



# MORNING:

A BOOK FOR

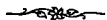
MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.



TORONTO AND MONTREAL:  
JAMES CAMPBELL AND SON.



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# The Heavenly Gift.



## I.

**I**N July of the year 1854, and in the warm July of my life, my first-born was sent to me. She came from heaven, as the most precious gift—true token of love—from a loving Father.

Beautiful,—not merely with that beauty each mother sees in her child, but beautiful even in the eye of the most indifferent stranger; fair as the first rose of summer; full of promise: out of her earnest and loving eyes seemed to peep a long-imprisoned soul.

As soon as the babe had given the signal of its arrival, I asked it should be laid on my bosom, where at once it began to draw from the well of its life what it needed.



Mothers! what a moment! You, you alone can know what that hour contains for us; the turning-point of our existence—the new era—the birthplace of inexpressible bliss!

My babe and I were entering on an enchanted road. What was the past, what could the future be to me? Had I not *my* child? What was the wide world, with its treasures and its promises, with its joys or its sorrows, its hopes or its disappointments, its bitterness, its coldness, its indifference, or its praises?—was not my babe in my arms, nestled in my bosom? Was I not the mother, the only mother of my angel-child? To no other, God its Creator had entrusted it; no other had suffered the protracted agony before the reward; no other was giving it daily, hourly life.

From the first I resolved I would endeavour ever to meet the sweet look of the little being with one corresponding to it. I must surround that young existence with love. I must see that no other atmosphere comes near it but one of tenderness and sympathy. No cold winds are to blow on my flower. No blasts are to shake it and crush it down. No; nothing is to approach it but the mellow breath of spring, and the vivifying rays of the sun. Watching my babe in its sleep, I used to spy the instant when it should awake, so as to meet its look with one of affection.

It was day by day growing in loveliness. Ever smiling and cooing; never having to cry for anything it wanted; with a constitution, to all appearance, perfect, and with all the comforts that could make its infant life easy and pleasant, my Emma

was the delight of her mother. 'How often have I had the plump little darling lying long in my arms, telling her many things she alone ever knew; invoking on her precious head such mercies as our Father alone can give! How I used to wonder what it was that years would bring of happiness or sorrow, either to my babe or myself! What, indeed, did I not ask, in those solitary but not lonely hours, of that God, so generous and compassionate, who had already shown me such unspeakable bounty!

When she was about six months old, a friend who had long been absent came to see us. He wished to see the child; and as he followed me where she lay asleep, I wanted, with the partiality of a young mother, that he should see 'the colour of her eyes;' so, taking the little one out of

her crib, I pressed my lips on her cheeks so as to awake her. They did open, those eyes! the pretty mouth smiling sweetly, while the small round arms encircled my neck. How proud I was then of my babe! and how surprised and delighted was the friend, who had expected, at least, a passing show of temper, or a few tears, from the little innocent who had thus been disturbed!



My Winter Babe.



## II.

**W**HILE Emma had come in the glory of summer, it was winter for us when little Kate was given to me.

Frail snow-drop, she dared the cold and the deep snows of a severe December, and arrived in this strange world, herself a strange, untimely little being.

No one expected her so soon, and we had prepared no welcome for the unconscious little one. My heart was so overflowing with the happiness I derived from her whom I would sometimes call 'my tropical flower,' that, when came a pale blossom, falling from heaven, as a light flake of snow, though I looked at her cer-



tain that I should love her too, it was as if an imperceptible effort was needed.

Mothers, do you disavow me as not one of yours? I know you marvel at such a reception being given to a second-born; but, then, you never have experienced that inexpressible weight on your heart at the coming of some of your offspring.

But my snow-drop did not wither for want of sunshine. No; I took the pale little being close, very close to me, and loved it. That same intense feeling which I had known toward her sister was not here, but in its place came a sort of tender compassion and sympathy. I looked at it with more wonder, touched it more carefully, for the two did not seem to be of a kindred nature.

As the days passed, however, the little darling became more real. Nestled in its

mother's arms, receiving its mother's own life for its constant food, it had hardly come to six weeks of age before it was truly a delicately beautiful child.

That sweet face, so pure and so refined, also had treasures to reveal : there too was an infant-soul ; a whole future lay in those large, almost too large eyes, which seemed to ask timidly of mine, ' Do you love me now, mother ? I must be loved, or I shall perish.'

Yes ! I loved thee, my pet, I cherished thee ; I have never ceased to love thee, and never will, till I am called Home, or thou art ! Sweet, innocent, frail babe, my winter babe ! if the sun does not shine now in the sky, if all is cold in the great world, my love will surround thee and warm thee. I'll shelter thy trembling little heart. Never fear, my pet ! let me take thy pretty white

hand in mine, and keep it. I'll be true to thee! Yes, I shall love thee; I do love thee!

Very soon after baby's birth, I noticed in Emma the indication of a feeling which caused me a good deal of alarm. While I never had seen on that dear face any but the most amiable expression and the sweetest smile, I could perceive now that a sort of shadow was clouding that smooth forehead whenever I held the baby, or gave much attention to it. It was evident to me that the demon of jealousy was whispering bitter things to those infant ears.

What was there to be done? If left to itself, the cankerous disease might eat her up, and ruin her whole existence.

I pondered and prayed. I asked my heavenly Father to direct me—for there was a work to be performed, and at once;

a moment of delay, and it might be too late.

As it is true that where light comes there is no place for darkness, so where love is, hatred cannot exist. I must make Emma love her sister; I must teach her—yes, *teach her to love.*

So the next day, as the baby was on my lap for its morning toilet, I called Emma to my side. Then taking hold of one of the tiny feet, so white and so soft, I laid it in her plump hand, and said to her that it was very beautiful, for the God of heaven had made it Himself. I then pointed to the tender, rosy nails, and made her touch them, one by one, with her finger. She was all wonder and admiration. Her face began to beam, as if with sudden tenderness. Then, taking her hand, I laid it on the short, silken hair, so smooth and so

thin on the little skull. She was fairly melted now. Oh! she never more would—I felt it—hate her little sister. I went on telling her how helpless baby was; how careful we must be of it, or it would die; and when, from the sincere face, I judged that the heart behind it was open to all good impressions, I added, that her sister *could not do without her*; that God had sent her to be loved, and that if we failed to do this, He might take her back to Him in heaven.

Emma, her lips apart, and her eyes fixed on mine, was listening eagerly: evidently that little heart was taking a long draught of new and wondrous thoughts.

‘See here, my pet, will you help me to dress the baby? I will give you the little shoes to put on, and no one but *you* shall do it.’

The joy expressed on that face was beautiful to behold. The child felt needed, nay, indispensable. From her own mamma she was learning that a something was to be done for her helpless sister, solely by her. What honour, and what responsibility! From that hour she never ceased to love the dear baby, she then took earnestly the place of friend and protector; and I do not remember having since ever found any indication of the painful feeling which had alarmed me.



## Crossing and Recrossing.





### III.

**F**OR ten weeks I had the privilege of nursing my baby, and of seeing by degrees each limb of the little darling swell with life and health.

If you wish, mothers, to feel in you a supreme power of delight; if you wish your whole being, as it were, to grow holier, an ennobling influence pervading it, do accept with gratitude the task of nursing your children: for, after the honour of giving birth to an immortal soul, what is there to be more coveted than to divide with it your own existence?

After a brief season of comfort, when I could gaze at my two flowers expanding

gladly under the light of our love for them, storms broke upon us. Sickness and sorrow, anxiety and dark forebodings, swept over our circle; emotions too strong to be mastered, and which mastered me, deprived my baby of her daily food, and I had to lay her on another bosom.

The deep bitterness of such an hour, the grief, loneliness, and even desolation of her who can do no more for her infant, cannot be depicted. An entire yielding of our own will to that of our compassionate Father is the only possible solace for such an experience; for this, even for this, however, it is sufficient, as for all that we refer to His supreme but tender authority.

Several nurses were tried before the proper one could be found; and my heart ached for the tossed little one, who could, it seemed, get rest nowhere.

There is, no doubt, something singularly moving for a parent, in the sight of those hired mothers, whom, at times, she has to bestow on her children. How could we withdraw from them a feeling of deep gratitude, as we see flowing from their bosoms what ours never had, or have ceased to yield!

A few more weeks passed on heavily, and we were compelled to seek in other climes a renewal of health. The anchor of our little bark must be pulled up, and the frail craft, so preciously loaded, must be launched once more. Where would the winds of life push us? What dark clouds or clear skies, what smooth seas or swelling waters, should we have to encounter?

In the beginning of May, on one of the coldest days of that faithless month, we sailed for Europe.

Billow after billow, and swell after swell, passed under our ship, and the day dawned when we could distinguish the shores of the old world.

As we reached France, all looked bright and joyous. That France, so ancient and yet so youthful, so rich in treasures of the past and so easy to be lulled with hopes of the future! That France, ever stopped and ever going, ever upset and for ever prosperous, rebuilding on the ruins of her plans and her dreams, new plans and new dreams more glorious still, and which she is ever trusting!

How pleasant to see its well-cultivated fields, its neat and graceful wealth of verdure! The sun, indeed, seems to love it with peculiar fondness, for he gives in abundance all it asks of his generous rays.

At Home in the Alps.



#### IV.

**WE** had left France. A land more beautiful still, and whose beauty no pen has ever been able to depict, was before my vision; the eyes of my heart having long been, as it were, strained to get the first glimpse of it.

Summer had come, and we chose our home on wooded hills near the Alps; a lake, transparent and blue, and reflecting their eternal beauty, was bathing the rocks at their feet, a loving mirror for each one of their peaks, as well as each fleeting cloud and each beam of the moon.

My babes were but infants yet: I knew, however, that they must have in them a



hidden and intuitive love for the beauties of nature; so it was with secret satisfaction that I watched the eldest one, as she accompanied me in my rambles on the hills.

By little and little, as we had been some time in the mountains, the expression of her eyes began to deepen. She would lie on the grassy slope beside me, and follow my gaze as it rested on the glory of the scene. Either in the morning, as each dewdrop, trembling on the long grass blades, seemed a speck of light; or at sunset, when the eternal snows glowed in unspeakable beauty, she would look around long and pensively. That young soul was getting imbued with lofty impressions, such as nature alone can create.

Flowers made themselves known to her very early. I can see now the rosy child trotting along the mountain-path, and,

having chosen the most delicate and softly coloured ones, make a bunch of them, which, as it grew larger and larger, the tiny hand could hold no longer. I had often had her on my lap, and, showing her some wild blossom, explained to her how beautiful it was. I would tell her who had made all these lovely things, and why He had made them so well : that it was because He loved us, and wished to adorn the world where we had to live.

Even a faint perception of God's love toward men always seemed to me the most desirable idea to impress on a child's mind ; and I have ever endeavoured to point my little ones to all that speaks of that love, either in the works of creation, or in the revelation left to us of Christ's life on earth. Such thoughts give to the mind tender and peaceful views. We can trust Him in

whatever He does for us, when we believe, with a child's faith, that He '*loves*' us.

And why should we not ever apply that sweet power of love in our dealings with our children,—those dependent beings who, not having asked to come to this world, are brought, however, to it, often to wither for want of sunshine. Parents, love your children! I repeat it, *love* them! Have patience with the little things; have compassion on their failings and imperfections; have some of that 'long-suffering' which God, the Supreme and heavenly Father, has ever manifested toward us.

Emma had become very fond of the spot where we were. She loved the hills, and the woods with the smell of pine; she loved the rocky paths and the mossy banks, the wild flowers as well as the sound of the roaring torrent.

There were some very beautiful butterflies in those high regions; grand specimens, worthy of the air they breathed. She was very anxious to catch those fitful flowers-of-the-air in their graceful flights, and would run as fast as her little feet could carry her, imagining that she would some time reach them.

I used to notice, however, with what care she approached any insect that might be on her path, making way for a languid snail or a beetle, and looking with wonder at the bees as they were getting loaded with their booty. I never saw that she put her foot on any living creature to crush it, but would rather, as I had told her to do, settle again on its feet any distressed insect she might find chafing itself on its back.

One day I noticed her as she was bent on the path for some time, and as I came

near her, I saw that an ants' road was crossing it. Her eyes were following the indefatigable workers, as they gathered their harvest for the coming winter, without any attempt at disturbing any one of them, as children are so apt to do.

She had been accustomed from the first to have a regard for others ; and as soon, for instance, as she had sat at meals with us, I had taught her to save, in a little basket set apart for that purpose, the crumbs of her bread for the birds. I can see now the little creature, who could but just stand on her feet, pick them up one by one.

Might not this habit of unselfishness grow to be a blessed substitute for the withering feeling which makes us heap upon ourselves our dearest thoughts ?

A Rainy Day.



## V.

**T**HE season on which we had entered was exceedingly fine. Day after day the sun shone, the birds filled the air with their songs, soft breezes caressed the leaves of the trees, numberless flowers looked at the blue sky, while light clouds glided swiftly across it: the whole creation seemed to bask in a feeling of serene happiness.

The children, while growing in bloom and strength, were very happy; indeed, what more could they wish for, but days ever bright, skies blue, balmy airs, and songs of birds! True children that we are, is not that too what we ask of our Creator?



But,

‘Some days *must* be dark and dreary.’

The sun, whose rays had lingered on the fields of snow the evening before, one morning did not shine: it was raining heavily; we were shut up in our mountain home.

I had never yet seen from my little Emma any frown at a clouded sky, nor had I yet heard any murmur on her lips when she could not go out of doors, and I had ever been exceedingly careful not to say in her presence anything that would imply, on my part, discontent at what was ordered by the ‘Master of all;’ but that same morning was so dark and so chilly, high up as we were, and contrasted so painfully with the days preceding, that I dreaded what might be the result on the

minds of my little ones:—a single sad thought, when inspired in early youth, is so hard to efface.

After breakfast, as we retired to our own apartment, the children being there already, I saw that Emma was watching very earnestly the falling drops and lowering clouds. Calling her to me, and taking her on my lap, I asked her if she knew what it was that pattered against the panes, keeping her and baby from going out in the wood. She looked up at me and said it was '*rain*.'

'Well, my love, remember what mamma is going to tell you; whenever you see rain, you must be very glad, and thank God in your little heart, for when the drops fall from the sky, the flowers are happy; it is their drink; when the rain is long in coming, they don't know what to do; and the trees also, with their quantity of leaves, which

are so many mouths ; and the pretty birds that sing for my little girls, they are all thirsty sometimes, and cannot ask for water as you can ; so the kind God, who made them and takes care of them, sends those bright little drops from the sky when He sees that they need them ; and the flowers are glad, the trees are glad, and the birds will sing for joy as soon as the sun shines again.'

Emma looked convinced : not a doubt as to what I had told her seemed to disturb that peaceful mind, and, as she laid her smiling face on my shoulder, and nestled herself close to me, she looked on as it continued to pour, and looked with gladness. Ever since, as I had often the occasion to repeat the instruction, she would be rather more cheerful on a rainy day, and I have heard her several times exclaim :

‘Oh! how nice! it rains to-day; the little birds will have something to drink. Kind God to send rain!’

Perfect trust from a young child toward its parent is a beautiful sight, but how rare! It may be that a constant watch kept over our actions, our words, our looks, or even our gestures, would be apt to produce it, and that a child, finding either its father or its mother ever scrupulously true, would naturally be compelled to believe them implicitly. Few things, certainly, can bring more comfort to a mother’s heart than to see her child reposing entire confidence in the simplest statement which she has to make.



Christmas.



## VI.

**W**EEKS had rolled on, carrying months with them; time had passed rapidly for us as for all, and it had brought, besides the blessing of renovated health, new graces to my little ones.

They were growing before me, and not in stature only. The most fervent prayers which had been offered in their behalf, long before their birth, seemed day by day to be answered—so many blessings encircling those precious lives, that the heart of their mother was full indeed.

Besides blooming health and cheerful dispositions, the more precious gifts of the heart seemed to be their portion.



I had watched them constantly; I had closely studied those young tempers, and I could thankfully say, 'Thou hast made them well.' Human beings like us, they were far from being perfect, but I could see in them no serious cause of alarm—nothing that could distress me. They had, indeed, to be held up, and tied to the supports of gospel rule and discipline, or they would bend toward earth and grow wrong; but at the same time, I could judge from the nature of the blossoms that, with God's blessing, fruits would form and ripen that would rejoice my heart.

Affection for each other and for their parents, kind attentions for their faithful nurse, and tender compassion for any poor beggar they happened to meet, and with whom they would willingly have divided their food, their garments, or their toys—

all this was truly an answer to my earnest prayers.

I had asked for them neither riches nor praises, not any worldly success or fleeting triumph, but that they might have in them some of the purity of mind, and the loveliness, which was in the Saviour of the world when walking among men. I knew that if they resembled Him, they would for ever and ever abide with Him on high, after their short journey on earth; and nothing could fill me with more grateful emotions than to see those dear little creatures bearing in their young lives some resemblance to Jesus.

It was Christmas-day, and as we were now located in the city, after I had explained to the children what a blessed event it commemorated, I said we would go to a toy-shop, where they might choose

some little thing for their Christmas present.

We left home, Emma at my side, and the nurse leading the baby, and soon reached the place where I wished to take them.

A profusion of the most beautiful toys, and the most suggestive of fun and hilarity, was enough to dazzle even the more sober imagination of parents; so I expected that my little girls would be very much puzzled what to choose for themselves. I told them they might stay as long as they wished, as I should wait till they were ready.

My Kate had soon made her selection— a mother-hen with a family of chickens around her, being what she liked most; but Emma seemed not to find anything she preferred to the rest. Going from one object to another, her calm face was undisturbed, when suddenly I saw it glow

with animation; she turned toward me with a look of expectation, and laying her hand on a small figure of the 'Little Samuel praying,' she exclaimed,

'Oh! mamma, I want this more than all the toys. I love it. Dear little Samuel, see how he prays!'

I gave the child what she desired, and we left the shop,—she carrying her treasure in her hands, looking at it all the while with inexpressible tenderness.

That little figure I have kept; and each time I see it I am reminded of the choice so early made by my darling, who seemed, indeed, already to have given her heart to God; and though we can easily err in our presumptuous hopes, I cherish the thought that she is a child of God, an heir of heaven.

As we were returning home, we went

through one of the most populous streets of the small city, on that bright day all aglow with unusual life. Crowds were passing to and fro, each individual preoccupied with his own personal affairs, and pursuing far in the distance the secret object of his desire.

Among all those joyous and successful-looking passers-by, there were some poor children, who either begged, or tried to sell small ware. We were met, for the second time, by an unfortunate boy of about fifteen years of age, who seemed incomplete in every way. His feet were crooked, his hands deformed so that no work could ever be performed by them, however useful he might wish to make himself, and his languid face spoke not only of hunger, but of disease too. As he approached us, wanting to sell almanacs, I said, kindly,

‘My boy, you have forgotten me, I see, and that yesterday I bought two of your almanacs. I want none to-day, I thank you.’

‘Mamma,’ said a beseeching voice at my side, while a small hand pulled my cloak-sleeve, ‘that poor boy has no purse full of money like yours. Oh! mamma, give him something.’

Blessed child! from thee, again, I had to learn a lesson of tenderness and Christ-like compassion!

‘Yes, poor boy! here is more than you expected; and do not thank me for it, but this little girl here.’

Emma was quite happy; and as the cripple passed us, with joy on his emaciated features, she stopped, and turning back, followed him with a look of mercy.



The Thing with One Life.





## VII.

**I**T is certainly one of the most interesting parts of the charge of parents, to watch the various dispositions and characters of their children, and discriminate by degrees their different shades and tendencies. While one child is pensive and reserved, the next may be full of impulse and buoyancy. One loves to sit beside her mother, looking at some picture-book, without speaking, or to invent her own quiet games: for her sister it is the greatest possible tribulation to be obliged to keep still for a few minutes only, her very life being to run, or jump, or keep, at any rate, her tongue in motion. If no one

speaks to her, she will converse with her doll, or the cat, or else a chair, which she calls a 'lady.'

The same plan of education cannot be strictly applied to more than one child, characters being as positively individual as faces, which, however like in some features, are ever essentially different. Where there is more vivacity there may be more dangers too, and a greater difficulty of management.

One day, after I had been away from the children, I came back and found them sitting on the carpet playing together. I kissed them both, inquiring of the nurse how they had behaved during my absence.

'And what has my little *bird* been doing while mamma was away?' I asked little Kate, giving her a second kiss.

'Oh! mamma, I made *a nest!*' she answered, as quick as thought—a repartee

which, from a two-years-old child, seemed to promise much delicacy of wit.

But that same vivacious disposition at times made her reckless ; and it was shortly after that I had an opportunity of straightening the curving branch.

The two children had been playing in my room. After some time, as they had had enough of their toys, they went near the window to watch the sky, a few flakes of snow beginning to fall.

Their attention was soon attracted, however, by a fly which was buzzing on one of the panes of glass.

As it was winter now, and all the insects had disappeared, a live fly was very welcome to the little girls. Here was a playmate with whom they might possibly have quite a good time. Emma looked at it with great admiration and wonder, while Kate clapped

her hands with delight each time the fly came down near them.

Soon it felt bold enough to alight on the finger of Kate, who began to examine it as it travelled assuredly on her pretty hand, admiring the wings and nimble feet of the insect.

I had been watching them, and, from a certain smile around Kate's mouth, I was afraid of some catastrophe. Suddenly, taking hold of the fly between her two fingers, she pinched it so that it fell down dead on the floor.

Emma had flushed all over, and was silently weeping ; as for Kate, she seemed frightened by what she had done. I knew that in her it could not be cruelty, but rather a sort of experiment which she had made, prompted, maybe, by an innate love for investigation, or a something, at any

rate, which neither she nor any one else could have explained.

I called her to me, and taking her on my lap :

‘My darling,’ I said, ‘do you remember what I told you and Emma last Sunday about heaven ? and how, if you loved the Saviour, you would go there one day ?’

‘Yes, mamma, I remember,’ she said, bending her head.

‘Well, my Kate,’ I added, ‘when you are in heaven with God, you will be *living* with Him, and now you live here with your mamma; so my little girl has *two lives*, while this poor fly, that was so happy on the window, playing with you and your sister, had only *one* life, and you have taken it away.’

The child burst into a flood of the most passionate tears. I could feel her heart, as it swelled and was beating wildly against

me as if it would break. She was distressed, and could not recover herself, but kept her head hid in my bosom.

I let that grieved little heart be fairly impressed by what had been done; then raising the face, and wiping away the tears that had bathed it, I kissed it, telling her I was sure she never, never again would kill a poor fly—that I knew she would not do such an unkind thing again. My confidence seemed to restore her; and as I reminded the children how we must always confess our faults to our heavenly Father and ask forgiveness for them, they both knelt before me, while I made them repeat a simple prayer of penitence, and a request that we all, mother and babes, might one day become like the Saviour, who never harmed any one, but loved to do good, chiefly to the poor and ignorant of the people.

# The Old Home.





## VIII.

**O**F all the joys which crown the evening of life, one of the purest and most complete must be that which grandparents derive from their grandchildren. After the toil of the day, to gather the harvest must be sweet to those who have laboured : for those loved ones who have watched over us so many years, caring for us and not for themselves, to see in our children, if not in us, the result of their exertions, must be precious indeed.

My babes were breathing an atmosphere of the warmest and most tender love : it surrounded them, it was all over them ; wherever they looked, loving looks met

theirs ; all indulgence and tenderness, all patience and care, those who had loved their mother loved them now.

Each of them felt that influence ; it pervaded their young lives, and each expressed her feelings in a way peculiar to herself. In Emma, it inspired the desire to pray every day for those she loved so well, asking for them the choicest blessings her fresh mind could suggest. As for Kate, from her bubbling heart seemed to gush continually a stream of endearing terms. One day that she had been remarkably petted and loved, she came running to me with open arms, and throwing them around me exclaimed :

‘Oh! mamma, I am so happy ; I love to be loved !’

An old servant, who had been in the family nearly forty years, and who blended

great natural intelligence with the simplicity of a little child, conceived for Kate a most devoted affection. The faithful creature had come to Kate's great-grandmother, and had stayed with her till her eyes had to be closed. The grandchildren had been, too, the object of her love; and now the great-granddaughter of the beloved mistress, coming from afar, was the joy and the pride of her old heart.

It was beautiful to see the two together—the old creature getting young again, entering into all the little ways of the child, admiring her, watching over her, following her with her eyes wherever she went, or taking short walks with her,—the strength of the two being about equal; or she would place her on her lap, and tell her some wonderful story of the old times. Many an artist, lover of the suggestive, might

have studied those two faces, close to each other: those round and white little arms encircling the shrivelled, sunburnt neck; old age, in its beauty of indulgent wisdom and patient teaching, with the most artless and most impulsive specimen of fresh childhood.

Good Lisette! she is still remembered by the child, in her infantine petitions to God; and when the faithful woman goes home for her reward, I dread the sorrow that will fill the young heart which has learnt to love her so tenderly.

But we must go: once more we must say 'Adieu' to beloved and venerated objects whom we may never be allowed to see again! Once more the plant has to be torn from its native soil, just as the young and tender roots are learning to love the spot where they have found their nourishment.

One of the many touching incidents of those days I must mention. As we were leaving, a friend of former years came to say the last 'Good-bye,' bringing to the children one more proof of her ingenious and untiring affection. To each she gave a sort of bag or pouch, with a sling to pass over the shoulder, and elaborately worked by her own hands; in it she had gathered all that she supposed would solace for the little travellers the grief of parting, or the tediousness of a long journey. Among other things was a small blank book, with a pencil attached to it, where they might amuse themselves by sketching in their own private way; then a bagful of bright-looking but harmless candies; there were several paper dolls, with many changes of garments; and what delighted them most, a tiny purse, with a few pennies in it, 'so,'

she said, 'that they might themselves give some money to the poor people on the road.' Of all the proofs of her love for me, I know of none which has been more precious and more welcome, because of its perfect appropriateness.

The journey was not a long one, and it proved easier in many respects than could have been anticipated. Each of the dear children, in her endeavours to give as little trouble as possible, added to the comfort instead of increasing the fatigue of her parents.

Both were quite anxious to 'help:' if allowed, they would have carried in their hands larger objects than they could well hold; and it delighted them to be trusted for a while, either with a small hand-bag or a book belonging to us.

They had been taught early to give

thanks to God for what they received from His bounteous hand, and had learnt a simple prayer to repeat before meals.

It sometimes happens, when you travel, that in the hurry of changing places you forego a regular habit of prayer, especially when thrown in constant contact with strangers who are not remembering God ; so the sight of little Emma, a child four years old, who did think of Him, and ever thanked Him for His goodness, must have been one of peculiar power. Many were struck with such early piety, and fidelity to what she had been told was a sacred duty ; and the holy impression made by the praying child, in many instances we know, was very deep.

I have seen her again and again, when the carriage gave us but a few minutes to take our food, join her little hands on the



table, and, with a devout expression, ask God to make her grateful and bless her, while we, her parents, who aimed to be her instructors and models, were receiving from her frequent instruction.

Otsego Lake.



## IX.

**W**HEN the eyes and the soul have been for years feeding on the glories of the Alps, no other scenery can ever appear striking; but if, leaving behind and trying to forget the images of majesty and splendour which have been created in your mind, you open your heart to softer impressions, it can then often be truly satisfied.

What, for instance, can be found more lovely, more perfect in its poetical beauty, than the banks of the Hudson? Those verdant hills, which come there to bathe their well-shaped feet, the graceful slopes shaded by numberless trees, and the stream

itself, with its hundreds of sails, like so many joyous white birds — grand old stream, which has witnessed so much and has kept all to himself! What, indeed, could he not tell us of the ill-fated Indian, the natural owner of so much beauty and budding riches? Where are the many hearts that use to beat like our own? What has become of so many buoyant hopes and happy dreams? All, all have passed with each swell of the river, irresistibly carried into the ocean of eternity!

A beautiful region, with its small lakes, its blue hills, and rich fields, was the end of our journey. There, in the midst of friends, we spent several peaceful weeks.

The children will long remember the kindness of all those who happened to meet them; and their parents treasure up the demonstrations of indulgence and interest

for their little ones which they found everywhere.

Each one was developing rapidly, and in a way stamped with her own individuality. Kate ever quick and agile, was getting more agile still,—her mind expanding and her wit sharpening. It was she who, being found one day climbing on the backs of sofas and chairs, and being asked if she was a bird and had wings, that she could thus fly everywhere, answered :

‘ Yes, I have got wings.’

‘ You have got wings, child, but where are they? I do not see them.’

‘ Oh! I have got wings to my heart to fly up to God.’

We had already taken various drives in the surrounding country, and wanted now to see the romantic lake of Otsego, with the pretty town at the foot of it.

The day was beautiful,—indeed, it could in all truth be called perfect: nothing marred the splendour of the sky; no sharp air, no scorching sun, made us wish to be elsewhere. We felt as if we could enjoy every tree on the roadside, every flower in the woods, every sail on the clear, placid lake. At a small distance from the town we observed considerable animation on the water; boats in great number were crossing each other, all around a picturesque place on the shore.

As yet we had not been able to discover the cause of this stir; but as we came nearer, a truly artistic sight met our eyes, in a most romantic spot. There, on the grass, with the wood behind, on the very bank of the lake, two or three hundred children were gathered in bright-coloured dresses, suited to the season and the occa-

sion ; they appeared more like a splendid nosegay of laughing and dancing flowers, than like the occupants but yesterday of some school-room or college-hall.

A more charming incident could not have been wished for to complete our excursion ; and as we ordered the carriage to stop, our first impulse was to let the children see it too, and enjoy the living picture.

But we found that our little Kate, tired with the ride, or lulled by the motion of the carriage and the bracing air, had fallen asleep, laying her head on her sister's lap. It was then that we witnessed one of the sweetest indications of a generous nature.

We showed Emma how she could, by moving gently from Kate's side, lay the little head on the seat without disturbing her, for we were anxious the dear child



should witness a scene so picturesque and so unique. Nothing, however, could induce her to do so. She wanted to see, to be sure, what we declared to be worth seeing; but for fear of awakening the sister whom she fondly loved, and who had trusted her affection enough to fall asleep in her arms, she gave up persistently what would have been such a great pleasure.

How much easier a thing would not life be to us, if we could only act with the same feeling that was in that dear child's heart then! A short struggle with our own evil and selfish natures, and the victory would produce treasures of unalloyed happiness.

A few days after, as I felt weary and laid down on the sofa, Emma came to sit by me.

'Oh! mamma,' she said, 'will you let

me comb your hair ? I know it will do you good.'

I assented, and soon fell asleep under the gentle motion of my little girl's hand.

When I awoke I found her still there, and that she had been standing for nearly an hour.

'My darling,' I said, taking her to my heart, 'you have done me so much good ! but those little limbs must be very tired, standing so long.'

'Oh ! mamma, it is nothing !' she said, with her brightest smile. 'I am so glad you feel better !'

One day, about that time, the children had with them a little friend ; and it happened that while playing they became rather excited, for in the heat of the action Emma received on her plump and tempting arm a hard bite.

The nurse, who witnessed the scene and told me of it afterwards, seeing the child leave the room without one word or any sign of revenge, followed her unobserved. She saw her go into an adjoining apartment; and there, kneeling before a chair, little Emma asked God 'to forgive the friend who had hurt her, and to change her heart so that she might become a lamb of the Good Shepherd.'

Then she came back to where the children were playing; and no one knew from her why she had left them.

Gone to Heaven.



X.

**H**EAVEN! mysterious abode! how near and how far it is from us! We touch it continually, and our mortal hands cannot reach it; we see it, and we cannot abide its splendour!

But yesterday with us, to-day gone—‘gone to heaven!’ A loved friend had left us, and we could find her nowhere. She was there,—she is no more! and the blooming face, the sweet smile, can be remembered and pictured, but beheld—no more! Youth, beauty, intelligence, robust health, generous, noble nature, impulsive and beating heart, so freely given to those she loved! where, where are you all?

A young nurse had been with my children for fifteen months. She had taught them to love her devotedly, nay passionately; for, withholding nothing of her own rich nature from them, she had won their affections in return.

But she was not to abide with them. It had been decreed that she should stay but a little while; inspire love and esteem, and go hence to be sadly missed.

A few days of sickness were enough. The angel of death came softly behind the blooming girl! before she could turn her pretty head to see who had touched her, she had fallen, never more to rise!

Farewell, good and generous girl! Thou hast been faithful to thy charge on earth! Go to thy God, who hast promised a blessing for those that are true. Farewell! 'Thy works will follow thee.'

It is often in times of affliction that we show the most of our own nature, or can observe most closely that of others. As an intense fire, sorrow melts the hard covering of our souls, and what had for years been hidden may then at last come to light.

That first grief of my little ones, which swept over their heads like a terrible hurricane, throwing them down without their having power to resist it, did much to mature their characters. At times their sorrow was expressed in the most pathetic terms, one of them begging me again and again to 'take her to heaven with her nurse.'

'Please, mamma, take me to heaven? don't *send* me, but take me yourself. I want to see my kind nurse.'

Later she asked me, with touching earnestness,



‘Mamma, is it cold in heaven? I am sure it is cold, for it is so far! Mamma, does God take good care of nurse in heaven?’

We were speaking of the dear departed one, when Katy said,


‘I am glad she is *gone to heaven*, but I am so sorry she is gone away! She never was bad to me, she was always good. I love her!’

Happy is the nurse who, when she has to give up her charge, leaves nothing behind but regrets! Next to the parents, who is worthier of the affection of children than that friend of every hour, who, as a second mother, accepts the duty and performs it faithfully?

# The Body and the Soul.



## XI.

OR some time past, even previous to the death of our young friend, I had been impressed with the conviction that an important duty to be performed by me toward my little ones, had, till now, been neglected. They had, as yet, learned nothing of what happens to the body after death ; they knew nothing of that greedy earth which is ever yearning for us ; nothing of the dividing of the soul from its earthly tabernacle. I had, it is true, daily spoken to them of heaven, and said to them that they would go there if they loved Jesus. They knew that their Saviour had *died*, and had risen again ;

but any definite idea as to what is our inevitable fate when we leave this world, they had never had yet. They thought, for instance, that their beloved nurse had gone straight to heaven, body and all ; and I had taken pains that they should see nothing whatever of the preparations for the funeral, or of the funeral itself. Often I had been on the point of disclosing, to the oldest at least, what of the awful mystery comes within our knowledge, and my courage had failed : I dreaded breaking the sweet spell of *life* and happiness which surrounds a young existence.

But the time seemed to have come when delay was no longer to be indulged. What would become of the precious little ones, with their sensitive natures and tender hearts, if, for instance, God should so order things that they would suddenly be

left to the care of strangers, and if some well-meaning but unwise friend should take them to gaze once more at their dead mother? What surprise! what terror! when, touching the hands they used to cover with kisses, they should find them stiff and cold!—when, speaking to her, their first friend, asking her, may-be, ‘if she were sick,’ she should not answer their beseeching appeals!

I felt as if I must lose no time—the thing *must* be done; and with the apprehension of the duty, an earnest prayer mounted to God from my heart, that wisdom might be granted as it should be needed.

One morning, as Emma was in my room with her book of Bible-stories, I called her to my side; pointing, then, to the pictures in it, I began telling her about the death

of Lazarus, and his being raised again ; about the widow's son, and still more about the Saviour's death, His lying in the sepulchre three days, and His resurrection.

'My darling,' said I, 'do you know what it is that makes you speak and walk and act, laugh or cry?—what makes you happy or sorrowful?'

'No, mamma, I do not know. What is it? will you tell me?'

'Yes, I am going to tell you; and I hope my little girl will be able to understand what her mamma will say to her. God has given you *two* very precious things, one being infinitely more precious than the other. Your body, my darling, is precious; but what God has put in it for a while—what makes you love your mamma, and act, and talk, in short, what makes you do everything, your *soul*—is

much, much more so, for that can never die. The body will and must die. You remember how, long, long ago, your Saviour died, and then, a little while since, how your dear nurse had to part with you? What returned to God was her *soul*—that soul which made her love you, and be kind to you; her soul mounted to heaven, while, my precious one, her body, like that of the Saviour, as I told you, was laid in a sepulchre; it was put in the ground. But my little girl must not be sad for her nurse, for, when the soul has left it, the body feels nothing: it is neither cold nor hot; it has neither hunger nor thirst; it cannot be hurt by anything; it is no more anything, it is *dead!*'

I had stopped; my emotion had nearly mastered me, for I felt as if I was touching a sacred thing, approaching almost the very



ark of the covenant; and to unveil such hidden mysteries to a happy infant mind, whose joy I might for the present at least endanger, was well calculated to shake me.

As for Emma, she had been motionless, her eyes following each word on my lips.

After a few minutes, she said, thoughtfully, and with perfect calm,

‘Then, mamma, the body of dear nurse, when it was put in the ground, was *like a book*. My book has beautiful stories in it, but it feels nothing.’

‘Yes, my darling, it was very like a book; some lovely things were written on it, but it could not know any more when it was touched. And now I am going to tell you something which will, I know, make you very glad: ‘One day the Saviour will again leave heaven, not to suffer and be crucified a second time, but, on the con-

trary, to be surrounded with glory. He will come, and calling with a loud voice all those that are in the sepulchres, He will give them back their souls, so that they will live again—it will be the DAY OF THE RESURRECTION. Those who loved Jesus and obeyed Him, will go with Him to heaven, to be for ever and ever there, enjoying perfect happiness; while the unhappy ones, who did not love the Saviour, and did not serve Him, will be eternally separated from His presence!

‘Oh! mamma,’ exclaimed Emma, ‘I wish I could see my Jesus when He comes! Oh! I wish you could be there too, with me! And, mamma, would the Saviour show me His hands with the marks of the nails, as He showed them to the disciple of whom you told me last Sunday?’

‘Yes, my child, you would see His hands

—those same blessed hands with which He cured the sick, raised the widow's son, opened the eyes of the blind, and which He so lovingly laid on the heads of little ones like you. Does my darling remember the verse of her hymn ?'

'Yes, mamma—

"I wish that HIS HANDS had been placed on my head,  
That His arm had been thrown around me,  
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

'Let the little ones come unto Me.'"

'Those hands, ever blessing and healing, were the same which ignorant sinners pierced on the cross!'

'Oh! mamma, dear mamma, I do wish I could see them and kiss them!'

'Well, my child, you will see them, if, having loved your Saviour with your whole

heart, you go to heaven when leaving this world. He mounted on high with the same body which was on the cross. We *shall* see the marks of the nails on His hands, and shall adore them !'

My little girl had been growing quite pale with excitement; so drawing her to my heart, I made her feel some of that soothing influence of maternal love, which is so penetrating.

I was thankful that that hour was passed: it had nearly exhausted me. I had feared, I had trembled; the Saviour might have said to me as to the woman of old,

'Woman of little faith.'

But it was over, and I felt relieved; a burden was off my heart. If it is true that nothing weighs more heavily than a duty which we treat lightly, on the other

hand, when we gather up our best energies to fulfil it, a holy peace is our reward.

The years of youth are so fleeting, and the whole of life, indeed, is so soon gone, that we cannot well afford to put off sacred duties, because, may-be, they are painful to discharge. There comes at times upon us a powerful feeling, that such and such a thing must be done at *such* a time; let us tarry—and it may be too late; we may have lost for ever the opportunity of instructing an immortal soul.

Our position as parents is one of peculiar gravity:—with all its pure joys and radiant hopes, it is a thing so solemn, that if we wish to be found faithful in the discharge of its duties, we must be as the ‘sentinel guarding the city,’—incessantly on the watch. Not an instant of slumber will be forgiven by the King in whose service we

have enlisted: the enemy may be at hand; he may step in at any time! Is he not ever spying us, to catch the first indication that our eyelids are growing heavy?

We so crave for '*rest*,' that we ask nothing else; we say, just '*one, one hour of home before the grave!*'

Let us ever bear in mind, however, that '*Who rest, presume.*' Our '*rest*' is not here; the plant will not bloom on earth: higher, higher up, where the air is pure, where the '*Sun of Righteousness*' vivifies the '*new earth*' through all eternity, there its blossoms will come to perfection!

Let us, then, now be '*up and doing*,' deriving all wisdom and all strength from Him who is '*faithful and just*,' and who has said: '*Whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in My name, He will give it you!*'



Farewell.





## XII.

**A**ND now, my babes, what will life be to you? I have seen its dawn, its MORNING—shall I see the day come to perfection? Will there be to you a mid-day, an evening, or will the Reaper cut you off before you are fully opened?

How will the world deal with you? Will it be tender and patient? will it for little give you much, or, will you have to offer yourselves freely and get nothing in return?

In my shortened views and presumptuous wisdom, I would fain take your little feet in my hands, and, step by step, place them only where the path is smooth, where flowers grow!

I would tell the storms to keep away, and the wind to be still. I would ask gentle clouds to temper the ardour of the sun, and never gather in too heavy showers. I would take hold of the rudder, and guide your bark where no waves rise, no currents madly sweep!

You have brought me joy, my babes, and I thank you for it! Your loving little arms have encircled my heart, and blessed it!

May **GOD THE FATHER** be very gracious to you!

May **JESUS THE SAVIOUR** ever be your Model and Friend!

May **THE HOLY COMFORTER** keep close to your hearts, and shelter them always!

