

# **OUR CHILDREN IN HEAVEN**

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Our Children in Heaven by William H. Holcombe

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**WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE**

**OUR CHILDREN  
IN HEAVEN**



# OUR CHILDREN IN HEVEN.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLKOM, M.D.

LONDON:

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JEMZ DEVIS (DAVIES), 5 ABI GURSYARD.

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1871.

17 a. 9

## THE PHONETIC ALPHABET.

*The phonetic letters in the first column are pronounced like the italic letters in the words that follow. The last column contains the names of the letters.*

### CONSONANTS.

#### *Mutes.*

P p...rope, post.....pi
B b...robe, boast.....bi
T t...fate, tip.....ti
D d...fade, dip.....di
G g...cheap, fetch.....ge
J j...jump, bridge.....je
K k...leek, cane.....ke
G g...league, gain.....ge

#### *Continuants.*

F f...safe, fat.....ef
V v...save, eat.....vi
R r...wreath, thigh.....ir
H h...wreathe, thy.....ai
S s...hiss, seal.....es
Z z...his, zeal.....zi
E j...vicious, she .....ij
K g...vision, pleasure...gi

#### *Nasals.*

M m...seem, met.....em
N n...seen, met.....en
W w...sing, long.....in

**DIPHTHONGS:** F i, K u, OU ou, OI oi.  
as heard in by, new, now, boy.

### *Liquids.*

L l...fall, light.....el
R r...more, right...ar

#### *Coalescents.*

W w...wet, quit.....we
Y y...yet, young.....ye

#### *Aspirate.*

H h...hay, house.....eh
-------------------------

### *VOWELS.*

A a...am, fast, far...at
E e...elms, father....s
I i...ell, any, her...et
O o...ale, fair, bear...e
U u...ll, pity, filial..it

#### *Labial.*

O o...on, not, nor...ot
O o...all, lass, ought...o
Y y...up, son, car...st

G g...ope, coat, poor...er
U u...full, foot.....ut
W w...do, food, tour...ui

## P R E F E S.

---

He erliest our ov de s̄mer morniŋz woz devoted  
tu de kompozijon ov dis litel buk.

He t̄m woz w̄n ov a preq̄n l̄ts and residin̄ faderz.

It iz nou de sam our in de moral w̄rld : and mij  
subjekt iz ilcumind wit a ts̄q ov dat morniŋ whic̄  
k̄smet after de nj̄t.

I p̄blis it :

H̄p̄ig tu alivist de soroz ov æderz bij s̄m fots  
whic̄ wer ssjested bij mij en.

H̄p̄ig olse tu lid de mjnd ov mij rider, bij litel  
ſiŋz and tru kwjet paſz, tu a rekognifon ov de hjest  
trui yet revild tu man.

DE OROR.



## CAPTER I.

### IZ AER NO' LST?

Wi mit wiit fu serksamstansez in lijf se penful, se bewilderig, se krsfig az de det ov a litel gjld. It iz penful tu de sensibilitiz; bewilderig tu de understandig; krsfig tu de hart. De hol man iz wunded bij de bloe.

Her iz nystig whiq se simz tu vjolet de order, de buhti, wi me se, de sanktiti ov natur and de loz ov Heven, az de siknes and ssferig ov a litel gjld.

Hou tenderli de interest ov de hol hous senters in de gember ov ssg a pesent! Her ar no paterig fit in de hol; no bizi litel handz in de kornerz; no meri voisez on de star-we; no wijl jouts in de garden. De ple-rum iz fyt sp; de buks and de toiz ar put awe. De parlor iz dark and silent: hm kerz for sojjal lijf nou?

Everiwan steps lltli and toks softli. He nebyrz inkwir at de dor and tsrn jentli awe. No litel plimits ar admited, not lven de sunbims; de rum is darkend. Sntizzd, snpeted, de litel dog kouerz under de ger; de kiten dozez on de rsg. Lven de

kaneri desz not sig. He hous iz veri, veri kwjet.  
Forbedig, dát spiritual kloud, impends over ol.

De darlinj ov de parent's hart, de senter nou ov  
ol fots and firz and prerz, terna snizili on a bed  
ov angwij. De golden ksrlz ar tangeld in de tosiyz.  
De slipes jz ar blsdjot wid fiver; de çik bsrnz;  
de-brou eks; de litel hart strsgelz lik a frjtend berd.  
Ol iz roj. He deliket maſineri ov dorz wnderful  
organz, bound tugeðer in de bodi in a sekred brsder-  
hud ov qsez, iz ont ov order. He ivil spirits ov dis-  
kord and pen ar holdig karnival in de sidij blsd  
and de tortyrd nervz. Hou pitiss, hou revoltig!

And de viktim? Ssm pesent, helples, litel kri-  
tjur, ignorant ov sin, inosent ov roj. A fu dez age  
blumij and hapi, piriq forð wid lsvij jz and hevenli  
gritiq intu de gret dark world befor it. Nou, a  
litel fzak bound zpon de oltar ov sakrifz; ne ram  
in de skj, ne reskqij enjel in de skj!

At de ejt ov sq̄ krmel vjolens, sq̄ teribel injus-  
tis, wi ar redi tu ekaklem wid de Roman gverner,  
az hi tsrnd from de celestial fes ov Jizzs tu de  
fisali-akuzij and malignant Juuz:

"Whj, whot ivil hat hi dsn?"

He maſineri ov our kosmik Natur iz swmtjmz  
ajár else. Si haz her erikwska, her stormz, her

fjordz, her fjrz, emblematick ov de grandest and dark-est ekspiriensez ov de human sel. Haz si not olsor ssm horibel distorsions in her tñnier relm tu korespond wid die ssferij and det ov çildren? Iz der eni eksepson tu de ubikwiti and de tirani ov Lvil? Dnu not det and sore and rapin and rog ravej olsor de infant relmz ov her fñnij kingdomz? Dnu not her fe selz konsum in de ssnbijmz, and her feriz perij in de medez? Ar der not voisez ov angwijs and teror, whiq wi kanot interpret, in de soundz ov her windz and her woterz?

Dez and nits ov rakij disiz in de bodi ov de litel pesent—dez and nits ov korodir ankzjeti in de harts ov de woqerz! Oh, de strsgel betwikst fir and heø! de ekzaltejon ov wsn ds, de desper ov de nekst! Hiz ar de ekspiriensez ov lif; dziz ar de woqinz, whiq giv a "sober kvalorij" tu ol tijz afterwards; whiq brig "de fet dat luks fru def," and øg tendernes ov hart, dat

—He minest flower dat bloz kan giv  
fots dat du ofen li tu dip for tirs.

He hous groz mør kwjet dan ever; olmost a des-olsson. He wirid, lsvij nsrsez muuv gestlijk tuu and frø. A litel lij jnz fru de fsterz ol njt log. He