

No. 3269

Copy of "A Dream" written by Elder Dr. Lorenzo Grosvenor.

Howard 2nd Family,

1836.

Once on a brilliant summer's day, As on the river's bank I lay,
Beneath a balmy shade reclined, This contemplation filled my mind;
These verdant hills, this lovely grove, Which echoes with the songs of love,
These fragrant lawns, luxuriant green, You flowery vales that grace the scene
This bright serene ethereal sky, All represent to reason's eye,
That blissful state beyond the tomb Where graves & fields elysian bloom;
Where gentler skies serenely bright, No' wrapped in sable shades of night
Where crystal founts, celestial showers, Delightful walks and shady bowers
And glittering robes that Angels wear, Ambrosial fruits divinely fair,
And every scene that meets the sight, The soul inspire with sweet delight:
Where thousands, tens of thousands meet, Their voices join in anthems sweet,
And celebrate his wondrous ways, Who tuned their golden harps to praise.
While thus in contemplation lost, I seemed to view the heavenly host,
I only wish'd the vision true, And long'd th' enchanting scene to view.
Could I once their bliss behold, And listen to their harps of gold,

There various orders, there explore where millions, millions, God adore, —
And could I once these regions view, Before I bid this world adieu,
With what delight could I relate, The glories of that better state!

While thus I muse, my eyelids close, And over me sleep her mantle throws
When lo! the solemn time was come, That I must leave this earthly home; —
At that dread moment, O how vain the things of time! Their brightest gain
The wealth of nations were to me A wreck on life's tempestuous sea;

The world's applause, their shouts of mirth, Where now the coldest ^{earth} dreams of
How strange! that vanities like those Immortal beings ever chose!

Before me lay the vale of Death, Ah! gloomy gloomy, was the path; —

This gloomy vale, I pass'd alone, By all unseen, by all unknown;

It seem'd a shadowy forest gloom, Which nothing earthly could illumine.

At length I reach'd Oblivion's flood, Its terror froze my very blood!

As onward roll'd the deepening tide, I giv'd ~~my~~ heart, within me died
The nearest friend no aid could show, My God was all my refuge, now.

"O heavenly Maker, be my guide" At this a voice unknown, replied;
He who has led thy steps below, Will now his kindly aid bestow.

His love be with thee to the last, And o'er thy grave a radiance cast;

How chang'd I view'd the gloomy scene, My anxious throats became serene
As on the curving verge I stood, And fearless sunk beneath the flood!

Sensation, fail'd! and voidless were the scenes around us empty air.

The earth and sky, and sun withdrew, And boundless space I seem'd to view!

While thus from every sense I pass'd, I thro't to feel and know at last

What death could be that thousands dread who fear the mansions of the dead

But ever I could discern his power, The work was done, the scene was o'er!

No fearful stroke, no fatal dart, No quivering arrow pierc'd my heart;

Noose beyond the shades of death, And cold realities of earth!

And O the change! how strange and new, The scene that burst upon my view!

Did all the stars that heaven adorn, Outside the sun that brings the morn,

Their mingled rays would dimly shine, Compared celestial thrones with thine!

I view'd with joy, the calm expanse—No stars appear'd in mystic dance—

No brilliant sun with piercing ray, But soft the golden flood of day.

This glorious radiance from the throne, Appeared the light of worlds unknown

And seem'd to flow in endless course, thro' out the unmeasured Universe!
On that unearthly ground I stood, And distant view'd the Mount of God,
And while with feelings most serene, I gazed around upon the scene,
Beneath a wide extended vine, With trees embow'd did I recline,
Delightful arbor! fadeless green, Such beauty earth has never seen.
How peaceful was that heavenly rest, For ^{The} Vale of death had pass'd
What sweet repose I now enjoyed, What blissful thrones my thoughts employ'd
But why alone? how long shall I unaided view this world so high!
To every scene a stranger here — O may some kindred friend appear;
In this fair clime they surely dwell; And heavenly wonders they can tell
Could humane vision thus survey, The scenes of this eternal day
The Sons of earth's delusive line That wander in the maze of time
Would raise their hearts to things above, And seek the God of truth & love
Who form'd for our eternal bliss A world of Peace and joy like this.
Pale unbelief would hide his face, The Sinner seek the throne of grace
His folly, madness, guilt deplore, And them whom Angels praise, adore.
And could my gospel kindred here This region view, so bright and fair

What zeal in every breast would glow, What praise from every tongue would flow
 How tasteless were the joys of earth, Compared with bliss of heavenly birth!
 Temptation then from them would shrink Her charms in dark oblivion sink
 And Hope divine with golden rays, Illumine all the vale of days,
 While thus to contemplation given, I saw two shining Suits of heaven,
 In flowing robes of brilliant white Descending from the mountain's height,
 With gentle steps did they descend In pleasant converse hand in hand.
 How familiar they appeared, But when their voices first I heard
 My soul was struck with sweet surprise, It seemed the music of the skies
 They now approach the waving vines, to them whose shadow I recline,
 As tho' to spend a passing hour, Regaled in that delightful bowers,
 And they, conversing, nearer grew, Behold! the voice of one I knew
 I once had heard in earthly youth That glorious messenger of Truth
 The sound of that delightful voice Has made the Suits on earth rejoice.

* The persons here alluded to were Eld^r. Dr. John Durrington dec^d at New Lebanon: the other not known to the writer, but that to be Daniel Jewett, formerly of Harvard. Dec^d

Their forms are graceful fair and bright, Filled me with wonder and delight
For tho' within our native clime, Their brow had felt the grasp of time
In bloom of youth they now appeared Tho' not for wisdom less revered
"With joy I gazed, nor silence broke, Till one with gentle accent, spoke
"And are you then Lorenzo come"? So soon to your eternal home?
"Your glass indeed is quickly run, Your work on earth forever done!
"No more shall sorrow meet your eyes, Nor life's rude tempest o'er you rise
"We should sooner meet with you (For oft this region we review
"Where those who come from earth arise And with immortal life revive)
"But our devotion lasted long And morning lecture lasted long
"The intermissions, some improve, To roam in this delightful grove
"Sweet contemplation to enjoy While scenes of bliss their hearts employ
"And here with you we chance to meet Our heavenly welcomes to repeat."

She then replied (tho' void of fear) "I am rejoiced to meet you here
"How mild and peaceful is this clime, Beyond the reach of Death, and time,
"No more to view the shadowy gloom, That hovers o'er the dreamless tomb,

" On dread what fear to thousands gave, The cold damp drapery of the grave
 " Oft have I longed to view this land; Saw on its peaceful shores I stand
 " Here shall my anxious heart repose, Where ceaseless consolation flows
 " Such heavenly joys inspire my breast, As mortal language ever expressed
 " Say, harps of Angels could not tell, My joy to bid the world Farewell "
 "The pledge" said they "Of Heaven above, Is Love sincere, unfeeling Love.
 This blest attraction oft you felt, While on the shores of time you dwelt
 And this it was that to you gave, The power to cross divisions wave;
 Or other wise you must have passed, Far down the fearful dreary waste
 "Where darkness reigns in awful gloom, Nor light or joy or beauty bloom,
 But now with us will you repair To yonder Mount so bright and fair."

Thro' groves with rose and myrtle strown I passed with ease before unknown
 Conversing with the Saints of light, But ever we gained the Mountains height
 While passing thoughtfully along, I heard the most melodious song,
 Unnumbered voices tuned to praise, Sung holy holy are thy ways

O God of Heaven just art thou, Before thee ^{would} unnumbered bow
For thy good pleasure all were made, And all enjoy thy heavenly aid."

I listened with intense delight, But what could represent the sight?

When that fair City I beheld, With joy and wonder I was filled.

My heart the name of Heaven adored, While I that glorious world explored

"O blissful City! how divine! Thy jasper walls the sun outshine!"

While listening to their songs of love, The gates on golden hinges move,
And as they turned their dazzling light, Surpassed the silver spheres of light.

No shade they cast but radiance threw On every object near my view.

The gates we pass and now behold! The streets within are shining gold!

Celestial palaces appear, Of pearls and gems supremely fair;

More numerous than the stars of light, That grace the bow arch of night.

O glorious realms of endless rest, Abode of millions of the blest,

Delightful region! vast expanse, Thy countless streets immense, immense

What power and wisdom here are shown Where millions meet from worlds unknown

We passed along the brilliant street The breezes waft their odors sweet,

And songs of most enchanting sound, From many a choral arch resound

While on each side in splendid bowers, Overhung with numerous ^{flowers} ⁹ fruits and
Unnumbered companies were seen, Reposing on the arborescent green,
While in the street, their passed along, A numerous bright Seraphic throng,
We join the train while on they pass To one extended sea of glass.

Immense assembly! wondrous view! Immense as the drops of dew!
That glisten over the expansive lawn When orient day succeeds the dawn,
Their robes and crowns resplendent shown with bright effulgence from the throne,
While with delight and love supreme, Their countenances beam,
No eloquence of words or song, Could ever paint that dazzling throng,
What transport in my bosom glowed, * While thine within inquired rise,
I gazed with wonder and surprise * While standing in that solemn crowd.
Why have they left those mansions fair, To this assembly to repair
What entertainments here are given, To all the numerous hosts of heaven,
Who has the voice that can extend, Where all these countless thousands blest
Who can address so vast a crowd? The empire of the living God!
May not that office be supplied, By him that once on Calvary died?

O how instructive his discourse, Whose views embrace the Universe!
Will this immense adoring throng, Here join in one harmonious song?
And shall I see their ranks advance, In long procession or the dance?

I asked a smiling Angel nigh, But as he turned his placid eye,
A distant bell my slumbers broke, And on this earth again I wake.

Lorenzo Grosvener.

Copy of a Poem, entitled "The Infidel Lost:" by ^{Edw} Lorenzo Grosvener
Come unto me and I will give you rest Harvard. 1836

How divine the Saviour's offer, To the soul that longs for heaven,
But alas! in vain the scaffer views the pledge that God has given
Tho' with light and truth surrounded, Where the fruits of heaven bloom
All his hopes and fears are bounded, By the cold and silent tomb
and
"

He has placed his best affection, On the fleeting things of earth

11

Is there no unseen attraction, That can break the spell of death,
What can thus to earth enchant him? Vain incantations, insecure,
Whence alas! the airy phantom, Which his vision does obscure?
3rd

Fears and doubts a mighty legion, Oft invade his dreary doom,
Dark indeed must be the region, Where his hope and fancy roam
Mournful mournful is his story, Who can see no power divine!
Child of reason! proud for glory, Let the lamp of reason shine!
14th

While their nightly vigils keeping, Heavenly joys adorn the sky,
Angels see his danger weeping, Vain would point his throats on high,
"And they say in shining splendor, Worlds that God on hand has made
Rolling on in peerless grandeur, See what wisdom is displayed!"
15th
17

What can thus thy spirit darken? Countless worlds around thee shine
Reasoning creature harden! harden! For our lecture is divine,

He that made these worlds so glorious, Form'd the immortal mind of man
Earth below and heaven over us, Speak the wonders of his plan
6th

Man himself were far superior, To your chance creating God!
But if form'd for earth inferior, To the cold and lifeless God!
While the harps of heaven were ringing, (Thus instructed by the muse)
While the glorious truth they're singing, Who said I can ever refuse?
7th

But unconscious under covering, Still unmoved the sceptic stood
From the heavenly chorus turning he replied "There is no God!"
But ~~unconscious~~ when death the King of terror, Effects at last his daunted eye
Then he wakes to view his error! Then betrays his fear to die
8th

Shades of death that round him hover, Fill with dread his gloomy
clouds of vengeance gathering over, Fery waves beneath him roll!
When to heaven his eye he raises, Shining skies were turned to brass
Stars and suns at which he gazes, View his horror as they pass

9th

What despair and condemnation, When this transient life is o'er
 Man's eternal destination, Now his heart denies no more
 But in vain he seeks to banish, Then remorse and fell dismay
 All his hopes alas! they vanish! Truth prevails with conscious way
 10th

"Heaven, he cries, I've lost the treasure, Left forever left forlorn,
 "Lost for time immortal pleasure, Who have dared salvation scarce
 "Farewell ye scenes of nature! Blooming earth and seas and skies
 "Still proclaim your great Creator, When the tongue of man denies!
 11th

"Stars and sun! adieu forever! Seen so oft with brutal gaze,
 "Light and joy on me will never "Never shed their heavenly rays"
 Thus at last his hope shall wither, Who can dare his God defy,
 Whither! who can tell me whither, Should his soul immortal fly?
 Mournful scene! how dark and cheerless! What can ever dispel the gloom
 He that boasted once so fearless, Troubled now to meet the tomb,
 But the world he must surrender Once to him with joy replete
 Then with vain unmeaning splendor "Mourners go about the street"
 Lorenzo P. Grodenor. 1836 Harvard

The Perspective Glass

Once on a time as I was travelling upon a wilderness mountain and rather gloomily recounting the various dangers and difficulties which I had passed thro' in my journey of time; a feeling of murmuring rather began to rise in my breast that my lot had not been cast in a more pleasant place, when suddenly emerging from the woods, I found myself in an open space upon the brow of the mountain, which over looked a beautiful village situated at the foot of the declivity below me. So I was attentively viewing the variegated scenery and admiring the blooming orchard and cultivated fields which checked the domain of the happy villagers, there suddenly came to me a very comely person, and seated himself upon the same mossy rock on which I had just reclined. "Dont you know" said he, "the name of this beautiful village you are viewing so attentively?" "I answered nay, but certainly it is the most beautiful sight my eyes ever beheld. Certainly happiness must fix her abodes there, if she delights in beautiful vales, and peaceful shades, and waving hills of green. "Happiness certainly dwells there" said my informant, "but tis the virtues of the villagers which most

of all renders this a terrestrial paradise. As you seem to be a stranger to the place, I will give you some information. Just take a look thro' this perspective glass of mine, by the help of this you will be able to learn more of the place and its inhabitants. This will bring the objects near to you and show them in their beautiful realities. Observe attentively and inform me what you discover and I will explain all to you."

"I took the glass and looked as directed and O! what a delightful scene, what an enchanting view! Surely said I, this must be a heaven upon earth; how clean, how quiet! what order and harmony pervades the whole village. "Describe what you see" I see a large white building with a singular shining roof, the building is surrounded with a beautiful court of green, and just beyond is an extensive garden, full of green & red and yellow interspers'd with alleys and walks.

The white house has a porch with the same kind of shining roof, and the steps of the house are white and of pure marble. What can this house be for? "That house is the place where the people of the village

meat to offer up to God their prayers and thanksgivings for the many blessings he has conferred on them. They have received beautifully at the hand of God, and they are not insensible of it. No true worshipper there can be ungrateful. In their worship they express their feelings of gratitude & joy, not only in words & songs, but there they dance before their great Benefactor, and in ecstasies of joy they leap up and bow before him who has blessed them above all others. And in their daily walks the same gratitude abounds in their hearts, for they would be wicked indeed to murmur while surrounded with so many blessings "What else do you see." "I see beautiful dwellings all around the white house some new, and some old, some of wood, and some brick, some of stone some white yellow and green" These are the habitations of the villagers. They are indeed beautiful, and what adds to their beauty is the regular order in which they are arranged. The founders of the village were fully aware of this truth of Pope's "Order is Heaven's first Law" Their motto is, Where there is no order and government There is no God.

"Look again" "Can you see the inhabitants?" "O yes, I see a great many

people passing to and fro in various employments. What are their intentions in all their movements? Their intention is to do good to each other. The inhabitants of that village are all of one family, the descendants of one Father & Mother.

Their interest and their affections are all one; their parents have always taught them to seek each others good; to love one another dearly; to pray for, and bless each other and on no account to seek the hurt of another. Mark how they sweat and toil, and seem earnestly engaged in the various employments - is all for the general good & and on no account may for their lives would they do or say anything to injure even the character of one of their Brethren or Sisters. "Can what you now say, be true said; a great observer of men and their actions has said,

There is a lust in man no power can tame, Of publishing his neighbors shame
Hence - On Eagles wings immortal scandals rise While virtuous actions are but ^{the} butts

"Ah! that fool had not felt that power these people do possess this very hour," said my informant "A base and slanderous nature they have nowish let alone
They kill, destroy and burn it in a pure gospel flame.

No inhabitants of this pure vale below us can seek to injure the character of any of their Brethren or Sisters, without the gross violation of every principle

and law of their parents. Indeed they have no desire to do, for love pure heavenly love, is the governing principle which pervades the whole." "What you say astonishes me, I would give all this world and more too, if I had been born one of this happy family. But please to inform me the meaning of what I now see. I see all the inhabitants of the village formed in long rows and they appear to be marching! they wave their hands up and down most gracefully, and their motions indicate they step to the sound of music! 'Tis true, said my informant this marching in harmony forms a part of their devotions; and they accompany them with beautiful songs and words of expressive thankfulness and joy for the many blessings they receive. If you have a mind to hear as well as to see their beautiful devotions; take this instrument call'd an Auriscope and fasten upon the side of the perspective glass—slide these two rings upon the glass in such a way that the trumpet mouthed end will be towards the happy land you are viewing—then place the glass to your eye and you will see that the small spiral end of the Auriscope will come to your ear, by which contrivance you will

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hear distinctly as well as see what is going on." I immediately
did as directed, And O! what heavenly sounds! What Angelic strains
thrill'd on my ear. I listened attentively and soon learned the words
of the march which they were singing. The words were as follows

In purity and holiness We'll pass our time on earth;
And march along in righteousness To gain a heavenly birth:
Give thanks my soul to God above! Give thanks companions dear
That we can live in endless love And reign triumphant here.

As the company finished singing these words, they simultane-
ously form'd in a circle facing inwards, when after a short pause
a tall young man, with an expressive countenance, step'd forward
within the circle. By the goodness of my glass I was enabled to see
their various movements, and notice the beautiful graces that was
shown forth in his features, while by the help of my Auriscopes
I caught the heavenly precepts that fell from his lips. There was a
gentle breeze which ever and anon waver'd his chermit locks, while the
glowing fervency of his spirit, produced the rosy blush upon his
cheek; while his beautiful eye, O! his beautiful eye seem'd to sparkle

with heavenly gems and to pediculate with diamonds of celestial purity.

"Beloved companions" said he "tongue can't tell nor words express the thankfulness I feel, that a beautiful heaven has placed me here, among so many dear and true companions. How unspeakable the joy that fills my soul, and must fill the heart of every one who considers the inestimable privileges we enjoy. I can cast my eyes on no one in this circle, but what I love with everlasting love, none but what I would willingly lay down my life for their sakes; none but what would sacrifice all their earthly joys yea their own lives for my good.

How unspeakable the joy that fills my soul and must fill the heart of every one who considers the inestimable privilege we enjoy.

How unspeakable this blessing to be surrounded with none but dear companions, with none to hurt nor destroy. This is happiness unspeakable; this is heaven here on earth; and all of us while feeling so do enjoy the paradise of God and breathe here in time the celestial air of heaven." He thus continued his discourse for a quarter of an hour, with such clear and pathetic language, as I cannot

retain); and towards the close, he gave a short Discourse on the blessedness of humility and of the necessity of it in order to be happy; finishing with a hymn the last lines of which I retained - they were these;

"The children find the lowest seat Is nearest to the Saviour's feet."

They company then dispersed to their respective houses. I could view the scene no longer, I was impatient to know the name of the village and to find the nearest road to it and turning suddenly to my informant, I pressingy insisted to be directed thither "that happy village which you so admire" said he "is the one in which you live; those dear and happy friends are those which surround you and all their beauties which you have been viewing are realities you may daily enjoy. You seem to pant after happiness and but just now were murmuring at your lot; but remember a thankful heart is a heart of joy and peace; and to be happy you must forever remember me. My name is, Gratitude.

Garret H. Lawrence 1829.

Written by G.H.L.

A simple narrative of the decease and commemoration
of Elders Ruth Sanders. Scene at New Lebanon 1850.

Eighteen hundred fifty brings Again the solemn sound
Our Mother dear has gone to rest Her body's meathe the ground
At Waterloo's her death took place just three weeks from the time
(She was taken sick) she run her race To mansions more sublime.
D²

Twas in the pleasant month of May The thirtieth we so fair
Her spirit burst this earthly clay And breathed immortal air
Her children shed the parting tear For who could ere refrain
When from their sight their parent dear Forever must remain.
3⁴

A faithful pillar she has been Within the house of God
Her soul was pure unstained with sin And great is her reward
Her virtuous life no one can blame For truth she did contend
The gospel pure she did maintain Till life with her did end.

23

Her children at New Lebanon ^{6th} were pained her death to see
For much they did desire to see Once more their parent dear
Accordingly on Sabbath day The Church as usual met
Together at the meeting house Her praises to repeat
6th

Commemorate her graces rare, And pray her blessing too
Ask for wisdom strength and power, To guide us here below.
And do ye think a parent dear, Could bear the plaintive cry,
And not again to earth draw near, And soothe the weeping eye.
Ah! nay; her spirit wing'd its way, ^{6th} And by a mortal hand
She poured her blessing thanks and love, On all the little band.
"Mourn not for me ye faithful ones, Your lead on earth is true;
Weep not, for lo! my work is done, My labors here are thro."
6th

But I will strengthen and support, The gift of God in all,
And pray to God for your increase, Tho' I feel very small;
Do prize the precious gifts of God, For I assure to you,
They are indeed realities, Which ever must prove true.

I've bro't for you a little prize ^{8th} which you may all receive
It's small but precious you will find If you the truth believe"
Unto the aged then she said "Be patient children dear
A little longer here below Then glorious you'll appear."

Next the good deacons she addressed "With such a deep concern
That they with wisdom might belest It made each heart to woe
"Your burden's great said she I know And much I feel for you
I bless you all and pray that God Will guide and help you thro'."

"Receive my love again" said she "Brethren and sisters dear
Be kind and helpful to each other And learn God's way to fear"
Incapable I am to pen the interest she expressed
That all would keep the way of God wherein is peace and rest.

Indeed I never did attend a scene so deeply felt.

"A Mother's love" it touched the heart And caused the soul to melt
Many songs of love and thanks Were sounded to her name

With exhortations to the young To pattern well the same

It was a goodly time for all A satisfactory meeting
And lasted more than two hours long Attended with much weeping
The deep impressions that it made Will last for years to come
By many it will be retained Beyond the silent tomb.

My Own Reflections

Thus redeemed

I sat as I silently mused over the scene Of a heaven-born soul from the earth

What sorrow and suffering would I not forgo
To be of this number when called from below
To transient enjoyments or pleasures of time
Shall hinder my progress to joys so sublime
My faith is established this day I begin
More zealous than ever to conquer all sin

"The highest heaven of a refined sensualist would correspond to the Turkish seraglio rather than the ethereal abodes of angelic life."

The religion of Christ is the path

possible remove from a more rational.

Christianity never contemplated

A concept of opinion, it aimed at

a more glorious consummation

"The unity of the spirit."

In the path of my parents my feet shall pursue
To gain this pure treasure eternal and true
That when from this earth I am called away
I may with pleasure with my good parents say
I'm thankful to leave, my work here is done
Let me go let me go to my long long home!
There to increase till perfection I gain
And over all evil triumphantly reign.
These are my feelings I wrote them in short
That I might remember the time and the spot
When good Eldress Ruth left this mortal shore
To strengthen her children in body no more
And good Eldress Kenath her mantle now wears
And sister Samantha her companions appears
I love them and pray that a kind Heavens care
Will strengthen their spirits their burdens to bear.

And now the whole let vicarious do stand
Will good Elder Rufus and Dr. Shurtwell stand
Eldress Kenath and sister Samantha
We know that we have a good ministry

Abeline Shaw 19.

Maxims, found in the Strong Box of the Duke of Burgundy
The French Kings Father at his Death.

Give God the great Creator, homage due,
Consider first your duty then pursue;
Converse with honest men let such be near
Let self conceitedness in naught appear.
To others judgments let due regard be shown
Be ever modest to defend your own
Those who address you with attention hear
Nor study how to make your wit severe.
Talk that to each, which each best understands
Your tongue pronouncing what your ^{heart} commands;
Think over you promises, but disdain to evade,
By subtle art, your promises when made.
Let speeches gently from you ever fall
And in your looks at least, be kind to all.
Let your whole air be disengaged and free

Yet don't invite familiarity
Give none by hasty judgements cause to grieve;
Love without interest, without fear forgive;
Respect but never frown upon the great
Avoid contention, friendship cultivate
Thine not to make your friend his thoughts reveal
By seeming openings your own conceal
Lend readily, if lending you propose
He doubly gives, who gracefully bestows
Weigh all your talents for the part you play
Avoid extremes, and choose the middle way
Speak peace where discord reigns, appease the flood
And for revenge, persist in doing good
Let proper objects never want to see
Excuse mistakes, in friendships be sincere
From peevish throts your checkful mind defend
Nor in rash words discharge them on a friend
Reprove with gentleness, with truth commence

Laugh at a jest, but laugh not without care;
 In each man's calling, let due respect be shown
 Nor ever contrive to make your learning known.
 Do favors privately, if you are paid
 Or publish first the obligations paid.
 In anger gathers, check the impetuous flame
 & let thy tongue be dumb, ere absent name.
 Let not ingratitude your bosom stain
 Play for diversion, but despise the gain.
 Scorn to deceive; think much but little speak,
 Reserve what's given for the givers sake.
 To give poor debtors; equal pleasure flows
 To him who mercy gives or mercy shows.
 Be envy banished, from your generous heart
 Blame not the secrets which your friends impart.
 In speaking of yourself nor praise nor blame
 And dread to be a slave to common fame.

1853.

A Few Scattered Reflections

Another year has now commenced which will add a few ~~more~~ more pages in the history of my life. And the question arises in my mind, what will this record afford in after years when I take a retrospect view of my past life & privileges! Will it increase my happiness or misery. I am created a free agent to act according to my free will & choice. I live in a land of freedom where the rights of conscience are engraven on the proud banners of American soil no more to be erased! Where the golden Eagle spreads its gigantic wings and soars above the superstitious idolatry of a heathen nation & their Gods; but gently dips into the ethereal fountains of endless life and eternal progression.

And more than this! The New Jerusalem has come down out of heaven and is established on earth its walls set with jasper and its streets paved with ~~with~~ gold more glorious than tongue or pen are able to describe. There dwell the pure and spotless virgins who follow Christ in the regeneration, forsaking

the world with its political and religious stripes, having one
Lord one faith & one baptism. One of this number I am called
to be & 11 years have already filled their space since my pilgrim-
age began with this despised few, which brings me to the age of 21.

Which time has fled like noonday sun Altho some moonless nights
I've seen But there were days of joy between. And here I am struggling
on tho not perceiving much ^{increase} ~~advance~~, But hoping that a few
more rolling years will advance me forward in virtues path
beyond the follies and allurements of youth into a broader field of
usefulness which experience and fixed virtuous principles will
enable me to perform And may it be the ruling principle
of my ^{mind} that I live to do good & be good And not only to increase my
own happiness but all those around me. I desire that all sordid
selfishness ^{may forever} be banished from my soul that it may expand
beyond the limits of self pleasing indulgences, to more noble
purposes of kindness & benevolence to suffering humanity
whenever opportunity may offer.

Who does not admire a soul in possession

of self government amid the ruffling incidents of time which
all have to meet ^{with} more or less along the tedious journey of
this transient life.

Who I say would not prefer it above gold or
rubies? It truly hath been said "He that hath ^{not} learned to rule
himself can never govern others" Therefore let this maxim
be ever before me, that I ~~may~~ learn first of all, self govern-
ment & bring into subjection to the spirit of Christ every faculty
spiritual or natural that God has blessed me with; and in
humility yield to my superiors in judgment & wisdom,
and strive ^{diligently} to grow wiser & better ~~daily~~ from my own & others
experience. P.P.

Farewell D B away you must flee For bold B has entered the door
I thank you & bless you But say with a tear Began from my memory years,
Don't think I'm ungrateful For favors bestowed
O say, I acknowledge the gift of good With heartfelt emotion
Spray thin draw near And bless me with wisdom the ensuing year
So much for B B.
A. S.

1854

33

January 1st

O dear! how gladly I greet the coming New Year!

It seems to me the past year has been very long, & has
brought about many events. And I feel to start anew; for I
am heartily sick of all that is past, & present, certainly
as far as it respects myself. I really desire to be born anew
to become a new creature pure & upright; fit for the
society of Angels.

Shall I ask as Nicodemus of old did Jesus,
how is it possible for a man to be born again? Surely it
is very difficult, for the natural ^{mind} to see or understand how
this can be done. Did not Christ say, that some are born
Cunctis & some make themselves Cunctis for the kingdom
of Heavens sake? And who are they? those who follow
Christ in the regeneration & reject every desire of a carnal
~~nature~~ ^{mind} & devote their whole lives to God, one of that number
I am resolved to be, & my daily life shall evidence to all that
I am entering into the new birth & therein find heaven & happiness.

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this transient life.

Who I say would not prefer it above gold or
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humility yield to my superiors in judgment & wisdom,
and strive ^{daily} to grow wiser & better ~~daily~~ from my own & others
experience. P.P.

Farewell D D Away you must flee For bold D to Has entered the door
I thank you & bless you But say with a true Begon from my memory ^{rather severe} years,
Don't think I'm ungrateful For favors bestowed
O say, I acknowledge the year of good with heartfelt emotion
Spray them draw near And bless me with wisdom the ensuing year.
So much for D D. S.S.

1854.

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33

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Shall I ask as Nicodemus of old did Jesus, how is it possible for a man to be born again? Surely it is very difficult, for the natural ^{mind} to see or understand how this can be done. Did not Christ say, that some are born Eunuchs & some make themselves Eunuchs for the kingdom of Heavens sake? And who are they? those who follow Christ in the regeneration & reject every desire of a carnal ~~nature~~ ^{mind} & devote their whole lives to God, one of that number I am resolved to be, & my daily life shall evidence to all that I am entering into the new birth & therein find heaven & happiness.

How often young people regret when too late
The misguided steps of their youth
How rashly they seize the shadow of wings
And think the poor quipping butterfly
My soul breathes forth prayer to the Father of light
So kindly protect me thro' this change
And help me to place my whole heart in Thee
For a friend thou wilt prove to me
Ternally.

[34]

18th. 5.

'When I look on the past, I'm sorry and sad
'When I look on the present I'm not very glad
'When I look on the future I sorrow indeed
O hope! thou art fled! In this great time of need.
Return O return! Thou most cherished friend
For in thee I confide On thee I depend
My heart beats with feelings I cannot express
Return thou sweet comforter And soothe my distress
O Why should I hope 'Tis in vain I well know
Worse comes to worse And I can't help it now
So in grief unallayed Papes each coming day
Till time with its blunt edge Has worn them away
I feign would sip sorrow the rest of my life
Untill I had drained the cup dry If I could recall the days
That are past And change the effect caused thereby.
But alas! how dear is experience bought, Tho' I'm fully agreea ^(with the wise)
Tis the best schoolmaster the world evertaught, ^{tho'} Its virtues are sometimes disguised.

So adieu fifty five
As soon enough of you
Away with you five.
For the present go go!!

January 18th 6.

[57]

11

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e
ed.

* shall be striped with the right lines a line.

Reflections on the Troubled State of Zion Dec 1847.

In my moments of serious meditations
 I view and review the sad days that are past
 In my hours of retirement & consideration
 I look but with wonder on what's come at last
 I view & with sorrow I turn from the sight
 Of the days & the years that are gone
 I look but with horror I turn from the thro't
 Of the days & the years that's to come,
 D^r.

Quarries kind heaven! seek for your knowledge
 Long to foresee what our Zion needs, some
 Shall they suffering, afflicted & least broken people
 Be left for others to smelt and to scorch
 Or ask them but raising the load of thy promise
 The gold from the depths more thoroughly try
 Of this is the more my will to be raised
 So profitable the deed, and my soul justify

* shall be glorified with the righteous a lone.

I ask O my God will it never be ended
 Must Zion be always distressed and oppressed
 I ask righteous God, was it never intended
 Thy people should enter a peaceable rest
 I ask will the time never come that thy Zion
 Shall shine forth with glory as bright as the Sun
 I ask will the time never come that thy temple

Written some time in Dec 1847
 In time of tribulation & affliction,
 Caused by seeders in & out of Zion.
 Answer for the present.

O blessed Mother may I feel
A measure of thy spirit
Subduer sense cannot
To help me every
fill me to feel
the worth of prayer
When
filled with grief
of Heaven by
Mother hear
my prayer my
soul pants forth
new O that
my feet from
every snare
of Satan
would be
O Mother may I feel
A measure of thy spirit
Subduer sense cannot
To help me every
fill me to feel
the worth of prayer
When
filled with grief
of Heaven by
Mother hear
my prayer my
soul pants forth
new O that
my feet from
every snare
of Satan
would be

That I might keep thee pure & bright Unsoiled by a stain
 Lest dimmed should be thy radiant light Lest I should seek in vain
 Thy tarnished beauty to restore And wash the stain away
 My God, thy name I will adore Thy power has been my stay
 And O my heavenly Father, still Protect my needy soul
 Help me thy holy law fulfill Till time shall cease to roll
 Then O my God I humbly pray Receive me in thy love
 That I may dwell in endless day With Mothers flock above.

Composed by Elder St. Olive Chandler, Harvare.
 In family

My Soul's Prayer
 Our blessed Mother oft did say When bowed in humble prayer
 Lord keep my soul in thy pure way And give me pure desires
 O Mother kind I feel the need Of thy parental care
 I know thou canst my spirit feed And give me pure desires
 Thro' sore afflictions thou hast passed Been purified with fire
 With vilest foes hast been compassed And never did despair
 But prayed to God thy life thy all His mercy to extene
 Before his throne did humbly fall And found a helping grace

Give me
of thy gifts
divine
which he
the soul
with grace
and lead
me on to
joy's sublim
eternally
increase

Devotional Feelings For the New Year 1853.

Composed by Hannah Bronson Canterbury.

Time rolls on apace with its unceasing motion,
And brings up another new season to view;
My dear gospel kindred, let's join in devotion,
As we bid adieu to eighteen fifty two.

I.

First let us give place to these interrogations,
Are we moving forward to keep pace with time?
Have we been engaged to work out our salvation,
And lay up a treasure in mansions sublime?

II.

Are we like true children of Mother united?
And do we take Christ's golden rule for our guide?
What we mete to others we shall be requited,
For by a just judge every case will be tried.

III.

To see a new date brings a solemn sensation — —

I long to see Zion, shone forth with such beauty
Her light may extend to the nations around;
O Lord may she sense her responsible duty,
Prepare her the triumph of salvation to sound.

A sense of my duty and calling it brings;
God may we be blest with thy manifestations;
May this year be fruitful in spiritual things.

O Lord do inspire them with thy holy spirit

in your great & plentiful in spiritual things.

10.
O Lord do inspire them with thy holy spirit
To sound the shrill trumpet of the last jubilee
That souls may come forth and the gospel inherit
And be from the kingdom of darkness set free.

6.

79

Lord since thou hast called unto thee, her first founders
To reap their reward in the mansions above;
With walls of salvation O Lord do surround her,
And fill her with purity wisdom & love.

7.

O Zion thou city which Prophets predicted
Where God would the face of the covering destroy;
O how can thy duty to God be depicted
For these precious blessings which thou dost enjoy?

8.

Thou soon must be called to make full demonstration
Of this holy work to the nations abroad
And lift up the woe that's spread over all nations
And show them with clearness the pure way of God

9.

To set them up way marks that none may be hindered
Who seek for a place in the Kingdom of peace
Lord send forth more laborers to work in thy vineyard
We earnestly pray for a further increase

Devotional Feelings For the New Year 1852.

Composed by Hannah Bronson Canterbury.

Time rolls on apace with its unceasing motion,
And brings up another new season to view;
My dear gospel kindred, let's join in devotion,
As we bid adieu to eighteen fifty two.

I.

First let us give place to these interrogations,
Are we moving forward to keep pace with time?
Have we been engaged to work out our salvation,
And lay up a treasure in mansions sublime?

II.

Are we like true children of Mother united?
And do we take Christ's golden rule for our guide?
What we mete to others we shall be requited,
For by a just judge every case will be tried.

III.

To see a new date brings a solemn sensation — —

I long to see Zion, shine forth with such beauty
Her light may extend to the nations around;
O Lord may she sense her responsible duty,
Prepare her the triumph of salvation to sound.

A sense of my duty and calling it brings;
Lord may we be blest with thy manifestations;
May this year be fruitful in spiritual things.

O Lord do inspire them with thy holy spirit

our eyes give us plentiful in spiritual things.

O Lord do inspire them with thy holy spirit
To sound the shrill trumpet of the last jubilee
That souls may come forth and the gospel inherit
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To reap their reward in the mansions above;
With walls of salvation O Lord do surround her,
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Where God would the face of the covering destroy;
O how can thy duty to God be depicted
For these precious blessings which thou dost enjoy?

8.

Thou soon must be called to make full demonstration
Of this holy work to the nations abroad
And lift up the woe that's spread over all nations
And show them with clearness the pure way of God

9.

To set them up way marks that none may be hindered
Who seek for a place in the Kingdom of peace
Lord send forth more laborers to work in thy vineyard
We earnestly pray for a further increase

11.

O Lion arise and shine forth like the morning
Display the bright glory revealed by the Bride
Let ensigns of peace, all thy gates be adorning
As spiritual beacons the wanderers to guide

12.

O Lord do enlighten their minds to discover
The way marks that lead to thy Lion below
And cause thy pure spirit around them to hover
And draw them where waters of life freely flow.

13.

And Lord with thou strengthen the inmates of Lion
To set out anew with more fervor and zeal
O shield and protect them by Judah's strong Lion
Who only is able to open the seals.

14.

Young people be strong there's a great work before you
The harvest is great and the laborers few
But there's a rich prize in the mansions of glory
For all who stand faithful their duty do.

Mother's Love.

81

Take my love ye little band And away in the solitary bower

Think of me your Mother Ann And of my lonely wilderness hours

Let not the busy scenes of day Divert your sense from God

But watch little ones watch ye am pray To keep his holy word

Then my love ye little band Will clothe you every hour
And I'll feed you from my home Away in the lonely bower
And when night shades have gather'd round And from your tails you rest
There in your midst Christ will be found Your weary souls to bless.

The shiny madder say (at) by single day

Her little childrens pray And sing this little song

She sends her love along And that will make me strong

And comfort their little soul.

From Mother Ann by a. S. W. spirit. Sent to the Brethren going

(to Washington)
15 B. S.

Vice

In vain the heart that goes astray
From virtue's sacred way,
May hope that feelings, just & free,
Shall give, or firm integrity,
Or innocence, with snowy vest,
Will condescend to be its guest.

As soon within the viper's cell
Shall pure & white-winged spirits dwell,
As soon the flame of vivid gleam

Glow in the chill and turbid stream,
For by strong links, a rivulets chain
Connects our wanderings with our pains,
And Heaven ordains it thus, to show
That bands of vice, are bands of woe.

Farewell

Farewell, 't hath a som bre tone
The lip is slow to take it,
It seemeth like the willow's moan
When autumn winds awake it,
It seemeth like the distant sea
Round some lone islet sighing
And yet thou sayst it unto me
And waitst for my replying

Farewell, 't thou flyst from Winters wrath
Mid summer bowers to hide thee
May freshest roses deck thy path
Yet bring no thorn to chide thee;
And mayst thou find that bitter land
Where no bright dream is broken
No flower shall fade in beauty's hand
And no farewell be spoken
Lycie To Dignamus.

