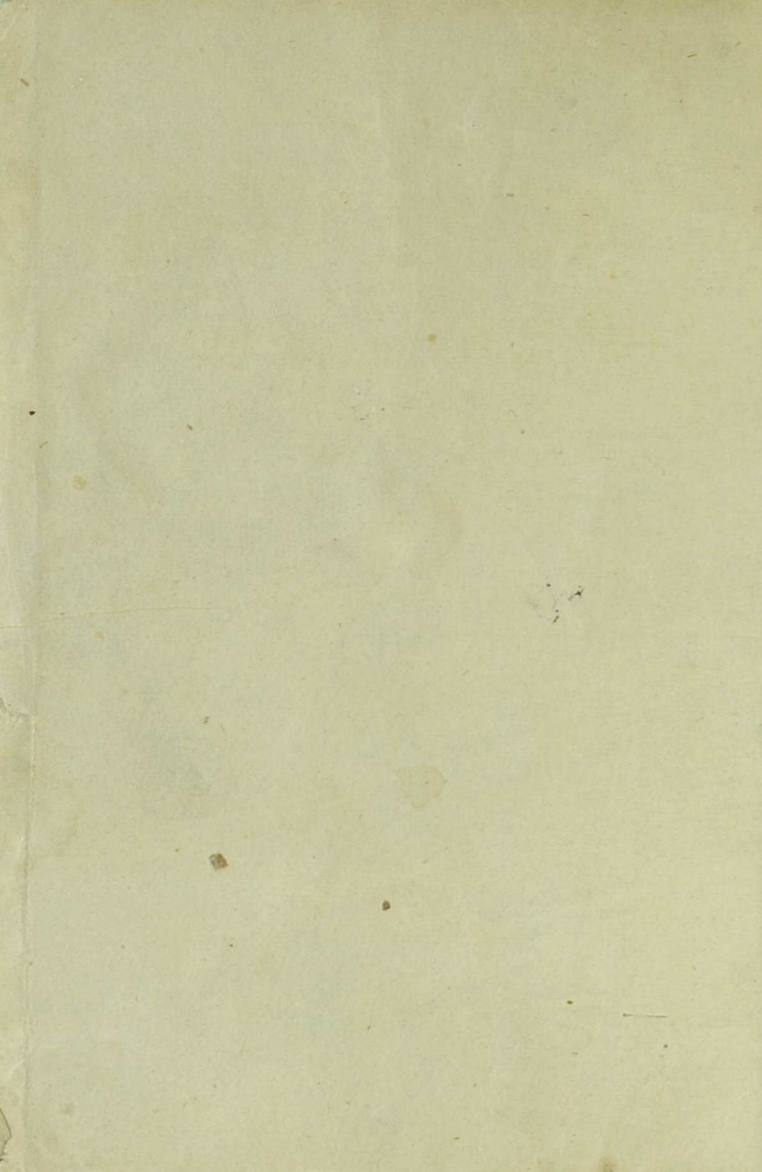




CATHERINE
JANE
GREGG.

This is a highly decorative bookplate for a book belonging to Catherine Jane Gregg. The central text is enclosed in a green oval. The entire design is framed by an elaborate, symmetrical border of gold, red, and green. The border features intricate scrollwork, floral motifs, and a central red shield-like shape. The background is a light cream color, and the entire piece is enclosed in a simple red and blue border.



June Ridpath
MEMOIR *June Bank*

OF

CATHERINE JANE GREGG,

WHO DIED JUNE 16, 1843,

AGED THREE YEARS, ALL BUT FOUR DAYS.

BY

HER MOTHER.

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EDINBURGH :

JAMES GALL AND SON,

EDUCATIONAL DEPOSITORY, 38 NORTH BRIDGE.

LONDON : HOULSTON AND STONEMAN.



## CATHERINE JANE GREGG.

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MY dear little daughter, Catherine Jane, was born on June 1840. When she was only a few months old she was often so very ill that I sometimes feared that she would die ; but after she was a year old, she became a very strong and healthy child, and we hoped that she would be spared to live long, and to be very useful in the service of her God. All these hopes, however, were cast down to the earth by three short weeks' illness ; but now, I can rejoice with joy unspeakable, because I know she is gone to her bright home in heaven, SAFE, never to sin or suffer any more, but to live through all eternity the life she began to live in this world, but far happier than she could be here.

She was an exceedingly pleasing infant, never fretful, and when she was well, always merry and lively. When she was

lying in my arms to go to sleep, I always sung some nice little song or hymn, with words about Jesus and God's love ; and although she did not at first understand what I was singing, I am convinced it had a good effect, for as she began to think, and to remember what she heard, she loved the name of God and Jesus, because she loved the little songs that soothed her to sleep, and that were all about him. She was very fond of music, and when I was playing on the pianoforte she would sit still for hours, listening to the sounds ; and even when she was ill and restless, the music of the piano would make her happy and quiet.

I early endeavoured to lead her mind to God, as " LOVE ;" and when she could speak, and seemed to enjoy any thing, or admire any object, I said to her, " God gave you this," or, " God made that ;" by this means, when she was just two years old, she constantly thought of all sweet and joyous things as coming from God. She could truly have expressed her thoughts in the beautiful line—

" All things bright or fair are *Thine* !"



When she was this age, we stayed some months at the shore : she enjoyed the sea very much, and, when bathing, would often say, " Oh, the nice sea ! *God* made the sea."

At this time, she learned the hymn,

" *God* made the sky that looks so blue ;  
He made the grass so green ;  
He made the flow'rs that smell so sweet,  
In pretty colours seen.

*God* made the sun that shines so bright,  
And gladdens all I see ;  
It comes to give us heat and light,  
How thankful should we be.

*God* made the pretty bird to fly,  
How sweetly has she sung ;  
And though she fly so very high,  
She wont forget her young.

*God* made the cow to give nice milk ;  
The horse for me to use ;  
I'll treat them kindly for his sake,  
Nor dare his gifts abuse.

*God* made the water for my drink ;  
He made the fish to swim ;  
He made the tree to bear nice fruit—  
Oh how should I love Him."

And never tired of hearing it sung or said to her.

She was in remarkably good health at



this time, and the most joyous, happy creature I ever saw. She took great delight in hearing stories out of the little books published by the Religious Tract Society, and could repeat the substance of what she heard with wonderful accuracy: not that she was what is called a precocious child; far from it; she was infantile in all her actions and expressions, and this makes me set a far higher value on all her sweet sentiments of love to God; they were all in such simple language, evidently the overflowings of a heart taught by Him,—not set phrases, which are easily learned by what are called “old-fashioned children.” Her affection for me was most fervent: we were scarcely ever separated: she constantly slept with me from her birth, and, during the last winter, she used to wake when I went to bed, and lie for some time talking. When we heard the rain pattering against the window, I used to tell her there were many little children out in it, but God was very good in giving her a house and warm bed; and, afterwards, whenever I lay awake at night, she begged me to tell her of the

“ poor little children out in the rain.”—She would say, so piteously, “ Poor little children ! they have *no* kind papa, *no* kind mamma, *no* warm bed, *no* nice things, like Cassey ; they are shivering with the cold, and no fire, no nice stirabout ;”—and would immediately add, “ But *God* will be kind to them, and Tatty will give them her breakfast.” At these times I generally repeated a hymn to her, and told her a story from the Bible : the sweet lines by Leigh Richmond were her great delight :—

“ Mamma, ’tis Jesus loves my soul,  
And makes the wounded spirit whole .  
My nature is by sin defiled,  
Yet Jesus loves your little child.

I know my temper is not right—  
I’m often angry, scold and fight ;  
I would, like Him, be meek and mild,  
For Jesus loves your little child.

How kind is Jesus ! O how good !  
For my poor soul he shed his blood ;  
For children’s sake he was reviled,  
Yet Jesus loves the little child.

When I offend you by my tongue, -  
And say and do what’s very wrong,  
O pray, mamma, be reconciled, -  
For Jesus loves your little child.

He teaches me to shed a tear  
Whene'er I grieve a friend so dear ;  
Then, though I am so thoughtless, will I,  
Yet Jesus loves your little child.

To me may Jesus now impart,  
Although so young, a gracious heart.  
Alas ! I'm oft by sin defiled ;  
Yet Jesus loves your little child.

And I love Him, for he loves me,  
And hope his faithful child to be :  
The Sinner's Friend he's justly styled,  
For Jesus loves your little child."

The last line of this she always repeated with such ecstasy ; and often said, " God loves Cassey, and Cassey loves God ; Jesus loves Cassey, Jesus died for Cassey, Jesus shed a blood for Cassey." Religion appeared, to her, clothed in the brightest colours : all in it was joyful to her : there was no dulness in it : it might truly be said—

" A rose's brief bright life of joy,  
Such unto her was given."

Every comfort, every pleasure, she connected with God, and referred all to him : if she admired a flower, or a star, or the moon, she instantly said, " God made it."

Whenever she heard me go to my own



room, she called after me, and asked, "Mamma, are you going to say your prayers?" and, if I was praying, she came and knelt beside me, and repeated her own prayers. She always came with the other children, if I called them to pray with me, and repeated every word after me with great seriousness. She loved to say the morning and evening hymns with her brother John William, and reminded him if she thought he had forgotten to read his chapter, or pray. On Sunday mornings, when she waked, she used to ask what day it was; and, when told, would say, "Happy Sunday! Tatty love Sunday!" She was very anxious to go to the school with Ann, and loved to hear her sister Sarah tell of the children in her class. She felt great sympathy with any one in pain or want, and rejoiced to give relief to the poor people we knew; or, if any of us were suffering from illness, she tried all means to soothe and comfort us. Our old servant, Jenny, was greatly afflicted with swelling in one of her feet; and, when she took her stocking off to rub it, she stooped down to try

and assist her, saying, "Poor Jenny! poor Jenny's leg sore."

She was very fond of *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, and delighted in John William shewing her the pictures, and telling her they were men who loved God. On one occasion, on an Easter Monday, I took her to Christ Church, to see the children who were assembled to hear the annual sermon, and her joy was unbounded; their singing pleased her beyond measure: the impression of that day never left her mind, and she spoke of it to the last, saying, "O, mamma, was it not lovely? O it was so lovely!" She remained in extremely good health during a very severe and trying winter and spring, and I fondly hoped her constitution had become so strong that she would be enabled to get the better of any sickness. Her merry laugh rang through the house, and her little feet were continually in motion. She loved to be useful, and trotted about, on all my errands, up and down stairs. Her disposition was orderly in the extreme, and she could not bear to see an article out of its place. I



looked forward to her usefulness to me with joyful expectation ; and has she ceased to be useful ? Is she not a ministering spirit ?—perhaps permitted to attend even on me. But, at any rate, is she not continually, and without fatigue, doing the work and will of her Father in heaven ? Indeed I am sure he was all this time preparing and fitting her for the enjoyment of himself ; for her longing to see Jesus, and, as she expressed it, “ fly up to him,” was very remarkable, and often caused us to check her when she said, “ Tatty like to die—Tatty like to see God—kind God—kind Jesus !” for the idea of parting with her was to me peculiarly distressing ; she was my joy and comfort, and could soothe every weary hour with her fond and endearing behaviour.

Her temper was naturally very hot and passionate, and she got into a rage when opposed by her brothers or Ann. I used, at such times, to put her in a corner, and wait quietly for a few moments, when, in general, all was over, and she turned round with a smiling face. I always told her, gravely,

that it was a sad thing for her to be so naughty,—that it grieved Jesus ; and, when her temper had subsided, she shook her head, and said, “ I’m often angry, scold and fight. But Tatty try and be good ; not grieve Jesus—Tatty love Jesus.” When asked what he did for her, she replied, “ Shed his blood : Jesus died for Tatty—died on a cross, with nails in his hands and nails in his feet, and made a blood come out.” And, when relating this, she was often moved nearly to tears, always concluding by saying, “ All for Tatty, to make Tatty go to heaven.” I was often astonished at her ready comprehension of the simple truths of the gospel : no laboured explanation was necessary ; indeed, when attempted, seemed only to confuse the subject ; and I am convinced that if we state Scripture truths to children, and leave them to be brought home to their hearts by the teaching of the Lord himself, he will accomplish the work according to his promise. Well may it be said, “ Who teacheth like him ?” for he can manifest himself to the soul of a little child in a way the proud reasoner

cannot comprehend, and will do so, if we wait on him in his own way. I was much struck with this in Cassey : she had no difficulties, no asking, "How can these things be?" I do not mean that she could have entered into any lengthened statement of divine truth ; "she understood as a child ;" but she felt she was a sinner : she loved God, and believed he sent his Son to die for her ; and she expressed her love in the simplest terms : she often threw her arms round my neck, and said, "That is the way Tatty love God ; Tatty would hug Jesus, and kiss him." And, surely, had he been, as he once was, on earth, when he took little children in his arms he would not have rejected her caresses.

She could not endure to see any one punished ; if James or John William, or Sarah, were punished, she used to go to them and say, "Are you good now?" If they were crying, she took her own handkerchief to wipe their eyes, and then brought them to me, saying, "Mamma, they are good now." When her brothers were quarrelling, she always reproved them, and said,



" Oh ! boys, God does not love to see children naughty ; it grieves Jesus ; God will be angry ;" and, if she hurt, or was angry with them, in a moment after she ran and held up her face to kiss them.

On 26th April I was confined to the house with influenza, and, for six weeks, was very ill and depressed in spirits. Her attention to me, all this time, was unbounded : if I cried, she was so distressed, saying, " Mamma, what is the matter ?—do not cry." She assisted me to dress ; always ran for a cushion to put under my feet, when I got out of bed ; and, as I was unable to rise off the sofa without assistance, she ran when she saw I wished to move, saying, " Mamma, Tatty help you." As I was not able to speak much at this time, on account of my cough, she was fond of going into John William's bed, early in the morning, to get him to tell her stories. . The history of Elijah was a never-failing source of delight ; and, when he told her of his going up to heaven in a chariot of fire, she always replied, " Tatty go up too ; Tatty fly up a to God." Her brother tried convince her,

that people could not go that way now, and described how they had to die, and be buried, before they could see God ; but she never entered into this at all, invariably saying, “ Tatty fly up ; Tatty go to God, like Elijah.” She appeared, indeed, to look beyond the grave—and the prospect was all bright !

She and her brother John William both took hooping-cough, before I had by any means recovered my illness, and the great weakness occasioned by it, and, for a fortnight, they went on most favourably ; indeed, John William was the greatest sufferer, and, when she heard him cough in the night, she used to call to him to sit up, as it was very severe when he did not do so. She usually had a very long fit of coughing at six o'clock every morning ; when it was over, and I wanted her to try and sleep, she never would consent to do so, but always entreated me to tell her a story ; and, when asked what it should be, constantly chose “ the one about the little boy,”—this was the account of the Shunamite's son ; when this was done, the one



about "the little girl,"—this was Jairus' daughter; then the hymn, "God made the sky," over and over again, or, "Mamma, 'Tis Jesus;"—and, when I had told these, and said, "Well, darling, what shall I tell you now?" she always said, "Tell me about God—tell me about Jesus."

She became extremely fearful of offending me; and, when about to do anything, said, "Sure you will not be angry with us?" and, if she thought I was displeased, repeated, over and over again, "O pray, Mamma, be reconciled."

And now how shall I tell you of the three last weeks of her life? Most agonizing were they to a mother's feelings; but yet they were but the entrance to her of joy unspeakable and eternal glory; and, as poor John William remarked, "Sure half-an-hour in heaven would make up for it all." Great as was the tribulation, the consolation certainly abounded also; and, while remembering the one, I would not forget the other, but rather recal it, and record it with adoring gratitude.

On the Sunday three weeks before my

darling Catherine was taken from me, she alarmed me by exhibiting symptoms of fever in the afternoon. Ann was at church, and my Sarah and John William could not persuade her to sit quiet ; she continued moving about until quite exhausted ; at last, her brother collected all his books, and got her to sit by him on the floor, when she commenced singing,

“ Oh, that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more !”

She said, “ Oh, Tatty is going to God, to sing to him ! Tatty will fly up into heaven, to Jesus, and she will have a harp and a crown, and she will sing, and play on her harp to him ! Oh, it will be so lovely ! Tatty *want to go*.” On John William shewing her the picture, in the *Book of Martyrs*, of some one being burnt in a barrel, she persisted in saying, “ Happy man ! good man ! Yes, he was happy, for he loved God, and was going to fly up to him. Tatty like to be burnt, and go to God.” She talked on, in this way, for nearly an hour, referring also to the meeting of the children

in the church, and the way they sang, and getting Sarah to sing hymns to her, till she fell asleep from complete exhaustion. During that night, her breathing was severely affected, accompanied by high fever ; however, in the morning, she rose in her usual buoyant spirits. I early sent for the doctor, who found her pulse beat so quick as scarcely to be counted, and evident symptoms of inflammation of the chest ; he promptly ordered leeches to be applied, which were the means of relieving her considerably : she bore them with great patience, amusing herself by looking at pictures, and listening to a musical box, while lying on Ann's knee. Our kind physician, from this time, was very much alarmed about her, and was unwearied in his attendance and exertions to afford her relief. She had always been exceedingly fond of him, and whatever he advised she submitted to with wonderful patience. The remedies were often distressing in their effects—sickening drops, by day and night, and afterwards a blister, which had frequently to be re-opened with an irritating liniment ;



through all, scarcely a murmur escaped her ; no fretfulness, no crying, no rebellion. I feel so thankful that the Lord, in tender pity, was pleased to vouchsafe to this lamb such a measure of patient, meek endurance. Truly, " He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind." For my illness had worn out both mind and body ; want of rest had reduced me to a state of the most distressing nervousness ; and this stroke on the desire of my eyes and joy of my heart appeared overwhelming indeed. During the week after the application of the leeches, no material change took place ; the most alarming symptom was the continued noise in the chest and lungs, which prevented the doctor from giving very bright hopes of her recovery ; at length he found it necessary to order a blister on the chest, and candidly told me, if this did not succeed in giving her relief, he could not do anything more. I never shall forget that awful night—I thought I could not endure it ; and, before the blister was sent, went down with John William to read, and pray for support ; and it pleased the Lord, in the use of these

means, to carry me through. We read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and never had I so clear a view of the infinite love of God in giving his Son ; it appeared so hard to have to annoy or distress my darling, even for her good ; but I saw “ God so loved the world”—the vile, thankless, unloving world—that he “ was *pleased* to bruise Him” whom he loved infinitely, yea, he was pleased to permit Him to be “ tormented,” (see margin, Isa. liii. 5,) and this was not for a few days, weeks, or months ; but for thirty-three years “ he was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” So sweet were the views afforded me of the great love of God, that I returned wonderfully strengthened, and was enabled firmly to go on with the agonizing task of putting on the blister. My darling child only remonstrated once, with such a pleading expression of countenance, and tears in her eyes, saying, “ Oh, mamma, don’t put on a blister ;” and, when told the doctor ordered it, and it was to do her good, quietly submitted, and only said, when moved, and it had begun to rise, “ O, Ann, what a do with us ! my breast is sore ! carry



me easy." She slept during a great part of the time it was on, retaining a hand of Ann's and mine in hers. It struck me much, during this night, how differently the angels must have regarded her to what I did : *I* so anxious to keep her ; *they*, who knew the joy ready for her, anxious, no doubt, to welcome her to it, and surprised I had no greater love for her than to wish her stay in this sorrowful world. I kept repeating these lines—

" Thou, misjudging man,  
Who wouldst chain down her feet  
To this rough path of life,  
Hast *thou* found it so sweet ?

Look back on *thy* journey,  
Its joy and its pain,  
And say, wouldst thou travel  
The bleak waste again ?"

Then we see how anxious people are to procure appointments for their sons, and matches for their daughters, when, by doing so, they are almost certain of never seeing them again ; and yet we fear trusting them to the arms of the Shepherd who loves them and will make them blessed for ever, and *safe, eternally safe !*

The kind and affectionate conduct of John William was very soothing ; he sat up with his little sister ; and, while crying beside her, said, “ I wish I could have the blister on, instead of Cassey ;”—indeed, he very often was made the means of consoling me by his scriptural and affectionate remarks.

He constantly urged me to send for our minister to pray for Catherine ; he had great hopes God would have restored her, in answer to his prayers ; and he reminded me of a circumstance which occurred to himself, for, when he was considered at the point of death, Mr Drew prayed for him, and it pleased God to restore him to health, contrary to all our expectation. Even after the suffusion on her brain had taken place, he used to say, “ Do send for Dr Drew ; you know when he prayed for me, God heard him, and Christ could cure her now.” He used often to wish Jesus were now on earth, that he might go to him, as the ruler did, (Mark v. 23.)

From this time, though she appeared in a degree relieved, she did not recover her spirits or appetite. She occasionally amused

herself with a box of toys, sent by her kind friend, Mrs Wilson, and with the musical box, and some marbles of her brother John William's, but she only occasionally roused herself to speak ; when she did, it was to tell of her little play-fellows, Bobby, Bessy, and Ann T——, or to describe the scene on Easter Monday, and say, " How lovely ! oh, mamma, was not it so lovely ?" or raise her feeble voice to try and sing—

" Oh ! that will be joyful !

Joyful ! joyful ! joyful !

Oh ! that *will* be joyful,

When we meet to part no more."

One day, while lying on my knee, she asked who sent some jam she was eating, and when told it was our neighbour, Mrs Syme, she said, " Kind Mrs Syme !" then, " God made the jam." " No," I replied ; " he made currants that the jam is made of." She said, " I love the doctor ! the doctor is a good man ;" and, after a pause, " *God* made the doctor." She gradually became more and more distressed at any noise, and her musical box was laid aside ; she could scarcely bear even to be spoken to,



and could only listen, for a short time, to a hymn in a very low voice ; she was restless, often requesting to be laid on the floor, but never fretful. She loved chiefly to see me, and Ann, and John William, near her ; indeed, she was uncomfortable when we were out of her sight. When almost too weak to sit up, if I ever coughed, she tried to hold my head, and, when I moved, said, " Mamma, Tatty help you, when Tatty gets well."

On the Sunday before she died, an old man of the congregation was buried, and I told her the bell was going for old Gray, who was gone to God : she scarcely noticed my remark, but shortly afterwards, hearing her canary singing, said, " Mamma, listen Dickey singing ; Dickey is singing to God."

The impossibility of keeping the house quiet was a severe trial to me, as any sound distressed her sadly, and startled her when sleeping ; still, she never murmured, only, if she saw me crying, would ask, " What, mamma—what ?"

On Tuesday, she was a little better, and her chest and cough relieved : she seemed



more inclined to speak, and noticed her pigeon, (which had never left the room from the time she became ill.)—The doctor said, quite cheerfully, that “he had hopes of saving his little girl yet,” and I was beginning to feel less anxious. That morning she had been suddenly roused, after taking a sleeping-draught, and the effect, at first, was very distressing ; her mind wandered, and she called us all to her, and spoke quite incoherently for some time ; this, however, subsided, and she grew calm, and had many hours of refreshing sleep. On Tuesday night, I, also, obtained more rest than for many, many weeks ; and had very great comfort in prayer, and reading *Isaiah* xl. 29—31. I felt, indeed, that I had *no strength*, and that the strength of God alone could enable me to give up my precious treasure ; and he *did* enable me to commit her to his will. How graciously does our loving Father prepare his poor weak children for his strokes ! —Little did I expect what that night would bring forth ! The doctor had considerable hope for her, and she remained quiet and collected all Wednesday ; still she seemed

to have no appetite, but, when told the doctor wished her to take some arrowroot, she took it with both hands, and swallowed some, also a little wine and water ; though, if asked did she wish for anything, her constant reply was, “ *Ah no !* ” She could not bear me out of her sight, and constantly kept the curtain drawn aside, so as to keep me in view. Her cough was much better, and she played with the little basket the doctor had given her, which she constantly retained on her arm. At seven o’clock, my hopes were quite revived : she was so pleased with some cakes a friend brought her, that she ate some, and gave us a share, telling John William to throw some to Tommy, (the pigeon.) About this time, she called me to her, and seemed to wish to throw her arms round my neck ;—she sunk back on her pillow, and fell asleep.—Ann was sitting beside her, at nine o’clock, when she was seized with a convulsion fit ; the doctor came instantly, and tried every remedy without intermission till two in the morning, when a suffusion of water on the brain took place, and he hoped the struggle would soon

be over ; however, it pleased God to try us yet more. Instead of sinking quietly, as we hoped, a violent fit of coughing came on, her pulse increased fearfully, and a severe struggle ensued. She continued living till one o'clock on Friday morning, when it pleased her gracious Saviour to loose the cord which held down the imprisoned spirit, and to permit it to " fly up " (as she had so often expressed it) " to heaven." But who can tell the agony of those dreadful hours, in which she lay with her poor head constantly rolling on the pillow ! it had to be kept wet with vinegar, which the burning heat as quickly dried ; her dear eyes, which were always wide open, were unconscious of my presence or tears ; her moaning was piteous, and the convulsions constant ; yet, as she could swallow, the doctor, at stated intervals, himself administered to her some remedy, which greatly mitigated their severity ; but the case was utterly hopeless, and, as I bent over her, my prayer was, that the Lord might be pleased, quickly, to release her spirit from the poor tortured body.



On Thursday, Mr ——— came to see me, and never shall I forget the tender sympathy with which he regarded my darling : well could *he* feel ! for when he saw her, he said, “ Ah, Mrs Gregg, I have passed through this scene three times myself.” His prayer was most consoling to me ; and truly I may say, “ God, who comforteth those who are cast down, comforted me” by his “ coming.” On this night, I was persuaded to retire to bed early, and I slept till four in the morning. How thankfully I heard, from poor John William, when I awoke, that my sweet pet was at last released. She had been much reduced during her short illness, and her countenance so greatly altered, that I think no one could have known her ; but when I, that morning, went down, all, all was changed ! there she lay, so calm and beautiful, yet so like what she had formerly been when sleeping. I was truly grateful : I could say now with peace and resignation, “ The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord !” My delight was to sit by her side, and kiss her dear forehead ;



and, while contemplating that beloved form, God was graciously pleased to afford me much consolation in the thought, that *Jesus* was once thus ; yes, the Son of God once lay a *corpse*, *his* eyes too were sealed in darkness, *his* lips immoveable and speechless, *his* forehead marble cold, and *his* limbs stiff and powerless ; and all for us sinners—for *me*—for my precious child he died, that she might live ! these thoughts brought exceeding peace to my soul. You cannot conceive how beautiful she looked, with fresh flowers all round and over her, and a bunch of hearts-ease, which John William placed most appropriately on her breast. Mr M'Ilwain, when he came in, exclaimed, “ She is a folded lamb now ! ” and this was the means of conveying unspeakable comfort to my soul. I grieved at the idea of her being buried ; but, then, the verses of the hymn again reconciled me :—

“ The graves of all His saints He blest,  
And sweetened every bed ;—  
Where should the dying members rest,  
But with their dying Head ?  
Why should we mourn departed friends ;  
Or shake at death's alarms ?

'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends  
To call them to his arms.

Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb?

*There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,*  
And left a long perfume."

I felt very thankful that I was always enabled to contemplate her as *alive*; not sleeping in that cold form, but now, with unwearied wing, doing her Saviour's will, and going on messages of love.—Her piteous complaint, so often plaintively uttered, "Ann, I'm not well," will never be heard again; for "the inhabitant" of her present glorious land shall no more say, "I am sick:" her eyes behold the King in his beauty, and she sings the same song she loved to sing here:—

"Oh, that will be joyful!  
Joyful! joyful! joyful!"

How joyful must have been the meeting between her and her brother who preceded her! Whenever we spoke of him, she used to say, "Tatty like to see him;" and when she was told she could not, until she died, she replied, "Tatty like to die, and go to heaven, and see him."

I trust I have not said too much about my Catherine. Dear and precious as she was to me, I desire to speak to the praise of that dearer and more precious Saviour, who made her what she was, and who, when he said to me, "Take this child and bring her up for *me*," graciously blessed the instruction I was able to give her, and drew her to himself. Sweet and happy were the few years she stayed with me : she had a power of beguiling the dreariest hours of sorrow or anxiety, her affection was so strong, and her love so engaging. I shall never forget her serious look of deep affection, when first allowed to see me after my illness, when she was only a year and a half old, or the fervour with which she pressed and kissed my hand, when, for the first time, I was able to hold it out of the bed to her. She was a most precious gift and token of love from a tender Father ; and, when she had cheered my pilgrim path for a short space, shall I not rejoice that he took her away from the storms and waves of trouble with which my way has been beset ? Yes ; I do in my heart firmly say, " The Lord he



praised !” yet none can tell how severe this stroke is, nor the tears which wet my pillow still, when I miss her dear arms around my neck, (the way in which she always slept.) I shall hear her sweet voice no more, asking me for a story about God, which beguiled the midnight hours last winter ;—there seems a blank which none of the other children can fill ; and my spirits have never recovered their buoyancy. How light all labour seemed when I could return to the caresses of my merry pet ! Her merry laugh still rings in my ears ; and I can fancy I see her joyous countenance always watching for me at the window, at the hour she expected me home. My life seemed “ bound up in hers ;” and God, in taking her, meant I should feel the stroke. The circumstances accompanying it were very heart-rending—still I can say, “ I am thankful ; and I know He who smote could alone give me power to do so. Nay ; I am often enabled even to *rejoice*. “ She shall not return to me,” it is true, but “ I shall go to her.” I do thank God for permitting me to enjoy her so long : I did not deserve such



a favour ; and the manifestation of his love is the means of affording me unspeakable joy. This I could not have known had I not experienced the sorrow.

I cannot avoid here transcribing a passage which so exactly agrees with my opinion, expressed a few pages back, that I read it over and over again. I was rejoiced to find my favourite author express himself so very clearly on this point.

“ Who knoweth how near, also, those clouds of witnesses who have gone home before us, and ‘ of whom the world was not worthy,’ may be permitted, invisibly, to return to us ! Is it likely that the gate by which a Samuel, a Moses, and an Elias, stepped back, though but for a moment, into the circle of their mortal brethren,—is it likely, much less, is it certain, that that gate has since all along been shut and barred ? Who would assert this ?”—*A Glimpse at the Kingdom of Grace, by Krumacher.*

In conclusion, I trust I may regard my beloved Catherine as a first fruit of my labour, in endeavouring to bring up my children and pupils in the ways of God—to the

Gracious Shepherd be *all* the glory ! I can well enter into Paul's feelings, when he says—"My little children, of whom I travail in birth until Christ be formed in you," May I have faith to plead the glorious promises made to the offspring of those who love God, and unceasingly endeavour to lead my "children and household to serve the Lord !"

Another dear baby to whom I looked to supply my sweet Catherine's place has been called to join her in the sky. Happy children ! they are *safe*. How much is comprehended in this word ! We know not the storms and sufferings which await us ; and, in remembering the "wormwood and the gall," I am often depressed with the anticipation of what may yet be in reserve. But *they* can anticipate nothing but glory, glory, glory, in an interminable vista. *They* see Jesus ; and already know infinitely more than the most exalted Christian on earth. May we have grace, instead of musing on *our loss*, to contemplate their gain—to pray for greater spirituality, and brighter and clearer foretastes of the joy laid up for

us! No doubt this is the object of our gracious Father, in taking our jewels, and laying them up where he desires our hearts should be.

I only wish I could persuade all mothers to give up their time to their little ones; the Lord would indeed "pay them their wages"—and they would find the nursery a most happy place in which to pass their hours: the expanding mind of the little ones would afford the sweetest employment for their energies, in cultivating it; and, even if called home at an early period, the recollections of their artless expressions of love to the Saviour would mitigate the pang occasioned by their loss.

It may perhaps be useful to add a few observations on early education, which, although a hackneyed subject, is one, as yet, little *practically* understood, and very partially acted on.

I desire to set down the mistakes I made as beacons, and the success of some of my plans as encouragements to others and myself, to go on in faith, bringing up children



“in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

Imperfectly as the system I recommend was carried out, yet it pleased God greatly to bless it in the case of little Catherine.

I need scarcely say, that unmingled pleasure is not to be expected from children. Toil and pain seems to be the lot of man, in *every* pursuit, since the fall ;—and, as he is to “eat bread in the sweat of his brow,” so the *mental* culture is attended with labour and sorrow ; and, from forgetting this, we are often unreasonably disappointed because children are troublesome, and cast down because they are naughty—we expect too much, and do not enjoy their society as we otherwise should.

I met with a most excellent passage, in the *Christian Ladies' Magazine*, the other day, which I will transcribe, as it is exactly what I wish to keep in view with all young people whom I undertake to instruct :—

“If I were asked, What quality is most important in an instructor of youth ? I should not hesitate to reply, Such a strong



impression of the corruption of our nature as should ensure a disposition to counteract it,—together with such a deep and thorough knowledge of the human heart as should be necessary for developing and controlling its most secret and complicated workings. We do, indeed, too frequently, forget the nature of the beings with whom we have to do: we forget that the heart of a child is not a fountain untainted by evil; and when, at last, we become convinced of the fact, instead of seeking to cleanse the polluted waters, by adopting our divine Teacher's method of patient, forbearing, and forgiving love, is it not true that there are times when we permit our temper to be provoked, the morose look seen, the harsh expression and the tone of irritation to be heard, by the youthful being who is placed under our training, and who is to receive the impress of our character?"

Here, in fact, is the great secret of the art of education. When I first commenced with Sarah, I kept it too much in the background. I read all the books I could meet with on infant tuition; but I really think

there is scarcely one which could be safely followed out. I believe the very best plan is, to observe the method God takes with *his* children, and to set it as a pattern for our own. His patience, under *repeated* provocations; his unwearied kindness; his firmness in depriving us of hurtful things; and his tenderness towards our infirmities, may well suggest the modes we ought to employ in teaching our precious charges "the way they ought to go;" and I have found this most consoling to myself, under many mysterious and seemingly adverse providences; I reflected I was a child—a babe, in the sight of God, unable to understand his plans respecting me, even should he condescend to explain them to me; therefore I must trust his love even as I expect my children to trust mine.

How often does God seem to say to us, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shall know hereafter!" and yet we can scarcely trust the love of some of his mysterious dispensations; can we then wonder if our children sometimes think us needlessly harsh? This requires self-denial and pray-

er;—in fact, the Christian parent needs daily to go to God for grace to govern the little ones, as much as Solomon when he said, “Give thy servant an understanding heart, I am but a little child : I know not how to go out or come in.”

When my Sarah was a baby, I never imagined I could instruct her at all, and therefore did not attempt it till she was about three years old ; so that I lost the precious time when I might have been sowing good seed ; then I began with a mixture of law and gospel, which did not answer ; I told her, did she tell lies, &c. she would be sent to hell, and endeavoured to impress her mind with an idea of the terrors of that place, but I was perfectly shocked with the indifference she manifested at the description ; in fact, it seemed to harden her : then a friend suggested that I should try the other method, and allure by a display of the love of God in Christ ; I did so, and was equally delighted and surprised at the softening effect ; she was melted even to tears, at the thought of grieving so kind a Saviour. I have pur-

sued this plan with my other children, and the preceding pages testify with what success.

I will here set down a few of the rules which, in faith and prayer, I have endeavoured to act upon, with regard to my precious charges, and also towards my little pupils during the time I instructed them:—

*First*, To engage in earnest prayer for *them*, before commencing my daily instructions in the morning, and for wisdom to bear with and correct their various tempers and dispositions; and to keep continually in mind, that God had said to me, respecting every one of them, “Take this child, and bring it up for *me*.”

*Secondly*, Neither to allure to good, or deter from evil, by unworthy motives, but to use such as are scriptural.

*Thirdly*, To try every method of subduing the selfishness of the natural heart, and to encourage habits of cheerful self-denial.

*Fourthly*, To make no promise, whether of indulgence or of punishment, without steadily adhering to it.



*Lastly*, To exhibit religion in as attractive a form as possible, to avoid wearying with long lectures on it, but to entwine it in every lesson and conversation, so that the children might never forget that it was *the chief concern of life*.

These are my rules ; I need not say how often I have grieved at my failures in acting up to them ; still I have been enabled to adhere so closely to some of them, that it is common for my children to say, " You know mamma never broke her promise." And I find that they take more delight in family and public worship than most young people ; for, at the former, I permit them to ask what questions they please, and we generally have a long and interesting conversation on the portion of Scripture which we read.

I would here observe, that it is scarcely possible to do well, in educating young children, (or rather training them,) without the aid of a religious servant ; all you can do, wanting this, is counteracted and marred ; and I have been frequently struck, when conversing with well-disposed parents, to find how little importance they appeared to

attach to this quality in the attendants on their children. Surely if we call to mind the parents that most of them have—their few opportunities of instruction or good example at home—we shall be lenient towards them, not excusing or passing over faults, but trying by steady and gentle discipline to lead them right, and by example to live before them, praying in private for them, and letting them have the benefit of all seasonable means of grace, family and public worship. I fear we must all feel culpable negligence in the manner we have treated our dependants in time past.

I have great reason to bless God for my children's maid Ann : she helped me to bring up my precious Catherine in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," in every way ; and, from her first dawn of intellect, my dear child was accustomed to *strict truth* : no falsehood was ever told to induce her to do what was right, nor did she ever hear any foolish story or song :—all her delight and indulgences were connected with sweet Scripture stories, or hymns.

Ann came to me when very young, and

I constantly prayed for her, as well as instructed her to the best of my ability. I endeavoured to lead her to see the pleasantness of piety, as well as necessity; and God was pleased most abundantly to bless me, and to make her a wonderful instrument of training my child for the skies.

I now close this little book with two pieces of poetry—one which I wrote when my children were all in health, at the beginning of the year, and the other after it had pleased God to heap affliction after affliction on me. As poems, they have no merit; but, as expressing my sentiments exactly, they may, I trust, show that my trials have not been altogether unsanctified to me, at least in causing me to set less value on the world, and to prize the Saviour above all things. And now reader! Adieu. May we meet where God himself shall wipe all tears from our eyes—where our loved and lost shall be restored to us; where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things shall have passed away!

## LINES

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY, JANUARY 1, 1843.

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“ And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, So that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God: And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house: and of all that thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth unto thee.”—GEN. xxviii. 20—22.

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My God! this morning of the year  
I dedicate to thee,  
And pray that through its following days  
My portion thou wilt be.

'Tis sweet to think that this new year  
A Sabbath ushers in:  
May a new life of faith in God  
With this sweet day begin.

I come not near thee, Holy Lord,  
To ask for earthly joy;—  
I've tasted much, and found it still  
Mix'd up with base alloy.

Give me thyself, most gracious Lord!  
Nought else can satisfy:  
Thou knowest that I thirst and faint  
For thee, my God, Most High.

What have I left to want or wish  
Which thou didst not secure?  
Food, raiment, every *needful good*,  
Is promised, and is *sure*.



Three years of pain and woe I've seen,  
Yet thou didst still provide :  
Thou hast preserved, and kept me safe,  
And every want supplied.

Here, Lord, upon this solemn day,  
I give myself to thee.  
My children, too, do thou receive—  
Vouchsafe *their* God to be.

My time, my talents, are thy gift—  
Employ them in thy praise.  
Take, Lord, (though worthless is the gift,)  
The remnant of my days.]

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WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF 1843.

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My God ! I would review  
The tokens of thy love,  
Vouchsaf'd throughout the year that's gone,  
Thy faithfulness to prove.

Though to the eye of sense  
It seem'd a year of woe,  
Faith saw, upon the darkest sky,  
The promise-speaking bow.

Dark were the clouds which low'r'd  
Above my thorny way ;  
Yet God himself supplied my strength,  
According to my day.

The waves of trouble roll'd,  
And storms swept wildly by ;  
Yet, though unseen, and hid from view,  
My Saviour still was nigh.

My faith was faint and weak—  
The eye of hope was dim ;  
Yet Jesus kept my feeble soul  
Still panting after him.

He bid the hand of death  
Cut down my sweetest flower ;  
Yet never was his love revealed  
As in that dreadful hour.

Afflictions all are light  
When Jesus shows his face :  
The darkest night is turned to day,  
And sorrow has no place.

When this new year began  
I gave myself to thee,  
With all I was, and all I had,  
A sacrifice to be.

And shall I now repent  
And wish myself my own ?  
No, Lord !—Do with me as thou wilt,  
But keep me *thine alone*.

Who would not welcome pain,  
Or woe, or want, or care,  
With such a sympathising friend  
Each pang and grief to share.

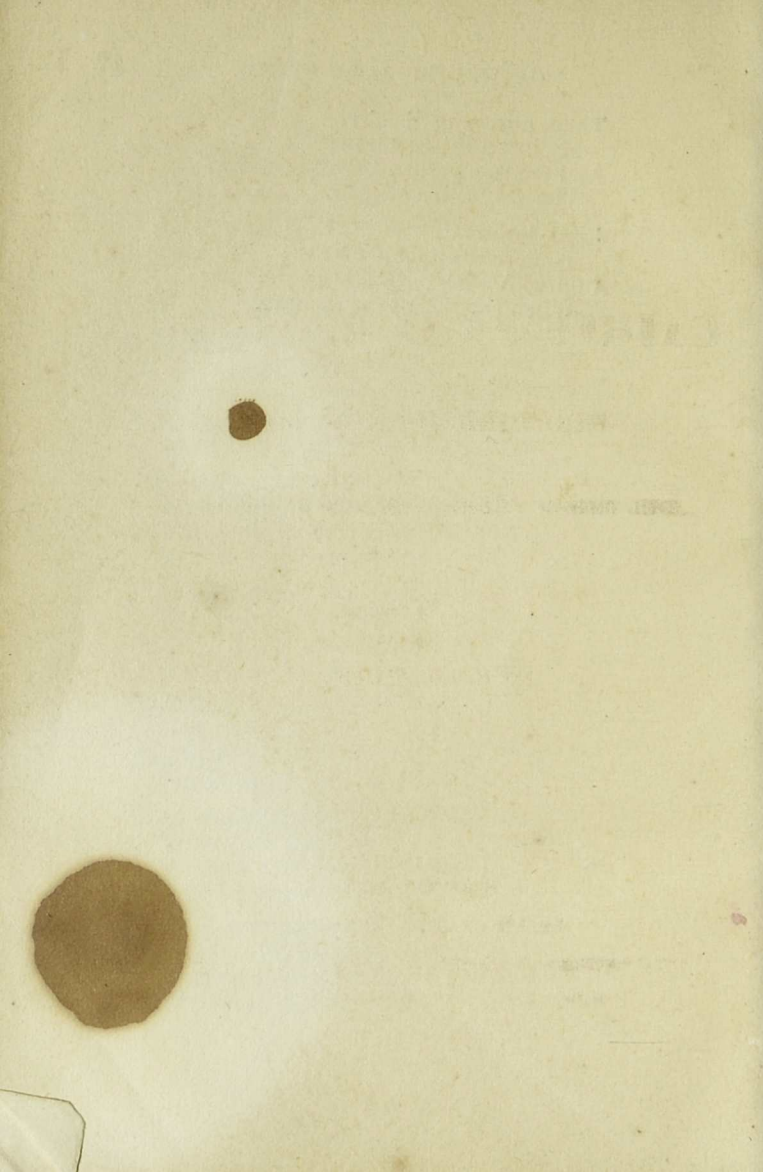
Time is fast hastening on—  
Shortly this life shall cease ;  
And there shall dawn the blessed day  
Of perfect, endless peace.

Then, all my perils o'er,  
My lost I'll join again ;  
And God's own hand shall wipe away  
The very trace of pain.

Lord, let me do the work  
Thou dost appoint for me ;  
And wait with patience for the hour  
When thou shalt set me free.

E. H. R. G.

THE END.





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