepticisms. But still more do we rejoice to see the divine Redeemer take his place in a

young heart, — a heart, like that new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, which received Christ's wounded body, — a place "in which *no other one has ever yet been laid.*"





CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.



[From Rev. E. H. Bickersteth's "Yesterday, To-day, and For Ever."]

A BABE in glory is a babe for ever.
Perfect as spirits, and able to pour
forth
Their glad hearts in the tongues that angels
use,
These nurslings, gathered in God's nursery,
For ever grow in loveliness and love, —
Growth is the law of all intelligence, —
Yet cannot pass the limit which defines
Their being. They have never fought the
fight,
Nor borne the heat and burden of the day,
Nor staggered underneath the weary cross.

. . . Infancy

Is one thing, manhood one. And babes,
 though part
 Of the true archetypal house of God
 Built on the heavenly Zion, are not now,
 Nor will be ever, massive rocks, rough-
 hewn,
 Or ponderous corner-stones, or fluted shafts
 Of columns, or far-shadowing pinnacles ;
 But rather as the delicate lily-work,
 By Hiram wrought for Solomon of old,
 Enwreathed upon the brazen chapiters,
 Or flowers of lilies round the molten sea.
 Innumerable flowers thus bloom and blush
 In heaven. . . .

.

The one who nestled in my breast had seen
 All of earth's year except the winter snows :
 Spring, summer, autumn, like sweet dreams
 had smiled
 On her. Eva — or living — was her name ;
 A bud of life folded in leaves and love ;
 The dewy morning-star of summer days ;
 The golden lamp of fireside happy hours ;
 The little ewe-lamb nestling by our side ;

The dove whose cooing echoed in our hearts ;

The sweetest chord upon our harp of praise :

The quiet spring, the rivulet of joy.

Many of my readers will doubtless thank me for adding to these striking lines, the following exquisite letter of Archbishop Leighton, addressed to a bereaved brother : —

“ I am glad of your health, and recovery of your little ones ; but, indeed, it was a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your pretty *Johnny* was dead ; and I felt it truly more than, to my remembrance, I did the death of any child in my lifetime. Sweet thing ! — and is he so quickly laid to sleep ? Happy he ! Though we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of crying, nor of being sick, nor of dying ; and hath wholly escaped the

trouble of schooling, and all other sufferings of boys, and the riper and deeper griefs of riper years, — this poor life being all along nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and many deaths. Tell my dear sister she is now much more akin to the other world; and this will quickly be passed to us all. Johnny is but gone an hour or two sooner to bed, as children use to do, and we are undressing to follow. And the more we put off the love of this present world, and all things superfluous, beforehand, we shall have the less to do when we lie down. It shall refresh me to hear from you at your leisure.

“Sir, your affectionate brother,

“R. LEIGHTON.

“EDINBORO’, January 16th, 1677.”



ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE.



ONLY a baby's grave!
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod; yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children even so small
That they sit there and sing, so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all!

Only a baby's grave!
Strange, how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space!—
Oh! more strange, could we forget!

Only a baby's grave!

Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead;
I know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!

Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for his diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!

Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer to Him for it.





A WALK IN GREENWOOD



OTHER people hereabouts, when they wish to get away from brick and mortar, and feast their eyes on verdure and foliage, go to Central Park, or to its new rival, the Prospect Park, of Brooklyn; but, for some years past, my own favorite resort has been the beautiful and incomparable *Greenwood*. It has no rival in the world. "Nothing that I have ever seen in Europe compares with this," said Newman Hall to me, as we stood on Sylvan Cliff, on a golden day of last October; and he added, "Nothing I have yet

seen in America gives me such an impression of wealth, taste, and refinement as this exquisite spot." Old Jeremy Taylor says that it is good to knock often at the gates of the grave; and, truly, there is no terror in death to one who only has to look forward to bewitching Greenwood as the resting-place of his body, and to Heaven as the dwelling of his ransomed soul.

Yesterday I went to Greenwood alone. How often, in times past, have I walked there with a pair of little feet tripping beside me, which now, alas! are laid under a mound of green turf and flowers. The night before the precious child departed, having wearied himself with play, he quaintly said, "My little footies are tired at both ends." Ere twenty-four hours were past, the tired feet had ended life's short journey, and were laid to the dream-

less rest. Thousands and thousands of other little children are slumbering around him; for Greenwood is one vast nursery, in which cribs give place to little caskets and coffins, and no one is afraid to speak loud lest they wake up the silent sleepers. Over the dust of these sleeping treasures are hundreds of marbles which bear only such pet names as "Our Lucy," or "Our Willie," or "Sweet little Carrie, or "Our Darling." Close beside the narrow bed, so dear to me, lie a pair of children in one spot, and on the tiny marble above them is carved this sweet verse:—

“Under the daisies two graves are made,
Under the daisies our treasures are laid,
Under the daisies? It cannot be thus;
We are sure that in heaven they wait for us.”

What a celestial cheerfulness breathes in such words! How like to a guardian angel's song! There are other inscriptions

scattered through the cemetery which are equally redolent of Christian hope and immortality. For example, on a stately monument is written only the name of the dead, and on the other side of the granite shaft the simple, thrilling announcement, "*The Lord is Risen!*" If Christ be risen, then is the believer's glorious resurrection made certain likewise. What a contrast between the above words of joyful faith and another tomb, which bears this fearfully startling verse:—

"There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there."

Awfully true as may be the utterance contained in these lines of Watts, yet I should not care to have it preached from my monument.

Several tombs bear the single line, "*Our*

Mother." No inscription in the whole city of the dead touched me so tenderly as the one word, "Good-night," on the tomb of a young wife. Perhaps this was her last utterance as the twilight of the "valley" fell upon her advancing footsteps. Among many carved clusters of lilies, myrtles, and violets, we often discovered on the monuments of God's departed children this flower, from the Holy Spirit's own hand: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." This is the amaranth which angels wreath above the sainted dead. How fragrant it is with the love of Jesus; how dewy with precious promises; how it glitters in the light which falls from the sapphire walls of the New Jerusalem! Matchless line: that never grows old, and never stales its heavenly freshness! If there be any line which the "ministering spirits" chant above the

sleeping dust of Christ's blood-bought heirs of glory, it must be this one which the Spirit taught to the beloved John. Not as a dreary dirge do they chant it; not as a melancholy requiem: it is a jubilant pæan of triumph over those who have come off more than conquerors,—whose achievements are complete, and for whom wait the "robes made white in the blood of the Lamb."

In my stroll yesterday through Greenwood, I was again impressed with the fact that so few, even of the most eminent, sons of New York rest in New York's most famous cemetery. Clinton, indeed, is there, buried beneath a pedestal which does not contain his name, only his colossal bronze statue. Dr. Bethune sleeps there among his beloved flock. Dr. Mitchell, the celebrated New-York chemist, lies there too; and, not far off, his

illustrious namesake, the hero-astronomer, who fell asleep, with his sword by his side, at Port Royal. Soldiers from the "Empire City" are buried in nearly every avenue and shaded path, with devices of cannon or sword or knapsack or starry flag upon their monuments. But Fulton, the chief architect of our city's material grandeur, lies elsewhere, Washington Irving, the most celebrated of her sons, has his sepulchre at the entrance of his own "Sleepy Hollow." Alexander Hamilton, Marcy, Silas Wright, and Van Buren are buried among their kindred; the chivalrous Wadsworth sleeps in the valley of the Genesee; and glorious old John Brown among the rocks of North Elba. Greenwood surpasses all other cemeteries in loveliness of landscape, in variety and splendor of its marbles, and in entrancing views; but it is

not a Westminster Abbey in its roll of illustrious dead.

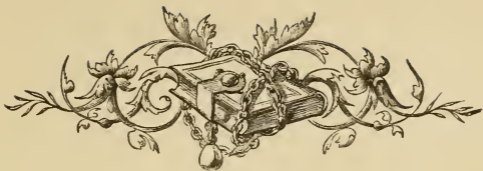
Of all the outlooks in Greenwood, one of the finest is that from Battle Hill. New York, Brooklyn, the bay, and the forest of masts, are all beneath you in one superb panorama. One can imagine the departed spirits of the "merchant princes" looking down from this height upon the busy, roaring scene of their life-toils. What shall it profit them now, if, for yonder fleeting treasures of the bank or the warehouse, they bartered away their immortal souls?

To me, the most captivating view is from Sylvan Cliff, overlooking Sylvan Water. On that green brow stands a monument which bears the figure of Faith kneeling before a cross, and beneath it the world-known lines of Toplady:—

"Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling!"

As I stood beside that graceful tablet yesterday, the light of an October sun threw its mellow radiance over the crimsoning foliage, and the green turf, and the sparkling water of the fountain which played in the vale beneath. In the distance was the placid bay, with one stately ship resting at anchor, — a beautiful emblem of a Christian soul whose voyage had ended in the peaceful repose of the “desired haven.” The sun went down into the purpling horizon as I stood there; a bird or two was twittering its evening song; the air was as silent as the unnumbered sleepers around me; and, turning toward the sacred spot where my precious dead is lying, I bade him, as of old, *Good-night!*





THE EMPTY LITTLE BED.



MY little one, my sweet one,
Thy crib is empty now,
Where oft I wiped the dews away
Which gathered on thy brow.
No more amidst the sleepless night
I smooth thy pillow fair :
'Tis smooth, indeed ; but rest no more
Thy darling features there.

My little one, my sweet one,
Thou canst not come to me ;
But nearer draws the numbered hour
When I shall go to thee ;
And thou, perchance, with seraph smile,
And golden harp in hand,
May'st come the first to welcome me
To our Immanuel's land !

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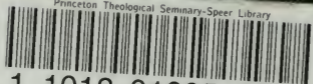


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