

# WORDS OF COMFORT

FOR

PARENTS BEREAVED OF LITTLE  
CHILDREN.

EDITED BY

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"The resurrection and the life." Oh, what heart is not thrilled by the preciousness of the promise? Whose does not throb the more joyously as he recognizes the Redeemer who brings him life? "The resurrection and the life!" Enjoyed recompense, recovered friends, — these are our hopes above. Ah! but nearer still and dearer still, enhancing each of these a thousand-fold — as every true and loyal believer thinks — with Jesus there! So shall it be in heaven, and with glad eye and with beating heart will each ransomed spirit break from its own private joy to fasten gratefully its gaze upon the Master who has purchased it, and to hear again in a pronounced immortality of comfort and of bliss, "I am the resurrection and the life."



### A WALK IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NEW YORK.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, BROOKLYN.

FOR some years past, my favorite resort has been the beautiful and incomparable *Greenwood*. It has no rival in the world. "Nothing that I have ever seen in Europe compares with this," said Newman Hall to me as we stood on Sylvan Cliff, on a golden day of last

October (1867); and he added, "Nothing I have yet seen in America gives me such an impression of wealth, taste, and refinement as this exquisite spot." Old Jeremy Taylor says that it is good to knock often at the gates of the grave; and, truly, there is no terror in death to one who only has to look forward to bewitching Greenwood as the resting place of his body, and to Heaven as the dwelling of his ransomed soul.

Yesterday I went to Greenwood alone. How often, in times past, have I walked there with a pair of little feet tripping beside me, which now, alas! are laid under a mound of green turf and flowers. The night before the precious child departed, having wearied himself with play, he quaintly said, "My little footies are tired at both ends." Ere twenty-four hours were past, the tired feet had ended life's short journey, and were laid to the dreamless rest. Thousands and thousands of other little children are slumbering around him; for Greenwood is one vast nursery, in which cribs give place to little caskets and coffins, and no one is afraid to speak loud lest they wake up the silent sleepers. Over the dust of these sleeping treasures are hundreds of marbles which bear only such pet names as "Our Lucy," or "Our Willie," or "Sweet little

Carrie," or "Our Darling." Close beside the narrow bed, so dear to me, lie a pair of children in one spot, and on the tiny marble above them is carved this sweet verse:—

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

What a celestial cheerfulness breathes in such words! How like to a guardian angel's song! There are other inscriptions scattered through the cemetery which are equally redolent of Christian hope and immortality. For example, on a stately monument is written only the name of the dead, and on the other side of the granite shaft the simple, thrilling announcement, "*The Lord is Risen!*"

Several tombs bear the single line, "*Our Mother.*" No inscription in the whole city of the dead touched me so tenderly as the one word, "Good-night," on the tomb of a young wife. Perhaps this was her last utterance as the twilight of the "valley" fell upon her advancing footsteps. Among many carved clusters of lilies, myrtles, and violets, we often discovered on the monuments of God's departed children this flower, from the Holy Spirit's own hand: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." This is the amaranth

which angels wreath above the sainted dead. How fragrant it is with the love of Jesus; how dewy with precious promises; how it glitters in the light which falls from the sapphire walls of the New Jerusalem! Matchless line: that never grows old, and never stales its heavenly freshness! If there be any line which the "ministering spirits" chant above the sleeping dust of Christ's blood-bought heirs of glory, it must be this one which the Spirit taught to the beloved John. Not as a dreary dirge do they chant it; not as a melancholy requiem: it is a jubilant pæan of triumph over those who have come off more than conquerors, — whose achievements are complete, and for whom wait the "robes made white in the blood of the Lamb."

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

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

As I stood beside that graceful tablet yesterday, the light of an October sun threw its mellow radiance over the crimsoning foliage, and the green turf, and the sparkling water of

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



#### A THORNLESS SORROW.

D. M. MOIR, THE “DELTA” OF “BLACKWOOD.”

[The following is an extract from a letter, dated Musselburgh, 8th January, 1845, addressed by Dr. Moir, on the receipt of a favorite volume, to a friend, whose child he had been attending professionally:—]

THE gift has only one drawback. Would, so far as our weak eyes can see, that it had been ordained that I should receive it from other hands than yours! This was not to be, and for wise purposes, although we see them not. The loss and the grief are to those who are left behind: to him these cannot be. Yet a little while, and the end cometh to us also;