THE LOST SUNBEAM, THE SHADY TREE, THE WOVEN SUNBEAMS

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The Lost Sunbeam, the Shady Tree, the Woven Sunbeams by Philip Bennett Power

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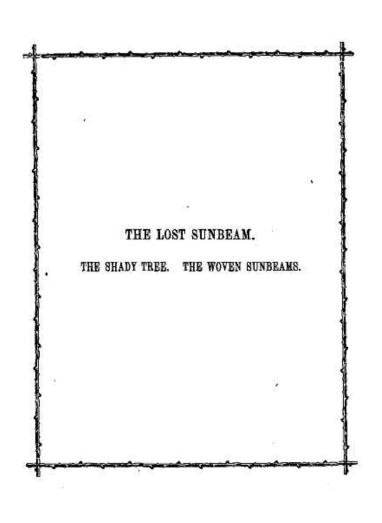
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PHILIP BENNETT POWER

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WHO SHARED WITH THE AUTHOR

THE SORROWFUL DISPRISATION

OF THE DEATH OF A FIRST-BORN CHILD,

Chene Rines

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Preface.

ORROW and Joy are capricious in their developments. Joy will make us laugh and cry; Sofrow will make us hang our harps upon the willows, or perhaps will pour forth its flooded waters in a stream of song. We cannot give any reasons why we do this or that, when the deep emotions of the heart are stirred; let us not be too exacting in requiring reasons from others.

When the heavy affliction of the death of a first-born child fell upon the Author, he found it soothing to the heart's wounds, to strike these few notes in a minor key; should they fail in waking a responsive echo in the mourner who reads these pages, he feels persuaded that they will at least be listened to by him with a friendly ear, as strains which helped to solace a grief so like his own.

Sorrow may reject such lines and thoughts as those contained in this little book; but, on the other hand, it may accept them; and should this latter be the case, it is hoped that the speaking of heart to heart may soothe with silent sympathy some long sorrowing hour. To speak, and yet be silent, is the privilege of a book; and

ear would refuse to hear.

Oh! the preciousness of silence in the hour of heartcutting grief—oh! the misery of the minstrels and
people "making a noise"—oh! the jarring discord of
voluble sympathy—oh! the bitter mockery of common-

has given the mute eloquence of the eye; for those who

Matt. is. 23.

many a time the eye will not refuse to read, when the

place condolence—oh! for those who know how to speak
with a pressure of the hand; for those to whom God