

WORDS OF COMFORT

FOR

PARENTS BEREAVED OF LITTLE
CHILDREN.

EDITED BY

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good-night kiss in the evening. I miss the sweet smiles from the sunniest of faces. I miss, — oh, how I miss the foremost in the little group who came out to meet me at the gate for the first kiss! I do not stoop so low now, Katie, to give that first kiss. I miss you at the table and at family worship. I miss your voice in "*I want to be an angel*," for nobody could sing it like you. I miss you in my rides and walks. I miss you in the garden. I miss you everywhere; but I will try not to miss you in heaven. "Papa, if we are good, will an angel truly come and take us to heaven when we die?" When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near! But he did "truly" come, and the sweet flower is transplanted to a more genial clime. "I do wish papa would come." Wait a little while, Katie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be "Home."



A SWEET SORROW.

REV. DR. SCHAFF.

Now, farewell, my precious boy! Till I see thee again, farewell! With a saddened heart have I performed the last act of earthly

love ; and now I resign thee into the hands of higher and better parental care. Short was thy visit in this rough and tempestuous world ! The heavenly gardener has early transplanted the fragrant lily of thy life into a milder and purer clime. Thy life was not yet darkened and embittered by the fearful curse of sin and death. As a tender lamb of Christ, thou didst bear thy cross in friendly innocence, like the infants of Bethlehem, who were slain by the tyrant-sword of Herod, as the first martyr fruits offered to the new-born Saviour, to whom the ancient church has devoted the third day after Christmas as an anniversary-day of special remembrance. Thou art now happy with them, and with the pleasant angels, far away from the sultry and sickly atmosphere of earth and sin, in serene celestial heights, in the green peaceful bowers of Paradise, led, and fed, and refreshed by the Great Shepherd of the sheep and of the lambs, who was Himself once a child, that He might sanctify the tender age of infancy, and who, in the days of His flesh, pressed infants to His bosom, speaking those words of comfort : " Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not : for of such is the kingdom of God." His thou wert by birth ; and, as He formed thy beautiful body, so did He also, by His Holy Spirit, silently, and unconsciously to thee,

early prepare thy spirit for that holy world where now thou art at home. It was He that taught thee to lisp, as thou didst in the midst of thy suffering, with infant joy: "Heaven is a beautiful place: God is there, Christ is there, the angels are there, all good people are there!" Yes, my hopeful, pious boy! they are all there, old and young, great and small, — all who have overcome in the blood of the Lamb! There also dost thou bloom for ever, in the unfading beauty of the loveliest age! Thither also do thy parents, by God's grace, hope to arrive, when their hour shall strike, to embrace thee, the beloved of their hearts, in glorified youth, and to lose thee no more for ever! Oh, the joy of such a meeting!



"LITTLE EDWARD."

REV. EDWARD IRVING, LONDON.

WHOSO studieth as I have done, and reflecteth as I have sought to reflect, upon the first twelve months of a child; whoso hath had such a child to look and reflect upon, as the Lord for fifteen months did bless me withal (whom I would not recall, if a wish could recall him, from the enjoyment and service of our dear