

Varieties.

THE CHILD IS DEAD.

It is hard to believe it: we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the merry laugh that burst so often from its glad heart.

Child as it was, it was a pleasant child; and to the partial parent there are traits of loveliness that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providence that we should love our own children as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none beside. And ours was a lovely child.

But the child is dead! You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lost; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in their hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

Its clothes you may lay aside: I shall often look them over, and each of the colours that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury in thinking of the one that is gone, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an angel among angels.

The child is dead! The eye has lost its lustre. The hand is still and cold. The little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yet the very form is dear to me. Every lock of its hair, every feature of its face, is a treasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sorrow come and go.

Lay the little one in his coffin. He was never in so cold and bare a bed; but he will feel it not. He would not know it, if he had been laid in the cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side: like them he withereth.

Carry him out to the grave. Gently! It's a hard road this to the grave. Every jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulchro. O, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it:

there is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. "Sleep on now, and take your rest!"

Fill it up! Ashes to ashes; dust to dust! Every clod seems to fall on my heart. Every sound from the grave is saying, "Gone, gone, gone!" It is full: now lay the turf gently o'er the dead child; plant a myrtle among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust—precious dust indeed—is there; but our child is in heaven. "He is not here; he is risen."

I shall think of the form that is mouldering here among the dead; and it will be a mournful comfort to come at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol—ah! that I must own the secret of this sorrow!—the idol of my heart.

And it is beyond all language to express the joy, in the midst of tears, which I feel, that my sin, in making an idol of the child, has not made that infant less dear to Jesus. Nay, there is even something that tells me the Saviour called the darling from me, that I might love the Saviour more when I had one child less to love. He knoweth our frame; He knoweth the way to win and bind us. Dear Saviour, as Thou hast my lamb, give me, too, a place in Thy bosom. Set me as a seal on Thy heart.

WELLINGTON.

The Duke was well acquainted with his Bible, and valued it. Many years ago, when, before Sir Arthur Wellesley, a brother officer was speaking sneeringly of the Bible, and ridiculing the idea of its being a revelation from God, he abruptly said, "S—, have you read 'Paley's Evidences'?" If you have not, I advise you to read them. I once thought as you now think; but I read Paley, and am convinced." The officer afterwards became one of the holiest men in the British army, and thanked the Duke of Wellington for his timely reproof. You may have heard of me speak of my visit to Wal-