

**LITTLE FLORIE; OR,
THE GATHERED LILY**

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Little Florie; or, The gathered lily by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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OR,

The Gathered Lily.

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"I am the door: by me, if any man enter in, he shall
be saved."

"My beloved is gone down into his garden—to gather
lilies"

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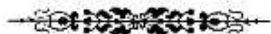
Preface.

N collecting together the various little incidents and fragments of our dearly beloved and loving child's short life, our humble hope has been to testify to the faithfulness of that God and Saviour whose word declares, "Ask, and it shall be given you." "Whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." This dear child was looked upon from its birth as a precious gift from God, and the earnest prayer went up daily to the throne of grace, that she might be given back to Him who, by the Spirit, through the word, had said, "Nurse this child for me, and I will give thee thy wages." In faith we looked for and gathered up the fruit, as it dropped from year to year, until the Master

came and called for his child, bearing it tenderly through a severe illness, into his own immediate presence in heaven.

With hearts full of deep sorrow, we yet praise and bless Him, both for His chastisements and His mercies, exclaiming, "It is well!"

This little record is intended only to meet the eye of our own family circle; but should it fall into other hands, we wish to intimate, that we have thus simply strung together our recollections of the dear departed child, without any comment or embellishment, in order that God's work in her may be more apparent, and that there may be nothing to draw off the attention from the little voice of her "who, being dead, yet speaketh."





PRECIOUS FLORENCE! Her little life seems to us now like a sweet dream, or a short "tale that is told," for the continuation of which we listen in vain. But through "the clouds" that will "return after the rain" of our tears for her loss, the earnest gaze of faith and love can sometimes pierce, and behold her in the bright, pure, golden city, through whose gates she has passed; for, though so young, she had found the entrance—the "Pearl of great price."

She loved her Saviour while on earth, and delighted to think of Him as her "Good Shepherd;" and this was no evanescent feeling, but was constantly shewing itself in his own appointed way—an earnest endeavour to keep his commandments. Let it not be supposed, however, that we wish to claim for her exemption from human frailty, or to contradict the inspired words, "All

have sinned," the truth of which this dear child knew and felt in her own heart. For if any little fault troubled her at times, it was only necessary to bid her reflect, and to pray with her, when the sweet question; "Will you forgive me?" would soon follow, shewing that the evil had been overcome. She often nipped it in the bud herself, and after a few moments of thoughtful and prayerful silence, would exclaim, "I have had such a battle! but I've gained the victory!"

Yet, with all this true piety, there was nothing unbecoming her tender age, and she enjoyed richly all things that God gave her, entering very heartily into the innocent sports and amusements of childhood. Now that she has ended her short sojourn among us, let us look back and trace the little "footprints" that she has left "on the sands of time," that we, "forlorn and shipwrecked" by the storm of our sorrow, may, seeing them, "take heart again," to follow her to the land where "she is not lost, but gone before."

This heavenly child began her little pilgrimage with prayer, and before she could speak plainly, she would ask to be guided aright; for when she felt inclined to be naughty, she would kneel in a corner of the room and say, "Thank you, gentle Jesus, make baby good." She seemed even at this early stage of

her journey to have some dim idea that she was sent among us on a short mission of love; for she one day exclaimed, "How kind it is of gentle Jesus to let me come down here!" and on being asked where from, she answered, "Up in the sky, where He lives." A spirit of thankfulness to her heavenly Father would often show itself in such little expressions as the following:—"Nice sunshine, kind God to make nice sunshine!" She would also join her sister in giving thanks at meal times; for though too young to follow her in the exact words, she would fold her tiny hands, close her eyes, and repeat, "Praise, praise, praise!" till grace was finished. Long before she was old enough to go herself to the house of God, she was desirous that others should do so, and if ever she was uneasy at her nurse leaving her for that purpose, she had only to say, "I'm going to church, baby," when she would immediately exclaim, "Church? run, run!" She loved to be told of an infant brother who had stayed on earth only a fortnight, and when asked where he was gone, she would say, "Up in the sky, to gentle Jesus." It seemed as if she had already caught some of his notes of praise, for she would sing in her lisping way, "Bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever."