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LENT TO ADVENT SOURCE COLLECTION  
BY MARY E. LAMSON

ADVENT SOURCE COLLECTION

*An Appeal to the Youth.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.

No. 169 FUNERAL ADDRESS

OF HENRY N. WHITE, AT BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DEC. 21, 1863, WHO  
DIED AT TOPSHAM, MAINE, DEC. 8TH; ALSO A BRIEF  
NARRATIVE OF HIS LIFE,

EXPERIENCE AND LAST SICKNESS,

His Mother's Letters, etc.

“He being Dead, yet Speaketh.”

1868  
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**An Appeal to the Youth.**



# Address

AT THE FUNERAL OF HENRY N. WHITE, BATTLE  
CREEK, MICHIGAN, DEC. 21, 1863.

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BY URIAH SMITH.

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IT is but a few months since he who now lies before you in the silence of death, left us in all the vigor of life, and the buoyancy of youth and hope. Who of us could then have thought that such would be his returning? If it had been told us that death would so soon take away one of our number, who would have looked upon him as that one? But the blow has fallen upon him—perhaps I should not say upon him; for he is not the afflicted one; it is the living hearts that feel, while he has passed beyond the sorrows and vicissitudes of earth.

A funeral was held on the occasion at the place of his decease, Topsham, Maine, the 10th instant. He, with his two brothers, had been stopping there for about two months, and they had formed many acquaintances, who could not be satisfied to have him removed without funeral services with them; which were accordingly held. And as he has been brought here to be deposited in the family burial-place, in Oak Hill Cemetery, it has been thought proper, for the gratification of the church of which he was a member, and of the youth with whom he was acquainted and asso-

ciated, that some further services should be held here. We are here for this purpose to-day; and to contemplate, for a few moments, the lessons which this dispensation of Providence brings before us.

We call this a dispensation of Providence. We believe in such dispensations. The remark is often made, that all our afflictions, disease and death, are the result of physical laws transgressed, and that alone. And while in many instances this may be true, we still believe it is the Christian's privilege, to recognize an overruling Providence, and see a Father's hand in all the events that specially affect him. We read that the steps of the good man are ordered of the Lord; also, that whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth; and that if we are without chastisement, we are not recognized as sons. This shows us that there are certain afflictions which we may receive as chastisement from the hand of the Lord. In illustration, we might refer to the case of Job, upon whom the Lord permitted affliction to come for purposes of his own; and also, to the case of Hezekiah, in whose experience the Lord's hand was also visible. And how comforting the thought that, in events which are dark to us, of which we cannot understand the design, there is One who sees beyond the narrow limits of our vision, who is ordering events for us, working for our good, and who will eventually bring all things out right.

But when, through the leadings of this Providence, our pathway lies along by the

side of the tomb, and our friends are taken away from us by death, it is but natural that the stricken heart should inquire what their condition is, and what is their future prospect. Paul well knew that bereaved hearts would be sorrowful; and he does not command us not to sorrow; but only to sorrow not without hope. And he well knew what the first and most anxious inquiry of the sorrowing heart would be. Hence he approaches this subject and says: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope." Mark the expression, "I would not have you to be ignorant." And whatever point there is, upon which inspiration would not have us ignorant, we have in that declaration the assurance, implied, at least, that there is full and definite instruction given us concerning it. We accordingly find scattered all over the sacred page, expressions and declarations, setting forth the condition in which the dead are placed. In the grave, says one, there is no remembrance of thee. In the grave, says another, who shall give thee thanks? The dead praise not the Lord, neither any that go down into silence. The dead know not anything; their love, their hatred, their envy, and all their emotions and passions are now perished. And multitudes of similar declarations we find, all going to show that the grave is a place of unconsciousness, silence and inactivity.

But this question being settled, another im-

mediately arises. If the grave is such a place, and if death is a sleep, is it, as atheism and infidelity assert, an eternal sleep? And on this question, more important, perhaps, than the other, the word of God is, if possible, still more explicit. Job puts the question direct: "If a man die shall he live again?" This is the very question at issue; and he answers it in the language that immediately follows: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." Job xiv, 14. But how do we know that this is an answer to the preceding question? How do we know what he means by waiting, and what the change is, that shall afterwards come? Turning to some further testimony of Job's, we read, "If I wait, the grave is mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness. \* \* And where is now my hope? As for my hope, who shall see it?" If he once went into a state of death, where was his hope? If he waited, the grave was to be his house. This shows us, plainly enough, that the waiting to which he refers, is waiting in the grave; and that the change that is to follow is the change that takes place from that condition. And what is that change? The next verse declares: "Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee; thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands." That is it. The Lord will call him from his lowly resting-place. Man, the noblest work of God, will not be forgotten and left to perish. The Lord will have a desire to the work of his hands. The voice of the archangel and the trump of



God, will be heard, calling them forth, and they will arise at the summons. "Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee."

Again Job bears testimony on this question. He writes in a manner to show that his subject is one of vast importance. Job xix, 23-27. He says: "Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book! that they were graven with an iron pen, and lead in the rock forever." As much as to express a desire that they might be preserved for all generations in all coming time. And what is his testimony, apparently so important? It is this: "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another; though my reins be consumed within me."

David says, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." The prophet Isaiah exclaims, "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead." The prophet Hosea also testifies on the point: "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death. O Death, I will be thy plagues. O Grave, I will be thy destruction. Repentance shall be hid from mine eyes."

We come to the New Testament, to the teachings of Him through whom life and im-

mortality are said to have been brought to light, and we find not only the same great fact stated of a redemption from death, but also the time when, and the means by which this glorious event shall be accomplished. Paul, in writing to the Corinthian brethren, says, "Behold I show you a mystery: We shall not all sleep; but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruption must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O, Death, where is thy sting? O, Grave, where is thy victory?"

In writing to the Thessalonians, Paul again, after saying that he would not have us ignorant concerning them which are asleep, that we sorrow not as others which have no hope, says: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. [Bring with him from the dead.] For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

Thus all our inquiries are answered. The state of the dead is revealed unto us. And though the grave is declared to be a place of unconsciousness, we also learn that it is not the final abode of the saints; but they shall be redeemed therefrom with a great and glorious redemption.

But death, whenever and wherever it is seen, has a voice for us. As we behold it even in the vegetable, or more especially in the animal kingdom, it is impressive. When it takes one of the human race, it calls still more loudly upon us. The thought which it then suggests is this: That class of beings of which I am a member, is subject to the destroyer, so that I, too, am under his power. But when it comes still nearer to us; when it enters a neighborhood, and an acquaintance is taken, a friend, a school-mate, a class-mate, how much more impressive is its solemn presence. There is, therefore, a lesson for the young in the event which we here contemplate to-day. I would then say to them, Look upon these relics of mortality, these emblems of the grave, and ask yourselves if you have any guarantee of life which he had not. Reduced in one short week from all the activity of life, to the silence of death—have you a lease of life even as long as that? Think, then, that you may fall as suddenly, but not as safely. He has fallen, triumphing in a Saviour's love, and in firm hope of a part in the first resurrection. Place yourselves in his condition, and inquire, When and where would be your waking. Would it

be with the just in the first resurrection, or with the rest of the dead who live not again till the thousand years are finished? Are you not called upon, then, if you are without hope, to haste to secure an interest in that arm upon which he leaned? or if you think you have a hope, to examine well the grounds upon which it rests?

But it is not in the *event* of his death alone that Henry has spoken to you and to us. He has left a dying testimony for his friends and for the young, by which he being dead yet speaketh. It is embodied in a brief sketch of his experience, prepared by one who was with him during his last sickness.

I would say to the church here, that we as a church, are partakers in this bereavement. As one of our number, we have felt a great interest in the welfare of Henry. We rejoiced when he first gave his heart to the Lord. We were glad when we first heard him inquiring the way to Zion, and turning his face thitherward. We were glad when we saw him, less than a year since, go down into the water, obedient to his Lord in the ordinance of baptism. Of the thirteen who then went forward together, two have already fallen in death. Scarcely one short year elapsed, and two already gone! What shall I say to the remaining eleven? Are they not called to renewed diligence, faithfulness, and constant readiness, should a like summons come for them?

It is unnecessary for me to attempt to say anything to those who are now specially called to mourn. They have long been acquainted

with the true source of comfort and consolation, and are fully competent to draw therefrom such supplies as are adequate for all occasions. So far as they are called to mourn, we mourn with them. Our hearts are all open to them in the warmest sympathy. So far as they have consolation, we also share in that. And it seems that all the comfort is theirs that is possible to fall to the lot of mourners. For what greater consolation can there be than to see so much of the fruit of their labor secured to them; to see one in whose moral and religious training they have labored so faithfully, now safely beyond all their anxiety. No more anxious tears will be shed for him. But the record remains that their labor shall be rewarded, and the son and brother shall come again from the land of the enemy. Thus while the Lord has dealt with them in seeming severity, he has also dealt in mercy. While with one hand he has smitten, with the other he has upheld. While one hand has held to their lips the bitter cup of bereavement, the other has held a cup of sweetest consolation. While one hand has pointed to the tomb, the other has pointed to the bright scenes of glory, honor, and immortality, that lie just beyond. And so, calm in the assurance of faith, and in anticipation of a re-union which is soon to come, and which, when it comes, will be eternal, they and we can bury the dead out of our sight—"earth to earth and dust to dust, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, and the life of the world to come."

## Brief Narrative

OF THE LIFE, EXPERIENCE, AND LAST SICKNESS OF HENRY N. WHITE.

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BY ADELIA P. PATTEN.

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“Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,  
When sinks a youthful saint to rest;  
How mildly beam the closing eyes!  
How gently heaves the expiring breast!”

A LARGE circle of friends have been called to mourn, and to sympathize with the afflicted family of Elder James White, on account of the death of Henry, their eldest son, and brother. He died in Topsham, Maine, December 8, 1863. Having been a member of the family for nearly two years, I give, by request, a brief sketch of his life, experience, and the events connected with his last sickness.

Henry was born in Gorham, Maine, August 26, 1847. In October following, his parents removed to Topsham, Maine, and occupied a part of the house owned by their much-esteemed friend and brother in Christ, Stockbridge Howland.

In December of the same year, Henry was taken sick with inflammation of the lungs, and all who saw him thought his recovery doubtful. One evening he appeared to be fast failing, and it seemed that he must die. It was then, when all earthly means failed, that his parents presented his case before the great Physician, trusting in his power and willing-

ness to save their beloved child. They spent much of the night in prayer. While pleading with God to spare his life, he fell into a sweet sleep, and from that hour began to recover.

His parents felt it to be their duty to give themselves up unreservedly to labor in the cause of God. And as Frances H. Howland, the eldest daughter of the family, cheerfully accepted the charge, they decided to leave Henry in her care. It was a sacrifice to give up the company of their child; but as God had heard their prayers, and spared his life, they felt that it would be wrong to let him stand in the way of their duty, by excusing themselves from traveling on his account. Especially was it a great trial for the mother to leave her only child. She well remembers the expression of his sad, yet very beautiful little face, as he was brought to the carriage at the door to receive the parting kiss. She was about to leave him when only one year old, for another to exercise a mother's feelings toward him, and to act a mother's part. As the carriage drove away, she found relief in tears, and was sustained by living faith that He who had called the parents to labor in his cause, would bless the child. He remained with this kind family, and they had the entire care of him, for five years. As he grew older, his sweet disposition, and the affection he had ever manifested for his friends, endeared him to all who knew him.

When six years old, he had an attack of fever. And when he had partially recovered

from it, his parents, who at that time resided in Rochester, N. Y., thought that a change of climate might benefit his health, and took him under their care. His health improved.

The affectionate parents have often felt grieved that their pilgrim life has obliged them to be absent from their children so much. And while at home it has ever been their aim to educate them for usefulness, and to bring them up in the fear of the Lord. And when away, the children have received by letter numerous tokens of the anxiety of their parents for their welfare, urging them to adhere to correct principles, and instructing them how to form characters, not only for this life, but for the life to come.

The father's life has been one of care, and as he has borne the triple burden of preacher, editor, and the leading business of the cause with which he has been connected, the tender mother has found opportunities, though many of them very poor, while traveling, to write to her children. Some of her letters are given in the last part of this pamphlet. They were written hastily for her children only, without a thought that they would be made public. This makes them still more worthy of publication, as in them is more clearly seen the real feelings and sentiments of a godly mother.

For a number of years past their mother has spent much time in reading to them on the Sabbath from her large amount of choice selections of moral and religious matter, a portion of which she has recently published in the



work entitled, Sabbath Readings. Reading to them before they could readily read themselves, gave them a love for useful reading, and they have spent many leisure hours, especially the Sabbath hours, when not at Sabbath School and meeting, in perusing good books, with which they were well supplied.

It has been a source of satisfaction to the parents, and those connected with the family, to see the fruits of such labor manifested in the good deportment of the children, and more especially in the triumphant and happy death of him whom they have recently laid in the grave.

In their absence, the parents have always endeavored to leave with their children persons of the best moral and religious influence, who have enjoyed the love and respect of the children. Henry especially always manifested a cheerful obedience to his mother's wishes, and a tender regard for her feelings. His prospects in life were fair. He was aspiring, and seemed determined to excel in scholarship. So far as his parents saw that his mind was well balanced with religious principles, they were willing to indulge him in his persevering efforts in study. He possessed an uncommon love for music, and during the last few years of his life he applied himself very closely to its study and practice. He would often study till late in the evening, until persuaded not to do so for fear of injuring his health. He loved the society of the educated and refined, and in return shared their highest regards for his intelligence and manliness.

During the winter of 1862-3, the church at Battle Creek enjoyed a season of revival, and thirteen youthful members were added to their number. Henry and his brother, James Edson, were among the little believing company who followed their Lord in baptism.

In the summer of 1863, the parents made arrangements for a journey to New England. For the benefit of the children, who had attended three terms of school in succession, and especially for the improvement of the health of the two youngest, it was decided that they should accompany their parents. Accordingly they all left home, August 19. They stopped at Olcott, N. Y., held a two-days' meeting, and enjoyed a pleasant visit with old friends—the families of Lindsey, Gaskill, and others. Henry and Edson were much pleased to find here an instrument of music. In company with friends, the family enjoyed a boat-ride on lake Ontario. Henry and his brothers sung "The Evergreen Shore," and several other pieces. The music of his clear, full, tenor voice upon the water in connection with the others, will not soon be forgotten by the surviving ones who enjoyed the delightful excursion. The kindness of these dear friends, and their efforts to make the visit pleasant for the children, will be held in grateful remembrance.

The principal object for which Elder White went East, was the publication of Charts of the prophecies and ten commandments. From New York they proceeded to Boston, where the work was executed. The children here

had opportunity to visit several places of interest while their father was procuring material, and engaging artists to do the work. Brethren R. G. Lockwood and Henry O. Nichols, who are quite at home traveling through the city of Boston and vicinity, accompanied Henry and his brothers to principal places of interest, such as the Missionary Rooms, Public Gardens, Glass Works, Bunker Hill Monument, Prospect Hill, the State House, &c., with which they were greatly delighted.

From Boston the family went to Topsham, Maine. Here, at his old home, Henry was affectionately and joyfully welcomed by those who had formerly cared for him. They soon purchased a new melodeon, and the same old mansion in which a dozen years before was heard the innocent, merry laugh of the beautiful, prattling little Henry, now resounded with music of the instrument from his skillful touch, mingled with his own sweet voice.

After a short visit, the parents left their three sons here, to go and hold meetings in New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York, and from thence intended to return to Michigan for a short time. The children accompanied their parents to the depot, and before the family parted, Henry, Edson, and Willie, by request, sung "The Evergreen Shore," much to the gratification of the crowd waiting for another train. The whistle was heard, the "good by" and "farewell" were said, and away sped the train, bearing the parents on their mission of love, and leaving the children again without their watchcare.

The special blessing of the Lord attended them on this mission. But while in Brookfield, N. Y., Elder White received impressions from a dream, which led him to feel that all was not well with the children, and that they must return to Maine without delay. Each day they anxiously waited the arrival of the mail, but news from Topsham reported "all well." This did not satisfy their minds, and in accordance with their convictions of duty, when they had filled their appointments, they immediately returned to their children.

The day before they reached Topsham, Henry came in from his work in the afternoon, and threw himself upon the sofa, and said that he never felt such a gloom resting upon his mind before in all his life. He said that it was not anything he had done which caused such feelings, but that it seemed to him that something dreadful was about to happen. The next day brother and sister White reached Topsham, and found their three sons at the depot waiting for them. When the cars stopped, Henry bounded through the crowd with more than usual activity, and embraced his mother most affectionately, while in her heart she thanked God for such a son. From the depot they went directly to brother Howland's house, and when the excitement of meeting was over, Henry asked the company to listen to one of his favorite pieces, "Home Again," so appropriate for the occasion, which he played and sung. In four days from this time, which was December 1st, he was taken sick with lung fe-

ver. He failed rapidly. From his room in the chamber he was carried into one of the lower front rooms, which was the very one where sixteen years before, when but an infant, he was apparently brought to the point of death.

On the morning of the 2d, in faithful conversation with him, his mother said to him that life was uncertain, and that persons violently attacked as he had been were frequently deprived of their reason, and if he had anything to say, he had better improve the present opportunity. He said that he felt unprepared to die, and requested his parents to pray for him. After they had prayed for him, he called his brothers to him. He embraced them, and told them he had not always treated them as a brother should have done, and wept as he asked their forgiveness. The scene was most touching, as brothers were embraced in each other's arms weeping aloud and confessing to each other. In the evening he requested that all the family should have a praying season in his room. This was a most solemn and affecting time. He feared that on account of his unfaithfulness as a professed Christian, God would not look upon him with approbation. He was pointed to the sinner's Friend, and was told that Christ came to save just such sinners as he was, and that if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father—that he must rely wholly upon the merits of Christ. Then he said, "O Lord, forgive my sins, and accept me as thine." With deep feeling he repeated these lines several times,

“ Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
’Tis all that I can do.”

He entreated the forgiveness of God that he had not formed a better Christian character, and set a better example before the world. He then expressed a desire to recover, that he might show his gratitude to his faithful parents, and live a Christian life. He said that his great failure had been in neglect of secret prayer. He thought that if his life could be spared, he might be a blessing to the young.

While thus engaged in conversation and prayer, the Spirit of the Lord rested upon him, and upon all in the room, and he felt that his confessions were accepted of God, and he praised the Lord for his goodness.

On the morning of the 3d, his friends were alarmed by the discharge of blood from his nose and mouth. From this time forward he expressed but little desire to get well. He said to his mother, as she was attending him,

“ Promise me, mother, that if I die I may be taken to Battle Creek, and laid by the side of my little brother, John Herbert, that we may come up together in the morning of the resurrection.” He was assured that his wishes should be gratified.

He told his mother that he had sometimes felt that too much restraint had been put upon him. “ But,” said he, “ mother, you have not been any too strict. I now realize that I was in danger, and am glad you said as much as you did. I wish I had heeded your advice more faithfully.”

On the 4th he carefully reviewed the events of his life, mourning over his imperfections, still pleading with God for pardon and acceptance. From this time he seemed to enjoy peace of mind and the blessing of God. He often requested his parents to pray for him, not that he might get well, but that he might feel his acceptance with God every moment. He grew weaker, and could not speak above a whisper.

On the 5th, burdened with grief, his father retired to a place of prayer, and afterward returned to the sick room, feeling the assurance that God would do all things well, and thus expressed himself to his suffering son. At this his countenance seemed to light up with a heavenly smile, and he nodded his assent and whispered, "Yes, he will." He suffered much through the night, but seemed to bear all with patience.

On the morning of the 6th he said that he had enjoyed more of the blessing of God for the past two days, than ever before in all his life.

He realized that many were the dangers of the young, and seemed to have no desire to live. As he expected to die, he said that though for some time he might lie unconscious in the grave, yet it would seem to him to be but a moment, and would be the same to him as if he went to heaven immediately. He felt that he could not live long, and wished to dictate a few lines to the young as follows :

"I consider it a privilege before I sleep to say a few words to my young friends. My age is sixteen years. I was baptized and united.

with the church last winter. I mourn over my unfaithfulness and lack of devotion in the good cause. I believe that God has laid the hand of affliction upon me, to save me; and if I go down to the grave now, I have a good hope of coming up with the saints in the first resurrection.

“I would appeal to all my young friends, to not let the pleasures or accomplishments of the world eclipse the loveliness of the Saviour. Remember that the death-bed is a poor place to prepare for an inheritance in the second life. Spend the best of your days in serving the Lord. Farewell.”

After this he wished to say especially to his young friends in Battle Creek these words, “Don’t take my life for an example! Give up the world and be Christians.”

In the evening, as one of his sinking spells was coming on, all thought that in a few minutes his heaving bosom would be at rest. He gave each one an affectionate farewell, as they listened to catch each precious whisper.

He inquired for his brothers, and said as they came to his side, “Eddie, I shall not be a brother to you any more; never give up trying to do right; a death-bed is a poor place for repentance.” To his youngest brother he said, “Willie, be a good boy, obey your parents, and meet me in Heaven—don’t mourn after I am dead.” While in calmness and composure of mind he was taking his farewell, his father said, “God can make a sick room one of the happiest places on earth.” The



cheerful sufferer replied, "Yes, I know that from experience."

He felt anxious, lest some one might be away weeping, and inquired for his mother, and said, "O my dear mother, may God comfort her." After this he inquired if the physician was coming soon, and said there was not much need of a physician then. His mother asked him if he suffered pain, and he replied that he did not. He called his father and said, "Father, you are losing your son. You will miss me, but don't mourn. It is better for me. I shall escape being drafted, and shall not witness the seven last plagues. To die so happy is a privilege." He said that music had been his greatest earthly pleasure, and asked Edson to play "Mount Vernon" for him on the melodeon. Edson went into the parlor and complied with his request, and on his return Henry said, "Music in heaven will be sweeter than that." Among other directions, he requested that his brother should take special care of a piece of music which he had arranged from hearing it sung in Western New York. See pages 27, 28. He wished to tender his sincere thanks to the sexton of the church, which stood on the opposite side of the street, for not disturbing him by ringing the bell as long as usual at their hours of service during the day.

He thought of Mr. Collier, his teacher, under whose instructions he applied himself as a student for a year previous to leaving Battle Creek, and requested that some one would inform him of his sickness and death. After

this he seemed to revive. He slept for a short time, and then passed a restless night.

On the morning of the 7th he expressed a wish to die, fearing that if he lived he would not be able to escape the many dangers to which the young are exposed. His father told him that he must be submissive to the will of God—that it would be blessed to live to do good in his service, and blessed to die in the Lord. To this he submissively assented.

During the day and the night following, his sufferings were great. For about ten minutes his mind seemed to be wandering. His father sat near him and supported him in his arms, praying for him, and trying to soothe and comfort him, and he was soon restored to his former clear and peaceful state of mind. He seemed most happy thus supported in his father's arms, and manifested the strongest attachment for him, and seemed unwilling for his father to leave him for a moment.

December 8th, a short time before his death he said to his mother, "Mother, I shall meet you in heaven in the morning of the resurrection, for I know you will be there." He then beckoned to his brothers, parents, and friends, and gave them all a parting kiss, after which he pointed upward and whispered, "Heaven is sweet." These were his last words.

And when he could not whisper, he expressed the power of that grace which sustained him in a dying hour, by waving his hand upward, while a heavenly smile beamed upon his countenance. His breath grew shorter, and with-

out a struggle he sank in death at half-past one, P. M. His sufferings were over. At an early hour his work on earth had ended. It was indeed a trying day for the afflicted family, yet the thought that their dear son and brother was enabled to calmly resign himself into the hands of his heavenly Father—that the presence of the Saviour cheered him as he entered the dark valley, and that henceforth there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, sustained them. At the request of friends, Elder M. E. Cornell, then at Haverhill, Massachusetts, was sent for, and funeral services were held in the Baptist church.

According to his request, Henry was brought to Battle Creek in a Metallic Burial Casket, and agreeably to the wishes of many friends, appropriate funeral services were held. A large congregation were addressed by one of the Elders of the Battle Creek church, which address has since been written for publication.

One interesting feature of the occasion was the order in which the students of the public school, accompanied by the teachers, came to pay their last token of regard for one of their number whom they loved. As the speaker proceeded with his remarks, the congregation were moved to tears. One in the bright morning of youth, whose course of life had won their highest regard, had closed his eyes in death, cheered by those sacred hopes and promises whose attractive light ever takes from the joys of earth their delusive bright-

ness. The exercises were closed with singing by the school—

“One sweet flower has drooped and faded,  
One sweet youthful voice has fled,  
One fair brow the grave has shaded,  
One dear schoolmate now is dead.”

After the last look had been taken, a large procession of sympathizing friends followed to Oak Hill Cemetery, where the lifeless form of noble Henry was laid by the side of a little brother, there to rest till the Life-giver returns to bring them from the land of the enemy.

Dear youthful reader, have you a hope sufficient to sustain you in a dying hour? If you are in health to-day, remember that you are in the land of the dying, and you know not how soon you may be summoned to pass through the dark valley. Till the time of his last sickness, the glow of health had been upon Henry's countenance; but in one short week the roses faded from his cheeks, and were removed by the icy hand of death. Should this be your lot, you will need the sustaining grace of Him who has passed the dark shades before you, and rose victorious from the tomb. Be admonished by the dying counsel of this dear youth, to secure the favor of God without delay. Then if life is spared, you can be happy in the service of the Lord, and a blessing to those around you; and if you are called to sleep, be among those who will have part in the resurrection to that life and that inheritance where sickness and death will never cast their gloomy shades.

## THE PILGRIM BAND.

Arranged by H. N. W.

On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To

The first system of music consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The music is written in a simple, rhythmic style with quarter and eighth notes.

Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

The second system of music also consists of four staves. The top three staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat and a 4/4 time signature. The music continues the melody from the first system.

### PILGRIM BAND. Concluded.

Chorus.

We'll join the pilgrim band, And then to glory go. We're  
My home is not below, My home is not below; We're

trav'ling to a better land, My home is not below.  
trav'ling to a better land, My home is not below.

**The Pilgrim Band.**

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye  
To Canaan's fair and happy land,  
Where my possessions lie. *Chorus.*

Oh the transporting, rapturous scene,  
That rises to my sight !  
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight. *Chorus.*

There gen'rous fruits that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow ;  
There rocks and hills and brooks and vale,  
With milk and honey flow. *Chorus.*

All o'er those wide, extended plains,  
Shines one eternal day.  
There Christ the sun forever reigns,  
And scatters night away. *Chorus.*

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore :  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more. *Chorus.*

When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest ?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his kingdom rest ? *Chorus.*

There on those high and flowery plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire ;  
But in perpetual, joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire. *Chorus.*

## THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

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The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a C-clef (soprano), the middle is a treble clef with a C-clef (alto), and the bottom is a bass clef with a C-clef (bass). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "We are joy-ous-ly voy-ag-ing o-ver the main,"

The second system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a C-clef (soprano), the middle is a treble clef with a C-clef (alto), and the bottom is a bass clef with a C-clef (bass). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "Bound for the ev-er-green shore, Whose in-hab-it-ants nev-

The third system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a C-clef (soprano), the middle is a treble clef with a C-clef (alto), and the bottom is a bass clef with a C-clef (bass). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "er of sick-ness com-plain, And nev-er see death any



## EVERGREEN SHORE. Concluded.

Chorus.

roar, . . . . .

more. Then let the hur-ri-cane roar, It will

.....

the soon-er be o'er; We will weath-er the blast, and

will land at last, Safe on the ev-er-green shore.

**The Evergreen Shore.**

We are joyously voyaging over the main,  
 Bound for the evergreen shore,  
 Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,  
 And never see death any more.

*Chorus.*—Then let the hurricane roar,  
 It will the sooner be o'er ;  
 We will weather the blast,  
 And will land at last,  
 Safe on the evergreen shore.

We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave,  
 Under our Saviour's command ;  
 And our hearts in the midst of the dangers are brave ;  
 For Jesus will bring us to land.

*Chorus.*—Then let, &c.

Both the winds and the waves our Commander controls ;  
 Nothing can baffle his skill :  
 And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,  
 Can make the loud tempest be still.

*Chorus.*—Then let, &c.

In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon,  
 Send not a glimmering ray,  
 Then the light of his countenance, brighter than noon,  
 Will drive all our terror away.

*Chorus.*—Then let, &c.

Let the high heaving billow and mountainous wave,  
 Fearfully overhead break ;  
 There is one by our side that can comfort and save ;  
 There's One who will never forsake.

*Chorus.*—Then let, &c.

## His Mother's Letters.

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VOLNEY, IOWA, DEC. 24, 1857.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Here we are, twelve miles from Waukon. We have had a tedious time in getting thus far. Yesterday our horses for miles had to plow through snow very deep, but on we came, feeling confident that our mission was of God. Last Monday we could get no food that was fit to eat, and therefore rode in the coldest weather I ever saw, from morning until night, with nothing to eat but one apple. Oh, how thankful I shall be to see home, sweet home, again, and my three dear boys, Henry, Edson, and Willie.

Children, strive to do right, and love the Lord for his merciful kindness to you all. Obey those who have the care of you as you would your parents. Be kind to each other, and yield to each other's wishes. Don't become unsteady. Read the precious word of God.

You should be thankful for your comfortable home. We often suffer with cold on account of unfinished and open houses. Last night we slept in a chamber where there was an opening through the top for the stove-pipe. If it had stormed it would have come direct in our faces. Pray for us. Unless the Lord opens the way for us to return, we may be

blocked in with snow, and have to remain all winter.

I hope, dear Henry, that you are a good boy, and are happy in doing right. Continue to strive to be faithful in all things. We received your letter, and were much pleased to hear from you. We think you have made improvements in setting type. Be faithful, children, in all things. The Lord will soon come and take the good and holy to himself. We want you to live among the pure and holy angels in heaven, and wear a crown of gold, and eat of the tree of life. Trust in the Lord at all times. Listen to the voice of conscience. Love God and you will have his approving smile. What a thought, to have the great God, the maker of the heavens and the earth, to smile upon and love you. Dear children, seek for this, pray for it, live for it.

Your affectionate Mother.

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GREEN SPRING, OHIO, MARCH 2, 1858.

MY DEAR HENRY AND EDSON: Dear children, your mother has not forgotten you. She thinks of you many times every day. We hope you will be good and faithful children. I have been thinking, what if either of you should be taken sick and die, and your father and mother see you no more? Would you be prepared to die? Do you love God better than any one else? Can you forget your play to think of God, to go away alone and ask him for

Jesus' sake to forgive your sins? I know that much of your time is taken up with your studies, and with doing errands; but, dear children, don't forget to pray. The Lord loves to have children pray to him. And if you really repent and feel sorry for your sins, God will forgive your sins for Jesus' sake.

When you do wrong don't conceal your wrong, but heartily and honestly confess it. This I believe you will do. I have confidence in you that you have tried to do it. Continue to do so, and we shall love you better than if you kept your wrongs concealed. God loves honest-hearted, truthful children, but cannot love those who are dishonest. Be obedient, dear children. God has been very merciful to you and to us. Your parents have to travel from place to place among the people of God to try to do them good and save souls. And the Lord has inclined sisters Jenny and Martha to come into our family, to feel an interest for you, to love you, and to care for you, that we may leave home feeling free. They are not related to you. They make a sacrifice. What for? Because they love you. When you grieve them you grieve your parents also. It is not a desirable task to have the care of children if they are ungrateful and disobedient. If you perseveringly try to do right, you will make them happy, and they will feel it a pleasure to deny themselves to have a care for you. When asked to do anything, do not say, "Wait a minute, till I do this." It is unpleasant to repeat to you the same things. Now, dear

children, obey because you love to, not because you are driven to. I shall have confidence that you will do as I wish you to. I shall confide in your honor, your manliness.

Many times I ask myself the question, Will my dear children be saved in the kingdom? I cannot bear the thought of their being shut out of the City with the wicked. I love my children, but God says that only the good and holy can be saved. And if you will overcome your wrongs, love one another, and be at peace among yourselves, the Lord will bless and save you. You cannot be good, or do right, in your own strength. You must go to God and ask him for strength. Ask him that his grace may influence your hearts, and make you right. Believe the Lord will do it; trust him to do it. You can be little Christians; you can love and serve God.

Be good to Willie. Love him. Teach him right things. If you do wrong, you not only sin yourselves, but you teach him to sin. When you do wrong, you teach him to do wrong; so double sin rests upon you. Always act as you would like to see Willie act. Always speak pleasantly to him, and try to make him happy.

Your affectionate Mother.

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SOMERVILLE, MASS., SEPT. 6, 1859.

MY DEAR SON HENRY: We received your letter, and were very glad to hear from you. You must write oftener. Send us a letter at

Topsham. Think of everything you have left there and wish us to bring, and we will try to do so.

We hope you are well and happy. Be a good, steady boy. If you only fear God and love him, our happiness will be complete. You can be a noble boy. Love truthfulness and honesty. These are sacred treasures. Do not lay them aside for a moment. You may be tempted and often tried, but, my dear boy, it is at such a time when these lovely treasures shine, and are highly prized. Cling closely to these precious traits, whatever you may be called to suffer. Let truthfulness and honesty ever live in your heart. Never, through fear of punishment, sacrifice these noble traits. The Lord will help you, Henry, to do right. I believe it is your purpose to do right, and please your parents.

You may see little dishonest acts in other boys, but do not think for a moment of imitating them. Learn to despise such things. Do not condescend to mean talk, or to mean acts. Shun the company of those who do evil, as you would a deadly poison; for they will corrupt every one who associates with them. Ever have your young mind lifted up—elevated above the low, evil habits of those who have no fear of God before them. You can have correct thoughts, correct ways, and can form a good, pure character.

Our dear children are our treasures, and oh, how anxious we are that they should meet the approbation of God. In his strength you can

reform, but never in your own strength. You can give the Lord your heart, and ask him to forgive your sins, and if you move with sincerity he will accept you and make you white and clean in his own precious blood. We, your parents, pray much for you, that you may be a consistent, true Christian. We know that our Saviour is coming, and will take the good and holy, the honest and pure, to dwell with him forever in a holy heaven, where all is beauty, harmony, joy, and glory. I want you to remember that Jesus suffered, groaned, and died for you, that his blood might cleanse you from sin. But there is a work for you to do. May the Lord clearly open to your young mind the plan of salvation, and lead you to give yourself unreservedly to Jesus as his, to serve him continually. Come to him, dear boy; love him because he first loved you; love him for his lovely character; love him because he loved you well enough to die for you.

Henry, as soon as you were born we prayed that you might be a Christian boy. We believe that you have felt some of the influence of the Spirit of God upon your heart; but we want its sweet influence to abide upon you, and the impressions lasting, your course steady, and you to daily receive grace to resist temptation.

I must close. Do right because you love to. Preserve these letters I write to you, and read them often, and if you should be left without a mother's care, they will be a help to you.

Your affectionate Mother.



TOPSHAM, MAINE, SEPT. 20, 1859.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: We received your letters to-day. We are now in our old home, at brother Howland's. I am writing in the room where we first commenced house-keeping. In this room we prayed for you, Henry, and when the hand of death seemed to be upon you, the Lord in mercy raised you up in answer to fervent prayer. In this room we have suffered poverty and trial, yet brother Howland's family were ever true friends to us in time of need. In this room we have realized the signal power of God, and enjoyed the rich blessing of his salvation. This room is endeared to me by past recollections. It is called my room.

I feel very anxious for the salvation of my children. Especially, you, Henry, my eldest son, whose life God has so graciously spared. Dedicate yourself to God in your youth. Love him and serve him. This is our earnest prayer. Render to God a life of cheerful, willing obedience. Tell the Lord your desires, and heartily repent of your sins. Seek his forgiveness with all your heart. Be in earnest and he will be found of you. He will bless you, and give you the sweet evidence that he accepts you. He will love you with more than a father or mother's love. We want you to be happy, and saved with the redeemed.

Your affectionate Mother.

TOPSHAM, MAINE, SEPT. 20, 1859.

**MY DEAR LITTLE WILLIE:** I will write you a few lines, as I have written to Henry and Edson. We hope little Willie is well, and happy, and striving to be a good, obedient boy. We shall be glad to see you, my dear boy, again, and hear your loving voice. We want you to be good, pleasant, and lovely; then every one will love you.

You must often visit your grandparents, and try to make them happy. Do not grieve them by being noisy, but be quiet, mild, and gentle—then they will love you. I am glad, Willie, you have never troubled us or them with mischievous actions.

As we were riding in the cars, there were three children in the seat before us, one of them a little boy about your age. He was dressed prettily. He had a pretty face and curly hair, yet he did not behave prettily. He disturbed those who sat near him by his loud, sharp voice, contending with, and annoying, his sisters, giving them no peace. They threatened to tell their mother, but he did not seem to care for this. He behaved so rudely, that we were all glad when he left the cars.

I thought then how bad I should feel if my little Willie was so disagreeable. Now, Willie, that wicked boy's pretty clothes and handsome face did not make people love him. His behaviour was bad, and made those who had the care of him ashamed of him. All seemed pleased to get rid of the troublesome little fellow. If Willie acts prettily, if he is gentle,

kind, and obedient, his father and mother, and all good people, will love him.

Your affectionate Mother.

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NEWPORT, N. H., OCT. 4, 1859.

**MY DEAR HENRY:** My heart has been pained to witness the movements of an unfortunate child, without a mind. His skin is fair, his features good; but he has no intellect. Dear Henry, how thankful I felt to the Lord that my dear boys were blessed with intellect. I would not have you, my Henry, like that poor boy, for a house full of gold. How thankful should you be that the Lord has blessed you with quite good health, and with your reason.

If you only take a noble, manly course, you will make our hearts glad. Our dear children are precious jewels to us. We dedicated you to God as soon as you were born. We prayed earnestly from your earliest infancy for you, that your dispositions would be tempered. We wept for you, when you, dear Henry, lay an unconscious babe in our arms. We plead with the Lord to put within you a right spirit, to lead you to his own fold. And now our greatest anxiety is for you. We love you, we want you saved. We want your conduct to be right, governed by a sense of duty, and you have a principle, a determination of your own, that you will do right—not because you are obliged to, but because you love to. For

in right-doing there is no sting, no self-reproach, no self-condemnation; but a pleasing consciousness of right-doing.

Dear Henry, acquaint yourself with your own faults. You know where you err, and you are getting to be of that age that you should not depend wholly on us to tell you that you shall not do this, or that, but study before you move. Ask yourself, Is this right? will it lead to evil? will it lead to unfaithfulness? will it lead to deception, or falsehood? shall I feel just as happy after I do this as before? You can, by thus considering, often decide yourself what right is. Do nothing that you would not wish us to know. We shall not be unreasonable. You may, my dear boy, open your whole heart to us, and you need conceal nothing from us. Who are so well calculated to direct or counsel you aright, as your parents? Your interest and welfare is certainly dearer to them than it could be to any others. It is their study how to make you happy, and teach you the ways of the Lord. Trust your parents ever with your heart's secrets, and they will tenderly counsel you. I must close. Be faithful, be kind, be obedient. Love the dear Saviour.

Your affectionate Mother.

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ENOSBURG, VT., OCT. 15, 1859.

MY DEAR EDSON: The Lord has been very merciful to me on this journey, and has given me better health than I have had for one year.

I have felt quite light-hearted, and at times have felt the sweet peace of God resting upon me. How is it with you, Eddie? Are you any homesick, or do you keep so busy you do not find time to be homesick? I suppose your time is all usefully employed. We do not mean that you shall work all the time. Light work will not hurt you, but be healthy exercise for you. We hope you will make some progress in your studies while we are absent. Be faithful, dear Eddie, and take a right course, that those who so kindly care for you may love and respect you. I have been so grateful to hear such good news from you, that you were trying to do right, and that you had not been wrong, or caused the family grief that you are with.

I want to tell you a little circumstance. Yesterday we were with a family where there was a poor sick lame boy. He is a cripple for life, and never will be able to walk or run like other boys. We inquired into the case, and found this poor boy's affliction was caused by his going into a brook of water when he was warm. He has since been a great sufferer. He has an ugly sore on his hip which runs all the time, and one limb is drawn up some inches shorter than the other. He is a pale, sickly, feeble little fellow; has been so five years. You may sometimes think we are too careful of you, and are too particular to keep you out of the river. My dear boy, think of this poor cripple. How easy it is for young children like you to be a little careless,

or venturesome, and make themselves cripples or invalids for life. I thought, what if this poor boy was mine; what if I should be compelled to see you suffer so. Oh, how my heart would ache that I had not been more careful of you. Eddie, I could but weep as I thought of these things. Your father and mother love you very much. We instruct and warn you for your good.

Your affectionate Mother.

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BROOKFIELD, N. Y., OCTOBER, 30, 1859.

MY DEAR HENRY AND EDSON: I will write you a few lines. You remember, Henry, in my last letter to you I made a suggestion of what I thought to be a good plan. I do not enforce this; I merely suggest it. I would not bind anything upon you that is tedious or burdensome. But I thought such a plan as I suggested, if you could see the help it would be to you in having a principle, and in forming a good character, you would readily adopt it.

We do not wish to drive you, dear boys, but help you to do right. We love you. No others can love you as we do. None can feel the interest in you that we do. We feel very anxious that you should be kept from sinful ways and evil habits. Satan has great control over the minds of the young, generally, because they do not go to the true source for strength to resist his temptations, and to over-

come. God loves to have children put their trust in him, and ask him to help them. The promise is, my dear boys, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Believe ye receive the things ye ask for, and ye shall have them. Now in the first place you have the promise that if you ask you shall receive. Then think what you most need to overcome. Acquaint yourselves with your failings, and then as you feel you cannot overcome in your own strength, ask God to help you. By doing this you acknowledge your own weakness, and throw yourselves upon God's arm. He will sustain you in your efforts to do right. But be careful and do not rely too much on your own strength and efforts. Ever realize that Satan is continually trying to lead your young, inexperienced minds to do wrong. In order to resist his temptations, you must rely upon a power stronger than your own. "Believe ye receive the things ye ask for, and ye shall have them." Do not merely come to God and ask; but believe that he will do just as he has said he would. As you ask, believe he answers, and believe you do receive strength from him.

My dear boys, learn to trust in God. Learn to go to him who is mighty to save. He knows what you need before you ask him; but he has made this your duty, and the duty of every one of us, to come to him and ask him in confidence for what we need. We must comply with the conditions laid down in his word, namely, "ASK." Tell the dear Saviour just what you need. He that said, "Suf-

fer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," will not reject your prayer. But he will send his angels to guard you and protect you from the evil angels, and will make it easy for you to do right. Then it will be much easier than if you should try in your own strength. You may ever feel like this, I have asked God to help me, and he will do it. I will do right in his strength. I will not grieve the dear angels that God has appointed to watch over me. I will never take a course to drive them from me; for if they should leave me I should then have evil angels around me to control my actions, and lead me to do wickedly, and grieve my parents. But we do not believe that good angels will leave you; because we believe you will do right, and encourage their watchful care.

You are none too young to be good Christians, and have children's experience in the Christian life, and know that your sins are washed away in the blood of your Redeemer. Time is short, dear children, and we want you to love God, and be prepared to dwell with pure and good angels in the city of God. Nothing but goodness and purity, honesty and holiness, can enter heaven. The Lord knows you are young, and he will help you to do right, and give you grace to overcome every wrong, every evil. You may not obtain the entire victory at once; but persevere, keep trying. Say, I will do right, I will resist evil, and the Lord will help me.

Your affectionate Mother.



IOWA CITY, IOWA, MARCH 3, 1860.

MY DEAR HENRY AND EDSON: It is almost dark. I can write but a few lines this evening. I wish this to be put in the Office tomorrow. I was glad to learn that you had been to visit Mrs. F., and that you enjoyed the visit.

Dear children, I am very anxious that you should form good characters, that you should overcome obstacles, and obtain victories yourselves. Study your own temperaments. Learn your own faults, and what makes you feel unpleasantly and unhappily afterward, and then shun the cause. Especially do I as a mother charge you to be kind and forbearing, yielding to, and loving, one another. This will save you many unhappy hours, many unpleasant reflections. You can be happy if you choose. You must learn the important lesson of not always having your own way, but of sacrificing your will and way to gratify and make others happy.

I know a man that is now living, who in youth had his own way, was not willing to yield his notions, and he grew up to want his own way, and carry out his own will in everything. We have been acquainted with him for quite a number of years, and he is, we think, a very unhappy man. He is irritated at once if every one does not do just as he wishes to have them. When people first see him they think that he is a good man, but when they become acquainted with him they change their minds, become tired of him, and wish he

was elsewhere. He is a trial to everybody, is easily out of temper, and makes himself unhappy, and every one around him.

Now, children, if you would not wish to be like this unhappy man, you must learn to govern yourselves while young. Don't give way to fretful, unkind feelings; but remember that the Lord reads even the thoughts of the heart, and nothing is concealed from his all-seeing eye. Right acts, right thoughts, will be remembered in heaven, and every victory you gain when tempted to do wrong, every temptation manfully resisted, will be recorded in heaven. Don't forget, dear children, that evil deeds are faithfully recorded, and will bring their punishment unless repented of, and confessed, and washed away by the atoning blood of Jesus. It is easier to go in an evil way than to do right; for Satan and his angels are constantly tempting to do wrong.

But there is one who has promised to hear the needy when they cry. Go to God when tempted to speak or act wrong. Ask him in faith for strength and he will give it. He will say to his angels, There is a poor little boy trying to resist the power of Satan, and has come to me for help. I will aid him. Go stand by that child who is endeavoring to do right, and when the evil angels attempt to lead his steps astray, gently guide him in the right path, and drive back the powers of the evil one. Every one of your efforts to do right is regarded of God. Dear children, live for God—live for heaven, so that when the wrath

of God shall come upon the earth, Jesus may say to the destroying angel, Spare those two praying boys, Henry and Edson White. When in temptation they prayed to me to be delivered. I have washed away their sins. Come not near to destroy them—they are my jewels, saved by my blood. I will crown them for my kingdom. I will fit them to dwell in my heavenly mansions forever. They have overcome the tempter—they have gained the victory. They shall never more be tempted, but be free and happy eternally.

Dear children, will not such a precious commendation from Jesus be worth a great deal more than for you to have your own will here, and to give up to sin and temptation, and to have no thoughts of God or heaven, and make those unhappy around you, and at last be separated from Jesus, destroyed with the wicked, and miserably perish from the earth? Is not heaven worth making an effort for? Oh children, reflect seriously, soberly; and remember if you are saved at last you must form a character for heaven. I will leave this matter with you for you to ponder upon.

In all you do, be faithful and thorough, even if it takes you longer. Learn to be steady and persevering. Have a purpose in all you do, and carry out that purpose.

Your affectionate Mother.

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MY DEAR WILLIE: I have just finished a letter to your brothers, and will write a few

lines to you. I should so love to take you, my sweet Willie, in my arms this moment; but this cannot be. I hope we shall be returned home safely, that we can see you all again in our own happy home. Willie, you must be a good boy; you must overcome an impatient spirit. To be impatient, is not to be willing to wait, to want everything you desire in a moment. You must say to yourself, *I'll wait*. "He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." Willie, if you would be happy, you must rule well your own spirit. Be obedient to Jenny, love your brothers, and be good all day, and the Lord will love you,—every one will love you.

Willie, dear boy, you have been our sunshine, and I have prayed that you might always be the same pure, sweet Willie. Try to do right. Be kind, be patient and loving. The Lord loves little children, and when they try to do right, he is pleased with them. When you go to your grand-father's, you must not act rough and boisterous, but gentle and mild. When the boys go to the Office, you must try and not be lonesome. Make yourself contented and happy. Don't fret, but learn to be patient, my dear boy. We love you very much, and will now say good by for the present.

Your affectionate Mother.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, MARCH 14, 1860.

MY DEAR WILLIE: We have not forgotten you, my dear boy. When we see other little children around, we long to get our little Willie in our arms again, and press his little soft cheek, and receive his kiss. In about five weeks we shall be at home again, and then, Willie, we will work in the garden, and tend the flowers and plant the seeds. You must be a good, sweet, little boy, and love to obey Jenny and Lucinda. Give up your will, and when you wish to do anything very much, inquire, Is it not selfish? You must learn to yield your will and your way. It will be a hard lesson for my little boy to learn, but it will in the end be worth more to him than gold.\* Learn, my dear Willie, to be patient, to wait others' time and convenience; then you will not get impatient and irritable. The Lord loves those little children who try to do right, and he has promised that they shall be in his kingdom. But wicked children God does not love. He will not take them to the beautiful City, for he only admits the good, obedient, and patient children there. One fretful, disobedient child, would spoil all the harmony of heaven. When you feel tempted to speak impatient and fretful, remember the Lord sees you, and will not love you if you do wrong. When you do right

\*By the blessing of God and his mother's instructions, Willie has overcome the impatient spirit which he sometimes manifested when quite young, and he now possesses a most affectionate, amiable, and obedient disposition.

and overcome wrong feelings, the Lord smiles upon you.

Although he is in heaven, and you cannot see him, yet he loves you when you do right, and writes it down in his book; and when you do wrong, he puts a black mark against you. Now, dear Willie, try to do right always, and then no black mark will be set down against you; and when Jesus comes he will call for that good boy Willie White, and will put upon your head a wreath of gold, and put in your hand a little harp that you can play upon, and it will send forth beautiful music, and you will never be sick, never be tempted then to do wrong; but will be happy always, and will eat of rich fruit, and will pluck beautiful flowers. Try, try, dear boy, to be good.

Your affectionate Mother.

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MARION, IOWA, MARCH 18, 1861.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, HENRY, EDSON, AND WILLIE: We are now at Bro. Snook's. This is a good home. When I see their little babe, and take it in my arms, I yearn for my own dear babe which we laid in Oak Hill Cemetery; but I will not permit one murmuring thought to arise. I enjoy the society of this family. Sister Snook is an excellent woman.

To-morrow we visit brother and sister Weaver, who have charge of the hotel at Fairview. What a change we see in them

since our last visit to this State. Then we were entertained at their hotel and treated kindly; but they were not then converted to the truth. Now our hearts are united, and we shall enjoy the visit.

I am suffering from severe cold settled on my lungs. My mind runs home to my children. Children, be faithful. Do right, and you will be respected. We think much of you, and want you to form good Christian characters, which will make you happy and us also. Obey Jenny as you would me. Try to please her, and do not show a reluctance to help her, but do what she wishes cheerfully and happily. Do as William directs you. We have placed you under his care while you are at the Office. Take a course to gain the love and respect of all.

Little Willie, you must be a sweet, good-tempered little boy. May the Lord bless you all, dear children. This is our earnest prayer. Do not fail to write to us.

Your affectionate Mother.

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PLUM RIVER, ILLS. MARCH 26, 1861.

MY DEAR SONS, HENRY, EDSON, AND WILLIE: I have been troubled in mind in regard, to you. The evening after the Sabbath I dreamed I was watching over Edson. He had been very sick, and was dying. Oh the anguish of my heart in that hour. I could not have the evidence that he loved God, and

was prepared to die. I called Henry to me and told him that he and Willie were all that were left me. The three-fold cord was broken, and how lonely we all felt. I thought in my dream of the death-struggle of my dear babe, and next of Edson, and then of the unprepared state in which he died, and it seemed that my heart would break. I awoke myself weeping aloud.

Dear children, this dream has caused me to reflect, and has cast a sadness upon my spirits that I cannot immediately throw off. You are none of you too young to die. Do you understand the plan of salvation? Your righteousness cannot recommend you to God. I do not think that you are yet adopted into his family. Our sins caused Jesus to die a shameful death, that through his sufferings and death we might receive pardon. Can we receive the forgiveness of sins before we feel that we are sinners? and before we realize the sinfulness of sin? I think not. When we repent before God of our sins sincerely, we shall feel that without the pardoning blood of Christ we must perish. If we cast ourselves in our wretchedness wholly upon the mercy of Christ, and feel that unless he saves us we perish; when we yield our own will, our own way, and plead for Jesus to control our will and actions, then we come into a position where we can receive and appreciate pardon and the forgiveness of sin.

I am not writing to reprove you, children. You have been very kind, obedient children to us—sometimes wayward, but not stubborn. I



hope you do not look at others who act wrong, and flatter yourselves that you are righteous, because you do better than they, but think seriously upon the good instruction you have had, and then inquire if you should not be far in advance of what you are. In short, have you not had sufficient light to yield your hearts to God, and love to follow Jesus, and be influenced by his sweet Spirit?

Your affectionate Mother.

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GRASS RIVER, N. Y. AUG., 1861.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: We, your father and mother, feel a deep interest for you. You may sometimes think that your parents are too strict, that they watch you too closely; but, dear boys, our love for you is great. We have dedicated you to God. You are his, and we must keep you separate from the world, that you may be the Lord's. We want your lives to be right and pleasing in his sight. Don't feel discouraged, my children. Satan is ready to lead your young minds; but go to God, seek him for strength, pray much, give your hearts' best affections to him.

Henry, you are my first-born, the eldest of my boys. A responsibility rests upon you. You will have to render an account for the influence you exert over your brothers. Love your brothers. Their salvation depends much on the course you pursue. Have your regular seasons of prayer for each other, and with

each other. Don't let your love for writing, and your study, divert your mind, and cause you to neglect those duties which ought to be done.

We want you saved. We want you to be just right, and to live for God, and be an honor to his cause. Watch, Edson, against your besetments. Be sober, be watchful, and God will enable you to overcome. My dear little Willie, may the Lord bless you. We shall pray for you. Pray for yourselves.

Your affectionate Mother.

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LODI, WIS., MARCH 5, 1862.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: We have been having the most tedious snow-storm I have witnessed since we came from Maine. It commenced to snow last Sabbath, and has snowed and blowed until to-day, Tuesday. We can say with grateful hearts, the Lord is with us. We have had an unusual degree of freedom in the Lord. We hope you are well at home. We do not forget to pray for you. We believe the Lord will have a care for you, our dear children. We have entrusted you to his care. We are very anxious for your salvation, and pray earnestly that you may be lambs of Christ's fold, and have the constant watch-care of the good Shepherd. I feel grateful that I can leave you and feel so free in regard to home.

I am anxious you should encourage habits

of order. Have a place for everything, and everything in its place. Take time to arrange your room, and keep it in order. We do not wish you to apply yourselves too closely to your studies, neither do we wish you to work hard. But a life of idleness is a life of sin. Satan finds employment for idle hands and minds. We want you to grow up healthy and useful.

Above all things, seek God while in health, that he may be your support and strength if you should be sick or dying. Your parents have the deepest interest for you. But we cannot repent of your sins for you. We cannot take you to heaven. God alone in his love and infinite mercy can save you, and Jesus, the dear Saviour, invites you to his loving arms. He offers you salvation freely, if you will believe in him, love him, and render cheerful obedience. Do so, dear children. "They that seek Me early, shall find Me." May the Lord lead you, dear children, to his own fold.

Your affectionate Mother.

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AVON, WIS., JULY 25, 1862.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, HENRY, EDSON, AND WILLIE: We arrived safely at this place last evening. We reached Chicago Wednesday evening between the hours of eight and nine, and stopped at the Eagle Hotel. I was very weary. Thursday morning I laid down in my

room to rest while your father went out in the city. He returned just in time to take the cars, and brought a basket of fruit—of tomatoes, peaches, and apples. They were very nice. We ate the fruit with our bread taken from home.

We have tried, dear children, to commit your case to God. We trust you in his hands. Remember what we have said to you. You know our wishes well. We have confidence that you will have a principle to do right, because you love the right, and despise every wrong act. Take good care, Henry and Edson, of your little brother Willie. If he should learn any wrong and bad habits, it would distress me very much. Try to make each other happy. Don't seek to have your own way, but yield one to another. Be affectionate, kind, and true to each other. God will help you if you call upon him for help. Satan is busy, but with the strength you obtain from God you can resist him. Don't let your minds dwell upon low things. Think of heaven, of the compassionate, loving Saviour, who died for you. Oh, what love, what marvelous love is this!

Return this love by yielding to him the best and holiest affections of your hearts. All that you can do is to give yourselves to him, and obey him. God help you to be faithful, is the prayer of your parents, who sincerely love you.

Your affectionate Mother.

NEWPORT, N. H., OCT. 23, 1868.

MY DEAR CHILDREN, HENRY, EDSON, AND WILLIE: We feel somewhat anxious in regard to you. We know that you are with one of the best of families, and we wish you to act in a manner to be esteemed by them. Cultivate habits of refinement. Be elevated in your conversation and all your acts. Be constantly fitting for the society of the good and holy here, and the pure and heavenly in the kingdom of God. Be ever striving to fill some position where you can be of use and do good. Don't chat and talk merely for the sake of saying something. Never talk unless you have something to say—something which will add to the general information of those with whom you converse. Children, let your aim be to be right, just right. Let not others who love not God be your patterns, but imitate the life of Christ.

Cause the family with whom you live as little trouble as you can. Be very guarded on the Sabbath. Henry, you must try to interest your brothers in scriptural and moral reading. I think it your duty to study the Bible more on the Sabbath. Says the Saviour, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." You will have a conflict to be right. I don't command you to read the Bible—I never shall. I want you to read the Bible because you love it, not because you are driven to it, for then it will be an unpleasant task. But if you neglect the reading of the Bible, you will lose your

love for it. Those who love the word of God are those who read it most. By reading and searching out scripture references, you will see the chain of truth, and will see new beauties in the word of God. While you make the Scriptures more your study, and become more familiar with them, you will be better fortified against the temptations of Satan. When inclined to speak, or act, wrong, some scripture will come to arrest you, and turn you right. It is not natural for the heart to love the Bible; but when it is renewed by grace, then the mind will feast upon the rich truths and promises contained in the word of God.

Watch and pray, children, lest you be overcome by the enemy. Make persevering efforts for everlasting life. Live Christian lives, and ever keep the glory of God in view. Much love to you, my dear children.

Your affectionate Mother.

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### Words of Sympathy.

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TOPSHAM, ME., FEB. 17, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER WHITE: We are now at brother Howland's, the place of the scene of deep affliction that you have lately passed through in the loss of your dear Henry. I could hardly realize that he was dead till coming here where we spent several days so pleasantly together last fall, the last

time I saw him. Here we have heard from the lips of this kind family the touching account of his last days. The sight of the melodeon on which he played, and of the room in which he sang so sweetly, and of his own likeness hanging on the wall, and of the very pieces of work\* on which we labored together for a few days, cause me to miss him very much, and touch a tender chord of sympathy in my heart for you who have thus been bereaved. Here I have also first had the privilege of perusing the book entitled, "An Appeal to the Youth."† It is just what should be in every family. I shall do all I can to extend its circulation. How true the motto of the book, "He being dead yet speaketh." I could but weep while reading the book. I believe it will be made, with the blessing of God, a source of much good.

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

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BRONTE, C. W., DEC. 19, 1863.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER WHITE: The sad tidings of your bereavement have just reached me, and my own heart is saddened by it. Henry was endeared to me by the strong tie which binds teachers to their pupils. I respected him for his straightforward, persevering, energetic traits of character, and looked for the time to come when he would be a useful and successful laborer in the vineyard of

\* The work referred to was the Charts. † The first edition.

the Lord. I know that by his affectionate obedience, and ready helpfulness, he must have been a great comfort to you. Perhaps the Lord saw that his children were in danger of placing too much dependence on earthly supports, which he knows may fail us in our time of greatest need. If so, is not the removal of them a token of his Fatherly love and care? See him hold out his own all-powerful arm, saying, "Helpless child, lean thou on me. This support shall never fail. Rest thou and be safe." Oh, may he pour into the hearts of you and yours, comforting and strengthening grace, and prepare you for an abundant entrance into his everlasting kingdom.

I do not write thinking you will lack for sympathizing words, for well I know that when one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. With those members I would pour out my prayers and tears and pitying words, upon the altar of Christian sympathy. My heart aches for Eddie, and Willie too. I know they must feel very, very lonely. May the Lord abundantly bless them, and help them, by their tender and affectionate regard for your wishes and feelings, to in part make up the loss of Henry's love.

Yours in hope.

MARY M. OSGOOD.

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OLCOTT, N. Y., JAN. 31, 1864.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER WHITE: We deeply sympathize with you in your deep af-



fiction. The surprise we experienced when the Review gave us the intelligence of the death of Henry, perhaps could not have been increased, except it were yourself or sister White. We all loved him here when we first saw him, and when he left us we loved him more.

Do you remember at father Lindsay's, at the close of the last evening that you and your family were with us, he took the Hymn-book, and gave one to each. You said, "Well, Henry, what is it now?" He referred to page 240, and we sang, "When shall we meet again? We did not know then, but now we are sure we shall, if among the worthy, meet him at the resurrection of the just.

E. B. GASKILL,

MARY A. GASKILL.

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NORTH PARMA, N. Y., FEB. 7, 1864.

MY YOUTHFUL BROTHER, EDDIE: I remember you as you were, a joyous, happy group of brothers. I can hardly realize that so great a change has come over you, and yet I know it is so. To-day, while thinking upon your present lonely and sorrowing condition, I penned the following lines. I send them for your own perusal.

There's grief comes stealing o'er me now,  
 A cloud of sadness shades my brow,  
 Rude hands have caused our hearts to melt,  
 Our hearthstone marred—a blight is felt,  
 I strive to look so calm to you  
 In vain; for I am weeping too.

At even when we tune our song,  
How changed—the sweetest strain is gone.  
And when we bow around in prayer  
A voice is hushed—we miss him there.  
Our brother's name—oh why enrolled  
Among the dead, ere he was old ?

We were but three ; say, why destroy ?  
Why mourning to our house of joy ?  
Why take the staff, the pride of all,  
The guide of us who were so small ?  
A sweet voice whispers, To save, I blest,  
Then laid him down awhile to rest.

Then mourn thou not. I'd rather bend  
O'er the cold form of brother, friend,  
Than see him yield the precious truth  
Which made him beautiful in youth.  
Nor would my longing love recall  
Him back to earth, exposed to fall.

When graveyard flowers shall cease to bloom,  
Beyond this life, beyond the tomb,  
There is a hope for those who trust  
That life will spring up from the dust.  
That seed which death hid in the tomb,  
Ere long will rise in deathless bloom.

Too long my heart has prostrate laid,  
Too long by this sad stroke dismayed ;  
Soon will our number be complete  
In heaven—our union, oh how sweet !  
I'll make it all my anxious care,  
Not to be missed when they are there.

E. M. PRENTISS.



## LINES

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY N. WHITE.

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By Uriah Smith.

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PASSED away from earth forever,  
Free from all its cares and fears,  
He again will join us never  
While we tread this vale of tears ;  
For the turf is now his pillow,  
And he sleeps among the dead ;  
While the cypress and the willow  
Wave above his lowly bed.  
There he slumbers, calmly slumbers,  
With the silent, peaceful dead.

With what grief and anguish riven,  
Should we see the loved depart !  
If there were no promise given,  
Which could soothe the wounded heart !  
If the chains with which death binds them,  
Ne'er again should broken be ;  
And his prison which confines them,  
Ne'er be burst to set them free ;  
If forever there to leave them,  
Were our hopeless destiny.

But a glorious day is nearing,  
Earth's long-wished-for jubilee ;  
When creation's King appearing,  
Shall proclaim his people free ;  
When upborne on Love's bright pinion,  
They shall shout from land and sea,  
Death ! where is thy dark dominion !  
Grave ! where is thy victory !  
Then we'll meet him, gladly meet him,  
Where we'll never parted be.