

## CHILDREN IN GLORY.

BY REV. J. MCCARTER.

*(For the Children's Record.)*

On Monday the first of February last, three little playmates were busy with their sleds on the bank of the Miramichi in New Brunswick. They had great fun sliding down the sloping bank to the frozen river. As they did not return home at the usual time, search was made for them. At the edge of the river a hole was found, of which no one knew, and there in still shallow water, lay the two little sleds, and three little lifeless bodies. So suddenly had God's messenger called them away.

On the day of the funeral you could see the little brother and sister of eight and six years, in their little coffins side by side, and in the little dead hand of each you could read on a slip the message "God is Love." In a neighbouring house, the other a dear little boy of six, was lying, all three in calm beauty, fairer far than the flowers which covered the coffins.

Some of these dear children had shewn in their own simple way, that the Saviour had already drawn their young hearts to Himself. Each Saturday at the Bible Class the following conversation used to take place, between that little girl of six, and her teacher :

*Teacher* :—"Tell me whom does Jesus love?"

*Little Girl* :—"Jesus loves me."

*Teacher* :—"And who loves Jesus?"

*Little Girl* :—"I do."

*Teacher* :—"Have you a verse to say to-day?"

*Little Girl* :—"Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, of for such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

So it went on, and no other verse was recited till the Master's call came. All three were laid together in the grave-yard, and the writer never saw at any funeral a larger gathering of friends, nor more tenderness of heart.

And when the Lord took these little ones away, did He love them less than He loves my little readers who are well, No!

He came as a man comes into his garden to pluck a flower, and took just the flowers that pleased Him. No doubt these three are with Jesus in His bright and happy home.

And yet it is the goodness of God to give us longer life. How easily could such a chance happen to any? Who has not been once and again at the very edge of what could have taken life away in a moment, but God turned it otherwise. And still every morning in His love, He drops down on us another day, one at a time, fresh and bright.

Do you, my little reader, claim this God as your Father? Do you love Him as your Father? Do your thoughts go out to where He dwells as to your home? Have you allowed Jesus to find you and fold you to His breast? Are you trying with His help to follow Him? And your parents and brothers and sisters and playmates, let me ask you to be as loving and kind to them as you can, while you have them, for you know not how long you will be together, nor how soon the tie will be cut, and you see them no more in this world.

And what about the parents of these children? The Lord can wipe away their tears. Perhaps He is showing them the picture which one mother describes in these lines that follow :

I had a dream—I heard them sing

The little children dear,  
Grouped on the everlasting hills  
In yonder sunny sphere.

The bloom was on their cherub cheeks,  
And clouds of golden hair  
Were shading every beauteous brow,  
As they stood singing there.

I saw the white-robed angels' hands  
Pause on the glowing string,  
I heard them hush their mighty strains  
To let the children sing.

Oh! wild sweet anthem—while it rose—  
No breeze nor leaflet stirred;  
Only the ripple of lifes wave  
In sympathy was heard.