

[Smith, Elmer E. & Heywood & R O]

DEATHS.

...

On the banks of the winding river near Avoca, N.Y., is the house of H. [Henry] B. and Mary S. Smith, who have long been bound to us by the ties of friendship and affection; and hence, how startling the intelligence that, June 13th, HEYWOOD, aged 5 years and 4 months, one of the pledges of affection between the parental hearts, had fallen asleep in death, and that, on the following Sabbath, his remains would be consigned to the silent and solitary tomb. We hastened thither, thinking that some words of consolation might be spoken, giving stay and support to the members of the household; but alas! ere the burial, another, ELMER E., was stricken down with the same terrible disease, and, June 26th, he passed away into the valley of the shadow of death, aged 1 year and 9 months. And would that this calamity were the last! But no! Two days after, June 28th, R O, aged 3 years and 4 months, went with the angel over the river, aged 3 years and 4 months, leaving a household whose members are borne down with the weight of many sorrows.

In less than one short month, three out of the four children, whose smiles and affections made that home a miniature heaven, have been stricken down with that terrible scourge—Diphtheria—and the inmates of the household may not know why it is so, for surely this is one of the ways of Providence which seem mysterious and past finding out! And yet there is light for the grief-stricken parents, if they will turn their eyes in the proper direction. On the hill-side, overlooking the valley, are the three small mounds [in Highland Cemetery] and there the hand of affection will implant the rose and the cypress. The gems are not there, but re-set in far more beautiful caskets, by the hand of one who spoke those hallowed words—“Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

In Him, alone, is the stay and hope for the grief stricken heart; and thither may the bereaved hearts turn, and meekly, humbly say:—

“Our chastened spirits bow in prayer, and blend all prayers in one—  
Give us the hope to meet them there, when life’s full task is done.”

S. J. G.

*Christian Ambassador*, Auburn NY, Sat. 9 Aug 1862  
[a Universalist newspaper]