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N. B. Through the mis-reading of a *letter* in the manuscript of this Memoir, a mistake has occurred in the name of the child whose life is the subject of it. The name should have been LUSANNA T. PIERCE, instead of SUSANNA T. PIERCE.

*Deposited in Mass. District
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MEMOIR *See vol. 73*

OF

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SUSANNA T. PIERCE,

C. C. Dean Rev.

Who died in Freetown, Mass.

SEPT. 24th, 1836.

AGED 7 YEARS AND 10 MONTHS.

By REV. WILLIAM GOULD,

FAIRHAVEN.

40

"So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Fragrant smile of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasures only bloom to die."

WRITTEN FOR THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH SCHOOL
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INTRODUCTION.

THE following narrative is presented to the public, with a sincere desire to illustrate the power and grace of God, as displayed in the life and death of a child. Many such precious tokens of early piety are already before the public. While they furnish a practical illustration of the injunction of our blessed Saviour; *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven*: they present the religion of Christ in its most attractive forms. It is in the early experience of such manifestations of a Saviour's love, that we see the simplicity and godly sincerity of genuine piety. Piety, uncorrupted by any appendage of useless rites and forms, or by the concealment of a base hypocrisy.

The memoirs of pious children are valuable auxiliaries to the system of Sabbath School instruction. They are among the best, and most approved means of exciting little children to the subject of their own personal salvation. They predispose the young and tender mind to receive the earliest, and happiest impressions from the instruction of their pious teachers. And they often deeply affect the heart with the manifest

love of Christ to their little companions. Few means or instruments have contributed more to the conversion of little children.

In the wisdom of God, they have directed the young mind, in its first inquiries after truth; and turned the feet of the little wanderer into the fold of Christ.

With such impressions of the practical utility of presenting the religious experience of children to the view of their young companions, this little volume is submitted to their inspection; with the fervent prayer that it may, at least in some good degree, illustrate the power and grace of God, and contribute to the spiritual welfare of some Sabbath School scholar.

MEMOIR
OF
SUSANNA J. PIERCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE little girl whose brief history I wish to present to my young readers, was SUSANNA J. PIERCE.

She was born in Middleborough, Mass. Nov 4th. 1828. Died Sept. 24th, 1836, not having quite completed her eighth year.

Blest with pious parents, she was solemnly consecrated to God by prayer and supplication, on the day of her birth.

From the morning of her life, she became the object of a mother's pious solicitude. The formation of her moral and religious character, and that of her elder and only sister, lay with solemn weight upon her heart. Amid the numerous cares of domestic life, she found time and oppor-

tunity to impress religious truth upon their young and tender hearts ; and direct their opening minds to the contemplation of a Saviour's love. Nor were these labors of parental love and faithfulness, the exclusive privilege of their mother. Though upon her, as in the case of most mothers, the training of her little children principally devolved ; yet, the duties and obligations of a trust of such high responsibility were mutually shared between her companion and herself. Nor did they labor in vain. God kindly heard the voice of their supplication, and crowned their pious labors with the hopeful conversion of little S. They experienced the preciousness of the promise that secures the favor of heaven to children of faithful, devoted parents. *If you shall hearken diligently unto my commandments, which I command you this day, to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart, and with all your soul ; and shall lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your head, that they be as frontlets between your eyes,—and shall teach them to your children, speaking to them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up—and shalt write them upon the door-posts of thine house, and upon thy gates ; then will I establish*

my covenant between me and thee, and be a God unto thee and to thy seed after thee.

The circumstance of Susanna's conversion to God deeply affected the hearts of her parents, and contributed to render her the loved companion of her mother, in the hours of her solitude.

The native sweetness of her temper, and affectionate disposition, had already greatly endeared her to their hearts. But, when they saw the opening powers of her young mind devoted to the contemplation of religious truth, and the tender sympathies of her heart, drawn out in love and praise to the Saviour; when they listened to the frequency and fervency of her prayers, and witnessed her patience and submission in seasons of sickness and distress, new feelings of interest were awakened by the developement of these new and interesting traits of character. Many were the pleasing anticipations of years of future happiness in her society. But like a rose in the bud, that never ripens to maturity, Susanna was destined to taste the bitter ills of life, and die.

Thus early in life, she commenced and closed her earthly pilgrimage with God: leaving her parents and circle of pious friends, to mourn her early death. But they are not called to mourn as those who have no hope. They feel

assured that God has kindly released the object of their fond affection from the sins and sorrows of this life, and taken her happy spirit to the rest of heaven. Nor is this assurance the mere result of parental fondness, excited and cherished without foundation; and without regard to the necessity of a moral fitness for the society, and blessedness of heaven. The hope that she has passed to the abodes of the blessed, is based on the belief, that she was saved, (not by virtue of any inherent principle of moral goodness) but, *by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost.* That God was pleased in his infinite mercy to reveal to her infant mind, the secret love of Christ; and sweetly drew the affections of her heart to the Saviour, who said, *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.*

CHAPTER II.

HER NATURAL AMIABLENESS OF DISPOSITION.

IN the early developement of her natural disposition, she exhibited an uncommon sweetness of temper. Under the many disappointments crossing to the wishes and inclinations of little children, she always appeared cheerful and happy. She was never known to indulge in the childish peevishness, so common to children of her age, and in her circumstances. For, though a child of sorrow, and acquainted with grief, she was uniformly patient and submissive, under all her sufferings. Not easily excited, either by pleasure or pain; the prospect of life, or the approach of death, she possessed an evenness of temper, that rendered her short life pleasant and happy to herself and friends—that sweetened all her cares, and beguiled her sorrows—that made her the loved companion of her little friends, and greatly endeared her to the family circle. It seemed to be her daily study and delight, to know what would best promote the happiness of

her companions, and meet the views and wishes of her parents. She was never happier, than when others were happy around her. Hence her own plans and wishes were readily given up, on the slightest intimation that they were displeasing to others; especially, if they met the disapprobation of her parents. Their will and pleasure were to her the rule of filial duty; and to know that her obedience and submission had secured their confidence and affection, was the joy of her heart. It furnished a motive of sufficient weight to influence her general conduct; to induce her to do those things, which she knew would please them, and to dissuade her from the pursuit of any favorite amusement, which they deemed unsuitable or improper, however crossing to her own inclination.

As illustrations of the foregoing remarks, we shall introduce a few of the many facts, that might be presented. Like many other children, Susanna and Elizabeth an elder sister, often had the promise of visiting their friends, in company with their parents. The time was frequently appointed, and all the necessary preparations were made. The little sisters would seat themselves by the window, and patiently wait the arrival of the carriage; and amuse, and delight each other, with the prospect of a pleasant ride. Thus the hour

of delay, was often beguiled by the anticipated pleasure of again mingling in the society of their little cousins. But, they were frequently disappointed. Some unexpected call in the line of their father's business would entirely derange the plan of their visit; and however crossing to his inclination, or wishes, he was often obliged to say to his dear children, that he was under the necessity of disappointing them—that he could not, consistently with his more important duties, go with them,—that the visit for the present must be given up. Such intelligence was usually received by E—— the elder sister, with manifest feelings of regret; feelings which she could not always suppress, though common to children in similar circumstances.

She was often heard to say, 'Oh dear, I wish father would go, now we are all ready—I don't believe he will go at all.' But little S—— would immediately begin to reason upon the impropriety of such impatience; and vindicate the conduct of her father, with a sweetness of temper and mildness of address, that could not fail, to attract the notice of her parents; and produce the happiest influence upon E——. Why sister, (she would say) you know father would go if he could; he has got a great many men to look after; and so many things to do, that he can-

not go. She would then lay aside her bonnet and cloak, and divert her mind with her books, or some innocent amusement; ever remembering, that her happiness did not consist in the gratification of her wishes. She possessed the happy faculty of converting all her disappointments into lessons of useful instruction; and of illustrating the power and influence of her religion, by a patient and cheerful submission to whatever was crossing to the wishes and inclinations of her affectionate heart.

Another circumstance, which illustrates the natural amiableness of her disposition, took place in Providence, when on a visit to that city, to have a medical operation performed on her throat. It was a season of great anxiety to her distressed and afflicted parents—a season, in which the sympathy and kind attention of friends, greatly contributed to relieve their sorrowful hearts. Especially, any little circumstance that contributed to the comfort and happiness of their dear suffering S——, will ever be remembered with feelings of pious gratitude.

The lady of the family with whom they boarded, had a little son, an only child, not far from Susanna's age, to whom she became much attached. He was mild and affectionate in his disposition; and the sympathies of his tender heart were

soon excited, by witnessing the distress of his new acquaintance. Intent upon the object of relieving his little friend, he spared no pains to divert and amuse her, during her extreme sufferings. He much preferred to spend his time with her, in her sick chamber, than join with the boys, in their sports and play. For six successive days, in which she was constantly suffering under the pain of a surgical operation, her little friend William, was among her daily attendants. He never left her but once during the time, and then, only to attend the Sabbath School. The Sabbath School was a sound familiar to the ear of S——; and its duties and employments; the delight of her heart. She therefore readily expressed her consent to the absence of W——.

It was a privilege, of which she could not conscientiously deprive him, for her own personal gratification; a privilege which she ever reckoned among her richest earthly blessings.

When S—— had so far recovered from the effects of her painful operation, as to render it safe to accompany her parents home, it was trying to her feelings to part with her little sympathizing friend. She seemed to be deeply impressed with a sense of the kind attentions he had shown her, and often spoke of him, with the manifest feelings of a warm and grateful heart.

On the morning of their departure, they received a friendly invitation from the lady to make her house their home, with an affectionate assurance of her future assistance, should circumstances render it necessary for them to return. When, therefore, in the providence of God, it became necessary that S—— should again visit the city, to encounter another painful operation, she seemed, for a time, to forget her sufferings, in the anticipation of renewing her acquaintance with W——, thinking she should again enjoy his society. But, on arriving at the house of their much esteemed friend, they were met at the door by the good lady, who, with manifest feelings of regret, informed them, that such were the circumstances of her family, she could not possibly accommodate them. But advised them to take lodgings at the City Hotel, as it was conveniently situated, near the residence of Dr. M——, the attending physician. This was sorrowful intelligence to Susanna, and she looked somewhat sad, being already quite fatigued with her journey. It seemed, for the moment, to disarrange her little plans of earthly happiness. But when Mrs. A—— perceived the sadness which the disappointment had occasioned in S——, she informed her, that William should spend a portion of every day with her.

This kind promise had the desired effect to dispel her sad looks, and she was again cheerful and happy.

They were soon as comfortably situated in their new lodgings, as the circumstances of a public house, and the nature of the case, would admit. It was here, while suffering day after day, the anguish of a second surgical operation, that she manifested an uncommon sweetness of temper and disposition.

With a look of surprise, somewhat expressive of her disappointment, she asked her mother again and again, what could be the reason, that William did not come to see her. And when told, that perhaps he did not wish to come, to be again confined to her sick chamber; that probably, he preferred to spend his leisure hours in play, S— could not possibly attribute any such motives to his seeming neglect. She could not think, that it was because he had no wish to see her. Intent upon the object of vindicating his conduct, she readily found many little excuses for his absence. She would often say to her mother, Why he must be sick;—or, he is wanted at home; perhaps his mother is sick, and cannot spare him, as she has no husband to take care of her, and no other little boy, to wait upon

her; perhaps he started from home and lost his way, and could not find the house.

Such were some of the excuses she offered in his behalf, with an expression of countenance that seemed to say, *Love thinketh no ill of its neighbor*. She quietly submitted to the disappointment, of never again seeing her little friend, without manifesting one unpleasant feeling.

To her mind, there were reasons, that would justify his conduct, and that of her mother, though unknown to herself. And in the sequel it appeared, that the family had subsequently removed to Boston.

She had no other acquaintance in Providence, to sympathize in her afflictions, but her attending physician, who was often affected with her patient endurance of suffering, and with that mild and heavenly temper, which she uniformly manifested, under the most painful prescriptions.

In this connection, we cannot fail to notice the kind attendance of the chamber-maid, who expressed much pity and feeling for the little sufferer, during her stay at the City Hotel. Such expressions of sympathy, and acts of kindness, were always reciprocated, by the affectionate heart of Susanna.

Of the natural amiableness of her disposition,

other illustrations might be given were it necessary ;—but it is sufficient to say, that this was a prominent trait in her character, from her earliest days. She was ever inclined to yield her own wishes to those of her parents. When quite small, if required to perform some duty, or office of kindness to her sister, to which she would manifest a degree of reluctance, it was only necessary to give her a look of displeasure, and she would run to her mother with a sweet smile, saying, yes, dear mother, I will ; and the duty, whatever it might be, was then promptly and cheerfully performed.

CHAPTER III.

HER EARLY INTRODUCTION AND ATTACHMENT
TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

FROM early life she was accustomed to go to the house of God with her parents. Though the powers of her mind were not sufficiently matured to comprehend the nature and design of religious worship, still, she often appeared delighted with the services of the sanctuary. There was a uniform seriousness of deportment, and fixedness of attention, quite unusual in a child of her years. Though she could retain but little of what she heard, yet that little was indelibly impressed on her mind, and exerted the happiest influence on her after life. This was more especially true of the early impressions which she received in the Sabbath School. They were not only in some good degree instrumental of her conversion, but greatly contributed to the formation and developement of her Christian character.

The manner of her introduction into the Sabbath School, is worthy a passing notice. It was

not at the suggestion of her parents, nor by the urgent request of some faithful and devoted teacher, as is often the case with other little children; but she entered the school at her own earnest solicitation, before the thought had even suggested itself to her parents, and long before she could repeat her lesson with sufficient plainness to be perfectly understood by her teacher. The circumstances were these. A friend of the family, to whom Susanna was very much attached, was in the habit of frequently taking her into the pew, while her class was reciting. It was on one of these interesting occasions, when every little scholar had finished her usual recitation, each received her library book, and Miss B. had closed her religious instruction, that little S., looking up with a countenance beaming with interest, said, "*I want to say a lesson, and have a book.*" This unexpected request was immediately complied with. And after the teacher had placed her little pupil upon the seat, she immediately repeated the following lines:

"Awake little girl, 't is time to arise,
The hen has come out with her brood,
She is clucking and picking all over the yard,
While the chickens are crying for food."

These lines, though not an appropriate Sabbath School lesson, were instrumental of intro-

ducing her into the class of Miss B., of which she continued a member till death. This step in the early history of her life, is worthy the imitation of hundreds of children, to whom it has never yet been suggested, that they are old enough to attend the Sabbath School. The principal importance, however, which we wish to attach to this step, was its manifest influence on her after life. Immediately on her admission to Miss B.'s class, she seemed to feel in a great degree the importance of the stand she had taken. And with uncommon diligence and zeal, she applied herself to her weekly lesson, which, for a time, consisted of four lines from the well known hymn written for children.

“Though I am young, a little one,
If I can speak and go alone,
Then I must learn to know the Lord,
And learn to read his holy word.”

As she advanced in years, and better understood the nature and design of the system of Sabbath school instruction, she evidently felt a deeper interest in the institution. The books of the library were read with increasing interest; and the instructions of her teacher were beautifully illustrated in her life.

So great was the interest which she felt in attendance upon the worship of God, and in recit-

ing her Sabbath School lesson, that her seat in the sanctuary or class, was rarely ever vacated.

So long as her health and strength would permit, she was usually first in the family to be in readiness on Sabbath morning. A part of the preceding Saturday was uniformly spent in reviewing her lesson, in selecting her references, and in arranging and laying aside those articles of clothing that were to be worn on the succeeding day. That nothing might be omitted naturally tending to render her lesson more perfect, and herself more acceptable to her teacher and her God, she would watch the first opportunity of her mother's leisure moments, to present her request. Then, with an expression of tenderness and affection, she would ask her mother to look over her lesson while she repeated it, to see if she had it correct.

It is not easy for my little readers to conceive the manifest pleasure of Susanna, in having a perfect lesson; and in the anticipation of making one in her class on the coming Sabbath.

This interest continued and increased, even after her bodily indisposition rendered it extremely difficult, and even hazardous for her to attend church; the family residence being six miles distant from the house of worship. This

was one of the last of all her little privileges and sources of comfort she seemed willing to part with.

The Saturday but one preceding her death, she had gone through her usual preparations for the Sabbath, and came with the unexpected request to her mother, that she might be permitted to meet once more with her class. The feelings of a mother under such circumstances, may be better conceived than expressed. Before her, stands the object of her fond affection, pleading the privilege of spending one more precious Sabbath in the house of God, and in attendance on the duties of the Sabbath School. Regardless of her own bodily sufferings, and the fatigue she must necessarily endure from the length of the ride, she affectionately yet submissively asks, "my dear mother, shall I go?" And could such a request, coming from such a source, be denied? the request of a child oppressed with disease, and apparently standing upon the border of the invisible world, expressing in all the artless eloquence of her unaffected manner, a desire once more to enter the courts of the Lord's house, and take her final leave of her class, her teacher, and of all she held dear, in the public worship of God on earth? No, the tender feelings of a mother's heart could not

resist such an appeal, and her request was granted. Early on the following morning she was prepared with her usual readiness, to accompany the family to church. With many an anxious fear as to the result, she was placed in the carriage by the side of her sister. She however sustained the ride, and the ordinary services of the day, with less fatigue than was anticipated by her parents.

For the last time she recited her Sabbath lesson and received her book. But it was apparent from her manner, that she felt the highest satisfaction in being able to enjoy so rich a privilege, though her teacher was denied the pleasure of hearing a word of her lesson, as the tumor in her throat (of which we shall speak more particularly in another chapter,) had so far increased as sensibly to affect her speech.

What an important and impressive lesson of moral and religious instruction, may every Sabbath scholar learn, from the deep and affecting interest which this suffering child ever manifested in the early improvement of her mind. In the sacrifices which she endured to secure the object of her highest wishes, every idle boy and girl in the Sabbath School receives a lesson of severe rebuke. Every delinquent is admonished by a voice from her grave, to redouble his diligence,

and redeem the time. While the diligent and punctual scholar is excited by her example to still greater diligence and perseverance, and to higher attainments in knowledge and virtue.

May the history of her life prove as a morning star, in the path-way of some little friend, guiding his or her youthful steps to the fold of the Saviour. And may it excite in those who may chance to read it, a desire to follow her example, so far as she followed Christ.

What encouragement is also presented to the Sabbath School teacher to persevere in the diligent use of all those means of religious instruction, that are to mould the early habits, and control the future destinies, of the rising generation, to be punctual in the observance of the hour and place of meeting his class, and of making each scholar intrusted to his hands, a distinct subject of prayer.

Especially, does the subject address itself to mothers—those guardian angels of “the future hope of the church.” For all their pious labors to give a right direction to the opening powers of the mind, they are kindly repaid four fold into their anxious bosoms, by the frequent and early conversion of their children to God, and their happy and triumphant death.

CHAPTER IV.

HER EARLY ATTACHMENT TO HER BOOKS,
ESPECIALLY THE BIBLE.

SUSANNA was taught to read when quite young. When a little more than two years old, and before she could articulate with sufficient plainness to be distinctly understood by strangers, she could read many of the most familiar stories, selected from her favorite books. It required much patience and perseverance to teach her at so early an age, amidst the pressure of a mother's duties and cares. But such was her desire to learn to read, and such the susceptibility of her mind to receive instruction, that the task was rendered comparatively light and easy.

The mother and her little pupil soon became mutually interested in their new employment. The hour passed sweetly and swiftly away, that was thus devoted to the instruction of little S. Nor was the time and labor spent in vain. Her daily improvement gave pleasing evidence of the success of the effort, and encouraged the perse-

vering exertions of her mother; till, with the highest satisfaction, she saw her dear child attain to the object of her wishes.

From that time she continued to read with unceasing interest, to the very day, previous to the *night of her death*. Her books were her daily, and often, nightly companions. Not that they comprised a series of fanciful stories, expressly intended to please, without at all instructing the mind of a child. They were selected, with all that precaution and care, and with all that adaptedness to her age and state of mind, that, in the judgment of her parents, would be most likely to render them both pleasing and instructive. Hence, her little library consisted of books, written expressly for children, by the best and most approved authors. Among which were those of the following titles. "The Hour Improved." "Hymns for Children." "The Pious Sister." "Pleasures of Piety in Youth." "Memoir of Charlotte Hamilton." "Child's Book on the Soul." "Pastor's Daughter." "Child's Book on the Bible." "Memoir of Jane Judson."

Such were the books with which she made herself familiar; and in the reading of which, her young and tender mind was often deeply and religiously affected. The sentiments which

they contained, and the feelings which they inspired, greatly contributed to elevate her thoughts, and fix the affections of her heart on heaven.

Other books had their appropriate place and use, in her little library, and to such she devoted a portion of her time. But it was those that chiefly related to the subject of religion—that treated of the Saviour's sufferings and death—his kindness and compassion to sinners—and the religious experience of pious children, that principally engrossed her thoughts, and won upon the affections of her heart. Next to the Bible, these precious little volumes were held in the highest estimation. They were reckoned among her richest treasures, and occupied much of her time and thoughts. Yet the powers of her mind were never wearied, though her bodily strength was often exhausted, from her intense application.

In the absence of her only sister, who, in the summer of 1835, was sent to a boarding school, it was feared that Susanna would be sensibly affected with the loss of her society; but she appeared uniformly cheerful and happy, in the possession of her books. Not that she was wanting in affection to her sister. As an expression of her attachment she was often heard to repeat the following verse:—

“Happy absent sister too ;
Dearest sister far away ;
How we often think of you,
And for your quick return we pray.”

Naturally fond of retirement, she would sit alone, day after day, delighted with her favorite employments of reading, meditation, and prayer.

Frequently did a mother's feelings prompt her, secretly to listen to the private devotions of her little S. In the seasons of her retirement, she was often found weeping over some affecting story, which she had selected from her library. And then, as if to give vent to the feelings of her full heart, she would fall upon her knees, and in simple, yet eloquent language, pour out her soul in prayer, to her Father in Heaven.

But it has been already stated, that the Bible she regarded as the most precious gift of all. It lay the nearest to her heart, and was the most frequently and prayerfully read. So great was the interest with which she read this Holy Book, and so intent upon learning the meaning of what she read, that she would repeatedly solicit her mother to read in company with her, that she might explain those passages which the limited powers of her mind could not fully comprehend. Her love for the Bible, and desire to know more of its precious truths, increased until the day of

her death. And on the morning of that eventful day, she was taken into the arms of her affectionate mother, once more to enjoy the precious privilege of reading the sacred page in concert. But she soon became drowsy from the nature of her disease, and for the moment, so far lost her usual interest, as not to be able to read her verses in turn.

The Bible still lay open before her, and while the anxious mother glanced her eye over the sacred page, the dear child lay struggling for breath, apparently in the agonies of death. She soon, however, awoke, and looking up with an expression of grief, and a quivering chin, she seemed to say, "How could you be so unkind, my dear mother, as not to awake me, that I might read the word of God in company with you?" The Bible was then drawn toward her, which she pressed to her bosom, with all the eagerness, that a hungry child would seize a piece of bread. After she was shown the place, she immediately placed her finger upon it, and uttering a few broken accents, was again lost in sleep, with her body reclining on the Bible, and her finger still on the place. Thus alternately sleeping and waking, she continued to go through the chapter; but not without the greatest mental and bodily exertion.

Her delight in reading the *Youth's Companion*, is worthy of special notice.

This little messenger of useful information to children and youth, was ever a welcome companion to Susanna. And its weekly return still brings to the mind of her bereaved and afflicted parents, a fresh remembrance of the intense interest, with which she would look on its various subjects. No necessary delay would seem to weary her patience, in waiting for her paper, though the arrival was often at a late hour in the evening. In seasons of her greatest bodily distress, she has set bolstered up in bed, and for hours almost forgot her pains, in expectation of the happiness she hoped to derive from its perusal. And when the distant rumbling of the family carriage was heard, her countenance would beam with joy, and she would express the delight she felt, by saying, "Father is coming with my little COMPANION!"

CHAPTER V.

THE EVIDENCES OF HER PIETY, OR THE EARLY
CONSECRATION OF HERSELF TO THE SERVICE
OF GOD.

THE precise time of her conversion is not definitely known. Nor is it necessary, as evidence that she was a child of God. This fact is based on surer testimony than a simple appeal to the exact hour of her conversion. It was manifest to all who knew her, that she loved the Saviour whom she had not seen, and gave the most decided evidence of her early attachment to his cause and people.

She was a child of few words, naturally sedate and retiring in her disposition. Little was, therefore, to be known, of her religious views and exercises from her conversation. It was in the daily exhibition of her general temper and conduct; in her aptness to notice and improve the providences of God,—in the gratitude she felt and manifested for His protection and kindness,

—the delight she experienced in His worship, the study of His word, and in the duty of prayer, —in the expressions of her penitence and grief for sin,—and of her devout and holy feelings, in the contemplation of a Saviour's love,—in her attempt to relieve the sorrows and improve the condition of others,—in the patience and submission she manifested under afflictions, together with her peaceful and happy death, that her parents and circle of pious friends place their chief reliance, that she was truly born of God. The general tenor of her life was a living illustration of the early influence of religious truth upon her heart. It furnished the best possible evidence, that, by the grace of God, she was early prepared to shine as a sparkling gem in the crown of her Saviour, and to participate in that eternal weight of glory, reserved as the future inheritance of every little child, whose life reflects the image of Christ.

Her careful observance, and wise improvement of the dealings of God with her particular friends and acquaintance, are illustrated in her appropriate selections of Scripture, or in the adaptation of some affecting and instructive story, to their particular case. Thus she has been known to administer reproof to the repining, warning to the thoughtless, and consolation to

the afflicted. And coming from such an unexpected source, accompanied with all the artless simplicity of the best wishes and kind regards of a little child, the effect has often been most happy.

We will furnish a single illustration. Hearing that death had again entered the much loved family of her uncle B——, and selected as its victim another little cousin, an infant child of much promise, she selected and sent them the following story, with a desire to soothe their afflicted and sorrowful hearts.

MATERNAL LOVE.

Selected from the Pious Sister.

“ My babe was perhaps as fine a child when he was born, as was ever seen; and he continued so, for the first three months of his life. (The age of Susanna’s little cousin.) He had bright blue eyes, fine skin, and brown silken hair, and was altogether as desirable a babe as ever mother called her own.

As soon as he began to take notice, and know me, which was very early, he would look wishfully at me when I talked to him, as babes do, almost till his eyes filled with tears; or sometimes he would stop in the middle of his meal to look up at me and smile.

Then I would think to myself, 'how does this child shame my imperfect and defective love to my God! While my child delights in me, and sweetly answers, in the best way he can, to my expressions of tenderness, I am cold and ungrateful to my heavenly Father. He feeds and clothes me; He has created and preserved me; nay, more; if I am a Christian, He has redeemed me by His Son; He sanctifies me by His Spirit; and yet I turn away from him ungrateful. I forget Him, and my nature leads me to delight in anything rather than him.' Thus did my babe reprove me.

Again, I learned from my child other lessons respecting the nature of faith. When he was laid on my lap, submitting to be dressed and turned about as I pleased, reposing all his little concerns on me, as if he knew that I was planning all for his good. 'Surely,' I have thought, 'here is another pattern for me to copy! Oh, that I might lie in my Father's hands, to be done with as he sees good? Oh, that I might cast all my care upon Him who careth for me!' This was a lesson I was soon to have special need of in practice; and, indeed, these thoughts, which my child had been the means of putting in my mind, were often very soothing and comfortable to me in my hours of trial, when he was gone from me.

How has God prospered every thing to me, unworthy as I am!

Many other lessons, no doubt, my child would have taught me, had he been longer spared to me; but it pleased God to take him from me; and perhaps if he had lived, I should not have remembered his sweet instructions so well, for you know when he was gone, his little ways were always present with me; and, with the thoughts of them, came the truths they had taught me.

Oh, that we might learn always to see something of God in our earthly comforts, and then he would never fail to show us his refreshments in our days of sorrow."

The deep sense which she seemed to have of the protection and kindness of God, is thus beautifully expressed, in some of her favorite hymns. These hymns were often repeated, while the sentiments they contained as often affected her tender heart.

"Another day its course hath run,
And still, O God, thy child is blest;
For thou hast been by day my sun,
And thou wilt be by night my rest.

Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;
And now, when all the world is still,
I give my body to repose,
My spirit to my Father's will."

“ Good morning, dear mother, thro’ all the cold night
How sweet I have slept, and how still, and how warm ;
My heavenly Father watched over your child,
And guarded me safe from each danger and harm.

And precious new blessings each moment begins ;
I will love him, and thank him, and bless him each day.
I will beg him to make me his own little child,
And all his commands I will gladly obey.”

We have rarely ever met with a little child, whose thoughts and affections were so intensely fixed upon the honor and worship of God, during the hours of divine service. There seemed to be nothing in the appearance of the assembly, sufficiently attractive to divert her attention, and call off her thoughts and affections from the duties before her. While other children were often amused and delighted with whatever was new or novel, and especially with each other’s personal appearance and dress, Susanna seemed to be awed with the manifest presence of God, *in the assembly of his saints.*

The sound, Come, let us go yonder and worship, was always sweet to that ear, accustomed to the voice of prayer and praise. The house where God’s honor dwelleth was the place of rest to her soul ; and the services of the sanctuary, the delight of her heart.

Among her Sabbath morning exercises, she

would usually repeat the following lines, or others equally appropriate to the sacredness of the day.

“It is the holy Sabbath day ;
And I will neither work nor play ;
But try to learn the sacred word
Of my kind and blessed Lord.

I will love him till I die ;
Then above the starry sky,
With happy children I shall sing
Praises to my heavenly King.”

“This day the blessed Jesus rose,
And left the gloomy grave ;
For, Oh ! he died a bitter death,
Our wicked world to save.

And I will go, with thankful heart,
To seek his house of prayer ;
And listen to his gracious words,
And bless and praise him there.”

As might be naturally expected, the Sabbath and sanctuary exerted their happiest influence upon her private devotions. They led her to her Bible and her closet—to commune with her heart and her Saviour—to grow in grace, and in the knowledge of her Redeemer.

Many a sleepless hour has passed silently away, while engaged in her favorite employment of reading and prayer. At other times, the mother and child would mutually share the priv-

ilege between them. As these precious seasons of social devotion became more frequent and familiar, they not only served to increase the faith, and confirm the hope of Susanna, but to remove from the mind of her parent all doubt, as to the genuineness of her conversion. They furnished some of the best evidences of the early consecration of her heart to God. For no earthly amusement could surpass the pleasure she felt, in reading the Bible, and in the duty of prayer. Her prayers, though offered in the simplicity of a child, breathed the spirit of true devotion. They were usually offered with a fervency and ardor, that would naturally impress the mind of a stranger, of her near access to God. She was often heard to pray, that she might be as punctual in the discharge of this duty, as was Daniel; that like him, she might pray, and present her supplications to God, three times a day. Nor were her prayers presented exclusively for herself. Her heart was often lifted to God, for the circle of her young acquaintance. She expressed the deepest concern for the conversion of her absent sister, and little cousins; especially her cousin J——, of Fairhaven, for whom she felt the attachment of a sister. His happiness, for time and eternity, seemed to occupy much of her thoughts, and call forth an unusual spirit of

earnestness in prayer. If he had been her own brother, she could not have felt a deeper interest in his *spiritual welfare*; and it is to be hoped, that her prayers and example may influence him to make an early consecration of the best affections of his heart to the Saviour of his little cousin; and that he may furnish another illustration of the truth, that of such examples of early piety is the kingdom of God.

She was often sensibly affected with the guilt of sin, and lamented and wept over it with a truly godly sorrow.

The tender solicitude of an ever watchful mother, prompted a careful observance of the dealings of God with her beloved Susanna. Not anxious to take encouragement from every little incidental circumstance that might seem to indicate the mercy of God to her child, she frequently heard her weeping, after she had retired to rest, but thought it not prudent always to inquire into the cause. She much preferred to raise the desires of her own heart to her Father in Heaven, who alone knew the cause of the grief of her child, and who was able to do more and better for her than the kindest earthly parent. At other times, such was her desire to know the cause of her grief and tears, that she would seat herself

beside the bed of her little S——, and ask her the cause of her weeping. After some little hesitation, arising from her natural diffidence, she would say, that she was not a good girl; and she would continue to weep until she fell asleep. On one occasion, as she lay weeping in bed, she was addressed in the following language, by her mother. ‘What makes you cry so, my dear Susanna?’ To which she replied, ‘my dear mother, I am afraid I did not speak the truth, to-day, when I asked you to let me go up stairs and play with my dolls, for I wanted to do something else?’ After being assured, that, if she felt that she had done wrong, and was truly penitent for it, her Father in Heaven would forgive her; and after imploring his forgiveness, she became composed and cheerful, and soon fell asleep.

Her sorrow for sin and fear of offending God, were often expressed in the language of the following Hymn.

“ God sees every thing and knows every thing.”

“ I’m not too young for God’to see!
He knows my name and nature too,
And all day long he looks at me,
And sees my actions through and through.

He listens to the words I say,
And knows the thoughts I have within ;
And whether I'm at work or play,
He's sure to see it, if I sin.

Oh ! how could children tell a lie,
Or cheat in play, or steal, or fight,
If they remembered God was by,
And had them always in his sight.

If some good minister is near,
It makes us careful what we do ;
And how much more we ought to fear
The Lord, who sees us through and through.

Then, when I want to do amiss,
However pleasant it may be,
I'll always try to think of this,—
I'm not too young for God to see."

Nor was Susanna a stranger to the consolations of religion. Her little heart was often the abode of peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,—that peace that passeth all understanding, and which, at times, her language was not fully adequate to express.

A year since, last April, on the day of our public State Fast, her mind was peculiarly exercised. She seemed to have some new and fresh discoveries of the love of God ; of the preciousness

of the Saviour, and to take a deeper interest in reading and in applying the truths of the Bible, to her own particular case : while the Spirit of God evidently took of the things of Jesus Christ and revealed them unto her.

On another occasion, the love of God was so manifestly shed abroad in her heart, she could not conceal the joy she felt, from her mother. Soon after taking an emetic, she lay herself down upon the sofa, with her face in her hands ; while her mother sat writing, in another part of the room. A low whisper soon revealed the secret, that she was engaged in prayer. But nothing was said, till after the writing was finished, and laid aside. She then approached her mother, and with an expression of countenance and manner of address, that at once revealed the secret love of God in her soul, she said, Mother, when I lay upon the sofa, while you were writing, something in my heart seemed to say, *Bless the Lord, O my soul.* This was evidently a season of the special manifestation of God's mercy and grace to little S. She said but little on the occasion. But her outward actions fully illustrated the inward teachings of the Holy Spirit. She appeared perfectly happy through the day, the great part of which was spent in reading

and prayer. Nor did the effect of these precious manifestations of God's special mercy to little S——, pass away as the *morning' cloud and early dew*. They exerted a happy and perceptible influence on her future life—controlling her thoughts—purifying the affections of her heart—and expanding the desires of her soul. They had the effect of transforming her whole moral nature into the likeness of Christ. It was not difficult to discern in her life and conversation, the prominent graces of the Christian, in miniature. They shone through the arisen light of the star of Bethlehem, with a distinctness, that might be seen, even by the passing stranger. It seemed to be her habitual aim, to copy after the example of the meek and lowly Jesus. To transcribe His life into her daily walk and conversation. *To live as seeing him who is invisible.*

As a necessary consequence, she became deeply interested in the sorrows and sufferings of others, and in all those plans of benevolence, designed to provide the necessary means of relief, so far as her mind was enlightened upon the great subject of the world's redemption.

“She was one of the six cousins, who sent their donations to the little Greek Paper.”

While she sympathised in the sorrows and

sufferings of others, she bore her own, with the most surprising patience and fortitude. She was calm, resigned, and even cheerful, in the near prospect of suffering and death. And by her example, often reprov'd the seeming impatience and want of submission in those, who were the eye witnessess of her distress.

In the fall of 1835, the fears of her distressed and anxious parents were fully realized, and an increase of the tumor in the throat of their dear S——, rendered a second operation immediately indispensable. But how could they communicate this sad intelligence to their afflicted child? How best fortify her mind, and tender frame, for the scene of her contemplated suffering? How even prepare themselves for the patient endurance of such an eventful hour? But God was better to them than their fears; *his grace was sufficient* to sustain their sinking spirits, and arm the little sufferer with “a fortitude beyond her years.”

After communicating their intention of taking her again to Providence, to undergo another painful operation, she sweetly submitted to the decision of her parents, and immediately began to assist her mother, in the necessary preparations for the journey. After collecting, and neatly packing, her clothes, she did not forget to

select from her library a number of books to take with her, as was her usual practice, when expecting to be absent from home, for any length of time.

During these hours of painful anxiety to her afflicted mother, who found it extremely difficult to suppress her own feelings, S—— appeared cheerful and happy. She was constant in her endeavors to divert her own, and the mind of others, from the scene of her contemplated sufferings. Whenever she happened to discover the least expression of dejection, in the countenance of her mother, or the tear standing in her eye, she seemed to understand that it was on her account; and in the most affectionate manner, she would attempt to banish every anxious thought, and suppress every rising fear. To effect the object of her benevolent heart, she would read to her mother, or exhibit her little paintings, or patch-work; or in some other way, attempt to divert her mind, and restore to her afflicted bosom, its wonted joy and peace.

The least appearance of discontent, or of unreconciliation to the providence of God, spoke a language which she felt to be inconsistent with the Christian character; and which she would labor to suppress in herself and others.

Such are some of the evidences of her early piety. More might have been written from the materials already furnished. And much more, doubtless, might have been known, but for her peculiarly modest and retiring disposition. But, as the object is not, unnecessarily to increase the size of the volume, we hope that what has been said, may have the effect of leading some Sabbath School scholars to the Saviour of sinners. Would you, my little friends, be prepared to pass smoothly on through life, whether your days be many or few?—Would you be habitually prepared for the rest of heaven? Would you have your dying hour sweetened and blessed with the consolations of religion, and your soul safely conducted to mansions on high? Then come to Christ while young; give Him the affections of your heart, and devote your life to his service.

Permit me to recommend to your notice, the example of Susanna in a single instance, as worthy of your imitation.

The following lines were placed at the head of her bed, that she might read them every morning. This practice continued for years, even till the very day of her death.

“This day I am resolved to try,
To keep in mind what I must do.”

This morning too, I will begin
To fight away my darling sin ;
And when this little life is o'er
Then I shall live to die no more."

CHAPTER VI.

HER PATIENCE UNDER BODILY SUFFERING FROM
A TUMOR IN THE THROAT, WHICH RESULTED
IN NINE DISTINCT OPERATIONS, AND SUBSE-
QUENTLY IN HER DEATH.

It was early in the fall of 1834 and soon after Susanna had completed her sixth year, that her parents discovered something unusual in her breathing. The difficulty rapidly increased, during the winter following. In the opening spring, it became apparent that there was some unnatural obstruction in her throat. Though it did not materially affect her general health, yet it was attended with much pain and suffering; it also excited in her parents the most painful apprehensions that it might speedily terminate her life. With these impressions, a physician was immediately consulted. But the cause of the difficulty was not discovered till several weeks afterwards. On a second examination, it was found that a tumor or polypus was fast filling up her throat. An immediate operation was recom-

mended as the only effectual remedy. Her parents were accordingly advised to take her to the Hospital in Boston, that she might have the best medical attendance. Sensible that the health and probably the life of the child were dependant on such a measure—that without speedy relief, she must soon fall a sacrifice to the disease, with many tears and prayers they commenced their journey to Boston. Soon after their arrival, they were informed that the celebrated Dr. M. of F. was in the city. By the advice of friends, no less than from their own natural aversion to the confinement of a Hospital, they concluded to submit her case to his inspection and care. He was accordingly consulted. On examining the throat, he spoke highly encouraging of the probable success of an operation. He did not regard the case as one of rare occurrence, but similar in kind to what had often occurred in the course of his practice ; and that nothing difficult or doubtful was to be apprehended. He much preferred, however, that the operation should be performed in Providence, as his son resided there, and he wished for his assistance. Her parents accordingly left the city for home, and the day following proceeded to Providence, where the first surgical operation was performed, in April, 1835.

To give my youthful readers some faint idea of what Susanna must have suffered, I shall briefly state the manner in which the operation was performed. The principal instrument employed consisted of an elastic tube, with a small silver wire passing through it. This tube was pressed into the nostril, and then down the throat till it came in contact with the tumor. The wire was then passed through the tube until it made *its appearance at the mouth*. After this, it became necessary to pass the wire around the tumor, so as to effect its final separation from the part to which it adhered. This could be done only by means of the Doctor's putting his fingers down the throat. During this most painful part of the operation, her breath was entirely stopt. The wire was then gently though closely drawn around the tumor and fastened to the end of the tube. In the progress of the operation, it was necessary to tighten the wire every day, till the separation was completely effected; which sometimes required three and four, and once, six days, during nine distinct operations.

The first operation was the longest, and in some respects, by far the most painful. It was a new and untried scene of suffering. And though the mind of Susanna had pictured the

horrors of the scene, still the reality far surpassed the power of her imagination.

After she was seated in her mother's arms, and the doctor approached her with his instruments, she said, "Now Doctor, you will let me fix myself first, wont you?" The Doctor kindly assenting to her request, she accordingly began, by smoothing her dress, adjusting her hair, and wiping the cold sweat from her face. Her mind was soon composed, and every thing in readiness for the operation. She then folded her little hands and said, "Now I am ready." And casting her tearless eye upon her afflicted father, she added, "now father you will please to hold my hands."

Till now, he had thought it impossible to stay in the room, and witness the sufferings and distress of his child. But the artless eloquence of her request completely overcame him. And he felt that he could not refuse the dear child, be the sacrifice of his own feelings what it might.

She remained perfectly composed during the whole operation, which continued five days in succession. On the fifth day, a separation of the tumor from the throat was effected. She was enabled to bear this scene of suffering, without so much as saying that she could not,

or that she did not want the operation performed. Her patient and quiet submission was matter of surprise and astonishment to all who witnessed it. It evinced a maturity of character, a soundness of judgment, and fortitude of mind, rarely if ever witnessed in a child of her years.

In the course of a very few weeks, her anxious parents had the unhappiness, again to discover the tumor forming in her throat. They immediately took her to Boston, and consulted several of the most able surgeons of that city. Various means were used to destroy the tumor, but without effect. At most they only gave a momentary check to its growth.

In the following autumn, it became necessary to the preservation of her life, that some more efficient remedy be applied. She was accordingly taken to Providence, and with her usual fortitude, patiently submitted to a second surgical operation. In the kind providence of God, this was far less distressing than the first. In two days she was greatly relieved, and her breathing became somewhat natural.

Language is inadequate to express the sense of gratitude which she felt on the occasion. While she was not insensible to the kindness of her friends, her heart seemed filled with the

goodness of God. She evidently eyed the hand of his Holy Providence, in the relief which she experienced, while she often expressed to her mother, the pleasure which she felt in being able to breathe with so much ease to herself. She would frequently turn her head from the window where she sat to view the passing stranger, and, with a countenance beaming with delight, say, "mother, I can breathe through my nose with my mouth shut." But her breathing, even then, was far from being easy and natural. Still, her parents were greatly encouraged with the prospect of her ultimate recovery.

With this encouragement they returned home, fondly hoping that, by following the directions of the attendant physician, they should be able to destroy the roots of the tumor, and effect a final cure.

Vain, delusive hope. With all their care and attention; their watchings, fastings and prayers, they had the pain and distress, of seeing every human effort baffled by the nature of the disease. The tumor now rapidly increased in size; and her parents distinctly foresaw that it was secretly undermining her constitution, and affecting her whole frame; still they continued to apply the means prescribed, though with little apparent

effect. Some of the prescriptions were extremely nauseous and difficult to be taken; so much so, that her mother said to her one day, "I cannot think how you can take your medicine so readily, my dear Susanna." To which she replied, "before I take it, I think of the verses in my little book, and repeat the two last lines."

"Almighty God, I'm very ill,
But cure me if it be thy will,
For thou canst take away my pain,
And make me strong and well again.

Let me be patient every day,
And mind what those who nurse me say;
And grant that all I have to take,
May do me good for Jesus' sake."

The time evidently drew near for another of those painful operations, so exceedingly distressing to the little sufferer, and agonizing to the hearts of her parents. As the weather had become cold, and her health was much impaired, it was not thought advisable to take her to Providence. Accordingly Dr. M. was invited to her father's house. His professional duties would not admit of his staying to witness the result of the operation. Having therefore succeeded in attaching the wire to the roots of the

polypus, the remaining part of the painful operation, (the tightening of the wire) was left in trust with her father. On the third day a separation was effected, but with little evident relief.

From that time, the nature of the disease rendered it necessary that the operations should be more frequent; but they were not the less severe. And though not attended with more dangerous consequences than usual, still the *little sufferer had less bodily strength to bear them*; while the hope of her final recovery was daily diminishing.

In the winter of 1836, she passed through three additional operations. The last of the three was peculiarly distressing, on account of the breaking of the wire in the act of drawing it around the tumor.

Her parents are still deeply affected, with the recollection of that distressing scene. "It pains my heart," says her mother, "to think of what she then suffered." The wire broke off so low down in the instrument, that it could not be drawn back, so as to produce any favorable result; still it remained attached to the polypus, while the instrument, suspended from the nostril, hung over her mouth six days and nights in succession. During this period she could take no

nourishment, except a little drink, administered with a tea-spoon. But what greatly aggravated the scene of her suffering, was the circumstance, that when the wire was finally drawn, it left the tumor perfectly sound, and still remaining firmly attached to the throat.

Hence, it very soon became necessary to resort to the same painful remedy. Two weeks only elapsed, before the like distressing scene was acted over again. But Susanna had suffered so much in the previous operation without relief, and her nervous system had become so much excited, that, when the arrival of the Doctor was announced, the tears started in her eye, and a flush appeared on her cheek, while she whispered in the ear of her affectionate mother, this artless and touching request, "Do, mother, let the Doctor take tea first." But when she heard that it was the Doctor's wish to proceed immediately, she soon became composed; and with her usual cheerfulness, she was ready to forego her own wishes to meet the convenience of others. With the patience and fortitude of a martyr, she submitted, as we before stated, to *nine* such painful operations; and, in the spring of 1836, she accompanied her parents to Providence, with a view, if necessary to the preservation of her life, to en-

counter another such scene of distress. But on the examination of the case, the Physician turned aside, saying, "That he had not a heart to inflict any farther pains upon the dear suffering child, with so little hope of success."

In this short account of the sufferings of Susanna, you have before you, my little readers, an example of patience and fortitude, which you will do well to remember in your seasons of sickness and distress. It will, with the blessing of God, serve to check the first risings of impatience and fretfulness, so common to little children when sick. It will render you pleasant and submissive to those who may watch by your sick bed. And more than all, it will direct your thoughts and the tender affections of your hearts to that world where pain and sickness are known no more.

CHAPTER VII.

HER PEACEFUL AND HAPPY DEATH.

“That life is long, that answers life’s great end.”

This obvious truth was most beautifully illustrated in the life and death of Susanna. All the great purposes of her probationary existence were accomplished within the limited period of a few years. Her path-way to heaven, though short and thorny, was quickly passed; and she left a world of sorrow and death, with the prospect of heaven beaming in her eye.

To confirm the truth of the foregoing remarks, we wish to call the attention of our readers to a few of the closing scenes of her life.

When for the last time she was taken to Providence to have her case re-examined, to know if any thing more could be done to save her life, or relieve her distress, her parents could not but indulge the most painful apprehensions, that the disease was fast forming its fatal crisis. That their beloved child was beyond the power of human skill; and that her case had already become hopeless.

When, however, their fears were confirmed by the Physician, in whom they placed implicit confidence—when, for the first time, they heard him say that it was useless to afflict the dear child with another painful operation, and gave them to understand that there was no help in her case; the intelligence, for the moment, was insupportable. But the little sufferer displayed on the occasion, the true spirit of unaffected submission to the will of her Heavenly Father. She stood unmoved and unaffected with the decision of the Doctor.

On their journey home, she appeared cheerful and happy, while the thoughts of her parents were principally occupied with the affecting scene before them. They distinctly foresaw that in the providence of God, they must soon be called to resign the dear object of their fond affection to the arms of death—to commit their much loved Susanna to the cold and silent grave. This was so manifestly the pleasure of God, they sensibly felt that it became them to bow submissively to the afflictive dispensation, and to resign, at the call of their Saviour, the child he had kindly given them, and whom in mercy to her suffering condition he was rapidly preparing for the rest of heaven. Still, nature recoiled at the thought. Never

did their hearts yearn with purer, stronger affection over the little sufferer, while their silent prayers were mutually ascending to heaven for divine support and Christian submission. That eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, beheld the affecting scene. That ear that is never dull of hearing, was open to the voice of their supplication. That Saviour, who is touched with the feelings of our infirmities, graciously partook of their sorrows: and answers of peace and consolation were immediately given in that well known promise to all his afflicted people,—*My grace is sufficient for thee.*

The preciousness of this promise is thus illustrated in the language of the afflicted mother. 'I can never describe my feelings at this trying time. But I can speak of the goodness of God with feelings of gratitude, which I hope will continue to increase as long as eternity endures. I have ever found my God to be *a very present help in trouble.* And I would ever bless and praise his holy name that he has erected a throne of mercy; and made it accessible through the merits of his only begotten and well beloved Son, *by whom we have access unto the Father,* in all our seasons of sorrow and affliction.

“From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm and sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.”

Susanna survived but a few weeks after her return from Providence. During this short period of her remaining life, she experienced one continued scene of suffering, and distress. With little variation, these several weeks were literally filled up with wearisome days and nights.

As the natural consequence of considering the tumor in her throat incurable, and of ceasing from the use of all means to check its growth, it rapidly increased in size, and her breathing soon became greatly obstructed. So great was her distress for breath, that it became necessary to keep her in the open air, night and day. But though her bodily sufferings were, at times, almost insupportable, still her mind was uniformly peaceful, and happy. Not a murmur escaped her lips. Not the least degree of discontent was expressed, either in her looks, or gestures. She often felt and expressed a degree of concern for others, fearing that they might weary or fatigue themselves, in their attendance upon her. And she never failed to express the sense of

gratitude she felt, for the favors, and kindnesses she received. Her sufferings and patience had become proverbial, and no one thought it a burden, but rather a privilege and pleasure to contribute to the comfort and happiness of Susanna.

But my little readers will naturally suppose that her mother was her dearest earthly friend. In her she confided. To her she could more fully, than to any other person, communicate all the feelings of her tender heart—her hopes and fears; her joys and sorrows. Many of these last, and in some respects, sweeter and most delightful of all the little interviews she ever held with her mother, (of which I shall give you some account,) will never be forgotten. And while they are remembered by those who knew and loved her, will you not also remember to copy after her example; that should you die while young, your mother may also have the privilege, of relating the history of your happy life and death to other little children.

Bolstered in her cradle, she was placed before an open window, to pass one of her painful and distressing nights. In these circumstances, she was left for the first time, in the care of a kind and faithful watcher, to relieve the exhausted nature of her parents. About three in the morning,

the ever anxious mother arose and approached the cradle of her beloved child. Soon after the watcher retired; and Susanna was asked how she had rested during the night; She looked up with a smile, and said, 'why Mrs. — did not fix my pillows as good as you do, mother.' She was then asked, 'why she did not request her to be called.' She replied, 'I knew that you was asleep, mother, and could not bear to wake you.'

Just as the day began to dawn in the east, she pointed her little emaciated finger to the light, with the seeming intention of communicating some inward thought or feeling of her heart. Her mother noticing this little circumstance, and supposing it an indication of joy, that she had safely passed another night of her weary pilgrimage, said to her, 'my dear Susanna, the nights are long and tedious to you, are they not?' She looked up with a smile, which neither time nor circumstances will ever obliterate from the mind of her mother, and said, 'When we get to heaven, there will be no night there. It will be all bright day.'

From this time, she began to fail fast, and the day of her departure was evidently at hand. This was distinctly foreseen by her afflicted and sorrowful parents. Still, on the day of her death,

she was not thought to be in any more immediate danger of suffocating, than she had been repeatedly before. On the morning of that day, she expressed a wish to walk out into the cranberry meadow. Anxious to gratify her last wishes; and if possible, divert her mind from her sufferings, she in company with her mother and sister, walked into the meadow. She succeeded in gathering a few cranberries, but it was attended with great exertion. This was her last effort, and she returned to the house, supported by her mother and sister, to lie down and die. In the afternoon following, as she sat in her mother's arms, looking out of the open window, to the skies, she appeared to be in deep thought. In a few moments, with evident emotions of pure and heavenly joy, she exclaimed; 'Holy Sabbath, Holy Sabbath, Holy Sabbath,' and then, immediately fell into a sound sleep, breathing as if she were in the agonies of death. After much exertion, she was again restored to a consciousness of her situation, her sufferings, and prospects. She was then asked 'If it were right, that she should endure so much pain and suffering.' With a look of surprise and astonishment, that such a question should be asked, she immediately placed her hand upon the swelling,

on the side of her throat, and said, 'Oh yes, my dear mother, it is perfectly right, that I should have all these polypusses in my throat, or God would not have put them here.' Then pausing a moment, she added, 'I do not suffer half so much as Jesus did. Only think, when He was dry they gave Him vinegar to drink.' She continued to talk, with increasing earnestness, for some time. And from her manner and general appearance, it was evident that her mind was occupied, and her heart deeply affected, with the Saviour's sufferings; while her own were in a measure forgotten. But all that could be distinctly understood, was the name of Jesus.

Just before she died, the feelings of parental love and affection prompted the following question, 'What shall I do, my dear Susanna, if you are taken away from me?' She was evidently much affected with the question; and exerting all her remaining strength, she made her last attempt to soothe the sorrows of a mother's heart, by saying, 'Oh mother, it will be but a little while, before we shall all meet again.'

"Farewell, dear friends, a short farewell,
Till we shall meet again above."

She fondly hoped to meet in heaven, all those

dear relatives and friends, that still retained a place in her affectionate heart, there to spend an eternity in praise to the Lamb that was slain to redeem them with his blood. Such anticipations of a happy re-union in heaven,—of mutually sharing its honors and privileges, greatly relieved the anguish of the parting scene, and reconciled her afflicted parents to the dispensation of God's righteous Providence.

A little before eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, as she sat reclining in her father's arms, and the dew-chill of death was distilling upon her brow, there was an expression upon her countenance that seemed to say,

“ ‘ Yes, let me go—the fields are green,
 The groves are waving fair ;
 I see my bright and glorious home,
 Oh ! let me enter there.
 Here, 'tis a bitter toil to breathe—
 A weary strife to pray ;
 Our goodness fades like morning dew,
 And darkness clouds the day.’ ”

'Twas thus the dying child implored
 Of those who wept in wo ;
 Still sighing, till her eye grew dim,—
 ‘ Oh, mother, let me go !’
 Her cheek grew pale.—Had ghastly death
 Dealt the last fatal blow ?

Once more those trembling lips unclosed,—
‘ Dear parents, let me go !’

And how could they the soul detain,
Thus struggling to be free ?
How league with the oppressor, pain,
To bar its liberty ?

She continued to breathe with increasing difficulty, till her gentle spirit took its flight to the bosom of that Saviour, who, when on earth, said, “ *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven,*”—which was the first Scripture verse Susanna ever repeated from memory. As she breathed her last, a serene and heavenly smile spread over her pale, but lovely countenance, disrobing even death itself of its most frightful and ghastly imagery.

Thus closed the earthly pilgrimage of our little sufferer. The sky of her morning was thickly overcast with clouds, and every prospect of earthly happiness was suddenly veiled, in the mystery of God’s providence. But her pilgrimage closed, and her sun set, in all the brightness of heaven’s pure and unsullied light. Well, then, might her bereaved parents exclaim, in the language of inspired truth, “ *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name*

of the Lord.” Or relieve the sorrow of their hearts with the sentiments beautifully expressed in the following lines.

Consolation for the afflicted.

MOTHER.

“ Ah, little sojourner below,
 Oh, why from hence so quickly gone ?
 Say—is this world so full of wo,
 That thou should’st quit thine earthly home ?”

CHILD.

“ Vain world ! how transient is its joys ;
 Its pleasures soon will end in pain ;
 But where I’m gone, there’s no alloy ;
 Who would not die this bliss to gain.

Here, babes like me forever sing
 The dear Redeemer’s dying love ;
 Our songs make heaven’s high arches ring,
 And rills of bliss fill all above.

Then cease t’ indulge the falling tear ;
 I now with Jesus ever dwell.
 If you my praises did but hear,
 You’d surely say that all is well.

Now let each furrowed cheek be dry,
 And the Redeemer’s grace adore ;
 Soon shall you mount with me on high,
 To sing, and praise, and part no more.

Then weep not, dearest mother,
 But rather kiss the rod
 That called your darling daughter
 So early to her God,

Where sin, where sorrow, never
 Can more disturb her rest ;
 But one continued song of praise,
 Among the ransomed blest.

You say you miss your daughter,—
 You cannot hear her voice ;
 Your heart is broke, your faith is tried,
 But still you *may* rejoice.

Rejoice in God who gave,
 And had a right to take ;
 Then learn to bless his holy name,
 For the Redeemer's sake."

" Thou art gone, my loved child, I'm left to deplore thee,
 Thou art gone to thy rest in the mansions above ;
 And what if thou had'st all earth's pleasures before thee ;
 'Tis nothing compared to pure, heavenly love.

Thou art gone, my sweet child, ere sin's blighted sorrow
 Had once chilled thy young heart, or had brought forth
 a tear ;
 And though in *thy* loss, all *my* hopes of the morrow
 Are crushed, yet for thee I have nothing to fear.

