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OF  
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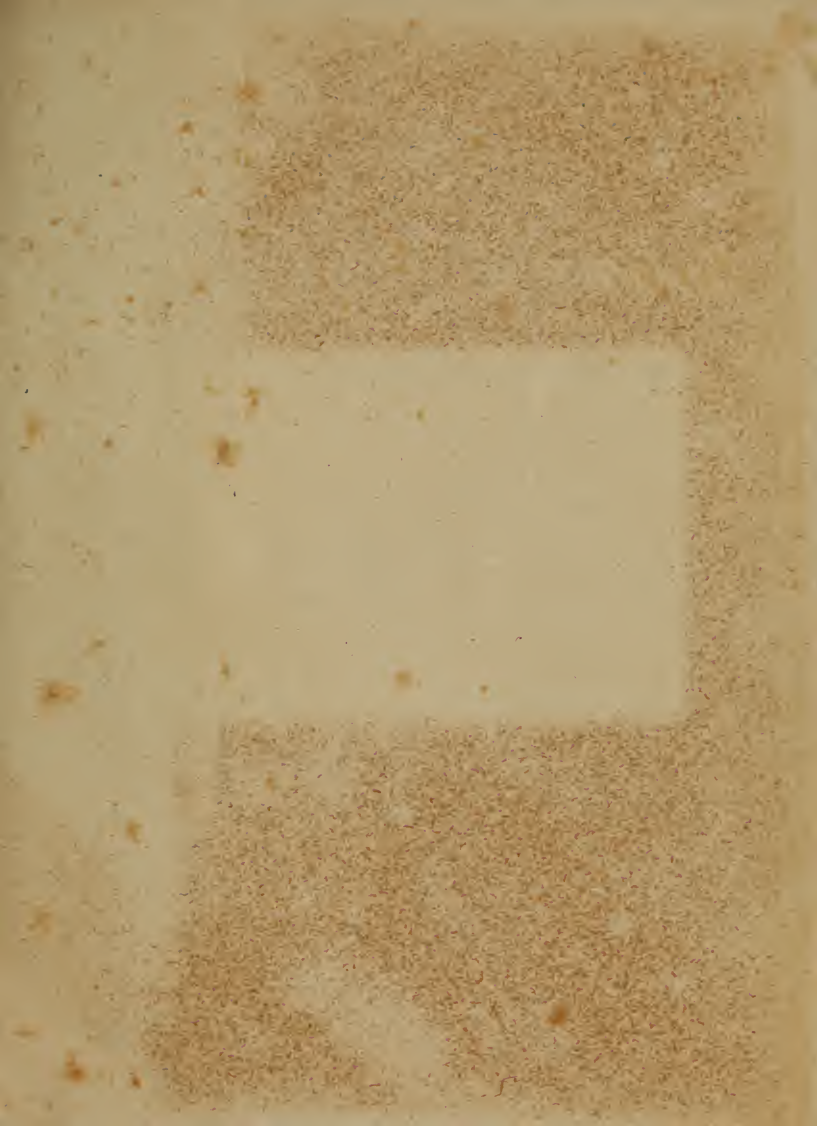
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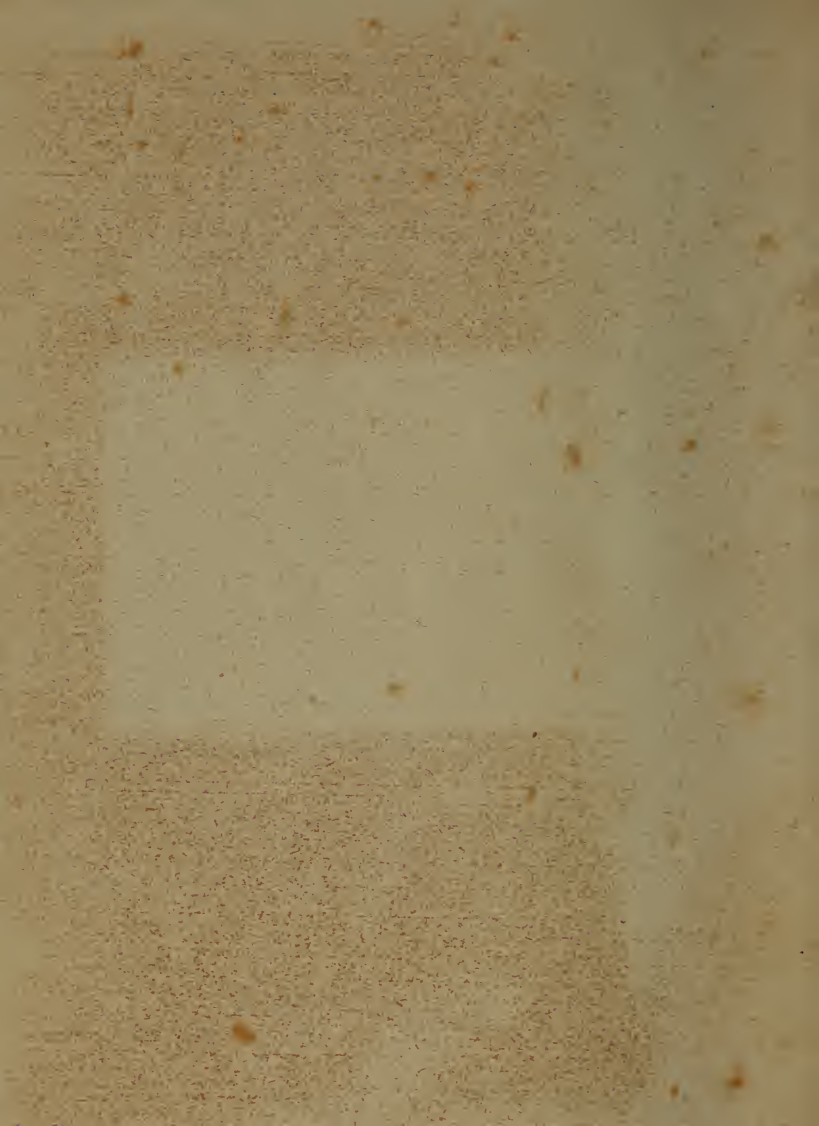
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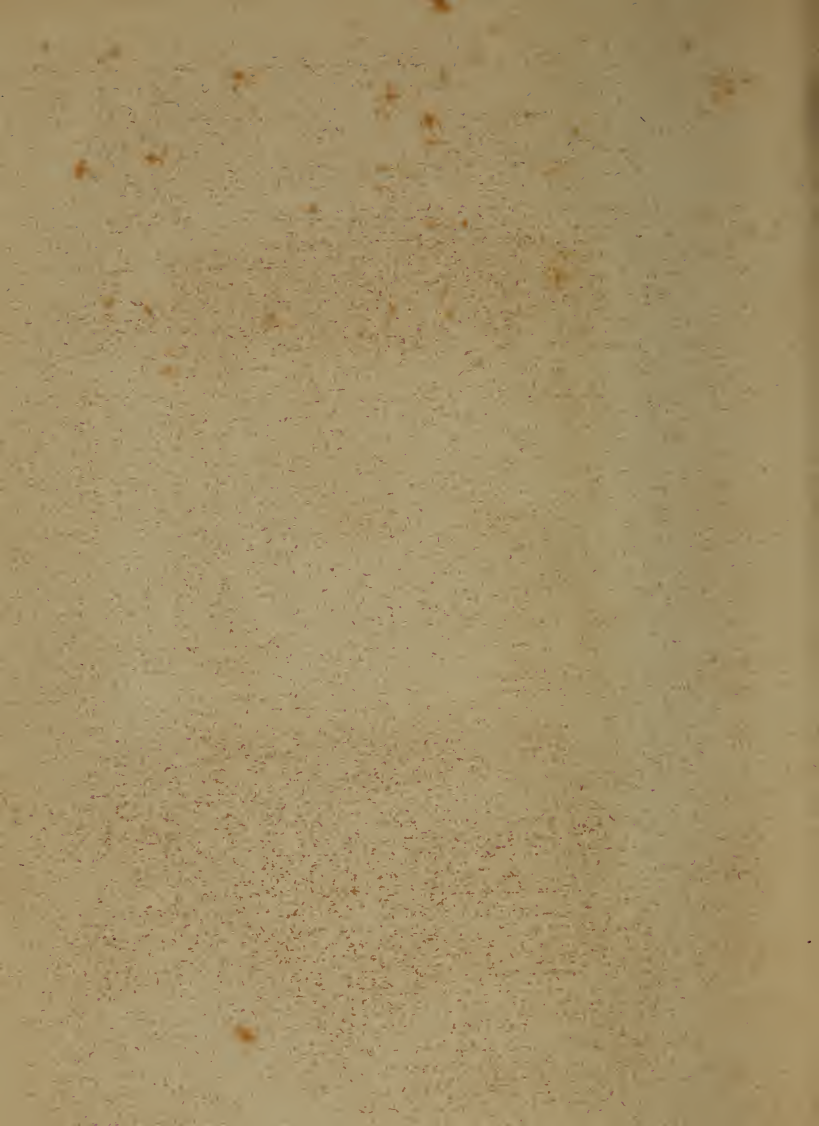
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.















THE PARTING SCENE.

Page 33

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MEMOIR

See Vol. 10. p. 5.  
Rec? at the <sup>OF</sup> dept of state  
July 6. 1835

MARGARET AND HENRIETTA FLOWER.

Sigourney, Mrs Lydia Howard  
Huntley

"They were lovely and pleasant in their lives:—  
And in their death they were not divided."



BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY PERKINS, MARVIN, & CO.

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HENRY PERKINS.

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1835.

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# INTRODUCTION.

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BY THE REV. MR. STONE,

Rector of St. Paul's Church, Boston.

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OF all the endeavors to do religious good to the millions of our land, that of preparing salutary spiritual food for infant and youthful minds, holds, it may be safely said, without a rival, the first rank in importance. Whoever endeavors to hold up, or to aid, however feebly, in holding up before the myriads of American children, a faithful picture of the moral and religious character of those, who from their own ranks, have been made subjects of early renewing and sanctifying grace, and who, thus prepared, have been early taken to heaven, in the garniture of their shining and beautiful robes of holiness, does at least attempt that,

which, rightly and successfully done, must confer incalculably precious benefits on the land of our affections.

That the ensuing memoirs will prove highly successful labors in this department of religious literature, the present writer can hardly doubt. Their delineations of moral and religious character are not overwrought pictures of mere imagination, but portraitures touched with the pure colors of truth and faithfulness to nature. They are delineations of just such characters as have been not infrequently seen, as we should always love to see, in the children of our country. Obedience to parents from a principle of filial love ; guileless and glowing sisterly affection ; a holy regard for truth ; a sacred tenderness to the reputations of others ; a love of goodness and of the good for their own loveliness' sake ; unwearied industry and unspotted cleanliness of habits ; a quick sensibility of heart to the power of divine truth ; a quenchless thirst for sacred knowledge ; beautifully clear perceptions of the gospel method of salvation ; pure love for God ; simple faith in Christ ; unostentatious humility of mind ;—such are some of the most conspicuous traits of character in those lovely

specimens of childlike mind, which Mrs. Sigourney here holds up to view ; and which, if drawn in faithful resemblances on the characters of all our children, would make the future destiny of our land brightly illustrious for every good. The course of the memoirs too, abounds with passages of moral power, which touch as with a charmer's hand, the best springs of action, and open, with sweet resistlessness, the deep clear fountains of religious sensibility within us.

That the characters here delineated with such beautiful fidelity to nature, were actually the characters of the interesting children, to whom they are ascribed, the writer is fully satisfied.—Margaret and Henrietta almost grew up under the eye of her who has sketched their lovely portraits. She had the originals glowingly present to her thought, when she drew their likenesses. With only *one* of them, indeed, was the writer of this *personally* acquainted. His acquaintance with that one, however, enables him to bear testimony to the striking fidelity to truth of the account here given of her. He well remembers the feelings with which his first and subsequent visits to her, inspired his mind. He was convinced from the first,

that he had before him no ordinary character, whether as to natural endowments, or as to attainments in religion. Even through the dim and silent light which pervaded her apartment, he could easily trace, among her pale and emaciated features, a countenance strongly intellectual; while on its aspect there was reposing an expression of calm, resigned, and heavenly patience, mingled, indeed, with tokenings of an inward emotion, plainly of a somewhat painful nature. The cause of this, conversation soon developed. It was a sense of her sinfulness in the sight of a pure and holy God; and an intense anxiety to know "what she should do to be saved." Yes; a child, whose natural character, he knew, had from infancy been one of even peculiar loveliness, and to whose mind he had never had an opportunity of addressing a single consideration from the truths of the Bible, lay before him in all the calm consciousness of an unimpaired intellect of no secondary order, and yet under a solemnly impressed sense of sinfulness in the sight of God, and under a deeply excited desire to learn how she might be reconciled to Him. These things, too clearly for the admission of a doubt in his mind, came from no other source than



the inward revealings of the Spirit of God, applying the religious instructions of her earlier childhood, and showing her, that, lovely as the natural character may be in its relations to kindred character here, there is still in the loveliest a deep seated alienation of the heart from God, a want of affiliated confidence in, and love for a heavenly Father, and a consequent need of reconciliation to him, and of preparedness, by renewing and sanctifying grace, for the society of his holy and heavenly family. He therefore proceeded to open to her understanding the gospel way of salvation; of pardon through faith in the atonement of Christ; and of the "new birth unto righteousness" through the influences of the Holy Spirit. Her deeply attentive and solemn listenings to these instructions were truly impressive; and, after commending her in prayer to God, her Father, Saviour, Sanctifier, he took his leave, persuaded that he had been enjoying the high and blessed privilege of ministering to one, who was soon to become one of the youthful "heirs of salvation."

This persuasion was delightfully confirmed at his next interview with her; when almost her first ques-

tion was, "*How may I know, sir, that I have been born again?*" As he proceeded to lay before her the various marks of a truly renewed mind, he remembers well with what ready promptness, and with what serious emphasis, she answered the following question. "Suppose, dear Margaret, the choice were to be given you, either to die now, with your present views, hopes, and feelings, or to regain your health, and grow up a thoughtless and vain, though amiable child of a fashionable world:—which would you choose?" With scarce a moment for consideration, yet as though her whole soul were going up to God in the decision, she replied, "*Let me die now.*"

At his next interview with her, the slightly painful expression of her countenance was gone; a sweet peace with God had spread itself, in visible utterances, over her speaking features; she expressed it to him in words; and he felt that his own spirit could hold communion with hers in a foretaste of that "peace of God which passing all understanding" here, shall be both eternal and fully comprehended hereafter.

Throughout his subsequent pastoral intercourse with her, her Christian character unfolded itself in increas-

ingly just and beautiful proportions, leaving no reasonable doubt that it was rapidly becoming as rare a demonstration of the renewing grace of God in the mind of childhood, as her natural character was of that heavenly skill, which had given it its exquisite moulding and tempering. When, therefore, after her removal from Boston to Hartford, he learned the fact of her decease, he was prepared for the accompanying account of her character and course of life in full; while the evident embodying of truth which it contained, gave a ready entrance into his belief to the conclusion that the connected sketch of her *sister's* life and character was equally faithful to the verity of facts.

He regards with special interest the publication of volumes like the present, from the persuasion which rests on his mind, that the ministers and members of the religious denomination to which he belongs, have not felt, so generally as they ought to have done, the practicability and importance of very early conversions to God. The capabilities of the mind of childhood, both in its affections and in its understanding, for receiving adequate and permanent religious impressions,

is but beginning to receive its just share of attention amongst us. If, therefore, the little book, to which he has been permitted to prefix these observations, should be made instrumental, as he thinks it is calculated to aid, in suitably impressing our minds on this subject ; if it should be the means in any good degree, of leading our religious teachers, whether in the pulpit, in the Bible class, or in the Sunday school, to labor and pray more unweariedly and more believingly for the early renewal and sanctification of those precious little immortals, of whom they have the charge for religious education ; he cannot but think that it will have well filled its place,—that it will have promoted an object of infinite moment.

*Boston, December 2, 1834.*

## MEMOIR.

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MARGARET and HENRIETTA FLOWER, the only children of their parents who survived infancy, were born at Hartford, Connecticut:—the eldest, September 16th, 1819,—the youngest, August 1st, 1822.

They early displayed affectionate dispositions, and good powers of mind. Their love of books, revealed itself in infancy. As soon as they were capable of receiving instruction, their parents were anxious to give them an excellent education.

Margaret, being three years older than her sister, was able first to attend school. She

was attentive to the wishes of her teachers, and so fond of study, that there was no need of urging her to application. It was evident that she possessed brilliant talents, and pursued knowledge for the love of it. She often asked for longer lessons than were given her, and was faithful to learn thoroughly all that were appointed.

To her Bible-lessons, she devoted particular attention. When they were long, or required a comparison of different parts, she was never fatigued with the labor they occasioned, nor satisfied until she perfectly understood them. Thus she obtained a knowledge of scripture, very remarkable for her years, and which continued with her to the end of her life.

Her recitations in History, were distinguished by clearness and excellence. She would render the substance of her lessons, in her own language, with great propriety and elegance. This she was able to do, with far



less study than is usually required. In all her studies, she displayed wonderful correctness. Her handwriting was very neat and beautiful. Of music she was exceedingly fond, and excelled in its performance. Though, in the progress of her education, it was soon discovered that she possessed brilliant talents, she was not inclined to be either vain or indolent. Because she could acquire knowledge, with more ease than most of her companions, she did not boast of her quickness of perception. She was industrious, and patient, and obedient.

In school, she was desirous to select associates who were attentive to their studies. She requested her instructress that her seat might be with those, who set a good example. If all children were equally anxious to associate only with the good, how much folly and sorrow would be spared them. At the time when impressions are most easily made, and while the

influence of young companions is greater than even that of parents or teachers, little Margaret exemplified that precept of the book which she loved, "He that walketh with wise persons shall be wise."

She was distinguished by a sacred regard to truth. By the excellent system of Miss Draper, of whose Seminary she was a member, this tenderness of conscience was cultivated. To the daily requisition that the scholars should report any violation of the rules into which they had fallen, she was strictly attentive. That they might be taught to avoid evil-speaking, and to cherish feelings of benevolence to all, the inquiry was often made, if they had spoken to the disadvantage of any one. Her sincerity on this point, was often affecting. When she could not recollect any *word* that had expressed unkindness, she would be fearful that even by some change of countenance, or motion of the head, she might

have injured the feelings of some person, or agreed in opinion with those who were blaming the absent, and would ask her preceptress with much earnestness, "*Was that to the disadvantage of another?*" So anxious was she always to do right. She carried the principle of fidelity into every thing. She kept a journal of her progress in study, and the manner in which she spent her time. It proves her diligence, and the care with which she obeyed the regulations of the school. One of its rules, was to spend two hours every evening, in studying at home. On one occasion she writes with her usual integrity and simplicity, "I do not know whether to record it as a violation or not, but my studies are not hard enough to occupy me two hours."

By her journal it appears that she was in the habit of early rising. Once she writes, "This morning it was so very cold, that I was tempted to lie in bed. But thinking it a good

opportunity to practise self-denial, I sprang up, and was dressed by a quarter past six. My lessons were perfect to-day. I do not recollect any violations. I shall say nothing about spring, the poet's season, until it comes. As yet the earth is covered with snow, and the buds think best to keep concealed a little longer in their winter-retreats. It is well—for if they did but look forth, they would be frozen. I am glad that they have so much prudence, about taking colds and consumptions. Would that every mortal had as much."

The handwriting of this journal, from its neatness and beauty, would scarcely seem to be the production of a child of ten years. Thus it also was with her books of poetical extracts, which show both her diligence, and her advanced taste in selection. Notwithstanding her attention to her studies, she found time to read. She read with great rapidity. Her mother would sometimes say,

“Margaret, I fear you can scarcely have understood the book, you have finished so quickly.” But she would convince her by a particular account of its contents, and by repeating from memory such passages as she most admired, that she had not carelessly perused it. She was accustomed to commit to writing, her recollections of the sermons she heard. Her mind was continually active, and in search of improvement.

So anxious was she to keep up with her classes at school, that when she was indisposed, she obtained information of the daily lessons, and diligently learned them. During a period of confinement to the house, she felt it as a great obligation that Miss Draper occasionally came and heard her recitations. She thanked her with the utmost gratitude, and numbered it among the causes which called forth her affection to her instructress, an



affection that was fully appreciated and returned.

She cherished a deep sense of the worth of time. She had also a love of order, and used to devote particular hours to particular employments. She often wrote resolutions for the division of her time, and the regulation of her conduct. Papers like the following, were sometimes found by her mother, though it was her wish rather to conceal, than to display them.

“ Rise at half past five. Take care of the rooms. Sew, until two hours from that time. Practise on my piano, one hour, then study one hour. Work till three in the afternoon, then practise an hour, and study an hour, reserving time for exercise.”

This was written during a vacation from school, and will show how desirous she was to mark by diligence, that time which young



people are apt to feel should be devoted entirely to recreation.

Her mind was disposed to receive and encourage religious impressions. A perusal of the memoirs of Miss Sophia Luce, a young lady, distinguished for piety, and whose death was eminently happy, awakened her to great depth and tenderness of feeling, at an early age. She, and her little sister, would often read it in solitude, with serious meditation. Once, after contemplating this example of early piety, she wrote the following short prayer.

“Oh! may my life be like hers, and when my earthly pilgrimage is over, may He who reigns forever, take me to his bosom.”

She was often in the habit of writing in her books, with a pencil, some serious and appropriate sentiment. These were usually passages of scripture. In some she wrote,—

“Lay not up for yourselves treasures on

earth." In others, the chosen motto would be, "Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness."

Her Polyglott Bible has written on its blank page the following selection.

*"Search the scriptures.* From a child, thou hast known the holy scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation. Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth. Seek the Lord, while he may be found, call upon him while he is near. This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

Though she studied her Bible so much, and became so familiar with its contents, she preserved it with such reverent care, that it has the appearance of a new, unsullied volume. She was remarkable for care of all her books. Those which she used for years, have not the slightest mark of injury, or neglect. Her

school books have neither blot, or leaf turned down, or cover broken. She was very different from those children, who think it no harm to deface, destroy, or lose them. Her love of knowledge led her to respect the pages where it was inscribed.

In neatness, and care of her clothes, she was equally exemplary. She repaired, and kept her garments in beautiful order, and wore them a long time, without injury. In the use of the needle, she was highly accomplished. She did not make her studies an excuse for the neglect of it. It delighted her, that she could thus be useful to her dear mother. If there was any work of a peculiarly delicate or difficult nature, she desired that it might be given to her. When there was an occasional recess from school, the record often occurs in her journal, "Spent the day in working." She did not think any thing tedious, or unworthy of her attention, that entered into

the duty of a female. She showed as much patience, and capability of excelling, in darning a torn garment, as in solving a problem of Euclid. She was pleased that needlework formed a part of the stated employments, at the select school of Miss Marston, in Quincy, Massachusetts, of which she was for a time, a member. Here also, her proficiency in study, and consistent goodness, made her a favorite with her teachers, and gained the love of strangers. Miss Marston thus mentions her in a letter.

“At the early age of eleven years, we discovered that she possessed an unusual share of intelligence, and goodness of heart. I well remember the pleasure with which she pursued her studies, and the great facility with which she acquired her lessons. This was particularly the case in History—so much so, that I placed her in the class with the eldest

young ladies in school, by none of whom was she excelled in her acquirements in this branch. They have often assured me, that while they were obliged to devote every moment of the time allotted them for the purpose, to prepare themselves for recitation, *little Margaret* would, after a few minutes' attention, be perfectly at leisure; and I do not recollect, that she was ever deficient. On one occasion, I remember, that when she had recited, with even more than her usual success, I discovered she had read the lesson only once, and that, the day before. The manner of her recitations, was also particularly pleasing, giving the substance of the whole, in her own correct and perspicuous language. Indeed, the propriety of her expressions was observable on all occasions, as well as her distinct utterance, and correct pronunciation. These qualifications, together with her quick apprehension of the sense of

an author, rendered her also, one of the best readers I have ever known, of her age. My father, who always took the liveliest interest in the improvement of my pupils, would generally question them, as we sat at breakfast, on the subject of their morning lessons, and we were ever gratified by the readiness and elegance of Margaret's replies."

How much ought the commendation of teachers to be prized, and sought after, by children. Their favorable testimony seems to give promise, that the future duties of life will be well performed. Those who are enjoying the benefits of a good education, should strive to gain the affection of their teachers. They should avoid giving them trouble, and listen respectfully to all their instructions. They should regard them as benefactors, and remember them with gratitude. Thus, they



will be beloved as Margaret was, by all who had the superintendence of her studies.

But we must now turn from the contemplation of her excellence as a scholar;—and view her in sickness and affliction. Early in the autumn of 1833, she was taken ill, while in Boston, of a typhus fever. Some extracts from letters to her father, written by her mother, who went on to attend her in sickness, give a clear description of her state of mind.

*“Boston, Sept. 26, 1833.*

“At my arrival, I found our dear Margaret very low. She seems much comforted at my coming, and is all love and tenderness to her friends. She says, ‘I used to dream I was with my dear parents, but awoke to find it was all a dream.’ Her patience is surprising. She takes her medicines with great readiness. She often speaks of home, *her*

*dear home.* Oh, that she might recover, once more to reach it.”

“*Sept. 28.*

“Our dear child is very ill to-day. Dr. ——— does not hesitate to say she is dangerous, and has called a consulting physician. She yesterday, of her own accord, requested me to send for the Rev. Mr. Croswell. She wished him to pray with her. We sent, but found that he was out of town. She remarked, that if he did not return soon, it would be too late. She asked if the doctor considered her dangerous. I replied that there was always danger in fever, and inquired what would be her feelings, were she called to die. She answered, ‘I do not feel afraid to die. I believe I shall be happy. I believe Christ has died to save me. I know that I have sinned, and am not good enough to be saved. But God can pardon me for Jesus’ sake.’

Then, with tears streaming down her cheeks,  
repeated,

‘There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Eternal day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.’

In compliance with her desire, I sent for the Rev. Mr. Stone, of St. Paul’s church. His conversation was very solemn, and adapted to her situation. She listened with the deepest attention, and fixed her expressive eyes upon him, every moment he was speaking. He prayed with her, and after he went out, she exclaimed, ‘*O, what a prayer!*’”

“*Sept. 30.*

“Dear Margaret is no better. Her sufferings are very great. She is constantly repeating some appropriate text of scripture. I had no idea she was so conversant with her

Bible. Miss I. H. tells me, she never knew a young person so attached to a Bible and prayer-book, as she has been during the summer. The Rev. Mr. Stone visits her every day. She asked him this morning, how we could know if our hearts were changed. He explained it to her understanding, and asked her many questions. He afterwards remarked to me, that her answers were perfectly satisfactory, and that he believed she had experienced that change. She observed, that she could not bear her sufferings, were it not for her love to God, and his word. The simplicity and sincerity of her manner, is very striking.

“A lady, who was a resident in the house, kindly wished to cheer one of the intervals of languor, that attended her sickness, by displaying to her some rich ornaments, and curiosities from South America. She was grateful for the attention, and for a short time seemed

to be amused. At length, casting her eyes upon a watch, she laid aside the other articles, and taking it in her hand, said, ‘*They* are very pretty, but *this* is useful. Mother, if I get well, will you get me a watch, that I *may consider the value of time?*’ She expressed a wish that this might remain by her. But the next day, she returned it to the lady, saying, ‘I do not wish it any longer. It can do me no good, for I feel that I must now place my mind *on things beyond time.*’”

We are permitted to make extracts from a letter of the same lady, who often saw her during her sickness.

“Her very affectionate and interesting manner towards those who attended her, always attracted my attention. Not the slightest office was disregarded by her. Even now, I fancy that I hear her sweet, submissive voice,

answering, 'O yes,' to the frequent questions of the nurse, 'Will you take this medicine, Margaret? it is time.' Not only did her words evince her willingness, but her countenance was marked with meekness and confidence towards those around. How often, when I have observed the anxiety of parents for the education and appearance of their children, have her earnest words returned to my remembrance. 'Mother, you have been too, too anxious for my body. My poor soul has not been enough considered. Only think what it is worth! I feel that I shall die soon. What must become of me, if my peace is not made with God? O mother, pray for me. Read to me. Comfort me if you can, but do not encourage me, if there is no hope. Do send for a minister of Christ, and let him teach me the way of salvation. Through the merits and mercy of my Saviour, I must be saved, if at all. I have nothing to offer, but a



wicked heart. Do you think, mother, God will hear me, if I pray?’

“I saw her the day after the service for the sick had been read to her by the Rev. Mr. Stone. Her mother had gone to lay down. I ventured into the room, unperceived by Margaret. She had prevailed upon the person who attended her, to turn the corner of the curtain so as to admit a little light. Her pale, wan face, was bent over her little prayer-book, the constant companion of her pillow, with an almost unearthly interest. Observing that the type was small, I asked her if there was not some other book, of a coarser print, that she would like. She mildly, but decisively answered, ‘*No,*’ and immediately placed it under her pillow, still continuing to hold it with her hand. At times she appeared entirely to forget her own sufferings, in anxiety for her absent sister.”

It has already been mentioned that her affection for her only sister, was exceedingly ardent, and seemed to have some mixture of a mother's tenderness. The last letter that she ever wrote, was to her. It was dated from Boston, a short time before she was taken sick. It expressed her delighted anticipation of returning home, and the pleasure she promised herself from playing again to her sister, on their favorite piano. It closes with the simply affectionate precept, "*Be a good little girl.*"

Margaret still continued dangerously sick. Her father came on, and watched day and night by the side of his child. The fever at length seemed to yield. But her constitution was exhausted, and symptoms of consumption appeared. A violent and fatal cough seized her, which no skill could cure. Every effort to save her, was made by the most eminent physicians. Dr. Jackson advised that her

removal to Hartford should be attempted. She sustained the journey far better than was expected. The return to her dear home, and the meeting with her beloved sister, lighted up her emaciated countenance with its wonted expression of joy. During the whole winter, the hopes and fears of those most interested in her recovery, prevailed by turns. She frequently expressed her entire resignation to the will of her Father in heaven. Notwithstanding her pain was often great, she spoke of the peace and satisfaction that reigned in her heart. One night she exclaimed, as if in ecstasy, "O, I am so happy!" Her mother inquired, "What makes you happy, my love?" "God makes me happy," she replied. "I feel that peace which passeth all understanding." Her weakness was extreme, and her cough exceedingly severe. "Dear mother," she would often say, "you don't know how much I feel, but I cannot talk." There was at no

period of her distressing illness, any wandering of mind, or failure of intellect.

The last day of her life found her calm and placid. In the afternoon, those who surrounded her remarked, that her eyes had an unusual, and unearthly brightness. They were raised upward, as if following and fixing on some delightful object. Her dearest friends were anxious to know what passed in her mind, but forebore to ask her any questions. They dreaded lest the action of her voice should bring on a convulsive turn of coughing, which she seemed not to have strength to endure. She was emaciated almost to a shadow. Yet with surprising command over the pencil, she traced with her wasted hand, the following lines on a slip of paper. "Dear mother, since my voice is too weak for you to hear me plainly, suppose I write down my wishes, and show them to you?" Then follows on another paper, the whole of the

Lord's prayer, written fairly, and legibly; a precious testimony that her parting thoughts were employed in communing with her Maker.

Margaret had always a great fondness for such poetry as conveyed pious sentiments, and enforced the shortness of life. It was peculiarly affecting to the heart of a mother, who watched all these developments of mind with inexpressible interest, to find after her death, the following lines in the pocket of one of her dresses, which she had worn at school, during her last absence from the paternal roof.

### AT MUSING HOUR.

By T. WELLS.

At musing hour of twilight gray,  
When silence reigns around,  
I love to walk the church-yard way:  
To me 'tis holy ground.

To me, congenial is the place,  
Where yew and cypress grow ;  
I love the moss-grown stone to trace,  
That tells who lies below.

And, as the lonely spot I pass  
Where weary ones repose,  
I think, like them, how soon, alas !  
My pilgrimage will close.

Like them, I think, when I am gone,  
And soundly sleep as they,  
Alike unnoticed and unknown  
Shall pass my name away.

Yet, ah !—and let me lightly tread !  
She sleeps beneath this stone,  
That would have soothed my dying bed,  
And wept for me when gone !

Her image 'tis—to memory dear—  
That clings around my heart,  
And makes me fondly linger here,  
Unwilling to depart.



From the conversation of those around her, she understood that her sister was ill. She anxiously requested her father to go immediately to her, and continued to inquire respecting her, of every one who entered the room. When he returned to her bedside, he asked, "Shall I pray with you, my child?" She replied, "Not now, dear father, I have just been praying for myself." This was her last day on earth,—Monday, February 24th, 1834.

Henrietta was taken suddenly ill, on the Saturday night previous to the death of her sister. During Sunday, she scarcely left her bed. The next day, the attack, which was violent bleeding at the nose, was repeated. It seemed to exhaust all her strength. Through the winter she had been bright and blooming, and worn the appearance of perfect health. Now, she was changed, as if the seal of death

had been set upon her. As soon as she could move, she desired to be led to her sister's apartment. She was indulged. She stood close by her bed. They looked long, and tenderly at each other. But they spoke not. Those who saw that fixed gaze, in which soul seemed to mingle with soul, can never forget it. *It was the parting of the sisters.* The scene cannot be described in words. Those affectionate beings realized that they were to meet no more on earth. Did their pale and beautiful lips exchange an unspoken promise, soon to meet in heaven?

The gentle and fragile Henrietta was led from the room of her dying sister. "She will soon be clothed in white robes, and strike a harp of gold," said she meekly. It was repeated to Margaret. Her reply was a look of inexpressible delight. For the few hours of life that remained to her, she lay tranquil, and at peace. It would seem, from the bright-

ness that past over her countenance, that she was contemplating the bliss of angels. Those who best loved her, feared to interrupt the happiness of that holy vision. They left the pure spirit free to converse with Him, to whom it was ascending. It preferred to keep silence, and to pause from the language of earth, ere it entered upon that full burst of melody, which hath no end. That night, it was said of her, in the whispered tones of her hushed apartment, and in bursts of grief that could not be controlled, *She is dead*. But was there not joy in the court of heaven, because another soul was added to their blissful company?

The lone and mournful Henrietta, was able to attend the funeral of her sister. She stood by her open grave, and looked steadfastly into it. She attended church, the following Sabbath, and mingled her prayers with those of her afflicted parents.

She complained not. She concealed her own grief, lest she should add to the sorrow of her parents. She lifted up her head, like some drooping lily, to take gratefully the dew and the sunbeam which God reserved for it.

For a few weeks, she enjoyed a comfortable degree of health. The delicacy and loveliness of her appearance at this time, attracted every eye. Though she had attained the age of eleven years, there was about her a simplicity, a winning, affectionate manner, which seemed to betoken the innocent beauty of an earlier period of life. She possessed one of the most gentle and amiable dispositions. From childhood, if there was any complaint or trouble among her companions, she was always disposed to make peace. She would excuse their faults, as far as was in her power, and speak without disguise of her own. She could not bear to hear others blamed. She even preferred to take blame upon herself. She

shrank at the thought of giving pain to any human being.

Like her sister, she was remarkable for neatness and love of order, for care over her books, for keeping in its proper place every article committed to her charge, and for that kind deportment to domestics, which gained their love in return.

When she was able to attend school, she invariably called forth the attachment of her teachers. A young lady, who had for a time, the direction of her studies, writes, "I was delighted with her docility and sweet manners. I used to think there was an unearthly loveliness about her, and said to her mother, that she must not expect to retain her long. She seemed, even then, allied to an angelic nature."

The sweet smile that played around her features when she spoke, will not soon be forgotten by those who knew her. "She was



like a beautiful vision," said a friend—"the cast of her countenance was such, as one might easily fancy a cherub to be—such as I have never before seen belonging to a being of earth. And that her face was a faithful index of her heart, all who knew her gentleness and loveliness, will most readily acknowledge."

She was distinguished by filial obedience, and love of truth. No higher testimony to the excellence of these sisters need be added, than the assurance of both their parents, that *they never knew either of them wilfully to disobey their commands, or to utter a falsehood.* It should be the endeavor of all the children who read this book, that the same thing may be said of them. And that they may steadfastly follow such good example, let them ask grace of God.

A lady in Boston, intimately acquainted with the sisters, thus speaks of them both.



“Margaret, at a very early age, discovered great precocity of talent and character. At eight and nine years old, her taste for reading was such, and her books so well chosen, that she was capable and ready to converse with any well educated and intelligent person of mature age, with accuracy and propriety. She selected her society from among those of literary and refined taste. She enjoyed the pursuit of knowledge more than any thing else.

“The amusements common to most children, at that period of life, she often overlooked as incapable of affording satisfaction. She sought something more solid and useful. Her disposition was sprightly and animated, but she found in books her chief pleasure. Her obedience to her parents, and her affection for her sister, were striking traits in her character. Her person was interesting to all who saw her, and she possessed a sweetness

and dignity of manner, very unusual for her years.

“The character of Henrietta, was one of surpassing loveliness. She attracted the attention of all who saw her. From a child she possessed uncommon beauty of person, and every beholder was struck with the expression of her countenance, and the sweet simplicity of her manners. If her external beauty was faultless, her mind was equally so. It was not so fully developed, as to its strength, at so early a period, as that of her sister. Her constitution and health being delicate, she was prevented from applying herself so much to study. Nature had made her in the finest and purest mould, and rendered her capable of becoming all that was lovely in woman. She was all smiles and affection to those around her. Her happiness consisted in making others so. In the words of a celebrated writer, ‘she was one of those

who seemed gifted with the marvellous touch, that opens the fountains of affection in every nature, that elicits harmony from the coarsest, most discordant instruments ; and the faces of both old and young, were lighted up at her approach, as if they had been touched by the wing of an angel.' ”

Thus happy in the admiration and love of all who knew her, she was far from being vain of this distinction. She was humble, and ready to acknowledge herself in the sight of God, a sinner. In a little, affectionate note, which she wrote, not long before her last sickness, and laid in her mother's work-basket, she laments the possession of a “sinful heart.” She was attentive to religious reading, and to her private devotions. The early instructions and pious example of her parents, seem to have been visibly blest to both their children.

It has already been mentioned that Henrietta endeavored to control her grief, for the loss of her sister. But it took deep root within. It lay down and rose up with her. It led her wounded spirit to Him, who alone could heal. It seemed to have been sanctified to her, as a means of grace. In little penciled notes, like the following, she poured forth her emotions.

“God alone can comfort the broken heart,—  
Sweet,—sweet sister!”

So tenderly anxious was she not to increase her mother's sorrow, that after Margaret's death, she never shed a tear in her presence. Sometimes, it would seem as if her mourning was too deep, to permit the relief of tears. This affecting subject, led her to write the ensuing note.

“My dearest Mother,

“You perhaps think I am heartless, and do not feel for your loss, in God’s taking our dear Margaret. But I am wrapt up in my own sorrow. There is much comfort, dear mother, if we will only look to that God, who promises so much, if we will put our trust in him. I think the twenty-third Psalm is a very beautiful one. ‘The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.’ Dear mother, I feel rather tired.

“Your                   HENRIETTA.”

A short letter to a little friend in Springfield, expresses her feelings still more freely.

“I have lost my only, and dearly beloved sister. But I did not prize her enough. Caroline, you are happy; you have brothers and

sisters. I have none. It will be but a short time, ere I too shall be laid in the grave. I feel as though all I had to do, was to prepare for another and a better world."

It was the will of the Almighty, that she should not long be divided from her loved sister. In a few weeks she began to droop, and never more lifted up her head in health. After the confinement of sickness settled upon her, she seemed still more painfully to miss her bosom-companion. She would sit for hours, with the deepest sorrow depicted on her countenance. Then, as if she was hardly conscious that her thoughts had broke forth in words, would exclaim,

"I have no sister to play to me on the piano, no sister to sleep by my side."

Her sickness was one of extreme suffering. There were frequent turns of exhaustion, in which she lay so long, that it seemed as if the



gentle spirit could never again be recalled to earth. It took its departure, just as spring began to quicken the verdure and flowers that she loved. She died at the age of eleven years, on April 19th, 1834, a few weeks after her dear Margaret.

For the last three days of her life, she lay speechless, but perfectly conscious. Her farewell to her parents, was a smile, long, tender, and sweet beyond description. Its language was love that transcended speech, with some shadowing forth of heaven's happiness.

The grave where her sister slept, was opened for her. Their coffins were laid side by side. And those lovely sisters, for whom had been one cradle, one fireside, "one Lord, one faith, one baptism," entered into one tomb, and lay down on the same pillow of clay, to wait for the resurrection.

The parents, bearing a loss which earth can never repair, find comfort in the tokens they

have left behind, in the memory of their words, their virtues, their prayers, their love of the Bible, their trust in a Redeemer, the willing and joyful hope with which they went home to God. May they also be cheered by the testimony, that good has been done to other children by this transcript of the piety of their own; and may the voice of their example, by which, "being dead, they speak," be cherished, and followed, by many lambs of their Saviour's fold.

We close this account of the sisters, with the following extract from a sermon of their respected pastor, the Rev. Dr. Wheaton, addressed to the Sunday school, of which they were members, from the appropriate text,

"Is it well with the child? And she answered, *It is well.*"

"Margaret and Henrietta Flower, were lovely in their lives, and in death they were

scarcely divided. They sleep in one grave. No sooner had they stepped on the threshold of this busy scene, and were permitted to look abroad for a moment as it were into the world, than by a mysterious Providence they were suddenly withdrawn from it to another state of being.

“The eldest had been a sufferer for almost half a year; and through all that period, as well as for some time previous, was evidently ripening for the kingdom of God. To the inquiry of the clergyman who visited her early in her illness, whether she had rather die then, and go to the arms of her Saviour, or recover, and grow up a thoughtless young lady; she replied without hesitation, ‘*Let me die now.*’ Her mind seemed entirely abstracted from the world she was so soon to leave. The glorious sun, shining into her sick chamber, on a clear morning, reminded her of the rising of the ‘Sun of Righteousness,

with healing in his wings;’ and when gay parties were passing and repassing under her window, on the new fallen snow, she exclaimed, in the words of that beautiful hymn,

‘ Let worldly minds the world pursue,  
 It hath no charms for me :—  
 Once I admired its trifles too,  
 But grace hath set me free.’

“ To hear the Bible read, and especially the Psalms, was her favorite occupation; and the forty-second Psalm, in which David in affliction mourns that he was not permitted to appear on the holy hill of Zion, was the one to which she listened with the deepest interest.

“ Often while in health had she been surprised in her chamber on her knees, directing her secret prayers to the God who seeth in secret; and often did she express her wish to receive the rite of confirmation should her life be spared till spring.

“ I saw her for the first time but a few days before her death. Her mental faculties were entire, her strong memory remained with her ; but her voice had failed ; her days were numbered and almost finished. She spoke of death with the calmness of an ordinary event ; and trusted that God had forgiven her unrighteousness, and accepted her in the beloved. With a life so blameless as hers had been, and with a faith in Christ so calm and holy, was there any presumption in her exclaiming, that ‘ God had made her happy—that he had given her the peace which passeth all understanding?’ Was there any affectation in her remarking as she did, to a relative, ‘ The worm is my sister?’

“ Thus lived and died one, whose cheerful countenance you have often seen, and whose voice, raised in the devout response and the holy song, you have often heard within these

walls : and I now ask you, my young hearers, Is it not well with her ?

“ But the commandment had gone forth, and her sister must follow to the grave, to the judgment, to the recompense of reward. The first sacrifice was not consummated before the second was called for;—*why*, we cannot tell. The words of our Saviour, ‘ What I do, thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know hereafter,’ apply with peculiar pertinence to his early removal of these two fair blossoms of promise. In one of my visits to the survivor during her agonizing illness, and when hope was departing, I inquired if she was willing to follow her sister, should the will of God be so ? Her reply was, that ‘ she was ready.’ ‘ But what reason have you to believe that God will grant you forgiveness, and take you to himself ?’ ‘ Because Christ said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not ; for of such is the king-



dom of heaven.' 'But what have you done to merit heaven?' 'Nothing;—Christ has shed his blood to wash away my sins; and I put my trust in him.'

“Again I say, my young friends, is it not well with her?”

“Now if you are anxious to know by what means it was, that these children were thus early prepared to meet their God, and how they were reconciled to the idea of giving up all that they loved and hoped for on earth, just when they began to feel that it was glorious to live and move and have their being:—could their spirits hear you and respond to your inquiries, they would say, that it was in the house of God, and in the Sunday school, that they learned those holy truths which taught them how to die. If you desire that it may be well with you, here and forever, use all the means in your power to become reconciled to God. Learn all you can of divine

truth; study it with earnest prayer for the Spirit's guidance and instruction; and meditate deeply on what Christ has done for your soul. Remember that you too may be removed by an early death, and as you value your well-being through a long eternity, it is necessary that you be *always* ready to give up your account to God. 'A soul prepared, needs no delay.' Come when he will, the messenger will find you watching; and in place of the terrors and alarms which the wicked experience at the thoughts of death, you will feel that although it may be *desirable to live, it is gain to die.*'

## LINES

*On the death of Miss Margaret and Henrietta Flower.*

---

They're here, in this turf-bed, those tender forms,  
So kindly cherish'd, and so fondly lov'd,—

*They're here.*

Sweet sisters, pleasant in their lives,  
And not in death divided. Sure 'tis meet  
That blooming groups should gather here, and learn  
How quick the transit to the silent tomb.

I do remember them, their pleasant brows  
So mark'd with pure affections, and the glance  
Of their mild eyes, when in the house of God  
They gather'd up the manna, that did fall,  
Like dew around.

The eldest parted first,  
And it was touching even to tears, to see  
The perfect meekness of that childlike soul,

Turning 'mid sorrow's chastening to its God,  
 And loosening every link of earthly hope,  
 To put an angel's glorious vestments on.

The younger linger'd for a little while  
 Drooping and beautiful. Strongly the nerve  
 Of that lone spirit, clasp'd its parent-prop,  
 Yet still in timid tenderness embrac'd  
 The Rock of Ages,—while the Saviour's voice  
 Confirm'd its trust,—“Suffer the little ones  
 To come to me.”

And then her sister's couch  
 Undrew its narrow covering, and those forms  
 Which side by side, on the same cradle-bed  
 So often shar'd the sleep of infancy, cheek to cheek,  
 Were laid on that clay pillow,—  
 And hand to hand, until the morning break  
 That hath no night.

And ye are left alone,  
 Who nurtur'd those fair buds, and often said  
 Unto each other in the hour of care,  
 These same shall comfort us, for all our toil;—  
 Yes, ye are left alone. It is not ours  
 To heal such wound. Man hath too weak a hand.—  
 All he can give is tears.

But He who took

Your treasures to his keeping, He hath power  
To uphold your footsteps, till they reach that clime  
Where none are written childless, and the hearts  
Parted a few brief moments here, unite  
In an unchang'd eternity of bliss.

LETTER TO THE BEREAVED PARENTS.

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It hath pleased God, my dear friends, that your names should be written childless. An affliction of no common nature has fallen upon you. Repeatedly, and with so brief an interval, to lay your treasures in the tomb, and find that habitation desolate, which used to resound with the tones of innocent mirth, and the voice of young affections, is a sorrow which few hearts can realize. We feel that our sympathies, however sincere, fall short of the occasion.—We would not dare to ask you not to mourn. Nature, under such a pressure, must relieve herself by tears. “*Jesus wept,*” is a sufficient sanction for the mourner’s tear.



We would bow down with you, while you take the cup of wo, and pray that its bitterness may be made salutary. The Being who in wisdom afflicts us, never intended that we should be insensible to his discipline, or that we should gird ourselves with pride to meet it, or that we should seal up the fountain of tears, when he maketh the heart soft. He will not regard as sinful, the deep sighing of a broken spirit, that amid its mourning inquires, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

Your beloved, and lamented ones, were most amiable and interesting. They were lovely in the eyes of others, as well as precious to your own. Were they less precious in the sight of Him, who created and watched over them, from the beginning, with a love far more untiring and perfect, than that of any earthly guide? Did not the goodness and piety which endeared them here, make them fitter companions for those pure spirits, with whom, we

trust, they are mingling, around his throne? Their virtues, and their loveliness, seem to have rendered your loss greater. But would you have had them less virtuous, less lovely? You do not grudge that the gift should have possessed some fitness for Him who reclaimed it.—Oh no. You will give thanks that the fair promise of their excellence was unclouded when they went down into the dust. Especially, you will rejoice, that the proofs of their piety were so clear, that a kind and affectionate spirit was early breathed into their hearts, and that they were, through faith in a Redeemer, made ready for a higher habitation, and willing to ascend there. How often will the echo of their sweet accents revisit your memory, repeating as they were wont, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

Often, also, will it dwell on your thankful

recollection, that they can feel sorrow no more. This to the heart of a parent, is an assurance of unspeakable value. You will no more see them racked with pain, or pale with weakness, or emaciated with lingering disease. You are no longer to watch their sleepless couch, or hear their dovelike moaning, and shudder with untold agony, that you have no power to arrest the pang, or to stay the foot-step of the destroyer. Henceforth, by them, sickness and death are felt and feared no more.

From the many hazards of this evil life, from those temptations which sometimes foil the strongest, and the sins which may overshadow those whose opening course was most fair, they have escaped. To be forever sinless, and at rest, is a glorious heritage. We, who bear the burdens of a weary pilgrimage, cherish as our strongest consolation, the hope

of at length reaching what they have already attained.

Their interval of separation was short. Scarcely had the parting-tear dried on the turf-covering of one, ere the other was summoned to the same pillow, "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust." The drooping survivor, was but a little while compelled to mourn, like a smitten and lovely blossom. You remember how they loved each other's society. If they had been separated longer than usual, how they would fly to each other's arms. If one had been absent from home, with what rapture her return was anticipated. But can you portray, or even imagine, their *meeting in heaven*? Here they met, but to part again. There, they are to be forever with the Lord. They have joined an "innumerable company of angels, and God, the judge of all, and the spirits of the just made perfect."

The felicity of glorified saints we may not

comprehend. “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived” it. But we may prepare ourselves for it. We may daily cultivate those graces which will fit us to reciprocate the welcome of angels, when it shall please God to say to us, “Come up hither.”

Afflictions have eminently the power of advancing spiritual welfare. Yours have been heavy and peculiar. May their heavenly fruits be equally visible and prominent. May time bring you that entire resignation and peace, so beautifully described by a poet.—

“When the wounds of wo are healing,  
 When the heart is all resign'd,  
 'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,  
 'Tis the *Sabbath of the mind.*”

In seeking comfort under this dispensation, reflect that your children are not only *together*, but they are *at home*. When they have at any

time left you, to go among strangers, how many anxieties have possessed your bosom. You have feared that they might be sick, ere you could be informed,—that they might seek comfort and not find it, or be in error and heaviness, and need that advice and sympathy which none but a parent can bestow. Now, they are where nothing dangerous or unfriendly can intrude. They feel no longer the helplessness and timidity of strangers. They are at home, in the house of their Father. Your family is commenced in heaven. There is a gathering together of your dearest ones, around the altar of immortality.

The time is short, ere you hope to enfold them in an eternal embrace. You will not yield to despondence, though loneliness marks your dwelling, when you realize that its beloved inmates are only gone a little in advance, to that mansion which the Saviour hath prepared for all who love him. There-



fore, my dear mourning friends, comfort each other by the way. Fellow-Christians, and heirs of the same inheritance, you can remind each other of "exceeding great and precious promises;" and while you bless God for the tender sympathies with which you regard each other, will find that sorrow thus divided, loses much of its anguish. You will also bless him for the happiness of your children. While they were here below, to see them happy was your chief joy. But you were not sure of the continuance of that happiness for a single hour. Now you can give thanks for the fullness of their felicity, and for its fearless continuance. Their abode is where no rust corrupteth, where no robber may break through and steal.

Speaking after the manner of men, we are constrained to acknowledge that earth has no substitute for your loss. But you do not ask it of earth, you look to heaven. Still, in the

meekest bearing of a Father's will, and in the efforts of benevolence, there is a balm for the bereaved spirit.

Remember that you have given a gift to God. Though it was with tears, he will accept it. If you can do it without repining, you prove your love to him. To reveal its complacency by gifts, seems to be one of the native dialects of love. The little child presents its favorite teacher, with a fresh flower:—It hastens to its mother with the first, best rose in its little garden. In the kiss to its father, with which it resigns itself to sleep, it gives away its whole heart. Nor does love falter, though its gifts involve sacrifices. The wife willingly trusts to her chosen protector, her "*all of earth, perhaps, her all of heaven.*" The mother grudges not the pang, the faded bloom, and the many night-watchings, with which she rears up her infant. Why should parents yield with such bitter

reluctance their children to that all-wise and beneficent Being, whom “not having seen, they love.”

Love rejoices to see its object in the most eligible situations. We are delighted when our children are in the successful pursuit of knowledge, in the bright path of virtue, in possession of the esteem of the wise and good. In sending them from home, we seek to secure for them the advantages of refined society, the superintendence of affectionate and pious friends. Were a man, illustrious in power and excellence, to take a parent's interest in their concerns, or were they admitted to the mansion of princes, should we not be sensible of the honor? Why then, with an unreconciled spirit, do we see them go to be angels among angels, and to dwell gloriously in the presence of the “high and Holy One, who inhabiteth eternity?”

You have added to the number of those

who serve God without sin. You may not now see the dazzling of their celestial wings, as they unfold them, without weariness, to do His will. You may not now, listen to the melody of their harps, attuned to unending praise. But perhaps, from their heavenly abode, they watch over you. Perhaps, with a seraph smile, they still hover around you. They will rejoice to see you walking with a placid brow, and resigned spirit, to meet them, doing good, according to your power, to all around; and ever solacing yourselves with the thought, that your loss is their eternal gain. And now that the God of all consolation, without whose aid all our best endeavors are nothing worth, may sustain and bless you, is the prayer of

Yours with friendship and sympathy,

L. H. S.

## LINES

*Addressed to the Parents of Margaret and Henrietta Flower.*

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Tender guides, in sorrow weeping,  
O'er your children's buried bloom,  
Or fond memory's vigil keeping,  
Where the fresh turf marks their tomb,—

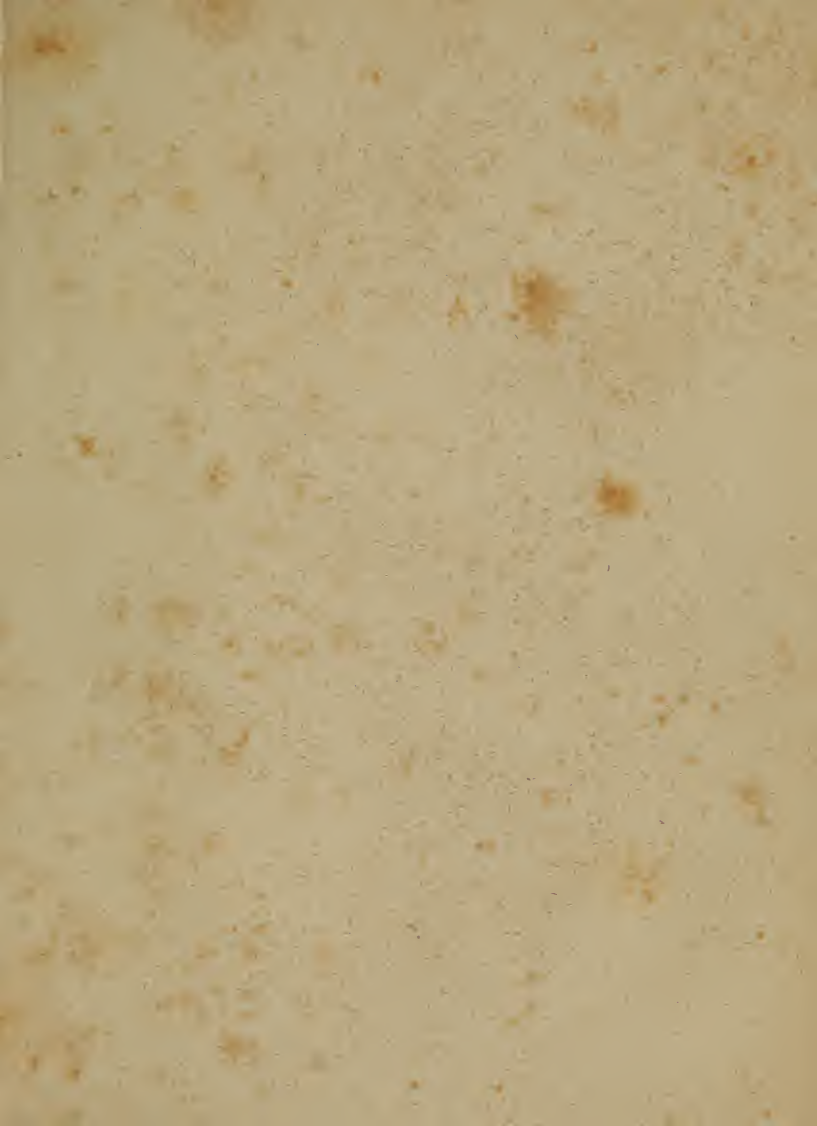
Ye no more shall see them bearing  
Pangs that woke the dove-like moan,  
Still for your affliction caring,  
Though forgetful of their own,—

Ere the bitter cup they tasted  
Which the hand of care doth bring,  
Ere the glittering pearls were wasted  
From glad childhood's fairy string,

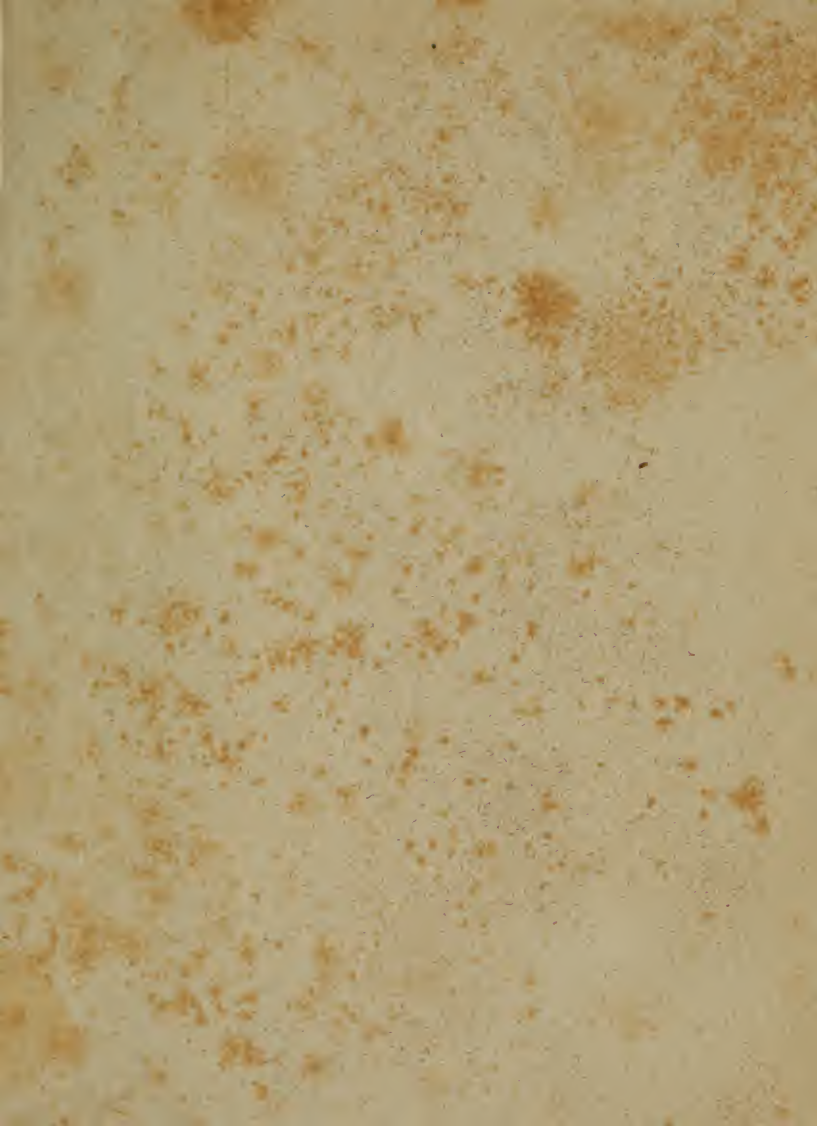
Ere one chain of hope had rusted,  
Ere one wreath of joy was dead,  
To the Saviour, whom they trusted,  
Full of love, their spirits fled.—

Gone, where no dark sin is cherish'd,  
Where no woes, nor fears invade,—  
Gone, ere youth's first bud had perish'd,  
To a youth that ne'er can fade.











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