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SAFE HOME
OR
Life & Happy Death
OF
FANNIE KENYON

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SAFE HOME.

SAFE HOME;

OR THE

Last Days and Happy Death

OF

FANNIE KENYON.

"MEET ME IN MY NEW HOME, WHICH IS IN HEAVEN."

Page 47

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GOULD AND LINCOLN,

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Introduction.

THE following pages were written by Mrs. STODDARD, a lady of this city, who, for many months, was daily conversant with the christian child whose brief earthly history they illustrate. It was her privilege to watch the dawn and growth of her piety, to minister at her bedside during the days and nights of her illness, to listen to her last words of hope and faith, and, when the closing scene was over, to be cheered in her sorrow by the thought of one who had grown

so dear to her as at length safe home forever in heaven. The memoirs here gathered together of this young disciple were originally written only for private circulation, and especially with the hope that they might be the means of good to the Sunday school in this city to which she had belonged; and to this end the manuscript was put into my hands, as the superintendent of that school. The result has fully answered the hope that was cherished. The christian example delineated in these pages, and the christian words they utter, have come with blessing, not only to that Sunday school, but to others, in which they have been the subject of conver-

sation and instruction; and, in several instances they have already been sanctified to the awakening and conversion of souls. It is with the conviction that these memoirs have thus been blessed of God that they are now published, and hopefully cast forth into a wider sphere of usefulness. Even the humblest spiritual means may, by the divine blessing, achieve great and glorious ends; and this infant saint, so early taken away from earth, may yet, by her faith, speak words of spiritual life to many souls, and be a ministering angel to many who shall be heirs of salvation. Let us hope and believe, that in God's ways, which are not as our ways, this plant which our

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heavenly Father had planted, and which seemed to have been cut off in the bud, may, by and by, be clearly seen to have borne abundant fruit,—that a human life, to our now imperfect vision, all unfinished and incomplete, may, by the revelations of another world, be seen to have fulfilled all the great ends of its being.

J. L. LINCOLN.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, PROVIDENCE,
SEPTEMBER, 1853.

PREFACE.

As it was my privilege to minister to the spiritual wants of the sainted child who forms the subject of the following narrative, I have felt it my duty, at the request of her Sabbath school teacher and other friends, to commit to

paper some account of her religious exercises before her sickness and during her last hours, hoping that, through the blessing of the great Shepherd, other tender lambs may be drawn by her own sweet invitation unto Him, and gathered into His fold.

M. S.

PROVIDENCE, SEPT., 1858.

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SAFE HOME.

Chapter First.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH FANNIE—HER FAVORITE ROOM IN OUR COTTAGE HOME—HER PARENTS, AND HER PIOUS INTEREST FOR THEM.

I BECAME acquainted with Fannie Kenyon during the spring of 1852, at which time I occupied with her widowed mother a small cottage. At our first acquaintance, I was struck with the expression of deep solemnity that rested upon her countenance, and also with the sweetness of her manners. She seemed to have a preference for

one of my rooms, and often sat there for hours together, apparently wrapped in deep thought, sometimes expressing to me the fear, that as she loved the room so well she might intrude upon our kindness by coming too often. I assured her that I loved to have her with me, and that she was welcome to occupy it whenever she pleased. She told me one day it was the room her dear father occupied during his sickness, and in which he breathed his last. Giving me at that time an account of his sufferings and death, she asked, in a most touching manner, "Do you think he could, on that sick bed, under so much suffering, be born again and go to heaven? I used to pray for him," she said, "and read the Bible to him,

and he was sensible that he could not recover." She desired me to be very candid in my reply to this question. I told her that God was as able to convert him as He was the poor thief upon the cross. Looking into my face, while the tears filled those beautiful eyes so soon to close in death, she said with great earnestness, "I do not wish to put off repentance until my death-bed." I bless God for the bright and consoling evidence that she did not, and I humbly pray that, should this narrative fall into the hands of any who have not yet given their young hearts to Him, they will seek the Lord in their youth, and with her find him to the joy and rejoicing of their souls. She was then not quite nine years of age. I asked

her how long she had been interested in the solemn truths of God's word. "I always loved to pray, and to attend the Sabbath School," she replied; "but at my father's death, I promised my Sabbath School teacher, who was very faithful to me, that I would then give my heart to God."

A few days after this conversation, Fannie came to me with a very sad face. "I have come to ask a very great favor of you," she said. I replied, "I hope it is one that I shall be able to grant you." "I wish," was her answer, "that you would talk with my mother, and would ask her if she would be ready to die, should she be called away as suddenly as was my father; for I have been thinking," she added, "if I

ever reach heaven, and do not find my father there, and mother does not come, what shall I do?" "You will forever praise God that you are so happy as to get there yourself," I replied. "Yes," she said, "but I shall wish to see my dear father and mother there also." I related this conversation to her mother, who told me many things of the dear child, leading us both to feel that she was fast ripening for the eternal world.

Chapter Second.

FANNIE'S LOVE FOR HER BIBLE, FOR RELIGIOUS BOOKS,
AND FOR CHRISTIAN SOCIETY — THE YOUNG CON-
VERTS' MEETING — THE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONCERT —
FANNIE'S PRAYERS FOR OTHERS — HER LOVE FOR
HER SCHOOLMATES.

FANNIE made the Bible her constant study, and seemed to understand it. Along with the Bible, her favorite book was a narrative of twelve pious children, who died in early youth. As often as she read it, she would express the hope of meeting, at her death, those good and happy children. She always preferred religious books to any others, and read them apparently with as much interest as any advanced Christian. For

christian society she manifested the same preference, and as often as her health would allow, embraced every opportunity of attending evening meetings. In the fall of 1853 she attended with me a meeting for conference and prayer, which she never seemed to forget. There were many young converts present, and her sympathy with them was seen in her own expressive face and tearful eye. On our way home she spoke of the meeting as a heavenly place; "The converts," said she, "expressed my feelings and prayed out my secret desires to God, and when they sang, 'Dear Lord, remember me,' I prayed, dear Lord, remember me, and something kept whispering in my bosom, I do remember thee. Was this," she

asked, "the Spirit of God?" This question opened a wide field of conversation for me, and I could no longer doubt that God was manifesting himself to her as He does not unto the world. The same month she attended the Sabbath school concert, a privilege for which she expressed her gratitude, as it might, she thought, be her last. So it proved to be.

I often found her awake late at night. One evening, I inquired why she was not asleep, it being past eleven o'clock. "I have a great deal to think of," she replied, "besides saying the Lord's prayer; all the sins of the past day come up before me, and I must confess them to God and beg for pardon. To-night," she added, "I have kept awake

longer than usual, for I have prayed more for my pastor, and for all the church and Sabbath school ; I want to see a revival, that the children may be converted, and that I may be converted myself." Before I left her, she requested me to pray with her for the same things.

Fannie loved her school-mates very much, and would often spread her little table under the shady trees in the cottage yard. After partaking of their humble meal, she would read and explain the Bible to them, and with them unite in singing their little hymns. I have often listened with surprise to these instructions, evincing so great maturity of character. One pleasant spring day, she told them she would

have the yard fitted up with a flower garden, and promised them she would have pic-nics and school-meetings there every Saturday. It would indeed be well if we would all regard the kind admonition: "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Little did she, or any of us imagine that the next June grass would cover her grave, and that upon it July flowers would blossom.

Chapter Third.

FANNIE'S ILLNESS—HER SABBATH READING OF THE SAVIOUR'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH, AND THE CONVERSATION ABOUT THEM—ENCOURAGEMENT TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

IN the winter of 1854, Fannie was confined to the house with illness. Unable to attend the Sabbath school or church, she read her Bible, and, as far as she was able, religious books. She seemed very solemn and full of thought. One Sabbath morning, when she had partially regained her health, she was left at home by her mother. I had offered to do anything for her that she desired, and had invited her to sit with

me in her favorite room, hoping that I might ascertain the state of her mind, as we had not had any conversation together for some time. After all had gone, I went to her room for her, but she expressed a wish to be alone a short time, and then, she said, she would come up. I waited until nearly noon, and then went again for her. I found her lying on the lounge, with a chair filled with books at her side; her Bible lying open on her bosom, her dress and pillow quite moist, and her eyes very red, as if she had been weeping some time. I said, "Fannie, I do not like to disturb you, and have waited a long time before coming for you." "I was so much interested in reading my Bible," she replied, "that

I concluded not to come." "And what part of the good book has my little girl been reading?" I asked. She burst into tears as she said, "I have been reading about the sufferings of the dear Saviour in the garden and upon the cross. Oh, those cruel thorns, how they must have hurt his temples! How could they be so wicked! how could he hang so long upon the cross and then call upon his Father to forgive them! And all this he suffered for me! I wish I had never been a sinner. I hope I shall never sin again; I never will, if I can help it." In this way, she talked for some time, expressing deep penitence for her sins, and humble faith in her dying Lord and Saviour. I felt that I was on holy

ground, and that my words should be few. Christ was working like himself, verifying his own promises: "If I go away, I will send the Comforter, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive:" and "when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth." He was doubtless leading her, young as she was, into all truth. The dear child had been alone, as she had wished, during these hours; and yet not alone, for heavenly company had been with her, and had made her chamber bright and holy with their presence. It seemed to me that I saw, with the eye of faith, Jacob's ladder, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon it. Why not? Are they not all ministering spirits, sent

forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation! And the dear Saviour said: "There is joy in the presence of the angels in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth." Perhaps at this moment,

"Command was to some seraph given,
To seal that child an heir of Heaven."

I told her she was in a holy place; that God's Spirit was with her, applying to her heart the truth of His Word, and revealing to her the way of life and salvation through the sufferings of His well beloved Son. I did not like to intrude upon her sacred joy, and said I would leave her. She reached out her little feeble arm, and drew me towards her to kiss me, saying, "I love

you and everybody else." As I walked through the room, God's word to Moses came to my mind: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." I retired to her favorite room, where her father died, to thank my Heavenly Father for redeeming grace and dying love, and to mourn that my own heart was so hard, while that of the dear child I had left was melted, as David says, like wax within her. I did not tell her mother, or any one, how we had spent that Sabbath morning; but I was satisfied that this sweet child was truly converted, and knew then what it was to pass from death unto life, if she had never known it before. I knew time would make all things man-

ifest. Let me here say a word to the Sabbath school teacher. Behold the blessing of God on your labors. Thank Him, take courage, and press forward. He has promised to bless the teachings of His Word even to the end of time.

Fannie partially recovered from this sickness, and soon left home on a visit. I missed her very much, and constantly prayed for her, that she might be kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. Sometimes I thought I would inform some of the church or Sabbath school of the secret workings of God's Spirit with one of their number, but her childlike request, "never tell any one what I say to you," deterred me. She seemed unwilling that winter to confide in any

one but me, and I felt that I was of all the most unfit and unworthy to be her counsellor, or to lead her to God. But He knew all about it, and adapted His mercies to her special necessities.

Chapter Fourth.

FANNIE'S LOVE FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL — HER JOY
AT THE GIFT OF A BIBLE — HER MEETINGS WITH
CHILDREN — THE FAMILY BIBLE AND THE RECORD
TO BE PUT IN IT.

UNABLE to go out during the severe winter, Fannie was denied the kind instructions of the Sabbath school at a time when she most needed them, and many a cold stormy Sabbath morning have I seen the tears streaming down her little pale cheeks, as she saw she must remain at home. On the return of Spring, she commenced attending school again. A Bible was then pre-

sented her, and I shall never forget the look of delight with which she came running to show it to me. Nothing could have pleased her better, and night and day it was her constant companion. Though much improved in health, her mother often expressed the fear that the dear child was not long for this world, so great a change had come over her. She was perfectly obedient, very serious, and diligent to improve every moment to the best advantage. Her mind seemed ever to soar upwards. She would gather all the children of the neighborhood about her, and "play meeting" with them, so that she might have an opportunity of talking with them about God and heaven, and the need of a preparation

for the judgment. As she was looking at the record of deaths in my Bible one day, she observed, "You have lost nearly all your family." I said yes, and I wished she would be my little girl, for I was very lonely. Opening the Bible again, she replied, "You can record my death here, Mrs. S——, when I am gone, and you may write a verse under it." "Why do you make that request, my child," I asked, "when you are so well and able to go to school?" "Oh, I shall never live to grow up," was her reply, "and when I am gone, record my death here," pointing to the place;—"and what verse will you write?" "What death will Fannie die,—the death of the righteous?" "Oh, yes," she promptly

answered, "I hope so." "Well, then, I will write these lines:

'My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trump of God shall sound;
Then burst the tomb in sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.'

"That would be just what I would write," she replied. I expressed the hope that I might not be called to record her death there or any where else; that she might live to grow up and be a blessing to her mother, the church, and the world; but she made me promise, should she be taken away, that I would comfort her mother all I could for her sake. "Write," she said, "what I say when I die, and let the children know about it."

Chapter Fifth.

FANNIE IS ILL AGAIN, AND IS TAKEN FROM SCHOOL—
TALKS WITH HER MOTHER ABOUT DYING—BEGS ME
TO COMFORT HER MOTHER, WHEN SHE IS GONE—
“THY WILL BE DONE”—HER JOY AT THE PROS-
PECT OF HEAVEN—HER DESIRE FOR MORE FAITH.

NOT many weeks from this time, Fannie began to fail, owing, as we thought, to her very close application to her studies. She was taken from school again, but grew more feeble, and a physician was called in. He gave us but little hope of her recovery, and thought she was threatened with brain fever. The thought of giving her up so soon was too painful, and we

consulted another physician, but he gave us no encouragement. Sorrow filled all our hearts; but what could we do? We could only pray and hope for the best. All she had ever said to me about dying came fresh to my mind, and the tears with it. I found I had indeed loved her as my own child. I said nothing to her about death; but she did not wait for us to break the solemn subject to her; she calmly took that upon herself.

A few days after her confinement to her bed, her mother came to my room, and told me that Fannie had been talking to her about dying. "Oh, how can I," she said, "bear the thought of losing my only child!" I went down and asked the little sufferer how she

was. "I expect," she replied, "that God is going to take me home soon, and I want you to be very kind to my dear mother, when I am gone; do all you can to comfort her, she will be left so very lonely." "Do you feel willing, Fannie, to go?" I asked. "Oh, yes! all but leaving poor dear mother all alone," was her reply. "Do the best you can when she is so sad, and don't cry when she does, but say to her, Little Fannie is in heaven now, and we will get ready to go and meet her there." I said to her, "I do not feel willing to give you up myself; how can I comfort your mother?" Apparently much surprised, she asked, "When you pray, do you say, 'Thy will be done in earth as it is in

heaven?" I told her I prayed in that way. "Well, then, do you mean what you say? if you do not," she added, "never pray so again. If you are not willing that God's will should be done in all things, you can never go to heaven, for there will be none in heaven who were not conformed to the will of God on earth." I asked her to pray for me, that I might be enabled to bow in submission to God's will, and she promised me that she would. To lose her myself, and to see her poor mother so bereaved seemed, I told her, like taking away the strings that bound around my heart. "God knows what is for the best," she replied. "I had better be taken away than my mother; she would have a mother, but I should

be left a poor little orphan girl, not old enough to get my living." I inquired if she had no desire to live? The world, I told her, seemed beautiful to children generally at her age, who had not felt the thorn with the rose. "Yes," she said; "but I am poor, and the poor, you know the Bible says, is despised by his neighbor." "Well, would you like to live and be rich?" "Oh no, no indeed!" she replied, with earnestness; "that would take my heart all from my Saviour. The rich do not think much about God, only a very few of them." "If you could be in just comfortable circumstances," I asked, "would you not like to grow up and enjoy life and religion also?" She closed her eyes for some time, then opening

them, with a sweet smile, she said, "I have thought a great deal about my dear Saviour, and have prayed to Him a great many times. I trust He has forgiven me my sins, yes, all my sins. I have never seen Him, but I love Him, and I want to see Him. I want to go and live in His bosom. I shall go right to His bosom when I die."

The next day Fannie continued this conversation. "I am glad," she said, "that I am poor, for by nature I am very proud, and if I were to live long, I fear I should lose my soul." I reminded her of the apostle's words: "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of His kingdom." "Yes," she said, "that is what I wish to get hold of, more faith."

I have a little, but I want to be rich in faith, for sometimes I think I have not enough to save me." I begged her not to give way to doubts and fears, just as she was almost in sight of the heavenly city. God, I told her, would give her all the faith she needed, and every other christian grace, if she would look to Him for it. As her body grew weaker, her mind might not continue as clear and strong as it had been, but God, I assured her, never changed. She must not fear, but look right to the dear Saviour. He would shield her from all the fiery darts of the enemy, and make all her bed in her sickness. Thinking it might be a great comfort if one or more of her christian friends would

come and pray with her, I inquired if she would not like to see some of the church or Sabbath school that she knew and loved. She expressed a wish to see her pastor and Sabbath school teacher, but they were both out of the city. We sent for Mr. and Mrs. D——, but before they came, her strength began to fail very much, and her mind to wander, though at times reason would return, and she would be very bright for some time.

Chapter Sixth.

THE "NEW TENEMENT," AND THE "NEW JERUSALEM"
—THE BEAUTIFUL ANGEL, AND THE ANSWER TO
PRAYER — SUBMISSION TO GOD'S WILL — FANNIE'S
DESIRE THAT HER DEATH MAY BE BLESSED TO
CHILDREN — HER MESSAGES TO HER SUNDAY SCHOOL
TEACHER AND CLASS — BIBLE READINGS WITH FAN-
NIE.

ABOUT ten days before her death, her mother told me Fannie had been praying a long time for the Sabbath school. As I sat beside her one evening, she inquired, "Why are you so unwilling to give me up?" I told her that since we had moved into our new tenement, so much nearer her Sabbath school, I had anticipated much pleas-

ure in attending evening meetings with her, if her health would permit. "I shall soon move into a new tenement," she replied, "one strong, large, and beautiful, large enough for you all; you will not need to fit that up as you have this. It is all ready for you, and when once in it, you will never have to move out." "Has it golden streets and gates of pearl? I asked." "Yes." "Well, then, Fannie, it must be the city of the New Jerusalem." With a smile, she said, "I thought you would know where it was. There will be no sickness there, nor sorrow, nor sin, nor death. But before I go, I shall pray that God will take care of you, and comfort your hearts when I am gone, and fit and prepare you to meet me in

my new home, which is in heaven." Turning to me, she asked, "Do you expect to come there?" "Yes," I said, with great emphasis. She replied, "Be sure, Mrs. S——, to bring my mother with you." Then earnestly looking up again, she exclaimed, "Oh, how I want to see all my schoolmates and teachers there, and all the Sabbath school!"

Fannie suffered very much with her head, but was very patient, often asking if she was patient enough. A few days before her death, as I entered her room, she was talking, as if addressing some one, saying, "Yes, I will come; I am coming soon." "To whom is Fannie talking?" I inquired. "I know," she replied. "Were you asleep?" "Oh no." "To whom, then,

were you saying, 'I will come?'" "To that beautiful angel," she replied, "that stood at the foot of my bed and beckoned me to come; did you not see him?" I told her I did not, but I had felt a very solemn sensation come over me, as I entered the room. "Do angels ever visit sick rooms," she inquired. I told her doubtless they often did, but were seldom seen by mortal eyes. "I have been afraid," she said, "that I should lose heaven at last." "How can you," I asked, "indulge such fears, when God has given you so abundant evidence that you are His, and that you will be with Him in those blessed mansions, which he has gone to prepare for those that love Him? Why do you fear that you shall

lose heaven?" "I was very proud," she replied, "of the new bonnet which I had last fall. All the way to Sabbath school, I was thinking how pretty I looked in it, and I hoped my school-mates would think so. I thought more about it that morning than I did of my lesson. Oh, how wicked I was. I have been praying for God to forgive me, and I had to pray a great many times before he heard me." "Do you feel, my dear child," I asked, "that He has heard and forgiven you?" "Yes," she replied, "I felt better, and it was then I thought I saw that beautiful angel. I hope God sent him to tell me that I was forgiven, and could soon come to Him. I am glad He is going to take me. I

do not wish to live any longer in this proud, wicked world. I am afraid I should grow proud and forget my Saviour." I told her God was able to keep her from falling, and that she might live to do a great deal of good in the world. "If God wishes me to live," she replied, "He can raise me up again; if he does not, I hope my death may be the means of doing good." "In what way may your death do good?" I asked. "You know," she said, "how much I love all the children, and how much they love me; when I am gone, they will know that they can never see me again in this world, and I hope they will get ready to meet me where we shall never more part. Yes, I do hope they will remem-

ber that they must die, and so will seek the Saviour. I want my teacher to be faithful to them, when I am gone." At another time, as we were talking about pride, I inquired if she thought the sin she committed in being proud of her new *bonnet* would have kept her out of heaven. "Yes, indeed," she replied, "if I had not from my heart repented of it."

Twice of a Sabbath morning, before her death, Fannie expressed the hope that her teacher and class would not forget her, when she was laid in the cold grave. "I want you," she said, "to take my new Bible, and go to my class, and ask my teacher to let you sit where I sat. You must talk to the girls about me, and tell them Fan-

nic loved them on earth, and will love them in heaven. I should like to come there, some Sabbath morning, like an angel, and they not know it, and hover over them while they are attending to their lesson. But I do not wish them to weep because I have gone to my Saviour. If I thought they would, I should want to sing to them,

‘Shed not a tear o’er your friend’s early bier;
Weep not for her when she’s gone.’”

About this time Fannie greatly revived and seemed to wish to talk all the time, as if she felt that she had a great deal to say, and but a little while to say it in. She would talk to her watchers, although they could not always understand what she said. One

morning I found her in tears, and inquired what was the matter. "O, Mrs. S——," she replied, "there is poor Fannie's Bible. I have just had it laid on the bed, my dear new Bible. I can only look at it. I shall never read it again. I did love to read it when I could see, but now I cannot distinguish one word from another." I asked her if she was able to listen to me. "Yes," she said, "I wish you would read, and speak low and distinctly, so that I can understand you." I inquired if she had a preference for any particular chapter. "No," she said, "it is all so good, you may read the first place at which you open." I opened at 2 Cor. v.: "We know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle

were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." "That is just right for me!" she exclaimed; "will you please read the whole chapter?"

Chapter Seventh.

FANNIE'S BODILY SUFFERINGS, AND MENTAL JOY—
SHE FALLS RAPIDLY—BEGS HER MOTHER TO BE
WILLING TO GIVE HER UP—MY LAST CONVERSA-
TION WITH FANNIE—RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN
HEAVEN, AND THE RESURRECTION.

THE next day, as Fannie had her reason, I read the last three chapters of the Revelation to her. She seemed much interested in them, and expressed her desire to get to that happy place, where, she said, "there is no sickness or pain, and where poor Fannie's head will not ache so bad." "Does Little Fannie suffer very much," I

asked. "Oh, yes," she replied; "I am going home now as fast as I can; but the way is not so easy, I can tell you, for my poor head tells for it at every step." She would often exclaim: "Oh, my head, my poor head! now, mother, it is breaking; it will come in two." Then she would pray for patience to bear it. It was very distressing to witness her sufferings, and yet not be able to alleviate them. Her head became very large; also the pupils of her eyes were enlarged. Often she could not see for hours together, and seemed to be quite unconscious; then again, she would revive, and be very bright. A few days before her death, as her consciousness returned, after one of these attacks, she told her

mother that she had been in a beautiful sleep, and had heard the sweetest music; "Oh, sweet and beautiful music! it was heavenly," she said, turning to me; "if you had heard it you would never have wanted to come back to earth again."

From this time Fannie failed rapidly, and we found we must bid adieu to the last ray of hope of her ever being any better. She seemed to realize that she could not live many more days and suffer as much as she had done, and begged her mother to please to give her up. "If it was you, dear mother, that suffered so much," she said, "I would rather part with you, although the loss would be so great." Then calling her mother and grand-

mother to her bedside, she begged their forgiveness for all she had ever said or done that was wrong, expressing her fears that she had sometimes been disobedient, and had spoken unkindly to those she loved so much, and who had always been so good to her. She made the same request of a little playmate who was in the room. "I have always loved you," she said, "but in our play we have sometimes used words that are not so good. I want you to forgive me, and seek the Saviour, so that you may be prepared to meet me in heaven, where there will be no more partings." Requesting her mother to get her dress ready, she told her she was going away where she would never come back again to her. To her aunt,

who came to watch with her, she expressed the fear that her patience would not hold out, if she lived much longer. On being told to put her trust in Him who suffered so much more for her than she could ever suffer, she replied, "I do, Aunty, try to trust in Him, and I think I do."

As I sat beside the little sufferer one day, she asked, "Do you think we shall know each other in heaven?" I replied that Moses and Elias were known by the disciples, upon the holy mount, and I thought we should both know and be known. "I sometimes," she said, "dread to be laid away in the cold grave; and how am I to have two homes, one in heaven, and one in the cold earth?" "If little Fannie

dies," I replied, "she must be laid where the dear Saviour was laid. She will be willing to go where Jesus went. Some kind guardian angel may be commissioned to watch the precious dust, until the bright resurrection morning, when the archangel's trump shall sound, and awake the nations sleeping beneath the cold clods of the valley. Then little Fannie will rise again. It will be this same little Fannie Kenyon, with dark blue eyes, and dark brown hair; only you will have a glorified body, made immortal. Yes, this poor little worn out and sick body will then be made like the dear Saviour's. It will outshine the sun at noonday. Your spirit will go to God who gave it. You have expressed

the hope that you will go right to the Saviour's bosom when you die ; but be not afraid, my dear child, to be laid in the grave. As Jesus rose from the dead, and has become the first fruits of them that slept, so shall all His church be raised. The prophet says : 'The earth shall cast out her dead, and no more cover her slain. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust.' And again : 'God will ransom them from the power of the grave.'" Looking at some flowers beside her, she asked, "Will there be flowers on the New Earth?" "Yes, my child," I replied, "when God restores through Christ what Adam lost ; when He creates the New Heavens and the New Earth, of which Isaiah speaks, and to which

Peter refers in his epistle, and which was seen in vision by John, I think there will be flowers there without thorns. Then the morning stars will again sing together, and all the sons of God shout for joy. Then He will make the place of His feet glorious, and they will all know Him, from the least to the greatest. Then shall the righteous shine forth, and the whole world be filled with his glory. Then we shall see the dear Saviour, who died for us, whom not having seen we love, and we shall see as we are seen, and know each other. Does Fannie now understand?" With a face radiant with joy, she smiled, and bowed her head. Then taking my hand, she said, "There will be no more partings

then." "No," I replied, "that will be Paradise regained; that will be the kingdom promised to the little flock of every age, as seen by St. John in vision, to the multitude which no man could number. I read to her 1 Cor. xv., and asked her if she understood clearly the plan of salvation, and that Christ died to redeem man, both soul and body. This earth, I told her, which now groans under the curse, will be redeemed and brought back to its Eden state, and be the final abode of the saints. Then, as we rise from the grave, we shall shout: 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?' Then little Fannie's soul and body will again be united. 'For if we believe that Jesus died and

rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.' He is the resurrection and the life. Our life is hid with Christ in God, and when He who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory. Is this plain to Fannie?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "it is all beautiful; but I am so glad I am not always to lie in the cold grave, for the worms to feast upon; I hope the trumpet that is to wake the dead will soon sound." My soul responded:

Oh, long expected day begin;

Dawn on these realms of pain and sin."

This was the last conversation of any length that I ever had with Fannie. At the time, I felt that it might be so,

and for this reason, I was very particular to answer all her questions, according to my knowledge of the Word of God, knowing that we both should soon stand before the Judge of the whole earth, when the secrets of all hearts will be made known.

Chapter Eighth.

FANNIE SENDS HER PLAYTHINGS TO A LITTLE FRIEND,
WITH MESSAGES — THE WEEPING CHILDREN, AND
THE FLOWERS — FANNIE'S LAST WORDS — HER
DEATH.

PATIENT and calm, as the setting sun of a summer's eve, Fannie continued to droop away like a sweet flower. She requested her playthings to be given to the little friend she loved so dearly. "Tell her," she said, "when she plays with them, to think of the happy hours we have spent together, that I have gone to my Saviour now, and she must prepare to meet me in heaven." Her mind wandered much

of the time for the last few days. If she noticed anything, it was the little weeping children, who were often at her bedside with their little presents and flowers, which were ever her delight. They would place their pretty white roses in her hands, and she would hold them until they wilted, although she appeared not to see or smell them. Beautiful flowers! fit emblems of her sweet innocence and decaying beauty.

Fannie's physician thought her brain was now entirely covered with tubercles, and that her lungs were almost gone. She must indeed have been a much sicker child for some time than any one had supposed, for her poor little body was quite worn out. The

last words that fell from her lips, which I could understand, were: "Remember my poor dear mother. It is not two years since my father's death, and now she must lose me. How hard it will be for her to be left so lonely! comfort her all you can, and all of you prepare to meet me in heaven."

On the evening of the 25th of June, 1854, at the close of a day of great suffering, this sweet child calmly breathed out her spirit upon her Saviour's bosom, aged ten years, four months and eleven days.

"Blest is the scene where Christians die,
When holy souls retire to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave upon the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor's brow,
 Fanned by some guardian angel's wing ;
O grave, where is thy victory now,
 And where, O death, where is thy sting?"

Chapter Ninth.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF CHRISTIAN CHILDHOOD, AND ITS
LESSONS — FANNIE'S DEATH, IN ITS INFLUENCE UPON
CHILDREN.

It became my painful duty to close those once bright beaming eyes, whose light had so often cheered my heart, but which are now cold in the embrace of death. I bless God for the intercourse which I had with this sweet christian child, and for the joyful hope of meeting again one so dear to my heart, in that bright world, where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and where there will be no more sickness

or death. She is gone. I shall not see her gentle smile again, until the trumpet of God and the voice of the archangel shall call her forth from her dusty bed. The cold wind sweeps over her little grave, and the snow covers the mouldering dust of one who would have cheered with her sweet smiles and heavenly conversation each lonely and sad hour. But I would not call her back to this world of sin, which she left so willingly, triumphing in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality beyond the grave. God alone knows how much I feel her loss. With her afflicted mother and dearest friends I mingle my tears. With me, she spent many leisure moments, ever confiding in me, and drawing my mind from

things earthly to things heavenly and divine. Sweet is the friendship of childhood, and still dearer when sweetened by divine grace. Though a child, she taught me many a valuable lesson, never, I trust, to be forgotten. One great duty she left binding upon me, which I hope I may ever remember,—always to pray for her Sabbath school, and to urge her dearest friends to prepare to meet her in heaven. God grant that her death may be the means of doing good, as she so much desired, and of leading many of the Sabbath school unto Him, who calls them early to His arms. May they remember that little Fannie's Saviour still stands with outstretched arms, waiting to receive all that will come unto Him; and

though this dear friend has faded in her early bloom, the path she wished them to tread is still open to them. May they follow her as she followed the dear Saviour, and at last be so happy as to meet in that blessed world,

“Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end.”

The Last Scene.

THE day had gone in sadness,
The sable veil of night
Was drawn, but brought no gladness :
It came our joy to blight.
All hushed in solemn silence,
We stood beside her bed,
And watched the child, in patience,
Recline her fainting head
On the dear Saviour's bosom,
In faith and humble prayer ;
And slow the last pulsation
Beat, while she lingered there.
O, blessed child ! how sweetly
She slept in Jesus' arms ;
Death strove in vain completely
To steal all beauty's charms ;

A heavenly smile was resting
Upon that brow so fair ;
No sorrow was molesting
That bosom free from care.
'T is true our eyes were weeping,
Our hearts with grief were torn ;
For her who now lay sleeping,
We could not cease to mourn.
But sweet the Holy Spirit
Came whispering to each heart,
The world you will inherit,
Is where death ne'er can part ;
The dead in Christ triumphant,
Shall rise with crowns of gold,
And fill those blessed mansions,
All glorious to behold.
No night, nor pain, nor sorrow,
Shall ever enter there ;
On that fast-coming morrow,
All will be bright and fair ;—

We long to have it hasten;
We hail our coming King,
Who, from death's gloomy regions
Our sleeping friends will bring.
We long to see salvation
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
And see the new creation
In Eden's beauty bloom.

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