

even in this world. But after all, what a scene of woe does this life present. Who is there that has not been called to mourn—over the disappointments and vexations of life—over the sickbeds of friends, and the graves of those we love—over the follies and the vices of his fellowmen? And has not every one his moments when he is ready to say: “O that I had wings like a dove, then would I flee away and be forever at rest. I would haste me to escape from the windy storm and tempest.”

True, some may long escape severe trouble. For years they may appear exceptions to the general rule. But none are permitted to terminate their journey so. And in these cases how often does it happen that after long delay suffering comes with increased severity. Such sorrows must have been the lot of every departed child. And when we think of all the troubles, which beset the children of men from infancy to old age, may we not say, that “it is well,” that God has spared them all this—that they are now where the weary are at rest, without the toils and struggles of poor humanity here below, and that the good shepherd who “takes the lambs in his arms and carries them in his bosom,” has hid them in the secret of His presence from the pride of man; and will keep them secretly in his possession from the “strife of tongues.”

But 2ndly. It is well with them, because *they are delivered from much temptation and sin*. This world is not more distinguished by sufferings than it is by sin. We know not what might have been the effect upon our departed children, had they been permitted to encounter its allurements. With hearts disposed to sin they might have fallen before the tempter. They might have become the victims of this world's vanities or vices. They might have died without giving us any cheering hope of meeting us in happier circumstances in another world. How often has the profligacy of children brought down a father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? How many parents have mourned more over one child *living*, than ten *dead*, and in bitterness exclaimed: O that I had buried him in an early grave. Is it not well that they have been spared all *danger* of this?