

were buried when we laid him in the grave. Since then our hearth has been desolate, and our hearts have been yearning for the boy who is gone. "*Gone, but not lost*" we have said a thousand times, and we think of him ever as living and blessed in another place not far from us.

Two years in heaven! They do not measure *time* in that world; there are no weeks, or months, or years, but all the time we have been mourning his absence here he has been happy there. And when we think of what he has been enjoying, and the rapid progress he has been making, we feel that it is well for him that he has been taken away.

Two years with angels. They have been his constant companions, his teachers too; and from them he has drawn lessons of knowledge and of love. The cherubim are said to excel in knowledge, while love glows more ardently in the breasts of seraphim. He has been two years in the company of both, and must have become very like them.

Two years with the redeemed.—They have told him of the Saviour in whose blood they washed their robes, and whose righteousness is their salvation. The child, while with us, knew little of Jesus and his dying love; but he has heard of him now, and has learned to love him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." There are some among those redeemed, who would have loved him here, had they been living with us; but they went to glory before him, and have welcomed him now to their company. I am not sure that they know him as our child; and yet do we love to think that he is in the arms of those who have gone from our

arms and thus broken families are reunited around the throne of God and the Lamb.

Two years with Christ. It is joy to know that our child has been two years with the Saviour, in his immediate presence; learning of him, and making heaven vocal with songs of rapture and love. The blessed Saviour took little children in his arms when he was here on earth, and he takes them in his bosom there. Blessed Jesus! blessed children! blessed child!

He often wept when he was with us; he suffered much before he died: seven days and nights he was torn with fierce convulsions ere his soul yielded and fled to heaven. But now for two years he has not wept! He has known no pain for two years. That little child, who was pleased with a rattle, now meets with angels and feels himself at home. He walks among the tallest spirits that bend in the presence of the Infinite, and is as free and happy as any who are there. And when we think of joys that are his, we are more than willing that he should stay where he now dwells, though our house is darkened by the shadow of his grave, and our hearts are aching all the time for his return. Long and weary have been the years without him, but they have been blessed years to him in heaven. "Even so, Father." "Not our will, but thine be done."

New York, Oct. 28, 1854.

THE DYING NOVEL READER.

I was recently called to visit a poor woman, who was made poor by her own folly. She has been sick for years, but is now getting worse. She told me that she was raised and partly educated by a lady in Eastern Virginia; but when