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OUR CHILDREN  
IN  
HEAVEN.

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THE GIFT OF

SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.,

OF BOSTON.

(Class of 1851.)

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For  
Miss Althea  
With the kindest regards  
D. H. Schaff

Jan 4, 1877



META

*Feb. 1875.*

Eng<sup>d</sup> by Geo E Perina N.Y

In Memoriam.

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OUR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN.

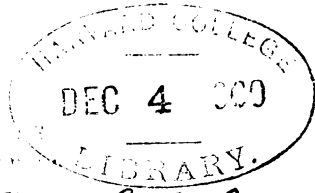
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NEW YORK:  
1876.

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*Dr. S. A. Green.*

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## ADDRESS OF THE REV. DR. ADAMS.

JULY 16, 1876.

WHAT can we say in view of the appalling affliction which has befallen this happy household! "I was dumb and opened not my mouth." Our first impulse is to sit down, like the friends of the stricken Patriarch, by the side of these bereaved parents and weep with them, "none speaking a word unto them."

When Jesus went to Bethany, after Lazarus died, the *time* of His visit and of His speaking was wisely chosen. There comes a time when the first tumultuous bursts of grief subside into gentler meditations, and we compose ourselves to grateful recollections.

Every domestic bereavement has its peculiar sorrow. This is not the death of a little child falling like an unopened bud from its mother's arms; neither is it the death of a venerable parent, who, after a long and weary life, goes at the sunsetting to his rest; nor is it of one cut off in the midst of his days when sustaining important relations to society, having accomplished a public service which the world can never forget. It is the sudden death of a fair young daughter in the fullest and richest bloom of promise; the perils of infancy and childhood all passed, and life opening before her with every prospect and preparation for its enjoyment; a "strong staff and a beautiful rod," about which, as child and sister, were entwined the fondest affections, the pride, the joy, the charm of a whole family! What would not these parents have done, what would they not have given, for her gratification! Not



a plan had they in life, near or remote, which was not associated with her, the flower of their home, the light of their dwelling! Is it so that all they can give her now is A GRAVE? Let us "weep with them that weep."

What a rare eulogy in the midst of our grief it is when we can honestly say that the first emotion of sorrow which this young friend ever occasioned was when she died! In the catacombs of Rome there is a tomb with this inscription: "A sweet, Christian soul." We borrow these words as descriptive of her for whom we mourn. Favored as to her birth and advantages of education, stimulated by that literary life which surrounded her, accomplished in mind and person, this is the quality which we most delight to recall—she was a sincere disciple of Jesus Christ. With no disposition to intrude words of panegyric, it is our privilege to admire the grace of God in her.

This, in truth, is our only consolation in the sharp agony which her death has caused. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. So shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." What words can be compared with those which Inspiration addresses to those who mourn the loss of Christian friends? What possible comfort can there be in the gloom and mystery of death, save in the positive teachings of the New Testament? The valley of the shadow of death is very dark; but the face of Jesus Christ shines directly through it.

Let us follow the method of our Lord when administering consolation to Martha and Mary when their brother died. He did not forbid their grief. He does not even deny to nature the right and the relief of weeping. He wept himself. But into the bitterest sorrow He infused the sublimest truths

of His religion. "Thy brother shall rise again." "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth on me shall never die." By such announcements the mind is calmed and ballasted. The greater emotion moderates the lesser. What are all the griefs of this short life contrasted with that "far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory" which is promised by the Prince of Life to all believers?

It is not an adequate consolation to be reminded of the admirable qualities of a dear friend at the moment when she is taken away from us. The very fact that she was undoubtedly prepared for heaven makes her society the more valuable and needful to us here, and the sense of our loss, when she is gone, the deeper and the keener. Now are we forced to lay hold, for anchorage in the storm, of the great articles of our Christian faith. Events come to pass precisely as predicted and described in the New Testament. Christ comes, even as He promised, in His own time, in His own way, and takes to himself those whom He has redeemed, that they may be with Him where He is. Like the stars by day they are not extinct because invisible to our eye. They have gone to be with Him "whom not having seen they have loved," "receiving the end of their faith, the salvation of their souls."

Shed not for her the bitter tear,  
Give not the heart to vain regret;  
'Tis but the casket which lies here,  
The gem which fills it sparkles yet!

The mould of clay in which the spiritual fabric was cast has subserved its end, and is now to be dissolved, dust returning to dust; but the life and character of this "sweet, Christian soul" survives and forms a treasure by which her friends are and ever will be enriched beyond expression, and

of which death never can despoil them. Let us, then, when bending in pallid silence over this bier, where insensibility is impossible, beware of yielding ourselves up to that excessive sorrow to which we are most exposed, remembering those words of the Holy Ghost which caution us alike against these two opposite extremes: "My son, *despise* not thou the chastenings of the Lord, neither *faint* when thou art rebuked of Him."

DEAR META! how much hast thou done by the sudden closing of this bright, happy life, to make heaven seem to us all more homelike! Oft as we read of the great company, which no man can number, before the Throne, another familiar and smiling face will help us to lose the feeling of strangeness, and draw our hearts upward by a permitted human tenderness and love. So it may be in the wisdom of unerring Providence that the early, and as we express it, premature translation of this youthful disciple, by reason of the attractions which bound her to so many hearts, shall accomplish a greater good than could have followed the longest and most brilliant life upon the earth.

God has honored this home by frequent visitations and translations. "This is none other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven." *This* home on the earth and *that* home in heaven are brought and blended together. A part have gone, a part still linger here; but it is one and the same household. God grant that we who wait, under a new sense of suffering and solitude, may live as gently and die as safely as she who has preceded us, and that at last, beyond the dark and narrow defile of death, we may join her and the many we have loved in that house eternal in the heavens, where there is "no more death, neither sorrow nor crying," and where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF META.

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THE subject of this notice was a modest, quiet, gentle girl. While living on earth she shrank from publicity, and from her home in heaven she looks down upon the world as a fleeting shadow. But her love remains unchanged, and will forgive a loving father if he undertakes the sad and delicate, yet sacred task of perpetuating her sweet memory among her kindred and friends, who mourn in hope of a blissful reunion hereafter.

META SOPHIA SCHAFF, fifth child of Philip and Mary E. Schaff, was born on "Seminary Hill," at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, August 30, 1855. She left this world, after an illness of ten days, at her parents' residence, in New York, early in the morning of July 14, 1876, aged 20 years, 10 months, and 16 days. Her mortal remains were committed to the grave in the family lot at Woodlawn Cemetery, July 16th, at the setting of the sun.

The funeral services in the house were conducted by the Rev. William Adams, D.D., her former pastor, and Chancellor Howard Crosby, D.D. They consisted of suitable passages read from her well-worn Bible, the singing of one of her favorite hymns, and an address and a prayer, which were delivered under deep emotion, and brought both tears to the eye and comfort to the heart. In the large audience of mourners were thirteen clergymen of different denominations. Some friends had come from a distance; others would have been present, could they have reached the city in time from their summer homes.

Our dear daughter, cut down in the flower of youth, health,

and beauty, lay in her casket like a sleeping angel, surrounded by floral offerings, which the love of kindred and friends had provided, in the shape of crosses, crowns, harps, anchors, pillows, wreaths, and a broken column.

A special train carried the mortal body to the cemetery. After the coffin was lowered, Rev. Dr. Crosby and Rev. Dr. Chapin repeated words of comfort and hope from the Book of Life, and pronounced the benediction. Mr. Gustav Schwab, one of the oldest and dearest friends of the family, had prepared a very delicate surprise, and with his sons and nephew sweetly sang the famous German resurrection hymn of Henriette of Brandenburg:

“Jesus, meine Zuversicht  
Und mein Heiland, ist im Leben.”  
Jesus, my Redeemer lives,  
Christ, my Trust, is dead no more.

It was like music of angels from heaven assuring the mourners below that what was their loss for a short season is Meta's everlasting gain. The grave was covered with flowers tastefully arranged, and the remaining offerings were spread over the graves of two beloved brothers and an aunt, who sleep near Meta waiting for the morning of the resurrection.

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Meta was a charming young lady of rare beauty, grace, and culture, the pride and joy of her parents, and the admiration of many friends. She was endowed with rich talents, and received a careful education at home. After the removal of her parents to New York, in December, 1863, she continued her studies in private and public schools. From early childhood she loved books. She was so conscientious and faithful that she never required to be re-

mindful of her lesson, or to be aided in its preparation. Her marks for progress, punctuality, and deportment were invariably among the highest. She was graduated with honor at the third annual commencement of the New York Female Normal College (June, 1872), as the third, though one of the youngest, in a class of 119 pupils. Her teachers often spoke of her as one of the best pupils they ever had. In her tastefully arranged scrap-book we find notices of the public exercises of her school, of Yale College where her younger brother graduated, of Lange's Commentary, together with choice poems, newspaper extracts, badges, flowers, and wedding-cards of her friends. It is a sad, sad pleasure to look over this clean and beautiful volume left unfinished.

After leaving school she devoted herself mainly to modern languages, history, poetry, and music. She familiarized herself by systematic reading with the English and other classics. She played well on the piano, accompanying the pieces with her own sweet voice. In the selection of books she was careful, and had regard to solid instruction and innocent entertainment. She was a member of a literary club, composed of young ladies and gentlemen, where the dramas of Shakespeare were read and discussed. With a few intimate friends, associated as a class, she pursued select readings under the care of an accomplished English teacher, and had arranged for a similar course in the coming winter, with special reference to a projected visit to Europe with her parents. She prepared, without aid and error, several of the indexes to the "Hymns and Songs of Praise" (published in 1874), and occasionally assisted her father in copying manuscript for the press, with a surprising accuracy in scholarly details. The last work of the kind she performed was in connection with his "History of Creeds."

Her judgment was remarkably clear and sound, and she often hit the nail on the head in a few modest words.

But Meta seemed to be unconscious of her talents and attainments; she never boasted, never even alluded to them in any way.

The interest in her intellectual culture did not lessen a proper and hearty zest for domestic duties. She cultivated with equal pleasure the humble and useful arts of the household. She was fond of sewing, expert in worsted work and articles of ornamentation, kept her room in the best order, and, unasked, aided her mother in the general care of the family. She delighted in arranging flowers and preparing gifts of her own workmanship for Christmas, New Year, and birth-days.

Her moral character was more matured than is usual with persons of her age. She was neat and systematic, prudent and provident, modest and dignified, quiet and gentle, sweet and lovely. She had a strong will and ardent temper, together with a calm self-control. Truthfulness and conscientiousness were her leading characteristics. She always acted from principle and a high sense of honor. She never did anything for effect, and cared nothing for show or display. New acquaintances she kept at a respectful distance, but at home and towards intimate friends she was frank, hearty, and affectionate. Very remarkable was her freedom from the vanities and follies of fashionable life. She often declined, without regret, invitations to amusements, preferring the quiet enjoyments of home or among friends. She loved noble simplicity and substantial worth. This is saying a great deal for a young lady moving in a large circle of society in this metropolis, where glittering fashion and wealth exert an almost irresistible attraction even in many Christian households.

Meta was baptized in infancy, and joined the Presbyterian Church in her fifteenth year. She was consistent and regular in her public and private devotions. She was never missed in her place at church and in the Bible class. She made no display of piety, and was free from all cant. In looking over her Bible, after her death, I found that she had just finished the Book of Job, and marked such passages as, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord;" "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble;" "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Meta always enjoyed perfect health, and looked fresh and hearty. Her sickness and death came like a thunderbolt from the clear sky. In June she spent eight happy days with her parents and little sister in Philadelphia, mostly at the Centennial Exhibition, which she enjoyed very much. She seemed then as well as ever, but the exposure to the excessive heat and the fatigue of sight-seeing, or the inhaling of some malarial poison, may have laid the foundation of her disease, as was the case with so many Centennial visitors. In a letter dated June 22d, to her intimate friend, Miss Mazie Hitchcock, she wrote: "It seems so restful to be sitting here writing to you. Last night I got back from Philadelphia completely *worn out*." Then, after a graphic description of the wonders of the exhibition from all nations and countries, and of the friends she met there, and after some touching remarks on the recent death of her grandmother in Switzerland, "thousands of miles away from Pa, her only child," she concluded with the words: "I feel despondent, but look hopefully to the mountains, where in two weeks I expect to brighten up." She meant the Adirondacks, where she had spent a delightful summer with her parents, brother,



and sister, two years ago, not dreaming that she was so soon to take her flight to higher mountains.

A few days after her return she packed her trunks in her neat and orderly way, and put in some books of travels in Europe for reading, in view of an excursion to the Old World. But she complained of severe headache, which kept her awake during the night. On the fourth of July the pain became so intense that she was obliged to take to her bed, never to rise again. The incessant noise of the Centennial celebration, and the unusual heat, rising to 101 degrees in the shade, without a breath of air stirring, aggravated the sickness. She was seized with a high fever, which centred in the head and raged fearfully; yet her sufferings, we hope, were mercifully concealed from her consciousness. Her disease was pronounced first remittent, then typhoid fever. The parents were alarmed, yet hoped against hope in view of two remarkable recoveries in their family. Dr. Flint, in a kind letter of sympathy, wrote: "I saw in my last visit that your daughter was very ill, but I felt strong hopes that she would struggle through the disease as your son had done."

But the experience and skill of four physicians (including two eminent consulting physicians), and the most faithful nursing, were of no avail. Ten days after she took to her bed her spirit left its mortal tent. The beauty and sweetness did not forsake the fair countenance in death. She seemed asleep, and no traces of suffering were visible. Friday morning, the 14th, at two o'clock, Schley offered her the medicine for the last time. Shaking her head in refusal, she threw her arm around his neck and pressed it. It was the last mark of affection. At four all efforts to arouse her failed, and at half-past seven the life so dear to us left the earth. With her eyes and ears closed, her hands folded, without speaking a word,

surrounded by all the members of the family, a few devoted friends (Mrs. and Miss Sue Lillie), and the servants, she passed quietly and peacefully away, like a spotless angel, into the higher and better world, where sin and death, pain and sorrow are unknown, and holiness and bliss reign forever.

During most of the time of her sickness, Meta's mind was beclouded. She talked very little. What she said was sensible, but mostly incoherent. At one time her brother Schley, who watched over her day and night, having some difficulty to keep her in bed while the fever was raging, asked her, "Do you remember when I was as sick as you three years ago?" She emphatically replied, "Yes, and I nursed you like an angel!" So she did, indeed, and her brother fully repaid the debt. Her older brother, Anselm, though troubled by sickness in his own family, came in every day and was unremitting in his attentions. When her father, the evening before her departure, leaning over her, asked, "Do you know me, my dear daughter?" she looked at him with her deep blue eyes, which seemed at times to reflect the peace of heaven, and said, as if surprised by the question, "Do I know my father? Of course I do;" and extending both her arms, and pressing him to her heart, she kissed him with all the fervor of filial affection. Alas! it was the last kiss of the best daughter that heaven gave to an unworthy parent. Relapsing into a dreamy state, she added, "But you do not look as you used to. We are such a healthy family that we can scarcely realize it if any of us are sick." Then she wandered on journeys, and talked of going home. "Take me home, home, home!" These were her last audible words. They reminded me of Neander's dying words to his sister: "I am weary; good-night; let us go home."

The sudden termination of a young life so pure and lovely,

so pregnant with promise of happiness and usefulness, is one of those mysteries of Providence which we cannot understand now, but shall understand hereafter. The Lord knows best, and makes all things to work together for good.

“Beneath a frowning providence He hides a smiling face.”

It is the privilege of Christians to see a silver lining in every cloud of affliction. When laid helpless on their back, they learn to look up to heaven. In the dark valley of death they behold the shining face of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. The heavenly Gardener has transplanted one of his own flowers to a better soil and a milder clime. The death of Meta, though the bitterest pain to us, was the beginning of eternal bliss to her. And even to us it is a blessing in disguise. It brings heaven nearer and makes it dearer. The separation is but for a brief season. She will not return to us, but we shall go to her and meet her all the sooner at the golden gate. Meta was our joy and delight when a little child with golden curls and smiling face, and as she blossomed into womanhood she became the light and life of our home. If she was so fair and charming at the footstool, what will she be to us at the throne above in the radiancy of glory! The Lord, who giveth, will return a hundred-fold what he hath taken away. Blessed be his holy name!

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#### META'S LAST HOURS.

Meta suffered from languor and a severe headache for several days before she was confined to her room. But we did not for an instant connect sickness with her. Her constitution was robust, and her health had always been good; nor did Meta express to us any fears, or tell us of those acute pains which she at that time must have been suffering. Her self-

control and strength of will were so great that she could keep secret her trials. For several mornings she had come down stairs without having closed her eyes during the night. On the evening of the fourth of July she retired for the last time. During the night her mind was wandering. She talked incessantly. The experiences of her childhood and girlhood days were rehearsed, and she was with her oldest friends. She seemed to have them before her, to be asserting anew her friendship and to be calling up special incidents in her life with Tarlie and Clara and Katie.

Meta chose her friends with caution; but she was faithful, and, so far as we know, never lost one. One of those just mentioned, her first friend in New York, testifies to this in a letter: "I have lost my earliest and a most faithful friend. It seems strange that after our long friendship I am not with you in this affliction. . . . The memory of our friendship will be one of the brightest spots in my life." Tarlie, her earliest friend, and in the last few years as dear to Meta as in the first "on the hill," writes, after the sad event: "This afternoon I have spent in reading her letters to me, some of which overflow with girlish fun, others are sad, full of misgivings; one written at Andover (1863), in a child's handwriting; another dated three weeks ago."

On the last afternoon Meta was particularly amiable and affectionate. The expressions of restlessness to a large extent were over, and the most affecting exhibitions of love beamed through her face and told their story in her words. That evening brought all the glories of a summer's setting sun, and her condition, more easy and quiet than for many days, awakened in us the strong hope that the long-awaited sleep would come in the night with its invigorating influences. A pathetic interest on our part accompanied the

action of her hand as she slowly ran it back and forwards over her father's forehead with a most tender expression of the eyes, and that sigh, as of helplessness and ignorance of the future while recalling the past, which can be felt but not conveyed in words to others. "Where is Anselm?" fell often in loving tones from her lips, as she expressed the desire for her brother to be near her. And as, in a way deeply affecting to us all, she again and again turned her head on the pillow, whispering, "Ma, dear! Ma, dear!"—nothing more, except the occasional repetition of the question, "And why must I, a poor girl, lie here, Ma?"—and then turned it back again, seeming to be engrossed with some far-off scene, we thought her more lovable, if possible, than ever. "And why doesn't little Mary come?" she several times repeated, until it became impossible to longer refuse her request, and we brought the "little" sister up to the room to spend the last evening with Meta. "Slidey boy! Slidey boy!" In these words, uttered in a touchingly gentle voice, she seemed to focalize the emotions of a cherished relation. No connected conversations—it was only these utterances which filled up the last hours of the afternoon and those of the twilight. When, in the moments of our listening to the voices of the past, the whisperings come from your sweet life, a sad and melancholy interest will attach to these last words and acts of the last afternoon.

Did Meta expect to be taken away? No, we think not. Only once did her words or actions seem to indicate a presentiment of this kind. In the earlier stage of the disease she spent two hours of the midnight, in which the signs of the most painful agony were such as we hope never to be called upon to witness again. Without recognizing us, without uttering a word, she answered our tears and anxious faces—we

were helpless to relieve her distress—by the significant action of opening and closing her eyes and of running her fingers across them as if to wipe them, in indication of her desire for us not to mourn for her gone ; and at the end of these hours, after a long, searching examination of the faces, she recognized in turn her younger brother, mother, father, and the physician, saying to her brother as she embraced him, “Schley, I thought I was going to die, but now I think I am going to live.” But this presentiment was but the confused notion of a brain which seemed to be trying to gather up the fragments of its knowledge and to be occupied in restless search after some firm basis of thought and utterance. Piti-able sight !

That Meta’s confidence in God was evinced in a very impressive manner even on this night. In the midst of what seemed to be the most excruciating pain she frequently clasped her hands in the position of prayer, and each time the action was accompanied by a perfect though momentary composure of her frame and face. Again, on the last Wednesday afternoon, when the repetition of the thunder-storm of the previous day was threatening to produce a repetition of the swoon which had lasted for a full hour—the intense heat and the electricity in the air, perhaps, conduced to this result as well as the loud reverberation of the thunder—she expressed to her brother, who was endeavoring to avert this issue by a conversation upon the goodness and power of God, hearty assent to all the texts quoted.

Such bright plans and so many for the future ! Your thoughtfulness and love outran your life and had a goal on earth beyond the goal of your stay with us here. Your summer’s joys ; your visits to your friends and to your brother in the fall ; your presents, already begun or finished, for Christ-

mas and Mary's birthday and Mazie, and plans reaching far into the winter! The object of so much love, the centre of so many hopes to those who were nearest to you, and to those few, the most intimate of your girl-friends! The cherished one for whose quiet happiness we had resolved upon some of the many little attentions which parental love and brotherly affection can suggest!

“Sweetly *did* she speak and move.”

Shall these words express the whole for us? No, Meta. You are still with us in your modest, unpretending, but deep life, and the thought of you shall blossom in our lives, to make us purer and to make us more gentle towards every true woman. But still,

“. . . Of all sad words of tongue or pen  
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.' ”

The sentiment in this couplet of that reverential poet whom you had learned to enjoy will continue to awaken regrets, until from the distance of time we can look back and repeat, with the fullest belief, the words so fertile in comfort: “And the dead shall be raised incorruptible.”

Her brother has preserved more than twenty of her letters to him. Many of them were like good news from a far country at the time. Letters which are so strictly private in their nature and so personal, it is not proper to publish, and Meta would deprecate such a disposition of them. But we will not be unmindful of her wishes in giving the following two extracts which afford illustration of her wisdom in advice.

“Of course you have a purpose in life, and will have energy to follow that out until the end. A purpose means to most, success in the direction of the aim in a more or less pronounced degree. *An aimless life is an unhappy one.*”

I can feel that a little myself. We all follow you with our prayers and love, and trust you will overcome the briers. It cannot be all flowers, even to the one who has the most favorable position; the vexations will come and *must* be borne, and our strength is proved by the way in which we surmount all obstacles. . . . Be sure that to do what is before you to the best of your ability is all that is expected."

On another occasion she writes: "Your letter received this evening suggests a few things, and fearing that I will be without leisure for a few days, I will write, at least, a line to-night. My own troubles of the past, and I have striven to stifle the memory of them (a harder task than I expected), have taught me a few lessons that perhaps might, if suggested, make you feel a little more hopeful. One was this: I found myself trying to look into the dim future and fathom its mysteries with regard to my lot in life, and learned how fruitless, how senseless a thing it was. It made me perfectly miserable, and finally the words 'take no thought,' at least *anxious thought*, 'for the morrow' brought a calm that had for a time been unknown. Another: Listening to what this one says and what that one says, often puts one in a very unsettled and desponding state of mind. While I think it is a good thing to ask advice from those having experience, still to have many counsellors is very bad, and often the dictates of one's own heart, if followed without reference to any outside influence, would lead to light. The sense of loneliness, too, is hard; but a certain amount of self-reliance we must have, for people are selfish. I can fully sympathize with you, but feel that you are trying to look too far ahead. Do your best, my dear brother, with what you have, and the rest will come."



## A POEM BY META HEUSSER.

Meta was named after Mrs. Dr. Meta Heusser, the Swiss poetess, who for nearly forty years was the most intimate friend and constant correspondent of her father. She died on the 2d of January, 1876, in the 79th year of her age. She never saw her name-child, but loved her as a granddaughter, and embodied her wishes and prayers, when Meta was yet a little girl, in the following beautiful poem, which we give in the faithful translation of Miss Jane Borthwick, of Edinburgh.\*

*To A Name-Child Beyond The Seas.*

CHILD, dear child, though to divide us  
 Seas and continents combine,  
 Yet by bands of faithful friendship  
 And thy name, I call thee mine!

Mighty barriers of nature  
 Hopeless rise between us here;  
 Never may our living voices  
 Hold communion close and dear.

These few lines, affection's greeting,  
 Ne'er, perchance, may meet thine eyes;  
 Yet the shadow proves the substance—  
 Love shall live when nature dies.

Long before our land and ocean  
 Rose from chaos into day,  
 Long ere man had sinned and sorrowed,  
 Love Eternal held its sway.

Then the Book of Life was open,  
 And within its pages fair  
 Many a name had Love recorded—  
 Thine and mine, I trust, are there!

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\* *Alpine Lyrics: A Selection from the Poems of Meta Heusser-Schweizer.*  
 Translated by H. L. L. London, Edinburgh, and New York: 1875.

And that Love Divine, Eternal,  
 Still shall reign unchanging on  
 When our time and space have vanished  
 With the old earth past and gone.

In his name of Love, who, dying,  
 God and man hath reconciled ;  
 In his name, the True and Faithful,  
 I would bless thee, precious child.

In thy soul, a watered garden,  
 From thy childhood's early days,  
 May the plants of Eden flourish,  
 To the heavenly Gardener's praise.

Every holy, varied blessing,  
 By thy godly father known,  
 May the daughter now inherit,  
 Claim and manifest her own !

Thou, a pilgrim here and stranger,  
 Like thy fathers all below,  
 To the Everlasting City  
 Through the vale of tears must go.

But may He who little children  
 Loved and folded to his breast,  
 Guard from ill thine infant weakness,  
 Give thy youthful spirit rest.

On Him all thy hopes be centered,  
 In His strength thy life-work done ;  
 East and West He hath united,  
 Heaven and earth in Him are one.\*

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\* All' dein Leben sei gebunden  
 An den Namen Jesus Christ,  
 In dem Ost und West verbunden,  
 Erd und Himmel Eines ist.

## LETTERS OF SYMPATHY.

We select some of the very many letters of tender sympathy which the family received, from near and far, after the death of Meta. They are with a single exception from those who knew Meta personally as teachers, or relatives, or friends and companions of her girlhood and youth. They bring to light the admirable traits of her character, or some interesting reminiscences and incidents in her pure, harmless, and useful life. Some are too private and delicate to be inserted except in brief extracts. The revelation of kindness and fellowship in suffering is one of the chief blessings of affliction. The family feel deeply thankful to the many friends who have comforted them in person or by letter in their bereavement. May the good Lord reward them with the riches of his grace.

NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 21st came last evening. I am only too glad to bear testimony to the loveliness and beauty of character of your dear daughter Meta.

I well remember the first day she entered the old Senior Department of Twelfth Street School, of which I had charge. Her sweet, *classic* face, the pure, artless life that beamed from it, at once took possession of my confidence and my affection, which only increased as I knew her more.

The remembrance of some characters makes us better—they are associated in memory only as pure and true; but few pass months and years of school life, leaving none but the pleasantest memories. Meta was such an one. I watched her through her years of school life in Twelfth Street, and later, in College. Always gentle, considerate, attentive to every duty, she moved quietly along, shedding sunshine and pleasure wherever she was. I never saw a cloud on her face. She was one of those characters whom all love, and upon whom no doubtful compliment was ever paid. Yet with all her loving, *gentle* ways, she had firmness and strength of character—an innate appreciation of what was just and true—a fearless adherence to principle. Without flattery or art, by the truth and nobleness of her nature she won the confidence of all.

Endowed with higher gifts, both of mind and person, than are vouchsafed to most, the beauty of her character was never obscured by their possession; and though no longer here to bring sunshine and give

pleasure, we know she is walking in green pastures with the *ransomed who have gone before*.

What I have said is but a feeble tribute, but it is *sincere*. I loved Meta very dearly; and though I seldom saw her after her graduation at the College, I ever retained for her the greatest regard and affection.

LYDIA F. WADLEIGH.

NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:— . . . All the professors and instructors of the Normal College, as well as myself, very well remember your departed daughter as one of the best pupils we have ever had. All her teachers speak of her with the highest commendations, and they all sympathize deeply with your inexpressible loss.

She has been under my particular instruction in the last year of her College course, and I have been indeed most favorably impressed with her. She had more than ordinary talents, and yet she never lacked—as is only too often the case with talented young ladies—in perseverance, for her ambition was to excel in her studies. But in that ambition there was no wish of worldly honors and brilliancy, there was not the least pride or overbearance. On the contrary, there was never a more modest young lady than your dear daughter. I have never seen her otherwise but with a smiling face; that is, she desired to be pleasant to all her classmates, to be friendly and respectful to her teachers, and I am perfectly sure she wanted to please her dear parents above everybody. I well remember that she often spoke to me of the hard working of her dear papa, and wished she could assist him.

Since she graduated from the College I have seen her several times, and as to all her teachers and her friends, it has always given me the greatest pleasure to meet her and to find her happy and contented. . .

CHARLES A. SCHLEGEL.

NORMAL COLLEGE.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—You have my deepest sympathy in your great affliction, and I recall with mournful pride the many splendid qualities of your daughter.

Miss Meta Sophia Schaff was not only one of the best students of her class, but one of the brightest ornaments of our College. The soul of

gentleness, sweetness, and modesty, hers was a disposition which charmed student, teacher, professor alike, especially those who from professional duties had better opportunity of appreciating her character. United to these qualities, she had intellectual powers of the highest order, and what impressed itself very forcibly on me, a literary taste as excellent as it is rare. Crowning these gifts, and directing them to their best ends, there was a discretion, a certain soberness of thought, which made her, though a girl in years, a woman in judgment. There is one less amongst us, whose loss we can ill afford: one more in the bright realms beyond, to wean us from earth.

Accept, reverend and dear sir, the assurance of heartfelt sympathy, with which I remain. . . .

ARTHUR HENRY DUNDON.

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DURFEE FARM, FALL RIVER, MASS., August 22, 1876.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—We are very glad you are coming to spend some days with us in our country home. Meta was here two years ago; and we hope it may be a comfort to you to occupy the room she then occupied, sit where she sat, walk where she walked, and look out over the same landscape. What a dear, good girl she was! as perfect a daughter as ever a father had. If she had any faults, I never saw them. And where is she now? “*If there be a place for the spirits of the pious,*” says Tacitus, in his *Life of Agricola*. We know there *is* a place; but how little we know about it. I am oppressed more and more by this tremendous mystery of death. The dead may have gone away so far from us, or may still be so near. If we might have only one glimpse, or hear only one syllable!

Our hearts ache with yours every time we think of you in your terrible bereavement. The shadow will not always be so dark as it now is, but it will never quite leave your path, and its office will be to make death easier to you. That sweet face is already sweeter in the light of Christ's presence, and will grow sweeter and sweeter till you see it beaming on you through the mist of the dying hour. You will then understand why she went on before you.

We offer you no diversion. You shall see just as little company as you please. Only come, and let us share in your memories and griefs. . . .

ROSSELL D. HITCHCOCK.

DORSET, VT.

MY DEAR SCHAFF :—Schley's letter announcing the death of your precious daughter came upon me like a thunder-clap. I could hardly believe it, for the last time I saw her, which seemed but the day before, she was such a picture of perfect life and health! God comfort you, my dear brother, and your beloved wife and all your household! I cannot tell you how we all, Mrs. Prentiss, my daughter, and I, grieve for you. It is a most terrible bereavement, and if the hand of our gracious Lord himself were not in it, I do not see how you could bear it. But "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." It is certainly a great benediction, a benediction that will never pass away, to have possessed such a child and had her with you so long. And as to the future, what a glorious hope beckons you on to the eternal reunion! Ah, how the Gospel, as the power of God and the wisdom of God, manifests its infinite strength and beauty in the midst of such an affliction!

I always took the greatest liking for Meta, and regarded her with heartfelt affection. She was a most lovely being, a pattern of filial and sisterly excellence, and it saddens me to think how you will all miss her. But Christ is a mighty Consoler, and can make up your loss many times over by fresh revelations of himself. May it please Him to do it. . . .

GEO. L. PRENTISS.

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 MONTROSE, WESTCHESTER Co., N. Y.

MY DEAR FRIEND :—I saw last evening the notice of the death of your daughter Meta, and was never more shocked and saddened. But a short time ago I saw her at your house, blooming in health and happiness. As I had not heard of her being sick, the event was all the more sudden. That my wife and I feel very deeply for Mrs. Schaff and yourself and children in this great affliction, you need no assurance. You have our deepest sympathy and our earnest prayers that the God of all grace and consolation will comfort you under this severe trial from His own inscrutable but paternal hand.

I regret exceedingly that I shall not be able to attend the funeral on Sunday afternoon, as I am under an engagement to supply a pulpit which I cannot now supply by proxy. . . .

W. G. T. SHEDD.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR DR. SCHAFF:—Your son has just told me the sad, sad news. God be with you and yours in this trying hour. It is your comfort to know that she sleeps in Jesus, and is not bearing the sorrow which you bear. None can intermeddle with your grief. It is your sacred possession. But your brethren can tell you of their sympathy, and this will not be unwelcome.

I return to New York to-morrow, and will be with you on Sunday (D. V.).

Commending you and Mrs. Schaff to the upholding hand of our covenant God I am . . . .

HOWARD CROSBY.

NEW YORK.

MY DEAR DR. AND MRS. SCHAFF:—I cannot tell you how much I sympathize with you in your affliction. God's ways are truly mysterious, and we cannot fathom them. He lent her to you for over twenty years—you had that. Now she is *at rest*.

To-morrow a few flowers expressing that idea at rest will come.

God be with you. *He only* can pour balm in your hearts.

ELIE CHARLIER.

NEW YORK, September, 1876.

DEAR DR. SCHAFF:—I cannot tell you what a shock it gave us, as we were crossing the continent, on our return from our journey round the world, to read in a New York paper the announcement of the death of your daughter. We had left her the year before in blooming health. You went to Europe with us, and the day that we sailed, May 15th [1875], she came on board to bid you good-by, and we saw her for the last time. Well do we remember how often, when we were travelling together in Ireland, Scotland, England and France, your heart turned to her, and your only regret was that you had not brought her with you.

Never did a daughter more fully justify the fondness of her father and mother, whose care she repaid by the tenderest devotion. As she grew up to womanhood, she unfolded like a beautiful flower, showing every year some new grace. She had a mind of unusual quickness, which had been highly cultivated; yet this did not impair in the least

her natural modesty, which gave a peculiar charm to her accomplishments.

My interest in her was strengthened by the fact that she was a great favorite with Mrs. Field, who had always a warm feeling for young persons, and drew them to her by the attraction of her own large and generous nature. But in your daughter she found an unusual loveliness—Her manners were very sweet and gentle. Her nature seemed to be purity itself. Her eyes had a peculiar softness, through which the very soul seemed to shine, like light through alabaster. When she came to see Mrs. Field in her last illness, her presence was like flowers in the sick room, or a low and soft strain of music. Little did we imagine then that they should so soon meet beyond the river!

What a loss to you, my dear brother, that such a one, the joy of your household, should be taken away! The light of your home is gone out. To such grief nothing can be said but this, "Thy daughter shall rise again." There is absolutely no consolation but in one who has passed through the gates of death, and who in the realm of immortal life has gathered up the loved ones who have gone before, and who there watch and wait for our coming. . . .

HENRY M. FIELD.

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MY DEAR, DEAR MRS. SCHAFF:—What a terrible grief has come to you! I felt almost paralyzed as I read the startling intelligence brought by my husband yesterday afternoon. My whole heart went out in sympathy and grief for you and her father, under this crushing blow!

Your lovely, beautiful daughter! Can it—*can* it be? Never before, I think, has my admiration for one so young been so awakened. She seemed to me well-nigh the *perfection* of human loveliness. And I had already begun to look forward to her *future*—to the unfoldings of her *life-history*, with no small degree of affectionate interest.

But *better things* than our poor love would have bestowed have been vouchsafed by the "*Love Divine*, all love excelling." And now, lo, already has her young life suddenly expanded to the "*perfect day!*" Already *complete* and beautiful beyond all our most brilliant and loving human conception! Already crowned with grace and *glory*—"faultless before the throne of God!" What *more* can you ask for her—your precious child—than this? . . .

ANNA B. WHITE.



KEATSKOTOS, NEB.

MY VERY DEAR ANSELM:—I am overwhelmed with sorrow at the sad news your letter brought. There was no one of whom I should less have expected to hear that she was gone than Meta. And certainly there are few, and those only of my near kindred, whom it would be so great a distress to me to lose, as one of you. For years a large part of the brightness has for me gathered itself in the friendship with which I have been honored by your family. Last night something in particular drew my thoughts to Meta, and I dwelt with much pleasure upon the charm and promise of her opening womanhood—that union of a rich heart and an admirable understanding with beauty and accomplishments, which augured so happily for the coming years. I little thought I should hear such news in the morning.

It does seem hard that a family so made to be loved should have been so rapidly diminished. But I doubt not that the angels have the same feelings. Doubtless some peculiar element of blessedness is introduced into the heavenly societies by each distinct stage of life which is represented there. But bitter is the waiting for the fruition when such a light as Meta is taken away. I find myself more and more disposed to open "Christ in Song," and read:

"Abide with me! fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!"

When Johnnie was taken, it seemed as if your father's and mother's cup of affliction must surely be full, and when Schley was ill, it seemed too much to bear. When he was so wonderfully raised up, I somehow dismissed all further apprehension. But I find I cannot rest on any mortal life. May the Lord and Giver of Life give us consolation deeper than earth, even though these sorrows hurry those that are nearest to the departed the sooner from the earth. . . .

CHARLES C. STARBUCK.

CLINTON, N. Y.

DEAR SIR:—No one could know Miss Schaff, even a little, without admiring her, or learn that the acquaintance is so suddenly and sadly ended without a feeling of personal loss. You must be constantly receiving testi-

mony to this. There will be sorrow among the many students of the Seminary, present and recent, who remember with gratitude her kindness to them, socially. I can speak, too, for at least one company, whose fortnightly meetings were always made more bright and attractive by her presence. There is certainly no member of our Shakespeare Club who is not deeply pained that she is gone. And these are only a few in that large circle of friends who will miss her. . . .

FRANCIS BROWN.

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NEWARK, N. J.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED FRIENDS:—Most startled and saddened was I at seeing in the *Tribune* this morning the notice of your sore bereavement. Is it possible that the bright, healthy young lady I so pleasantly chatted with on the sofa two weeks ago, sleeps in death, and your cheerful home is once more shaded with deep sorrow? I can hardly realize it. . . .

The Lord knows what it all means—and in the midst of just such tribulations reveals more richly the wonders of his grace.

These slippings through the veil of our dear ones make that better land seem very near, and the partitions which separate us from it very thin. It will not be long before we shall be there ourselves to see our Saviour, and mingle with the host he is ever gathering about him to keep in safety until the last day. And these going before will make our following easier when the time comes. May God tenderly wipe the tears from your faces by the sweet comforts of his love. . . .

D. W. POOR.

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MT. MANSFIELD HOUSE, STOWE, VT.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:—A friend handed me a New York paper this afternoon, and I read the notice that filled my heart and Mrs. Prime's and Lily's with sudden sorrow and the tenderest sympathy. For some time we were stunned and could not make it real that she whom we had so much admired and loved was gone from you and us. We had so contrasted her healthfulness with the frail tenure of our Lily, that we would have been less surprised had our flower been cut down and yours spared. And we enter at once into your grief: we sit down with you in your darkened house and mingle our tears with you in silence, for there are no words that fit the feelings of the heart in

such an hour as this. I remember too that I was away in the summer time at the sea-side when I saw the notice of your great affliction when the dear boy was suddenly called away, and how long, too, you watched by the son who seemed to be at the gate of death. God gave him back to you, and you have rejoiced in his progress since.

I love to believe that what we know not now we shall know hereafter; that these afflictions will not merely work out glory, but they will have a beauty of their own when we see them in the light of a better life, where death is swallowed up in the victory of immortality.

I can only pray for you. My heart is with you every moment. I keep thinking of the last evening that Chi Alpha was at your house: how sweet, how radiant, how lovely she was; but oh, how much more beautiful now in the image of the heavenly and in the white raiment of the redeemed! . . .

S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

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CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y.

MY BELOVED AND HONORED BROTHER:—Though I am still forbidden to write, I cannot refrain from sending one line of brotherly sympathy to you and dear Mrs. Schaff, in view of your recent and sorrowful bereavement. And I put into this line a great heartful of love and sorrow for you both. Dear Meta, so young, so promising, so charming—I cannot realize that she is gone. Dear and noble brother! God must love you very much, He chastens you so sorely! How rich he is making heaven for you, so many of your treasures being transferred thither. May His adequate consolations fill your lonely home and desolate heart with sweet and blessed peace. . . .

E. P. ROGERS.

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SQUAN, N. J.

MY DEAR SIR:—Our hearts are pained by the tidings of your new sorrow. What a cloud of darkness has fallen on your life, by the sudden extinction of that young, bright, happy life, that gleamed on yours like celestial sunshine! Your daughter won our love—we just saw enough of her to appreciate what her loss is to you. We had hoped to know her better. And shall we not—in “another country, even a heavenly?” We cannot interpret Providence. We walk by faith, not by sight

Those who are in covenant with God have the only true source of composure and endurance in the fight of afflictions. . . .

W. H. HORNBLLOWER.

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CORNWALL, CT.

MY DEAR DR. SCHAFF:—I was startled by seeing in the *Tribune* of Saturday, a notice of your daughter's death. It is so short a time since I was at your house, and saw her in health and the enjoyment of life, that it seemed impossible it could be true. I do not know whether you have been called to mourn over children taken away, as I have repeatedly, but I need not direct your thoughts to the blessed, sympathizing Saviour, and the Father in Heaven, who makes all things work for good to them who love him. Will you give my regards to Mrs. Schaff, whose heart must now be crushed by this weight of sorrow coming on her so heavily. She will find in her experience, I doubt not, what so many have found, that it is good for us to meet affliction, and that Christ will seem more precious now that her companion and joy has been taken to be where he is. . . .

T. W. WOOLSEY.

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YALE COLLEGE.

Alas! my dear brother, that I should read such a sad notice as I did in the paper of yesterday, of the departure of one so lovely and so much beloved; but she sleeps in Jesus, and lives with God—and the removal of one after another from our households of earth, makes the house not made with hands nearer and more attractive. . . .

N. PORTER.

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BROOKLYN.

BELoved BROTHER:— . . . . There are some griefs that strike us dumb. They *stun* by their fearful volume of bereavement, and such must be this sorrow to you. To give up *such* a daughter, would be the sorest, severest test that a God of love can subject you to. It is *Abraham's* trial over again. . . .

THEO. L. CUYLER.

LANCASTER, PA.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER :—I have just learned the sad intelligence that your daughter Meta is no more. Our own affliction in the death of our daughter Lizzie enables me to share with you and your family in your deep sorrow. With us it seemed that the Lord laid his hand on the brightest of the household, according to the word, "Death loves a shining mark," and I cannot but feel that your experience is the same in the death of Miss Meta. Her lovely character endeared her to all who knew her. She seemed to be of the number of those who ripen most rapidly for the heavenly home. Were it not for our firm faith in the future life, such an affliction would be unendurable. To think of the budding promise of such a life gone out in darkness, would turn the world into cheerless gloom.

But blessed be God for the assurance that such a lovely life, ended here on earth, continues and blooms in the serene peace and bliss of the heavenly paradise. On the other side, angels meet and welcome them into their new estate of unfading glory. . . .

THOMAS APPLE.

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 PHILADELPHIA.

. . . Never did my family receive news more unexpected, more distressing than the sad information conveyed by your favor of yesterday. We could hardly believe our own eyes when we read of Miss Meta's departure, and of the terrible loss you and Mrs. Schaff and your children experienced. Miss Meta still stands before us in the full vigor of youth and in the enjoyment of her bright intellectual faculties, and of the noble qualities and the purest happiness of the heart. We cannot realize it that she, whose presence among us a few days ago added so much to the pleasures of that evening, should be so suddenly taken away. . . .

W. J. MANN.

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 PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR DOCTOR :—It is with unspeakable surprise, pain, and regret that I this morning heard of your recent dreadful bereavement.

I could scarcely credit the sad intelligence. My late trip with your angel daughter "Meta" was so delightful that in the short interview

she quite won my heart with her charming modesty, intelligence, and artlessness.

It really seems impossible that her sweet life is already extinguished. But fearful as the blow must be to you and your good wife, you at least have the assurance that she is amongst the brightest of the angels now. . . . Be assured, my dear friend, of our profoundest, warmest, and heartfelt sympathies. . . .

JOHN ROMMEL.

PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR AFFLICTED BROTHER :—I was shocked and deeply pained by reading a few moments since in our bank your letter to Dr. Mann, announcing the death of your beloved daughter Meta, whom it was our privilege to see so recently at our house.

Nothing but Divine grace can support a parent's heart under such a terrible blow, and that grace I feel assured will be given to you in large measure, in answer to the earnest prayers of so many sympathizing friends.

May the blessed Jesus, who wept at the grave of Lazarus, support and comfort you, your dear wife, and all your afflicted family in this overwhelming sorrow, and may you all be enabled to look beyond the grave to that bright world of spirits above, whither your beloved one has gone to be "*forever with the Lord.*" My wife, daughter, and son are at Lake Mohonk, and they will be shocked and grieved with me when they hear of the sorrow that has fallen on your happy household.

GEO. H. STUART.

PHILADELPHIA.

MY DEAR DR. SCHAFF :—When four weeks ago to-day we were together at the Exposition, little, I am sure, did we think that the *brightest flower* in that company would wither and die so soon. I do trust that you have a sweet hope that she has gone to "be with Jesus," and that she is now in a better and purer world, and that while nature is crushed by the blow, grace enables you to accept it with resignation at a Father's hand.

The first time I saw her I was particularly struck by her mild, gentle, bright face, and Mrs. Grant and my cousin were perfectly charmed with

her simple and loving manner the day we spent at the Centennial together. They desire me to unite their sympathy with mine to you and Mrs. Schaff. We feel more than we can express, and can only commend you and yours to Him who alone is able to comfort and console you. . . .

JAMES GRANT.

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SOUTH DURHAM, GREENE Co., N. Y.

MY DEAR DOCTOR AND MRS. SCHAFF:—Mrs. Short and I and my family were exceedingly pained yesterday on seeing the announcement that your excellent and lovely daughter had been taken away from you.

The only intimation that we had received of your affliction in any way was by Dr. Thayer's letter after the meeting of the Revision Committee, in which he said that your son had served the N. T. Company as fair as he could in the illness of his sister; Dr. Thayer not stating which sister it was, nor what was the illness. . . . I saw and spoke with your daughter only two or three times, but her gentleness and loveliness made on me, as well as on my family, a delightful impression. I trust that you, her parents, had not only the happiness which these qualities in a child cannot but bring, but also the well-founded hope that she was a child of God, and that while you mourn her untimely departure, as you must, deeply and long, she has passed safe into His blessed presence for evermore. . . .

CHARLES SHORT.

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LOWESLOFT.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:—Your painful communication reached me this morning at this watering-place, where I am staying with my family. How distressed I am at the sad tidings! I now desire to add my condolences to those of your many affectionate friends.

I well remember your dear girl, and after your recent letter, in which you spoke of her coming to Europe, rejoiced in the hope of seeing her in our house and introducing her to my family. But now all that is at an end! I can enter your feelings after having passed, as you know, through a similar trial myself. It is hard for flesh and blood to bear. "But, thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," may you be abundantly supported and consoled,

my dear brother, by the all-sufficient grace of our Heavenly Father. I can testify from experience what He is able to do for us in these seasons of affliction, and my prayer is that you may be helped as I have been. . . .

JOHN SROUGHTON.

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LONDON.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Dr. Stoughton has communicated to me the sad tidings of your great sorrow, and I hasten to offer your afflicted heart the only solace, alas! that we can yield to one another—the sympathy of friendship and the prayers of brotherhood. I really felt stunned by the intelligence, for she seemed so full of health and life that I could hardly realize at first that the flower could have so quickly withered. I think of her as I saw her during the Alliance Conference in your house, and at the great gathering at Mr. Dodge's, radiant with life and beauty. And I have often since said to friends that hers was the loveliest face I saw in America, and I judged that she was as sweet and amiable in disposition as she was engaging in person. But if a passing stranger could feel so drawn towards her, what must her father and mother's fond admiration and joy have been! . . .

J. S. RUSSELL.

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AUGUST 22ND, F. C. MANSE, COCKENZIE (SCOTLAND).

MY DEAR DR. SCHAFF:—I cannot tell you how much we sympathize with you and your poor wife in this most terrible trial, and yet we who have not yet passed through it can have very little idea of all the loss of a dear child implies. It must be very difficult not to feel as if it would have been kinder had our Lord never given a gift which was to be so soon recalled; but the time will come when it will be a sweet thought that she has gone before, and is waiting for you. My dear parents knew this sorrow well, and as they drew near the end of the pilgrimage the thought of their six children in heaven was very joyful to them.

I have often felt as if there was something awfully natural in poor Edgar Poe's wild cry:

“A dirge for her, the doubly dead,  
In that she died so young.”



Only it is such a foolish cry for us who know that the lives of God's children can never be unfulfilled lives, as in death they only exchange small hopes for great realities, and little joys for full and satisfying ones.

I lately had the loan of a volume of Faber's Hymns, some of which are exquisite. One of the finest is a mother's lament for her first-born, and describes well how she longed to submit to God's will, yet wished it had not called for *this* sacrifice; how she did rejoice in the perfected bliss of her child, yet wearied for his sweet presence again, and then, as if apologizing for these wayward words, she adds: "O Father! thou knowest the *foolish confusions* of innocent sorrow." I thought the expression "foolish confusions" was just a perfect description of the sort of tide of troubled thought that fills our souls when called to make some great surrender to the Lord. I do not see any good in pretending to be stoics and not letting our tears flow freely. It will be better for Mrs. Schaff if you just let her weep, and stay at home or leave it, just as she would like to do. I will never forget our poor mother's grief when our youngest sister died. It was vain even for Papa to try to comfort her, and yet she was naturally of a remarkably composed nature. . . .

SARAH FINDLATER.

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ALLEGHENY, PA.

We are all greatly grieved to hear of the death of your beautiful and lovely daughter. We remember her visit at Dr. Hornblower's three years ago with great pleasure.

A. A. HODGE.

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NARRAGANSETT PIER.

I had seen your daughter often enough to know what a joy is quenched in her removal from your home, and what measure of divine grace you and yours need.

CHAS. A. AIKEN.

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NEW YORK.

I sent you a few days ago a copy of the *Evening Post*, in which I had inserted a short and in every respect inadequate tribute to the memory of your daughter, whom I had the pleasure of knowing so well, and whose beautiful face and character I shall never forget. Your loss is

simply irreparable. I cannot conceive of any solace for so overwhelming an affliction. . . .

G. W. S.

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LANCASTER, PA.

It must be hard to lose a daughter such as Meta, in the bloom of youth, so pure, so amiable, so accomplished. . . . We will always think of her as a sincere and humble follower of Christ, who, although in the world, was not of the world. That was the impression which she made on our minds during her visits here . . . .

THEODORE APPEL.

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ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

Miss Meta's character was a beautiful one, and I shall never forget the pleasant experiences of the Fourteenth Street Sunday-school, where we studied the Bible as a class.

F. A. B.

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NEW YORK.

That dear, lovely daughter, whom all her friends loved and admired; what a loss to all who knew her!

NORMAN WHITE.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

My remembrance of your daughter at the Chi Alpha meetings and at your table was of the pleasantest kind, and I know, although I cannot appreciate it fully, what an unspeakable loss you have suffered.

IS. RILEY.

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MARTINSBURG, VA.

I have so frequently seen your daughter at your home that I can well understand how great a gap is thus made in your family circle.

M. B. RIDDLE.

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MERCERSBURG, PA.

I have no words to express our deep sorrow and sympathy. We loved her from her earliest childhood, and her last visit (1873) endeared her more and more to us. We found in her a very lovely character indeed, and she was in the hearts of us all, and we shall not soon forget her. . . .

M. S. M.

FREDERICK, MD.

To tell you how distressed we are is needless, for you know full well that we all—yes, every one—loved darling Meta, for how could one help it? . . .

JENNIE.

FREDERICK, MD.

I have found my pencil, but not any words to express my surprise, as well as my sympathy, in this your great bereavement. Believe me, we are crushed. Has not Meta been one of us so long? . . . A. R. S.

FREDERICK, MD.

We are overwhelmed with grief at the sad tidings in the telegram. I cannot realize that our darling Meta has left us; I loved her as if she had been my younger sister. . . . I watched for her letters and read them with so much pleasure. I was daily expecting one to tell me you had all gone to the mountains. . . .

M. C. G.

LIBERTY, MD.

My poor, dear Meta! as a niece I loved her dearly—so amiable, so sweet, so chaste, and so affectionate to her friends and associates alike. She loved to be loved. . . .

A. S.

INDIANAPOLIS.

I remember Meta only as a beautiful, golden-haired girl of some eight years of age, whilst I was in the army. I loved the child then, and down through all these years which I have since passed have carried in my memory her pretty face and charming manner.

J. S.

MEYERSTOWN, PA.

. . . Well do I remember how beautifully Meta promised when a child. I am sure I never saw a lovelier little girl than she at that time was. Her image is distinctly fixed upon my memory, and I do not think that it will soon be erased. So sweet a bud must have bloomed into a charming flower. Often have I wished to see her as a young lady. . . .

WM. REILY.

BALTIMORE.

I am so shocked at the contents of your letter this morning, that I can scarcely collect myself to reply. Am in Baltimore for a few days,

and at this moment have before me a long letter written to darling, sweet Meta—she so young, and beautiful, and one that I had learned to love so dearly.

NETTIE.

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NEW YORK.

She was my dear little Sunday-school girl. We all loved her so much. I have thought of my dear father to-day, and wondered if he and Johnny and Meta would be again singing together.

E. H. FANNING.

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ANNAPOLIS, MD.

She was a lady with the simplicity of a child, and one whose manners, sweet disposition, and high and noble character need only to have been seen to be admired, and to be admired was in her case to be treasured up in memory.

S. S.

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GUILFORD, CT.

In common with all who knew her, we admired those amiable and lovely traits in her character that marked the true woman, and had often in our own family circle spoken of her charming ways and winning sweetness.

LOUIS H. STEINER.

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That sweet face, how it comes back to me again, so expressive of mingled intelligence, sensibility and benevolent feeling.

GEORGE E. DAY.

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KATONAH, N. Y.

I have just read the obituary notice in the *Observer*, and many will be the hearts filled with sadness as they read, to respond to all that is said there of the beauty and grace of her character and life. . . . Many will share in your personal bereavement, for no one knew your sister even slightly but to admire and esteem her; and my own acquaintance with her was one of the brightest spots in my seminary life. . . . I prized her friendship exceedingly, and felt it a very great privilege that I could call her my friend.

J. H. E.

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BALTIMORE.

I knew Meta from a child, and last winter I learned to love her for her many virtues, especially the sweet, pure serenity which characterized her and made her very lovely to me.

E. F. G.

In a friendship of three years' duration I had learned to esteem and appreciate the many qualities of mind and heart that evinced Christian culture in the character of Miss Meta, and I shall ever remember the good and gentle influences with which she inspired me. J. F. A.

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I need not tell you of my love and admiration for your sister. She is the first young friend I have lost for whom I cared so much. . . . How could any one know Meta well and fail to esteem her character and love her? M. A. W.

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Meta was the gentlest and purest girl I ever knew. I bowed in humility before the earnest, simple truthfulness of her character. Such affectionate, firm friendship, such gentle, considerate sympathy, and yet a reserve and retirement about her highest thoughts that made one wonder at the depth of her feeling. S. M.

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The influence of your dear sister's life was so elevating, and purifying, and ennobling, . . . that her memory cannot but raise my thoughts and aspirations higher, and by the grace of God make me better. . . . Her life lent a charm to mine. . . . She was as pure, and refined, and honest, and queenly as a true woman guided by the grace of God could be. The queenly grace of her character has impressed me indelibly. W. F.

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I can truthfully say there was not one of my friends whom I really loved or to whom I was drawn so much as I was to Meta. She was lovely, kind, amiable, . . . and had a comforting word and smile for every one. . . . I always delighted to be with her. M. W.

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I loved her, as all did who knew her, and always thought she was one of the loveliest characters I had ever met. S. M.

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In more ways than one we can tell you she had made herself very dear to us, and in the new friendships we were forming we often thought of what it would be to us to know and love her more. We had already felt the strength which lay in repose under the sweetness and purity of her presence. WILLIAM J. TUCKER (Meta's pastor).



WILLIE,  
2½ years



PHILIP,  
7 years



JOHNNY,  
9 years 1 Mo

Eng<sup>d</sup> by Geo E. Peckne N.Y

## JOHNNIE.

JOHN EDWIN, seventh child of Philip and Mary E. Schaff, born at Mercersburg, July 21, 1861, died suddenly from the effects of a fall from a tree, New York, Aug. 20, 1870, at the age of nine years and one month.

Rash, intrepid, frank, ingenuous, intelligent, generous—such was Johnnie. At Sunday-school he sang with the loudest, in games he played with the most active, at home he loved with the tenderest, and was the boldest and most lively in conversation. Intensity marked his activity, of whatever kind it was—bodily, emotional, or intellectual. His brief life made an impression upon not a few of those who came in contact with it. Dr. Nathan Bishop, who was kind to John, and whom John regarded with respect and a certain familiarity, on hearing the news of his death, writes from the Profile House in the White Mountains :

MY DEAR DR. AND MRS. SCHAFF :

When I received the news last evening of your dear Johnnie's death, it filled my heart with deep sorrow. I know not why it was, but since the death of my own little son, no boy has so often made me think of my lost child as dear Johnnie, and perhaps this made me look upon him with a stronger affection than for any other little boy that I am acquainted with.

And another friend, the Rev. Henry D. Ward, says :

During the quiet winter in which we were fellow-lodgers together, Johnnie was a constant joy to me and a continual praise. He has ever been a promise of bright hope, until now he is snatched from our own to his heavenly Father's arms.

By his frank demeanor and generous disposition he endeared himself to his school-teachers, to his playmates, and to

older people alike. Philip was retiring and gentle, Johnnie was self-reliant and unreserved. This boldness did not in his case exclude the milder grace of the heart. He was very ardent in his affections. He loved his mother most dearly, and in a truly gallant manner acted as the protector of his younger sister, Mary. Of this last trait, an older person, Mrs. C. W., says in her letter of condolence: "I should much prize a likeness of my dear little companion and protector on the country roads, whom I hope to meet in the heavenly country." He regularly attended Sunday-school. He was in Mr. Lucius Hart's infant class, and loved him with all the love which his child-like spirit could inspire and Johnnie's own heart could conceive. He was easily led by affection, and acted a great deal upon the impulse of his emotional nature. He was an ingenuous boy. On one occasion, while his mother was reproving him for playing on the street, and remarking that it was as easy to be good as to do wrong, he said, "No, Ma, it isn't, for I have tried both, and I know it is much easier to do wrong."

While Johnnie was a most interesting and promising boy, he was exposed to the dangers which are incident to an ardent temperament. He was easily influenced, as we have said, through the medium of the affections, but his conversation justified high hopes of his mental attainments, perhaps distinction, in the future. His mind was an unusually active one. With a lively imagination and quick powers of observation, he pictured his thoughts with a dramatic fervor and vividness that was often quite striking. Objects and incidents were represented with a poetic coloring. "Ma, I saw a balloon, and it rose up, up, till it made a big hole in the sky and went right up into heaven." In reply he was prompt and full of fun—in a child often the precursor of wit,



approaching in his case sometimes almost to drollery and waggishness.

H. G. W., now a lawyer, then pursuing his studies at college, who was brought into close contact with Johnnie, writes to his mother: "No child ever interested me as much as John. His bold but lovely character was equally admirable and unusual in a child." Often the sudden originality of his ideas and the imagery in which they were clothed surprised us all. "Grimm's Fairy Tales" he read and reread, pointing out in conversation the ridiculous and pathetic incidents. Perhaps some may find an indication of his assured and independent manner in the circumstance that in all his books, in his own bold, large handwriting, he has left always the same signature, "JOHN E. SCHAFF." This self-reliant, confident tone was a very noticeable feature, and could not fail to impress favorably, for John was gentle and of very tender feelings. And when he talked of what he was going to do and to be in the world, it was not an exhibition of pride, but the expression of his fresh, vigorous, ardent, imaginative mind and heart.

Johnnie seemed to be a very healthy boy and was fond of play. He had never been confined to the house on account of sickness. He grew very fast the last year of his life, and was at the time of his death very tall for his age. In fact, he was overgrown. His face wore an intelligent look, and those who remember him—and it may be seen in his picture—well remember the dreamy, imaginative expression of those large, black eyes. His forehead was high and prominent. And the whole face was the mirror of the boy's character. It was bright, animated and transparent.

Such was Johnnie. To those who knew him best, can now repeat with deepest feeling the words of Tennyson:

“Far off thou art, but ever nigh,  
 We have thee still, and we rejoice ;  
 We prosper, circled with thy voice,  
 We shall not lose thee tho’ we die.”

To us he was the hearty, vivacious, tender, promising boy we have pictured.

Mrs. M. S. M. writes from Mercersburg, his birthplace, and where in the summer of '69 he became very much endeared to some :

**MY DEAR AFFLICTED FRIENDS :**

Meta's letter, received last night, with the sad news, brought a great shock as well as great sorrow to us all. We all, of this family, loved your darling boy. Oh, he was so bright, so beautiful and lovely ! Who could help loving him ? We have mingled our tears this day with yours for the loss of your precious one. Mr. M. feels it deeply. He did so love Johnnie. You know how he did enjoy his society, his sweet, interesting talk and little ways. How often he has talked of him since he was here last summer—and we all longed to see him again.

But he was not to return to his first mountain home.

The family spent several weeks of the summer in 1870 at the Temple Grove Hotel, Saratoga. Johnnie and Meta were both there. Meta was at a transitional period in life, and a new world was opening up in the parlor to the industrious school-girl. Johnnie was active, vivacious, and smart as always, winning the good-will of all by his generous heart and frank manners. Mr. Henderson, an acquaintance of that summer, writes of him in his letter of sympathy : “On the morning of your departure the dear child came to me and said, ‘I wish to play my last game of croquet with you !’ Little did I think it would be his last in so sad a sense. The telegram threw a gloom over the inmates of Temple Grove, and especially those who had been best acquainted with your

family." Mr. Henry Dowd, the proprietor of the hotel, with others from the same place, writes :

MY DEAR DR. SCHAFF :

Your telegram moved our whole household with warm and tender sympathy. The shock, so sudden, saddened every countenance. We all seemed to feel that one of our own number had been taken. In the evening we had a meeting in the parlor, and the theme was taken in view of this afflicting event. . . . My mind recalls many things about the blithe and joyous boy pleasant to review. But now these pleasant memories even heighten our sense of loss, so I must not review them.

The family returned to the city on or about the sixteenth of August. Saturday, the twentieth, was a warm, clear summer's day. He had been spending much of his time after his return with a box of tools. He had made, among other things, a stool which we still have. This morning he was very much troubled about his rude wagon, for he had broken one of its wheels and was unable to repair it. "Never mind, Johnnie, I will buy you another pair on Monday." Throwing his arms around his mother's neck he said, "Oh! you are such a good Ma." At lunch, which was delayed beyond the usual hour by his father's absence at the steamer on which Dr. Grandpierre, of Paris, was sailing for Europe, Johnnie was as talkative as ever. He enjoyed the melon, saying, "Oh! Ma, do give me another piece, it is *so* good." After the meal he went down stairs to the basement floor. His Ma went upstairs, and his Pa with Schley went into the front room to play at chess. Johnnie soon went out on the street.

It was perhaps a half-hour after lunch when the door-bell rang. It was pulled several times and so violently as to awaken the suspicion that something unusual had occurred. Without waiting for the servant to answer the summons, and leaving the game, his brother went quickly to the door. On

opening it he saw a lady, who without speaking pointed to the other side of the street. It was Johnnie lying on the hard cobble-stones flat upon his back. Lifting him up with one arm under his neck and one under his knees, he carried him hastily to the door, where by that time his father had come attracted by the noise. Taking him in his arms he bore the little boy upstairs. His Ma lifted his arm and at once knew the whole. We sent for Anselm, whom Johnnie loved dearly, and with whom he had been as playful in the early morning of that day as usual. Several physicians came and did what they could. The little fellow's chest heaved spasmodically and deeply. His eyelids remained half drawn, and life no more sparkled from his eyes—Johnnie was dead.

The breathing was the involuntary action of the organs. Death had come suddenly, and the life, so active, so exuberant, was extinct in an instant. He had climbed the tree opposite the house, and losing his hold had fallen to the place where a neighbor passing by saw him. This sudden shock must have been very violent, and death resulted from concussion of the brain. But, strange to tell, not a mark disfigured his face, nor did we discover a bruise on his head.

A more sudden termination of life seldom occurs. A more stunning event could hardly have happened to the household! Ours was a house of the deepest mourning. An affectionate, interesting, and promising son and brother had been called in a moment from our midst.

His aunt writes of him: "The rash, noble, well-made, active boy, with the intellect of a man. It is rare to find such intelligence in one so young. A year ago we were at Woodlawn, and saw the place where Philip lies; now when this reaches you, there lie together the bodies of your two lovely, loved sons, one seven, the other nine years old, *companions in sleep.*"

On Monday afternoon we held the last services. Drs. Muhlenberg and Prentiss and Adams conducted them, and on Tuesday we left one more at Woodlawn. John's face was as beautiful in death as in life. Meta's retained its beauty sweet, and denotive of character. John's no less retained that frank, open, intelligent expression which always characterized it. It looked so life-like, so natural, and yet so peaceful, that finely chiselled face.

An old negro woman, once a slave, living in a house near by with one only sister, came up to the room on her crutch. Johnnie had protected her against annoyance from the boys, and had occasionally carried fruits to her. Bending over him she shed her tears, saying "He is not dead; he is an angel in Heaven." "Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of the least of these little ones a cup of cold water, shall in no wise lose his reward."

"Peace, come away, the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song."

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This sketch we now close with one of many letters of condolence, and two poems, one of which is an imitation of a German poem, "Das Mägdlein schläft," that was made to give to the bereaved mother a "little pleasure."

HARTFORD, Aug. 25, 1870.

MY DEAR BROTHER :

I am greatly distressed by the overwhelming calamity which has fallen so suddenly on your household, and I know not what to say. Who but God can comfort you in such a huge affliction? The death of our children is a trial most hard to bear in any case, as we have learned by repeated experience. It cleaves the heart in sunder, makes the earth seem unstable under our feet, and shuts us up absolutely to God as the only rock. But your affliction transcends, im-

measurably, all ordinary cases. A thunderbolt from a cloudless sky has smitten your house and filled all your hearts with inexpressible anguish. I stand appalled at it, as an instance of God's dealings with those he so tenderly loves, and around whose dwelling his angels nightly and always are keeping their loving watch. And yet here is the only relief. God *has* done it, and he does love you with an inconceivable love. You are infinitely dear to him. His everlasting covenant embraces you all.

But why do I write these things? You know them all, and much more than I can say: and still your hearts bleed, and must continue to bleed for a good while to come. All the fibres of your hearts twined so closely around your beautiful boy, and these tender and strong fibres are rent and torn. God has done it, and therefore you submit without a single murmur or repining thought; but this cannot dry up your tears nor keep your hearts from bleeding. Jesus Christ called the dear child to himself. He is safe in his keeping; when a few more days are gone he will give him back to your embrace, beautiful with salvation, and now that it is done you are willing to have it so; and yet you mourn, and must mourn, for it is a great and unspeakable sorrow which is weighing down your hearts.

But I forbear. I feel as if I were intruding on the sacredness of a grief which I am utterly unqualified to understand. I know how very cold my words will seem to you.

“ Deep grief is better let alone,  
Voices to it are swords;  
A silent look will soothe it more  
Than the tenderness of words.”

But you and Mrs. Schaff will receive kindly this poor attempt to express the sympathy we feel for you. All the family are moved by your great sorrow. We remember the touching account you gave us of a former bereavement. Our tears have flowed for you, and we have found relief in commending you all most affectionately to God and the Lord Jesus Christ at our family worship.

Yours, with much affection,  
I. C. BODWELL.

## JOHNNIE SLEEPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STEPPING HEAVENWARD."

Your Johnnie sleeps; bid not his slumbers cease,  
Permit this sweet repose,  
Lying among the flowers, and full of peace,  
He says, to soothe your woes,  
The lines have fall'n to me among the blest,  
I lie enfolded in delightful rest,  
Your Johnnie sleeps.

Your Johnnie sleeps; all wearied out with play  
And satisfied with joy;  
Forgotten now is what beguiled the day,  
Forgotten Sunday-clothes, and book and toy,  
The treasures that he loved can charm no more,  
For his young feet have climbed to Eden's door;  
Your Johnnie sleeps.

Your Johnnie sleeps; his day of life was gay,  
And rich in joyous hours;  
A sparkling brook, that made its gladsome way  
Through fields of blooming flowers;  
Sorrow nor knew him, nor his presence sought,  
With him not death itself in conflict wrought  
Your Johnnie sleeps.

Your Johnnie sleeps; how blessed and how sure,  
On the Good Shepherd's arm!  
His childish heart from sinful stain made pure,  
Death could not do him harm.  
Compassed with holy nurture, holy care,  
His dying pillow was parental prayer,  
Your Johnnie sleeps.

Your Johnnie sleeps; and so he sleeps away  
Life's bitter threatening hours;  
Know'st thou, oh mother, what concealéd lay  
Amid its adverse powers?  
Now wintry storms for him will vainly beat,  
Vainly will summer scorch with fervid heat,  
Your Johnnie sleeps.

## JOHNNIE.

Your Johnnie sleeps ; but for a single night,  
 Whose gloomy shades must flee ;  
 And when the day dawns forth with rosy light,  
 That will a morning be !  
 The Man of sorrows, pitying your grief,  
 Will come as once of old, to your relief,  
 Your Johnnie sleeps.

Your Johnnie sleeps ; and now the parting kiss  
 Upon his white lips press ;  
 O mother-heart, through such an hour as this  
 Christ pity your distress ;  
 He walks upon life's billows, and He will  
 Allay the storm, and all its moanings still ;  
 Your Johnnie sleeps.

Our Johnnie sleeps ; close to Thy tender breast,  
 Good Shepherd, clasp our trust ;  
 Ye stars look kindly on his place of rest,  
 And guard his precious dust ;  
 Ye winds float round him on a gentle wing,  
 Ye flowers, a lavish fragrance o'er him fling ;  
 Our Johnnie sleeps.

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 FROM HIS PLAY.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

I read in a blotted letter  
 A sorrowful page to-day !  
 It tenderly told of a darling child  
 Suddenly caught from his play !  
 Climbing the moment and shouting,  
 The next—a slip and a fall :  
 They bore him home to his mother  
 He died—and that was all !

All ! It is said so often,  
 And yet I comprehend  
 Somewhat of your depth of darkness,  
 O sorely stricken friend !



As I think with a chill foreboding,  
How blank this world would be  
If the wing of the desolate angel  
Should bear my boy from me.

Yet, sweet, let it soothe your sorrow,  
That not by the bridge of pain  
Your little one crossed the river,  
And stood on the shining plain :  
That you keep no moan of anguish  
In your thoughts of the gleeful boy,  
But the ring of his musical laughter,  
A very peal of joy !

One quivering breath, and the eyelids  
Drooped over the deep blue eyes,  
That opened a moment later,  
In the flash of a sweet surprise !  
For surely this was the city  
With crystal walls of light,  
And that was the sea of jasper,  
Where never falleth night.

His mother had told him often,  
In the pauses of her song,  
While over him in the evening light  
Would soft dream shadows throng  
How the other side of the sunset,  
In wonderful light serene,  
More beautiful than the morning,  
There lay a world unseen.

Where the pilgrims, great or little,  
Who walk this earth of ours,  
Should rest them under the tree of light,  
Amid unfading flowers ;  
Where waited the loving Jesus,  
Who heard his lisping prayer,  
To gather the wee ones in his arms,  
And bid them welcome there.

*JOHNNIE.*

So it was not like a stranger,  
Sure not of right nor of way,  
The dear one felt when he found himself  
At home on that sudden day ;  
For borne by a swift translation  
To the Master's feet above,  
The Master himself would teach him soon  
The perfect lore of love.

As I linger over your letter,  
Tear-stained, I seem to see  
That house bereft, where a heartache  
For many a month shall be !  
Where the silence strains to listen  
For a step that nevermore  
Shall bound in its thoughtless freedom  
Across the desolate floor !

But I gaze beyond the waters  
That ripple at my feet,  
And far and far through the autumn sky,  
So strangely still and sweet,  
And I think how well had it been for some  
Who wearily work away,  
If heaven had stooped to lift them up  
From their brief bright childhood's play !

## PHILIP.

From the *New York Observer*, August, 1864.

PHILIP SCHAFF, sixth child of Philip and Mary E. Schaff, born at Mercersburg, Pa., August 19, 1857, died in the city of New York, August 17, 1864, of inflammatory rheumatism, aged seven years, less two days.

Little Philip died in the flower of beauty and innocence, to bloom henceforth in the paradise of heaven. He was a boy of uncommon loveliness and promise. Physically he was almost perfect, endowed with a fine form, a noble forehead, a bright and sparkling, yet mild eye, a sweet mouth, and graceful ease in all his movements. Even in death he looked as pure, calm, and lovely as a sleeping angel, with a heavenly smile which used to play on his lips, still lingering and reluctant to part. The physician and others remarked that they had never seen a more beautiful corpse. He was dressed in his new Sunday suit, of which he was so proud, and adorned with white flowers, blooming round his head, in his hands, and on his breast. It was hard to part with such a picture of angelic beauty in calm and peaceful repose.

But Philip was more than beautiful; he was innocent, good, and lovely. He never uttered a lie or a bad word; he knew no tricks; he avoided the street and noisy plays; he never gave his parents an occasion to punish or even to rebuke him. He was affectionate and sweet in disposition, most fondly attached to his mother, her daily delight and comfort. He liked the day-school, and always brought the best testimonials as to progress and conduct. But most of all he loved the Sunday-school (Dr. Tyng's), because he "learned so many good things there." He cherished as a great treasure the

Bible which his father gave him on last New Year's Day—now a sacred relic to his parents. He often sang most sweetly "There is a Happy Land," and other pious hymns for children. He never neglected his little morning and evening prayers; he repeated on last Sunday, though very sick, with the rest of the family, the *Te Deum*, the Creed, and the Lord's Prayer after his father, and a day before his death, the 23d Psalm, which he had committed to memory. How significant and affecting were the words from his lips: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

He was sick about four weeks. When the malignant disease—inflammatory rheumatism—reached his heart, it made rapid progress and caused him intense pain and anguish; yet he never refused to take medicine, and never uttered a complaint. He showed remarkable patience and meekness during all his sufferings. On the morning of his death he seemed to be recovering, to the great joy of his parents; was cheerful, played with his little sister and a little wagon, enjoyed his beef-tea and a cracker, and looked forward with much pleasure to his eighth birth-day, which was to take place in two days. But suddenly his condition changed for the worse, and he expired at seven in the evening, after a most painful agony of two hours, keeping his consciousness to the last. Even for children the adage seemed to hold good: "No cross, no crown." His dying words were: "O Ma! I would give anything if I were well."

He is well now, and far better than he could imagine then. He is celebrating to-day his birth-day in heaven, together with his little brother Willie and his sister Anna Mary,

who preceded him to the land of holiness and peace. May the Lord our heavenly Father, who orders all things in infinite wisdom and mercy, sanctify this affliction to the bereaved parents, and brothers, and sisters, and make heaven dearer and nearer to them than ever before.

The mortal remains of Philip Schaff were temporarily deposited in the grave-yard of old St. Mark's Episcopal Church, corner of Second avenue and Tenth street. Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, of St. Luke's Hospital, read the beautiful burial service of the Episcopal liturgy; Rev. Dr. Shedd, Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, made a touching address, and offered a prayer. Several other ministers were present on the solemn occasion.

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A very old friend of the family, in Mercersburg, writes of Philip :

“Maggie Beall thinks there never was a sweeter child born than Philip. . . . I think I can see his dear smiling little face and his pretty curls, as he used to pass our dining-room door on his way to and from school. He always looked in and gave us a smile and a nod.”

(The lady mentioned by name was successively the school-teacher of all our children except Mary.)

His Auntie writes:

“ . . . That lovely, polite, graceful picture of one so young will ever be before us. The darling boy, how he must have suffered! But I cannot wish him back. He has passed through death's agony and his dear little suffering head is at rest, and his spirit purified is now with his little sister and brother walking the golden streets, and singing and praising God, . . . all sweet, calm, heavenly rest, at home.”

The venerable writer of the following letter took a warm interest in Philip, who attended his flourishing Sunday-school.

IRVINGTON ON THE HUDSON, *August 19, 1864.*

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER:—I received last evening the notice of the funeral of your dear boy, for the afternoon of yesterday. I

should have taken great pains to have gone down to the city to attend it, had the notice been in season. I loved the dear boy as a gentle, refined, and promising child of God. Such children seem to me to bear with them singular tokens of divine love, and the fulness of divine redemption. To give them completely up to the will and possession of the Lord who hath bought them is always a high trial of our faith, and a gracious gift of divine compassion to us. I well know the sadness and sorrow of your hearts. I pray our loving Saviour to pour the riches of his grace therein, that you may not only sorrow not as those who have no hope, but also rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, in the fulness and the assurance of redeeming love. I am here sojourning for a few weeks of rural repose, and hope to be at my appointed work on the first of September.

I am, with very great respect and esteem,

Your brother in Christ,

STEPHEN H. TYNG

## WILLIE.

### A LITTLE MARTYR.

Translated from the *Deutsche Kirchenfreund*, April, 1853.

PHILIP WILLIAM SCHAFF, third child of Philip and Mary E. Schaff, was born at Mercersburg, Pa., June 15, 1850, and died February 11, 1853, at the age of two years, seven months, and twenty-seven days.

Willie was a boy of rare freshness, beauty, and promise, a pet of all who knew him, and a source of daily joy to his parents. The unusual character of the sickness, the patience and gentleness of the little sufferer, and the kind sympathy of friends near and far, justify a somewhat detailed account of the causes of his death and its circumstances.

While Willie, on the fourteenth of December, 1852, was playing with the nurse, running up and down the room, laughing and in high glee, he was suddenly overcome with a violent attack of coughing. He was then, as always, in possession of vigorous health. His anxious mother hastened quickly to his side, and at once suspected that something had become lodged in his throat. He himself positively declared that it was a chestnut-hull. This was confirmed almost to a certainty by the testimony of his aunt, who had only a little before given a chestnut to him, and by that of the nurse, who had seen him eating it. Such cases, which, in children, owing to their carelessness, are not uncommon, usually terminate, after a few hours or days, with death from choking, unless the obstructing substance be removed in the natural way by coughing, or through the surgical operation of bronchotomy (which includes laryngotomy and tracheotomy), before an incurable irritation has seized the windpipe and the lungs.

Inasmuch as an emetic failed of the desired effect, and as the cough, which was the only index of the presence of the obstruction, soon ceased, returning only at long intervals during the following days, the family physician, and other persons whose judgment we had reason to respect, pronounced the trouble at first croup, and then laryngitis. For three weeks he treated it as such and applied every remedy to remove the irritation, but in vain. The inflammation made rapid progress and soon extended itself to the lungs. Willie's breathing became more and more irregular, and was accompanied during his sleep with a sigh that pierced through the heart. He gradually declined in strength, notwithstanding the occasional apparent turns for the better, and his assurance repeated almost every morning, "I feel a great deal better." But he retained the clearest consciousness, continued to talk very rationally, and persisted in saying that the chestnut-shell in his throat was the cause of his sickness.

These circumstances forced the parents back to their original suspicion, and they sent to Hagerstown, Maryland, for Dr. Macgill, who enjoyed an extended and well-deserved reputation as a surgeon. He arrived on New Year's Day, and became convinced that Willie was right. He determined that the ever increasing danger of choking to death justified an operation, even though no foreign substance should be found in the windpipe.

On the morning of the second of January, in the presence of some lady friends and the six physicians of Mercersburg, all of whom felt a very warm personal and professional interest in this the first case of the kind in that vicinity, Dr. Macgill, with the greatest care, made an incision into the trachea. The repeated search up and down the windpipe did not result in the discovery of a foreign substance. The operation lasted



for more than two hours. The parents and relatives passed this time in an adjoining room in the most painful anxiety, but in the comforting hope of speedy relief. It was with thankful hearts that they heard of the remarkable calmness and resignation with which the innocent little lamb, stretched out on the surgeon's table, had stood the severe trial. As though he perfectly understood the object of the operation, and as if in anticipation of a successful result, he cried out in a joyful voice immediately after the first cut into the outer skin, "Now it is out!" But sad was the deception! This perilous remedy had not secured its aim, and the last ray of hope for the restoration of the darling boy seemed extinguished. The operation, however, freed him of a mass of phlegm, and in all probability prolonged his life.

But such a life! For three long weeks—an unheard of, or, at the best, most rare case—the poor child was obliged to breathe through the artificial opening in the throat, and with a shrill, trumpet-like sound.\* The larynx, as the upper part of the windpipe is called, became entirely closed immediately after the operation, so that not a breath passed through the mouth or nose. Besides, it was necessary to employ instruments day and night, to keep the wound open, and to prevent its healing, and thus excluding the air. Willie himself often took hold of the instruments, when his breathing was obstructed, and handed them to the physician. Another person stood continually at his side with a sponge, ready to wash away the yellow matter which from time to time was thrown up from his lungs, and kept the wound cool by the application of oil. But as often as this matter collected, and

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\* Dr. Fred. Ryland, in his elaborate "Treatise on the Diseases and Injuries of the Larynx or Trachea," adduces a number of cases of such operations, but the wound on each occasion closed up immediately, or soon afterwards.

it became impossible for him to get relief he passed off into convulsions. His face then became purple, and he fitfully gasped for breath. On one occasion he lay almost a whole afternoon in this terrible struggle between life and death. At least six times he seemed to be breathing his last, and as often the parents passed through the painful agony of taking leave of their child. Several times the pulse had ceased to beat and the cold sweat of death moistened his forehead. But his vigorous constitution overcame one attack after the other. His worst time was always at the hours of midnight. Towards morning he usually became a little stronger, and now and then he took pleasure in his playthings, or distributed sweet kisses with smiling lips among those present. He was not able to speak a word, for the larynx in which the voice is formed was entirely closed. But he retained perfect consciousness, understood everything that passed around him, and made known his answers and requests by looks or motions of the lips and hands.

The reader may easily conceive how terrible this time of trial was for the parents, to whom the child of their heart was becoming every hour more precious by his innocent sufferings and the gentle patience and resignation he manifested in his tender age. The writer of these lines has during the thirty-four years of his life experienced no suffering from sickness or sympathy that can be compared with the trials of these dark weeks. On the other hand, he also experienced, more fully than ever before, the kindness of friends and neighbors. Never before did a case of sickness arouse such widespread sympathy in this community. All the physicians of the town, friends young and old, and especially several ladies, were day and night around the sick child, and cared for him with the same love and devotion as if he

were bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. Even in Chambersburg, Hagerstown, Frederick, and in places more remote, an interest was taken in the dear little sufferer, and sympathy shown to his parents. May the Lord, who promises to reward even a draught of cooling water to the thirsty, graciously remember these friends in their hour of need!

At last, on Saturday, the 22d of January, at two o'clock in the afternoon, three weeks after the operation, and almost six weeks after the beginning of the sickness, Willie suddenly, and to the greatest joy of his parents and friends, coughed up through the mouth a half of a chestnut-shell. It was concealed in blood and phlegm, and displayed three sharp points. From that moment he began again to talk, and to breathe in the natural way. Now the secret of the sickness was revealed, which up to that time had defied all medical skill and experience. There only remained a difference of opinion whether the hull had been lodged at the head of the wind-pipe in a recess of the larynx, or farther down in one of the bronchial tubes connecting the trachea with the lungs. The former was the opinion of most of the physicians, and seemed to be confirmed by the size and triangular shape of the article, and the circumstance that the child began to talk immediately after its expulsion. The latter was the decided view of Dr. Macgill, because it alone seemed to him properly to account for the inflammation of the lungs and the difficulty of breathing through the artificial opening in the windpipe.

At any rate, the principal cause of the sickness seemed now to be removed, and almost everybody indulged the joyful hope that Willie with his strong constitution would soon recover, and that after such an extraordinary trial and deliverance, he was destined by a wise Providence for some important work. Dr. Macgill, too, who regarded this issue as a

great triumph in his practice, and who visited us at once after hearing the news, declared in the most confident way that Willie would be running about again in two weeks, notwithstanding that his body, through the influence of the illness and the various medicines, was almost literally reduced to skin and bones.

And in reality the symptoms during the following eight days were extremely favorable. The wound closed up rapidly, and seemed to heal—at least, externally—without any difficulty. Willie had a strong appetite, slept through the greater part of the night, seemed to gain strength with every hour, recovered his clear, sonorous voice, took pleasure in his playthings, especially in pretty books and pictures; entertained every visitor with his friendly smiles, his childish plans and whims, and was so amiable as to become, if possible, dearer to his parents and relatives than ever.

Alas! it was only a gleam of light from a clouded sky, though at the same time a pledge of the nearness of God in the deepest affliction. The chestnut-shell had effected too serious injury in the child, and a *post-mortem* examination revealed the fact that the windpipe had suffered from one end to the other—in fact, it could with difficulty be distinguished in some parts—and that the lungs were almost entirely destroyed. A strange sound, now trumpet-like, now rattling in character, which accompanied his breathing during sleep, was the first unfavorable symptom, and led the physician of the town to the conviction that another piece of the shell was left in the upper part of the windpipe, just above the incision. A distressing cough developed itself, which towards the end became so frequent as not to admit of his sleeping quietly for an hour at a time. His appetite, vitality and strength were gradually disappearing, and we again felt obliged to send for Dr.

Macgill, particularly as Willie himself several times, when the phlegm collected, requested it.

The doctor came on Sunday, the 6th of February, and undertook, at the advice of most of the physicians of Mercersburg, though with much reluctance on his own part, a second operation. This time the incision was made immediately above the scar of the former one. This was a more trying ordeal, if possible, for the parents than the first operation had been, especially as the child resisted it. The surgeon cut through the skin and flesh into the *thyroid cartilage*, when the approaching twilight, combined with his conscientious doubts as to the use of this second operation, induced him to postpone its completion till the following morning. Further reflection brought him to the determination not to torment the child any more upon an uncertainty and to trifle with his life, as the symptoms, which seemed to point to the presence of an obstruction, might be explained in some other way. The result proved that he was right, for the examination after death revealed no other piece of the fatal chestnut. He left the house with a despondent heart, declaring that the case was darker to him than ever before, and that his medical skill was at an end.

The little martyr continued to linger for several days without any marked change, but gradually grew weaker and weaker. On the last night he spit out a part of his lungs, which looked like the sediment of coffee. He then began breathing with increased rapidity, so that on Friday, February 11th, we saw death approaching with hasty steps. It had been my duty in the afternoon lecture on the Gospel of John, to explain the significant words of our Lord: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much

fruit. He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, shall keep it unto life eternal" (John xii. 24-26). Being very anxious about the life of my dear child, and not feeling at all well myself, I abridged the lecture and returned home at half-past three.

It was not a moment too soon, for a quarter of an hour afterwards Willie was a corpse! My last questions to him were: "Do you know your Ma and your Pa? Do you want to go to heaven? to your Father in heaven? to Christ, your Saviour? to the holy angels?" To all these questions he replied twice in an audible voice, "Yes!" With this answer he directed to me his last sweet look of love and longing which I shall never forget. Immediately after this he fell back into his mother's arms, a short death-struggle followed, and thus terminated forever the unutterable sufferings of nine weeks.

There he lay like a sleeping angel; even in death beautiful, pure, lovely! The body was taken to Frederick City, Maryland, the birthplace of his mother, and committed to the tomb on the morning of Sunday, the 13th of February, in the presence of sympathizing relatives and friends. He rests in the Evangelical Reformed graveyard, close by his lately deceased grandfather, and in the same grave with his innocent infant sister, Anna Mary, who preceded him seven years, and awaits with him the triumphal morn of resurrection. "I believe in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen!"

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And now, farewell, my dear, dear son! We shall never forget you! We shall meet again. It is with a sad heart that I have performed this last service of love, and have

given you over to a better Father's care. It is but a poor proof of gratitude for the unmixed joys which you brought to your Ma and Pa in the blooming May of your life, from the early morning when, with fresh and hearty kiss, you used to greet us, to the evening when you laid down to sleep after praying: "God bless Pa, Ma, brother Anselm, and everybody, and make me a good boy, and an honest man, for Christ's sake, Amen." You made a short visit to this harsh, storm-beaten world. The heavenly Gardener soon transplanted the lily of your life—lovely, fragrant—into the paradise above. And that you, too, might be made perfect through suffering, a bitter cup was given to you at last. You drank it to the dregs without murmuring or complaining—with a patience, a sweetness, an endurance which filled with astonishment your physicians and the eyewitnesses of your long and painful trial. You were as yet unconscious of the terrible curse of sin and death. You bore your cross like a tender lamb of Christ, like the children of Bethlehem, who were made the first martyrs of the new-born Saviour by the sword of Herod, and whose memory filled the thoughts of the ancient Church on that third day after Christmas, made sacred to them. Therefore you are now with them and the sweet angels, away from the sultry atmosphere of earth and sin, on the green pastures of Eden, led by the great Shepherd of the sheep and the lambs, who himself became a child in order to save and sanctify childhood, who in the days of his flesh took little children into his arms and blessed them. You belonged to him by birth, you were dedicated to him in baptism. And as he framed your beautiful body, so, invisibly and unfelt by you, he began his work of grace in your tender heart. For your sweetness and loveliness

were not your merit, nor that of your parents, but his own free gift. It was he who in the first days of your fatal sickness whispered into your heart those presentiments of an early departure mixed up with reminiscences from the little hymn-book which you knew so well by heart: "Ma, Ma, I will fly up, up, up to heaven, like a 'little diamond in the sky.'" And often did you surprise us with the words: "Heaven is a pretty place; God is there, Christ is there, the angels are there, all good men are there." Yes, pious child, there they all are, old and young, great and small, who have overcome in the blood of the Lamb! There too you are blooming forever in the unfading beauty of the loveliest age. Thither, by the help of God, your parents hope to come when their hour strikes, and to embrace you, the darling of their heart, a glorified youth, never to lose you! Oh, the joy of meeting! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!"

Heavenly Father! whose ways, though dark, are ways of wisdom and mercy, who chastisest thy children out of love, and hast wisely ordained that we should through much tribulation enter into thy kingdom; teach us in this bereavement to kiss with thankful hearts thy loving hand, and with thy servant of old to exclaim: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord." Grant unto us the consolation of the almighty word of thy Son, who has dispersed the shadows of death, the grave, and hell, and has solved all the mysteries of time with eternity's beam of light: "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.



From the *Mercersburg Weekly Journal*, February 25, 1853.

BY REV. PROFESSOR THEODORE APPEL.

DIED.—On the 11th inst., Philip William, son of Dr. Philip and Mary E. Schaff, aged 2 years, 7 months, and 27 days.

It is seldom we are called to record an early departure so full of sweet, yet painful and mournful reminiscences, as that of the deceased. His sickness continued for more than eight weeks, during which time he suffered more than can be well imagined or described. The immediate cause of his sufferings was the entrance of a chestnut-hull into the trachea or windpipe, which caused irritation in various parts until the inflammation spread over a large portion of the lungs, and thus put an end to his struggles. Several weeks had elapsed before it was thought advisable to perform an operation to remove the foreign substance, when, by the mutual consultation of the physicians of this place, Dr. Macgill, of Hagerstown, made an incision into the upper part of the windpipe, with the view of preventing the child from suffocating on the one hand, and on the other of discovering if possible the foreign substance, which was supposed to be the cause of irritation. The difficulty of breathing was relieved, but though a careful examination of the trachea and bronchial tubes was made, the disturbing cause was not discovered. For several weeks longer, amidst intense sufferings, the little patient could breathe only through the incision, which had been kept open for this purpose, as the aperture above had closed up entirely. At length, during a convulsive effort at coughing, nearly half a chestnut-hull was thrown out from its lodgment beyond the reach of instruments, and his prospects of recovery became bright and encouraging. His natural breathing returned and the wound healed. His parents and sympathizing friends, of which he had many, now fondly hoped that the worst was over. But,

as the result proved, it was nothing more than a brief sunshine emitted through the dark and dreary clouds above, a symbol of God's presence among his people in the saddest hour. The work of death had gone too far to be arrested. The skill of the physicians, combined with the kindest and best attention which could be administered to the sick, were of no avail. Death at last gained his trophy, and angels carried a brother-spirit away from this scene of suffering to those blissful regions where sickness and sorrow never come.

Little Willie was a child of more than ordinary promise. His vigorous constitution, his amiable disposition, and his opening intellect, naturally excited the prayer and the expectation that he might become in his day a servant of God, a burning and shining light in the Church. His spirit and demeanor on the bed of suffering served to justify such an expectation. To his child-like mind the thought of heaven, expressed in language adapted to his comprehension, gave him felt pleasure. He wished to shine as a star in the firmament, and his eye brightened when others spoke to him of angels, and small ones like himself, who with bright wings fly in the service of God. To his bereaved friends his meek endurance under suffering, his sunny smiles upon them during sickness, and his infant language concerning heaven, that served as premonitions of his early departure, will now also serve to sweeten the sad remembrance of his martyr-like sufferings and death.

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From the *Ger. Reformed Messenger*, February 23, 1853.

BY REV. GEORGE RUSSELL.

The subject of this notice was a bright and lovely boy, the son of Rev. Dr. Philip and Mary E. Schaff. He was a child of rare promise, endowed with a large share of native vigor and

buoyancy, and, along with this, exhibited an uncommonly attractive and winning sweetness of spirit, which endeared him to all, but especially to his fond parents. The very remarkable circumstances of the case render the afflicting dispensation, by which he has been removed, peculiarly distressing.

While at play, in full enjoyment of excellent health, on Tuesday, the 14th of December last, he was seized with a violent fit of coughing. The keen apprehension of his mother, who instantly came to his aid, at once concluded, after immediate relief could not be given him, that the child, according to his own statement, had part of a chestnut-shell lodged in his throat. Medical aid having been called in, the symptoms were pronounced indicative of croup, and he was afterwards treated for laryngitis. The case grew worse from day to day, inflammation the while increasing, until the 2d of January, when, in order to prevent immediate suffocation, the operation of *tracheotomy* was performed by a skilful surgeon. All effort to discover a foreign substance in the trachea failed; but this artificial aperture was now absolutely necessary to carry on his breathing, as the larynx was by this time entirely closed. This opening in the windpipe had to be kept distended by the constant application of instruments day and night, for through this he had to breathe entirely from the 2d to the 22d of January, when, to the joy of his friends, he coughed up from his lungs about half the shell of a large chestnut.

So marked was the change for the better, that the family, and even the physicians, entertained a hope of his speedy recovery and final restoration to his wonted health. But this was not the will of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well. The most assiduous care of anxious friends, and all

the combined medical skill of the place, together with some of high repute from abroad, failed to restore him. The symptoms soon grew worse again, and in two weeks from the throwing up of the shell it was deemed necessary to call in once more the surgeon, to perform the operation of *laryngotomy*.

This second operation, although commenced, was not completed from prudential considerations, which subsequent examination fully justified. Finally, after nine weeks of intense and uninterrupted suffering, which he bore with most remarkable patience, far exceeding what could have been expected from one of his tender age, the little martyr-like spirit was relieved from his pains by being called home to his early rest. The silver cord of life was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the beautiful dust of his body returned to the earth as it was, and his spirit unto God who gave it.

While yet the little sufferer was in the flesh, he wished to be with "the holy angels—with God—with Jesus Christ the Saviour." That same Saviour, who is the Resurrection and the Life, has now taken the soul of little Willie to himself as a pledge of his redeeming love; and to the sorrowing parents and friends, who would yet wish to retain near them their darling boy, he now says, in the comforting consolations of his word, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## ANNA MARY.

ANNA MARY, first child of Philip and Mary E. Schaff, was born at Mercersburg, Pa., September 23, 1846, was baptized by her father, and died September 29th, after a flying visit of six days to this earth of sorrow, to exchange it for an eternal home in heaven.

“Suffer little children to come unto me : for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.”

## COMFORT TO MOURNERS.

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I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—JOHN xi. 25.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—JOHN xiv. 2, 3.

In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.—JOHN xvi. 33.

The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—ROM. viii. 18.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—1 COR. ii. 9.

Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.—HEBR. xii. 6.

Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.—HEBR. xii. 11.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.—REV. xiv. 13.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.—REV. xxi. 4.

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He alone never loseth what is dear to him, to whom all things are dear in Him who is never lost.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

Nothing is lost that is loved in God, since in him all things are saved to us.—S. BERNARDINO OF SIENA.

She was truly in his house as “an angel in the house,” linking on her present to her past life, taking up all her former duties, but with her soul purified and enlightened by the furnace of sorrow through which she had passed, receiving God’s poor as a legacy to watch and cherish; not morbid in grief, but accepting all the consolations which were left to her; not narrow in religion, and prone to refuse God’s other gifts, but joyfully receiving all—books, art, music, and, above all, the beauties and pleasures of nature—as helps, not hindrances in her path. And thus it came to be that in her after years, which to many seemed so desolate, as one friend after another passed beyond the veil, while strangers thought her course must indeed be leading her through a thorny and a stony wilderness, it was rather the ascending, step by step, of a ladder, lighted by an unfailing glow of celestial sunshine, and upon which figures of angels were ascending and descending, forms often well known and loved, ministering spirits from God.—FROM AUG. J. C. HARE’S *Memorials of a Quiet Life* (ii. 79).

Human life is made up of contrasts. Every day has its rising and its setting sun, its sleeping and its waking hours. Every life has its beginning and its ending; and, between these, its many joys and its many sorrows. While we live, we are ever dying; when we die, do we also live? This is the great question of our destiny, this is the problem of our immortality; and to this question the Christian faith gives a decisive and a consoling answer. It gives it in God's Word; it gives it also in the triumphant death of God's children.—  
HENRY B. SMITH.

Our yet unfinished story  
Is tending all to this :  
To God the highest glory,  
To us the greatest bliss.  
Our plans may be disjointed,  
But we may calmly rest ;  
What God has once appointed  
Is better than our best.

MISS FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Earth is a vale of tears, but also a vale of hope. Eternal Love dwells with us here, to cheer us on our journey through the wilderness to the promised land.

As we advance in life both trials and mercies seem to multiply. Every step to the grave brings us also nearer to heaven; and when we pass through the dark valley, we see the shining light beyond, and hear the salutes of those who have gone before us.

“Blessed are those who are home-sick after heaven, for they shall reach home.”

NEW YORK, December 10, 1876.