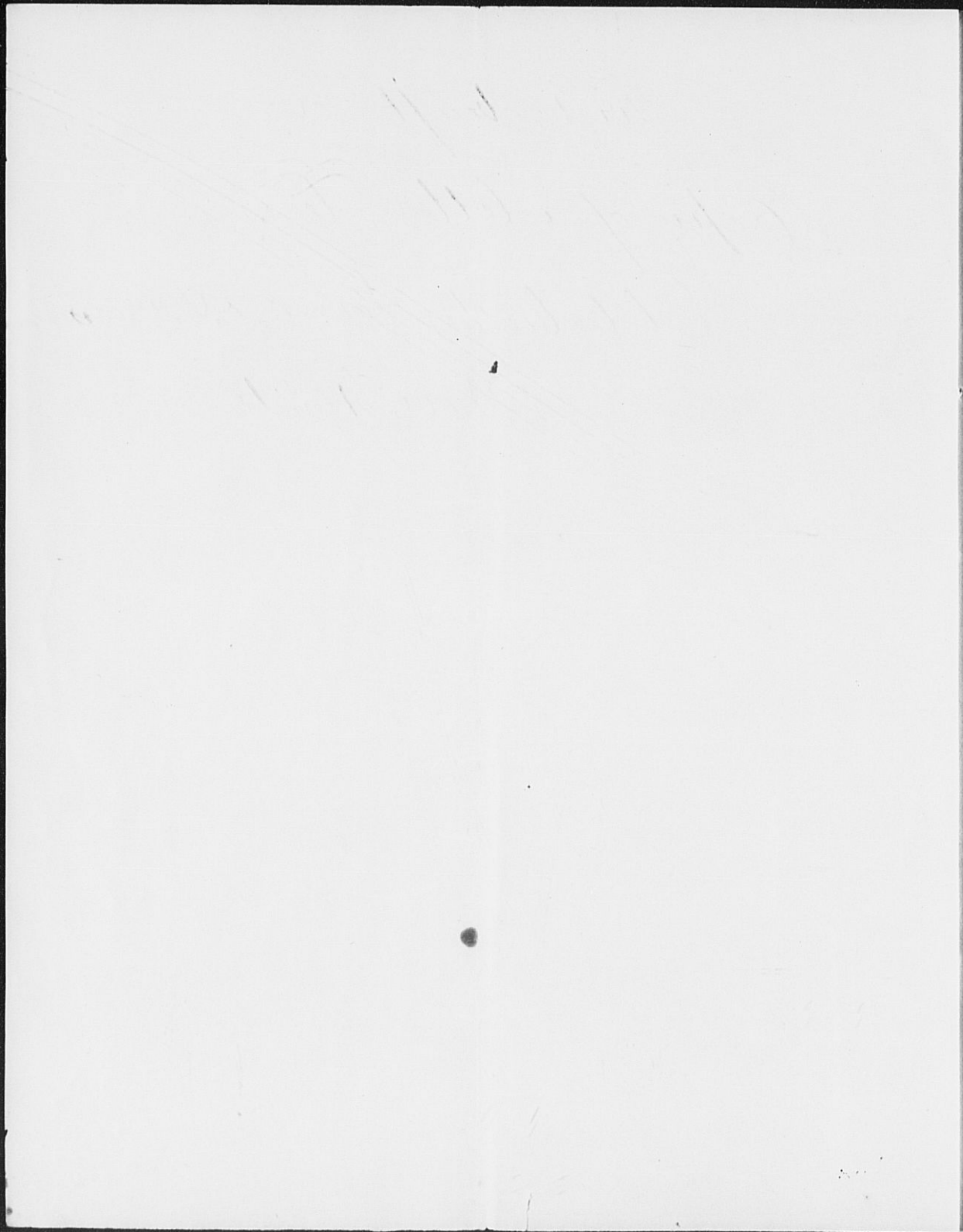


First draft or  
Copy of a letter, to,  
Elder brother Lorenzo, C. Grossman,  
Nov. 1851. —



1.  
Methinks I remember, one shilling November  
While sailing along on the ocean of time  
Of meeting a brother and some how or other,  
Of shifting the freight of his bark on to mine  
A shot came before me, the waves will roll o'er me  
If I double freight on this billowy main,  
But tho' I run under, I'm sure of the plunder,  
For life is my cargo, and love is my gain,  
I met condescension, and gave my intention  
To do all I could for a bark in distress,  
And Heavens approval now seemed a removal,  
Of foreboding troubles, & every dire fate  
An angel came hovering, my motive discovering,  
And touched my skilled spirit with her gentle wing,  
And her love seemed to fill me & as it were will me  
To take down my harp and to sing, sing, sing,  
Now who so deserving, as those who are serving,  
The Father and Mother of Heavens pure thro'ing,  
The others I pity, yet these share my ditty,  
Lend soul to my numbers, and note to my song,  
These, these are the blessed, by heaven's carriage,  
And her portals for these are both open & free,  
When her harbors they enter I'll challenge a venture,  
Her arches will ring with a "let it be"

Come Angels poetic and take an emetic  
And just let me share of your digested feast,  
For I do, I confess it much long to express it,  
The love that I have for my friends in the east,

Could I but inform them, methinks it would warm the  
 And the chilly cold winds of a November exile,  
 For with warmth, that is, willing I works for the filling,  
 I'd make them a garment, I sing as ye chose,  
 By Heavens decision I've of late had a vision,  
 And view of ~~this~~ the number of heavenly birth  
 With pinions extended in love they're descended  
 And seeking a brotherhood here on the earth  
 Their centre is Lion & her they rely on,  
 For union and strength to accomplish their plea  
 To break up old scisms divisions & sin,  
 And open the gospel of Good Mother & Son,  
 To wake up the millions of earths lone pavilions  
 They all seem a porter and knock at the door,  
 And those who dare venture allow them to enter,  
 They'll lead to a home whence they'll wander no more,  
 Long, long will they suffer, the rougher & rougher,  
 The way to redemption thro earths dreary maze,  
 They never will quit her till they manumit her,  
 And her orphan children, a Mother shall praise

Thus, thus like our Saviour for souls they do labour,  
 Devoting their life and their "all" for the cause, <sup>the</sup>  
~~Whose power will be with them, and do strength to it will give~~  
~~Whom makes the ranks the number of God's helping spirits,~~  
 And turns souls to Lion to <sup>re-ignite</sup> ~~her~~ <sup>cause</sup> ~~cause~~,  
 And listening to Mother I learn theres a brother  
 In her lovely "vineyard" who shares in this toil,  
 And I've the conviction That her benediction  
 A crown for his head with a horn full of oil,



I saw him anointed as heaven appointed,<sup>3.</sup>  
A Priest, year forever to God the most high,  
And good Elder brother, I learned from Mother,  
His name is Lorenzo, & Grovesnor's hard by,  
O Heavens how thrilling, the blessings distilling,  
On Mother's good children wherever they are,  
Tis truly exciting And heavenward inviting,  
My all I will sell of this treasure to share.

O sweet, sweet the chorus that angels before,  
Are chanting in Praise to Immanuel's King,  
We'll join their devotion and sail on loves ocean,  
Till anchored in Heaven and victory sing,  
~~Here with our relation the heirs of Salvation,~~  
Bless God for Salvation, her heirs, our relation,  
Till heavens broad arches thro' wide is the coast,  
And tis true, I confess it, Tho' some would not guess it,  
There's ~~more~~ much more in Heaven, than earth I'll boast.

~~Sometimes as~~  
"Tho' I take as tis dawning, the wings of the morning"  
"And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea."  
The Look outward & inward, still looks "Lovely binyard"  
The place of all places, the binyard for me,  
It is no delusion, Her's strewn with profusion,  
Rich fruits in abundance, and flowers I view,  
In Sharing these with my brothers, I'm wanting no others,  
Earths phantoms I freely can bid them adieu.

\*. is rather James said to Daniel Mosely.

4  
Elderbrother, some months gone by, I learned  
by a messenger, that hygiene had quit your  
temple, and disease laid his cold iron fist upon  
your lovely tenement, and, it seemed I mis-  
sured a discontent about it both while busi-  
ness seemed to absorb me, and when the sable  
goddeß sits upon her sabbath throne, and nature is  
hushed in silence.

O beloved Elderbrother, I've often heard  
of your late illness and deeply have I endeav-  
ored to sympathize with you. Oft, when,  
business voice is hushed, and silence calls the  
wandering mind to her hammock, ~~my~~  
~~spirit~~ ~~seemed~~ ~~fledged~~ ~~at~~ ~~once~~ ~~and~~ ~~away~~ ~~fly~~  
to the Lord's "Lovely Vineyard" and kneel at the  
pillow of my good & well tried friend, and there  
supplicate the God of mercies to pour out  
his vials of healing balsam, and raise cure  
the sick.

And often, do I go forth to meet the sun, or  
night hath rolled up her curtain and rise with  
her first rays, to rest awhile on <sup>the</sup> "Lovely Vineyard"  
and drink the balmy dews of peace from the  
flowers of gospel graces wreathing round the  
cedar virtues towering heaven high among her  
strubbery of consolation.

There I have met my <sup>60</sup>Elderbrother and fell in  
on his neck and kissed him," and then the  
cordial tear of sympathy would steal along  
my cheek, for a brother in distress.

Then then my soul ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> echo sigh for sigh,  
and groan for groan, and wet my cheeks  
with sorrows not my own."

~~And~~ <sup>as</sup> ~~And~~ <sup>since</sup> "The soul hath its feelers,  
cobwebs floating on the wind, that with sure,  
apt presentiment herald the approach of a com-  
ing friend," I think you have often met  
me in your Paradise camp.

If not, let me meet you now, and, well  
swell the number of those who fear the Lord &  
speak often one to another" and fill down a  
long page in the book of remembrance.

But hold, my introductions long, let me down  
in the hearts sleep well and come at the foun-  
tains of overflowing goodness.

Sweet inspiration tune my Lyre,  
and grant my muse a pen of fire,  
Let every note some soul invite  
To heavens boundless pure delight,  
Let every word send forth a ray,  
To usher in eternal day,  
And how a Saviour heaven gained,  
Or How a Mother with him reigns,  
Let every number tell,  
My theme is Spiritual Influences.



Go search thro' Heavens vast expanse  
 Or ask the Angels in advance,  
 How they obtained this blest abode  
 And dwell <sup>in</sup> ~~in~~ union with their God,  
 Imprinted on each heaven born brow  
 There waits an answer teeming now,  
 With tokens of a Saviour's love,  
 Enough a heart of adamant <sup>stone</sup> to move,  
 A love that spent lifes latest breath,  
 Even in the agonies of death,  
 To pray for sinning souls,

"Father forgive them know not what they do"  
~~That blest prayer~~ That prayer of love it echoes still,  
 And doth the heart of heaven fill,

Still ~~and~~ kindles with its love fire's cal  
 A thirst for heaven in myriad souls  
 Still echoes on the olive mount,  
 Those blessings from the golden fount,  
 A Saviour's boundless love,

x  
 And myriads saved from despair,  
 By that most holy sacred prayer,  
 "Thy will not mine be done,"  
 In Heaven their Saviour still do praise,  
 While ~~we~~ <sup>thro'</sup> betweene they gaze,  
 Upon the suffering Son,

~~That prayer doth still the heavens pierce,~~  
 Heavens arches still that prayer doth pierce,  
 And from her vials drain the drop,  
 Of cordial for our woes,



And still to pattern that good will,  
~~Which did the earthen vessel fill,~~  
Which did our saviours bosom fill,  
Will banish all our foes,

11.

Opposers for a time may rail,  
Their malice for a time prevail,  
Its precious fruit to blast,  
But O twill linger in the soul,  
And yet usurp the whole controul,  
And conquer ere tis past, —

Forgiveness mingled with love,  
Wll every rock and mountain move,  
Till earthy becomes a plain,  
And tho the world will seas away,  
And Kingdoms moulder & decay,  
Loves power will float amain,

11

Her little rills do murmur still  
And every murmur is good will  
And all their flow is peace,  
And angels tongue can never express,  
The power of saving love to bless,  
And still it doth increase,

11

11

In love the Father formed a Son  
His faithful bride by love he won,  
~~And yet loves work is done,~~  
His love is torting still,  
The full redemption of our race,  
And every soul to clothe with grace,  
Is what pure love doth will,

11

O Mother, all thy sufferings tell  
 The love sown in thy hearts deep well  
 For all the race of man,  
 And all thy bloody sweats & pains,  
 The host of heaven still proclaims,  
 In praise to Mother Amen

Each heaven born soul a wreath shall weave,  
~~Of flowers and their thanks will give~~  
<sup>Thanks for Mother to receive</sup>  
 To Mother as they pass - Whenever her they pass,  
~~And reflected is each ray~~  
 And still her sufferings toil & pains  
 Shall herald throughout every vein,  
 Her ~~own~~ <sup>merits</sup> love to all who do obtain,  
 A safe retreat from sin and shame,  
 Upon the sea of glass.

And there reflected still shall be  
 Her deeds of love and charity  
 On every ransomed brow,  
 And myriad souls will yet believe,  
 And of thow benefits receive,  
 That we are tasting now,  
 Shout, shout ye heavens & earth too shout,  
 And at the butte at length come out,  
 Of Mother Saviour reigns,  
 And now the blest amount two,  
 Have not to light a Kingdom new,  
 Redeemed from sin and shame,

And since that Kingdom we enjoy  
Let endless praise, our hearts employ  
Kind brother in the Lord,  
And praise from each redeemed soul  
In heaven, shall roll unceasing roll,  
A Saviour's just reward.

But, let me trace the power of influence still,  
And, further mark the workings of the will,  
Amid earth's busy throng,  
Each influence here begets its kindred race,  
Tho' it be evil, or the gospel grace,  
And mind and conduct, mutually imprint,  
And stamp their image in each others' mint,  
Each thro' each word, each deed and every wish,  
That tones the mixture in life's earthen dish,  
Have all an echo that do still impart,  
To thousand souls the contents of the heart,  
And every feeling plants its kindred grain,  
And other souls the harvest ~~shall obtain~~, gain,  
And <sup>with us</sup> who shall tell its power,  
From soul to soul <sup>its thousand</sup> shall leap  
And memory's faithful records still shall keep  
The feelings of an hour,  
There's not an act we do however small  
But solar influence weighs & measures all,  
And times most lengthily read near shall tell,  
The benefits obtained from doing well,



Why sometimes feel our souls overwhelmed with love,  
 And heaven seemingly our all approve,  
 O Wisdom raise my door and renew thus,  
 These are the influences free from the cure of ~~our life~~ ~~the~~  
 Of carless that, of negligent delay,  
 Of wrong intention and will led astray,  
 By passions fond enticing flimsy call,  
 Or by the loves of pleasure thwarting all,  
 These are the agents, hid from mortal eyes,  
 Bearing to us, the essence of our lives  
~~Unnumber'd agents seen and unobscured~~  
~~Which get to decking our lives clothed well,~~  
 These are the agents, weaving silently  
 The single threads of future destiny,  
 These open heavens courts so bright & fair,  
 And read our merits to the Angels there,  
 O who can weigh the influence of a thought,  
 Ah surely those who do never think it nought,  
 Poor Judas that our Saviour to betray,  
 Tho' ages since that thots a curse to day,  
 Our Saviour, that to do his Maker's will  
 And O, that thots, it, is our blessing still,  
 Yea, not a turning of the hand or heart,  
 But weal or woe in future will impart  
 And myriads in the spirit land behold  
 The wanderings of the will, the never told,



71.  
Each <sup>pure</sup> ~~pure~~ and goodly action pours the balm  
Of ~~consolation~~ <sup>peace, consolation</sup> from her cups of palm  
Each Godlike will and purpose weaves the wreath,  
That Angels bind upon our brows at eve,  
Of life's unpassion'd, busy, humming day  
When we have done with this old house of clay,  
But, in that spirit land, where shall we rest,  
By whom be accompanied & by whom cared,  
By whom be minister'd our merits meet,  
By whom instructed and who shall us feed,  
Ah doubtless there we all shall gather'd be,  
Unto our kindred of that family,  
Which lifes whole influence hath to us bound,  
By ties of consanguinity within us found.  
Who, then, eternity would gladly spend,  
With holy Angels for their happy friends,  
And Angels life while here below must lead,  
And give to God each that and word & deed.  
Ah from the "Lovely binyard" of Gods care,  
Flashed lately flown a dove, who came to bear,  
A branch of olive from the parent tree,  
And true indeed she bore the same to me,  
I've sent her back with just a little vine,  
Containing clusters of the Heavenly Wine,  
And O dear brother, may it give thee cheer,  
And if so, I too will be near,

12

With thee I'll shout the songs of endless praise  
To God our Father for these gospel days,  
With thee I'll tread the wine press by degrees,  
And with thee rack its sordial from the lees,  
With thee I'll quaff it from those golden bowls,  
Prepared for self-denying, sinners' heaven bound souls,  
Drunk with new wine with thee I'll reel about,  
And stagger on untill we've staggered out  
Of this old quagmire of sin death & strife,  
And plunge at length head foremost into life.

Now Elderbrother, I think I have certainly detained  
your ~~long~~ bark long enough on these muddy waters  
I would be pleased to entertain you, if I had the wit  
to do it, but I beg you to take my good intention,  
My object is a little union, — I have that some  
of endeavoring to make you one of my best friends  
by getting you to point out my faults and teach  
me how to correct them. — Sometime in the year  
1849, I wrote a short poem, entitled "Who shall  
silence revelation, I have often thought of sending  
it to you for inspection and criticism, don't  
know but I have sent it, Have I, if not, I  
think I will sometime, tho I am rather ashamed  
of it, I am well aware, I have only introduced  
the subject, by no means exhausted it, —

12  
and this is not all, I have felt much straitened<sup>13</sup>  
about sending any of my poetical productions  
for I am well apprized, that I am a novice  
in the school of poesy, and I make few attempts  
The most that I ever did make were solicited,  
I therefore beg your charity,

Now good Brother I will close by tendering  
to you and your lovely lot, all of whom I remem-  
ber with the greatest affection, the special love  
of all the Elders in the second Order, and also  
that of the brethren and sisters, we frequently  
shout it to you in our love triumphs.

It is a time of usual health in the society,  
Charles Bustnell of the North Family, Trustee,  
deceased some three or three weeks since,

I have of late been examining and making  
some remarks upon a M.S. on the subject of  
"God, Parental," &c by Br San Myer, which  
he subscribed to me ~~for~~ with a request so to do,  
should the ministry approve my notes & ob-  
servations, I shall forward them to him soon  
If you are acquainted with the M.S, I would  
like to have you see my remarks & know how  
they meet your views.

Perhaps I may sometime, or other get another  
spicy inkling of the muses from your racy pen.



Before I close I wish to express my sweet love to  
Br Joseph Parker, in particular, ~~and~~ together with  
a little hymn, Tho his muse is so prolific,  
in psalmodic poetry, I suppose it will not  
be so very rare; but I hope it will suffice  
for a pledge of my union and love.

The Hymn is entitled  
Heavenly Reflections,