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“Safe in the Arms of Jesus.”

*A LOVING TRIBUTE*

TO

THE MEMORY

OF

HARRIET BURDETT BOARDMAN.

“She is not dead, but sleepeth :”  
She “being dead yet speaketh.”

LONDON:

JOHN F. SHAW & CO., 48, PATERNOSTER ROW.

PRICE TWOPENCE.



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## PREFACE.

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THE rhyming couplet of Scripture on our title-page is, we think, brought out in the following brief narrative.

Our beloved one is *not* dead, she sleeps in Jesus; or, in other words, has entered into sweet repose. When the Lord comes, as we hope He soon will, she will appear with Him in the glory. (1 Thess. iv.) And her sweet testimony for Christ will not only be ever precious

## Preface.

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to those who heard her dear voice sing or utter it; but will, we believe, be blessed to those who shall now read it.

May God bless you, dear reader, whoever you are, young or old, rich or poor, sickly or in health. Amen.





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**H**ARRIET BURDETT BOARDMAN was born April 4th, 1863, in Church Street, West Ham. She was the daughter of Christian parents, William Coleman and Louisa Oldchurch Boardman, her father being a minister of the gospel (for some years at the Parade Chapel, Epsom). Dear Hetty was a cheerful, bright-eyed girl. Her father used to call her his “little bit of sunshine;” for amid the trials and difficulties incident to a ministerial life, it is then that



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the bright, cheering word or smile of a God-fearing and loving child is like “clear shining after rain.”\* She was very affectionate and dutiful, quick at learning and music, and a pretty little singer. She loved her Sunday-school and teachers, and read her Bible and good books very constantly; she had no taste whatever for foolish reading, though a very lively child. She was much loved by her young companions, several of whom came to see her while she was ill, and many gathered round her grave. She was quite her mother’s companion, and was always pleased to be in her company. Except to those

\* “God is *sure* to help us,” was her little word of faith whenever difficulties pressed. And it has always been so; for God *does* help those who trust Him, and are “willing to *do* His will.”

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who well knew her, it would be difficult to convey to the reader the affectionate earnestness with which she would say, "Dear, *dear* mamma, how I *do* love you!"

When we left Clapton last June, and came to Hatcham Park Road, we thought the change would benefit her health; and for a little time it did. She went to three Sunday-school treats during the summer, and much enjoyed them. Dear Mr. R. May and Mr. Palmer were very kind to her on those occasions. But, oh, the winter, the dreary winter of 1874! Never shall we forget it. The Christmas was to us one of the saddest we ever passed; though we have to record the goodness of our God amidst

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all our sorrows and trials. She had been delicate three years, confined to the house six months, and to her bed three months. She was gradually getting weaker, and her dear pale face told a tale which her lips did not always utter; for it was only when suffering severe pain on the chest, from her cough and shortness of breath, that she complained, and then she would ask God to relieve her or take her to Himself.

She was kindly and regularly attended by Dr. M——, and continually favoured with visits from Mr. Varley, of Lewisham Road Chapel: she enjoyed his prayers and conversation very much. Also one of her dear young companions, who was engaged in business all the week, came

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every Saturday afternoon to see her, whose visits were always peculiarly welcome.

She was very fond of her parents and brothers and sisters, and also her brother-in-law. Her loving farewell to each of them will never be forgotten. She put her wasted arms around each of them, and kissed them affectionately, telling them to be sure to meet her in heaven, whither she said she *knew* she was going, as one that was "washed in the blood of the Lamb." Upon one replying, "I hope to meet you," she said, "Do not say, 'I hope to,' but, 'I *will*.' There is nothing to prevent you." With a tremulous but earnest voice she sang—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast."

## **"Safe in the Arms of Jesus."**

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Turning to her mother, she said, "I am in His arms; but I do so want to be on His breast." After resting a little, she then sang—

"Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

She distributed her little possessions quite calmly; and in the morning, a little before she died, she said, "Mamma dear, heaven is open to me; I hear the angels singing. They are coming soon to take my tiny hand." And so she passed from earth to Paradise, April 14th, 1875, aged twelve. Dear, precious Hetty! May we all soon meet above!

"A little while, and He that shall come will come, and will not tarry."  
"Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

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Her body was interred in the family grave at Abney Park, when Mr. D. Wardlaw Scott, a kind friend who had come one Saturday evening to see us, spoke from 1 Corinthians xv., and Mr. W. Jeffery, another Christian friend, offered prayer; while a party of young ones, kindly sent by Reuben May, sang her two favourite hymns over the grave:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"

and

"Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem,  
Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Also

"When He cometh, when He cometh,  
To make up His jewels."

We do not positively say that she is *in* the "new Jerusalem;" for we do not absolutely know whether departed ones

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go *there* at once, or whether they await *in Paradise* (a kind of vestibule to heaven, or palace-garden) *the coming of the Lord*. We take the following Scriptures, and rest upon them :

"*Blessed* (or happy) are the dead which die in the Lord." (Rev. xiv. 13.)

"Absent from the body, *present* with the Lord." (2 Cor. v. 8.)

"To die is *gain*. . . . To depart, and to be with Christ, is *far better*." (Phil. i. 21, 23.)

Dear reader, will you join her? Then you *must* believe the truth or gospel of God's grace *as she did*.

### THE GOSPEL.

"All have sinned."

"There is none righteous, no, not one."

But "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

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in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

"How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?"

"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul : but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell."

"The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world ; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ ; who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."



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### TO DISCIPLES.

"Learn of me."

"Follow me."

"Do *this* (*i.e.* break bread and drink wine) in remembrance of me."

"Receive ye one another, as Christ also received us."

"This is my commandment, That ye *love one another.*"

### TO CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should *perish.*"

"Those that seek me early *shall* find me."

The following lines, composed by Mr. G. V. Wigram on the death of his daughter Theodora, are so sweet and

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appropriate, that we gladly adopt them here :

“Thou art home at last, each way-mark past,  
Thou hast sped to the goal before me ;  
And, oh, my tears fall thick and fast,  
Like the hopes that had blossom'd o'er thee !  
My lips refuse to say, Farewell ;  
For our life-link nought can sever ;  
Thou 'rt early gone with Christ to dwell,  
Where we both shall be for ever.

“Thou wilt weep no more where storms are o'er,  
Where the glory is gleaming yonder :  
Oh, the parting wrench my heart that tore,  
It hath made the love-grasp fonder !  
'Twas vain, 'twas vain, to bid thee stay,  
For thy tent's frail cords were riven ;  
I watched thee wing thy joyful way  
To the pearly gates of heaven.

“Thou hast entered now ; thy victor brow  
'Mid the amaranth crowns is shining :  
Love made thee strong—and faith can bow,  
E'en in nature's sore repining.

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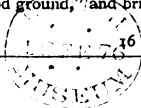
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No more, beloved, would I be sad,  
Though the grief-clouds linger o'er me ;  
Our life is one, and thou art glad  
In the Golden Land before me !"

My excellent friend and relative, the Rev. W. E. Boardman, calls this kind of experience the "*higher* Christian life;" and compared with what is often preached, and experienced too, no doubt it is. But really and truly it is the *proper* and only *scriptural* experience of a *real* believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, the once crucified but now risen and ascended One. (See Eph. i. ; Col. i.)

W. C. B.

P.S.—It may seem a very small thing to mention, that a mere cherry-stone she set in the ground has now grown up to be a nice plant, and bids fair to become a fine tree. Who can tell but some little word dropped from her dear little lips may fall like a good seed into "good ground," and bring forth *much* fruit? May it be so!





SOON TO BE PUBLISHED. (D.V.),

By the same Writer,

*"THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER  
AND OF MY MOTHER."*

2 SAM. XIX. 37.

PRICE 2D.