



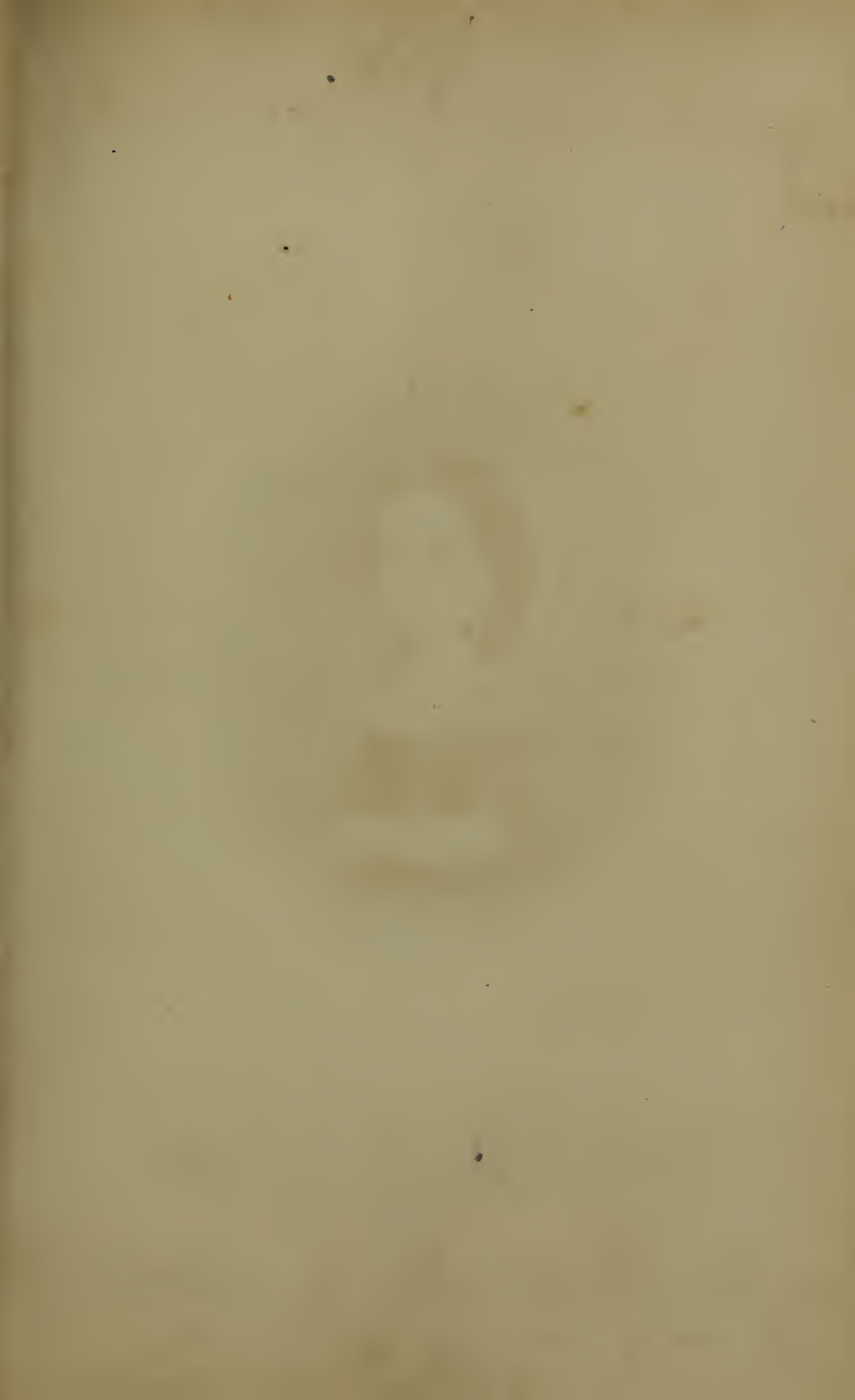
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THE

BROKEN BUD:

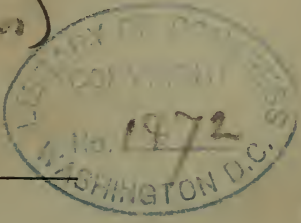
[Carrie -]

OR,

Laurence

REMINISCENCES OF A BEREAVED MOTHER.

Mrs. Margaret Oliver
(Woods)
Laurence



NEW YORK: (D)

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,
No. 285 BROADWAY.

1851.

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STEREOTYPED BY THOMAS B. SMITH,
216 WILLIAM STREET, N. Y.

“I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel ;
For words, like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies ;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;
But that large grief which these infold
Is given in outline and no more.”

TENNYSON'S "*In Memoriam.*"

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To Bereaved Mothers.

THIS simple Tribute to the Memory of a beloved child, was prepared from the desire to preserve in manuscript form, for surviving children, a memorial of their departed sister. The relief, which, in its progress, was afforded by giving expression to feelings awakened by the bereavement, led to a more free utterance of the heart than was at first contemplated.

At the suggestion of friends, the writer has been induced to make selections from the manuscript, and, with some changes and additions, to present them in this form; not because it is assumed that there was anything peculiar in the life of the child, but simply in the hope of affording to other suffering hearts some slight consolation. Her deep interest in the experience of mothers, who have drank of this same bitter cup, and in the perusal of what on this subject has fallen in her way, is the ground of this hope.

Little incidents are taken from the original narrative which may seem trivial to any but a mother. And the child's imperfect language is sometimes retained, as being more natural.

Hints are casually thrown out with regard to the treatment of children, in the wish that they may prove of some little assistance to the young and inexperienced mother.

Copious extracts are also made from the poetry collected in the memorial, as, from her own experience, the writer has learned its peculiar power of sympathy.

In transferring from the manuscript such portions as lift the veil from her own heart, she has been influenced by the earnest desire which, in her grief, she has felt, for a more full expression of the heart of others under such a bereavement. And for obvious reasons, these reminiscences and reflections do not cease with the afflictive event, but are continued through the changing seasons of the first year of grief.

The preparation of this mournful Tribute has proved a sweet solace to the writer ; and if it shall be the means of soothing any wounded heart, or of leading it to the true source of consolation, it will abundantly reward

A BEREAVED MOTHER.

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MY BROKEN BUD.

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GRIEF'S DYING YEAR.

My Broken Bud.

I had a precious gift from heaven;—

Oh! it was passing fair.

It was a bud of promise sweet,

Adorned with beauty rare.

I gave it sunshine and the air;—

'Twas watered by the dew;

I watched it as each coming day

Unfolded beauties new.

Rich odors from its heart it breathed,

Of most surpassing sweet.

It was a bright, celestial bud,

For our cold clime unmeet.

There was a fragrance not of earth,

Around my fairy blossom,

And with a thrill of ecstasy,

I placed it in my bosom.

Never was thing more dearly loved
Than my fair, beauteous flower;—
And closer to my heart of hearts,
I wore it every hour.
The dream, the wild, sad dream of woe,
Came never to my heart,
That from my own sweet bud of bliss
I might be called to part.

One day, upon its tender stem
It could not lift its head,—
And, with a shudder through its heart
Its petals bright were shed.
Alas! One had been near my flower
With icy, shivering breath,
Which chilled it to its very core;—
It was the BLIGHT OF DEATH.

Sadly we raised its drooping head,—
We watered it with tears,—
And night and day hung over it,
With agony and fears.

We strove to stay the withering blight;—
We strove, but strove in vain.
No sunshine could revive it now,
Nor dew, nor gentle rain.

And yet we prayed, and yet we hoped,
Still cheered by some slight token.
One morn I found,—oh, agony!—
My cherished bud was broken.
But could it be that all my hopes,—
My dreams of bliss were fled?—
Oh could it—*could* it be, alas,
My darling bud was dead?

Sad,—sad the change that had passed o'er
My blossom fair and bright!
They tore it from my bleeding heart,—
They put it from my sight.
And now my broken bud doth lie
Upon the damp-earth sod,
From the sweet sunlight all shut out—
Wasting beneath the clod.

But I shall see my bud again,
 'Mid fairest flowers of heaven.
Oh! then in bright, celestial bloom,
 'Twill back to me be given.
Then let me still my aching heart,
 And bless the friendly Hand,
Which soon transplanted it from earth,
 Into the better land.

THE BROKEN BUD.



The Mother's Flower.

“Hallowed forever be the hour
To us, throughout all time to come,
Which gave us thee, a living flower,
To bless and beautify our home.”

WHAT a tide of feeling rushes in upon a mother's heart when a new-born infant is laid in her arms. Gratitude, love, tenderness, solicitude, and a feeling as nearly allied to bliss as any merely human feeling can be, blend in one overpowering emotion. And yet the solicitude is so intense, as to cast flitting shadows over the bright sunshine of this hour.

If ever a mother prays, will she not at such a time, entreat the Good Shepherd tenderly to guide her little lamb over the rough and thorny path of life, into the green pastures of the heavenly fold? And if it be her first-born which she

looks upon, what a thrill passes over her! She feels herself a new being; life wears a sunnier aspect. Amid smiles and tears, she lifts up her heart to Him, who, by entrusting her with the training of an immortal spirit, has not only opened a new fountain of feeling in her soul, but has laid upon her the deepest and most solemn responsibility. As she looks upon her child, her heart responds to the beautiful sentiments uttered by one in the first experience of a mother's love.

“ Oh God! thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,—
This bird, with the immortal wing,
To me—to me—thy hand has given.

* * * * *

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear,
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer,—
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there.”

It was on a bright autumnal day, that my heart was gladdened by such a precious boon. But the sweet birdling which now folded

“Her tiny wings upon my breast,”

was the second-born, yet for that none the less dear. In a letter written soon after her birth, her father says,—

“I love her not exactly *as* I did my first-born, but not less. It was all new then and strange. The current of my paternal affection runs now more silently, but not less strongly or deeply. Kiss the little darling for her fond father.”

Many and sweet were my dreams of our baby-daughter, as growing up with her sister from sunny childhood, into girlhood and womanhood. I did not then realize, that these buds of promise were only committed to us to nurture, and that even before they should fully blossom, the heavenly Gardener might transplant them to bloom in the Paradise above. My own I thought them, and I had yet bitterly to learn, that the only way rightly to enjoy our blessings, is in considering them a trust.

Our autumn-daughter, as we sometimes called

her in distinction from her sister, our "summer-child," was born in her grandfather's house, among the scenes of my own childhood and youth. She was a very quiet baby, and early won for her sweet self, a good name from all who knew her. Louise, our eldest daughter, was very happy at the sight of her baby-sister, admiring her little "pingers" and "peet," and childlike, putting her finger into her eye to see if it felt like dolly's.

As one day after another passed away, our darling grew in beauty and loveliness, entwining herself more and more closely about our hearts. All the eras of her babyhood were kindly welcomed, and joyfully celebrated, from the mother's never-exhausted treasury of kisses, and her never-failing vocabulary of tender epithets. Among these eras, none was dearer than the first smile. Most tenderly does a mother love her helpless, clinging infant, but when it first looks upon her with a sweet, full, intelligent smile,—that is a moment of rapture. An understanding is now established between them. Companionship begins, her lonely hours are over, and that first smile is treasured up among the memories

of the heart. And when that winning smile breaks out into joyous, dimpled laughter, what a thrill of pleasure does it bring with it!

“Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves and silver showers,
These, ere long, the ear forgets.
But in mine there is a sound,
Ringing on the whole year round,
Heart-deep laughter that I heard,
Ere my child could speak a word.
Hers—the mother—the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain,—
Hers the deepest bliss, to treasure
Memories of that cry of pleasure ;
Hers to hoard a life-time after,
Echoes of that infant laughter.
Childhood's honied tones untaught,
Hiveth she in loving thought ;—
Tones that never thence depart,
For she listens with her heart.”

Then came on another era, when our robin began to look earnestly at her own tiny fingers, as if counting them. She was most intent upon her business, but did not seem to arrive at any

satisfactory result. Days and weeks she continued to count on, but at length she turned to the study of her toes, leaving the problem of her fingers unsolved. How delighted was she when she first succeeded, with mother's help, in getting them into her mouth. So she kept on increasing her stock of baby accomplishments, and we kept on loving her more and more every day of her little life.

Her dear grandmother also loved her tenderly, and notwithstanding her own infirm health, frequently desired her company. And so quiet and gentle a baby was she, that we did not fear its wearying her. Often would I place her for a moment in her grandmama's lap, and smile at the contrast:—a feeble, yet serene and trusting old age; and smiling, bounding, joyous infancy. What a beautiful picture;—the grandmother, with her silvery hair under her plain white cap, parted simply on her forehead, traced over indeed with lines of care and sickness and grief, yet still placid; her dimmed eye looking kindly through her glasses upon her child's child, which with one hand, she fondly presses to her still youthful heart, while with the other, she holds

something with which to amuse it:—and in contrast, that little one, her dark earnest eye looking confidingly into her grandmother's smiling face, with one dimpled hand clasping her finger, while, with an arch expression, the other is softly stretched out to pull off the shining spectacles. Ah!—those we knew must be among our mother's last days; but little did we think that the tender nursling in her arms would so soon lie down in dreamless slumber by her side.

The Unfolding Blossom.

“Jewel most precious thy mother to deck,
Clinging so fast by the chain on my neck,
Locking thy little white fingers to hold
Closer and closer the circlets of gold,—
Stronger than these are the links that confine
Near my fond bosom, this treasure of mine!
Gift from thy Maker, so pure and so dear,
Almost I hold thee with trembling and fear.

* * * * *

Brilliant celestial! so priceless in worth,
How shall I keep thee unspotted from earth?
How shall I save thee from ruin by crime,
Dimmed not by sorrow, untarnished by time?
Where from the thief and the robber that stray
Over life's path, shall I hide thee away?
Fair is the setting, but richer the gem,
Oh! thou'lt be coveted,—sought for by them!

I must devote thee to One who is pure,
Touched by whose brightness, thine own will be sure.

Borne in his bosom, no vapor can dim,—
Nothing can win, or can pluck thee from him.
Seamless and holy the garments he folds
Over his jewels, that closely he holds.
Hence, unto Him be my little one given!
Yea, for 'of such is the kingdom of Heaven.' ”

H. F. GOULD.

THE wintry months passed quietly away, cheered by pleasant faces, and kindly greetings. At the close of the season, several of the family were attracted to the dear homestead, to celebrate, as it proved for the last time, our mother's birth-day. From a letter sent to our absent daughter, describing this celebration, the following is an extract :

“ But I have not told you the very prettiest among all the pretty things. Can you guess what it was? It was your own darling sister. And very sweetly did she behave herself on the occasion, trying to talk in her little *gooings*. And what she could not quite say in this way, she finished saying with her loving eyes. She sat in her grandma's lap a moment, and received the praises of all for being so good a baby. And this was her letter :

“My dear Grandmama,

“Mother says I may put a letter into your pretty box. *Goo, goo*. Do you understand my baby-talk? *Goo* means, dear grandma, I love you. And when I crow loud, I am trying to tell you that my little heart is *full* of love. It makes me feel very happy to hear you say so kindly, ‘pretty baby, pretty baby,’ and to see you snap your fingers.

“I love to talk with dear grandpa. When he takes me in his lap I tell him all my little feelings, *goo, goo*, and it makes him smile very pleasantly. And then he sings “The pretty, pretty lark.” Mama says I shall give you a sugar plum. But what *is* a sugar plum? She says I shall know fast enough by-and-by.

“Your littlest granddaughter.”

The warm spring days had come, and with them peeped out bright green leaves from every tree and shrub, while sweet flowers of blue and white began to show their pretty heads all over the fields and meadows. But the sweetest flower of all was our darling rose-bud, now fast unfolding, and which gladdened us, not only by its

present beauty, but by the rich promise it gave for its season of bloom.

And among all the bright birds that from joyous little throats sent forth their glad, soul-full warblings, none were so bright as my autumn-bird, and none made sweeter music. For although these little songsters, in their rich, full notes, excel trained choirs, yet they cannot equal the melody of an infant's voice, as it falls upon the mother's heart, filling her eye with unbidden tears.

With the Spring, our prattling daughter returned, and there soon sprung up a sweet attachment between her and her baby-sister. And great was my enjoyment in the present, as well as bright my anticipations for the future. Yet what mother does not sometimes try to conceive of her grief, were she called to lay a dear child in the grave? And what mother, in imagining such a sorrow, does not feel that she could never endure it? The promise is, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." But we cannot expect the peculiar "strength," until the trial comes, in which we may need it.

How wisely has our heavenly Father con-

stituted the relations of life! How kindly is it ordered that infancy, from its very helplessness, should awaken all a parent's tenderness! Indeed, there is about it a dependence,—a trustingness, which appeals to every heart. And the love thus easily won, is, by its various little endearments, as easily preserved. What can surpass the confiding spirit with which a babe clings instinctively to its mother? What can equal the untaught, inimitable grace of its every look and gesture? What can be compared with its artlessness, which leaves every emotion to appear upon its open countenance? How fearless is it in its actions!—how free in the expression of its likes and dislikes! How commanding is its demeanor!—how appealing its helplessness! And how irresistible is this appeal! How touchingly it says, “love me, take care of me, or I shall fade and die.” And fondly does the mother's heart reply, I *will* love thee, my precious one. I will wear thee in my bosom. Thou shalt have the sunshine and the dew. But with all a mother's watchfulness, the canker or the mildew may touch thee, the summer's heat may blight thee, the blasting wind may chill thee, the piti-

less storm may bow thy head, and sooner or later, the frost of death will lay thee low. Gladly would I wrap thee in the folds of my heart, and shield thee from all harm. But it may not be. Earth's sweetest flowers must be exposed to all the changes and chances of her ungenial clime. And never canst thou be fully unfolded, or certainly secured from withering blight and blasting frost, till transplanted to the better land. But how heavily will it press at times upon a Christian mother's heart, that under God, it depends much, very much upon her nurturing care, whether this tender floweret shoot up in rankness, to be at last cast away—a worthless weed; or whether it unfolds and expands in beauty, till fitted for the celestial garden. How intense will be her solicitude, how unceasing her watchfulness, and above all, how earnest, how importuning will be her prayer, that no evil thing may blight her precious bud! To the heavenly Gardener, will she continually commit her treasure. With Him, will she tearfully intercede for his refreshing dews, and for the sunshine of his grace. And cheering are his words to the faithful mother. “I will pour my blessing

upon thine offspring. And they shall spring up as among the grass,—as willows by the water-courses.”

As blossoming May gave place to blooming June, we left my childhood's home,—we bade farewell to the sunny fields sprinkled all over with starry flowers,—to the dear, familiar grove,—to rooms, hallowed by memories both joyous and sad,—of births, of bridals and of deaths;—we bade farewell to all these scenes, for a home among a strange people. With full hearts and tearful eyes, we exchanged the parting salutations, and when we and our little ones had received the fatherly benediction, we went our way.

It was our infant's introduction to the world, for never before had she been from under her grandfather's roof. And soon we found ourselves established in our new home, with new faces to look upon, new friendships to be made, and new duties to be performed.

Holy Baptism.

“Where is it mothers learn their love?
In every church a fountain springs,
O'er which the eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings.

* * * *

Oh, happy arms, where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of his grace!

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow!

But happiest ye who sealed and blest
Back to your arms your darling take,
With Jesus' mark impressed,
To nurse for Jesus' sake.

* * * *

By whom Love's daily touch is seen
 In strengthening form and freshening hue,
 In the fixed brow serene,
 The deep, yet eager view.

* * * *

Oh, tender gem! and full of heaven!
 Not in the twilight stars on high,
 Not in moist flowers at even,
 See we our God so high.

Sweet one, make haste and know him too,
 Thine own adopting Father love,
 That like thine earliest dew,
 Thy dying sweets may prove."

KEBLE.

How impressive is the baptism of an infant! To parents, no rite can be more affecting. Their little lamb belongs to the flock which has broken from the fold, and is perishing in the wilderness. If through infinite love, the parents have been led to return, they cannot leave their little one a wanderer. They bring it with them to the temple of the Lord, and lay it at the feet of the Good Shepherd, beseeching him to take it in his arms, and to restore it to his fold. By asking for it the rite of Baptism, they acknowledge

that it needs the cleansing of blood,—the baptism of the Spirit, of which that by water is typical. And by the affixing of this precious seal of the covenant, its blessings are secured to their child, on condition of their faithful performance of the duties of the covenant. By this ordinance, the parents give up their little one to God, entreating that it may be renewed by his Spirit, and thus by becoming a child of grace, become also an heir of glory. And having received the Saviour's mark, it is given back for the second time, to be trained for the service of the cross.

What parents thus understanding this ordinance, can neglect it? And what mother can hesitate to secure the rich blessings of this covenant to her children, even if, in the providence of God, she must come with them alone? Does she feel her unworthiness? Jesus, who is infinitely worthy, thus becomes her surety. Does she fear her inconsistency? The same Jesus, through this ordinance, says to her distrusting heart, "My grace is sufficient for thee." What a privilege for a solicitous mother, to have her children taken into the earthly fold, to be

watched over and prayed for by God's people, and more than all, to be looked upon and cared for by the Good Shepherd!

The baptism of our little daughter had been deferred till we were in our own home. But now, on "a day most calm, most bright," we took her with us to the sanctuary.

The solemnity of the rite itself deeply affected us. Then, our child was to bear the name of one, who not a year before, had cheerfully bade farewell to a cherished circle of friends, and, sustained by an unfaltering trust in her Redeemer, had gone up to glory. After supplication had been made to Him, who when on earth, gave to little children his peculiar blessing, I laid our darling in her father's arms. With deep emotion were pronounced the words, "——— I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." What thoughts rush upon a mother in such a moment! As she looks upon the tender nursling, "with Jesus' mark impressed," now returned to her "to nurse for Jesus' sake,"—as she reflects, that in the most impressive manner, it has been consecrated to

God, and that while on his part, He has pledged the rich blessings of the covenant, she has bound herself most sacredly to the fulfilment of its vows,—will she not lift up her heart to Him, whose promises are both sure and sufficient? Will she not importune the blessed Saviour for heavenly wisdom safely to guide her little pilgrim over life's thorny road, up to the gates of the celestial city?

May not angelic friends be lingering near us at such an hour? At this hallowed season, I almost felt her presence, whose name our darling bore. Departed spirit! loved one, who, in the full bloom of youthful beauty, left earth's cold clime, for the better land,—thy memory shall ever be cherished in our hearts! And thou too, dear child! thou darling of our love,—upon whom rested our sweetest hopes,—in whom were garnered up our dearest joys,—art thou, too, gone from us forever? How consoling to reflect upon the hour, when thou wert consecrated to the God of the covenant!—How precious the assurance, that through the rich grace of that covenant, thou art now borne on the bosom of the Good Shepherd above!

“Though my soul’s hope hung on thy breath,
Thou to so bright a world art gone,
I would not wake thee, sweet, from death ;—
Though loved in life,—sleep on,—sleep on.”

The Mother's Recollections.

“The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands, stretched forth in gladness,
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now ;
Then dashed by infant sadness ;
Till brightening by transition
Returned the fairy vision :—

Where are they now ?—those smiles, those tears,—
Thy mother's darling treasure ?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.”

MONTGOMERY.

LITTLE Carrie could now sit alone, and had learned to stretch out her hands to her father and mother and sister, besides being able to do a great many other things in the baby line. But she knew not where she was born, or where she lived, or how old she was ;—she knew not even

the true use of her hands and feet. And yet to look upon her expansive brow, no one could feel that she was without thought. Nay, is not an infant's mind full of activity? Is there any period of life in which knowledge is acquired so fast,—in which the faculties are developed so rapidly? What an interesting study would be the mind and heart of an innocent babe! Were some fortunate mother to possess the power of looking within the small body, so full of mysteries, into the still greater mysteries of its animating spirit, how would all philosophers reverently approach her shrine, and listen to the revelations of a wiser than Delphic oracle! But although there is scarcely anything in the reach of man, from the farthest star within his ken, to the tiniest flower under his feet, which he may not analyze, or examine, or look upon, yet here is one thing, which, though cradled in his arms, always eludes his grasp. Though his eye, skilled in reading nature's many volumes, rests searchingly upon it, yet it forever escapes his scrutiny. An infant's mind is, and must remain a sealed book. And those many questions, which could be settled at once by perusing this book, and which, for

want of such access, have been for ages the theme of philosophers, will doubtless continue to be discussed, and to remain unsettled to the end of time.

And yet how legibly are thought and feeling written upon the face of an infant! And how richly every day of its life, is the mother repaid for all her vigils and care, by the sweet endearments and rapid developments of her winsome child! If the little one is indebted to her every hour and moment of the day, there is scarcely an hour or a moment when it does not render back a full reward. And what delight does every new era bring with it! Many a glad holiday comes to a mother's heart. Our robin had passed that one, "when first the white blossoms of the teeth appear, breaking the crimson buds that did encase them." And she could now show more than one tiny pearl, between her ruby lips.

The summer was passing away, but our bird made it one perpetual summer in our hearts.

What a book of beauty and poetry, is the whole life of an infant! There is poetry in its slumbers, with the rose-cheek sweetly pillowed on the dimpled hand. There is poetry in its

wakings, when a loving eye shines out suddenly from beneath its curtaining lid,—its light softened by the long silken fringe, while the little arms are stretched out confidingly to its mother. There is poetry too, for there is grace and beauty in its every look, and motion, and gesture. And its voice, even before articulation, how full of music and poetry! It has a speech of its own, and a sweet speech it is, and it is uttered with a melody, which brings smiles into a mother's heart, though tears into her eye.

It was about this time that Carrie began to creep, and this was another era. And soon came on her father's birth-day, when the round table was spread with the children's toys, and flowers, and sugar plums, and birth-day epistles. All being ready, Louise carried the invitation, "Papa, will you walk out to your birth-day?"

Among the letters, was one inscribed,

"To my papa, from his baby."

"I would like to write a tiny letter to my papa, to help keep his birth-day. But I shall have to get mama to hold my hand, because I am only a baby. Mama says she thinks you will be happier this birth-day than ever before, because

you never had a dear little Carrie to kiss you all the other birth-days of your life. I am glad of this, for I love to make my papa happy. And it makes *me* happy to have you think so much of such a baby as I am. I wish I could tell you some of the thoughts that come into my heart, when you speak kindly to me. And now this minute, your smiling upon me makes me so glad, that I have to jump and crow to express my joy. And that jogs mama, so that she can't make a straight line. And so perhaps, I had better end my little letter.

“Your dear Carrie.”

Now came on still another era, when our creeping baby began to walk alone. And what a constant delight it was to see her tottle along, her eyes shining with joy at every new step she took

During the autumn, she went with me for a day or two to her grandfather's. Her dear grandmother seemed feeble, for the silver cord was loosening, and the grasshopper had become a burden. Yet she still looked upon the child with the same kind smile, and for one brief moment,

held her in her lap. But the time for our departure came, and once more the parting kiss was exchanged. It was for us her last kiss. My sweet Carrie never saw her grandmother more, till she followed her over the dark river, and was welcomed by her to

“That peaceful shore,
Which time’s tempestuous waves shall dash no more.”

And what a meeting must that have been! No longer infirm and suffering, but clothed in immortal vigor, how would she clasp her cherub grand-child in her arms, rejoicing that she was safely through the wilderness,—safe over the dark river,—safe forever in the haven of rest!

The Mother's Refuge.

“Little children!—budding flowers,
Pure and fresh with morning dews,
Hiding in your leafy bowers,
Glancing out with sunny hues.
Fresh young flowrets, peeping up,
To deck life's thorny way,
With folded leaf and rosy cup,
To bless you day by day.

Little children! bright young cherubs,
Bending from their homes above,
Sweet companions, lovely teachers,
Winning by their trusting love!
Heed their messages from Heaven,
Lisped in accents soft and mild,
With loving smile, and guardian care,
Cherish each little child.”

LILLIE AMBROSE.

Soon after our return we had the dearest of all the mother's holidays, when our Carrie be-

gan to lisp the name of papa and mama. A mother never wearies of her infant's prattle,—her ear never tires of the melody of its lisping words. But the infantile manner with which its little sayings are uttered, and which constitutes their inimitable charm, can no more be described, than its impression can be effaced.

We had in our family, a large black rag baby, one year younger than Louise, which had long been her pet, and had now become a favorite with her sister. Many were the tender epithets and caresses which she lavished upon it. She fed it from her own cup, and seemed assured that the poor baby's appetite was satisfied, although she herself had eaten every mouthful. It was a pretty picture,—the dear child asleep, with her white dimpled arm twined affectionately around her baby's neck,—her rosy cheek presenting so sweet a contrast to its black face.

Soon came on Carrie's birth-day, then Thanksgiving day, and to these succeeded Christmas and New Year's days. All the kind salutations of these days, the children entered into with great cordiality. And bright were their eyes at the revelations of the wonder-holding

stockings of Christmas,—the shining gilt rattle, filled with sugar-plums, the pretty boxes of sweet things, and all the bright et ceteras.

Life was full of enjoyment to our dear child. She delighted to ride in her little wagon,—she delighted to go up into the attic, and have full space and liberty to run. If she fell down, she would quickly jump up, and running to have the hurt-place kissed, would think herself all well again. When it became too cold for her little feet to venture out of doors, she would stand contentedly at the window by the hour, watching her sister at her plays.

It is an easy thing to make an infant heart happy, and perhaps on this very account, we are sometimes too careless in securing this happiness. But it is not till the bright head lies low, that a mother knows the full bitterness of regret for any act of thoughtlessness or neglect to the dear departed one. It may be her error was slight, but when she thinks of that gentle form mouldering in the dust, and feels that she cannot even whisper, “forgive me, my child,” then the harsh word,—the hasty act,—seems to her sorrowing heart the most unpardonable self-

ishness, which she would give worlds to recall. Oh then, as she would be free from self-reproach, let the fond mother, while teaching self-government to her child, also be careful to govern her own spirit! Let her not punish it from anger, when she would not punish it at all, were she not angry! Let her not punish it *in* anger, for that which may be really deserving of punishment, for so doing, she not only harms her child, but injures herself. And yet how very hard it is for a mother, with a young family around her, uniformly to rule her own spirit! She may have various petty vexations, or serious trials; sometimes from much help, sometimes from poor help, and sometimes from no help. Her basket may be full of work, her house full of company, and consequently, her hands may be full of labors, and her head full of cares. Her health too may be feeble, so that with an aching head and a heavy heart, she may go about hardly knowing which way to turn. Her case is trying, it may be, bitterly trying, but there is a place whither she can flee for refuge from all these trials—from her own vexed spirit. “Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall

sustain thee." Let her pour out all her heart in her heavenly Father's ear; let her humbly confess wherein she has yielded to temptation, and thus sinned against him; let her earnestly supplicate forgiveness, and wisdom, and strength,—so shall she go forth, not only pardoned and soothed, but under a strengthening and elevating influence, which shall preserve her spirit calm, and her brow unruffled. And if she again errs, let her again seek forgiveness and strength, until the victory over self is obtained. It is doubtless the case, that many a feeble, care-worn mother passes much of her time in discouragement and self-reproach, from having allowed herself in open complaints, or what may be no less sinful,—in secret murmurings at the little discomforts and perplexities of her situation, when, had God's hand been laid *heavily* upon her, her heart would have meekly breathed its submissive "Thy will be done." And this, because in great afflictions, she tells her griefs to God, and wrestles with him for sustaining grace; while her petty cares and vexations, she attempts to meet in her own strength, feeling that they are too small to be told to God. It should not thus

be, when under every possible circumstance of trial, the refuge of prayer is open to her. For her children's sake, let her ever seek this refuge, that their sunny faces be not clouded, nor their innocent joys marred by *her* indulgence in wrong feelings. For her own sake, let her seek it, that she may be enabled to obtain the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and that should she be called to weep over the early graves of those she loves, her heart may not bleed with the incurable wound of having *wronged the dead*. And let her remember, that her own example to her children, is living and constant, and far exceeds in its influence on the formation of their characters all dry preceptive rules, unaccompanied by such examples.

“Mother, revere God's image in thy child!

No earthly gift thy parent-arms enfold;

No mortal tongue as yet the worth hath told
Of that which in thy bosom, meek and mild,

Rests its weak head. Oh, not by sense beguiled,

Gaze on that form of perishable earthly mould;

Though first by thee it lived, on thee it smiled,

Yet not for thee existence must it hold.

For God's it is, not thine. Thou art but one
To whom that happy destiny is given,
To see an everlasting life begun,
To watch the dawns of the future heaven,
*And to be such in purity and love,
As best may win it to that life above."*

EMILY TAYLOR.

The Tribute.

“The *dead!*

The only beautiful, who change no more.

The dead! Whom call we so?

They that breathe purer air—that feel, that know

Things wrapt from us.”

MRS. HEMANS.

THE month in which my mother's birth-day was wont to be celebrated, had again come round. But instead of assembling for that purpose, we were, during this same month, called together by the tidings of her death.

Silent we reached our mourning home, home of my
early years,

Welcomed alas! by bursts of grief, and often gushing
tears,—

A home, hallowed by memory's golden chain of tender
thought

Around a mother's death-bed, by love and sorrow wrought.

Once more we stood beside her. How strange a meeting
this !

Where was the hand of welcoming, the greeting voice,
the kiss ?

Within her coffin now she lay, in silence long and deep,
Forever closed her loving eyes, in Death's last, dreamless
sleep.

Effaced from her meek brow all lines of sickness, grief and
care,

And placid as a sleeping child, she lay in beauty there ;
While round her lips on which had dwelt the holy law of
love,

Lingered a sweet celestial smile, type of the peace above.

Our mother dear, though changes come, and time swift
onward rolls,

Yet thou shalt live, unchanging still, enshrined within our
souls.

When tempted, and when sorely tried, our spirits then
will turn

To thy meek virtues, all embalmed in memory's priceless
urn.

Thy single-hearted guilelessness, thy spirit's cheerful flow,
Thy sweet unselfishness of soul, so rarely seen below,
Thy sympathy and charity, linked ever hand in hand,
Thy meekness and humility, lengthening the golden band,

Thy true love for the beautiful, thy playfulness so free,
Thy tenderness of heart and mien, thy sweet simplicity,
The candor of thy spirit, extracting slander's gall,
"Oh, many have been virtuous, but thou excelledest them
all."*

And yet the richest jewel, mid these gems serenely
bright,
Was thy childlike trust unwavering, in all God's ways as
right.
This character we treasure up, our heritage from thee,
Still cherished in our heart of hearts, our mother's
legacy.

Our darling child, we did not take to look upon the dead,
For how should her young spirit know the loving soul
had fled,
Why those dear lips no answer made to love's most
earnest call,
Or why she in the coffin lay, clothed with the sable pall?

Alas! but little did we think as the bier we followed slow,
That our own blooming, treasured one would be the next
to go.

* Prov. xxxi. 29,—which we were wont to call our mother's
verse, as her birth-day occurred on the 29th of the month.

Our loving hearts ne'er had a dream that our sweet child
could die,
And mouldering underneath the clods, in her young
beauty lie.

But towards the grave we bore our dead, in silence and
in sorrow,
Undreaming in our present grief, the tempests of to-
morrow.

And nearer as we reached our goal, the higher swelled
grief's surge,
The while our hearts were chanting low our mother's
funeral dirge.

Slowly, bearers, slowly, slowly,
For a precious one ye bear,
One whose image meek and lowly,
Shrined within our hearts we wear.

In her coffin lone she lieth,
As we onward sadly pass,
While the mournful wind low sigheth
"Thus man fadeth like the grass."

Lightly, bearers, lightly treading,
Near ye now her place of rest.
Joy's bright flowers their leaves are shedding
On our mother's icy breast.

Gently, gently, ye are pressing
Closely to her children's side.
Soon their silent home possessing
She in sleep will there abide.

Softly now, oh softly raise it,
Poising o'er the dark grave's brink,
On the earth's cold bosom place it,
Slowly, slowly, let it sink.

Rest thee, mother, worn and weary,
Rest thee in thy bed so deep,
Though to us 'tis lone and dreary,
Yet 'twill give thee sweetest sleep.

Long thy faltering steps have tended
To the silent, shadowy tomb.
Now thy pilgrimage is ended,
Now spreads o'er us night's deep gloom.

Yet oh! mother, sweetly slumber
Deep within thy earth-made bed.
Years shall roll on without number,
Still shall rest thy weary head.

Now doth end our mournful chanting,
Though the bruised heart still weep,
Now sweet flowers is memory planting
Fresh within our hearts to keep.

Mother! fast our tears are streaming,
As we breathe our last farewell.
Yet there's light above us beaming,
Farewell mother! then farewell!

The Mother's First Vigils.

“To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe,
To see the infant tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow,
To meet the meek, uplifted eye,
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.”

T. DALE.

IN returning from the tomb, what a quickened sense do we have of our common mortality! After looking down into the grave, with what an intensity of feeling will a mother clasp her children to her heart, as if she could thus shield them from the blight of death! But it may not be. The most clinging affection cannot purchase for her exemption from the liability of being called at any time, to bear them away to the tomb.

It was not many weeks after our return, that a change passed over our dear child, which made us feel for the moment, the insecurity of our

possession. In the midst of her plays, she was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. As she lay in our arms, she looked so sick—so deadly pale, that our hearts sank within us.

Sickness and suffering in any form, it is painful to behold. But there is something indescribably touching in the sufferings of a young child. And if that child be your own, who but a mother that has had like experience, can conceive of your emotions? Willingly, joyfully would you yourself bear every pain, nay you *do* bear it, and yet the child must bear it too. You can suffer with it, but not in its stead. How wistfully it looks around to see if any relief is nigh! What an appeal it makes to its mother's heart!

Thus imploringly did Carrie's eye fall upon us! It seemed to express wonder that we should let her suffer so. Dear child! she was one of the fallen race, and shared in the common inheritance of suffering and sorrow.

From this sickness, God was pleased speedily to raise up our darling, so that in a few days she was again the light of our home.

Spring had once more come and gone, and the summer months were passing rapidly away.

And our graceful, bounding little one, her face all sunshine, her voice all music, and her soul all love, was every day stealing her way more and more into the very core of our hearts. If for a moment, a tear of sorrow dimmed her eye, before it could fall, it brightened into a tear of joy. A cloud on her sweet face, was the merest passing shadow, which only added radiance to the after sunshine.

“The tear down childhood’s cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;
When the next summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.”

The Home of Childhood.

“The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thine early flowers ;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

* * * * *

Alas ! for all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles all vanished now,
Follow me where thy roses blow ;
The echoes of kind, household words
Are with me midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies,—it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay,
For love, which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with, ‘dust to dust.’

We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said ;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes,
In still and mournful fondness rise.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above."

MRS. HEMANS.

DURING the latter part of the summer, we made our usual visit to my early home. The departure of our dear mother,—the sweet, animating spirit of that home, brought more vividly to mind the changes which had gradually been passing over it. The places were the same, and the objects familiar, but where were those who had looked on them with me? There was the pleasant grove, but loved ones who had walked there, lay low in the dust. Each side of the garden-gate stood the willows bending gracefully, with their foliage still fresh and green, but dear eyes which had so delighted to rest upon them, were closed forever. In the west still glowed the golden sunsets, but hearts which on behold-

ing them had kindled into rapture, had ceased to beat. Beneath the windows and along the walks, fragrant roses were still blooming, but the loved brother's hand that planted them, had long mouldered in the grave,—the sweet sister, who had worn in her bosom, blossoms from the same bush,—lovelier and frailer than they, had faded and gone. And infant eyes that had shone with joy to look upon the bright flowers were closed forever. Yes, often had the bier borne our dead across the shady walks to the silent grave.

But while we were saddened in reviewing these changes of the past, we rejoiced that no golden link was wanting in *our* household band, and our hearts rested in the hope that our home would not be invaded. Vain dream to cherish in a world where death casts his shadow before every door,—where sooner or later, he lays his icy hand upon every dear one, bearing them one after another to that land, whence none return to tell its mysteries.

But with no thoughts of death to darken her sunny hours, our Carrie, as full of happiness and music as the birds, played with her sister day

after day, thinking her grandfather's home a paradise. It was not to her full

“Of voices and of melodies and of silvery laughter gone.”

When her plays were over for the day, and she had partaken of her evening's repast, she would reverently kneel, and meekly folding her little hands, and bowing her fair head upon mama's lap, would repeat her hymns and prayers. Then having put up her lips for a good-night kiss, she would lay her head upon her pillow, where in a moment, sleep would seal her eyes, while as yet the flush had not passed from her cheek. Oh the sleep of infancy and childhood, what in after life can compare with it? There is no care-worn brow to be smoothed, no dark foreboding to be dispelled, no heart-rending grief to be assuaged. Then, sleep comes as to a lovely flower folding its leaves at the setting of the sun, but which at the first blush of morning, opens to the sweet sunlight its fair bosom, sparkling with dewy pearls. So with the rosy dawn, did our flowret unfold its beauty. When she raised the snowy lid, how did her whole soul

beam forth, while like a bird, she began her music for the day!

But now it was time for us to leave her fairyland. We had for some months felt a degree of anxiety on account of the delicacy and excitability of her nervous temperament. She was susceptible to an extreme, and we feared premature development. A physician, highly distinguished for his skill in all diseases connected with the nerves, gave us the following suggestions. "Before you attempt to teach her books, let her be *well* and I would say *old*. Her nervous system is delicate and susceptible, and will not bear the confinement of school, or the application of mind, necessary for learning from books. Observation is better for her than application. Let her *see*, and occupy all the other senses as much as she will, but avoid intensity, to which such minds are particularly prone."

Although our dear child was very far from indicating anything like disease, we felt at once the wisdom of these suggestions, and determined implicitly to follow them. It was fortunate for us in these circumstances, that she was not a fretful complaining child, whom it was hard to

please. On the contrary, it was easy to entertain her, indeed she generally provided herself with amusement. And bright were our hopes as we watched the unfolding of our blossom. And yet dark clouds will often flit across a mother's sky, casting a broad shadow over everything. And the music of her household birds does not always dispel the gloom. Her anxious heart whispers,—tears will surely dim those now cloudless eyes. Those joyous hearts will one day bleed with anguish, and perhaps father and mother be sleeping in the dust. Oh that I could shelter them from the ills of life ! But it may not be,—

“For a day is coming to quell the tone
That rings in thy laughter, thou joyous one !
And to dim thy brow with a touch of care
Under the gloss of its clustering hair ;
And to tame the flash of thy cloudless eyes
Into the stillness of autumn-skies ;
And to teach thee that grief hath her needful part,
Midst the hidden things of the human heart.”

MRS. HEMANS.

CHAPTER IX.

Festal Days.

“Bright be the skies that cover thee,
Child of the sunny brow,
Bright as the dream flung over thee
By all that meets thee now.
Thy heart is beating joyously,
Thy voice is like a bird’s,
And sweetly breaks the melody
Of thine imperfect words.
I know no fount that gushes out
So gladly as thy tiny shout.

* * * * *

What shall preserve thee, beautiful child?—
Keep thee as thou art now?—
Bring thee a spirit undefiled,
At God’s pure throne to bow?
The world is but a broken reed,
And life grows early dim:—
Who shall be near thee in thy need
To lead thee up to Him?

He who himself was 'undefiled.'
With him we trust thee, beautiful child."

N. P. WILLIS.

Nor many days after our return home, another birth-day came round. The following infantile epistle was dictated by Carrie on this welcome occasion :

"My darling Papa,

"Here is a sugar-plum from Caddy. Papa good. Papa love Caddy. Caddy will be good, so papa won't have to punish. We will all be good and make papa happy.

Your dear Caddy."

Louise used to try a good many experiments with her little sister. One day on coming into the room, I found her sitting on the floor with Carrie in her lap, trying to force something into her mouth, while the poor child was resisting to the extent of her ability. "What are you doing my daughter?" "Why I am trying to give the baby medicine to make her feel better, but she won't take it." Carrie would do almost everything which her sister desired, but taking medicine was not quite so agreeable.

About this time occurred our child's second birth-day. These birth-days were great occasions with the children. The round table christened by them the "birth-day table," must be set out, and spread with their special playthings from the "birth-day box," and the "birth-day drawer." Then the letters and the presents, and candies and cakes, and apples and oranges and nuts, were all placed before the queen of the day, who with her own fair hand, waited upon the table, distributing the good things to her parents and sister, not forgetting a share for the girl in the kitchen, and the dollies all seated quietly around the table. This being ended, and the children left to their own resources, they failed not to entertain themselves most happily.

Soon came on Thanksgiving, that day so dear to New England hearts, and so joyfully welcomed by New England children. Then followed Christmas, that our little girls fancied was "a very kind lady to bring them such presents." Last of all came New Year's day, redolent with kind wishes and warm greetings. The children thought there was a bright constellation of festal-days, so rapidly did they succeed one another. I sat up

late the last night of the old year, to re-dress their old dolls, and to manufacture new ones. In the morning, they were not long in discovering their new children, and their new-dressed old children. And musical were their voices, as they surveyed the wonderful things that had been collected. "I wish *every day* would be a birth-day, or Thanksgiving, or Christmas, or New Year's, or some such day." "But why?" "Oh, because we are so happy."

How amply is a mother repaid for all her labors by the bright faces of her dear ones! It is pleasant in looking back upon the past, whether as parents or children, to see scattered along our pilgrim-path, these green oases hallowed by the tenderest affection. And how will a mother, who has all along the passing years of their infancy, childhood, and youth, devoted herself to making such days bright eras with her children, —how vividly as the day comes round, will such a mother be brought to their remembrance, even when for years the sod has covered her! Shall not the fond mother then, gather a few pearls for the fairy days of childhood? Will she not weave some threads of gold into the dull warp

of life? Let such days be blessed by special kindness, let them be consecrated by instructions, which can never be more seasonably given, let them be hallowed by earnest pleadings for heaven's richest blessings upon her dear ones. So in after years, shall the memory of that kindness glow in the grateful heart, and those maternal teachings, written upon an enduring record, shall again come up, it may be when the feet are straying in devious paths; and the remembrance of a mother's prayers, and a mother's love may win back the wanderer to wisdom's ways. Then

“Fold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees
their kneeling;
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will not forget
it afterwards;
When old and gray, will he feelingly remember a mother's
tender piety;
And the touching recollection of her prayers, shall arrest
the strong man in his sin.”

But should the mother be called to lay one of her dear ones in the grave, she will not regret aught she may have done to make that heart beat with joy, which now will beat never again.

The Little Stranger.

“Mysterious to all thought
A mother’s prime of bliss,
When to her eager lips is brought
Her infant’s thrilling kiss.
Oh! never shall it set, the sacred light
Which dawns that moment on her tender gaze,
In the eternal distance, blending bright,
Her darling’s hope and hers, for love, and joy, and praise.”

KEBLE.

WE were now in the midst of winter, but while it was bleak and dreary without, within doors all was bright and cheerful, for the presence of a sweet blue-eyed boy, made it summer in our home and in our hearts. Little Carrie was very generous in giving up her rights, though sometimes her lip quivered at the sentence of banishment. But when she came in to make her daily visits, what bright moments were those to mother and to child! How would my whole heart go out to the sweet dove, nestling so lovingly in my arms! And sometimes in these visits, she would stand near me, and in

tones sweeter than a bird's, would repeat her little hymns, all the more charming for her pretty lisp.

“ 'Tis God bestows
My food and clothes,
And my soft bed
To rest my head”—“*on,*”

the little prattler would add.

A friend who was with us at that time, thus speaks of her :

“ How eagerly your sweet Carrie drank in the tidings that God had given her a baby-brother ! Half-wonderingly her dark eyes gazed into my face when I told her of the little stranger ; and then they filled with delight as she exclaimed, ‘ a baby-brother ! ’ And what pleadings of her eloquent face to hear more of the dear one who had entered her home to infuse new gladness into every heart ! And when she found voice, how fast her queries came ! ‘ Has he got feet ? Has he got hands ? Can he walk ? ’

“ Although she could not understand, and sometimes lamented, being exiled from ‘ mama’s room,’ yet any mention of the infant seemed

effectual to dispel the momentary cloud. She was so gentle, so quiet, and so easily pleased, that the care of her was a pleasure rather than a burden. She always waked in the morning pleasant and happy, and was invariably contented with her breakfast, never pouting or crying when it was thought best to withhold from her any dish of which she saw others partake. And when bed-time came, she would cheerfully leave her little plays to repeat her simple prayers. How much of sunshine she shed on us in those winter-days! Her graceful form flitted from room to room, intercepting me in every employment with some gentle request, or infant story, or loving kiss. Oh, blithely did our 'little red-bird,' as we sometimes called her, strike those chords of melody, which are strung to such gladness in the human heart!

“ She was extremely affectionate and grateful, and her sweetness, docility, and engaging manner, won for her a place in the hearts of those, not so susceptible as ordinary to infant attractions. She had I remember, an extreme susceptibility,— a proneness to intensity of feeling, which made it desirable to guard her from undue excitement.

“When I left you, I left not behind me the image of your darling. That was still with me in all its freshness and beauty. She was truly a darling—a loan from the kind Father of all to beautify and bless your earthly home.”

The baby was now getting to look around the room, and to take notice of people and things. And Carrie would stand by him in admiration, sometimes asking question after question, and again seeming to have her compassions excited, because her poor brother knew so little, and could do so very few things. Indeed, what can exceed the utter helplessness of an infant? With its instincts, its capacities, its powers of helping itself, so inferior to the young of every other species,—who could suppose that in that helpless babe, you beheld a tiny miniature of man? Yet there, untaught it is true,—there are the senses, through which knowledge is to pour into the mind;—there, undeveloped, are the physical powers;—there the germ of every intellectual faculty;—there too, is the latent fire of soul,—the yet sealed fountain of every feeling and emotion. But all is slumbering now. It is the merest existence—the first few weeks of infancy.

And yet what intensity of feeling, this little unknowing, unconscious one awakens in its mother's heart! And were an infant a rare sight, what interest and admiration would it excite in a mere passer-by! What artistic perfection is exhibited in the proportion, and symmetry and grace of its baby-form! How lovely are those rounded arms, those fair dimpled hands! What delicacy in the coloring, and what beauty in the features of that small round face! And what serenity is imaged on that infantile brow! And that snowy curtaining lid, with its blue veins so delicately traced, and its dark silken fringe shading the rosy cheek on which it rests,—oh, what a sweet picture is a sleeping infant! Who but the heavenly Artist can thus paint? But that fair lid is raised, and from its bright mirror the soul looks out inquiringly, and seeing a kind face bent over it, what confidingness beams forth! Take its small soft hand;—how lovingly the tiny fingers cling around your own! It moves—it lifts its baby-arms. With what skill is joint fitted to joint, and with what ease and grace, every several part of this exquisite workmanship performs its office! Who but the al-

mighty Artificer can construct like this? These motions are now its involuntary exercise, strengthening the physical powers. But soon that little slumbering *will* awakes, and then,—strange mystery! its hidden springs begin to play, and all parts of that wonderful mechanism move accordantly with its secret impellings. Oh, this living miniature of man!

“Who taught its pure and even breath
To come and go with such sweet grace?”—

who but He, that could now place his finger on that heart, and its beatings would be forever stilled? Then clasp not thy little one, fond mother, so closely to thy bosom. There is One lingering ever at thy threshold; and commissioned from on high, he may soon place his icy kiss upon that brow, and seal those lips in eternal silence. Make no idol then, of thy child, but hourly give it back to God.

The First Home.

“Do what I may, go where I will,
Thou meet'st my sight;
There dost thou glide before me still,
A form of light!
I feel thy breath upon my cheek,
I see thee smile, I hear thee speak,
Till oh, my heart is like to break.

Methinks thou smil'st before me now,
With glance of stealth;
The hair thrown back from thy full brow
In buoyant health:
I see thine eyes' deep violet light,
Thy dimpled cheek, carnationed bright,
Thy clasping arms so round and white.”

D. M. MOIR.

It is natural to the human heart to undervalue present blessings. If in a bright summer's day, we recline under a shady tree, drinking in the

balmy air of heaven, and listening to the warbling birds, the whispering trees, the singing brooks, and all nature's "unwritten music," while the eye rests dreamily upon a cloudless sky, or upon the flower-starred fields;—is there not enough to fill the senses with delight, and the heart with thanksgiving and love? Yet because this enjoyment is so often within our reach, of how little comparative worth is it to us! It is not till the sky is overcast, till the flowers are faded, and we are saddened and chilled by the cold breath of autumn,—it is not till then, that we realize how bright and beautiful was the summer's scene. So it is not till the clear sky of our domestic life is clouded, till its green leaf is sere and red, till the cherished flowers of our heart lie cold and dead before our eyes, and the bright summer of our home has passed forever;—it is not till we are shaken and bowed before grief's wild tempest, that we realize our past bliss.

During the Spring, Carrie heard of the death of a little girl whom she knew. She talked much about her having "wings on," and "a gold harp in her hand," and said one day, that

she thought her little friend was "in the cubby-house up in heaven."

About this time, we were obliged to go through the discomforts of moving, a process more gratifying to children than to older people. Most distinct in my remembrance is the last afternoon we spent in that dear nursery. Carrie was in her element as she stood at the window, watching the loads of furniture, admiring the horses, and every now and then discovering some familiar article as it lay piled upon the wagon. "Oh, there are our chairs Louise," and "there mama, see our cunning little table." And she was full of what she was going to have and to do "in the new house." At length the carriage came, and dear Carrie passed for the last time through the yard over those planks, where her little feet had so often bounded along. She came with us for a season into our new home, to render it as the scene of her happiest and of her last days, dearer and more hallowed to our hearts in its indescribable desolation, than the brightest spot on earth.

The children were delighted with the "cunning little room" opening from the nursery, which was to be their sleeping room and baby-

house. And many, many a sunny hour did the dear child pass, flitting back and forth from her "cubby-house," as she called it, now coming to tell mama some pretty story, or show some wonderful thing, or give a sweet kiss, and then returning to her children and her castle-building. As the warm days came on, another source of delight was discovered in a long garret, where the children could romp to their heart's content. Thither a part of their play-things were transported, and there "papa" put them up a swing, and a rope for gymnastics.

Some new source of enjoyment seemed to be constantly opening before them. In the latter part of May, they would go with their father into the garden, to help him plant and sow. How fast would Carrie's feet trip over the beds, and how often would she, in her busiest moments, look up at the window, and blow a kiss to mama. She was delighted to watch her father while digging the ground, and preparing it for the seed. He took great pains to prevent any unpleasant association with worms and insects, as well as to form happy ones with birds and flowers. Much discomfort is oftentimes oc-

caused through inattention to this subject, or a misdirection of the mind of a child, by feelings which in maturer years can hardly be overcome.

On returning from a short journey with the children, we stopped a few days at their grandfather's. And while on this visit, we sent for a baby-jumper, or as Carrie called it, "a jumping baby." How brimful of ecstasy were her eyes, and what a merry laugh burst from her, as she danced gracefully, her fairy form bounding up and down with a light spring, her feet scarcely touching the floor, and the flush still deepening on her cheek. And then the baby must be put into the jumper. It was a beautiful sight—the little fellow springing, and jumping, and crowing, and laughing, and those two fond sisters on either side, speaking to him in the most loving tones, and cheering him on to still greater feats. And many a happy hour the three thus passed together, when it was too warm to play out of doors.

What a constant well-spring of joy are loving little children!

"Confiding sweetness colors all they say,
And angels listen when they try to pray.

More playful than the birds of spring,
 Ingenuous, warm, sincere ;
Like meadow bees upon the wing,
 They roam without a fear ;
And breathe their thoughts on all who round them live,
As light sheds beams, or flowers their perfume give."

MONTGOMERY.

Filial Obedience.

“ A child in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love :

A resting-place for innocence on earth ; a link between angels and men ;

Yet is it a talent of trust, a loan to be rendered back with interest ;

A delight, but redolent with care ; honey-sweet, but lacking not the bitter.

For character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding,

And the bent unto good or evil may be given in the hours of infancy :

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,

The scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come ;

Even so mayst thou guide the mind to good, or lead it to the marrings of evil ;

For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions ;

And the habit of obedience and trust may be grafted on the mind in the cradle.”

M. F. TUPPER.

A disposition guileless, confiding, and loving to an unusual degree, was early manifested by our dear Carrie. And she was easily subdued. We can remember but once in which there was anything like a contest with her, which occurred when she was about two years old. After this she yielded without resistance. There was great intensity in her feelings, but however her heart might be set upon anything, it seemed easy for her to give it up, when told it was not best for her to have it. "It's never mind," was a phrase often in her mouth, to show that she meant to submit as cheerfully as possible. And when her older sister found it harder to feel right about any disappointment, the dear child would look in her face most affectionately, saying in sweetly persuasive tones, "It's never mind, *titter*." "Just as mama thinks best," was another frequent phrase with her. And the cheerful manner in which she would say it, when her little heart was swelling with sorrow, might well have taught me a lesson of submission to my heavenly Father's will. If she ever manifested any wrong feeling, a sorrowful look was almost sure to subdue it, and with the sweetest expressions of penitence

and love, she would come and twine her little arms around her mother's neck.

There is scarcely a point about which a devoted mother will feel so much anxiety and difficulty, as in securing uniform and prompt obedience. There are children who seem particularly disinclined to this. Even in indifferent matters, they like to show a will of their own, and a rebellious spirit is so often manifested, if not in open resistance, yet in constant aggressions upon authority, by professed misunderstandings of the command, by dilatoriness, by ill-natured compliance, or by constant teasing to be excused, that it requires no little judgment to know how to obtain implicit obedience and submission. If the Christian mother realized how intimately connected is this point with the present and eternal welfare of her children, would she not at all events see to it, that they "forsake not the law of their mother?" "For it is an ornament of grace unto their head, and chains about their neck." "The rod and reproof give wisdom; but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

In securing a habit of obedience, she is remov-

ing one obstacle in the way of her children's becoming disciples of Christ, for a spirit of insubordination to parental authority, is one of the greatest hindrances to their humble submission to divine authority. By her desire then for her children's highest welfare, let the young mother require from them a uniform, and prompt, and unanswering obedience to her commands. And if she feels her own inexperience and ignorance, and who does not?—let her study the divine oracles, and pray for heavenly guidance. So shall she be enlightened in her duty, and enabled to lead her children in wisdom's ways.

“Give him not all his desire, so shalt thou strengthen him in hope ;

Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears, so shall he fear thy firmness.

Above all things, graft on him subjection, yea in the veriest trifle.

Courtesy to all, reverence to some, and to thee, unanswering obedience.”

M. F. TUPPER.

A Father's Interest.

“ What shall I liken thee to, Carrie ?* ”

What shall I liken thee to ?

What so sweet and so fair can with thee compare ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

Shall I call thee a flower, born in the first shower,
That tells us the spring-tide is here, Carrie ?

No, the flower fades away, at the close of the day ;
Thou art blooming and sweet all the year, Carrie.

What shall I liken thee to, Carrie ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

What rings out so free, as thy laugh full of glee ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

Shall I call thee a bird, whose warble is heard

From the bough of the blossoming tree, Carrie ?

No, the bird's song is still, when November blows chill ;
Never wind shall blow coldly on thee, Carrie.

* In the original Susie.

What shall I liken thee to, Carrie ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

What so precious and bright, as thy face of delight ?

What shall I liken thee to ?

To brilliants that shine, like stars from the mine,

Or pearls from the depths of the sea, Carrie ?

No, the gem has been sold, for silver and gold !

But what price could ever buy thee, Carrie ?

There's naught I can liken thee to, Carrie !

There's naught I can liken thee to ;

Bird, flowret, and gem, alike I condemn ;

There's naught I can liken thee too.

Thou'rt a gift from above, of the Father of love,

Sent to call our hearts upward to Him, Carrie ;

His smile we see now, in the light on thy brow ;

God grant it may never grow dim, Carrie."

G. W. BETHUNE.

ON a pleasant afternoon, with Carrie's hand in mine, when on a visit at her grandfather's, we went across the shady walk, to that sacred spot where rested our departed ones. While all had been changing above them, they had slept on, with not one unquiet dream to trouble their repose. And the soft sunshine lay upon their graves, and the green grass waved over them,

and the weeping willow in mute sympathy bowed its head, while its slender branches tearfully kissed the wild flowers that sprang up beneath it. And knowing naught of death, blithely dear Carrie tripped along, innocently sporting beside the graves, except when her sympathizing heart was touched with our sorrow.

After a few days we returned home, where the children with unabated zeal, resumed their simple occupations in doors and out. One day their father found them in the barn-loft. They had climbed up there in pursuit of something new, and having discovered an old ricketty stand, they had carried it down the ladder-like stairs, and were about repeating the feat with a little stove, so that they "could have a fire in it and bake."

About this time occurred another birth-day, and here is a letter from Carrie.

"I lud du, (love you) my darling papa. I want to kiss you a great many times. Oh, I could jump it makes me so happy to have birth-days come. I like to have the round table out. And I like to sit at it. And I like candy and sugar-plums because they are sweet. Here

in a paper all done up is a sugar kiss for you from little Lina!

Oh papa! will you carry me and Louisa on your shoulder to Canada to-day, because it will make you happy to see us laugh so. We are going to be good children all day long. This is from

“little Me.”

This riding on papa's shoulder was a favorite amusement. What a sparkling of Carrie's eyes, and what a clear ringing laugh burst from her, as mounted on high, with her dimpled hand laid patronizingly upon her father's head, he carried her back and forth singing as he went. And when she descended, and he said, “How are you going to pay me for your ride?” she would throw her arms around his neck saying, “I thank you kind, kind papa.”

Some fathers are apt to surrender to the mother, all care and instruction and government of their children, but in doing this do they not surrender also some of their dearest privileges? In the Bible we nowhere find a grant for the father's absolution from the parental duties. Indeed it is to him as the responsible head of the

family, that its precepts relating to the government of children are particularly directed. It was Abraham, and not Sarah, who was commended for commanding his house after him. It was Eli, and not his wife, who was censured, because in the wickedness of their children "*he* restrained them not." And while the chief care, particularly with young children, necessarily devolves upon the mother, yet in his hours of relaxation, a father can manifest much interest, and that without the least interference with his business or his comfort. And in sickness, how many a little kindness can he show, which will bring a gleam of sunshine over the pale face of his suffering child! Such an interest not only lightens the burden, which at times weighs oppressively upon almost every mother,—and confirms her authority, but it also gives him an influence over his children, which could not otherwise be obtained. Without something of this, he can hardly be anything but a nominal father. And certainly he cannot expect otherwise to win that peculiar affection, which is one of a parent's sweetest rewards.

No pains was too great for Carrie, that might

attract her father's notice. On the Sabbath, when she did not go to church, she would watch at the window for his return, bounding into the hall with her kiss of welcome. And then she would run into the nursery to be ready to hand him his slippers, and "here papa is your *geen* gown." Her bird-like voice is still in my ear, striving to give utterance to her affection. "Dear papa, darling papa, bird papa, dove papa, *seet* (sweet) papa."

Their brother's baptism was an occasion of great interest to the little girls. And when he was taken out of church, Louise must go into the aisle followed by little Carrie, who before she could be reached, jumped down from the seat, and stood by her sister's side till they saw the baby safely out.

"Not a flower on earth's wide bosom,
But thou visitest with dew ;
Spirit ! let this opening blossom
Feel thy heavenly influence too.
In thy faithful arms I place him,
Thine alone, oh let him be,—
Father ! with thy love embrace him,
Suffer him to come to Thee."

G. W. BETHUNE.

The Third Birth-day.

“ We have an angel in our home,
A bright and happy one,
With hair as golden as the clouds,
Around the setting sun ;
Her eyes are like the stars that gem
The beauty of the night,
And over all her face they shed
An exquisite delight.”

RICHARD COE, JR.

“ Beauty was on thy cheek, and thou didst seem
A privileged being—chartered from decay ;
And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream
That hath no ebb, kept on its cheerful way :
Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of spring,
That thrills the heart, and cannot be unfelt ;
The sun, the moon, the green leaves, and the flowers,
And every living thing,
Were a strong joy to thee—thy spirit dwelt
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.”

MARY HOWITT.

Not a day passed in which Carrie did not be-

come more and more dear to us. Truly was her little heart

“A fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And her every look, a gleam of light, rich depths of love
revealing.”

This love was constantly welling over from the full fountain within. “Papa!” “What my daughter?” “*I lud du.*” This she would say spontaneously at all times of day, and sometimes in the night. One Sabbath at church, in the midst of the sermon, she suddenly spoke aloud, “*I lud du,*” putting up her lips to kiss mama. It seemed to come from an irresistible impulse which could hardly be rebuked.

One day, when I had been telling the children about Satan’s temptings to evil, little Carrie, with great spirit lisped out, “If Hatan hippers” (if Satan whispers,) “if Hatan hippers in *my* ear, I shall say, GET AWAY *Hatan.*” Her tone showed so much excitement that I said, “Not just so Carrie!” She received the rebuke with her usual sweetness and answered quickly, “No, if Hatan hippers in my ear, I shall say, *pease* (please) Hatan, go away,” and this with such an

indescribable charm of tone and manner, that it seemed as if even the Prince of evil might almost be softened by so touching an appeal.

For some time I had kept a kind of school for the children in our nursery. Carrie was delighted with the idea of being a scholar. And although what she was allowed to do was only for amusement, yet she improved rapidly. She would sit down in her little chair before her low table, and study at her self-appointed tasks with a zeal worthy of imitation. And if wishing to divert her attention, I gave her her sewing, she would pull her needle through and through, all the time prattling forth her sunny thoughts. Then she would read from a book, composing as she went along, or ask "to write *caterpillars* on the slate," by which we supposed she meant catechism. And when school was done, she would gaily skip away to her baby-tending or tower-building. If I went into the kitchen to make pies or cake, her little feet would soon be patting down the stairs after me. "May I help you, mama? I should like to *so* much." Then trotting off for her little board and roller, she would take her piece of dough, saying, "I thank

you *kind* mama." If we were up garret, "See mama, how I can *wing*," and with a bound, she would catch hold of the rope with both her hands, and swing away most merrily.

We had taken pains to teach the children the distinction between liking and loving. So one day while we were at the table, Carrie broke forth, "I don't *like* you papa, because you ain't my dinner, but I *lud* du. I don't *lud* my dinner, because it isn't papa, but I *like* it."

About this time, she went with her father to spend a day or two at her aunt's. When she had on her tunic and bonnet, her face was perfectly radiant, but her joy was a little tempered by seeing her sister somewhat saddened at the thought of being left behind. When her father led her from the door, though her feet bounded along, yet her heart lingered with her sister, and till out of sight, her bright face was turned back towards the door where Louise stood watching her.

But among all the periods hallowed by tender recollections, our minds linger around none with more peculiar fondness, than her third birth-day. On this never-to-be-forgotten morning, we were

awakened by glad voices. "Mama," called Carrie, "shall you set the birth-day table right after breakfast?" They were sent up stairs to play, while arrangements were made. In the corner of their room was placed the "birth-day table," on which were laid their choice play-things, and the letters and presents for the queen of the day. Their dolls in new dresses were seated around the room, and their various boxes placed in due order. When everything was ready their father was called, and then the bell rung for the children. How did Carrie's face beam as she looked around, while her feelings found vent in thanks and kisses! "Thank you, *kind* papa, *kind* *mama*. I *lud* du." After her emotion had somewhat subsided, her little epistles were read to her, among which was the following.

"To my darling Carrie.

"You are just three years old to-day, and you have been growing dearer to your father, each year as you have been growing older. And I hope you will be growing better too, every year that you live. Then your father and mother

who love you so much, will be made very happy. You see how many pretty things your mother has collected for you. Don't you think she loves you? Your dear sister loves you too, and your little brother is beginning to love you, and to *coo* around you. And your father you know, is very fond of his little Carrie. Now if you are a good child, God will love you, and that will make you very happy and be the best of all. Be a good child then, and take this little letter as a proof of
Your father's love."

When the letters had been read and the kisses given, the children went about their plays in earnest, and all that morning was heard the hum of their busy voices. After dinner they were sent up garret to romp again, while their feast was made ready. Cakes and candies and apples and nuts and grapes were placed upon the table with their tea-set. When the bell was rung, never did more willing feet fly over the stairs, and they were soon seated with their afternoon's work before them. It was an amusing sight,—little Carrie waiting upon herself. Not a word she spoke, but went directly to work,

filled her tiny cup half full of sugar, then the remaining half with milk, pouring the cocoa on the top, which of course ran over upon the waiter. There they sat rapt in silent joy, offering their good things to their babies, but eating them themselves. Carrie seemed in danger of swallowing her cups and saucers, for she poured cocoa cup and all into her sweet mouth.

The day long as it had seemed in anticipation, passed speedily away, but in memory they often lived it over again. The mention to Carrie of her third birth-day was sure to make her eloquent. And our thoughts were running forward to the time when she would be four years old. But while we were thus cherishing the dearest hopes, and pleading with God for his richest blessings upon our child, we little thought *how* he was preparing to answer our petitions. And yet—

“Be still my heart! what could a mother’s prayer,
In all the wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?”

CHAPTER XV.

Selfishness and Benevolence.

“She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rose-bud start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight.
To find her fairy footsteps follow me,
Her hands upon my garments, or her lip
Long sealed to mine, and in the watch of night,
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek, was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp, that yields
To the light-fingered breeze; and as it held
Brief converse with her doll, or playful soothed
The moaning kitten, or with patient care
Conned o’er the alphabet,—but most of all,
Its tender cadence in her evening prayer,
Thrilled on the ear like some ethereal tone
Heard in sweet dreams.”

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“WHAT would you like to have your father bring you home my children?” “A rocking-horse, if he can find one,” was their animated reply. “Well, he is coming up the stairs, and you can see.” They ran to the door, and there stood their father, and by his side a nice new rocking-horse. What clapping of the hands, what fond epithets, what caresses lavished upon us and upon the little horse! “Pony Pomp,” they christened it at once, and “I like it, oh I like it,” was often repeated as they rocked away. When they bade good night, Pony Pomp came in for rather more than his share of the kisses, and when they went to bed they must have him close by their side. Before light the next morning, we were awaked by the tramp of Pony Pomp, with the pleasant accompaniment of happy voices.

Carrie seemed to enjoy anything the better for sharing it with others. And this is the true philosophy of happiness, inasmuch as generosity is better than selfishness. But it is not unfrequently the case that a mother or other indulgent friends, will give a child some dainty, never encouraging it to offer any to others; and if it

should do so of its own accord, they praise its generosity, while they scrupulously refuse even to taste what is offered. A mother will sometimes do this from the kindest feelings, never considering that she is thus with her own hand, sowing in her child's bosom the seeds of selfishness,—that hateful and noxious weed which springs up spontaneously and grows so rankly in the human heart. Beware fond mother, that this Upas tree overshadow not with its gigantic growth, that precious spirit committed to thy hand. Selfishness needs no culture, and notwithstanding the pruning knife, is apt to spread all over the soil, poisoning whatever it touches. Remember that

“Disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions,”

and that by such lessons as you may unconsciously give your child in its tender years, you may cherish the worst propensities, and yourself make it difficult for the principles of pure religion to take root and prevail in its heart, although that they may do so, be the daily burden of your prayers. Let not your child then, grow up with

the mistaken idea that it is the sun and centre of the domestic system. Strive rather to pluck up the root of selfishness, and if you cannot do this, at least cut off its extending branches.

If a mother gives her child proper instruction, and can induce him voluntarily to make trial of the generous principle, his own experience will convince him, that the smallest and the poorest portion, will give more pleasure to a generous spirit, than the best and the largest to a selfish one;—that self-sacrifice, if it can be thus called, even in little things, brings with it a higher enjoyment than self-indulgence. From his earliest childhood encourage him to impart to others, to sympathize with the sorrowful, to relieve the suffering, even by the breaking in upon his little treasury of collected pennies. Teach him by your precept and example that “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” and you do far more for his happiness,—you enrich him with a nobler legacy, than if you bestowed upon him thousands of gold and silver.

This sunshiny spirit—the giving others of our light and warmth, had a sweet home in our Carrie’s heart. Her sympathies were quick and

strong, and it seemed to be her great happiness, to do all she could in her little way to make others happy. "Can I help you mama? I should *like* to help you." She would arrange my work-basket, or with the little brush sweep up the carpet, or wind thread, or any thing whereby she felt as if she were doing good. Flowing from her spirit of kindness, was a considerate disposition, a thoughtfulness for the wants of others, and a readiness to sacrifice her own little pleasures, in a degree which we felt to be not common in so young a child. She would run from her plays when we came into the room, to set out the rocking-chair or arrange the cushion for us. And often would she of her own accord, take the cricket on which she was sitting, and place it before my feet, looking up with her peculiar smile, for some token of approval.

She had a great sympathy for the girl in the kitchen. "Poor *Maly*," she would often say when she saw her doing anything which seemed hard, frequently offering to help her. It was her habit to save a share of her nice things for the domestic. And so much did she and her sister feel for the misfortune of an Irish girl in not

knowing her own birth-day, that after talking about it a great deal, they came to the conclusion that they could fix upon one for her. But not knowing how to arrange it, they begged their mother's help, and had a regular birth-day celebration.

We were glad to encourage this disposition, because it seems desirable to strew some flowers in the most rugged path, and because we felt that it tended to encourage a benevolent spirit. There is a manner of treating servants, natural to many a child, which not only makes harder their already hard lot, but is most unhappy in its influence on the child itself. By allowing it thus to magnify its own importance, a selfish, overbearing spirit is fostered, than which scarcely anything is more repulsive. But

“The child is father of the man,”

and the same spirit gaining root, not only renders one uncomfortable to himself and to others in all the relations of life, but it involves a radical defect in character, which unfits him for the brotherhood of man, and for the discipleship of the lowly, self-sacrificing Jesus.

If a mother would have her children grow up respectful to their superiors, kind and affable to their inferiors, and courteous in their demeanor to all, she must cultivate the disposition and the manner in childhood. The Bible enjoins courteousness, and connects fear of God with reverence for *the aged*, evidently presuming that where the latter is cherished, the former is more likely to ensue. "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God."

The children had much talk about Christmas some days before it came. They had been unwell, and were not able to hang up their stockings the evening previous, and so they asked "mother" to do it for them. "Is there anything in the stockings?" was the first question in the morning. Carrie was lifted into the closet, to see how full hers hung, and after breakfast, she sat up in her crib having the table near her. With trembling eagerness her little hand drew out one thing after another, till all was revealed to her wondering eyes.

That bright day was one of the green spots on which the dear child loved to look back. But

why does memory so linger around the festal days of the last year? Why is it that the sweet child's image is so often before me as she looked this Christmas day sitting in her crib, her hands filled with the gifts which she had pulled from her stocking, while she was prattling away so musically? Why, but because it was her *last* Christmas,—the last time that dear hand was to be so busied?

“The last! the last! the last!

Oh, by that little word

How many thoughts are stirred!”

Perils of Life.—Perseverance.

“Gaze on—’tis lovely! childhood’s lip and cheek
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought.
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair and meek
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity.”

MRS. HEMANS.

CHEERFUL were the sounds that broke our slumbers on the first day of the New Year. Carrie crept from her crib as was her custom in the morning, and laid her velvet cheek to mine prattling of her love. Often will a mother have sad thoughts as she looks into the sunny face of her child. And especially at the commencement of the year, when the mind traverses the horizon, calling up memories from the past, and shadows from the future, till blended together they almost seem like present realities,—at this season of retrospection and anticipation, how natural for a mother to roll onward the clouds that have

shaded her own life, into the far-future of her child's history! And knowing that suffering is the very condition of humanity, how will her heart ache for her little one! Its tiny bark now glittering in the sunshine with all the fresh colors of childhood, is soon to put forth upon the broad sea. In its onward course, it must be tossed upon the surge, it must encounter the storm, the quicksands, and the whirlpool,—and who can foretell its fate? With such an uncertain and perilous future, how will the anxious mother long to shelter her child from the exposures of life. But it may not be. Sorrow is its needed discipline. It must learn in the school of suffering, or it will not learn at all.

But while she is thus hoping and fearing, trembling and pleading for the sweet one now cradled in her arms,—suppose that some angel hand commissioned from the eternal throne, instead of launching her child's frail bark upon the troubled sea of life, guides it quickly over the yet unfeared river of death,

“ Into that tranquil bay
Whose waters pure reflect eternal day.”

Shall she mourn that it has passed “ the rough

sea's foam?" Will she not rather thank Him who sitteth above the storms, that He has rescued her dear one from the perils of life's voyage, and thus early taken it into his own perpetual sunshine?

Meantime we were going on pleasantly in our little school, and other exercises. Carrie was always cheerful and always busy. Whatever she did, whether work or play, was done with her whole heart. And her mind was active as well as her body.

Often in the midst of some play, she would come to mama, and slightly knitting her thoughtful brow, would make some remark or ask some question, showing that

"Her little heart was busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts
about the next."

And yet in connection with this thoughtfulness, she had a peculiarly playful manner—an archness of expression that was sometimes quite irresistible. "Carrie, who killed his brother?" "Cain." "And who *was* the brother?" With her arch look she replied, "Why *hid* budder, *Cain's* budder." * * * *

In some way, if it were practicable, she would almost always contrive to carry through what she had commenced; so that there was little occasion for urging her to perseverance. This trait is more essential to the formation of an efficient character, than we are apt to suppose. It is indispensable to success in any undertaking, and to the formation of an energetic, self-relying habit of mind. And yet how often when a child yields to the first discouragement, is it allowed to stop there! Thus obstacles are sure to multiply, and impossibilities to increase, and consequently the child grows up timid and irresolute, and is likely to be unsuccessful in whatever he undertakes. How important then, that a child should learn from his earliest years to depend upon himself;—that “I can’t” should not be allowed to enter into his vocabulary, but that in his studies, his little employments, and even in his plays, he should be encouraged to persevere in whatever he commences. Even should it take him ten times longer to do it alone than if helped by another, it is worth more than ten times as much to him by the discipline thus acquired. And if a habit of persevering applica-

tion be so important to the intellectual character, it is scarcely less so to correct moral development. A child who is accustomed to yield to the obstacles in his way, will be quite likely to be overcome by the temptations which beset his path. From the want of that resolution and independence, which are the result of persevering and thence successful effort, he fails in that decision of character, which is necessary for the utterance of the decisive *no*. And wanting this power of resistance to what his conscience condemns, it will be strange indeed if he be not beguiled farther and farther along

“The bright, broad, crowded way.”

Let the mother then be careful how she encourages habits, which will not only obstruct the intellectual progress of her child, and be a barrier in the way of all successful enterprise, but which are likely to occasion an equally defective moral character.

The Silver Cup.

“Cast in simplicity’s own mould,
How canst thou be so manifold
In sportively bewitching charms,—
Thy lips, thine eyes, thy dimpled arms?

* * * *

My arch and playful little creature,
Thou hast a mind in every feature.
Thy brow, with its disparted locks
Speaks language that translation mocks.

* * * *

Thou hast not to adorn thee, girl,
Flower, link of gold, or gem, or pearl :
I would not see a ruby speck
The passing whiteness of thy neck.
Thou need’st no casket, witching elf,—
No gaud—thy toilet is thyself ;
Not e’en a rosebud from the bower,—
Thyself a magnet, gem, and flower.”

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

WE were again in the midst of winter, but it was not winter in our pleasant nursery. The soft sunshine looked in at the windows, and lay upon the wall, as if it were the reign of Spring. And our sweet bud was unfolding her loveliness every day. Her life was all music and gladness.

“And her voice, it had the warbling gush
Of a bird upon the wing.”

She was the very picture of health, and yet her susceptibility to excitement, connected with a peculiarly imaginative temperament, and great intensity of feeling, occasioned us some anxiety. She would often awake in the night and call out, “mama I see naughty things.” Once she said, “I see great eyes.” We never asked her questions about what she saw, but endeavored to divert her attention, till she fell into a quiet slumber.

A friend who saw her about this time, was struck with her peculiar delicacy and sensitiveness, and expressed the feeling that one thus constituted, was inevitably destined to suffer acutely if she lived. In this feeling we fully participated. But had we known our heavenly

Father's purposes, there would have been no occasion for such solicitude.

“ Ah ! this cold, blighting clime was unmeet
For a spirit so gentle and mild,—
That radiant expression too sweet
For aught but a heaven-destined child.”

Their father used sometimes to please the children by giving them fanciful names. The one bestowed upon our household-bird was Beautitia. Neither she nor her sister had any idea of its import, but she was delighted with its sound, and sometimes when addressed as Carrie, she would say, “ No, I am Beautitia.”

During the winter we had a visit from a friend, whom she called “cousin *Maly*.” Eagerly did Carrie watch her, as she took from her muff a parcel, which she opened, handing the dear child a silver cup, designed for a New Year's gift. How her eyes shone as she held it with both her little hands, and looked at her name ———— written upon it. But they shone brighter still as she caught her own sweet face reflected in the clear silver. When her father came in, she ran to him with her treasure in her hands, saying,

“ See papa, here is my *new tin cup*. It is siller (silver) outside, and siller inside, and siller on the bottom.” After this it was called “the new tin cup.” It was precious to us then, as a token of the dear departed one whose name our darling bore. How doubly precious is it to us now, as a remembrancer of our cherub-daughter! In health, her little hands have often held it, and her rosy lips drank from it. And from her sick bed, the dear child called for her “new tin cup,” and her wasted fingers would try to clasp the handle as we raised her drooping head to drink. Yes! her dying lips have touched its brim, and it is now hallowed to us by all these tenderest associations. Her sweet name is still written upon it, but that sweeter face will no more be imaged there.

“ And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Alas! it seems as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away,
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill.”

Sympathy, and Love of Flowers.

“ Oh ! there are recollections
Round mothers' hearts that cling,—
That mingle with the tears
And smiles of after years,
With oft awakening.”

C. BOWLES.

“ I see thee still.
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust.
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night ;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear ;
In every scene to memory dear—
I see thee still.”

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

THE reign of hoary Winter had ended, and Spring had unbound his icy chains from the streams, and had loosed his fetters from the little brooks and rills, which now ran through the

green grass babbling most musically. Everywhere was the sound of rushing waters and of singing birds. And within doors and without, was our robin red-breast warbling her blithe song. When her father went out into the wood-house, he was almost sure to hear her little feet on the planks, bounding after him. "Who is here?" "Me." "And who is *me*?" "Caddy." "And who is Caddy?" "_____"

The fountain of love in her soul was constantly overflowing in gushing streams of affection, making green every spot they watered. Sometimes she would lavish epithet upon epithet, in the attempt to express her full heart. And her confiding love extended to every one. "Whose baby is Caddy?" "Papa's baby." "And whose else?" "Mama's baby." "And whose else?" "*All* the bodies' baby." It was seldom indeed that the kindly current of her affections was checked by any wrong feeling, but if this ever occurred, and she was tempted to say, "now I don't lud anybody," a look of sorrow would bring out her emphatic "I *do* lud du."

But in the midst of our sunshine, a cloud was passing over our heads. The children's father

went out of town, and returned with the sad tidings that a dear relative had left us for the spirit-land. Carrie was at the door waiting for him, but when she looked into his face, her joyous expression vanished, and with a subdued tenderness she put her little arms around his neck, saying so mournfully as she laid her rosy cheek to his, "poor papa, poor papa!"

Her father leaving us for a few days, no words can express the sweetness and sympathy which Carrie manifested in his absence. By many a little ministration in her own gentle way she cheered the lonely hours. If in her plays she left me for a moment, she would soon be back with words of endearment, or some fond caress. She would stand for a long time by my side picking up pieces of work as they dropped, saying so affectionately, "Ain't I your good girl mama?" A child many years older, could scarcely have manifested more intelligent sympathy, or more adequately ministered to sorrow. And I felt at the time that a grown-up daughter would hardly have been more company to me in her father's absence, than was our little Carrie.

It was on a pleasant afternoon that the nursery

door opened,—and what a shouting of glad voices, what a stretching forth of little arms, what a putting up of rosy lips to kiss “dear darling papa.”

It was now a season of the year when the children could be much out of doors, and well they improved their liberty. Again they were sporting gaily in the shady porch, or under the blossoming trees; sometimes rolling their hoops, and again drawing their babies in the little wagon. Often would Carrie come bounding in with “Here is a *fower* for you, mama.” She, in common with most children, had a great fondness for flowers. And it was matter of regret to us, that we could not conveniently cultivate house-plants. For ourselves, our living flowers were sufficient, but we felt sorry to be without the influence that the culture of plants naturally has upon children. For those who are so situated, that they can make use of such means to refine the taste, it is no small loss to be without them. If the philosophy of such pure and simple pleasures were better understood, no mother would consider her trouble in the rearing of plants or kindred occupations, as anything to

be compared with their tendency to refine and improve the heart, and promote the happiness of her children. They are committed to her culturing hand, and she is bound by the dearest obligations, to gather around them such influences as shall tend to develop their intellectual and moral character, and that in the most beautiful harmony.

The gift of a flower would at any time brighten Carrie's face. But to gather flowers herself, was a pleasure indeed. If anywhere around there was a bright dandelion, her brighter eye would spy it out, and she would fly into the house with, "Oh see this beauty, beauty dandelion!" And the tulip and honeysuckle and rose,—how much innocent rapture did they bring her young heart! Sometimes when the flowers were all gone, she would come in with spires of grass or withered leaves, as an apology for something green.

Never was she happier than in this bright spring, when Nature was decking herself in her rainbow robes, and wreathing her brow with flowers. Alas! we knew not that before the autumnal blasts had faded these gay colors, and

the fair but transient flowers had withered and fallen,—our sweet bud of beauty, blighted by a colder breath, would droop and die.

“ Brief was her course, but starry bright,
The linnet’s song, the lily’s white,
The fountain’s freshness,—these shall be
Meet emblems of ‘my child’* to me.

* * * * *

The dew-drop in the breeze of morn,
Trembling and sparkling on the thorn,
Falls to the ground, escapes the eye,
Yet mounts on sunbeams to the sky.

Thus in ‘her childhood’s’ dew she shone,
Thus in the morn of beauty fell;
Even while we gazed, ‘our child’ was gone,
Her life became invisible.”

MONTGOMERY.

* In this, and a few other extracts, a single word or phrase is changed to adapt it to the subject of this record; which change is denoted by quotation marks.

The Visit.

“A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.”

“Fair is thy face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty, sleep is drawn
Like a thin veil, that half conceals
The light of soul, and half reveals.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eye-lash moves with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds, come floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright,—
Till thou awak'st,—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leaps in ecstasy.

And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure those eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half o'ercome timidity !
Nature has breathed into thy face
A spirit of unconscious grace ;

A spirit that lies never still,
And makes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.

* * * * *

Oh happy child ! thou canst not know
What pleasures through my being flow
From thy soft eyes, 'as thy deep' feeling
From their blue light 'is o'er me stealing."

WILSON.

WHILE the children were in the midst of their innocent joys, an afflicted brother came to visit us. Carrie's whole heart seemed to go out in sympathy towards him. Even in the midst of her plays, she was continually saying, "poor uncle! poor uncle!" When he left us, she accompanied him to an aunt's, whom he visited. While there, letters from home were sent her. On the outside of the one which her sister dictated was written,

"This is Caddy's little letter, and there is wrote inside some pretty things, and cousin Mary will read them, and I saw mama seal it.

"Little Caddy,

"I am coming to aunt's some day, with mama and bubby. Bubby is going to come, and he can play out in the garden with you and

me. And we can have real good times, and have the doll and the picture-books and all the beautiful things. My dear little Caddy, Louise is sorry she was ever unkind to you, and she is asking you in this little letter to forgive her. Tell her that I want to see her, and that I love her. And tell her that she must be good, and do just what cousin and aunty say. And tell her that I want cousin H—— to be kind to you. And ask her if she's seen the little biddies, and if she's afraid of the big dog, because it won't bite her, and not to be afraid. Little Caddy won't be afraid. And tell her that I see the moon now and the sun and the clouds and the splendid blue sky. And the houses and trees look so pretty, I wish you were here to see them. And I saw a beautiful pink and green rainbow. Tell her that I wrote it, only mama wrote it, and that's just the same. And tell her that I send a kiss to her because she is my little darling sister. And I'll try to please her in everything she wants me to.

“Your loving sister Louise.”

“My sweet Caddy,

———— “I suppose you have by this time seen

all the wonders of fairy-land,—the garden and the barn and the cow and the chickens and the big dog and the swing and the doll. Are you going to learn some hymns to say to mama? I send you a kiss by papa, and he will stop and give it to you now. And you must give him one with your rosy lips to bring back to mama.

I hope you will say your prayers, and that you will pray in your own little words for yourself and all your dear friends. Remember what you have been taught about God and Jesus Christ, and pray that you may be a good girl, so that when you die you can go to heaven.”

It seems somewhat singular that in these the very last words which I ever addressed to my darling by letter, I should thus have alluded to her death.

Of Carrie's conduct during this visit, her aunt thus speaks:—

“I wish I could portray the sweet expression of confidence and quiet submission that your darling manifested while here. If I gave her playthings, she sat down quietly by my side and amused herself. Unlike most children, she was contented and happy with whatever was given

her, not looking around at this thing and that, and feeling that she should be happier if she could have something that another possessed. I think she might well have been my teacher with such a sweet spirit." * * * *

"When her afflicted uncle wearied and sad would recline upon the sofa, she would leave her plays and hang around him, trying to soothe him by the most gentle endearments." In a letter which this uncle addressed to her aunt, after hearing of the dear child's death, he says, "The unexpected loss of their sweet little cherub Caro, served to give fresh poignancy to my own grief. Her tenderly affectionate ways when at your house, often reminded me of my own C., so much so that I could not refrain from tears."

On Carrie's return with her father, she spent a day with some friends in B———. The lady of the house spoke warmly of her good behavior, saying that "in person, manners and character she seemed to be everything that was desirable in a daughter." With what enthusiasm did Carrie talk of her visit, and display the box of cups and saucers and the new doll which had been given her. But notwithstanding her petting

abroad, she returned with undiminished zest to her simple employments and pleasures at home. She wished indeed that her father would move down and live in her aunt's house. And she often talked of making another visit, and playing again in that "pretty garden." Such a visit she did not make, but though she was never again to be in her aunt's pleasant garden, yet we trust she is now dwelling in a more beautiful one, "where the flowers are not death's."

"I saw a drop, whose trembling ray
Was bosomed by a flower.—
A sunbeam bore the gem away,
But Fancy, in its airy sway,
Pursued it to a brighter day
Gilding a fairer bower."

H. K. WHITE.

Guardian Angels.

“I think of all thy winning ways,
Thy frank and childish glee ;
Thy arch sweet smiles, thy coy delays,
Thy step so light and free ;
Thy sparking glance and hasty run,
Thy gladness when the task was done,
And gained thy mother’s knee ;
Thy gay good-humored graceful ease,
And all thy thousand arts to please.

Where are they now ? And where oh where,
The eager fond caress ?
The blooming cheek so fresh and fair,
The lips all sought to press ?
The open brow and laughing eye,
The heart that leaped so joyously ?
Ah, had we loved them less !”

ALARIC A. WATTS.

THE gentle reign of Spring was now almost ended, and a lovely sight it was to see her

“Lift the bright gems from her fast drooping head,
And crown her sweet sister to reign in her stead.”

Carrie was again playing about in the garden and yard, and gathering nosegays of the dandelions and clover blossoms that were sprinkled all over the grass. The children were anxious to do some planting for themselves; so their father gave them a few beans and kernels of corn, with liberty to put them where they could find room. The place that they at last pitched upon after various changes, was directly in the trodden path under the shade of the large horse-chestnut now hanging full of rich blossoms. Carrie had considerable trouble with all her digging, in making her corn and bean stay under ground. And instead of being watered by the rains, they were so often washed away, that she was frequently running to her father with, “Papa will you give me another corn and bean for mine are gone.” From the windows, we could see her working most diligently with her wonderful corn and bean, sometimes childlike, digging them up to see if they had begun to grow, and again covering them over with fresh earth and watering them. If she started to go out of doors, in un-

pleasant weather, and I said, "I would not go now Carrie," she would look up so earnestly and ask, "Can't I just see to my corn and bean?" She was quite in raptures one day, when her father twisted large leaves, so as to make watering-pots for her and her sister. Each would hold about half a dozen drops, and with this and a dish of water, she worked away for a long time, watering her corn and bean most faithfully. At last her father proposed a better place for her seeds, where they sprung up and grew to be a sad memorial of her, when she had passed forever away.

The peculiar graces of childhood seemed to be now rapidly developing in our dear child. So ardent were her emotions and so glowing her expressions, that she was often called "the little enthusiast." She had an unusual degree of that naturally poetic feeling which young children often manifest.

Her impulsive disposition sometimes led her astray, and she would in haste do or say something very unlike her gentle self. Her quick sympathies inclined her to take the part of one whom she saw suffering, even when such sym-

pathy was misdirected. Her father on one occasion, having rebuked her sister for some offence, Carrie said to her, "ain't papa naughty?" Her father's reproof subdued her at once, and brought out her unaffected "I am *solly*;" and in a moment, looking up in his face with a mingled expression of affection and archness, she said "I lud du." If she was ever betrayed into disobedience and I felt obliged to correct her, it was a thrice painful duty. Her yielding spirit, and the docility with which she submitted to punishment the very few times in which it was resorted to, almost took from me my power of inflicting it. Ah! how the thought thrills a mother, that from ignorance or hastiness of spirit she may sometimes have wronged her departed child!

Often when I took my darling on my knee, and looked into "the summer heaven of her clear eyes," have I almost longed to place my hand upon time's rapid wheels, lest the future should bring with it some sad change. Yet I thought not of her death, but only dreaded aught that might damp her enthusiasm or sadden her heart or cast the shadow of distrust over her confiding spirit.

How full of consolation to the mother in such hours of sad misgiving, is the thought that the Angel of the Covenant has his watchful eye upon her dear ones, and his everlasting arms around them. What a peculiar regard did our Saviour manifest for little children, when notwithstanding the multitudes that thronged him, and the weight of a perishing world which pressed upon him, he yet took them in his arms and blessed them, uttering that assurance so precious to the parental heart, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Is not all childhood hallowed by this act of infinite tenderness and love?

And is it not more than the poet's dream, that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep?"

Are we not assured in Scripture that there are spirits ministering among us, invisibly it is true, but none the less really soothing our sorrows reproving what is wrong and aiding us in our struggles? And resulting from this sweet assurance of God's word, what more natural than the belief in individual *guardian angels*? Indeed have we not Scripture evidence

to this very point? We know that such a belief was prevalent among the Jews, and with this knowledge, may we not regard as confirmatory of such a belief, these words of Jesus, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father, which is in heaven." Oh yes! there is comfort for the anxious mother! It is easy to believe that He who thus distinguished children, and who showed his tender concern for them in his direction to Peter, "Feed my lambs,"—it is easy to believe that he would also give it in charge to his ministering spirits to watch over these lambs of his flock,—that he would appoint unto them guardian angels. And may we not suppose that this ministration of mercy is given to those who were once most intimately connected with the objects of it?

"It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head
Are hovering on viewless wings,
The spirits of the dead."

What more natural than that those who have

known and loved and left us, should be the ones chosen to watch over and guide and bless us? What better accords with the deepest yearnings of the human spirit? We cannot believe that those whose hearts so lately beat in unison with our own, whose very being seemed so identified with our being, that in their departure we feel as if a part of ourselves had gone to the spirit-land;—we cannot believe that by becoming freed from their earthly encumbrance, they have lost all interest in their earthly friends, that the waters of Lethe have been poured over their souls, quenching every tender recollection,—that they have ceased to love us. Nay, every instinct of our nature,—everything that we can know and conjecture of God's dealings,—even the testimony of Scripture itself, forbids such a supposition.

But if their interest still remains, can we suppose them kept in ignorance of our concerns? Have they not a common sympathy with Christ in all that relates to the perishing world for which He gave himself? And have they not a special sympathy, with the dear ones with whom they so lately communed in the flesh?

If our Saviour, whose great atoning work might have been completed in the few days of his trial and his crucifixion,—if He deemed it necessary to pass thirty weary years upon the earth, meeting our temptations, bearing our burdens, enduring our sorrows, and thus closely interlinking himself in the brotherhood of man,—if He did this that we might have “an High Priest” able “to be touched with the feeling of our infirmities,” and to give us that sympathy which can be felt only by one who has had human experience ;—can we believe that He would employ to minister to man, angels who have never sinned and never suffered, and who have therefore no common consciousness with us,—and not also the ransomed ones who have lived the human life, and died the human death, and borne with them over the grave, the experiences, the affections and the memories of humanity ? Is it irrational,—is it unscriptural to conclude that to such who as fellow-pilgrims have smiled and wept with us, who have shared in our infirmities and our temptations, in our conflicts and our victories,—between whom and ourselves the strong bond of love was one over which Death

himself could not triumph, but which he has only purified and made eternal ;—may we not conclude that to such it is given with gentle ministrations to hover on unseen pinions around us, bending over our pillows, watching our steps, and by a thousand invisible, but felt influences, winning us to truth, to duty, and to God ? Nay, have not we the witness to this in our own bosoms ? Have not our perturbed spirits been suddenly quieted and soothed, and as it were, bathed in celestial light, and made to breathe the very atmosphere of heaven ; and this accompanied by a distinct impression of some angel-friend, and a half-consciousness of the viewless presence of that friend ?

“ Yes, my heart has revealings of thee and thy home
In many a token and sign ;
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there ;
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.”

We cannot doubt that the air is filled with bright messengers, ascending and descending on their mission of love. And heaven, and heaven's

sweet melodies may be nearer to us than we in our earthliness suppose.

“There’s not the smallest orb which we behold
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls !
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

Oh, could the spirit but look out through its mortal vestment, could the gates of the senses be shut, and the inward eye be opened, what a bright cloud of witnesses might we not find moving softly among us, cheering the disheartened, comforting the mourner, opening heaven to the dying, and bearing the freed soul within its everlasting doors ! And could the spirit but listen, what celestial music might not burst upon us in the still watches of the night ! But our souls are caged and fettered, and the communings that we consciously have with the spirit-world are but occasional and very imperfect. Yet may they not be sufficient to confirm the evidence gathered from other sources, that there are hovering about our path unseen friends,

sympathizing in our struggles, rejoicing in our conquests, and blessing us with their kindly influences?

How delightful to feel that angelic beings are ever around our little ones with gentle whisperings to good! And still more soothing is it to believe that those who are among us with such blessed ministrations, are the very ones from the whole universe of created intelligences, whom our hearts would choose for such a work,—the dear spirits whose cast-off garments we have entrusted to the grave,—whose departure we have bitterly mourned. But *have* they departed? Are they not with us still?

“Mother, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinion,
And in darkness gone to rest?
Nay; the grave is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there;
Hear'st thou not its gentle whisper
Floating on the ambient air?

It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near thee at the evening hour;

Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It looks up from every flower.
And when night's dark shadows fleeing,
Low thou bendest thee in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest heaven,
Then thy angel-child is there.

* * * * *

Oh ! the friends, the friends we've cherished,
How we weep to see them die,
All unthinking they're the angels
That will guide us to the sky."

FANNY FORESTER.

Premonitions.

“Coming events cast their shadows before.”

CAMPBELL.

“And the strange inborn sense of coming ill
That ofttimes whispers to the haunted breast
In a low tone, which naught can drown or still,
Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest ;
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall ?
Why shakes the spirit thus ?—’tis mystery all !

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink,
Haplp of viewless worlds, and know it not ;
Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot !
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made,—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed !

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind ;
Yet undismayed,—for do they not reveal
The immortal being with our dust entwined ?

So let us deem, and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest for that high nature's sake."

MRS. HEMANS.

"Over the spirit there comes a feeling of wonder and
sadness,—

Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be
compassed.

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the
prairies,

Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking
mimosa,

So at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of
evil,

Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has
attained it."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

AMONG the mysteries of the spirit, perhaps none are more strangely thrilling than our occasional glimpses of some event, veiled by the curtain of futurity. And so very slight are these momentary glimpses, that we should almost feel as if mistaken, were it not for the otherwise inexplicable impression left upon the mind. It is true that we often deceive ourselves,—that from disease or excessive anxiety, the heart, in its many imaginings, may conjecture future

calamities which do not come upon us. But that God does sometimes allow coming events to be foreshadowed, cannot be doubted. In the language of De Foe, "That such hints and notices are sometimes given us, I believe few that have made any observations of things will deny. That they are certain discoveries of an invisible converse and a world of spirits, we cannot doubt, and why should we not suppose that they are from a friendly agent, and that they are given for our good." And because the mode of communication is incomprehensible, shall we therefore deny the fact of such communications? It may be easier than we suppose for invisible beings to "strike the electric chain wherewith we're darkly bound," yet without discussing the practicability or the manner of such revelations, it is enough to refer to the accredited testimony of those in whose history are recorded just such "marvels of the mind;" and to the consciousness of many who from their own experience, can witness to this mysterious fact;—who have had unaccountable premonitions of some future event, which were verified by the reality.

Certainly I could not otherwise account for my strong impression not two months before our child's sickness, of some afflictive death about to occur in our own house-hold. And it was not till my mind was occupied by the incidents of journeying and visiting, that this impression was gradually removed.

Early in the morning of a pleasant day, we started on a contemplated journey, arriving at our place of destination towards night. We were soon introduced into a quiet retreat, and were rejoiced once more to breathe pure country air, and to look upon green fields. The children were in ecstasies at everything they saw, and before they laid their tired heads on their pillow, were introduced to numerous little turkeys and chickens and to two great dogs whose acquaintance they were yet to make.

How delightful it was to be waked the next morning by the cheerful sounds in the yard below. There was the crowing of the cock, the matins of the birds, the bleating of the lambs, the lowing of the cattle, the watch-dog's bark, and all the insect music that blended without discord in this morning concert. And when we

looked from our window what an enchanting scene was spread out before us! There was the sunny farm-yard with its various inmates all helping to swell the chorus. And around was an undulating country, diversified with little wooded hills and sunny slopes, while here and there we caught sight of a silvery brook, winding its way along and singing as it went. In the distance was a stone arch raised over the brook, giving a picturesque effect to the unpoetic railroad. The morning air was pure, and balmy was the breath of the flowers, opening their starry eyes to the day, or holding up to the sun their tiny cups filled with bright pearls.

With no dream that this is a world of sorrow, Carrie that morning opened her eyes. She had not words to express her happiness, as she ran everywhere, and looked at everything, asking questions of every one. What a pleasure was it to her to see the butter churning, and to taste the sweet fresh butter! And she was greatly pleased to hear about the bees, which had taken refuge in the walls of the house, and paid their rent in honey and the honey-comb. Day after day would she and her sister play till the sun

went to his golden couch, when they would seek
their little beds, and soon fall into quiet slumber.

“There’s a gladness in ‘sweet childhood’s voice,’ and its
song mid summer bowers,

Where the sun is on his golden cars, and the dew upon
the flowers.

It comes like our own voices back from a past and happy
scene,

So fair, that nothing after is so fair as what has been.

There’s a gladness in ‘sweet childhood’s’ sleep, and its calm,
unbroken rest,

With the dew of blessing on its head, from the fountain
in its breast ;

There’s nothing in our after years of weariness like this,
Till when the heart is young again in its Sabbath year of
bliss.”

The Last Visits.

“ Sweet thoughts are mirrored in her face,
And every motion is a grace.”

“ I had a little ‘ daughter’ once,
And she was wondrous fair ;
Like twinéd links of the shining gold
Was the waving of her hair.

Her face was like a day in June
When all is sweet and still,
And the shadows of the summer clouds
Creep softly o’er the hill.

Oh my ‘ daughter’s’ voice, I hear it yet,—
It comes upon mine ear
Like the singing of a joyous bird
When the summer months are near.

* * * * *

Like flowers, she seemed to cause no toil,
To give no pain or care,

But to bask and bloom in the light of day,
In the warm and sunny air.

And oh! like them, as they come in Spring,
And with Summer's fate decay,
She passed with the sun's last parting breath
From life's rough path away."

ONE morning when the children were playing out in the front yard, Carrie suddenly set up a glad shout, and bounded into the room exclaiming, "papa, papa, papa's come." She had caught a glimpse of him in the road, and without stopping to speak to him, she must hasten in to tell the glad news.

Not many days before this, a strange, twittering noise had been heard in our room. On removing the fire-board, we found on the hearth a small nest holding three young swallows. A poor swallow not so aspiring as David's had chosen to build in a chimney, and the nest had fallen down. We tried to feed the little ones, the children looking on with great interest, but as we could not succeed the nest was laid back upon the hearth containing something which we hoped they would contrive to eat. They

kept up an occasional chirping, and every day food was put into their nest. At length, not having heard their noise for some hours, I looked to see what was the matter. There were the poor wee things all dead with their feet clinging to the sides of the nest. It had been touching to think of the mother-bird's grief on returning with food to her young, at finding them gone, nest and all. I almost felt as if some unerring impulse would lead her to descend the chimney, but nature had only given her the instincts necessary for common emergencies. And yet how many, and how beautiful are these! And who might not learn from them lessons of trustfulness and love? But to return to our swallows; it seemed so sad that they should all have starved to death, and that almost before our eyes. Altogether, and happening as it did in our room, it came over me like something ominous. "Couldn't Jesus make them alive?" asked Carrie in the midst of her tears. "And will you, papa, look in our chimney when we get home and see if there are any little swallows there?"

The parting hour had now arrived, but the pleasant weather and childish prattle soon dis-

pelled the transient sadness it occasioned. On our way home we made a little visit at the children's grandfather's. No shadow lay upon our path as we stopped at the well-known gate, where Carrie bounded in, putting up her lips to kiss her friends even before she had reached them. There she and her sister enjoyed their last plays together in her earliest home. They swung in the barn, they picked flowers, they drew their brother in the little wagon, and—what did they not do?

The last two or three days of our visit, Carrie was quite unwell and we feared a serious sickness.

“Sweet one! when fondly on my breast
I hushed thee to thy soft repose,
And watched the wing of slumber rest
On violet eye, and cheek of rose—
While gazing on thy trusting eye,
How could I deem that thou wouldst die?”

That thou wouldst die, and from our bower
Withdraw the sunshine thou hadst shed,
While grief should bid her purple flower
Spring up where'er our footsteps tread;
And hopes and dreams, once green and high,
Like autumn leaves should lowly lie!”

Truthfulness.

“Time hath not power to bear away
Thine image from the heart,
No scenes that mark life's onward way
Can bid it hence depart.”

“Thou wert a vision of delight,
To bless us given ;
Beauty embodied to our sight,
A type of heaven :
So dear to us thou wert, thou art
Even less thine own self, than a part
Of mine and of thy ‘father’s’ heart.”

D. M. MOIR.

It was a happy month,—the last month of our dear child's bloom. No one discerned the dark form that every moment approached nearer and nearer casting a deep shadow far around him.

How the memory lingers about those days of rosy health ! Not a fear for our blooming Carrie

disturbed our peace. And in her character as it fast unfolded we read bright promise for the future.

But among all her lovely traits, none more rejoiced our hearts than her perfect truthfulness. Her countenance from babyhood was peculiarly open, so that her father had been wont to call her his "honest daughter." The idea of shielding herself from punishment by falsehood, seemed never to have entered her mind. And even if tempted to this by another, her love of the truth was sufficient, young as she was, to triumph over the temptation. And while she was thus truthful herself, she never thought of suspecting the veracity of others.

Confidingness seems to be a characteristic of childhood. How sad that this trust should ever be betrayed! But are there not mothers who for their right hand would not injure their child, yet who by their own example instil into the young heart a lying spirit? If a mother sets for herself a low standard in respect to the truth, her children will not be the last to perceive it. And if they make the discovery that she is guilty of concealment, or equivocation, or exag-

geration, or misrepresentation, they will be very likely soon to practise it themselves.

A mother should carefully guard her child against everything which would injure his integrity, or weaken his sense of the truth. Let her teach him that falsehood will degrade him in his own eyes, as well as in those of others; and will expose him to the displeasure of a lie-hating God. Let her cultivate in him a high-minded rectitude—a nice sense of the truth and a sincere love for it. And she should begin her lessons in infancy, remembering that

“The seeds of first instructions are dropped into the deepest furrows.”

Let her own example be a consistent and constant teacher to her children. A mother should be cautious how she promises or threatens, but her word having passed she ought sacredly to regard it. Let not a breath of falsehood tarnish the young spirit. Teach thy child to be true whatever may betide,—under all circumstances to dread a lie more than any possible consequence of speaking the truth.

“Let reverential care
Shield its first bloom from all unholy air.”

There is nothing more lovely than an open, ingenuous character, that scorns for any purpose, to tell or act a lie, that under all circumstances and in all places dares to be true to itself and true to others. This ingenuousness is written on the countenance, and a countenance radiant with truth's holy light is beautiful indeed. Such was the character written legibly upon our sweet Carrie's face.

“Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
Truth in their dark transparence lies ;
Their sweetness gives me back the tears,
And the free trust of early years,
My gentle child !

* * * * *

Oh ! heaven is with thee in thy dreams,
Its light by day around thee gleams ;
Thy smile hath gifts from vernal skies ;
Look on me with thy cloudless eyes,
My gentle child !”

MRS. HEMANS.

Particular Reminiscences.

“ Her tuneful tones so full of mirth
Delight the ear no more ;
Yet still the thrilling echo lives,
And many a lisping word
Is treasured in affection’s heart,
By grieving memory stirred.”

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“ Thou wert so like a form of light,
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O’er thy sweet innocence :
And thou that brighter home to bless,
Art passed with all thy loveliness !

Oh ! had’st thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty ! fair as brief !
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief !
Now not a sullyng breath can rise
To dim thy glory in the skies.”

MRS. HEMANS.

CARRIE delighted to have us read or tell her stories. But in nothing did she take more pleasure than in religious instruction. And it has been a matter of deep regret and self-reproach that feeble health, and company, and cares interrupted the regular hours for instruction during the last few months of the dear child's life. Had I but known as the days flew rapidly by, that with them were passing away my last opportunities for sowing good seed in that tender heart, what would not I have gladly sacrificed rather than this precious privilege?

Carrie manifested much interest in family worship, especially in the singing, in which her sweet voice was wont to join. One day she begged us to sing, "The bellows are roaring, and the windows are blowing." After some inquiry, we found that she referred to the hymn,

"Though hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar."

She anticipated the Sabbath with pleasure, as she felt sure of hearing more reading than on other days. The holy morning was sometimes ushered in by her exclamation, "Oh I am

so glad it is Sabbath day." She also loved to go to church, and was noticed by others as particularly reverential in her deportment there.

She was very fond of Bible stories, and listened with a mingled expression of wonder and delight to the account of Lazarus, whom Christ raised from the dead. At first she could hardly believe the glad news, but as she came to realize it joy lighted up her whole face.

She was much affected by the story of Jesus. On listening to the narration of his death, a glow of indignation spread over her speaking countenance, which soon gave place to an expression of deep sympathy and sorrow, while the words "poor Jesus, poor Jesus," escaped her lips. As she heard how the angels sat in the sepulchre, "wasn't God good to send the angels?" And as she listened farther—how Mary went to the sepulchre, and heard her own name called so tenderly, "Mary," and then, knowing the voice turned and saw her Saviour,—as the truth flashed upon the dear child that Jesus was really alive again, her face became perfectly radiant, while a shout of delight burst from her. She laughed and clapped her little hands saying,

“I am *so glad*, I am *so glad*.” I think she added, “kind, kind Jesus to speak so to Maey.” I can see her now, her earnest eyes looking intently into mine, while emotions every moment varying flitted over her ingenuous face. If I do not mistake, she presently broke out with a spontaneous gush of feeling, “I would have held him with both my arms around him.” From this time, she appeared to cherish a spontaneous love and gratitude to the “dear Jesus,” as she was wont to call him.

It was indeed a grateful work to cast seed upon such a willing soil. And although we were not permitted to watch the ripening of the fruit,—although thy spring-time dear child was short,

“Yet not in vain thy life ! Thou hast not sown,
Yet the rich harvest reapest as thine own,
Thou hast not fought, but thou hast won the prize,
Hast never borne the cross, yet gained the skies.”

Carrie was always ready to repeat her prayers, and liked also to pray in her own words. It is pleasant to think of her as kneeling beside us, her head bowed and her eyes closed, while her

little hands were meekly folded reverently to repeat her prayers. However full of play she never seemed ruffled when the time came, and I have no recollection of her hurrying carelessly through them.

I had read to the children some account of heaven, in which it was compared to a beautiful garden. After this, it was one of her petitions, "Make me a good girl, so that when I die I can go to that pretty garden." Among other passages of Scripture requiring obedience to parents, I had repeated this, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pluck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." This made a deep impression, and she added another petition. "Oh God, make me a good girl, so that when I die I can go to that pretty garden, and don't let me be a naughty girl and have the bird pick out my eyes."

She and her sister had many talks about death, but they seemed to originate with her. It has been a matter of touching interest to look back to the last few months of her life, and recall the many things that she said about death, although

she never saw the face of the dead. There seemed to be an invisible influence silently leading her thoughts to this mysterious theme, so that others as well as ourselves were surprised at her remarks. In the midst of her amusements while holding some plaything in her hand she would suddenly break out, "when I die, titter, (sister) you shall have this." And again, "when I die Alick shall have that." And yet to look upon her bounding form and her bright Hebé-face, scarcely any one would have thought of *death*. It was affecting to know that such thoughts and feelings were busy in that youthful heart,—to hear such words from those young lips;—but with what inexpressible tenderness do they now come to us from her silent grave!

The dear child would sometimes plan the order in which she supposed we were to die. One day she said, "Mama, if you die first, I shall want to die before papa, because I shouldn't want to be left all alone." And afterwards, looking up with great earnestness, "Mama, if you and Louise and Alick were to die first, couldn't papa and I die *together*, *both* of us?"

Sweet one! we dreamed not that her little feet were first to tread the dark way.

One day she came running in out of breath evidently greatly excited. As soon as she could speak she told her pitiful tale, and with a look of such sincere distress that we could not help giving her our sympathy. It seems that she and her sister had found out of doors a dead kitten that had been thrown away. "Wasn't it too bad, mama, to do so to the poor kitten? I see tears in its eyes, and I want papa to take it up, and put some clothes on it, and bury it in the burying-ground, just as other people *dud*, say will you dear papa?" Nothing would pacify her till her father promised that the poor kitten should have decent burial. Suddenly a thought brightened up her face. "Mama, couldn't Jesus make the kitten alive as he did that man?" Afterwards, still pondering upon the matter, "Won't it rise again as Jesus did?"

After hearing of heaven as a garden, she talked much of "the pretty garden." One day she broke out, "Can I kiss you in that garden, because I shall *want* to kiss you in the garden?" Soon after I heard her ask her sister, "Can I

laugh in the garden ?” In a very wise manner Louise replied, “no, you can’t laugh, but you can *smile* there.” Receiving this answer with childlike simplicity, she responded, “Yes, I can *smile* there.” And seeing me, “Mama, I can *smile* in the garden.”

At another time she said, “When I die I shall have on my little bonnet and pelisse, and go up the steps into that pretty garden.”

Ah, “soon thy little feet have trod
The skyward path, the seraph’s road,
That led thee up from man to God.

Farewell, then—for a while, farewell,
Pride of my heart !
It cannot be that long we dwell
Thus torn apart ;
Time’s shadows like the shuttle flee,
And dark howe’er life’s night may be,
Beyond the grave, I’ll meet with thee,
‘My darling child !’ ”

Last Days of Wealth.

“ Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power ;
It is the perfume left behind
That whispers of the flower.”

MRS. WELBY.

“ Full was thy lot of blessing,
To charm her cradle hours,—
To touch her sparkling fount of thought,
And breathe her breath of flowers,—
And take the daily lesson
From the smile that breathed so free,
Of what in holier, brighter realms,
The pure in heart must be.

No more thy twilight musing
May with her image shine,
When in that lonely hour of love,
She laid her cheek to thine.
So still and so confiding,
That cherished ‘ child’ would be,
So like a sinless guest from heaven,
And yet a part of thee.”

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

IT was one of Carrie's quiet pleasures to stand at the window, and watch for those whom she knew as they passed. If she caught a glimpse of our physician going by, she would call out with great animation, "my Dr. ——— my Dr. ———." And when he came in, she would put his large hat on her little head, and taking his cane in her hand would suddenly appear before him with a gleeful laugh, pleased enough if he entered into her frolic. The last such scene was only two or three weeks before her final sickness.

"I have three fathers," said Carrie one day, "my papa, and my grandpapa, and my Father in heaven." She loved her father and her grandfather with all the warmth of her young heart, and they loved her most tenderly, but the Father who loved her with an infinite love was about to take her to himself. Her bright summer-day was now drawing to a close. But a few more sunny hours and we were to see the deepening shades of twilight. She was to be taken home

"Ere the bitter cup she tasted

Which the hand of care doth bring—

Ere the glittering pearls were wasted,
From glad childhood's fairy string—
Ere one chain of hope had rusted,
Ere one wreath of joy was dead.”

In the afternoon of Carrie's last Sabbath of health, she and her sister repeated their hymns and catechism, and then we had some pleasant talk with them. I recollect being so struck with the expression of her countenance, that I silently changed her position, that her father too might look upon her speaking face.

On a bright Wednesday morning, we were expecting friends to spend the day. As I was around in the rooms seeing that everything was in order, my Carrie in her simple white frock followed me everywhere. As I looked upon her open countenance, and into her loving eyes, there was too satisfied a feeling at my heart. No! it is not for a mother to exult in the beauty and loveliness of her cherished blossom. It may wither almost beneath her gaze. Instead of thus exulting, how would my heart have sunk within me could I have looked forward but four short weeks! We were again on a bright Wednesday morning, expecting company, but for what?

The joy of my heart,—the delight of my eyes, was, as now, clad in white, but alas!—it was her *burial shroud*. Those little busy hands lay folded meekly upon her bosom, which never again would throb with sorrow or with joy. It was her funeral day.

But the dream of such a future clouded not our present sunshine. When our friends came, no one was more glad to meet them than Carrie, and a joyous day it was to her.

The next day she was as full of life as ever. The children had the rocking-horse in the front hall, and decorated him with leaves and flowers as for a gala day, little thinking that she was never again to ride on Pony Pomp. The day following, being rainy, they played in the house all day. Carrie arranged my basket, and wound thread upon spools, which still lie in the drawer—*her last work*. Ah! why does memory so linger about that Friday?—It was her last day of health. Never, never again were we to listen to her gladsome laugh.

“ Her thousand winning ways, alas!
Shall charm this heart no more.

Ah! could'st thou not have lingered, love,
To cheer me yet awhile,
Life's scenes to bless and brighten still
With thy sweet, radiant smile?"

The full cup was sparkling at our lips, and we felt secure, not seeing the shadowy hand extended to dash it to the ground.

After supper I undressed my darling, and for the last time, she knelt by my side folding her little hands to pray. As I kissed her good night, and looked back upon my two daughters lying lovingly together ah! why did not something whisper—it is the *last* time? Alas! her sun is setting—her day is past.

“Those little hands will ne'er essay
To ply the mimic task again,
Well pleased, forgetting mirth and play,
A mother's promised kiss to gain.
Those lips will never more repeat
The welcome lesson, conned with care;
Or breathe at even, in accents sweet,
To heaven the well-remembered prayer.”

But quietly we sought our pillows, all undreaming of the blight that even then had touched our

bud of bliss. How we linger on those hours!—
but lingering thus will not recall the past. And
would we, if we could,—would we bring from
her sweet home above our cherub daughter?
Would we give her back life's bitter cup to drain,
—again to go through the dark valley?

“ She did but float a little way
 Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
 Listening their fairy chime ;
 Her slender sail
 Ne'er felt the gale ;
She did but float a little way,
 And putting to the shore,
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on her way,
 To dwell with us no more.
No jarring did she feel,
No grating on her vessel's keel ;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land,
 Where she was seen *no more.*”

First Days of Sickness.

“ Within her downy cradle there lay a little child,
And a group of hovering angels unseen upon her smiled ;
A strife arose among them, a loving, holy strife,
Which should shed the richest blessing upon the new-
born life.

One breathed upon her features, and the babe in beauty
grew,

With a cheek like morning’s blushes, and an eye of azure
hue ;

Till every one who saw her was thankful for the sight
Of a face so sweet and radiant with ever fresh delight.

Another gave her accents, and a voice as musical
As a spring-bird’s joyous carol, or a rippling streamlet’s
fall ;

Till all who heard her laughing, or her words of childish
grace,

Loved as much to listen to her as to look upon her face.

Another brought from heaven a clear and gentle mind,
And within the lovely casket, a precious gem enshrined ;
Till all who knew her, wondered that God should be so
 good,
As to bless with such a spirit our desert world and rude.

Thus did she grow in beauty, in melody and truth,
The budding of her childhood just opening into youth ;
And to our hearts yet dearer every moment than before,
She became, though we thought fondly, heart could not
 love her more.

Then outspake another angel, nobler, brighter than the
 rest,
As with strong arm, but tender, he caught her to his
 breast ;
'Ye have made her all too lovely for a child of mortal
 race,
But no shade of human sorrow shall darken o'er her
 face.

Ye have tuned to gladness only the accents of her
 tongue,
And no wail of human anguish shall from her lips be
 wrung ;
Nor shall the soul that shineth so purely from within
Her form of earth-born frailty, ever know the taint of sin.

Lulled in my faithful bosom, I will bear her far away,
Where there is no sin nor anguish, nor sorrow nor decay,
And mine a gift more glorious than all your gifts shall
be,—

Lo! I crown her happy spirit with immortality.’

Then on his heart, our darling yielded up her gentle breath,
For the stronger, brighter angel who loved her best was
Death.”

G. W. BETHUNE.

How unconsciously do we sometimes tread upon the brink of a precipice! When dear Carrie awaked in the night and complained of pain, her father took her from her little bed and laid her in ours. Oh, had I but known that I was never again to sleep by my darling’s side, how should I have held her to my heart all that long night! In the morning I dressed her supposing she would be playing in the course of the day, little thinking that it was the last time I should ever dress my sweet Carrie.

Our physician called to see her; but what a change had passed over the dear child! She was no longer the bright, glad Carrie, who had so gaily bounded to meet him. With a drooping

head she looked earnestly at him, as if asking for relief.

On the Sabbath, as she lay in her crib, she held her little books and tried to turn over the leaves. It was only a week before, that she had stood hand in hand with her sister and said her hymns. This evening, when Louise had repeated her prayers, Carrie turned to her father and in a sorrowful tone, said, "I am too sick to say that now." "Shall I repeat your prayers for you?" "Yes, papa."

The dear child's pain was at times extreme, and she had frequent turns of languor and faintness, but through the whole was gentle and patient. She spoke but little, but what she did say, showed that her heart was as affectionate—as grateful for kindness as ever. "Thank you, thank you," still came from her sweet lips, and she would often say, "I lud du."

It was most distressing to see her suffer, and to be totally unable to relieve her. We tried to divert her attention but could only do it for a moment. Placing her little table in the crib, and setting on it her baby cups and saucers, and knives and forks, I asked her to "give mama

some dinner." She tried to play, but could not enter into it. Still hoping to turn her thoughts from her extreme pain, I said, "Won't you give mama a piece of pie?" With her trembling fingers, she took up a tiny knife and fork, and tried, as if to cut a piece, but laid them down again saying so sorrowfully, "Mama, *will* you help yourself?" Ah, dear one! how willingly would I have borne thy pains, how agonizingly, alas, I *did* bear them! And now the little knives and forks are treasured up as sad memorials. These remain, but my Carrie is gone forever.

Oh! how different does death appear since our child went through the dark valley! "Couldn't papa and I die together, both of us?" No, my sweet one, thou wentest alone, and yet *not* alone. Did not some kind angel bear away thy freed soul to the bright spirit-land?

"God took thee in his mercy,
A lamb untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory;
And thou art sanctified.

* * * * *

Now like a dew-drop shrined
 Within a crystal stone,
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove,
Safe with the Source of love,
 The Everlasting One.

And when the hour arrives
 From flesh that sets me free,
Thy spirit may await
The first at heaven's gate,
 To meet and welcome me."

C. BOWLES.

The Fading Bud.

“Haste to depart. The breeze of earth
Is all too rude for thee;
For thou wast destined from thy birth,
For realms more fair and free.

Our warmest beams too coldly glow
Thy beauties to expand;
Thy spirit lingers here below
As in a foreign land.

* * * * *

And yet to us thou art as dear
As earthly thing can be; ·
And we are fain to keep thee here
And share our hearts with thee.

The thought how brief thy sojourning
In this low vale may prove,
But makes us closer round thee cling,
And wakes to deeper love.”

ALL the remedies which we used, proved unsuccessful in relieving dear Carrie's extreme distress, and change was passing over that sweet face. For a time she had retained her color and looked comparatively natural, but the rose now forever left her cheek, and she was so pale and deathlike that we could scarcely look upon her without tears. Our sweet bud that was growing up under our eyes, delighting our hearts with its beauty and fragrance, was fading—still fading. The tender leaves were blighted, and the delicate blossom hung drooping on its stem. Who could say whether it would revive again? Tenderly we nursed it, but blighting disease stayed not its progress.

Alas, Death touched the spring of life,
Nor skill, nor love could save ;
In childhood's freshest, sweetest bloom,
He bore her to the grave.

She was now so feeble as to be disturbed by the slightest noise. Hearing some one stepping hard one day in the chamber above, she started in alarm while tears filled her eyes. "What is the matter, my darling?" "I am afraid the house is coming down."

Early the next week, we received the following letter :

“ Dear Children,

“I can think of hardly anything but you and your precious child. I pray that God would spare her, and would train her up for usefulness and for happiness here below. But should her life soon end, I should have confidence in the infinite love and tender mercy of our God and Saviour, who has made such promises to parents and their offspring, and who can fulfil his most gracious designs in those very events which are most grievous to our hearts. * * * *

Turn the current of your thoughts as much as may be towards God, and his rich grace, and his holy commands, and precious promises, and the blessedness of those who do his will. Wonderful things in the course of God’s administration will take place, scenes of overwhelming interest will open before us,—and the universe will see that there is no fault in God,—no mistake in his government. He will be glorified and admired forever. Let us hide ourselves in the secret of his sanctuary, and all will be safe.

“ Dear Caro ! I love her tenderly, and pray God

to deal mercifully with her, and I have no doubt He will.

“Your loving and sympathizing father.”

Such sympathy was peculiarly grateful to us, while compelled to watch the wasting progress of disease. Our hearts were inexpressibly pained in witnessing the sufferings of our child. Never, *never* can we forget how she looked as she sat in her father's lap to take her medicine. Oh! what a sad image to haunt us,—the dear, patient sufferer with her pale, sorrowful face, trying to swallow the sickening draught. But why such bitter, bitter regrets? A sunny life, a few days of sickness and distress, a quiet death and an eternity of bliss!

“Then thou, the mother of so sweet a child,
Her false imagined loss cease to lament,
And wisely think to curb thy sorrows wild;
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent.”

MILTON.

The Mother's Litany.

“Saviour, that of woman born
Mother-sorrow didst not scorn,
Thou with whose last anguish strove
One dear thought of earthly love ;
Hear, and aid !

Low she lies, my precious child,
With her spirit wandering wild,
From its gladsome tasks and play,
And its bright thoughts far away :—
Saviour, aid !

Pain sits heavy on her brow,
E'en though slumber seal it now ;
Round her lip is quivering strife,
In her hand, unquiet life :
Aid, oh aid !

Saviour, loose the burning chain
From her fevered heart and brain,

Give, oh give her young soul back
Into its own cloudless track !

Hear, and aid !

Thou that saidst, 'awake, arise !'
E'en when death had quenched the eyes,
In this hour of grief's deep sighing,
When o'erwearied hope is dying !

Hear, and aid !

Yet, oh ! make her thine, all thine,
Saviour ! whether death's or mine !
Yet, oh ! pour on human love
Strength, trust, patience from above !

Hear, and aid !"

MRS. HEMANS.

OFTEN is the petition upon our lips, "Thy will, oh God, be done !" And when our heavenly Father is crowning us with loving kindness and tender mercy, it is easy for the heart to respond to what the lips utter. But when the same Fatherly hand, and with the same infinite kindness, holds over us the rod of correction, then the heart pauses as the solemn words, "Thy will be done," linger upon the lips.

But while we were thus struggling, God was,

I trust, preparing the dear child for glory. One day Carrie said to a friend, "I wish I *could* get well." "You must pray to God to make you well." "I can't say that now." "Then you must think it in your heart." She closed her eyes, and seemed to be praying. And thy Father heard thy prayer, dear child! He took thee to that world, the inhabitant whereof shall no more say, "I am sick." Yes, her petition is granted. The precious gem might have been sullied in our hands. It is safe now, and it sparkles in the diadem of Him, on whose head are many crowns. But the dear casket, which it hallowed and beautified,—which we cherished so tenderly, and loved so dearly,—that was to be buried out of our sight.

One morning dear Carrie seemed quite bright, and as her sister stood near her, she called for her toys. She thought she could play with them, but she soon sank back exhausted. Oh! how much pleasure did I anticipate in gratifying her wishes, and in reading to her and telling her stories when she began to get well. Alas! so fully was my heart set upon her recovery, that I saw only *favorable* indications. This blind-

ness to her real condition is now matter of deep regret, for otherwise, I should have brought myself to have had more talks with her on the subject of death, the recollection of which would now be a sweet consolation.

One day, in the earlier part of her sickness, I think I asked her if she loved Jesus, and that she replied at once, "Yes, mama, He died for sinners." She was always very attentive to such questions, and answered them as from her heart. She manifested nothing like impatience or fretfulness during her whole sickness, but even when in great pain, was uniformly patient and gentle. When the Doctor came in, and leaning over her inquired, "How does my baby do?" almost to the last, when able to speak at all, she would answer pleasantly, "Pretty well."

Her extreme distress seemed to render it necessary for her to take opiates freely, which of course induced great languor and faintness. It was indescribably painful to see our fair child wasting away,—till of our blooming Carrie, there was hardly the faintest shadow left. Her countenance, with a pensiveness unknown to it in health, had also assumed a chastened, mature

expression, so that she seemed five or six years older than she was.

Another letter about this time, comforted our sorrowing hearts.

“ My dearly beloved Children,

“ Your last letter caused my poor heart to sink. Oh ! my sweet little Caro ! May a merciful Saviour deal kindly with her ! I know not her present state. Sometimes I hope she is more comfortable and likely to recover. Sometimes I fear she is no more. Well, God knows all, and his heart is full of love. And the heart of Jesus, oh how tender towards little children. He took just such in his arms. And if he were now here, he would take yours in his arms and say, “ Of such is the kingdom of heaven.” It seems to me, I should be very happy to be in the paradise of God, with a company of children, such as my grandchildren who died so long since, and with dear little Caro, if she is called away so young. It seems to me the company of such darling children would be more delightful to me than that of Newton and Locke.

“ But I come back to your afflicted family. I long to hear again from that dear child. And

yet I fear sorrowful tidings. But I will pray and hope so long as I may. The Lord comfort your hearts, my dear children. These are heart-rending scenes, at present not joyous, but grievous. But in a little while, all will be cleared up, and you will see what love was in the heart of Christ towards you during these visitations—and what love towards the dear child,—for the blessed Saviour who rules in heaven, does not look upon little Caro as beneath his regard. He loves her as truly as He loves an angel. He knows how easy it is to make her as pure and holy and happy as an angel. And if she dies so young, I think it will be because He wishes to see her among the angels now.”

“ God looked among his cherub-band
 And one was wanting there
 To swell along the holy land
 The hymns of praise and prayer.

One little soul, which long had been
 Half-way 'tween earth and sky,
 Untempted in a world of sin,
 He watched with loving eye.

* * * *

The world was all too bleak and cold
To yield it quiet rest.
God brought it to his shepherd-fold,
And laid it on his breast.

There, mother, in thy Saviour's arms,
Forever undefiled,
Amid the little cherub-band,
Is thy beloved child."

The Last Gifts.

“Send down thy wingéd angel, God!
Amidst our sorrow wild;
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
She moans within her sleep,
Or waketh with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep!

* * * * *

We love,—we watch beside her bed,
To aid when need there be;
We hope—we have despaired at times,
But *now* we turn to thee!

Send down thy sweet souled angel, God!
Amidst our sorrow wild!
Oh! bid him soothe our mourning souls,
And heal our gentle child!”

BARRY CORNWALL.

How soothing is sympathy to the afflicted heart! Of this we had comforting experience during our season of trial in the kind attentions of friends. One of these, who came in at first for a night, remained with us till all was over, ministering to our dear one with the tenderness of a sister, and sharing our cares, our vigils, and our sorrow. Her untiring kindness Carrie repaid with warm affection, and the memory of it will live forever in the grateful hearts of her parents.

The dear child continued to fail, and at length, with emotions that none can conceive but those who have passed through similar scenes, we stood looking, as we supposed, upon our dying daughter.

“Oh the child, in its hours of health and bloom, that is
dear as thou wert then,
Grows far more prized—more fondly loved,—in sickness
and in pain;
And thus 'twas thine to prove, dear child, when every
hope was lost,
Ten times more precious to our soul for all that thou
hadst cost!”

Her sister held one of her cold hands and tried

to warm it. "Does Carrie love papa and mama?" She made her usual sign of assent. "And do you love your sister and brother?—and the dear Jesus?" To each separate question, she distinctly replied in the affirmative. "And would you like to live with Jesus in heaven?" She gave the same sign of assent. "If you should die, my child, would you like to have Louise or Alick have your 'new tin cup?'"—as she called her silver mug. "Louise," the dear child replied. "And what would you like to give to papa?" "My new box." "And what to mama?" Hesitating a moment, she said, "My box of cups and saucers." "And shall Alick have your new Bible?" She assented. "And to whom do you wish to give these flowers?"—pointing to some in a little glass near her. The dear child shook her head. She could give away everything but her flowers.

"I am sorry," said Louise, "that I was ever unkind to you: will you forgive me, dear sister?" Carrie bowed her head, and kissed her sister as a pledge of her ready pardon. She then gave us all what we supposed to be her farewell kiss, and also kissed other friends around her. But could

it be that our beautiful bud lay there almost broken? It may be well for poor human hearts, that affliction sometimes stuns us so that at first we cannot realize the blow.

“Shall your father pray for you, my child, that if you die, God may take you to heaven?” She gladly assented. Feeling almost as if we were entering the dark valley with her, her father breathed forth to our merciful Saviour the language of our souls, and commended our precious lamb, on her lonely journey, to the Good Shepherd’s care, entreating strength for our day of need. And surely we then needed the everlasting arms for our support.

Almost every one expected dear Carrie’s death that night, every one perhaps but her mother. And while life remained, it was my feeling that she *could not die*. Once about midnight, we thought her just gone. We stood over her, and called again and again upon her dear name. She spoke not,—she stirred not. With an arrow in my soul, I forced apart those sweet lips, while her father poured something into her mouth. For a moment, we thought she had ceased to breathe, but presently she swallowed,

and who could describe our emotions when she called for "water, fresh water." It was like life from the dead. Not only was the load removed from my heart, but I felt as if I had wings, and could fly. How sweet were my hopes, how soul-felt my gratitude! How easily now did "Thy will be done" arise to my lips! How fervent was the response of my heart! Tenderly I kissed her pale forehead, and seating myself by her crib, rocked her gently as an infant. "What shall mama sing to Carrie?" "Sing 'Hush, my dear!'" With inexpressible emotions, I sang through that sweet cradle-hymn. It was the third night that I had not slept, and now I was too sweetly happy to think of sleeping. The cocks began to crow and to answer one another from a distance. As I listened to the cheerful sound, seeming to call back my child to life, I could not restrain my grateful tears. Oh! how the crowing of the cock now recalls those nights of anxious watchings, and those few hours of almost delirious joy! There I sat till the day dawned gently rocking and singing, while hope was busy in my heart weaving sweet dreams of the future. How *could* I

hope as I looked on that pale, death-like face? But I not only hoped, I felt *certain* that she would recover. They had all thought she would die that night, and God had raised her as it were from the dead. Fervently did my heart ascend invoking Heaven's blessings on our spared child. Alas! I knew not that she was spared but to linger with us a few more days of distressing suspense;—I knew not that we were soon to be called to a second parting, more agonizing from the very reprieve which had been granted,—a reprieve, which, by raising our hopes to an almost certainty of joyful expectation, only prepared us for the more bitter disappointment. And yet, dear angel-child,—

“ Amid earth's conflict, woe, and care,
When dark our path appears,
'Tis sweet to know thou canst not share
Our anguish and our tears.
That on thy head no more shall fall
The storms we may not flee.—
Yes, safely sheltered from them all,
We joy that thou art free.”

Days of Suspense.

“Now all is done that love and care,
And skilful kindness could suggest,
And He who heard our anxious prayer,
Will answer as his love thinks best ;
Oh, that both hopes and fears were still
Waiting on his mysterious will !

And yet both hopes and fears will crowd
Around that bright and precious child ;
And both will speak their thoughts aloud,
Till this distracted heart is wild ;
Oh, might they all give place to one
Heart-filling prayer,—“ God’s will be done !”

* * * * *

Come then, my God, and take the place
Of these distracting hopes and fears ;
'Stablish this trembling heart with grace,
Dry with thine hand these falling tears ;
And teach me to confide with thee
The treasure thou could'st trust with me.

Happy, if rescued from the strait
Of being called on to decide,
Here with submissive soul I wait,
By thy decision to abide,—
Life with its blessings and its pain,
Or death with its 'to die is gain.' ”

It seemed desirable in Carrie's sinking state, to give her nourishment often, but as she only called for water, of which we feared to have her drink freely, we sometimes instead gave her broth or rice-water. On one occasion, having looked inquiringly around the room, she rested her eye upon the mantle-piece where stood various cups, saying, "I want fresh water in my new tin cup." We gave her rice-water in her silver cup. Disappointed, she looked again and said, "I want to *dink* out of the little tumbler." And then we gave her broth. She looked troubled, but at length, as if *sure* of what she wanted, she said, "I want to dink out of the old tin cup that was scoured." The "old tin cup" stood in the nursery closet, and was the children's drinking cup. She could not tell why, but what she had in the other cups did not taste right, and she thought if she drank from the old

one, it would taste as it always did. And how often in health, when with glowing cheek she came running in for water, had I held the cup to her eager lips! Were those sunny days forever flown?

“I ne'er again a voice may hear
Of such a witching tone,
Or bask beneath a smile so dear
As thine, my lost, mine own.
My beautiful, my cherished flower,
Thy footstep's lightest fall
Stirred in my heart a magic power,
And made earth musical.
But thou, my bird, hast spread thy plumes
In better, brighter spheres;
Far from the dreary shade of tombs,
The bitterness of tears.”

Our only ground of encouragement during several long days and nights of torturing suspense, was in the simple fact that our child still lived. How eagerly did we listen to accounts of children who had lain days at the point of death, and yet finally recovered! Sometimes, when free from pain, dear Carrie would seem to have a consciousness of comfort, in comparison

with what she *had* felt. She said one day in a touchingly sweet voice, "Now, I am *almost all well again.*" And once or twice, she tried to speak with something of her wonted playfulness. These little things greatly encouraged us. Her father, who had been composed in view of her death, could not control his feelings as he kissed her pale forehead, saying, "Oh! it will be *too sweet* a blessing, if she be given back to us." And I felt in my heart that she *would* be given back. And yet to look upon our child, we could but feel that hope in her case was almost madness.

Oh! those days and nights when death stood at our threshold and darkened our habitation;—those hours of wrestling and struggling and agony, when, knowing not the will of the Lord, we knew not for what to prepare ourselves,—and when, on account of this uncertainty, we shrank from the very thought of death with indescribable dread.

Has any mother under such circumstances witnessed a funeral? Language is not adequate to describe her emotions as she hears the tolling bell,—as she sees the coffin placed in the hearse.

It seems as if the death shiver had seized her, and she can scarcely support herself to look at that, upon which her eyes are yet irresistibly fastened. "God have mercy on me," is the breathing of her soul, "for should such a scene be appointed for me, I could never endure it." Ah! there is rebellion in the heart. We distrust the power of the blessed Redeemer in supporting poor, sinking nature, not considering how often it has sustained the human spirit under the most agonizing griefs. And yet, with all our shrinking from sorrow, *would* we venture to take the decision in any such case into our own hands? Oh no! let God decide, and prepare us for the event. We can struggle and pray till enabled in some degree to cast our burden upon the Lord, and to believe that what He lays upon us He will assist us to bear. And if the heart still clings to its idol, we can but go on supplicating forgiveness and strength from above.

"Father in heaven! Thou, only thou canst sound
The heart's great deep, with floods of anguish filled
For human life, too fearfully profound.
Therefore forgive, my Father, if thy child,
Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild

And sinned in her despair ! It well may be
That Thou wouldst lead my spirit back to thee
By the crushed hope, too long on this world poured,
The stricken love which hath perchance adored
A mortal in thy place ! Now let me strive
With thy strong arm no more. Forgive, forgive !”

MRS. HEMANS.

Anxious Vigils.

“Sweet child ! that wasted form,
That pale and mournful brow,
O'er which thy soft, dark tresses
In shadowy beauty flow,—
That eye, whence soul is darting
With such strange brilliancy,
Tell us thou art departing—
This world is not for thee.

No ! not for thee is woven
That wreath of joy and woe,
That crown of thorns and flowers,
Which all must wear below !
We bend in anguish o'er thee,
Yet feel that thou art blessed,
Loved one, so early summoned
To enter into rest.

* * * *

Oh Father of our spirits,
We can but look to thee ;

Though chastened, not forsaken,
Shall we thy children be.
We take the cup of sorrow,
As did thy blessed Son,—
Teach us to say with Jesus,
‘Thy will, not ours, be done.’”

WHEN does Scripture so open to us its treasures of sympathy and consolation as in affliction? Thus I felt while listening to the mournful plaints of David in the CII. Psalm, which was read one morning in family worship. “My heart is smitten and withered like grass, so that I forget to eat my bread. I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping.” How does the sorrowing heart into which these words have sunk, breathe forth the petition, “Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; in the day when I call answer me *speedily*.”

During all these sad days, although Carrie had ceased to notice playthings, she yet retained her fondness for flowers. They were constantly around her, and she often held them for a long time together.

Louise had this morning brought in a fresh

bouquet which evidently pleased her sister. The flowers were bright and fragrant, but they were nothing compared with our beautiful but fading flower. The geranium leaves which she then held are withered, yet not cast away. But where is she? Alas! by the very hands that in life ministered only kindness to her, she has been put away, the cold sod thrown upon her, and the sweet sunlight forever shut out.

After a time, Carrie asked to be removed to the bed, and when there, to our surprise, expressed a desire for food, calling successively for one thing after another. "You shall have some my dear, if the doctor says so." "I want you to tell the doctor quick if I mayn't have some." Soon after she said, "I want to be *rided* into the other room." She was carried in on her crib. "I want to lie down on your bed." We laid her on the bed, but she was not satisfied. "*Your* bed, *mama's* bed," she repeated. So she was carried back into the nursery, and put into "*mama's* bed." "I want to be laid clear over the backside." Dear child!—often in her days of health, had she early in the morning crept to the backside of the bed, and lay there with her

sweet face nestled to mine. She wanted to feel as she did then. "I want mama to lie down close near me." "I want you to hold my hand." "I want papa to lie down the other side." After a time, she asked to be taken once more into the other room. It seemed to be the feeling of unrest which so often attends sickness. When there, she wished again to have "mama lie down close near her." Once more I lay down and held that thin, white hand. Then I arose never again to lie by my darling's side.

Oh! those days of watching, those nights of vigils, when, if we fell into unquiet slumber, the moment's oblivion was dearly purchased by the sad awaking! And how would Carrie's bright image come up before us, as we saw the watchers moving softly around our dying child.

On Saturday, I brought a box of toys into the room, and as I held them before her she looked at them, but it was rather a look as if she were bidding farewell to earth. Finding in the box a little letter from her sister, I said, "Sometime when Carrie wants, mama will read it." "Now," said the dear child. So I read to her her sister's

account of her plays, and her longing to have her get well and play with her. She listened attentively, but from this time she seemed to belong to that world for which she was so soon to leave us.

“I give thee to thy God, the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled,
And thou shalt be his child.”

The Last Day.

“ Ah! look thy last, fond mother,
On the beauty of that brow,
For Death's cold hand is passing o'er
Its marble stillness now.
Those silken eyelids, weighing down
Upon the glazed eye ;
Are telling to thy aching heart
The lovely one must die.

Yes! mother of the dying one,
The beautiful must go!
The pallid cheek, and fading eye,
And trembling lip of snow—
Are signets from the hand of death,
When unseen angels come,
To bear the young and beautiful
To their own happy home.

* * * * *

The flashes of her speaking eye,
The music of her mirth,

Shall never more make glad the hearts
 Around the parent's hearth.
Then look thy last, fond mother,
 For the earth shall be above,
And curtain up that sleeping one—
 The darling of thy love."

With the life of our child, our own life seemed ebbing away. But not many more such days and nights were we to pass.

On Sabbath morning our hopes were a little raised, but towards noon Carrie's sinking turns increased. "Uncover me, mama." She could not bear the weight of the clothes. With mournful gentleness she spoke of feeling "*vely* bad." Oh! how saddening for a mother to look upon her suffering, dying child, and yet to be utterly unable to answer those mute appeals for relief.

"Through dreary days, and darker nights,
 To trace the march of death ;
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
 The quick and shortened breath ;
To see in one short hour decayed
 The hope of future years ;
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
 How vain a mother's tears ;

To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close,—
This is a mother's grief."

It is soothing indeed, at such a time, to feel that by that sickness and distress so indescribably agonizing to us, God is fitting a dear one for glory.

At three o'clock on the last morning of our Carrie's sickness, she said, "I want my father." As she saw some hesitation, from a reluctance to disturb him, she repeated in a pleasant, but earnest voice, "Call him quick, I can't wait." And she looked up in the face of one of the watchers, saying very gently, "I should *like* to see my father." As some one softly spoke his name, she said, "speak *louder*." She also called herself, "father, father!" He heard her in his room, and was with her directly. "I want you to hold me." Poor child! she was so weary, and she felt as if she could rest in her father's arms.

A friend who watched with her that night, speaks of her expressive countenance, of her patience, and of her intelligent replies to her father's questions concerning the Saviour and

heaven. "She seemed," she said, "like an angel taking its flight."

That morning, her grandfather, who had been with us over the Sabbath, took a tender leave of her, expressing his hope of her recovery. "And if Carrie gets well, she must come soon and see us." The dear child kissed him, saying "good-bye," and thus the kind grandfather and loving grandchild parted to meet no more on earth.

For some hours she lay tranquil, but so pale, so feeble. I placed her favorite doll on the bed, thinking it might attract her attention, for my heart longed for one more pleased, childlike expression on that dear face. But she scarcely noticed it. The child was fast ripening into an angel, and alas! the mother had become the child.

As she lay in her father's arms, I read aloud Cecil's beautiful hymn.

"Cease here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in woe;
Now thy fond caresses pain me—
Morn advances—let me go."

It was most affecting, for as I read it, she

looked up so imploringly, and seemed entreating us to let her go. Her father asked her if she loved papa and mama, and having assented, he said, "Does Carrie love the dear Jesus?" She bowed her head, unable to speak. "And would she be afraid to die, and go to heaven without papa and mama?" Hesitating a moment, she shook her head. "And will she wait there to meet them when they come?" Again she bowed. Yes, she promised to meet us in that beautiful garden, where, in her own lisping words, she had so often prayed that she might go when she died.

"My little one, my sweet one, thy couch is empty now,
Where oft I wiped the dews away, which gathered on
thy brow.

No more, amidst the sleepless night, I smooth thy pil-
low fair,

'Tis smooth indeed, but rest no more thy small, pale
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 Emmanuel's
land."

R. HUIE.

The Bud Broken.

“Thou leanest o’er thine infant’s couch of pain ;
It breaks thine heart to see
The wan glazed eye, the wasted arm, that fain
Would reach and cling to thee.
Yet is there quiet rest
Prepared upon the Saviour’s breast,
For little children, borne on Calvary to be blest.”

KEBLE.

“ We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her heart the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears, our hopes belied ;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,

Her quiet eyelids closed,—she had
Another morn than ours.”

THOMAS HOOD.

TILL the last, Carrie retained her love for flowers. Did that love die when her soul passed away, or rather did it not soar with her above, where bloom fairer and fadeless flowers?

On her last day with us, I carried her some flowers in a glass, and she looked up as if glad to see them. Although the contrast between a dying child and bright flowers is striking, yet flowers in a sick chamber are peculiarly sweet and soothing. To strew them upon a dying bed may seem a small thing, yet it is one of the most grateful ministries of love.

“From the chamber take the gloom,
With a light and flush of bloom.
So should one depart who goes
Where no death can touch the rose.”

“Will Carrie take these flowers?” Not realizing how weak she was, I held them out to her. With effort, she said in a low voice, “Can’t reach;—papa put them in my hand.” We lifted the blanket, and there lay those dear hands

meekly folded on her bosom. Complying with her wish, her father placed the flowers in her hand. That hand now moulders in the dust, but the faded flowers are still cherished with a mournful tenderness.

That upward look peculiar to the dying, had been noticed in her some days before. And now, her eyes were raised towards the ceiling, as if scenes beyond met her spirit-gaze. There was something in her appearance so expressive of this, that I could not forbear saying, "What does Carrie see?" She did not reply, seeming rapt in her own visions. As I looked upon her, those lines recurred to me :

"Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning towards their home."

I felt that the bright spirit-land might be opening upon her view, but something within checked further inquiry. And why is it not probable that as this world recedes, the spiritual world is opened, and its melodies poured into the soul?

For the last, last time, we brought her through the entry where we had so often heard the music of her little feet. No, *not* the last time. *Once*

more, they bore her across the threshold, once more she passed through the entry and the room where she had so often played, but—where was my Carrie?

In the evening, she continued sinking, but without a murmur, would open her mouth and take her bitter draughts. With intense solicitude we hung over her, vainly endeavoring to warm her cold hands and feet. I could have pressed her to my bosom, but its wild throbbings would not have quickened the faint beatings of that loving heart. Oh! *must* we give thee up? Yet—

“Go to thy sleep, my child,
Go to thy dreamless bed,—
Gentle and undefiled,
With blessings on thy head.
Fresh roses in thy hand,
Buds on thy pillow laid,
Haste from this fearful land
Where flowers so quickly fade.”

We stood around the bed of our dying child, looking upon her with inexpressible sorrow. Her voice had subsided into a low whisper. Is it now to be hushed forever?

Oh! “those moments of indescribable anxiety, when the last sands of the numbered hour are running; when the beat of the heart has become languid; when the cold hand returns not the gentle pressure; when the weary limbs lie still and motionless; when the eye is fixed, and the ear turns no more towards the voice of consoling kindness; when the breath becomes feebler and feebler, till it dies slowly away, and to the listener there is no sound amidst the breathless silence; when surrounding friends continue to speak in whispers, and to step through the chamber softly, as if still fearful of disturbing one, whom the noise of a thousand thunders could not now startle,—who has fallen on that last sleep, from which nothing shall rouse, but ‘the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.’”

Yes, our child was dying, and yet deep in my heart was a feeling that she *could* not die. She had lingered so long, that I clung fondly to that single, forlorn hope. The cold dew of death was on her brow, but I believed it not. Her last word had been uttered,—her last kiss given,—while I still dreamed that our dying blossom would yet revive.

But let a veil be drawn over that night. He, who made the human heart, knows its agony ;— and He did not forsake. We were in the furnace, yet I trust the Refiner was there also. But how like a dream did it appear, that thou, sweet child, wert gone forever !

“Gone to the slumber which may know no waking,
 Till the loud requiem of the world shall swell ;
 Gone where no sound thy still repose is breaking,
 In a lone mansion, through long years to dwell ;
 Where the sweet gales that herald bud and blossom,
 Pour not their music, nor their fragrant breath ;
 A seal is set upon thy budding bosom,
 A bond of loneliness,—a spell of death !

* * * * *

How have the garlands of thy childhood withered,
 And hope's false anthem died upon the air !
 Death's cloudy tempests o'er thy way have gathered,
 And his stern bolts have burst in fury there.
 On thy pale forehead sleeps the shade of even,
 Youth's braided wreath lies stained in sprinkled dust,
 Yet looking upward in its grief to heaven,
 Love should not mourn thee, save in hope and trust.”

WILLIS G. CLARK.

First Hours of Grief.

“Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad, bright eye ;
And she lies pale who was so bright,—
She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where saints their calm watch keep ;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,
Then wherefore do we weep ?

* * * * *

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all,
And her glossy, golden hair !
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep ;
She is gone where young hearts do not break,—
Then wherefore do we weep ?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of woe :
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below ?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long, bright tress we'll keep ;
We have only given her back to God,—
Ah ! wherefore do we weep ?"—MRS. NORTON.

FOR weeks all our time and thoughts had been devoted to our precious child. With what could we now occupy ourselves ? How would one day ever pass away ? And how could we endure day after day, and month after month, and year after year ?

A mother, at such a time, feels almost as if she had buried two children. Days before she has parted with her blooming, sunny child, and ere she has ceased to weep for that loss, she is called to part with her sick, suffering one, around which, her affections and solitudes had gathered with a before inconceivable intensity ;—now it is gone, and what is there left for the desolate mother to do ?

And the first nights of grief,—who that has experienced them, can ever forget ?

“ To meet again in slumber,
The small mouth’s rosy kiss ;
Then, wakened with a start
By thine own throbbing heart,
The twining arms to miss !

To feel,—half conscious why—
A dull, heart-sinking weight,
Till memory on thy soul
Flashes the painful whole,
That thou art desolate !”

But, though every hour seems an age, the night *will* wear away, and the sad morning at length dawns upon the aching sight. Stillness pervades the rooms, for the bounding of the fairy form, the blithesome voice, the gleeful laugh,—have all passed into the silence of death. Gazing from the window in mute sorrow, you see perhaps a coffin borne to your door. Ah ! how has your soul recoiled from such an event ! And how does it now shrink almost in terror, from the thought of your child’s being shut up within that narrow enclosure !

In the midst of scenes like these, we received a letter, from which the following is an extract :—

“ How has my heart been pained by the

intelligence of our dear little Caro's dangerous situation? * * * I cannot but still hope your darling may live. She has lingered so long beyond hope, we sometimes cling to that forlorn one. But perhaps ere this, she has entered her bright home on high,—the sorrows of life untasted. Shall I say, she *is* or *was* most lovely? I have heard so much of her, that I have imagined her everything that was bright, and beautiful and good.

“May our Almighty Friend be near to sustain you in this your hour of trial, and may our intercessions for the life of the child be accepted! But above all, may your hearts, by divine grace, be prepared to say, *in any event*, ‘It is well.’ *I must hope still*. Oh! may it not yet be too late!”

After such a bereavement, how sad the meeting with friends! All sounds are hushed, save the convulsive burst of agony as from one after another is received the silent pressure of the hand, and the weeping kiss of condolence. How expressive of sympathy sometimes is *silence*, and how grateful to the sorrowing spirit! How at such moments, does a loud word even in the

attempt to console, strike upon the heart like a painful discord! And if our grief seems immoderate, in vain is all attempt to reason with it in such an hour. No! let it have its way, or soothe it by tender sympathy. In the language of Erskine, "to suppress the emotions of nature in such cases, is not profitable either to soul or body."

"The world's a room of sickness, where each heart
Knows its own anguish and unrest;
The truest wisdom there, and noblest art,
Is his, who skills of comfort best;
Whom, by the softest step and gentlest tone
Enfeebled spirits own,
And love to raise the languid eye,

When, like an angel's wing, they feel him fleeting by."

The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and no one can gauge another's sorrow. He, who wept at the grave of Lazarus, has hallowed in us all submissive tears. And even should the crushed heart in its writhing agonies, fail at first heartily to respond, "Thy will be done," yet if He, "who remembereth that we are dust," sees it praying and struggling for resignation, will He forsake?

There is, especially in some temperaments, a kind of delirium in the freshness of grief, which the soul vainly struggles at once to subdue. When the heart is stricken, it *will* bleed,—when the fountain of grief is broken up, the tears will flow, and *let* them flow! Only while we lie in the heated furnace, let us pray that the dross may be consumed, and that we may come forth as gold tried in the fire! How comforting while in this furnace, if we may see beside us a form like unto the Son of man!

But alas! we struggle and pray for submission and calmness, and we think we have attained them. But we chance upon some slight token of the departed one, or some little circumstance occurs, which casts us anew into the deep waters, and for the moment, we feel as if we *could not have it so*. Oh! how consoling to the stricken, breaking heart, to cast itself upon an infinite and merciful God,—to lay itself, as on a pillow of rest, upon the sweet assurance, “He doeth all things well.”

“I remember how I loved her, when a little guiltless child,
I rocked her in my arms, as she looked on me and
smiled.

My cup of happiness was full, my joy words cannot
tell,
And I blessed the glorious Giver, who doeth all things
well.

Months passed;—that bud of promise was unfolding
every hour,
I thought that earth had never smiled upon a fairer
flower,
So beautiful, it well might grace the bowers where
angels dwell,
And waft its fragrance to His throne, who doeth all
things well.

* * * * *

I remember well my sorrow, as I stood beside her bed,
And my deep and heartfelt anguish, when they told me
she was dead.
And oh! that cup of bitterness—let not my heart
rebel,
God gave, He took, He will restore,—“He doeth all
things well.”

F. M. E.

The Hour of Darkness.

“Fond mother, she is gone !
Her dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast ;
 No more the music-tone
Float from her lips, to thine all-fondly pressed ;
Her smiles and happy laugh are lost to thee ;
Earth must her mother and her pillow be.

Hers was the morning hour,
And she hath passed in beauty from the day ;
 A bud, not yet a flower,
Torn in its sweetness from the parent-spray ;
The death-wind swept her to her soft repose,
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.

Never on earth again
Will her rich accents charm thy listening ear,
 Like some Æolian strain,
Breathing at eventide serene and clear ;
Her voice is choked in dust, and on her eyes,
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.”

WILLIS G. CLARKE.

THERE is light, even in the darkest hour, but the eye limmed with weeping cannot always discern it. The bitterest cup is not without some sweet ingredients ; but the wayward heart, in its shrinking from the wormwood and the gall, is slow to perceive the mercy-drops mingled therewith. In the wildness of its grief, the soul seems utterly bereft of all that can console. The stricken mother has seen her sweet one fade and die. Yes, Death, with his awful solemnity,—with his profound mystery,—has set his seal upon that face of beauty, and the eye that looked so kindly, shall look on us no more, and the lips that spoke so lovingly, shall speak to us no more. The warm fountain is frozen, and the form instinct with life, lies before our eyes, a body without soul,—a mere marble image. Marble? Nay, were it literal marble, that would be a sad solace. Those lips so pale and cold, are still her lips,—the very lips I have so often pressed with a mother's rapture. That forehead of snow—that wasted form is her own ;—yes, it is my child ; and were it but marble, I could still cherish it with affection,—I could bedew it with tears. But it is only lifeless clay. Decay is already

writing itself upon the face of the dead. Ah! was it not enough that the spirit should leave me? Must cruel Death also bear away the body as a trophy of his power? And does the spirit still live? And will the body live again?

Oh, this mystery of being!—this life,—this death! All our associations of our child are connected with the dear form, which we have cherished so tenderly, but which is now put out of our sight. We saw not the spirit as it soared away, but we saw the body die, and with intensest agony, we feel that our child is *dead*—DEAD; as if, like a dream of the night, it had passed forever away; and of all that had been precious to us,—there was nowhere anything remaining, but the icy form which we have laid in the grave, to moulder in darkness and silence,—“earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust.”

How does the bleeding heart exclaim, “Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs in the night?” “Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him.” “My wound is *incurable*.”

“Oh Thou, that wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor heap fresh ashes on the mourner’s brow,

Nor rend anew the wounds that inly bleed,—

The only balm of our afflictions, Thou ;
Teach us to bear thy chastening wrath, oh God !
To kiss with quivering lips,—still humbly kiss thy rod !

Forgive, forgive even should our full hearts break ;

The broken heart thou wilt not, Lord, despise ;
Oh ! Thou art still too gracious to forsake,

Though thy strong hand so heavily chastise.
Hear all our prayers, hear not our murmurs, Lord,
And though our lips rebel, still make thyself adored.”

It is not till the doctrines of the life of the spirit, and the resurrection of the body, and a reunion in the better land, overcome the incredulity of hopeless sorrow, and are fully received into the believing heart ;—it is not till then, that we discern light in our darkness. *Then* we triumphantly exclaim :—

“On the cold cheek of Death, smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.”

Then we perceive that from our broken harp-strings God can bring forth melody. We look up and behold the face of our kind Father, where before, we saw only an avenging God.

"Darkened! oh! say not so—
 From thine excess of woe,
 Light may be born to cheer, with radiance tender,
 Thy pilgrim-path, though rough it seem and lowly.
 Press on!—it leadeth to the FOUNT OF SPLENDOR—
 The LIGHT ESSENTIAL that surrounds the HOLY!
 Then shalt thou know—what now may seem obscure—
 Why with severest trial,
 With pain and self-denial,
 With griefs that seem too heavy to endure,
 The heart is burdened, till, benumbed with aching,
 Torpor alone can keep its strings from breaking!

Not dead—oh no!—not dead
 Is the meek flower that round thy being shed
 Delicious odors—though it *seemed* to die.
 Earth's winds were all too cold;
 Too often clouded was our nether sky.
 That blossom could unfold
 Its full perfection, only where, on high,
 Perpetual sunshine evermore doth lie
 Upon the FIELDS OF IMMORTALITY.
 Therefore by Him who granted
 Its life at first, 'tis tenderly transplanted,
 Where no untimely frosts may blight,
 Nor rough winds break its shivering stem;
 Where, to the touch of heavenly light,

Its leaves shall thrill, while over them
Hues brighter than thy fancy ever painted
Shall flash and change, as o'er the northern sky
Auroral splendors flash, to beautify
The winter night,—and odors never tainted
By earthly contact, from its heart shall flow
As light flows from the sun,—and thou shalt know
How brightly, in the Garden of our LORD,
 Blooms the sweet flower whose first
 Budding by thee was nursed.
So shall thy heart grow strong, and on thy way
Thou shalt pass calmly, looking for that day
When the lost treasure, loved so fondly here,
Perfected then, and more than doubly dear,
Shall to thy yearning bosom be restored !”

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

The Removal.

“ How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon its little breast,—
Those tiny hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with its mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore !
Her heart no more will beat,
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise,
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes,
To bless it with their holy calm,—
Sweet thoughts, that left her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands !
But that they do not rise and sink
With its calm breathing, I should think
That it were dropped asleep ;
Alas ! too deep, too deep
Is this its slumber !
Time scarce can number
The years ere it will wake again.”

“I could not make her spirit fled,
I could not make my sweet ‘child’ dead ;
Though oft they told me she was gone,
And ’twas but dust I looked upon,
I could not make her dead.

She lay as if in dreamy rest,
Her hands, meek-folded on her breast ;—
Her lips, which knew no word of guile,
Half-parted with a beaming smile.
I could not make her dead.

But when I pressed her sweet lips twain,
And felt no kiss pressed back again ;
And in her eye no tears could see
When mine were flowing mournfully,
I knew that she was dead.

In sleep, she whispered me of lands
Where time moved not by dropping sands ;—
Of singing-birds and chanting streams ;—
Of scenes more fair than pictured dreams
To which her soul had fled.

Morn came—a tear was on my cheek ;
Of joy or grief I could not speak.
The dead child by my side lay shriven,
The living child was blessed in heaven,
In truth she was not dead.”

J. A. SWAN.

How many and many a time will a stricken mother's heart exclaim, — "*can* my child be *dead*?" The affliction seems too overwhelming to be real, and the mind shrinks from accrediting the fearful truth. We can almost sooner believe ourselves mistaken in the infallible signet of death, and we are half seeking signs of life in the soulless clay before us. Vain hope for the aching heart! Let it rather look away from the lifeless body to the immortal spirit, which now first knows the meaning of life, glorious, eternal life.

It was our desire that our child should sleep in her native place, by my mother's side, and thither preparations were made to remove her dear remains.

Can a mother's emotions be described as she beholds her child taken from her home never again to cross its threshold,—the silent form borne away forever;—as she enters familiar places, where the tenderest reminiscences of her lost one, and a thousand inexpressible thoughts and feelings unseal the fountain of grief? But when in deep waters, thou, oh God, wilt not leave the sinking soul alone.

“Thou wilt be there, and not forsake,
To turn the bitter pool
Into a bright and breezy lake,
The throbbing brow to cool :
Till left awhile with thee alone,
The wilful heart be fain to own,
That He by whom our bright hours shone
Our darkness best may rule. :

From darkness here, and dreariness,
We ask not full repose,
Only be Thou at hand to bless
Our trial-hour of woes.
Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill, and palmy shade ?
And see we not, up Earth's dark glade
The gate of Heaven unclose ?”

KEBLE.

The Burial.

“Softly, peacefully
Lay her to rest ;
Place the turf lightly
On her young breast ;
Gently, solemnly,
Bend o'er the bed
Where ye have pillowed
Thus early her head.

Plant a young willow
Close by her grave ;
Let its long branches
Soothingly wave ;
Twine a sweet rose-tree
Over the tomb ;
Sprinkle fresh buds there—
Beauty and bloom.

* * * *

Lay the sod lightly
Over her breast ;
Calm be her slumbers,
Peaceful her rest.

Beautiful, lovely,
She was but given,
A fair bud to earth
To blossom in heaven."

"Sleep, little daughter, sleep !
Not in thy cradle-bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead.

Flee, little tender nursling !
Flee to thy grassy nest ;
There the first flowers shall blow,
The first pure flakes of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast."

C. BOWLES.

As her child is borne away to its last resting-place, how could the mother be sustained, except the everlasting arms were around her ? Slowly she follows in the mournful procession, while her throbbing heart is knelling her departed hopes. The sacred spot is reached. With anguish known only to One, she looks into the open grave, and struggles for submission to the sentence,

“Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” The dreaded moment has come ;—there is no reprieve. Her child is laid upon the earth’s cold bosom,—she takes one last, lingering look,—and turns away, leaving her darling sealed in the long sleep of death. Thou God of consolation, sustain her now !

“Ay, pale and silent ‘daughter,’
Cold as thou liest there,
Thine was the sunniest nature
That ever drew the air.
‘The gayest and most gladsome,’
And yet so gently kind,
Thou seemedst but to body
A breath of summer-wind.

Into the eternal shadow
That girts our life around,
Into the infinite silence,
Wherewith Death’s shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, ‘my darling,’
And it were ‘wrong’ to weep
That thou hast left Life’s shallows,
And dost possess the deep.

Thou liest low and silent,—
Thy heart is cold and still,

Thine eyes are shut forever,
And Death has had his will.
He loved, and would have taken,
I loved, and would have kept ;—
We strove, and he was stronger
And I 'in anguish' wept.

Let him possess thy body,—
Thy soul is still with me,
More sunny and more gladsome
Than it was wont to be.

* * * * *

Now I can see thee clearly ;—
The dusky cloud of day,
That hid thy starry spirit,
Is rent and blown away.
To earth I give thy body,
Thy spirit to the sky,
I saw its bright wings growing,
And knew that it must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,—
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen ;
Lifts the eternal shadow,—
The silence bursts apart,—
And the soul's boundless future
Is present in my heart."—J. R. LOWELL.

Return from the Grave.

"'Tis difficult to feel that she is *dead*.
Her presence, like the shadow of a wing
That is just lessening in the upper sky,
Lingers upon us."

N. P. WILLIS.

" We meet around the hearth,—thou art not there,
Over our household joys hath passed a gloom ;
Beside the fire we see thy empty chair,
And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.
What hopeless longings after thee arise !
Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine,
And for the sound of thy dear little feet—
Alas ! tears dim my eyes,
Meeting in every place some joy of thine,
Or when fair children pass me in the street.

* * * * *

Oh ! what had Death to do with one like thee ?
Thou young and loving one, whose soul did cling,
Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,
To those who loved thee, thou whose tears would spring,
Dreading a short day's absence, didst thou go

Alone into the future world unseen,
Solving each awful, untried mystery,
The unknown to know,
To be where mortal traveller hath not been—
Whence welcome tidings cannot come from thee:

MARY HOWITT.

OH! the returning from the grave of a buried child! How do the tenderest memories come thronging at the door of the soul! Grief's sable pall overshadows the broad earth, and clothes with its sombre drapery the canopy of blue. And if we try to look beyond, the eye, dim with weeping, can scarcely catch a glimpse of the sweet sunlight of heaven. The grave! the grave! the heart goes down into it, and lingers in its deep, dark shadow. But why are all our thoughts concentrated there? Why, with ceaseless yearnings does the heart still cleave to the perishable and the perishing?

“It is but dust thou look'st upon. This love,
This wild and passionate idolatry,—
What doth it in the shadow of the grave?
Gather it back within thy lonely heart,
So must it ever end: too much we give
Unto the things that perish.”

Yes, we have sinned, and our Father has stricken us. Our idol is torn from our heart, inflicting a wound, which the supporting grace of God, and the soothing hand of time may indeed bind up, but which can never be healed. For the moment, no considerations drawn from the present life avail to relieve our utter wretchedness. We readily acknowledge that our cup might have been mingled with still bitterer ingredients,—that it might have been yet more filled up with anguish ;—still we feel that it is full to the brim, and as bitter as we can bear.

“Oh! but ill

When with rich hopes o'erfraught, the 'mother's' heart
Bears its first blow! It knows not yet the part
Which life will teach!—to suffer and be still,
And with submissive love to count the flowers
Which yet are spared.”

In the very attempt to direct our thoughts to the blessings that remain, we find an aggravation of our sorrow. If we turn to a sympathizing companion whose heart is bleeding with the same wound, we but weep afresh. If we look upon dear children still remaining to us, not only

do we tremble at the now, for the first time, *felt* insecurity of our possession, but we also weep anew for them. And if they, in the unconsciousness of childhood, but faintly realize their loss, this very unconsciousness renders us more keenly sensitive on their behalf. No matter how many or how dear the loved ones left to us,—the heart still yearns after the light that is quenched. Such is human nature. It is the *lost* treasure to which we attach the greatest value.

“What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is *lost*, until he find it? Either what woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?”

It may seem unreasonable that the one stray sheep out of a hundred,—the one missing piece of silver out of ten pieces, should so occupy the time and engross the heart, but,—so are we constituted. If we lay a dear child in the grave, our thoughts are ever of the missing one. In our deep sense of loss, the attempt to stem the wild torrent of grief may be for a time, *utterly*

in vain. And yet in this midnight of the soul, we often feel most sensibly how truly we needed the rod of the Chastener. We then are self-convicted of idolatry, and while quivering under the chastisement, we are constrained to cry out for forgiving mercy—for sustaining grace.

“ And thou, my God !

Oh ! hear and pardon me ! If I have made
This treasure sent from thee, too much the ark,
Fraught with mine earth-ward clinging happiness,
Forgetting Him who gave, and might resume,
Oh, pardon me !

If nature hath rebelled,
And from the light turned wilfully away,
Making a midnight of her agony,
When the despairing passion of her clasp,
Was from its idol stricken at one touch
Of thine Almighty hand—oh, pardon me !
By thy Son’s anguish, pardon ! In the soul,
The tempests, and the waves will know thy voice—
Father, say, ‘ Peace be still.’ ”

MRS. HEMANS.

The First Night.

“Mother, sweet mother, leave my tomb!
Thy loved one is not there,
Nor will its planted flowerets bloom
While wept on by despair.”

“As summer-flower she grew,
Expanding to the morn,
All gemmed with sparkling dew,
A flower without a thorn,
A mother’s sweet and lovely flower,
Sweeter and lovelier every hour.

But ah! my morning bloom
Scarce felt the warming ray;
An unexpected gloom
Obscured the rising day:
A dreary, cold, and withering blast,
Low on the ground its beauties cast.

* * * * *

But why in anguish weep?
Hope beams upon my view;
’Tis but a winter’s sleep,—
My flower shall spring renew.

Each darling flower in earth that sleeps,
O'er which fond memory hangs and weeps ;—

All to new life shall rise,
 In heavenly beauty bright,
Shall charm my ravished eyes,
 In tints of rainbow light ;
Shall bloom unfading in the skies,
And drink the dews of Paradise !

Oh, this is blest relief !
 My fainting heart it cheers ;
It cools my burning grief,
 And sweetens all my tears.
These eyes shall see my darling then,
Nor shed a parting tear again."

DR. WARDLAW.

WHAT but the voice of God can whisper peace to the bereaved mother, through the long hours of her child's first night in the grave? How almost impossible is it, at once, entirely to divest herself of the feeling that consciousness has not wholly forsaken its lifeless form! She almost fancies its spirit-voice mingling its thrilling plaints with the dismal wind, and calling her to its side. She half longs to go, alone, if need be,

and in the gloomy night,—down into the narrow grave,—and to press that cold form to her throbbing heart. But peace, troubled soul! This is the delirium of a mother's grief.

Where thou sleepest, my loved one, no tempest can reach thee. The beating rains, and the howling winds disturb not thy slumbers. Safe under the shadow of His wings shalt thou rest, until these storms be overpast. It is a hallowed bed whereon thou liest, for there the dear Saviour reposed. Thy pillow is damp and cold, but on the same pillow did He lay his sacred head.

From the profound silence of the grave, there steals a cheering voice. Where philosophy fails; where reason staggers; where nature starts back in terror; and the stricken, bleeding heart, sees only utter darkness,—feels only hopeless misery,—then,—in the soul's greatest extremity,—with a voice sweeter than song,—how does Jesus of Nazareth breathe into it the spirit-soothing words, “I am the resurrection and the life!”

“Unchanged that voice,—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,

Answering its call ; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break."

What a bright morning of hope thus dawns
upon the soul in her deep night of grief! In
the beautiful language of Melville,

"What are we to say to these things? What,
but that in the deepest moral darkness, there can
be music, music which sounds softer and sweeter
than by day; and that, when the instruments of
human melody are broken, there is a hand which
can sweep the heart-strings, and wake the notes
of praise?"

"The harp of the human spirit never yields
such sweet music, as when its framework is
most shattered, and its strings are most torn.
Then it is, when the world pronounces the in-
strument useless, and man would put it away
as incapable of melody, that the finger of God
delights in touching it, and draws from it a fine
swell of harmony."

Yes, there is joy in our sorrow. Our hearts
may weep in the very bitterness of anguish, but
hope shines through our tears, like a rainbow on
the face of a cloud.

Oh! "many a weary, sleepless night, and weary, sleepless
day,

We watched, beside thy burning bed, thy young life pass
away!

Oh! faithfully we watched thee then, amidst thy pangs;
—but thou

Art fallen asleep on Jesus' breast, and He will watch
thee now.

* * * * *

But many a bitter tear we shed, as we sadly asked for
room

To hide our loved one from our sight, within the silent
tomb.

Yet upward through those tears to heaven, each eye in
hope was cast,

That there will dawn for thee a day, the holiest and the last;
A day of endless life and joy, of fadeless, cloudless light,
When God Almighty and the Lamb shall chase away
the night.

Oh! lovely wert thou in our eyes, my beautiful, but thou
Wilt wake with God's own likeness then, upon thy
cherub-brow.

Thou mayst not come again to us; we would not call
thee back,

To tread with us, 'midst toil and gloom, the pilgrim's
desert-track:

But oh ! that He, the lowly One, would grant us grace
to be
Like thee in childlike gentleness, and meek simplicity ;
Then shall we follow where thou art, and in the trying
day,
When we must tread the vale of death, thou'lt meet us
on our way,
A radiant messenger of God, sent from the holy throng
Around the throne, to welcome us with angel-harp and
song ;
Oh ! blest will be our meeting then, in that pure home
on high,
Where sin no more shall cloud the heart, or sorrow dim
the eye."

G. W. BETHUNE.

The Desolated Home.

Lo! "A dark dream has swept across my brain,
A wild, a dismal dream that will not break—
A rush of fear—an agony of pain—
Pangs and suspense that inly made me quake.—
My *child!* my *child!* I saw thy sweet eyes take
A strange, unearthly lustre, and then fade;
And oh! I deemed my heart must surely break,
As stooping, I thy pleasant looks surveyed,
And felt that thou must die, and then in dust be laid.

Oh! precious in thy life of happiness!
Daily and hourly valued more and more,
Yet, to the few brief days of thy distress,
How faint all love my spirit knew before!
I turn and turn, and ponder o'er and o'er,
Insatiate, all that sad and dreamy time.
Thy words thrill through me—in my fond heart's core
I heard thy sighs, and tears shed for no crime,
And thy most patient love sent from a happier clime.

How dim and dismal is my home!—a sense
Of thee spreads through it like a haunting ill;

For thou—forever, thou hast vanished thence !
This—this pursues me, pass where'er I will,
And all the traces thou hast left, but fill
The hollow of thine absence with more pain ;
I toil to keep thy living image still ;
But fancy feebly doth her part maintain ;
I see, yet see thee not, my child ! as I would fain.

In dreams forever thy dear form I grasp,
In noonday reveries do I rove—then start—
And certainty, as with an iron clasp,
Shuts down once more to misery my heart,
Ending its care and knowledge with ' Farewell !'
But in my soul a shrined life thou art,
Ordained with memory and strong hope to dwell,
And with all pure desires to sanctify thy cell."

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Who can describe the desolation of a home which death has visited, or that of a bereaved mother's heart, as she sits in her lonely chamber, and lives again the past ?

" Here by the restless bed of pain,
Sad vigils have been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept.
Here has been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence shed

Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead."

Oh! that unutterable sense of loss, which day and night seems consuming the soul! Go where we may, do what we will,—everywhere,—in everything, we see our buried child! In our daily round of duties, as we open a drawer, and discover a little dress or apron, or meet with the small, half-worn shoes, or chance upon some plaything, calling up the bright image of our departed one, how do new waves of sorrow successively break over us! Then those strange illusions, which but mock our misery.

“ We can hear her voice,
And for her step we listen, and the eye
Looks for her wonted coming, with a strange,
Forgetful earnestness.”

And who can portray those unutterable longings, once more, oh, but once, to look upon that face now sleeping beneath the sod? And if for a time, busy thought comes up from the grave, and soars beyond the sky, it is often but to weary itself with vain strivings after some definite intelligence of the departed spirit. Some-

times fancy pictures her child to the weeping mother, as turning away from the myriads of strange faces in its unfamiliar abode, with pinings for its early home, and for its loved ones there. Could I only have some assurance, will the heart whisper, that all is familiar and pleasant,—that its loving spirit is understood and satisfied! But how can even the angels minister to it with a mother's tenderness, or enter into its feelings with a mother's sympathy? I look up to the far-off sky, and long to penetrate the mystery,—not I trust from vain curiosity, but from a mother's intense desire to know something of her loved one's new abode. What is heaven? And where is it? Do departed spirits still commune with earth? Alas! no tidings from that distant shore. Never—*never*, till I myself go through the dark way, shall I know aught of the sweet dove, which just now nestled lovingly in my arms, but which has gone forth into the mysterious spirit-land. Oh! these irrepressible yearnings, these wild questionings, to which, from nature's voice, comes no reply!

“Speak then, thou voice of God within,
Thou of the deep, low tone,

Answer me, through life's restless din,
Where is the spirit flown?
And the voice answered, 'Be thou still,
Enough to know is given;
Clouds, winds, and stars their task fulfil,
Thine is to trust in heaven.'

And as days and weeks pass away, our suffering may become more exquisite even than in the first convulsive grief. It is not when we watch the parting soul, nor when we look upon the lifeless form, nor yet when we lay it in the grave, that we know the whole bitterness of bereavement;—but it is when the lagging weeks have dragged by, and in our solitude, we awake to the full reality of our loss. This is the midnight of our sorrow—this the wormwood and the gall. To the wild tempest of grief has indeed succeeded a calm. It is not however the calm of a bright sunshine, but that of a still, wintry night. The fearful sobbings, the passionate gushes of sorrow may have died away, but the desolate silence that reigns within, tells but too truly of the storm which has swept over the soul.

But of all the sad days, perhaps to us the

saddest, if sorrow can be measured by degrees, was our Carrie's birth-day. The following is from a letter written by her father on this mournful occasion.

“ This is a sorrowful day to us both. The fourth birth-day of our darling Caro is her first birth-day in heaven. She is not, for God took her. Or rather, she lives much more now than ever before; not here indeed in her sweet and precious body, but in the bright world above, with that sweeter and more precious spirit, which shone in those loving eyes, and which animated that beautiful form. We shall see her no more in the flesh. She cannot return to us, but we shall go to her. We shall see her—her own self—as our own human, darling child. We shall enjoy her as such, in all the ways of which our human nature in heaven is capable,—as we enjoyed her here, only in a perfect way, and with sanctified human affections. She will bless us for all the pains we took to teach her of the Saviour, and to direct her childish thoughts and affections to him. She will remember all our parental care, and repay our parental affection a thousand fold.

“ How sweet the thought that our darling child is now in heaven ! How does her soul, so full of music here, now burst forth in the songs of the redeemed ! How does the pure and poetic spirit that glowed upon us out of her large, melting eyes, now find full scope in the flowers and fragrance and music of heaven ! And when we are on our homeward-bound way, will she not be the first to welcome us ? And the next, may they not be our parents and brothers and sisters ? Are there not family groups in heaven ? Are the ties of natural affection annihilated just when human nature is perfected ? Does their sanctification destroy them ? And if not destroyed, are they *overborne* by the higher and universal affection which binds all to the blessed and adorable Lord God ? If so, the effect of religion will be altogether different in heaven from what it is here. No ! nothing good is there overborne, or cast into the shade by anything else that is good. All natural ties to the creature, there as here, will be subordinate to the principle of love to God, but not *destroyed*, or weakened by it. Rather they will receive strength and permanency by the perfection of the whole nature

in love and holiness. Sweet Caro! Blessed Saviour! Oh! may we be prepared to join our child, and with her in heaven, spend our eternity in love and praise and worship!"

Says Archbishop Leighton to a bereaved brother, "It was a sharp stroke of a pen that told me your pretty Johnny was dead. Sweet thing! and is he so quickly laid asleep? Happy he! Although we shall have no more the pleasure of his lisping and laughing, he shall have no more the pain of being sick, nor of dying, and hath wholly escaped the riper and deeper griefs of riper years, this poor life being nothing but a linked chain of many sorrows and many deaths."

Surely then, may we say,

"Well done of God, to halve the lot,
And give her all the sweetness!
To *us*, the empty room and cot;
To *her*, the heaven's completeness.
To *us*, the grave;—to *her*, the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in;
To *us*, the silence in the house;
To *her*, the choral singing."

Our child trod a weary, rugged path—beset

with snares,—where it would inevitably have sinned and suffered, if indeed it had not gone forever astray. But its pilgrimage is forgiven it. With scarcely a taste of the sin-mingled draught, it has been taken to glory. Spared the toil and the conflict,—in its hand hath been placed the triumphal palm, and on its head, the crown of victory.

“Far other land thy happy feet have trod,
 Far other scenes thy tender soul has known,—
 The golden city of the eternal God,
 The rainbow splendors of the eternal throne.
 Through the pearl-gate, how lightly hast thou flown!
 The streets of lucid gold—the chrysolite
 Foundations have received thee, dearest one!
 That thought alone can break affliction’s night;
 Feeling that thou art blest, my heart again is light.

Thanks to the framer of life’s mystery!
 Thanks to the illuminator of the grave!
 Vainly on time’s obscure and tossing sea,
 Hope did I seek, and comfort did I crave;
 But He who made, neglecteth not to save.—
 My child! thou has allied me to the blest:
 I cannot fear what thou did’st meekly brave;
 And heaven is doubly heaven, with thee, *with thee* pos-
 sessed.”

WILLIAM HOWITT.

The Hour of Doubling.

“Mourner, joy! an angel’s pathway
Brightens with thy treasured flower;
Wings unseen its perfume bear thee,
Sweetest in life’s darkest hour.”

“There was a lovely little flower
I fondly hoped to rear,
I saw it at the matin hour
Sweetly expanding here.

I looked again, my flower was gone—
I knew it must be dead.—
I put a robe of sackcloth on,
Strewed ashes on my head,

And sat me down to wail and weep
That thus my flower had died,—
And in my sorrow fell asleep.
There stood one by my side,

Who told me of my lovely flower,
And showed me where it grows,
Beyond the scorching summer’s power
Where winter never blows.

* * * * *

I woke in tears, which soon were dry,
And knelt me down to pray,
And then I laid my ashes by,
And flung my weeds away."

DOES the mother who weeps for her early-called, ever doubt of her lost child's happiness? Then indeed is she called to pass through an ordeal of fire.

To be told that she must not inquire into these mysteries, cannot stifle the imploring voice of nature,—the agonizing cries of the heart. That voice *will* be heard, those cries *will* question heaven. Is there no reply? Lo, One answereth, who spake as never man spake. "Of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." Blessed, thrice blessed words, that sink into the core of the sorrowing heart!

But abundant as is the consolation to be found in the Scriptures on this subject, yet in hours of exhaustion and distress, the afflicted mother may not always be able to discover it. She is troubled with uncertainty as to the happiness of her early-lost. And she may also at times be disturbed by doubts with regard to their mutual recognition in the future life.

The following extracts from letters received during our season of trial, are here introduced, in the hope that they may prove consoling to some doubting mother.

“My dear Child,

“I think there is enough in the infinite love and compassion of God, and in the truths of his word, to inspire a cheering, supporting hope respecting children. It appears from several passages of Scripture, that God, instead of falling short of what the holy and benevolent wish for, intends to do exceedingly more than they can ask or think; and that they will say, the one half was not told them.

“As to the intercourse of saints in heaven, and their perfect recognition of one another, and the peculiar enjoyment arising from their relationship on earth, and the recollection of what took place during their mortal life,—on these points I have no doubt. In my view, the Bible warrants this.”

The following is from a letter written by a beloved missionary, who has long been in his Master's service in foreign lands.

“I know indeed how to weep with those who lay their dearest earthly treasures into the dust. And how would these hearts be riven, were it not that when we part with these little ones, we may hope to meet with them again in a higher and a glorious world! This hope, most firm, most cheering, I enjoy, and that, as I unwaveringly believe, on sound Scripture ground.

“I believe that *all* children who die before the development of moral agency, are included in the work of Christ, and are saved by him.

“If this my view is correct, then the infants and the little children, have also a Saviour, otherwise *they have none*. Then, I can understand the conduct of Christ towards children, and his remarks concerning them. Then I see a reason why half of our race, and especially those in heathen lands, *die in infancy*. Then, heaven is not empty of souls, comparatively to hell, and Satan is not the *more* successful competitor, and Christ the less so, but contrariwise. Then the choir of “babes and sucklings” in heaven, is not a thin and feeble little group; but a glorious host, of whom “strength” is well “ordained,” of whom powerful songs of praise will

be heard in heaven. Then many other subjects, more distinctly connected with these, appear in a harmony and symmetry, worthy of the economy of the grace of God in Christ on earth.

“Your’s most truly.”

“Nothing but the cup which the blessed Gospel mingles for the trembling lips of parental anguish, can really soothe and heal the wounds that death so deeply inflicts. In the Gospel estimate, the lost and the loved are not a mere speck as the world counts extension. Years and corporeal magnitude constitute an utterly incompetent unit of measure wherewith to estimate the real magnitude and worth of an immortal spirit. In the measurement of the Gospel, a child may die an hundred years old! To its spirit, released from earthly bondage, the gates of the blessed are opened as freely and as joyously as for the martyr with his crown. Why should we fail to see the bond which secures this glorious issue, in the *unchangeable covenant of God*? If the bond was sure and steadfast to the father of the faithful and his offspring after him, even amidst their sins of deepest dye, and

countless aggravations,—why should the Christian parent doubt, or fail to recognize in the dew-drops of God's baptismal seal, the full-arched bow of promise, as it rests upon the brow of infancy ?

“It is often a source of comfort to me, that however we may misapprehend the freeness and fulness of God's blessings, conveyed through his well-beloved Son, it cannot make them to be of none effect, at least to the lambs of his flock. They will, nevertheless, find their place in his bosom. We can say with far other assurance than could Balak of old, ‘I wot that those whom Christ blesses *are blessed.*’ And though the eyes that once looked joy and gladness into our hearts, beam no more upon us here, yet we may rest assured that they are opened upon a brighter and better world. We hear no more indeed the accents of those lips eloquent of kindness and affection, but we shall yet hear them in utterances of everlasting joy and gladness, when we are permitted to rejoin them in the home of the blessed.”

“There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there !

There is no fireside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.

The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted !

Let us be patient ! these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors ;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but dim, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death ! what seems so is transition ;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school,
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian-angels led,
Safe from temptation,—safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
 In those bright realms of air ;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
 Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
 The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
 May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;
 For when with rapture wild,
In our embraces, we again enfold her,
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
 Clothed with celestial grace ;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion,
 And anguish long-suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
 That cannot be at rest ;

We will be patient ; and assuage the feeling
 We cannot wholly stay ;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
 The grief that must have way."

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The Flower lost in the Bud.

“Oh! say not 'twere a keener blow
To lose a child of riper years,
You cannot feel a mother's woe,
You cannot dry a mother's tears;
The girl who rears a sickly plant,
Or cherishes a wounded dove,
Will love them most, while most they need
The watchfulness of love.”

T. H. BAYLY.

It is not an uncommon feeling, that the death of young children is but a light affliction. But that it is difficult to determine whether it costs the heart more to part with a younger or an older child, is the testimony of many from whom both have been sundered.

Says the Rev. Thomas Randall to a friend, “I have had spoilings of these pleasant things often, and find it hard to tell whether the separation of the younger or the elder branches be most wounding to the root. In my sympathy on such an occasion, rather than attempt to alleviate sorrow by insisting on the youth of the

child, I would allow the cause of anguish to be great, and I would seek to introduce cheerfulness and joy in the midst of such scenes of darkness and heaviness, only from the unchangeable and everlasting Gospel, which turns all our darkness into light, and our sorrows into joys."

A gardener is watching with special care for the unfolding of a rare and beautiful flower. He gives it the sunshine and the dew, and tenderly protects it from the biting frost. With delight he looks upon his delicate bud, not only beautiful in itself, but enclosing in its deep heart a beauty and fragrance which will gladden every beholder. While thus cherishing his darling bud, despite all his watchfulness, the blighting frost withers it upon its stem,—it droops and dies. He sits by it and mourns. Your ministry of comfort is ill-suited to his case, if the burden of it is—"you have lost only a bud." "True," he replies, "but it was *such* a bud, and the flower was *in* the bud. Have I not then lost both in one, and that without the delight of seeing my flower in bloom?"

When a young person of promise is stricken down in the midst of his prospects of useful-

ness, the parent's sorrow is not only shared by a large circle of attached friends, but the society with which, in a thousand ways, the departed had become interlinked, has also sustained a loss. This general sentiment of regret—this spontaneous outflow of sympathy—is a solace to the bereaved heart. And there is conveyed with it the consoling assurance, that the buried child will long live in the memory of many, whose grief, if not so deep, yet gives a true response to its own. But how different is it in the death of a young child! Society has sustained no loss;—the world scarcely pauses to note the burial, in which, with the dearly cherished remains, are also buried the present joys, and the future hopes of the weeping parents. The sympathy expressed, is elicited entirely by the parents' grief, for no one else feels its loss. Consequently, there is less sympathy for the mourners, and less allowance for their intense sorrow. Especially is this likely to be the case in respect to the *mother*, whose life was bound up in the life of her child. It was her little world,—in which, with peculiar cares, she had also peculiar joys. In her heart of hearts she feels stricken.

She has lost the idol of her love,—one from whom she hoped for support and solace and joy in future years. Others have had the flower as well as the bud, but in losing one, she has lost both. And as one after another attempts consolation by suggesting how comparatively small a trial it is to lose so young a child, she withdraws more and more into her own spirit, feeling that all memory of her lost one,—even the recollection of its name, will soon have passed away from all but herself, and its sweet image silently appeals to her with touching eloquence.

Oh! soon from every heart, mama,
My memory will pass,
And who will think of that lone spot
Where springs the waving grass?
That closely curtained-up earth-bed,
Where now I rest my weary head.

For I was but a little child,
A bud, not yet a flower,
When plucked by Death, and borne away
Far from thy loving bower.
And none, alas, will mourn for this,
For who a tender bud will miss?

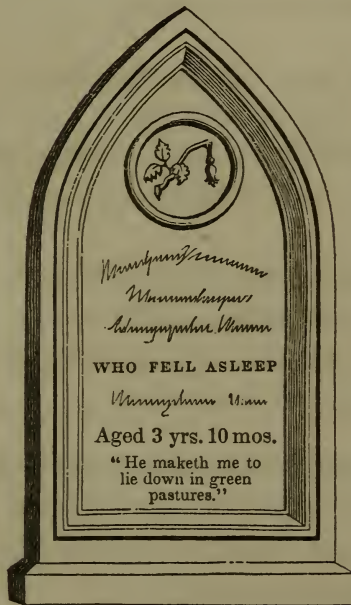
Then keep me in *thy* heart, mama,
There let me cherished be,
For nowhere else have I a place.
Remains no trace of me
If not within thy heart's deep cell.
Oh, break not then, this only spell.

My child! thy beauteous picture hangs
In memory's mourning hall,—
Set in a frame of wroughten gold
On her reflecting wall.
Oh! never will I part with this,
My own, my cherished bud of bliss!

Sweet broken bud! each passing day
Strengthens thy cherished spell,
In joy or grief, in weal or woe,
Still thou shalt with me dwell.
I'll wear thee in my bosom's core
Till this long, weeping night is o'er.

The Grave Visited.

“The grass above thy grave is green,
And fresh as hope was wont to be;
But never in our home, I ween,
Will joy shoot forth as cheerfully
As erst it did, my gentle child,
When thy dear eyes upon us smiled.”



I stood beside the grassy bed
Wherein my Carrie slept,

And on the marble slab, I read
Her precious name, and wept.

A broken bud was chiselled there,
Upon the tablet bright,
Meet emblem of my blossom fair,
Touched by the cold death-blight.

Her head lies on the damp earth-clod ;
Oh ! lone her place of rest,
Who, like a fairy, our earth trod,
Or nestled to my breast !

But why weep I in anguish deep,
Above thy peaceful grave ?
There doth bright sunshine softly sleep,
There sweetest wild flowers wave.

Still lingering o'er thy verdant bed,
The golden sunset glows,—
Where lowly lies thy fair young head
In calm and deep repose.

And bright the halo that moonbeams
Wreath round that marble pure,
Which softly, kindly on me gleams,
My faith to reassure.

Like to some white-robed spirit-form,
Stands thy memorial-stone,

A guardian-angel in the storm,
Watching thy slumbers lone.

And round thy grave, kind spirit-friends
Their gentle vigils keep,
While love, still hovering o'er thee bends,
As here I sit and weep.

Now Night enwraps her mourning pall
Softly around my dead,
And gently, child, her tear-drops fall
Upon thy lonely bed.

Sweet incense steals upon the air,
From nature's fragrant breath,
While spirit-voices murmur there,
The lullaby of death.

Around me floats thy requiem low,
Breathed from some angel-lyre,
While deep within the embers glow
Of sorrow's hidden fire.

Alas, my child! my buried child!
My anguish ever burneth,
And in its desolation wild,
For thee, my heart still yearneth.

Oh! ne'er from grief's o'er brimming fount
Shall cease the tear to flow,

Till near thy home on yonder mount
I see its golden glow.

WHAT a place for meditation is the grave of a loved one! When time has soothed the first convulsive agony, and we can *bear* to think of the precious form as mouldering into dust, what a consoling voice comes to us from under the green sod, whispering of a bright home beyond! And as we listen, an unseen hand wipes away our tears. Holy is the spot, my child, where thou sleepest! There, I seem to hear the music of thy wings,—to see thy angel-face,—to catch the spirit of the better land. And yet—

“At times, impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long-suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,”—

and tears, wrung from its core, fall upon the grave of our departed one, while our spirits chant anew her sad requiem.

Child, our deathless love is glowing,
As we chant thy mournful dirge,
And our bitter tears are flowing,—
Flowing with grief's swelling surge.

Rest thee, daughter, rest thee sweetly
With the quiet, quiet dead.
Thou art slumbering, slumbering meetly
For thy lowly, lowly bed.

Calmly, calmly thou art sleeping
Deep within the shadowy tomb ;
But above, there's weeping, weeping,—
And a night of hopeless gloom.

Weeping for the flower that perished
In the very morn of life ;—
Weeping for the hopes so cherished,
Dying in thy dying strife ;—

Weeping for the dove that nestled
In a loving, loving nest,
Which with death has wrestled, wrestled,
Till it drooped upon his breast ;—

Weeping for the casket broken,—
For the precious gem we've lost ;—
Weeping over many a token,—
Weeping, weeping, tempest-tost ;—

For the sunshine of our dwelling,
For our gushing music fled ;—
Oh ! the tears are ever welling,—
Welling from their fountain-head.

Weeping, weeping, ever weeping,—
Weeping for the early-dead ;

Grief, dear child, is ever keeping
Vigils o'er thy lowly bed.

But our weepings do not wake thee
From thy dreamless, stirless sleep;—
And our tempests do not shake thee
In thy death-rest calm and deep.
But the while our tears are flowing,—
Flowing fast upon thy grave,—
Swiftly, swiftly we are going
Onward on life's crested wave.

And the while grief's showers are falling,—
Falling fast upon thy head,—
A low voice is calling, calling,
"Thou art hastening to thy dead.
DEATH will end thy bitter mourning,
Death will still thy throbbing breast,
Hush thy spirit's ceaseless yearning
Into deep, unbroken rest."

Rest thee then, my faded blossom,
While the storms are fleeting by;—
Rest thee in earth's quiet bosom,
Resting in her bosom lie.
O'er thee cherubs bright are winging,—
Winging gently o'er thee, love;—
O'er thee voices sweet are singing,—
Singing, "*Rest thee, rest thee, dove.*"

Tributes.

“ Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasing thoughts, soft as the scent of flowers,
Calm as on windless eve the sun’s decline,
Sweet as the song of birds among the flowers,
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night;
Weep not for her !”

“ Rise, said the master, come unto the feast;
She heard the call and came with willing feet,
But thinking it not otherwise than meet
For such a bidding, to put on her best,
She is gone from us for a few short hours
Into her bridal-closet, there to wait
For the unfolding of the palace-gate,
That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.
We have not seen her yet, though we have been
Full often to her chamber-door, and oft
Have listened underneath the postern green,
And laid fresh flowers and whispered short and soft.
But she hath made no answer, and the day
From the clear west, is fading fast away.”

HENRY ALFORD.

IN our season of sorrow, our hearts were often soothed by letters of condolence from absent friends. These letters were comforting, not only from their expressions of sympathy, but also on account of the pleasant tribute borne by many of them to the memory of our departed child. Extracts from a few of these letters may not be without interest to other bereaved mothers.

“ My dearly beloved Children,

“ The scene through which we have just passed has taken strong hold of my heart.

* * * If I walked to my grove, I could see where the dear child went with me, or ran after me, with her pleasant face and affectionate feelings. And in the house, I could see where she sat, or played, and I could weep at the melancholy recollections. But then I considered that the blessed Jesus had taken the loved one to himse'f, and would henceforth leave us nothing in the way of care and solicitude and labor for her good. He will take the whole care of her, I said,—of her precious soul, and of her precious body too. Not one of her faculties or interests,—not one of her susceptibilities to pleasure,—not

one particle of her sleeping bodily frame will be forgotten or neglected. The sweet child is well off,—well provided for,—free from disease and danger and sin. And she is not *separated* from her loving parents and friends. They will love her still, and she will love them, and love them with a purer, sweeter affection than she could feel in this cold world. And she will be growing in everything lovely, and if her parents are permitted by and by to go to the world above, how improved will they find her to be,—how beautiful,—how happy!

“Your affectionate and sympathizing father.”

“I can hardly express to you the feelings which the affliction so lately fallen upon you, in the departure of your dear, dear Caro, awakened within me. She had been so frequently the subject of my thoughts, that I seemed to possess in the memory of her affectionate and winning ways, the liveliest image left to me here of my own most bitterly lamented C. Most deeply have I sympathized with you in this trial. I well know the pangs it must have cost you to part with so engaging and precious a treasure. And

I know too how difficult it is so far to arrest the flow of tears, as to search with speedy success for those divine resources, which lie near to the sorrowful and heart-broken. But it is ungrateful long to forget how meet it is that our most precious treasures should thus be cared for and secured.

“You, my dear friends, may well say, ‘The bird has escaped out of the snare of the fowler; the net is broken, and the bird is forever free.’ Oh thou ‘lovely and loving little angel,’ well may we felicitate thee upon the unutterable joy of thy unfading crown!

“Yours affectionately.”

“I seem so plainly to see your darling with those earnest eyes so full of wistful tenderness. A thousand winning ways live in my remembrance. I think she had a remarkable degree of affectionateness, intelligence, and sensibility. She had all the indications of true genius,—genius which, I trust, has unfolded its wings in that world where nothing can obstruct its onward and upward progress.

“There was about her so much more of the

within than the without, as any one could tell who looked at her fine forehead, and large, melting eyes. Oh! I wish I could speak even one word of consolation. But you *are* consoled.

“Always yours.”

“I know how closely this darling child had entwined herself around your hearts, and how hard must have been the sundering of such ties. Oh! it is true that

“The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go.”

I am sure all that is lovely and winning met in dear little Carrie. So affectionate and artless was she, so honest and confiding, that to see her was to love. Her beautiful image is constantly before me, and it seems to me that, with a slight artist's skill, I could transfer it to canvass, fresh, living and bright.

“Truly yours.”

“I never think of your loss but with emotions of sorrow. The dear little cherub won her way to my heart with her sweet look of a loving spirit. But

“Ever the richest, tenderest glow

Sets round the autumnal sun,—

But there sight fails,—no heart may know
The bliss when life is done.”

Incurably hard must be our hearts if the accumulation of our dearest treasures there, does not win for the land of their dwelling, the most endearing aspect of ‘Home, sweet Home.’

“ Yours affectionately.”

“ My dear Louise,

“ I want you should know how fondly your departed sister is remembered by others; and that even those who saw her but seldom, can never forget her sweet, expressive face, and little winning ways. All that was lovely and beautiful seemed to blend in her person and character, and she could not fail to win the love of all who saw her. She was very affectionate and confiding in her manner, and so honest and frank in her whole appearance, that it seemed as if you could read her very soul.

“ The last time I saw her was but a few weeks before her sickness. This last remembrance, my dear Louise, is my abiding one. She is now before me as she was then in all her loveliness,—her large, earnest eyes, beaming with happi-

ness, her beautiful, brown hair, her fine forehead, her cheeks flushed with health, and every feature radiant with joy.

“ When she first came that morning, she seemed a little thoughtful, being among strangers ; and often asked for her father. But after awaking from sleep, she was perfectly at home, and happy as possible. She couldn't talk half fast enough to express her joy, and amused us constantly with her sayings and doings. I never saw so much enthusiasm and earnestness depicted on the features, for her expression changed with every passing moment. She seemed perfectly well, and perfectly happy, and when I kissed her good-bye, how little I thought it was a last one ! But our Father loved her better than we did, and so he took her home to himself.

“ Your affectionate friend.”

“ The first time I ever saw your little Carrie, she was a lovely infant of some eight or nine months old. There was about her, even at that early age, an undefinable something which attracted every heart. I know that infants are

lovely. But your sweet child seemed *peculiarly* formed to win affection for herself. Those large eyes, brimful of earnest tenderness, and that fair, expansive brow, on which God seemed so legibly to have written a promise that the workmanship within should be of rare and rich material,—few could look upon them without a feeling of more than ordinary interest. And how often since your darling's departure from this scene of blended cloud and sunshine, have I associated her with her father's sister, whom I never saw but at that time, yet whose sweet countenance and winning manner live in my memory. How often have I pictured the child whom she so loved, as having been conducted by some bright angel to her bosom! Nay, she herself may have been the messenger under whose protecting care your lovely bird first spread its angel-pinions, as it rose from the mist and shade of earth to the pure sunlight of heaven. To me her image is almost inseparably associated with that of her, who only a few brief months preceded her on her returnless journey.

“But my memory reverts more instinctively to

that last visit, when your precious child, whom, for many months I had not seen, seemed to me more winning than ever. There was a quiet beauty which I had not so observed before. She played silently with her toys, more happy than many children in a scene of the most joyous excitement, content to remain unnoticed, yet speaking by her inimitably sweet smile, her gratitude for every little attention.

“I have, since her departure, thought much of her reverential deportment at family worship, and of the interest she took in religious instruction suited to her age. Her love of truth was uncommon. It seemed to resist all temptation to falsehood. So likewise, was her ready and cheerful obedience, and her sweet submission when her wishes were not gratified. We know not how much the hidden life was acted upon by impulses from above. And I often think that He who blessed little children on earth, may have been gradually drawing the dear child to himself. There was about her so much more of feeling than she expressed, that we can form but little conception of her communings with spiritual things. That winning deportment may

have been the result of special inward teaching. The divine Spirit may have brooded over the soul, and the gentle virtues which made her so lovely, may have been its rich fruits."

"Yours affectionately."

"My dear Children,

"I could say much respecting my dear Caro; and I love to dwell upon her lovely qualities and lovely actions. It appeared to me all along that she was remarkably *affectionate*. Indeed she manifested this in an *uncommon* degree. Her disposition also was gentle and sweet, so that her little heart seemed to be the abode of happiness. But I was repeatedly struck with her dutifulness, and her ready compliance with our wishes. I remember some instances which gave me special pleasure at the time,—when she was doing something fondly and earnestly, but which she gave up instantly and pleasantly, when I said to her, "My dear, I would not do that." I thought her mind was very open to religious instruction, and her conscience very tender. Indeed, I can hardly conceive how a little child, early sanctified, would be

likely to manifest the fruits of the Spirit more clearly than she did. It lies in my reflections that she was one of Christ's lambs, and that He, having a far better right to her, and loving her unspeakably more than we, thought proper to hasten her thus to his safe and happy fold. And there, methinks she is, loving her parents and friends more than she could here, and far more lovely herself,—enjoying better instruction and making more rapid improvement, than would have been possible in this earthly state. And it is very probable that she has already learned many things respecting Christ and heaven, which we should delight to hear her tell, and which would be quite above what our dull apprehensions have ever reached.

“Your affectionate, sympathizing father.”

“In a state like this, in a world where so much of comparative coldness, indifference, or unkindness is encountered, how poorly able do we find ourselves to spare those objects which were wont to light up our abode with affection and warmth! And yet our heavenly Father knoweth that we have need of these things. Yet

he constantly removes them from us; not because He is ignorant of our love, nor is He indifferent to the bitter pangs of separation, but for reasons infinitely wise and merciful.

“In my thoughts,—ever busy, gathering up fragments of a cherished ‘vase,’ I find always some of yours included,—reminding me that the flowers are together transplanted to a more genial garden, to expand in perennial fragrance and beauty. I assure you, it is always with unaffected sorrow and regret, that I think of your dear Caro’s charming face, so full of affection and so loveable, thus early veiled from our sight. I do not remember to have met any child that so completely won its way to a most pleasing remembrance in my heart of hearts as she did.

“The world, in its ministry of comfort, would doubtless urge that in comparison with other comforts and blessings, still vouchsafed to us, she was but a speck upon the ocean of life,—a beautiful flower indeed, that has happily escaped the ills of a cold and uncongenial atmosphere; and that such thoughts should hush the voice of lamentation. This, however, must be a poor

anodyne to a heart wounded in its tenderest fibres, that savors of nothing but loss.

“ But I trust that He who begins *even here* to wipe away tears, will have so cleared your spiritual vision, as that you begin to gather other fruits than those of sadness and sorrow unmitigated.

“ Yours faithfully.”

The following pieces were written by sympathizing friends on the occasion of our dear Carrie's death.

“ C A R R I E .”

“ It must be sweet in childhood to give back
The spirit to its Maker.”

“ Dying in beauty ! ere Sorrow had taken
One tint from the rose that lay warm on her cheek ;
Before the dark shadows that follow life's morning,
Had shrouded our blossom so lovely and meek !

Dying in beauty ! though now, alas, wasted,
Round were her limbs in their delicate grace ;
Fair glowed her cheek with the flush of enjoyment,
Bright was the sunshine that laughed in her face.

Dying in youth!—not decrepit and aged,
Weary and earth-worn and sick of the strife;
Called to the grave in the morn of existence,
Summoned to Death from the threshold of Life!

Dying in peace! on her fair, tranquil bosom,
Rest her white fingers so wasted and thin;
Over her features a calm smile is straying,
Type of the peace of God, reigning within.

Dying beloved—not unwept and uncared for;
Tears fall in showers on the face of the child,
Under the snowy sheet dreaming so peacefully,
Meeting strange Death with an aspect so mild.

Breathe in her ear the dear hymns of her childhood,
When she awakes from her death-like repose;
Press on her forehead sweet kisses of fondness,
Place in her bosom a half-blossomed rose.

Smile on her pleasantly—tell her not gloomily
Death, the grim Tyrant, is coming anon;
Say to her, 'Darling, an Angel is waiting,
Eager to take thee where Jesus has gone.'

Gently and quietly smooth down her pillow,
Gather fresh roses to lay in her hand;
Soon will her weary soul, loosed and unfettered,
Plume its faint wing for the sweet spirit-land!

Dim o'er her forehead—her pale, dewy forehead—

Cluster the shadowy waves of her hair—

Smooth them not, though it be never so tenderly,

Leave them untouched in their loveliness there.

Close on her cheek lie her fair, blue-veined eyelids,

Hiding the beauty that slumbers beneath ;

Tremulous now with the throbbings of weakness,

Soon they will rest in the quiet of Death !

Peace to thy slumber, thou lovely and stricken one,

Peace—though thou wake from it only to *die* !

Strange that the spoiler should breathe on such freshness !

Strange that such beauty in darkness should lie !

Gently and quietly smooth down her pillow,

Gather fresh roses to lay in her hand ;

Soon will her happy soul, loosed and unfettered,

Plume its white wing for the sweet spirit-land !

Dying in Childhood, in Peace, and in Beauty—

Dying with Love o'er the dark way to shine !—

Who, thou sweet child, while they wept, would not envy ?

Who would not wish for an exit like thine ?”

CARO.

“Sweet Carrie then for aye has passed away.

From thy loved earthly home no more we hear

The gentle tones of that dear melting voice,

No more we meet thy loving, glad caress.

Thy meek and quiet spirit dwells no more
Where its sweet virtues made so much of joy.
Oh, thou wert brightly fair! Those earnest eyes,
That open, thoughtful brow, that sunny smile
Wreathing those ruby lips,—all lovely were,
But lovelier far were the rich gems within.
A fountain stirred in thy young, guileless breast,
Of ardent, quenchless love; and there lay hid
The germ of thought unfolding every hour,—
Of thought so full of beauty and of grace,
And so instinct with rare and sweet imaginings,
As gave rich promise for the time to come.

And one bright jewel lay unsullied there,
Whose lustre mocks the sun's most brilliant ray.
Truth lent its beauty to the soul within,
And to these, artless nature gave a charm
Such as naught else can give, however fair.
Oh! who can say how close it linked thy soul,
E'en in this dawn of being to the God
Who gave thee life, and in whose world of truth
Thou now dost taste such ecstacy of bliss?

And yet we sorrow for our precious child.
We miss thee, darling, all these long, sad hours;
And oh! our hearts do yearn to hear of thee,
To have some tidings from thy sunny home.

Do angel-voices lull thee to thy rest?
Dost mingle with the loved ones gone before?

Art ever in his presence, whom to know
 Is love, and joy, and bliss? Oh, how we long
 To catch a glimpse of our sweet cherub now!
 But we can joy to know that thou art blest,
 And so we check our tears, and strive anew
 To lay our choicest offering at his feet,
 Who claims no sacrifice, but what we owe."

L.

"Lord, thou didst lend to me a little while
 A blossom sweet and fair;
 Upon it beamed the sunshine's golden smile,
 For it the dews of heaven took gentle care,
 And softly round it breathed the fragrant air.

It was not in full bloom, but I had hope
 In future days to see
 Beneath my care its blushing petals ope;
 Each day the bud I lifted tenderly,
 That its sweet perfumes might ascend to thee.

And then, Lord, came thy message,—I must part
 From the dear blossom, 'oh,
 A little longer yet!' with fainting heart
 I cried, 'let me watch o'er it till it grow
 More meet in thy fair garden, Lord, to blow.'

Then a soft voice;—'the crown which 'midst those bowers
 The Lord loves most to wear,

Is woven of such half-blown, tender flowers
As that of thine, plucked ere the noontide air
Hath stolen its sweets, or laid its shut heart bare.'

Tearfully then I gave it back, to be
 Wreathed with thy flowery band ;
And when, dear Lord, thy voice shall summon me
To thy fair rest—that blossoming Eden-land,
There shall I see, twined by thy gracious hand,

In thy bright wreath, my precious bud again !
 A bud, not opened quite,—
But folded in soft beauty, with no stain
Upon its delicate, rose-tinted white,
And its deep heart still closed against the radiant light.

And then, Lord, since so many blossoms fair,
 In thy full garland rest,—
Oh, wilt thou not, when thou shalt see me there,
In thy pure, spotless robe of glory drest,
Give me my bud again to bloom upon my breast ?”

E.

Return of Spring.

“Thou giv’st me flowers, thou giv’st me songs;—bring back
The love that I have lost.”

“The Spring, in its loveliness dressed,
Will return with its music-winged hours,
And kissed by the breath of the sweet south-west,
The buds shall burst out in flowers ;
And the flowers her grave-sod above,
Though the sleeper-beneath recks it not,
Shall thickly be strewn by the hand of Love,
To cover with beauty the spot.—
Meet emblems are they of the pure one and bright,
Who faded and fell with so early a blight.

Ay, the Spring will return, but the blossom
That bloomed in our presence the sweetest,
By the spoiler is borne from the cherishing bosom
The loveliest of all and the fleetest !
The music of stream and of bird
Shall come back when the Winter is o’er ;
But the voice that was dearest to us shall be heard
In our desolate chambers no more !

The sunlight of May on the waters shall quiver,—
The light of her eye hath departed forever !”

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

WHY is it, when Spring has put on her robes of beauty, and is regaling us with music and fragrance,—why is it,—in the midst of her sweet sunshine and melody, that memory is ever mournfully whispering to us of the past? Alas! we turn from all she brings to what she *cannot* bring.

Spring is the resurrection of nature, and while everything else that died with the sere and yellow leaf, has sprung up into new life and beauty, the darling of our hearts, shrouded in her burial sod, still sleeps on under the cold mantle of the grave. The general call to awake, she heeds not.

“ Though Spring may pour
All fragrant things on the land’s green breast
And the glorious earth like a bride be dressed,
It will win *her* back no more.”

Nothing—no, not the renewed pleadings which gush from a mother’s heart,—*nothing* can awaken the sleeper. And the contrast between the bright, blue sky,—the exulting earth, and our

own desolation, seems a mockery of our sorrow. This want of sympathy from nature, and the memories of past joyous seasons, weigh upon the spirit with an indescribable oppression. Yes, Spring awakes the dancing leaves and the laughing flowers,—she awakes silvery voices and rushing waters ;—

“ But what awak'st thou in the *heart*, oh Spring ?

The human heart with all its dreams and sighs ?

Too much ! oh there, too much ! we know not well

Wherefore it should be thus, yet roused by thee,

What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,

Gush for the faces we no more may see !

How are we haunted in thy wind's low tone,

By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never more,

Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,

Past words of welcome to our household door,

And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—

Spring ! midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,

Why, why reviv'st thou these ?

Vain longings for the dead !—why come they back

With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms ?”

But saddening to the bereaved heart as is this bright season, yet it is not without its consola-

tions. It foretokens that after the long night of the grave, our buried dead shall awake from their dreamless sleep. On that bright, predicted morning, those slumbering forms, touched by the quickening spirit, will arise, and clothed with immortal beauty, ascend to be ever with the Lord.

And while *we* are still sowing in tears on this thistle-field of life, how soothing the thought, that their spirits have already reached that land where reigns *one eternal Spring*;—where “God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;” and “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain.”

Sustained then by the assurance of our loved ones' blessedness, and cheered by the hope of the resurrection morning, let us walk trustingly over life's chequered road, learning a lesson alike from the sunshine and from the cloud, which are here so often blended.

“Yes, beauty dwells in all our paths,—but sorrow too is there,

How oft some cloud within us dims the bright, still summer air!

When we carry our sick hearts abroad amidst the joyous things,
That through the leafy places glance on many colored wings,
With shadows from the past, we fill the happy woodland shades,
And a mournful memory of the dead, is with us in the glades ;
And our dream-like-fancies lend the wind an echo's plaintive tone,
Of voices, and of melodies, and of silvery laughter gone.

Yet oft, alas ! too much, too soon, despondingly we yield !

A better lesson we are taught by the lilies of the field.
A sweeter, by the birds of heaven—which tell us in their flight,
Of One that through the desert-air forever guides them right.

Shall not this knowledge calm our hearts, and bid vain conflicts cease ?

Ay, when they commune with themselves in holy hours of peace ;

And feel that by the lights and shades through which our pathway lies,

By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies !”

MRS. HEMANS.

The Changing Seasons.

“ A voice in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning, ‘ where, oh where ? ’ ”

MRS. HEMANS.

“ Alas ! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine’s glow ;—
The golden glow, that through thy heart was wont such joy to send ;—
— Woe that it smiles, and not for thee.”

MRS. HEMANS.

THE sad memories and deep yearnings which rush upon the bereaved heart at the return of Spring, do not vanish with the dreamy Summer months. In the singing of the birds, and all the pleasant sights and sounds of Summer, there is ever an under-tone breathing sad music into the mourning spirit. The glad voice hushed forever, yet lingers in our ear ; the bright form sleeping upon the bosom of the earth, is still bounding at our side. The tear may not fall so frequently from the eye, but the heart weeps on in silence. Thus slowly and sadly do the months pass round, each season laden with its own peculiar

memories and sorrows, each week and each day bearing its own peculiar grief. And as the year wears on, our sense of loss becomes but the keener and the deeper. Nor is this necessarily inconsistent with the spirit of acquiescence, or the improvement of affliction. If the wound were immediately healed, where would be the purifying influence which comes from protracted trial? If affliction soon passes from our minds, where is the occasion for continued resignation? Nay, it is not in nature thus easily to forget the dead. And religion does not benumb the sensibilities, but rather quickens and refines them. Much is said, and with truth, of the healing hand of time. And were not the intensity of grief diminished with the gradual lapse of time, the heart must break, or the reason give way under such a tension of suffering. But although through the ordering of our merciful Father, time *has* a soothing power, and the heart, which in the freshness of its grief, almost rebelled against the chastening hand, gradually finds wisdom and love in the blow, and learns more and more of the sweetness of submission, yet the human heart is variously constituted. While

some, by a kind of natural elasticity, soon throw off the burden of their sorrow, and recover their wonted cheerfulness, others are obliged to make far greater struggles in gaining and preserving a mere *outward* composure.

With all however who have felt bereavement, it is true to a greater or less degree, that the year must complete its cycle, before the heart becomes so used to the garment of affliction as to wear it with uniform composure. Yes, dreaded Winter, when Nature, clad as in her burial-shroud, seems to give us a cold sympathy;—gladsome Spring,—the carnival of nature, when the bounding life which flushes the fair face of the earth, seems but to mock our desolation;—voluptuous Summer, with her long, dreamlike days, when the soft breeze, and the whispering leaves fill us with sad recollections, and mournful reveries;—and melancholy Autumn, with her sighing trees, her sere and yellow leaf, and her gentle sympathies;—it is not till all these seasons have slowly passed by, and the sad anniversary of our affliction has come and gone, that the bereaved heart dares to look its sorrow steadily in the face,—is able to take the full measurement of its trial.

With a stricken mother who is prone to live in the past, in whose nature the law of association is a strong principle, what a period is the first year of grief! How is her heart ever living over and over again by-gone scenes, and at the same time, anticipating the dreaded anniversary of its affliction, with an instinctive shuddering as if the blow were then to be repeated!

Thus does the year wear slowly away. And as we actually enter upon the season, so anticipated,—so dreaded,—who can describe that strange sinking of spirit, as if our child were again restored to us, but only that we may live over the parting scenes. We go about as in a dream, seeing continually what has long since passed away. We talk of present events, but our hearts are in the past, and every feeling concentrates there. Each day, and almost each hour, we are able to recall precisely through what sad phase of our trial we were passing the year before. Thus we go on into the sad, autumnal days, which now seem peculiarly congenial. The fading, falling leaf has to us a keener significance than ever, as symbolizing the history of our broken bud. Like the leaf, our flower had

its bright spring time of promise, and its transient summer of bloom. And like the leaf too, it faded and fell with the breath of the autumn winds.

Thus is it with our life. We have our spring-time and our summer, and if not borne away like a leaf in the autumn of our being, it is but to remain desolate,—to be swept into the grave by the winter's blasts. Oh! sad are the lessons of life, and shall they be fruitless too? Let the bleak winds blow away our green leaves, let the hoar-frost blight our buds of joy, yet there still remaineth to us the clear sunshine of heaven,—there may still be gathered the golden harvest.

“Because she bears the pearl that makes the shell-fish sore;
Be thankful for the grief, that but exalts thee more:
The sweetest fruit grows not when the tree's sap is full,
The spirit is not ripe till meaner powers grow dull.
Spring weaves a spell of odors, colors, sounds;
Come, Autumn, free the soul from these enchanted
 bounds.

My tree was thick with shade; oh blast, thine office do,
And strip the foliage off, to let the heaven shine through.
They're wholly blown away, bright blossoms and green
 leaves;
They're brought home to the barn, all colorless the
 sheaves.”

Image in the Heart.

“Oh! something it is, in our hearts to shrine
A memory of beauty undimmed as thine.
To have met the joy of thy speaking face,
To have felt the spell of thy ‘winning’ grace,
To have lingered before thee, and turned and borne
One vision away of the cloudless morn.”

MRS. HEMANS.

“THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound, we seek to heal; every other affliction, to forget; but this wound, we consider it a duty to keep open, this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Who, even when the tomb is closing upon one he most loves,—when he feels his heart crushed as it were in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No! the love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has also its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish,

and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness, who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud even over the brightest hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry?"

Who that has mourned over a loved and lost one, cannot testify to the truth of what Irving has so beautifully expressed? To the voice that speaks from the grave, though it thrill us with nameless anguish, we cannot turn a deaf ear. Busy memory, with clamorous voices, may whisper of some selfish neglect, or needless rebuke,—bringing vividly to our vision the tearful eye, or the saddened countenance of that dear one, whom the weeping voice of penitence, or the most imploring accents of love can never reach. And yet,—though every fibre of the heart quivers at memory's touch,—we seek not to forget. Far rather would we endure the grief that has changed our whole existence. Others, perhaps, have no

suspicion of this change. But they penetrate not into the inner sanctuary. They saw us, it may be, writhing in the furnace, but to all appearance we are now as we were before. For although, in returning to our ordinary duties, our spirit has striven and endured to the utmost, yet our external acts may at length have fallen into their wonted channel, and the outer current of our life again flows on in quietness—perchance in cheerfulness. But how differently runs the inner current of the *soul*. There, we feel that a silver cord has been loosed,—a golden bowl broken. The music that breathed over nature's fair face has ceased,—the nameless charm that pervaded our existence has passed away.

“A power is gone from all earth's melodies,
Which never may return.”

And yet,—though to lose the memory of our loved one would leave the heart as it was before the clouds of sorrow visited it with their wasting rains,—yet we would not forget. And though memory often arouses anew the tempest of grief, calling up from her depths the eye that dwelt on

us so kindly—the voice that spoke to us so fondly, so that we are fain to say,

“ Fill with forgetfulness ! there are, there *are*
Voices whose music I have loved too well ;
Eyes of deep gentleness,—but they are far—
Never !—oh—never—in my home to dwell !
Take their soft looks from off my yearning soul—
Fill high the oblivious bowl !”

Yet the wish is hardly breathed, ere love implores,

“ Oh stay—
Pour the sweet waters back on their own rill,
I *must* remember still.
For their sake, for the dead,—whose image naught
May dim within the temple of my breast,
For their love’s sake, which now no earthly thought
May shake or trouble with its own unrest,
Though the past haunt me as a spirit—yet
I ask not to forget.”

But while our thoughts are ever of the departed, why is it that the hallowed name so seldom passes our lips—that we almost shrink from its utterance by another ? There is indeed a mournful pleasure in communing with those who knew and loved our lost one, or who have suffered

like ourselves. But before the aching heart can open itself, it puts out, as it were, *feelers*, to ascertain whether it shall find sympathy. Failing in this, it instinctively closes over its own wealth of sacred sorrows. It carefully draws the veil to conceal its yet bleeding wounds from the unsympathizing eye. And how sometimes will a sudden inquiry, or the abrupt mention of that dearest name, cause a tremor of emotion, which we shrink from exhibiting, yet which it taxes our strength to the utmost to control. Or if moved by some impulse, we ourselves utter that name, how often are we conscious of a strange pang, lest that which is so hallowed to us, should be lightly regarded by another;—lest the halo around the image of our dear one, be dimmed by the gazing upon it of careless eyes. But in the sanctuary of the soul are garnered up all those nameless feelings,—those touching associations that cluster around our departed one. Here is “the electric chain,” sometimes so mysteriously struck. Here are the delicate chords vibrating mournfully at the lightest touch. Here too is memory’s deep urn, filled to the brim with the sacred ashes of the past. Yes! in our

heart of hearts is enshrined an image, which no time—no circumstances can displace. And if, in the silence of midnight, oppressed and exhausted by our own cherished memories, we are fain to say,

“Come with thine urn of dew,
Sleep, gentle sleep, yet bring
No voice, love’s yearning to renew,
No vision on thy wing,”

yet even in our slumbers is this image often hovering around us.

“It is thought at work amidst buried hours !
It is Love, keeping vigil o’er perished flowers !
Oh ! we bear within us mysterious things,
Of Memory and Anguish, unfathomed springs.
Well might we look on our souls in fear,
They find no fount of oblivion here !
They forget not the mantle of sleep beneath,
How know we if under the wings of Death ?”

Yes, in our brightest moments,—in our loneliest hours, this dear image is still with us. In the shadowy twilight,—

“With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes a messenger divine,

Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saintlike,
Looking downward from the skies."

If, for a time, we cease to feel the chastening influence of sorrow, and the heart becomes worldly,—how mournfully falls upon it the soft rebuke uttered by that spirit-voice! If we fall into foolish levity, how does that placid face seem to rebuke us! If we are betrayed into a harsh word, or an unkind look to some dear one, how do those deep eyes thrill us with their gentle reproach! Oh! mysterious is the influence of this enshrined image. Why may we not regard it as more than doubtful evidence, that our heavenly Father commissions our departed loved ones to minister unto us? But however it may be, this haunting presence with its whisperings to good,—this gentle monitor with its tender reproaches for any wrong expressed or felt,—this sweet image in the soul with all its mournful influences, is inexpressibly dear to us. It is—

“ A refuge from distrust,
A spring of purer life, still freshly welling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust,
With flowers divine.”

The love we cherish for the departed, is immortal as the soul from which it springs.

“ Thou takest not away, oh Death!
Thou strik'st and absence perisheth;
Indifference is no more;
The future brightens on our sight,
For on the past is fallen a light,
That tempts us to adore.”

With all the pensive hours which this “ sorrow for the dead” occasions;—with all the tender recollections, the bitter regrets, the agonizing remembrances it brings,—we still cherish it. And if we have not the image of our wept for traced upon canvass, may we not console ourselves in dwelling on that image deeply drawn upon the heart,—an image with the ever-varying aspects of life,—and where too, the tones of joy and grief still breathe upon the ear,—an image which no accident,—which nothing but the death of memory can efface? There it lives on

through all change, prolonging the chastening of the Lord, and thus augmenting, to the trusting heart, the benefits of his afflicting hand. There it is enshrined, becoming dearer and more spiritual, until Death sets free the soul, which, purified through its protracted suffering, ascends to its heavenly home; and there, re-united with the dear one, whose image it had cherished through this mortal life, they blend their voices in unceasing anthems of love.

Well, then, might one say to us,

“I call thee blest! though now the voice be fled,
Which, to thy soul, brought dayspring with its tone,
And o’er the gentle eyes though dust be spread,
Eyes that ne’er looked on thine, but light was shed
Far through thy breast.

And though the music of thy life be broken,
Or changed in every chord since she is gone,
Feeling all this, even yet, by many a token,
Oh thou! who hast to death given up thine own,
I call thee blest!

For in thy heart there is a holy spot,
As mid the waste, an isle of fount and palm,

Forever green ! the world's breath enters not,
 The passion-tempests may not break its calm !
 'Tis thine, all thine !

Thither, in trust unbaffled, mayst thou turn,
 From bitter words, cold greetings, heartless eyes,
 Quenching thy soul's thirst at the hidden urn,
 That, filled with waters of sweet memory lies
 In its own shrine.

Thou hast thy home ! there is no power in change
 To reach that temple of the past ; no sway
 In all time brings of sudden, dark, or strange,
 To sweep the still transparent peace away
 From its hushed air !

And oh ! that beauteous image of the dead !
 Sole thing whereon a deathless love may rest,
 And in deep faith and dreamy worship shed
 Its high gifts fearlessly !—I call thee blest,
 If only *there* !

* * * * * * *

And art thou not *still* fondly, truly loved ?
 Thou art ! the love her spirit bore away,
 Was not for death ! a treasure but removed,
 A bright bird parted for a clearer day,—
 Thine still in heaven !”

MRS. HEMANS.

Improvement of Affliction.

“When some belovéd voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence, against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease, and new,—
What hope? what help? What music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship’s sigh,—
Not reason’s subtle count! Not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew,—
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales,
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon;—nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted;—nor the angel’s sweet All-Hails,
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.

Speak thou’ availing Christ, and fill this pause.
Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs sweet and low,
Lest I should fear, and fall, and miss thee so,
Who are not missed by any that entreat.
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet.
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go

In reach of thy divinest voice, complete
In humanest affection—thus in sooth,
To lose the sense of losing! As a child
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's voice,
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
He sleeps the faster, that he wept before."

E. B. BARRETT.

"AN unskilful beholder may think it strange to see gold thrown into the fire, and left there for a time; but he that puts it there, would be loth to lose it; his purpose is to make some costly piece of work of it. Every believer gives himself to Christ, and He undertakes to present them blameless to the Father; not one of them shall be lost, nor one drachm of their faith. That faith which is here in the furnace, shall be there made up into a crown of pure gold: it shall be found unto praise and honor and glory."

What hopeless woe,—what delirium of grief must rage in the heart of the bereaved, who never heard of a revelation! The pagan mother lays her child in the grave, with no light to dispel the darkness that is settling in eternal night on her beclouded mind. If she lifts up her eye,

she beholds only a revengeful deity, crushing her for his own pleasure. If she looks beyond the tomb, she sees but the blackness of darkness, into which, in despair, she perhaps miserably rushes, through her own suicidal act. Oh! the blessedness of that Gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light! and which, in our deepest night, shows us the Refiner in infinite kindness, casting us into his furnace, that we may be purified and thus become the partakers of his holiness.

“When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flames kindle upon thee. Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.” “For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.” “No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterwards, it yieldeth the peaceable fruits

of righteousness to them which are exercised thereby."

It is a great affliction to lose a child, but it is tenfold worse to lose the *benefit* of the affliction. When our heavenly Father in the wish to reclaim or sanctify, holds over us the rod of discipline, is it not waywardness indeed, not only to complain of the chastisement, but to indulge rebellious thoughts of Him who inflicts it?

God sees that we are earth-bound in our affections, and therefore He smites us. But do we not with the sent-arrow hear a voice saying, "Arise, depart, for this is not your rest?" And starting to our feet, we find that we had fallen asleep upon enchanted ground—that our roll is gone. And though the heart, in the first delirium of grief, upbraids Him who has so kindly aroused us, yet are we not thus led to retrace our steps?

Sorrowful is this returning, and bitter are the tears shed in the valley of humiliation. But are we not constrained to acknowledge that unless thus driven to the mercy-seat, we might have lingered by the way until denied its access? Then while the stricken heart is quiver-

ing at the stroke of the Chastener, we can still kiss the rod that afflicts. And we can feel too, that there are alleviations in our affliction, which we did not at first perceive. We can bless our Father for the solace of human sympathy. And we can bless him more, that when no arm of flesh can sustain, then the everlasting arms are underneath us. Let us but bring our wills into sweet submission to the will of our Father, and his grace will be found sufficient for us. Then are our fainting souls refreshed with the Comforter's sweetest cordials.

What sacrifice can we lay on God's altar so pleasing to him, as the sacrifice of our own wills? What so acceptable an offering can we bring before him, as the very thing which He asks of us?

“What shall I render thee, Father supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?”
Said the young mother as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice
That night in dreams:—

‘Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast,—fed with the dews of love:
Send me that flower. Such flowers there are in heaven.”

But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.

‘Thou hast a little harp,—
How sweetly would it swell the angels’ hymn!
Yield me that harp.’

There rose a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom, by some hidden sword,
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came—a blight had found
The crimson-velvet of the unfolding bud.
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain, and broke,—
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In ‘silent’ agony. Again the voice
That stirred her vision :

‘He who asked of thee,
Loveth a cheerful giver.’ So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drops dried
Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,
Like Abraham’s faith, was counted righteousness.”

“We see in a jeweller’s shop,” says Leighton,
“that as there are pearls, and diamonds, and
other precious stones, so there are files, cutting
instruments, and many sharp tools for their pol-
ishing; and while they are in the workhouse,
they are continual neighbors to them, and often

come under them. The church is God's jewel, his work-house, where his jewels are a polishing for his palace and his house; and those he especially esteems, and means to make most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon."

Have we not reason, then, to "glory in tribulation?" Yes; the way of the cross is the way to the crown,—the way which all the saints have trod. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." In this rugged path we discern the footsteps of Jesus of Nazareth. And shall we complain, dear Saviour, that

"The thorns which pierced thy bleeding brow,
Wound as we pass, our pilgrim-feet?"

Let us in our light afflictions cherish thy spirit, thou matchless Sufferer,—let us, like thyself, be "made perfect through suffering," remembering that "if we suffer, we shall also reign" with thee.

"Through night to light! And though to mortal eyes,
Creation's face a pall of horror wear

Good cheer! good cheer! the gloom of midnight flies,
Then shall a sunrise follow, mild and fair.

Through cross to crown!—And though thy spirit's life
Trials untold assail with giant strength,
Good cheer! good cheer! soon ends the bitter strife,
And thou shalt reign in peace with Christ at length.

Through woe to joy!—And though at noon thou weep,
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,
Good cheer! good cheer! the Shepherd loves his sheep,—
Resign thee to the watchful Father's will.

Through death to life! And through this vale of tears,
And through this thistle-field of life ascend,
To the great supper in that world, whose years
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end."

KOSEGARTEN.

The Mother Woe.

“ A Shepherd long had sought in vain,
To call a wandering sheep ;
He strove to make her pathway plain,
Through dangers thick and deep :
At last, the gentle Shepherd took
Her little lamb from view,
The mother turned with anguished look,
She turned and followed too.”

“ Let not thy strong, sustaining arm recede ;
Uphold me, or I sink beneath the tide !
Lead me to thank thee that from dreams I woke,
Which led my straying soul so far from thee ;
Lead me to meekly bow before thy stroke,
And humbly bless thee for my misery.”

BITTER as are our partings at the gate of death, yet unspeakably more bitter must they be when we have no hope of reunion beyond the grave ! Pierced and bleeding as is the heart, stricken by an arrow from the Almighty's quiver, how can it endure its wound, except the balm of Gilead be applied ? And if we commiserate the benighted pagan mother, who, at the grave of her

child, sees a cloud of impenetrable gloom settling there,—is not the unbelieving mother in a Christian land, equally to be commiserated? She closes her eye to the light which irradiates the dark way, and turning from the God of consolation, she gazes into the grave with hopeless misery. She resists the will of God, and thus finds unmingled bitterness in her cup. The moment however that her heart says, though but in the faintest whisperings of a trembling faith, “Thy will be done,” that moment she begins to perceive the mercies, with which her heavenly Father has sweetened the bitter draught. And when thus humbled and subdued, that Father puts his strong arm around her and leads her into the “chamber of Peace,” gently whispering, “Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee.” “What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

But not only is submission necessary in order to secure Almighty support in our hour of need; but also, that we may receive the spiritual benefits designed for us in affliction. This filial temper—more potent than the far-famed stone of the Alchemist, transmutes what we deemed a

curse into a blessing. It makes the trial of our faith more precious than gold.

And surely there is every reason why the unchristian mother, when standing over the grave of her child, should be dumb from conviction, if not in submission. If she looks at her life as a practical rejection of the Saviour,—as bearing no fruit unto God,—she can but acknowledge that she deserves to be rebuked. Nor upon reflection, can she fail to perceive God's mercy to her child, which, in removing from this world of sin and sorrow, He has also removed from the influence of a mother, by whose example it might have been led astray. And she will also perceive his mercy to herself, in that, by making her earthly home desolate, He is inviting her to seek a better home above,—to which home is added the dear attraction of her lost one's presence.

Oh! there is a voice from the silent lips of a departed child which is well nigh irresistible. Earnestly it whispers to the mother of her idolatrous love, now justly rebuked. Entreatingly it warns her not again to strive after an earthly Paradise. Winningly it invites her to its own sweet home in the mansions of the blest.

Seek not then, bereaved mother, to rivet anew the bands which God has broken. Drop not such tears of bitterness into the grave of your loved one, when its angel-spirit is wooing you from the skies. Earth's joys have faded, but more enduring joys attract thee. Earth's fairest scenes are passing away, but brighter scenes are opening before thee. The hand of God has cut asunder the bonds that bound you here, but the same hand, by sweeter bonds, is drawing you there. The heart of the Redeemer is wooing you through the blessedness of your child. Improve this chastening of the Lord, and He will not only be with you in the deep waters, but He will speak comfortably to you all through the wilderness. And though your child will never return to you, yet be of good cheer, it is

“ A treasure but removed,
A bright bird parted for a clearer day,
Thine still in heaven.”

And when this mortal life is ended, and once again you fold that child to your yearning bosom, it will be to unite with her eternally in the songs of the redeemed.

But if the rod of discipline cannot drive you to Christ,—if all these attractions do not win you to him, then your afflictions will but serve to harden your heart,—to augment your condemnation,—to aggravate your misery.

Stricken mother ! Is there no balm in Gilead ? Is there no Physician there ? In this thy night of sorrow, go to the sacred garden, ascend the hallowed mount, and learn what Jesus suffered. And learning this, thou canst but learn thy own deep sinfulness. Then shalt thou “behold the Lamb of God, whose blood cleanseth from all sin.” And if thou canst look back upon affliction as having led thee to the cross, and upon the cross as now leading thee to thy crown, well mayst thou say,

“Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stands this the foremost, that my heart has bled.”

“For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King,
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring ?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease ;
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace ?

For these I will praise Thee,—but if *only* for this,
I should leave half-untold the donation of bliss ;

I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

The flowers were most sweet, but their fragrance is flown,
They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone ;
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy, it led me to Thee."

CAROLINE FRY.

Grief's Dying Year.

Now my heart's deep bell is tolling,—
Slowly,—slowly,—slowly knolling ;—
And in silence stands the bier,
Waiting for Grief's Dying Year.

While sad Memory is folding
Up her scroll, she still is holding
Pictures drawn in sorrow's night,
Close before my aching sight.

Though they pass in quick succession,
Yet they trace a deep impression,—
By some wondrous magic art,
Print their copy on my heart ;—

There to dwell and strangely sadden,—
Sometimes even almost madden,—

Painting scenes before my eye,
Fraught with tears and agony.

Ah ! my child ! I see thee lying,—
Sinking,—sinking,—slowly dying ;—
Still not loosed thy silver thread,—
Dying,—dying,—never dead.

Hush !—oh, hush this fearful sobbing !
Cease !—oh, cease, this loud heart-throbbing ;—
Hangs a picture by its side,
Telling that my darling died ;—

Died long since, yet tears are gushing ;
Grief's full tide is wildly rushing,
While its waters o'er my soul,
In tumultuous torrent roll.

The old wound is freshly bleeding,
As the year is slow receding.
Every minute adds some line,
Filling out grief's full design.

Now is every stroke repeated,—
Now the pictures are completed ;—
Hang they all on Memory's wall,
Curtained by the sable pall.

And although my heart they're wringing,—
Yet to them my heart is clinging,
For they bring me many a token
Of my bud so early broken.

Now my heart's deep bell is tolling,—
Slowly,—slowly,—slowly knolling ;—
Passes on time's noiseless bier,
Bearing the departed Year,—

With its weeping, burning record,
Darkly shaded, deeply chequered,
All its sorrows soon to cast
'Mid the buried of the past.

But the *pictures* time will leave me ;—
Nothing can of these bereave me,

Till that I and Memory part,—
Till Death's hand is on my heart.

And when glows the golden dawning
Of the bright, celestial morning,—
Ends the long, funereal night
In a day of cloudless light,—

Then, with rapture all unspoken,
I shall see my bud, once broken,
Blooming 'neath serenest skies,
'Mid sweet flowers of Paradise.

When I there in bliss behold her,—
To my yearning heart enfold her,—
Shall I not have golden pay
For this weeping, mortal day ?

BLESSED SAVIOUR ! boundless praises
Unto thee my full heart raises :—
Hope,—that points amid our tears
Through the misty march of years,—

Hope,—that o'er the grave is gleaming,
With a flood of glory beaming,—
Hope,—the beacon-star of earth,
In thy PASSION had its birth.

Bear me on then, restless ocean,
Bear me with thy billowy motion,
To that Eden-shore so blest,
Where these longings shall find rest.

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