

**WALTER, A LITTLE BOY
WHO LOVED, FEARED
AND SERVED GOD**

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Walter, a Little Boy Who Loved, Feared and Served God by John N. Griffin

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JOHN N. GRIFFIN

**WALTER, A LITTLE BOY
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WALTER:

A Little Boy

WHO LOVED, FEARED, AND SERVED GOD.

With a Preface

BY

REV. JOHN N. GRIFFIN, A.B.

Minister of Harrow's Cross Church.

"I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."
Prov. viii. 17.

DUBLIN:

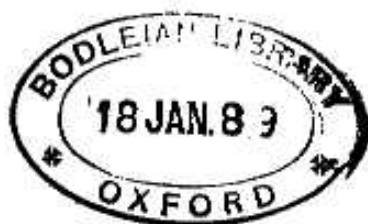
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**Any profits arising from the sale of this little work, will be devoted to the
Missionary and Protestant Orphan Societies.**

PREFACE.

THE following little memoir, though drawn up by a mother's hand, is written with a pen of truth. Affection has not lent its colouring to the picture. There is here a simple faithful narrative of the holy life, and happy death, of a Christian child.

The little boy whose brief history is here recorded, was a beloved member of my congregation. He is now in joy and felicity, waiting for the time when the number of the elect shall be accomplished; and "when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven," "to be glorified in his saints." But "he being dead yet speaketh," and appears before us as a bright example of what the Holy Spirit can accomplish even in the infant heart.

The ways of God are very mysterious. The babe is taken to glory as well as the aged saint. When looking from their graves to the resurrection morning, and to that white-robed multitude that will stand before the Lamb, thoughts of

wonder and interest crowd upon the mind. The world of the redeemed will not be purely spiritual, it will be a world of substance and reality; and in it will reign the patriarch, over whose head centuries have passed, and the child but of so many days. In creation and in grace, in heaven and in earth, one universal law of gradation seems to prevail. There are in heaven, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers; there is the mighty angel, the swift-winged cherub, and the burning seraph. There are in the Church on earth, fathers, young men, and little children. And in the kingdom of Christ, there will be Abraham, and Isaiah, and Paul, and Samuel, and Timothy, and little Walter; and he will be as needful for the completion of the body of Christ, as the apostle, the martyr, or the prophet. The glory of the Creator is reflected as beautifully from a dew-drop as from a world, his praise is as distinctly hymned by the soft rippling of the mountain stream, as by the chime of the ocean's wave; and the hosannas of the infant tongue will sound the Saviour's praise as sweetly as the voice of elders bowing from their seats, and crying, "worthy the Lamb."

The piety of little Walter was very remarkable; he seems to have been filled with the Holy Spirit

from his baptism, and to have grown in grace as he advanced in years. Parents who may read this interesting narrative should not be distressed, if they are unable to perceive the marks of grace as distinctly manifested in their little ones as they were in this dear boy. It is not often that at such a tender age the mind is so deeply and constantly engaged about eternal things; they should, therefore, rather be encouraged to pursue the same course of early religious training, which was so blessed to this child, and to commit them in prayer to that Saviour who has said—"Suffer little children to come unto me."

There is one grand lesson which the perusal of this story is calculated to teach, and we pray that it may be impressed upon the heart of every young person who may read it. It is this—"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." There are none too young to die, nor can we begin to serve God at too early an age. How perishable is life! How short and uncertain is our time on earth! How often is youth mown down by the hand of death. Walk the grave yards, and read the frailty of man among the tombs; it will be seen that no age is exempt from its approach. It is wisdom, therefore, to serve God; yea more, it is happiness to do so.

Never does piety appear so lovely as when adorning the youthful character; and never is youth so happy as when under the influence of genuine piety. It is not when we are tired of the world, and the world becomes tired of us—when we have no longer any taste for its pleasures, and are, perhaps, unable to mingle in its follies, that we should think of turning to that God who died to save us. But it is in the morning of life, when affections are fresh, and hope unblighted; and when, humanly-speaking, we have years that we may devote to his service.

May this little narrative be made the means of leading many a young person to give themselves to the Saviour. And if the example of the youthful subject of this memoir be blessed even to one, then, though his life was short, he will not have lived in vain; and though early removed to the Church in heaven, he will have proved a blessing to the Church on earth, in which it was his desire to have ministered.

JOHN NASH GRIFFIN.

Dublin, Dec. 1850.

WALTER.

Chapter First.

THE dear little boy, whose short life and early death are recorded in the following pages, was, from infancy, a child who had learned to fear, to love, and to serve God. The object in writing a brief memoir of this young believer, is not only to comply with the wishes of many friends, who bear testimony to his walk with God, and who desire to possess a permanent memorial of one so dear; but also to set an example before little children, that they may be encouraged to strive to imitate his holy and consistent life. They will read how