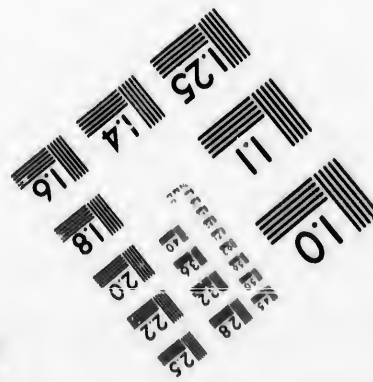
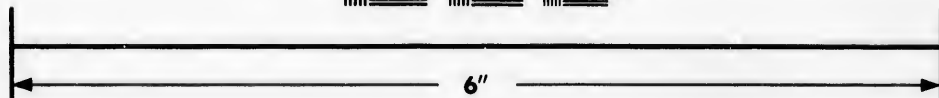
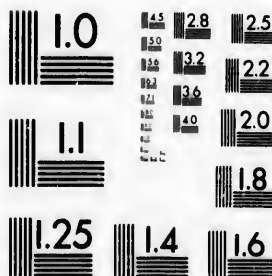


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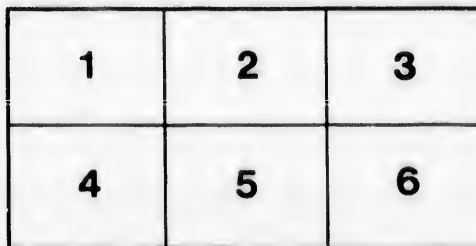
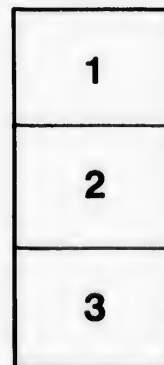
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MY GRANDCHILD'S

6/

# Holy Thoughts

AND WORDS.

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A. D.

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1865.

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TORONTO:  
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## MY GRANDCHILD'S

# Holy Thoughts and Words.

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“ And Jesus saith unto them, Yea ; have ye never read, Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”—*Matt. xxi. v. 16.*

In the record of many a household these words have been fully verified. The depth of holy feeling often existing in a young heart is rarely understood or appreciated until indeed, under the influence of intense suffering, it develops itself in calm endurance and quiet resignation, and in the simple trust of a loving heart, which bears, without a murmur, God's appointed discipline.

The christian examples that may be found in the life of some very young children, shed a beautiful halo around them while living ; and, if it is the will of our Heavenly Father to remove these dear ones early from the snares and miseries of this world, their remembrance becomes

doubly dear to bereaved parents and friends. Such was the case with the sweet and pious subject to which this short record has reference.

A painful and wearying disease of many months' continued and progressive suffering, and in which at last all hope of her recovery, or even alleviation from acute and agonising paroxysms, was abandoned, brought that dear child to her end ; but in the few hours of partial release from pain, she proved herself indeed a true and faithful Christian, as many of the following conversations, which occurred at various intervals, will fully attest.

“I cannot read for myself to day, dear Grandma, will it trouble you to read me that chapter in St. John about the many mansions, where Christ says he will prepare a place for all good people who believe in him ? I love Jesus. When he was upon earth he always loved little children, and he took them in his arms and blessed them. I wish I had been one of those children, Grandma ; though I know Jesus is able to save us and bless us now, if we are sorry for being naughty, and try to be good ; but why did Jesus say to his disciples, ‘ Suffer little children to come unto him, for they were like the kingdom of heaven ?’

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What did Christ mean? Must people be all little children again before they can go to heaven, to God's mansions, where Christ is? We are to believe in God. I think the Bible a beautiful book, and I like to read in it better than all my story books, for we know it is all true, and God let good men write it, so it must be the Word of God. There is a great deal that I don't understand in some parts of the Bible, but then I am very young. I know it is every word of it true.

"Is it wrong to wish to die, dear Grandma, I have so much pain, and give every one such trouble? I try not to be impatient. I do pray to God often to myself to make me bear this great pain. He knows best, and though I am very young, I must not think anything too hard to bear. Christ suffered so much. Oh! yes, He died that dreadful death, and to save us from our sins; and if we believe that He did it for us, we shall go to live with Him in Heaven. You know the hymn says:—

Around the Throne of God in Heaven  
Thousands of children stand;  
Children whose sins are all forgiven,  
A holy, happy band.

Once they were little things like me,  
 And lived on earth below ;  
 They could not praise, as now they can,  
 The Lord who loved them so.

“ I am so fond of hearing hymns sung, but I cannot sing them much now, I feel so weak. That pretty hymn of ‘ Maggie, to her sister in Heaven,’ I love to hear it. In the Sunday School they all learn to sing, and if my dear brother and sisters went there, (and I do hope that Mamma will send them), they will learn to sing ; and they have such nice voices. Do you think I shall never be well again and able to go to school and to church ? Perhaps not ; but it may be that God will give me strength again, and I may go out and see all the flowers, and hear the birds so beautiful as they sing ; but God knows best, and if he wishes, he will make me well. I am not afraid to die.”

On a Sunday morning she asked if I was going to church, and if it was the day for the Sacrament. “ I often think about it, dear Grandma. Will you pray for me in church ? I wonder when I shall be able to go again with you : perhaps never ; but I must not think it hard to lie here in bed, and never be able to be dressed.

I have such a dear, kind Papa and Mamma, who take such care over me, and you too, dear Grandma. Give me my own bible, that I may read the lessons for the day and the beautiful Psalms. I have marked little verses with my pencil, that I liked very much. Kiss me before you go."

"Will you read me the Cross of Christ, (it was one of her favorite books). I love to hear all about that wonderful death of Jesus the Son of God, and to think of his great love to such wicked people as were in the world. How dreadful! that even some of his own disciples were so very wicked, like Judas, who sold him; but Jesus was so good and merciful that I think, Grandma, even Judas was forgiven that great sin." "Why, my child, do you think so?"—

"Because you know he repented, and went and gave back the money, and Christ always said, 'if we repent and believe, we shall be saved.' (a)

"I have been reading in the ninth chapter of Luke, where Christ fed five thousand people with only five loaves and two fishes. Grandma,

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(a) The dear child was too young to understand the distinction between repentance and remorse. The despair of remorse.

it was very wonderful : one little loaf for a thousand people to eat ! I often think about the miracles that Christ did. No one but the Son of God could have done it ; and he feeds all the people that come to him now with the bread of life ; he gave bread at the last supper, to make us remember him."

A dear christian Friend, who had sent a note of inquiry, also wrote the following verse of scripture to be given to her :—" Knowing that He which raised up the Lord Jesus from the dead shall raise up us also by Jesus and shall present us with you." When she had attentively read it she said, " Yes, Grandma, we shall be raised up in His likeness, and be with Him. Will you find me that verse in the Testament ? (2 Cor. iv. 14)

"I have so many kind friends that think about me and pray for me, now I am so sick. I often remember little verses in the Bible as I lie in bed. Christ loved little children so very much. Sometimes I hear music so beautiful in my sleep, and when I wake up I think it is the Angels singing, and Jesus of Nazareth passing by.

"How can we know the Holy Trinity, Grandma? God the Father made all the world, for it

is in the first chapter of the Bible, and His Spirit moved upon the waters ; but it was when people got to be very wicked that God sent Jesus into the world to save us all, by dying on the cross ; so that these three are the one God, and so I know that my body is not my soul, but it is all one in me, for it makes me think, and speak, and know when I am naughty. Christ sent the Holy Ghost to comfort his disciples after his death."

A dear young friend and playmate was taken suddenly ill and died. She spoke of her sick friend with much kind earnestness, and sent her love by her dear Papa, who, alas ! little thought she would be the first to be taken ; and when our darling was told of the sad bereavement, she was deeply affected. After a short silence she said, " Grandma, shall I know Birdie in Heaven ? I hope so. How very strange that she should die, that was in such health, and I have been ill so very long ; but God knows best. I think we ought always to believe that God orders everything for our good. Dear Grandma, I have been thinking so much about the Sacrament, and whether little girls ever are allowed to receive it. I know I am very young,

and that I ought to be confirmed ; but if I live, I hope then to be. I should feel so happy if dear Mr. M. would let me have it, then I might think I was one of Christ's lambs. You know Jesus never said any age, did he ? I feel so very weak sometimes, I think I must die, the pain is so great. I am not afraid to die, if God is going to take me. You told me the doctors don't think they can cure me. They have told my dear papa so, and he looks so sad when he comes and sits beside me. I often think about dying, Grandma. Will you read to me where Jesus was put to that dreadful death on the cross, and the two thieves beside him ? One was sure it was the Christ : he wanted Him to remember him in Heaven. No one ever went to Jesus but he was kind and forgave them their wickedness ; and when Christ rose from the dead, he went among all his disciples, and some of them must have felt ungrateful to have left Him to be crucified ; and Peter told such a dreadful story, and said he never knew Him ! But Christ forgave every one of them."

This morning the dear child was unusually depressed by a night of great suffering, and she said to me, with a deep earnestness of manner,

"Oh! I want to have the Sacrament. Send over, Grandma, and tell Mr. M. to come; ask him about it, if I may; it would make me so happy. Do people ever die without having taken the Sacrament? Christ meant every one to take it, as a remembrance of Him. Didn't He?" Soon after this she fell asleep a little while, and when she awoke her first question was, "Did you send to Mr. M.?" "Yes, darling; he is coming soon." "Well," she said, "I wish my own Papa was home. Will he be here to take it with me, and my dear, dear Mamma, and you, my darling Grandma?"

"I am so weak, will you give me some of those drops to keep me up till my own dear, kind Papa comes home?" Just then the clergyman, who was a near neighbour, came in, and after a careful and close inquiry, and hearing the answers the dear sufferer gave, and being fully satisfied of the reality of the faith of this young creature, and her unreserved trust in God's mercy, consented to administer the holy Sacrament to her. Almost immediately after this, her father, who had been sent for, arrived, and we all received the holy rite together, kneeling round the bed of this sweet, heavenly-minded child. It was a

solemn occasion, and it breathed a blessed calm upon our troubled hearts. It seemed to us that we should not long keep this lamb of Christ's fold. Her spirit was well nigh spent, and when the service was over, dear Mr. M. took an affectionate leave of her, saying, as he pressed her wasted hands in his, "God bless you, dear child; you will soon be one of Christ's little lambs."

Wonderful to say, she rallied. God did not permit the sweet patient spirit to depart for some months after this scene. She lingered in continued suffering, but always referring to this event as having given her such comfort, saying, she felt now as if she was more ready to die, whenever God chose to take her. "Will you read to me about Hezekiah, where God granted him longer life? Indeed, I thought I must have died the other day, and I did not feel at all afraid, only sorry for my Papa and Mamma, they have been, Oh! so good to me."

The 30th July was her birth-day, and she said, when I kissed her, "Darling Grandma, you said you did not think I should spend another birth-day here on earth, but you see God has been very good to me. How kind you are to give me



such a good book ; and these, dear Papa and Mamma, have bought me. I hope I shall be able to read them, or you will read them to me, or dear Mamma will ; and then, when I am gone, she will read them to my sisters. I hope they will go to Sunday School and learn to sing little hymns :—

Come to that happy Land,  
Far, far away ;  
Where Saints in glory stand,  
Bright, bright as day."

Soon after this we thought of removing her away, to be able to get other medical advice—not that we believed her life could be saved, but to try and procure her relief from the intense agony which seemed to increase so terribly upon her—and when informed of our desire to change the air, she was perfectly resigned to do any and everything we wished ; indeed, she was eager to try the change. " Take me to my second home, dear Grandma ; I should like so much to see it once more. I have spent so many happy months there. Grandpapa and you were always so kind to me."

We carried the dear on board a steamer on a sort of couch, where she remained all night.—

After her dear father had taken leave of her, seeing he was deeply distressed at parting, she said, "You know, Grandma, how David was troubled when his child was so very ill, but after it died he felt better, for he knew God had taken his little one up to heaven ; and so my own Papa will be comforted, when he knows I am with the angels, singing, Glory, Glory, Glory."

She bore the great fatigue of the journey with much less suffering than we expected, and seemed even better for a short time. It pleased her to be attended again by the same kind doctor, under whose care she had frequently been before. All we hoped in the removing of her was to allay some of the fearful paroxysms that so often racked her poor body with fearful pain. She was very fond of being sung to sleep, and often she would ask her dear Mamma to sing the Evening Hymn, and "Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear." When she would see the tears on the face of her dear Mother, she would throw her arms round her, saying, "Don't, don't cry, I am so happy. We shall all be happy in Heaven." Every morning and evening she would read the Lessons and Psalms, and especially notice if she thought a particular passage applicable to herself. On Jas. v ,

the verse, "If any are sick, let them call for the Elders, and let them pray over them," she remarked, "that means the Clergyman, does it not, dear Grandma. Yes, I like so much to hear them read and pray for me myself, it makes me feel and know that Christ prayed for every one; and before he died that dreadful death, he told them he would send the Holy Ghost to comfort them." She repeated:—

“And he can do all this for me,  
Because in sorrow on the tree  
He once for sinners hung;  
And having washed their sins away,  
He now rejoices day by day  
To cleanse the little one.

Others there are that love me too,  
But who, with all their love, can do  
What JESUS CHRIST hath done?  
Then, as he teaches me to pray,  
I'll surely go to him and say,  
Lord, bless thy little one.”

“I am so fond of verses. I wish I could sing as I used to do— but I feel too sick; yet I ought to be good and patient, so many poor children

that are sick have no kind friends to nurse them and give them everything to sooth their pain and make them easy. It must be very hard to lie sick in bed and no one to love them. God has been so very good to me ; I have such kind friends, and I love them all so very much, and yet I am quite happy to die."

She was frequently visited by our good clergyman, who read many passages of Scripture, and especially the raising of Jairus' daughter ; and when he was gone she said, "That was very beautiful, dear Grandma. I know Christ could make me well if he wished it, or thought it good to give me my health and strength again. I forgot all my pain while dear Mr. G. was reading, and he prayed so kindly for me ; it does make me feel so happy when any one is praying by my side. I often pray by myself, and wish that God would bless my own Papa and Mamma, and my dear Brother and Sisters. I cannot now kneel down as I used to do, when Mamma is reading prayers. I hope she will always do so every day, and that Papa and all will go to church together when I am gone." A very few days afterwards she became much weaker, and on taking leave of her in the evening, she said, " Good night, my

darling Grandma. I feel so happy, I don't think I can sleep much."

Dear child, it was her last earthly good night. We were roused at early dawn to know indeed that she was drawing nearer and nearer to her rest. I took her hand, as she had often requested me to do, whenever I really believed death was about to release her. A faint pressure assured me of her consciousness, but exhausted nature was too far spent for utterance. As we knelt around her bed, watching her sweet face, she raised her feeble hands, as if in prayer, and her eyes shone with a ray of seraphic splendour before they closed for ever. "And so He giveth His beloved sleep."

And so she went to her rest—until the mortal shall put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory. The bereaved mourn their loss; but they have the undying consolation that she is with her Father and her God: they have also the hope that they may be united with her in that eternal home where sorrow and sighing shall be no more.

Soon after the dear child's death, the following tribute to her memory was received from the worthy clergyman who had administered the

Holy Sacrament to her and who had known her in health, as well as under the pressure of her fatal disease :—

DEAR MRS. D.,

It is with feelings of great thankfulness to God that I heard of the release of your dear grandchild. She was a dear child, and never did I see the Christian graces so beautifully developed in one so young. During my ministrations I have knelt by the side of many a dying christian, and have heard the last faint whisper of hope that maketh not ashamed; but in no instance have I seen the blessed effects of religion more strikingly exemplified than in her case ; and I can certainly say that never did I administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with greater satisfaction than to my young communicant. There is nothing more distressing, humanly speaking, than to see youthful piety cut down by premature decay, and an early grave close over it ; but here religion steps in to heal the bleeding wound, and cheer us with the comforting assurance, that "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Believe me, yours truly,

J. A. M.

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