

[Skinner, Francis W.]

OBITUARY

DIED—In this village, on Saturday, evening last, 13th inst., after a long and distressing sickness of thirteen weeks, *Francis W. Skinner*, only son and child of the Senior Editor of this paper [Dolphus Skinner], aged one year, one month & 22 days. In the death of this darling son, his bereaved and now childless parents have sustained the loss, the irreparable loss, of one of the most interesting and promising children that ever blessed the fondness of parental love.

To see an innocent little sufferer, for weeks and months together, consuming and wasting away with one of the most distressing diseases that ever afflicted mortals—a disease that defies the power of medicine to aid, or the utmost skill of the ablest physicians to arrest;—to witness the closing scene, the dying throes, the expiring agonies—to hear the shriek of distress—to see his little hands and eyes imploringly raised to his parents for aid, and expressing by looks, the petition he could not utter, “*My Father, my Mother, why have ye forsaken me?*”—and at the same time, to be denied *the power to relieve*—these are scenes that possess a heart-rending, an anguish-giving power which no language can express, which none but parents can feel and know; and which are only explained or accounted for by resolving them “into the will, and arbitration wise, of the Supreme,” whose counsels are in the great deep, & whose ways none can search out or know unto perfection.” To see a lovely child, an only child thus snatched from our fond embraces in the morning of its existence, by the cold hand of death, and at so interesting a period, when the powers of body and mind were rapidly expanding—to part with an only child, in whom all our parental affections were centered, and on whom so many fond hopes of domestic happiness were hung—to see his eyes forever closed in death, and the once so lovely form consigned to its cold and narrow house of clay—no more to embrace or see again on earth—imparts a bitterness of soul, for which there is no antidote, save in that Gospel by which life & immortality are brought to light, and that hope

“That looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.”

Though this dispensation is peculiarly afflictive, and our loss unspeakable, yet we trust that all will finally work together for good, and that what now is our loss is the immeasurable gain of our departed child. He is now delivered from a world of sorrow, trouble & pain, and gone home to the bosom of his Creator God, where tears, and sorrows, and sickness, and pain, and death, can never reach him more—to the arms of that Saviour who said, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.” “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, & blessed be his holy name.”

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