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“CARRIED LIKE A CHILD.”

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FRAGMENTARY NOTES

OF THE LAST HOURS OF

M. C. O.,

*WHO DEPARTED TO BE WITH CHRIST,  
AUGUST 20th, 1868.*

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O’er rock, and waste, and wild :  
The object of that love I am,  
And carried like a child.”

LONDON :  
CROCKER & COOPER, 28 PENTON STREET,  
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## “*Carried like a Child.*”

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I GLADLY, and yet with some hesitation, comply with the requests of many, that I will give them some particulars of the last hours of our dear departed one. I cannot attempt to do more than put together, without reference to their proper order of time, such things as I remember, with tolerable clearness, and that shew forth His grace, whom she loved and served.

If these lines be used of the Lord, to encourage the faith and to cheer the hearts of any of His own people, who may be in sorrow or sickness, I shall have again to thank the God of all grace, for that further use of her also.

Truly I may say, that she died as she lived, *quickly* and *brightly*. How she contrived to accomplish, in the narrow space of less than forty years, the diligent and unselfish services that would have adorned a life of much longer duration; many who are far beyond the immediate limits of our own domestic circle know full well. How cheerfully and how brightly she passed through the trials and perplexities

of a life more than usually eventful from her very childhood, and how she cheered and helped others to cope with their own trials in the confidence of the Father's love, those who knew her more intimately can also testify. But *none*, save He who is above all, and who knows and orders everything, can fully appreciate her devotedness of heart to Himself, and the indomitable faith in His love and His wisdom, which lay at the bottom, and were through His grace the spring of it all. She truly loved Him, because He first loved her, and from the beginning to the end of her course, she suffered nothing to take His place, as the one worthy and satisfying object of her soul. Persons, and circumstances, and duties, and devotedness to the interests of others, had their respective places, but always second to Himself. This was the secret of that unfailing energy in the discharge of every duty and in the use of every moment, that so marked her. "Work while it is day, and work for Him," was her motto. Nothing was a burden to her, and her duties were always her recreations. All this He knows, who loved her and gave Himself for her, and I pass it by without further remark. To dwell upon it would be to occupy the reader with *our thoughts of her*, which are of little importance for edification, compared with her thoughts and appreciation of Christ.





She first complained of being unwell on Friday, the 7th of August; but continued to go about until the following Thursday. The last time she went out was on Wednesday, the 12th. At the beginning, she had suggested to me the possibility of the Lord being about to take her to Himself, for we had long known, that notwithstanding her unbroken health, and her untiring activity, there was latent mischief in the lungs; and we expected that any affection of the chest might prove serious to her. She conversed with me freely on the subject, and with a calmness, and a *restfulness* in the love and the wisdom of God, which *faith* alone could give. The question of sin never once entered into her soul, as a thing between her and God. Speaking of that, she reminded me that it was settled eighteen hundred years ago on Calvary, and that she had known it and walked in the joy of it nearly thirty years, and I longer. “No,” she said, “there can be no question of sin before Him.

‘Not a cloud above—not a spot within,’”

This she quoted from the following hymn—

“How bright, there above, is the mercy of God !  
 And void of all guilt, and clear of all sin,  
 Is my conscience and heart, through my Saviour’s blood.—  
 Not a cloud above, not a spot within.

Christ died ! then I am clean :  
 Not a spot within.—  
 God's mercy and love !  
 Not a cloud above.

'Tis the Spirit: THROUGH FAITH, thus triumphs o'er sin ;  
 Not a cloud above—not a spot within."

Later in her illness, when we were reviewing together the gracious and loving ways of the Father of Mercies, I expressed a wonder as to what He would do with me, if He took her. To this she replied with a smile, and an emphatic shaking of her head, "Do with you? why, bless you, *of course*, richly bless you; He has blessed us richly together for more than twenty years, and He will bless you without me." Speaking on one occasion of the children and myself, she remarked, "I have a husband and eight children, but I have not a care, only think, not a care." On another occasion, she remarked "I could wish to have remained a little longer, if it had been the Lord's will, to bring on the baby a little, and to arrange one or two things that will be a trouble to you, but it is all right, He has some better plan." I repeated to her,

"All is right that seems most wrong,  
 If it be His sweet will ;"

and she heartily responded, adding after a pause, "You know He makes no mistakes. We have

had plenty of sorrows and trials of faith, but He has never failed us, and He will not fail you now.” Then she repeated the following verse,

“The Shepherd’s bosom bears each lamb  
O’er rock, and waste, and wild ;  
The object of that love I am,  
And carried like a child.”

Many times she repeated this verse, dwelling especially on the last two lines. On one occasion, after repeating them several times, she said, “‘carried like a child!’ only think, ‘the object of *that* love *I am*, and *carried like a child!*’ And how do you carry a child? You wrap it in something soft and warm, and cuddle it to your bosom, and walk gently with it, and shelter it from every harm—

‘The object of that love I am,  
And carried like a child.’”

From time to time, we read and meditated upon passages in John xiv., xvii., 1 Thess. ii., etc. We also sang with her parts of favourite hymns. I say sang *with her*, for although she did not actually sing, because she felt it right to husband her strength, if haply the Lord might intend to raise her up again, she greatly enjoyed our singing; her spirit joined us in it. After we had sung the hymn, “For ever with the Lord,” she repeated to

herself the words, "nearer home." Verses six to end of the hymn, "I have a home above," were peculiarly sweet to her, and indicate, as the spiritual reader will perceive, how supremely her joy and hope were in the prospect of seeing and being with the Lord Jesus Christ. They run thus,

\* \* \* \* \*

"Loved ones are gone before,  
Whose pilgrim days are done ;  
I soon shall meet them on that shore,  
Where partings are unknown.

But, *more than all*, I long  
His glories to behold,  
*Whose smile shall fill the radiant throng*  
*With ecstacy untold.*

That bright, yet tender smile  
(My sweetest welcome there),  
Shall cheer me through the 'little while,'  
I tarry for Him here.

Thy love, most gracious Lord,  
My joy and strength shall be ;  
Till thou shalt speak the gladdening word,  
That bids me rise to Thee.

And then through endless days,  
Where all Thy glories shine,  
In happier, holier strains, I'll praise  
The grace that made me Thine." \*

Bronchitis had set in on the 12th, and it soon became evident that, to use a figure, the match

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\* From a little volume of original Hymns, by Mr. H. Bennett,  
Crocker and Cooper, 28 Penton Street, N.



had been put to the fire that had been laid so long, and that medicine could avail but little; prayer, however, was unceasing, and when from time to time she was told of the prayers and enquiries of christian friends, and how they offered their services in any way that could minister to us help or comfort, she would express her sense of their love with thankfulness. “Ah,” she said, on one occasion, “it is a large and loving family the children of God belong to.”

Humanly speaking, the preservation of her life depended on keeping up her strength by nourishment, which, however, she could take only in a liquid form; and in nothing was the ruling principle of her whole life more strikingly exemplified, than in her faithful and persevering attention to the instructions given to us with respect to taking food, &c., that principle was implicit subjection, at all cost of personal convenience, to what was right. She took everything offered to her, because she ought to do so; the only exception to this rule, was in the case of a kind of food which disordered the stomach.

She frequently repeated the following lines—

“How shall I meet those eyes?  
 Mine on Himself I cast,  
 And own myself the Saviour’s prize—  
 Mercy from first to last.”

She would dwell upon the third line with great enjoyment. On one occasion she said, “the *Saviour’s prize*, what a thought! and what a prize, too! but *I own myself the Saviour’s prize*, yes, *prize!* A little child picks up from the floor a bit of rag, and asks with eagerness, May I have this? and when you say, yes, it runs off in glee to its companions, and says, ‘Oh, see what I have got, it is *mine*, I may have it for *my own*.’ It is but a bit of rag, but the child has got a *prize*. I own myself the *Saviour’s prize*, yes, *prize*. He has His joy in me, and I have mine in Him, and we are welcome to each other;” turning to me, she enquired, “and you, too, can say He is welcome to His prize? Only a little while!” On another occasion, she said, “I think I shall not be long,” and on my asking her if she felt her strength to be failing, she replied, “*The everlasting arms!*” She added, “How good and tender He is. How well He knows the trial it would have been to me had I lived to useless old age, but

‘The object of that love I am,  
And carried like a child.’”

The following verse of a hymn she also greatly delighted in, especially the last four lines, for as she once emphatically said, she had “ALREADY *done with all here.*”

"Of Serpent's deadly poison  
 There'll be no traces there ;  
 The gates of pearl once entered,  
 Farewell to every care !  
 With *stainless footsteps* gliding,  
 Along the golden street,  
*How pure will be the praises*  
*Our blameless lips repeat."*

It was one of her happiest thoughts, often expressed in the course of her life-time; that there is a time coming when Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, shall have the praise and worship of His people, unhindered and unmingled with aught beside.

Mr. D— saw her once, and spoke to her of that which was the joy of her soul; the victory over everything through the victory of Christ.

Her sister, Mrs. G., who came from Malvern as soon as she heard of her illness, arrived about 11 p.m., on Monday, the 17th. Her sister said to her, with great emotion, "What! going home, darling?" She answered, with a smile, "Yes, going home, so soon, so easily, so quickly. No pain! no fear! no care! going to

'My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how dear !'

I wanted to see you, and am glad you have come.  
 . . . See what grace can do! I'm leaving my  
 husband and my eight children, but I have not a  
 single care! not a care! If God had wanted *me*

to care for them any longer, He would have kept me here; but He has some better plan, and I can trust *Him!*” She told her sister, in detail, of the conversion of one of our children a few months ago; and said, “Oh, it is such a mercy! It was the one burden on my heart, and a burden of every prayer; but the answer *is come*, and in time for me to give thanks on earth, and to leave Him without a fear.”

At times she felt better, and would wonder if the Lord were intending, after all, to raise her up to us again. At such times she would set herself, as it were, to recover, doing her part with alacrity, as a fellow-helper of God in whatever seemed to be His good pleasure; and it is perfectly astonishing, in the retrospect, to what an extent her physical condition seemed to be under the power of her mental energy.

She said to me once, while questioning about recovery, “Paul said, it was the more needful for the church that he should remain. Perhaps, it may be more needful for *you* now, that I should remain, and *if so*, it will be as from the dead, and it might be truly said, from whence also he received her in a figure.” This was an obvious allusion to Abraham’s receiving Isaac as from the dead, Heb. xi. 9.

At other times, she seemed to luxuriate in the thought of departing to be with Christ. Her un-



'selfishness as to which it might be, was most striking and precious, and she accordingly delighted in the following lines, from which she quoted many times, especially the last verse, and the last two lines of it.

"I long to go home ! for I'm weary here :  
I've struggled with sin for many a year;  
And, if I remain, I must struggle on,  
For the flesh will not cease till the spirit is gone.

I long to go home ! for my Saviour is there ;  
His presence I've sought, and found it in prayer :  
I cannot be happy, unless He is near,  
And I see Him but dimly and darkly here.

I long to go home, and to know it all ;—  
The Saviour's love to the sinner's soul ;  
The grace of God, and the glory given  
To the saints when they're safely at home in heaven.

I long to go home ! but then, I must wait,  
Till *my Lord Himself* open the prison gate ;  
And I'll *gladly* and *willingly* serve Him here,  
*For a day, or a week, or a month, or a year.*"

To a christian friend, who came to see her on the 17th, she said, "Oh, the tenderness of His love ! so tender ! You know I am a poor one to suffer ; some could bear pain—I could not, and I have not a bit,—

'The object of that love I am,  
And carried like a child.'

You don't put a babe into every one's arms, *that* tells how He deals with me. We have had many sorrows, and many lessons to learn, but *the one thing* is to learn *Him*." This friend asked her if she thought the Lord would really take her; to which she replied, "Of course, I could not be *so near*, and not go home. *I have only to step in, that's all!* Not an anxiety! He will do all. He has a right to take, or a right to keep here. If He says, 'stay,' I will stay, 'a day, or a week, or a month, or a year.' I want to go to Him, but let it be as He will."

I think it was late on Monday evening, the 17th, that she had the servants and the elder children called, and she spoke of the Lord to each. The children she urgently besought to follow the Lord, and to cleave to Him at all cost, and warned those of them who knew Him, to beware of the world. She had a great horror of their being ensnared into the love of the world. "Christ," she said, "is the only object; He only can satisfy the heart. He was rejected by the world and crucified." Worldly christians she dreaded and compassionated, but *worldly christianity* she looked upon as peculiarly grievous—a contradiction in terms—a mockery. "Worldly christians," she once said, "we cannot, and perhaps for their own sakes, ought not altogether to avoid, but I dread worldly christianity above all things."

Shortly before her death, she had the servants and children again brought to her, and spoke to each of them again. There was no tearless face in the room but her own, and her words were very simple and touching. To the younger children, aged four, six, and eight, she said, "Now listen to me, my dears, I am dying, you will never see dear Mamma again on earth; I am going to be with Jesus; look at me and listen; I want you to believe in Him, that we may meet again in His presence; I want you to love and serve Him, and to love and be kind to each other." Afterwards, she turned to the infant that had been laid before her upon the bed, and taking his little hand in her own, she said with a touching calmness, "Dear precious little fellow, he will never know his mother's love, or have his mother's care. I should have liked to remain a little longer for his sake. Tell him how I loved him, and how I would have worked for him, had the Lord allowed me." On the same afternoon she repeated the lines—

"There no stranger, *God* shall meet thee;  
Stranger thou in courts above—

the rest of the verse is,

"He who to His rest shall greet thee,  
Greets thee with a well-known love."

She remarked, on one occasion, acquiescing in an observation that had been made to her; "I do

not wait for the glory, to know and to taste that 'in His presence is fulness of joy.' " Upon her sister reading to her a portion of a Psalm, she said, "I shall soon have to part company with the *written* word, too." Her sister said, "You will have it in your heart, instead of in your hand." I added, "You will soon be with and see Him, who is the centre and the subject and source of it." "Yes," she replied, "I shall have Himself."

The Scriptures were always very precious to her, as the Photograph of God; every line, every word, every letter was precious to her soul, for she knew and loved its original.

She sent loving messages to many; and the only time, from the beginning to the end of her bright and blessed illness, that a cloud passed over her spirit, or a tear bedimmed her eye, was when sending her dear and dying love, and a message, to a long-loved christian friend at a great distance, whom she judged to have mistaken the path of the Lord's service. Then, and only then, a tear suffused her eye, but it was gone in a moment, dispelled by the thought she expressed in the words, "but he has been sincere, and he will have his reward."

I observed once, that she said something which I did not catch, and on asking her what it was, she replied, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"



She became more feeble in the afternoon of Thursday, the 20th, and moved her head from side to side on her pillow, as if restless—I asked if she were in pain. She said, “Oh no, no pain, *‘the object of that love I am, and carried like a child.’*” She added, to His praise, “He knows how poor a thing I am to suffer pain, or a long illness.” Later on, she asked how long she should continue; and repeated again the last verse of “I long to go home,” as expressive of her joy in the Lord’s will, whether it might be that she should stay and serve Him here, or go hence to be with Him. Growing weaker, and anxious to depart, she frequently expressed surprise that she lingered so long, and at one moment she seemed impressed with the thought that possibly the reason might be that she had not yet completed all she had to do, and she asked, “Have I anything more to do or to say? have I done *all*?” and on her sister replying in the affirmative, she said, “That is well. I think I’ve finished. Now let me go. Work while it is called to-day;” and placing both hands under her face, in a sweet child-like attitude, from which she never but once moved afterwards, she lay down apparently satisfied that the delay was *His*, and to await patiently His time.

About five o’clock in the afternoon, her youngest sister arrived from Weston-super-mare; and she raised herself in bed to embrace her, but having

enquired after Frederick and their children, and after a little further conversation, soon sank again into her previous condition of weakness; for she had now become assured that her end was near, and had begged that no more food might be given to her. After a little while, she turned to one present, and said, "See that dear Laura has something to eat, she has come a long journey." This tender and unselfish consideration for others was very characteristic; and at such a moment! At six o'clock, our medical friend, and brother in the Lord, Mr. H., called, (he had known her many years, and watched her case with great interest and tenderness). On leaving, he told me she could hardly last through the night; that about twelve o'clock would most probably see the last of her here. He told me also that she would most probably have convulsions at the last, but that I must not be distressed, as in that case she would be past suffering. I had rather expected this myself, and was distressed, for the sake of the children who were present. About seven o'clock, her sister, Mrs. F., left the room, to dress for her journey, being obliged to return to Weston by the 8 p.m. train; in a minute or two, she came into the room to take leave, and sat, scarcely intending it, I think, by the bedside. Seeing spasmodic motions of the feet, I requested all to kneel with me, and prayed the Father of Mercies to take her to Him-

self *quickly*, and to spare her any struggling. As we arose from our knees, I recollected that she had said to me, a day or two before, "I should like to look on *your* face last;" and not knowing whether she could still recognize me, I leaned over her, and asked her if she could see me; she replied, by looking in my face, and feebly turning her face toward mine, kissed me; she also kissed our eldest son, she was too weak to kiss our daughter, and in one or two minutes more, she breathed her last at 7-5 p.m. *Quickly* indeed, and *without a struggle*, as we had asked. Her sister Laura saw her breathe out her spirit into the bosom of the Lord; and having again knelt, and joined with me in thanksgiving to the Father, for the ways of His love throughout, and in so graciously fulfilling our requests at the last, she was able to leave in time to catch her train!

Such is the grace of the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Such is the faith and the sense He can give of the joy and the glory that await the believer, making the reality and the foretaste of them fill the heart, *in the face of death itself*. Death, the wages of sin indeed, but, through the knowledge of Him "whom God hath set forth a propitiation through faith in his blood" (Rom. iii. 25), and who is the life, it is the entrance into the light and the joy of His own actual presence for ever. How truly, and how

blessedly, was the Lord Jesus Christ's victory over death, and over him that had the power of death, made good to her soul throughout! To Him be all the praise! He is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever!

G. O.





# Lines

SUGGESTED BY ONE OF THE LAST SAYINGS OF M. C. O., "IT IS MOST IMPORTANT TO REDEEM THE TIME : TO WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY . . . I THINK I'VE FINISHED, DONE ALL, HAVE I NOT? NOW LET ME GO."

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"**W**ORK, while 'tis called to-day ; redeem the time!"  
Press toward the goal:

Sister beloved, those dying words of thine  
Ring through my soul !

"Work while 'tis called to-day—my work is done ;  
"Now let me go !"

Finished life's task ; come, Saviour, quickly come ;  
Oh ! why so slow ?

The strong brave loving heart lies still at last ;  
Its throbbings o'er !

Folded the busy hands ; the willing feet  
Can serve no more !

All finished, Sister ; yes ! thy glowing sun  
Went down at noon !

Thine earthly hopes, thy purposes and joys,  
Over, how soon !

The ceaseless round, the daily household care  
For ever done ;

Ended the conflict, weariness, and toil ;  
The victory won.

And can we wish thee back, for whom all grief  
Is over now ?

Dawns the eternal day ; the peace of God  
Rests on thy brow.

The royal messenger arrived at noon,  
In heat of day ;

"A summons from the King. He bids thee haste ;  
"Make no delay."

He found thee busy at thine appointed task  
 In heart and hand,  
 Thronged with life's cares ; engirdled with the love  
 Of household band.

Child voices lisped thy name, a husband's heart  
 Leaned upon thine ;  
 Could'st thou leave all, and joyfully obey  
 The call divine?

Yes ; not a tear-drop fell, as love's sweet bands  
 Were all untied ;  
 No vain regrets, as life's unfinished tasks  
 Were laid aside.

Calmly resigning all, she turned away  
 And laid her down,  
 By the dark river, which divides earth's cross  
 From heav'n's bright crown.

Swiftly her brilliant, cloudless sun went down,  
 Gilding the wave ;  
 And Christ's own hands were stretched across the flood,  
 Mighty to save.

A sigh, no more ! the prison'd soul is free ;  
 Away ! away !  
 And angel squadrons heralded thy flight,  
 To realms of day.

The veil is dropped, Sister beloved, adieu !  
 Vainly we stand,  
 Striving to paint the glories of thy home,  
 At His right hand.

Thou art WITH HIM ! Enough ! Thy joy is ours ;  
 Here we can rest ;  
 Leaving thee till the bright eternal morn,  
 On Jesu's breast.

# Called at Noon.

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(IN MEMORY OF M. C. O.)

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A SQUADRON of angels is leaving the portals,  
The star-spangled courts of the City of Light,  
Bound earthward to summon a King's ransom'd daughter,  
From the shadows of time to those Realms of Delight.

But on earth there was mourning; the death angel's arrow,  
Had struck down our fairest at noon of her day;  
And we wept, though we knew 'twas the Bridegroom's voice  
calling,  
"Rise up, my beloved, and hasten away."

We saw not the vision that lit the death chamber,  
As the bright angel convoy encamped round the bed;  
And smooth'd the dark passage, and whispered of triumph,  
And stamp'd with God's signet the face of the dead!

Thou hast left us, Beloved! thy brief life is ended,  
The Master had work for thee *nearer His throne*;  
And, discharged from the ranks of Christ's *militant* army,  
Thou hast joined the glad hosts who shout triumph at  
Home.

Ah! little we thought, when the spring-tide was blooming,  
And green leaves unfolding the wide landscape o'er,  
'Twas the last of *earth's* spring-times thine eyes ~~that~~ should  
gladden,  
That thy place, ere those leaves *fell*, should know thee no  
more.

Thou hast changed the swift roll of earth's vanishing seasons  
For the grand sweep of ages, eternal, untold;  
And the "mirage of life," with its gilded enchantments,  
For the Jasper-wall'd City and pavements of Gold!

How far back and dim in the twilight of morning,  
 Must thine earthly vocation to memory appear !  
 How transient its joys and how fleeting its sorrows,  
 Unworthy alike of a smile or a tear.

Life's problems are solved, and its lessons are ended ;  
 And yet not in vain was the childhood of time ;  
 Since it wrought out the weight of that glory transcendent,  
 That floods thy glad soul in the mansions divine.

'Twas the workshop that fashioned the heavenly jewel,  
 Drawn forth by God's Spirit from sin's darksome mine ;  
 That polished the weapon, that moulded the vessel,  
 That wrought the pure gold in the Kingdom to shine.

Life's training now over, the Master has called thee,  
 To find in His presence a nobler employ ;  
 Yet we mourn o'er thy life-work cut short in the morning,  
 And weep our own loss while we joy in thy joy.

*We* may speak of thy sun having gone down at noon-day,  
 Of thy place being empty, thy work left undone,  
 But the angels rejoice o'er thy glorious *translation*,  
 Thy service *commencing*, thy *true* life begun.

Is there nought worth the doing, and nought worth the know-  
 ing,

Beyond the dull bounds of our prison-house here ?  
 No service more noble, no bliss more transporting,  
 Reserved for God's saints in that happier sphere ?

Ay, truly ! and she, our Beloved one, is tasting  
 The full tide of bliss, with a rapturous zest ;  
 Praise ! praise be to Him, who both ransom'd and guided,  
 And call'd her thus early to enter His rest.



M. FITZ G.