

THE REDDICKS BOOKS  
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## It is Well With the Child.

(This pathetic cry of a mother's heart will help to soothe many others who are passing through a like experience.--Ed.)

*The word has come--On the field of battle, dead.  
Sorrow is mine, but there is no more to dread.  
I am his mother--See. I do not say.  
"I was," He is, not was, my son--today  
He rests, is safe, is well; he is at ease  
From pain, cold, thirst, and fever of disease,  
And horror of red tasks undone or done.  
Now he has dropped the load he bore, my son,  
And now my heart is lightened of all fears;  
Sorrow is mine and streams of lonely tears,  
But not too heavy, for the carrying is  
The burden that is only mine, not his.*

*At eventide I may lay down my head,  
Not wondering upon what dreadful bed  
Perchance--nay, all but certainly--he lies;  
And with the morn I may in turn arise,  
Glad of the light, of sleep, of food, now he  
Is where sweet waters and green meadows be  
And golden apples. How it was he died  
I know not, but my heart is satisfied;  
Never again of all my days will one  
Bring anguish for the anguish of my son.  
Sorrow is mine, but there is no more to dread  
The word has come--On the field of battle dead.*

*--Mrs Schuyler Van Rennseler in September Atlantic  
monthly.*