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Mother Ann's closet

Written on visiting the room where
 Mother was protected from the mob,
 at the house of Elijah Wilds in Shirley
 Mass. on the night of June 1st 1783
 Post

This then was the place which was Mother's dark ^{son} prison
 All one dreary night when the cottage was new
 The wicket surrounding till morning had risen,
 To mile on the wilderness glittering with dew,
 The history told me has oft been repeated,
 But now it comes home its impressions are mine;
 A dreadful imprisonment! tho' it was defeated,
 The purpose of men, in their barbarous design.

I na

The thoughts of that scene & the dread contemplation
 In such narrow limits confined for the night;

The sisters threatening with fierce indignation
Oh! it does present us a heart chilling sight
Now have we not looked with undue satisfaction
On that witty thought on presence of mind
By which she was kept in this painful inaction
Thus cast in to prison with friendly design

3rd

She knew that her life to her children was ^{(dearest}
And might in Gods providence thus be secured
But were not those sufferings among the severest
Of all persecution which a Mother endure
This scene is so dreadful, the sad contemplation
The visitor fills with sensations of grief
Along dreary night in that dread situation
What angel of mercy did bring her relief?

How different the mansions she then was preparing

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For those who ^{were} seeking her life to destroy
 How unlike the message that she was ~~deceiving~~
 The news of redemption, glad tidings of joy
 What manner of man with pretensions to honor
 Could this little cottage the whole night surround
 That Roman! they cried your hands are upon her
 Or your habitation shall come to the ground.

5th

But now a petition is sent by a Sister
 "My babe at my home for this meeting I left.
 Permit me to go," and they could not resist her
 Unless of humanity wholly bereft.

By this honest plea was her exit effected
 And words to the proper authorities sent,
 Who knowing that all should by law be regulated
 In duty were bound such abuse to prevent

This was a most fortunate thought or invention
With Solomons wisdom it well might compare
The stratagem exposes their brutish convention
And thither the officers boldly repair
What must they have thought when the whole delegation
Were led by her order whose life they designed
When kindly they furnish a generous relation
'Twas surely a strange imitation to dine
§ 6

The rioters leave with pretended submission
But Nober soon tells you of rippings of blood
They follow the Elders while yet on their ^{mission,}
The Dragon resolving to pour out his blood
Our compelling heralds, peace and submission
These merciless creatures to Heaven pursue
And now they must treat them as foes to the ^{nations}
What language can picture the scenes which
enlarge

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8th

But let us not shrink from the thoughts of
 For ages to come with their history declare
 How meekly they suffered and gave God the glory
 For counting them worthy his message to bear.
 A self made committee now passed resolutions
 (Well cheered by the crowd) that the two English
 For doctrines aversa to their church institutions
 Be faithfully scourged and then fully released.

9th

Review.

Who then could but think of the days when the
 Beneath the vile scourge was commanded to bleed
 Like Siles and Peal did their righteous behavior
 Praise these holy messengers martyrs indeed
 James Whitaker first must prepare for the sentence
 For he was chief speaker and mighty in truth
 His eloquent preaching of faith and repentance

Was rapidly gaining American Youth
10th

Art those an American list, my brother.

Or people who fled from oppression and fear.

They should be the last to oppress one another

When freedom of thought is accounted sacred

Liberty's sacred to one whom unaccounted

They consider has risen since that fearful ^{hour}

Which better affliction the church hath seen ^{shouted}

God grant that the earth may acknowledge ^{thy power}

11th

On thy sacred principles men could then ^{trample}

And cruelly scourge by the public highway,

The servants of Jesus whose holy assembly,

Was proving the dawn of Millennial day.

By choice of a man in his full strength and vigor

Who to be until weary then rests to renew,

The blow was inflicted with unsparring vigour,
The number of sleepers must have been not a few.

12th

The story I heard from actual beholders,
And those of both sides it is well to remark,
So painful the scene which both parties unfold
We scarcely can draw the sad picture to dark.

But let us for bear and here leave to the reader,
The sad contemplation of good Father James,
The call is then made for the Elder and Leader,
And now Father William steps forth ^{proclaiming} and

13th

I will not be tied to that tree like any brother,
But kneel down receiving what God lets you do
Which done they commence just the same as ^{others} the
And all were expecting the same would ensue
A kind hearted Sister by groon & interference,

Just throwing herself on his neck in the rear.
Her face glows with blood and her fearful ^{and} appear
You felt the whole band with confusion and fear

14th

A woman in the crowd and by Wisdom's direction,
Exclaims "You have done it!" and fears that I see
The man who is pledged for Wisdom's ^{protection?}
Will make her repent of the deeds of this day.
Depend that such treatment he will not ^{it} understand
Religion or not he will never bear this;
The law is his power if he does not secure it,
Then my calculation for once I will miss.

15th

Then arising the medicine of vengeance so early,
The man of the scourge was alarmed for the first
Or they might have finished his life very early.
That noble young Sister prevented the worst. *

Wherever the gospel is preached to the nations,
 This act a memorial shall be to her name ^{static?} **

While Warriors and heroes and men of high
 Shall sink to the shades of oblivious fame,
 16th

The old man her story in conversation

When I was a youth, I remember her it well,

I was truly impressed her simple narration,

And tears were not wanting her feelings to ^{tell}

She seemed to rejoice at dispersing the riot;

From good Father ^{By} Will came avert the blow,

I was her happy messenger. The tumult to quiet

And give to her dearest companions repose.

17th

But when they returned to their cottage so pleasant,

The lecture which ^{the} Father delivered them there,

* Bethiah Willard, of Newbury

As I have been told by a person then present
Was truly a most interesting affair,
Well James I perceive you've been cruelly treated.
But you must forgive them and pity the wrong,
Then kneeling a most fervent prayer he repeated
When Mother commenced a most beautiful ^{song.}

18th

They join in the chorus of praise for protection,
To Mother extended in that fearful night,
The spirit of Jesus did give this direction,
To hearts then oppressed without justice or right,
Not one single murmur or thought of resentment
But love and forgiveness their voices employ,
In this blissful retreat of celestial contentment,
They join in sweet music of angelic joy

Written at Harvard

How lovely and how sacred are the
 courts of the Lord, and O how beau-
 tiful is the worship of our God, it
 brings life to the soul and strength
 to the body; where Mothers children
 meet and mingle their gifts and offer-
 ings together, having given themselves
 up body soul and spirit to God in his
 worship; how the Angels delight to
 hover around such souls and feed
 them with heavenly Manna and
 give them to drink from the foun-
 tain of everlasting love. Here is
 the place I want to be: this is all
 the heaven I could ^{ask} desire. Here
 Purity breathes forth in every
 countenance, and holiness to the

Lord is written on their garments.

I want to be joined to these the true
followers of the Lamb. O my heaven-
ly Mother do feed me with the bread
of heaven, give me to drink from
the fount of life & salvation. I must
have spiritual food or I cannot live.

Grant unto me O my holy Parents a
home and place with the just in
the spirit world. I want to feel the
presence of good Angels to guide my
feet in the right path that I stray
not, I know there is power in the gospel
to save even to the uttermost. I want
to lay hold of it and have it abiding in
me, to govern my conduct at all times
that when I meet with my dear

gospel relation to worship, my soul may
 be as a watered garden filled with
 delicious fruits and fragrant flowers.

The Millennium

When will the glorious day arrive
 That all shall know the Lord
 When angry sects no more shall strive
 About the written word.

When all who name the Savior's name
 Iniquity will shun
 And by their holy lives proclaim
 "God's will on earth be done"

When each his neighbor will prefer
 And selfishness shall cease

Actions and words alike declare
The gospel they profess

When man no longer will be led,
By feeble man astray,
And Christ shall be the only head
The light the truth the way?

The selfish priest no longer then
The Christian garb shall wear
Or worship to be seen of men,
With loud and lengthy prayer.

Then all the mystery of sin,
In worldly wisdom wrought
Shall be reveal'd and Christ with them
Shall govern every thought

That glorious day will surely come
 By Christ himself foretold
 When his true sheep will gather home
 And form at last one fold

Far as the sun extends his course
 True righteousness shall shine—
 Inferior laws lose all their force,
 Fulfilled by Love Divine
 Reformers & Christians

Present Millennium

oft doth the Angels of light visit the
 hearts of the children of men, showing
 them the best state of the world, and
 inclining them to desires more true and
 elevated— even to have on earth the

harmonious peaceful era, the long
desired millennium, this will not be a
sudden or universal work, the millennial
day has dawned, and a "cloud of witnesses"
can testify thereto. The principles of the
first appearing are in active operation,
and as he himself declared with increas-
ing light and power; as those who saw
we in the realization of that work had
aspirations similar to those here expressed,
and gladly heeded and obeyed the voice
of the Son of God; — so would they joyfully
proclaim to others that now hath come
salvation.

All do not desire nor perceive
the practical, spiritual character
of the new Creation of God; yet they

that seek shall find," and unto all who sincerely desire to behold the commencement of the Millennium - we say 'tis no myth - the love we feel for those without, inclines us to say, now hath appeared the
 Living Way.

Now hath the glorious day arrived
 When all can know the Lord
 Tho' angry sects who long have striven
 Do know not the living Word

Now those who own the Saviors name
 Iniquity will shun,
 And by their daily lives proclaim
 God's will on earth is done.

By his neighbor's good each doth prefer
^{my} Here selfishness doth cease
By word and action they declare
^{my} How pure the gospel is.

For now no longer these are led
By fellow men astray,
Christ doth preside, He is the head
The light, the truth, the way.
O that selfish Priests, ye now are seen,
Tho' costly garb you wear,
Now turn, and view your state within,
With low and humble prayer.

Now all the mystery of sin
Is unto judgment brought;
Christ is revealed & come again,

And governeth each thought,

For the time hath surely come
 That Christ himself foretold,
 The glorious Millennium —
 The Shepherd and the Flock.

For as the sun extends its course
 His righteousness will shine,
 Inferior loves lose all their force
 Excelled by Love Divine.

Remarks In No 5 of the present volume
 of the Boat is an article on the Millen-
 nium, The above was soon after written
 in a reply to it, by a beloved sister of
 the much despised Shaker Fraternity.

but in the hurry of business it was laid aside and forgotten.

To all the sentiments in it excepting one, my whole soul responds with a hearty Amen. That one idea is that Angels of light often visit the hearts of ^{the children of} men. This I am not certain of, for I have never seen them, and therefore cannot subscribe to it. I know beyond all doubt that good influences are produced on our minds by a power superior to our own. Good thoughts and desires, and aspirations are breathed into our souls; but whether this influence comes through angels or directly from that source of light, truth & goodness usually called God. I do not know, and do not know as it

as matters at all to us whether we know
 the channel through which these influences
 come or not. We know good influences from
 evil ones, by their effects on our minds,
 and that should, perhaps, be enough. If
 the fainting traveler receives a pure, refreshing
 draught, even though he cannot see the hand
 that placed it to his lips, he knows it is
 from a good source, and perhaps that should
 satisfy him; though I confess it would afford
 pleasure to see the friend that presents
 the blessed gift.

But all else in the above lines I can
 heartily subscribe to. The Millennium
 day, if ever it becomes universal, will
 not burst upon the world all at once,
 but must come gradually, and those who

are high up in the mountains of holiness must behold the sun of righteousness and enter into the day sooner than those low down in the valleys and ravines of sin & transgression; and it is a most glorious and cheering truth that there are some now on earth on whose souls the Millennium day has dawned; and who dwell in the Light, enjoy the Life and walk in the Way, and among these advanced pilgrims I can number a goodly little company of my acquaintances who bear the much despised, ridiculed and derided name of Shakers. He who has entered the Millennium state, here on earth is truly unselfish. The world is his home; he knows no national bounds; all mankind are his brethren, and he labors more for others

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than for himself, His appetites are restrain^(ed)
 his passions subdued and made subservient to
 the wants of his soul; his desires are pure and
 innocent; his loves are free from lust; in short,
 he has put off the old man of selfishness
 and sin and put on the new man of purity
 and goodness. Blessed, aye, thrice blessed are
 the little few scattered here and there,
 who have entered into the Millennium
 spirits. They live now; enjoy heaven here; &
 are in advance of the world, and if Angels
 do hover over the earth & mark the doings of men, they
 must weep tears of gratitude when they enter the humble
 abodes of those who have entered into the Millennium.
 Will my Shaker friends send in their offerings freely? the
 Boat is bound home party and the good of every name or color
 or clime are invited to occupy its Deck, and do all
 they can to enlighten a benighted world, & hasten
 the universal reign of the Millennium
 Spirit. Pleasure Boat.

The Closet.

"In the world is tribulation
But in me ye shall have rest"
Thus spake Jesus to the weary,
And how doubly, doubly blessed,
Are the spirits that are in him,
Sheltered from the storms of life;
Shielded from all evil passions,
From all discord war and strife.
O that I might e'er dwell in Him,
He in me we two in one;
And his grace and love inspire me,
And in me his will be done,
Hard it is to fight a man's battles,
Harder still to bow to wrong,
Give me, then, O! Prince & Leader,
The whole armour - make me strong

Sterner work is now before me,
 Than I've yet been called to do,
 Give me grace and strength and wisdom
 That I may the right pursue.

O kind loving Elders & friends ever true,
 We thank you most kindly for this interview
 Also for our privilege to look round the barn,
 And see the improvements that's made on the ^{farm}.
 We can but exclaim the new heavens appear,
 And her perfect Order's established here.
 And thus meditating a prayer we send forth,
 O righteous Father of heaven and earth,
 Cause ever to glow with an endless increase
 The door of thy Temple, this mansion of peace.
 'Tis here that we look for souls to be found,
 Commissioned the trump of salvation to sound

Shake

The law to go forth and Mount Zion to
Till souls here in Zion a refuge shall take
Composed and read by the Elders
Sisters on visiting the new barn.

On the morning of the 8th
of August, 1860, the Elders
Brethren and Sisters of our
Order amounting to about 80
repaired to the Lake in Lancaster
to spend the day on its lovely
banks in rest and pleasure, as
we have had a very laborious
season it was thought a little
time to recruit might be ben-
-ficial, between 8 & 9 o'clock we arrived
at the spot chosen by our good

Elders, in a short time we hear
 the tinging of a bell to call our
 attention to sing and hear
 compositions written by the Br
 & Sis for the occasion, we greet
 our Canaan friends with a wel-
 come song, the two first pieces
 on music, by Elder P, and Jane
 Knight, very interesting, to the
 sentiments contained in them
 In them I could heartily respond,
 soon we are told a communication
 from our beloved Ministry is to be
 read, and a beam of pleasure ^{seems to} rests
 on every countenance, and while
 it was being perused, it seemed as
 if they were really with us, so
 cheering and loving, so comfort ^{ing}

were the words of our Parents, that it filled our hearts with joy and pleasure, every word fell on our ears like the sweet accents of Angels, encouraging us to hasten our travel, and joining us more closely to the gift before, Elders at read a very interesting piece, in which we agreed to let the fish and fowl enjoy their freedom unmolested, after several other interesting articles were read, we have an opportunity to sail on the Lake. This was also very pleasant, and here let me remark, that every one seemed to enjoy themselves in making every effort to give pleasure to those around them, the boats made

two trips when we hear the sound
come to a feast of good things,
prepared for us by the kind
Deaconesses and Kitchen Sisters.
while at table a Poem by J.R. was
read, wishing long life to the Broth-
ren & Sisters, after leaving the table
we sing, Beside this placid silvery Lake
& The great Jubilee year has come,
then several articles were read,
all containing instruction to the
mind eager after good. One by
Br Daniel Sizer on the old arm-
Chair, which was taken there for
our venerable Father Richard he
stated that it belong'd to Father
Samuel Johnson, and by him
dedicated to the family.

he remarked that its wide spread
arms reminded him of good Elder
Antoinette he concluded by saying
one of its occupants Elder Ebenezer
Cooly maintained a decided ^{testimony} against
Believers playing with cats, said
he hoped all who remembered the
story of the old arm would never
play with pussy again, now another
opportunity for sailing is offered,
and many of the Lambs hasten to
to the brink of the stream, as all
cannot sail at once, some content
themselves by throwing stones in the
water trying to make them scip.
I could not help thinking as I was
enjoying myself so well, how different

are the young people of the world
 seeking pleasure, even on the plane
 of nature, in self-indulgence and ease
 all trying to excel, not in virtue,
 but in their gaudy apparel, and
 showy ornaments & equipage.
 who can get the most property and
 live in the greatest splendor
 seems to be the whole aim of
 mankind. I thank God for the
 Gospel that is established in this
 our ^{day} calling ^{souls} out of Babylon, and
 that there are so many who have
 obeyed the heavenly invitation,
 and are building on the rock of
 eternal truth, aiding each other
 in good, while thoughts of this kind
 passing thro' any mind the bell

announces supper. after which
Elder Richard makes a few remarks
on the use of the day, gave
us love & blessing of which we partook
with thankfulness, and gave our
love to the good Father in return.
Elder T. then expressed his satisfac-
tion in the manner the day ^{had} been
kept, said he hoped all would be
careful to keep good Order, and not
be talking to members of others
family, about out gathering.

Eldress Antoinette united with
him, and said also, she hoped if
we ever had another opportunity
to assemble on that spot, not one
should be missing, but all should
be in the fold. We are soon on

our way home, and it seems to me without regret, we arrived about 7 o'clock. Thanks to the Good Elders for the day, and for their kind parental care over every little one of ^{the} fold, I hope it will be my happy lot to live & enjoy many such seasons and that the bonds of love and gospel affection may never be broken.

Music

"My spirit is a thirst for music!
 Rarer music!" I would bathe
 My soul in a serener atmosphere
 Than this, I long to mingle with ^{the} flock
 Led by the "living waters" and to stray

In the "green pastures" of the better land
When wilt thou break dull fetter, when shall I
Gather my wings, and like a nestling thought
Stretch onward, star by star, up into heaven

Thus museth many. x x x

And would thou onward move
Poor captive soul - doth now
The Sirens song cease to allure or charm[?]
Wouldst thou flee from the martial notes
That doth incite, and speed the warriors on
To the dire scenes & sounds of battle strife;
Wouldst thou escape the soft & sensuous strain
That tends to keep the spirit in the confine
Of earths narrow limits? -

Man was created upright;
Over much he might have been
The Lord and ruler, if from his rectitude

He had not departed.

All was pronounced good of God's creation;

The loud voice of Wisdom speaketh

In his works, and man with them

Should still have moved harmonious,

All attuned and with all according, —

In giving God the glory!

— But sin hath entered, the love of self

And all that draws the soul

From the life giving Fountain

From the sphere the all wise designed.

— A lost and troubled world we see.

And yet but few that doth inquire

For the cause, or why it is

That error rules so boldly, and but few

That would be of God's true heritage!

As the hart panteth for the clear water ^{brook}

So doth the soul for its reunion
With its Maker - The spark divine
If not obscured by earthly things
Will soar indeed for freedom,
For harmony; not rest till the redeeming
Renovating light doth meet the vision,
And tones of Love and Peace
Doth greet the ear!
How joyous was the Angels strain
When heard by Judaea's watchers -
- And still do they the sound proclaim
Peace, peace on earth, good will to man.
In the bright courts of Order
There doth music roll, and beauties beam
By mortal ear not known by eye unseen.
So we will for that blest region
Press onward, "star by star" doth mark

Indeed the Christians pathway -
 Let harmony still rule the spirit here
 That helps the weary on; Be of good cheer -
 The saving work on earth we see,
 We want not earths, but heavens minstrelsy
 It is the work of mercy, to arouse
 From the sad state that would pleased be
 By music floating transiently -
 The harp's fine tone, the Vio's strain
 No charms possess for me on sin's domain;
 Discordant sound from vexed hearts we hear
 The union branch not seen, justice ^{not} ~~is~~ there.
 While vanity and want are near
 An effort make, that it may disappear
 But where the Prince of Peace within doth reign
 There music moveth sweetly - The honest
 Heart that hath escaped clear from ^{earths} ~~the~~ ^{terminal}

Can sing a song of victory
The favored, promised land is theirs,
And to the sin-sick traveller
They can extend the sound, come enter in
In to the home where music is —
And where more shall be, for music
Cometh with humility. —

Enjoy the converse of the blest
On Canaan's shore
With these around & those who ^{have} gone be
A social gathering evermore,
By Jane Knight

Our Fathers Chair

Brethren & Sisters I have the
 pleasure of introducing to your notice
 one of the relics of antiquity, some-
 times called Elder Coody's Chair
 and sometimes it has been called
 Father Samuel's Chair, you
 have the chair before you. venerable
 for its age, being probably an hundred
 years old or more. Venerable also for
 being among the first of the gains
 consecrated to the Lord of the whole
 earth in this great and glorious dis-
 pensation. (as it is said) it having
 been once the private property
 of Father Samuel Johnson and
 consecrated by him.

If all property consecrated to
the Lord, is sacred, then you have
before you a sacred Chair, at least
sacred to the memory of our fore-
fathers, and sacred to the memory
of a principle that must abide forever.

We are not going to make a God
of the old Chair, and set it up in
a grove and worship it, God forbid.
yet many things can be said about
it, Do look! Do look! just like good
old Mrs Antoinette for all the world
with its Motherly arms extended,
seeming to say, "Come all who will,
and drink your fill, O I wish I
was a poet, but alas, alas! you surely
perhaps at the idea of a patriarch

Chair extending its motherly arms;
 but I would have you understand
 that the thing is dual and that
 it can be logically proved, you all
 admit that man is dual, that
 animals are dual, that the birds,
 the fishes, the minerals, the flowers,
 and trees, are all dual, now chairs are
 made out of two, so the old chair
must be dual, so here is good sound
 logic for you. To the Poets eye I think
 the old chair must shine with the
 merits of its own virtues, without
 a drop of varnish. So much about
 the old chair, like the old iron
 bound bucket that hung in the
 well; its happy associations, if

not expressed can easily be ima-
gined. Now you must sober up,
for I am going to talk some plain
talk to you (as Elder P. told the
Spectators last Sabbath day) when
he made the announcement they
began to wince & screw and to feel very
uneasy, yet after all, I believe they
were more scared than hurt, now
a word or two about one of the former
occupants of the old chair, Elder
Cooley (as he used to be called) the first
Elder that was ever appointed to pre-
side over our Order, he having the
care of all the young Believers that
were then in the land. A stern
uncompromising pioneer of Mother's

Gospel, a terror to all naughty boys
 and girls, but a kind and loving
 Father to all the good and obedient.
 among the many good and excellent
 gifts and virtues which he possessed,
 was a testimony against playing
 with cats, he used to say, that play-
 ing with Cats excited the flesh, and
 he was down upon ^{it} flesh and all.
 So all who mean to be good & obedient
 Children & who have been favored
 to day with the privilege of seeing
 good Elder Cooley old chair. must never
 play with puss again. perhaps
 what I have said about the old
 patriarchal chair to day may
 be a prelude to what some of our

poets may have to offer upon
the subject upon the next anni-
versary of our social gathering, I
think it would be a good subject
for them. Thus I freely contribute
my mite towards the general stock
of happiness, which I feel is for us
to create and enjoy. I have lately
read that happiness is a perfume
that one cannot shed over ano-
ther without a few drops of falling
on himself. So the way to be
happy is to contribute to the happi-
ness of others.

Let us all try to be good
then & how happy how happy
we'll be.

Br Daniel Sizor

A Welcome To The Social Gathering

Welcome dear friends to this lovely ^{treat}
 With hearts filled with peace ^{we greet} each other
 Each countenance beaming with joy & delight
 As we in one spirit together unite
 To strengthen the bonds of friendship & love
 In harmony blend in union well move
 To bless and be blest each one in their lot
 The dresser of vines and the tender of flocks;
 The high & the low, the great and the small
 Shall this day receive the blessing of all.
 To those whose employed in tilling the ground
 In labors of love wherever they're found
 Their souls shall be filled and crown
 ed with a blessing,
 The promise is theirs, the earth
 their possessing;

And all that is good in
heaven and on earth,
Shall be the inheritance of
those in the truth.

Then why not be joyful? to
the saints shall be given
A knowledge of God and the
kingdom of heaven.

In Christ's lovely order new
beauties unfold,

Like the waters of life and a
feast to the soul

And O! happy tho't, the
time has now come
To hasten our travail, be
journeying home!

And this little season of
rest from ^{all} care

Our spirits all free as the
birds of the air.

The bright worlds above to
us it sets here

The chime of pure love
forever unbroken.

May the joys of this stay of
which we partake,

Convey to our minds the
heavenly state,

Where in far brighter spheres
than this, we'll inherit

A balm of sweet-rest to
our wearied spirits;

Where soul joined to soul
in things more sublime
Than earth can afford, or
the pleasures of time.

This is but a type of what
there will be,

When our spirits from earth
are wholly set free,
Commingle together in
one happy band.

Henceforth in sweet union and
love will increase,

Return to our homes with an
olive of peace,

Our words be all kindness.

our spirits all chase,
Thus running together the
heavenly race.

Composed by:

Hi Married;

For the social gathering

Aug 8 1860

"What One He Did

It was a winters twilight,

Shadows moved about the room
with noiseless feet, while the ruddy
light flickered pleasantly between
the ancient andirons. A venerable
lady, whose hair old Time had
silvered but whose heart he had

left feet and young, sat musing in an arm chair closely drawn up by the fireside. Suddenly the door opened and fairy-foot-steps bounded by her side.

'Well Bepie said the old lady laying her hand lovingly on the child's ringlets, have you had a good slide?'

'Beautiful aunt Ruth; and now wont you tell me one of your nice stories?'

Bepie was an only child. The mother had recently gone to a better land, and she had come to visit her aunt, of whom she at once took

popularity by her winning ways
 and her affectionate disposition. But aunt Ruth's eyes
 were of the clear sort, and
 she soon discovered that
 Bessie was not only inscrupulous
 as to the truth, but
 that she displayed little
 sensitiveness when detected in
 a falsehood.

Now if there was
 one trait for which aunt
 Ruth was particularly dis-
 tinguished, it was her un-
 swerving rectitude; if there was
 any one thing that annoyed
 her more than all others, it was
 aught that came under the

category of fabrications. It was
the language of her heart; "A
lie shall not stand in my
sight." She determined with
the help of God to root-out
from her darling's character
the noxious weed, whatever
effort it cost her. Of this she
had been musing and her
resolve was formed.

Get your cricket, dear, and
come close beside me, and
in a moment the child's
blue eyes were returned to hers.

I am old now, Bessie, and
my memory is failing; but I
can recall the time when I was

a little, dancing, sunny-haired, girl like you. You open your eyes wonderingly, but if your life is spared, before you know it, you will be an old lady, like aunt Ruth.

In those days, I was in a spelling class at school, with a little girl named Amy, a sweet-tempered, sensitive child, and a very good scholar. She seemed disposed to cling to me, and I could not well resist her timid advances. Yet I did not quite like her because she often went above me in the class, when but for her

I should have stood at the head. Poor Amy could not account for my occasional coolness, for I was too proud to let her know the reason. I had been a truthful child Bessie, but envy prompted me, and I yielded. I sometimes tried to prejudice the other girls against Amy, and this was the beginning of my deceit. She was too diffident to defend herself, and so I usually carried my point.

One day, the teacher gave out to us the word

believe. In her usual low tone of voice Amy spelt 'b-e-l-i-e-v-e' 'believe'. Her teacher misunderstanding her said quickly, "Wrong, the next;" but turning to her again asked, "Did you not spelt it b-e-i-n-v-e?" "No ma'am, I said b-e-l-i-e-v-e." Miss R. — still in doubt, looking at me inquired, "You heard Ruth; how was it?" A wicked thought occurred to me — to disgrace her, and raise myself. Deliberately I uttered a gross falsehood. Amy said b-e-i-n-v-e. The teacher turned towards her,

but confounded by my
accusation, she was silent,
while her flushed face and
streaming eyes gave evidence
of guilt.

'Army', said her teacher,
sternly, 'I did not expect a
lie from you. Go, now, to the
foot of the class, and remem-
ber to remain after school.
I had triumphed, Bessie;
Army was disgraced, and
I stood proudly at the head
of the class; but I was not
happy. When school was
dismissed, I pretended to have
lost something, and lingered in

the hall. I heard the teacher say,
 "Amy, come here;" and then
 I caught the light footsteps
 of the gentle child.

"How could you tell that lie?"

"Miss M - I did not tell a lie"

But, even as she denied it,
 I could see thro' the key hole
 that in her grief and dread
 of punishment, she stood
 trembling like a culprit.

"Hold out your hand!"

There I stood as if spell-
 bound. Stroke after stroke of
 the hard ferule I heard fall
 upon the small white hands
 of the innocent child.

You may well hide your
eyes from me, Bessie. O, why
did I not speak? Every stroke
went to my heart, but I would
not confess my sin, and so
I stole softly from the door.
As I lingered on the way,
Amy came slowly along
with her books in one hand,
while with the other she kept
wiping away the tears which
yet would not cease to flow.
Her sob, seeming to come from
a breaking heart, sank deep
in my own. As she walked
wearily on, her foot stum-
bling she fell, and her books

were scattered on the ground.
I picked them up and
handed them to her.

Turning towards me her
soft blue eyes swimming in
tears she said.

"I thank you much."

It made my guilty heart
beat faster, but I would not
speak; so we went on silently
together.

"When I reached home
"what is the use" said I
to myself, nobody knows, it,
and why should I be so
miserable?"

I resolved to throw off

the trouble, and going to the
pleasant parlour, I talked
and laughed as if nothing
were the matter. But the
load on my poor heart only
grew the heavier. I needed
no one beside to tell me
the ways of sin. The eye
of God seemed consuming
me. But the worse I felt
the gayer I seemed, and
more than once I was
checked for my boisterous
mirth, while tears were
struggling to escape.
At length I went to my
room. I could not pray,

and so hurrying to bed, I resolutely shut my eyes.

But sleep would not come to me. The ticking of the old clock in the Hall seemed to grow louder, as if reproaching me; and when it slowly told the hour of mid-night, it smote upon my ear like a knell.

I turned and turned upon my little pillow, but it was filled with thorns. Those sweet-blue eyes, swimming in tears, were ever before me; the repeated hard strokes of the fiddle ^{kept} bounding in my ears.

' At length unable to endure
it longer, I left my bed,
and sat down by the
window. The noble elms
stood peacefully in the
moon light, the pencilled
shadows of their spreading
branches lying tremulously
on the ground, the white
fence, the gravelled walks,
the perfect quietness in
which every thing was
wrapped, seemed to mock
any wrattle or noise, while
the solemn midnight sky
filled me with ^{an} awe I had
never felt before. Ah!

Before a reproving conscience
and an angry God are too
hard for a child to wrestle
with!

As I turned from the
window, my eyes rested on
the snowy-white coverlet
of my little bed, a birth-day
present from my angel
mother. All her patient
kindness rushed upon my
mind. I felt her dying
hand upon my head.
I listened once more to her
fluttering voice, as she fer-
vently besought the sleeping
of heaven upon her firstborn.

'O make her a truthful holy
child!' I tried to banish
from my thoughts this
last-petition of my dying
mother; but the more
resolute was my purpose, the
more distinctly did those
pleading tones fall upon
my heart, till bowing upon
the window I wept con-
-vulsively. But tears, Bessie,
could give me no relief.
My agony every moment
became more intense, till at
length, I rushed almost in
terror to my father's bedside.
'Father! father! but I could

say no more. Tenderly,
 putting his arms around me,
 he laid my throbbing head
 upon his bosom, and there gently
 soothed me, till I could con-
 trol the torrent so as to explain
 its cause. Then, how fervent-
 ly did he plead with ^{my} Heaven
 that his sinning child might
 be forgiven.

'Dear father, will
 you go with me to-night to
 see poor Amy?'

Tomorrow morning, my child!
 Delay was torture; but striving
 to suppress my disappointment,
 I received my fathers kiss, and
 went back to my room.

But slumber still fled from
my weary eyelids. My longing
to beg Amy's forgiveness un-
wonted to frenzy; and after wait-
ing for the morning, for
what seemed to me hours,
my anguish became so in-
tolerable, that I fled once
more to my father's room,
and with tears streaming from
my eyes, I knelt by his bed,
beseeching him to go with me
that-minute, to see Amy,
adding in a whisper, she
may ~~see~~ before she has forgiven
me. He laid his hand upon
my burning cheek, and affia

moment's thought-replied.

'I will go with you any child.'
 In a few minutes we were on
 our way. As we approached
 Mr Sinclair's cottage, we per-
 ceived lights hurrying from
 one room to another. Shuddering
 with indefinable dread
 I drew closer to my father.
 He softly opened the gate, and
 we silently passed thro' it.
 The doctor, who was just leav-
 ing the door, seemed greatly
 surprised to see us there at
 that-hour. Words cannot
 describe my feeling, when, in
 answer to my father's inquiries,

he told us Army, was sick with
a brain fever.

Her mother tells
me, she, continued, that she
has not been well for some
days; but that she was sen-
sibly willing to remain from school.
She came home yesterday
after-noon it seems, very unlike
herself. She took no supper,
but sat at the table mute as
if stupified with grief.

Her mother tried every way to
draw from her the cause of
her sorrow, but in vain.
She went to bed with the same
heart-broken appearance,

and in less than an hour I
 was summoned. In her
 delirium she has been calling
 on you, dear Ruth, beseeching
 you, with the most mournful
 earnestness, to pity and to
 save her.

Bless you may
 never know how those words
 pierced my heart!

My earnest-pleas to see Amy
 just one minute prevailed
 with her widowed mother.

Gently taking my hand —
 the murderers — she led me
 to the sick chamber. As
 I looked on the sweet sufferer,
 all hope deserted me.

The shadows of death were
already on her forehead, and
in her large blue eyes.

Kneeling by her bed, ⁱⁿ which -
-pired words my heart plea-
-ded, O how earnestly, for
forgiveness. But when I
looked entreatingly towards
her, in her deterring glances
there was no recognition.

Oh my Bessie! I was never to be
comforted by the assurance
of her pardon.

When next I saw Amy, she
was asleep. The bright flush
had faded from her cheeks,
whose marble paleness was

shaded by her long eyelashes.

Delirium had ceased, and her acting heart was still. That small white hand, which had been held out-tremblingly to receive the blow of the harsh ferd, now lay lovingly folded within the other. Never again would tears flow from those gentle eyes, nor that bosom heave with sorrow. That sleep was the sleep of death!

My grief was wilder if not deeper than that mother's of whose last-treasure I had robbed her.

She forgave me; but I
could not forgive myself.
What a long winter followed
My sufferings threw me
into a fever, and in my
delirium I called contin-
ually upon Army.
But God listened to the
prayers of my dear father,
and raised me from this
sickness. And when the
lightning footsteps of spring
were seen upon the earth,
and the early flowers were
springing up around the
grave of Army, for the first
time I was allowed to

visit it.

[73]

My head swam as I
read, lettered so carefully
on the white tablet:—

Amy Sinclair

Gill Holap, September 3rd

Beside that fresh turf I knelt-
down, and offered as I trust-
a prayer of faith. I believe
I was then forgiven and
strengthened too. 'Bessie', said
Aunt Ruth, as she laid
her hand tenderly upon
that young head bowed down
upon her lap.

Poor Bessie's
tears had long been flowing

and now her grief seemed
incontrollable. Nor did her
aunt attempt consolation;
for she hoped there was a
healing in that sorrow.
"Pray for me," whispered
Bessie, as, at length looking
up thro' her tears, she flung
her arms about her aunt,
and from a full heart
aunt Ruth poured out
her petitions in behalf of
her weeping child.

That scene was not forgotten
by Bessie; for in that dim
hour, from the depths of her
repentant tears, a light

dawned upon her brighter
 than the morning. And,
 although it had cost Aunt
 Ruth not a little to call
 up this dim shadow from
 the past, yet she felt re-
 paid a thousand fold
 for her sacrifice.

For that sweet young face
 lovely as a May morning,
 but whose beauty had
 often been marred by the
 working of deceit and
 falsehood, grew radiant
 in the clear light of that
 truthful purpose which
 was then born in her soul.

The Last Day of Slavery

I watched the dim clouds in the sky
And thought upon this mighty day
Till my hushed soul could hear the cry
Of hearts that scarcely had power to pray
My spirit roamed through sunny climes
Where nature wears her richest dyes
And wept to see man's darkest crime
Embosomed in such lovely lines
If on my vision hope ^{did} shine,
Then cringing Fears dark breath would ^{rise}
And so these wearing thoughts of mine
Were like the dim clouds in the sky
Ah! life at best in sin's domain
Hath little that the heart can crave
But slavery's unremitting pain
I only ended in the grave.

I hear the nations great heart-beat
With new dependance on thy power
I see the truth and error meet
I feel the struggle of the hour
No more the Distance is concealed
I view the work thou hast begun
The Kingdom to my eyes revealed
So where thy will on earth is done
But glad notes sweetly round me sound
The happy song of Jubilee
And Destiny with deep toned bell
Proclaims a suffering people free,
Cecilia, De, Yev,

Thro' the mist and thro' the sun^{shine}
 O'er year I view the day
 That our dear beloved Sister
 From our home was called away
 Silver mists and golden sunshine
 Veil and light my vision scope
 Emblems both of grief & gladness
 Tears of sorrow smiles of hope

Thro' the mist come back the feelings
 That unto my soul were given
 When I felt the deep vibration
 E'er the precious band was riven
 Thro' the mist I see the morning
 When we heard of Martyrs pain
 When we strove to hide the sorrow
 Our own hearts could scarce contain

Thro' the mists I see the meeting
That set seal on all our fears
Swells once more the wild emotion
Falls once more the bitter tears
For the hearts that bear its burden
Fervent supplications rise
That the Lord will give them courage
In this hour of sacrifice

Thro' the mist the sun is shining
Like a sweet response to prayer
And we feel amid our anguish
That the gift of God is there
Thro' the mist it gently presses
Reaching every simple soul
Till we feel the clouds of darkness
Backward from our spirits roll

When we walk in tribulation
 Tenderly our hearts receive
 Every word and act of kindness
 Every thought that would relieve
 Carefully doth memory keep them
 Hoarded in her sacred store
 And they bring our lives a blessing
 That they never knew before

In a union thus created
 Deathless is the power of love
 For it hath its endless fountain
 In the holy realms above
 Closer in our common sorrow
 There our hearts together bound
 But the souls that bore the burden
 Are with victory brightly crowned
 C. D.

Must I suffer in my spirit
To attain the highest goal
Opens there no smoother path way
To the upward struggling soul

Say like seed that thro' the ^{ness} dark
Gropes its way above the sod
So the immortal soul must ever
Struggle thro' the dark to God

Sight untempered pales the blossom
Sun that's clouded blights the grain
Clouds may gather moisture fill them
Till they send refreshing rain

I a plant in Gods great garden
Grain within His guarded field

Need I not—as well as sunshine
Pain—to make me thrive & yield

Yea I need the storms of spring ^{time}
 And the summers burning heat
 That would flush my spirits blossom
 And perfect its precious wheat.
 by Mich.

A Prayer.

O God our God Thou art a consuming fire, Thou hast drawn nigh unto us to judgment, we humbly beseech Thee to continue with us, as a refiner & purifier. remove not far from us—until thou canst behold in us Thy likeness.

In thee is our hope. unto thee
are our desires - Thou art our strength
and our defence; unto thee, unto
thee we flee for refuge. Bless
thy Zion O Lord with an ever
lasting blessing, help, O help
us to raise higher and higher
the ensign of peace and purity.
And while we ask these favors
for ourselves, we also ask thee to
look with an eye of pity and com-
passion upon the children of men
who are comparatively without
thee, and without hope who
have not as yet attained unto
the resurrection of Christ from sin
and dead works, teach them to

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Pray with understanding hearts
for the coming of thy kingdom on
earth and the establishing of the
same in righteousness and ever-
lasting truth, and give them to
know that the fire of thy truth
will burn and utterly destroy all
their Idols. Remember O Lord
the poor of this world, oppressed
of those in higher life: who by
unjust means, have gained wealth,
and thereby power to rob and en-
slave the poor the weak and
the defenceless, to that degree
that the innocent babes cry
for a morsel of bread. Show mer-
cy O Lord and extend thy loving

Kindness to the Poor and op-
pressed, - by convicting them of
sin of righteousness & judgment.
and directing them to thy fold,
where all their spiritual wants
may be supplied. Send forth
thy messengers to visit the slave
and the Master - Comfort
the poor African, by softening
the feelings of their ignorant
Masters who ignorant of thy
laws & thy justice, trample
upon the rights of thy creature
teach them to bind up the
wounds they have inflicted,
to speak unto them words
of comfort, and thus assuage

their woes. Thus to thee O
 Lord! we commend our cause
 the cause of the widow &
 fatherless - the oppressor &
 oppressed in every condition of
 life - Hasten thy work and
 make an end of sin O Lord
 we pray thee. Amen. Eldred.

Hear my Prayer thou blessed Spirit
 Say whence comes this happy feeling
 Whence this influence sweet & calm?
 To my soul a power healing
 Like the pouring out of balm?

'Tis some gentle loving being
 clothed in immortality

Tho' unseen my thoughts now seeing
As they flow so silently

Unto thee - O blessed Spirit -

I would give my heart in prayer
That name peace I may inherit,
And be shielded by thy care

When thro' struggles I am passing
Wrestling for a holier life
Then O may I feel thy blessing
Give me strength to wage the strife

O'er me shed a saving power
That will sure protection give
Teach me every day and hour
How to love & how to live

Guard my soul from base tempter
 Lest as all my feet may turn
 From the way of free salvation
 And eternal truth I spurn.

O the dread of ever turning
 From the higher light within
 Then to feel the inward ^{long} burn
 The remorse of death & sin.

To this state of degradation
 May I ne'er be left to ^{fall} return
 Thus to lose divine relation
 To my God my life my all.
 With new courage faith increas^{ing}
 Love to all ^{that's} pure & true
 I will labor without ceasing
 Heavens righteous will to do all.

The Path to life
There is a light divinely bright
It shines in every soul.

J

[91]

ht

Go forth to walk upon the green
Andneath the overtopping trees
Where God in nature, all unseen
Works endless miracles, and seize
You for a moment, that sweet flower
Whose pearly petals tipped with rose
O'erhang your path, as in a lower
Place for the faint to find repose
And ask it where it was or whence,
But two short fleeting weeks ago,
Or when o'er blighted field or fence
There lay that shroud of pallid snow,
What answers it?

I lay asleep
Until it grew so warm I woke,
And looking round with shy ^{beep}some
I found I lived - I moved - I spoke:

As flowers speak - I was a flower
 'Tis all I know; - know you much more

+ + +

Alas! what little of the power
 That causes know we, tho we pore
 By day and night thro' close ^{to me} windows
 Or delve beneath the rocks, or sweep
 With mighty telescope you do me
 Lit up with world big lamps -
 Yet sweep

Ye not loved ones, for this we know
 God lives - and with Him

All is Right.
 J. Robt.

Love and sympathy for
friends in the West
When traitors to their country
In fraud & treachery grew bold,
When sacred bonds were snapped like
And Judas bargained as of old.
We prayed your little stricken band
Might firmly for the gospel stand

And in the hour when wars ^{storm} dread
Built round your home a wall of fire,
When wild reports of every form,
Rushed forth like phantoms filled with ire,
We turned our hearts to God in prayer
That he would keep you in his care.

3
We watched the showers of shot & shell,
Mid lightning flash & cannon roar,
And that there must be peace in hel

For earth her own confusion bore.

But humbly bent our hearts to pray
That God the fearful scourge would stay.

4

When neither princely man nor law
Could yield protection or relief,
The Lord who all your perils saw,
Raised up the fierce guerilla chief
Thus human wrath in our own days
Was turned by miracle to praise.

5

When clouds & sorrows deepened fast
Doubt spread a curtain over the land,
As fold on fold, was thickly cast,
We saw thro' it the Lord our God
And prayed that in that hour of night
Your dwellings might be filled with light.

And when the bondmans ^{cries} moans
 Came like ~~the~~ ^{waves} voice of moaning
 When earths red bosom burst with sighs
 And gave her bleeding children groans
 We prayed that in that matchless woe
 The Lord would every wrong overthrow

And ever & anon there came
 From you, brave ^{words} of faith unmove
 We knew the Lord ^{claim} the hearts would
 Whose true dependance he had from
 With tears we bowed to God in prayer
 To give you strength to do and bear.

Tho still the hour is wild & dark
 And persecutions lash your home
 The guarding ^{mark} ~~hast~~ your sorrows ^{mark}
 And they will turn the waves before

While earnestly your spirits pray [97]
That God will hast the better day.

9

As from the fount-succeeding streams
Flow to the valleys far away,
As thro' the gloom the morning beams
Dunel & gild the path of day,
Our anxious hearts overflow to bless
Our Gospel kindred in distress.

10

Thus, thus is Christ-united found
His life blood all true members seal
In joy or sorrow they are bound
And stamped with love ^{newly seal} the seal
So joined we ever will move on,
And watch & pray to still be one.

Beulah Devere.

Thankful Offering

Thankfulness shall be my offering
For this pleasant season here,
Where so many have been giving
Words of love of hope & cheer.

First of all to God be thankful
For the many blessings given
For the ever blessed Gospel
Leading us from earth to heav'n.

Thankful to the band of angels
Come to us from spirit land
Bringing with them joy & gladness
As we here united stand.

To our kind and loving Elders
 Thanks are due from ev'ry heart
 For their true parental labors
 Giving unto each a part.

Let us all unite together,
 Raise a shout of love for them,
 Take it without weight or measure
 Gospel love a precious gem.

To Canaan friends we now impart
 Our love and hearty thanks ^{place}
 Who have so well prepared this
 Upon these lovely banks

Here tables have been richly spread
 With various kinds of food.

Prepared with a liberal hand

We all pronounce it - very good.

Thus thankfulness shall be our song
Increasing in pure gospel love

With sweet delight we'll move ^{along}

Until we reach our home above

to Rayson

Is there in God's decisive plan

A blessing for the worn out soil

Or is there naught for fallen man

But fruitless labor ceaseless toil

No oasis for him is found

Through all the deserts of his life

With all his arts to till the ground

His harvest ends in deadly strife

No wonder that he scorns the home
 That was at first to him assigned
 On mountain heights to wildly roam
 Or thro' the trackless forests wind
 The sea of mind affords no rest
 For reckless wayward selfish man
 He seeks in vain some lovely crest
 A jeweled crown his soul to span.

But man tho' fallen yet may shine
 If from himself he will be free
 His crown of jewels, all divine
 That Angels eyes will joy to see,
 Then let him turn, & bow, & shake
 Until the man of sin expire
 Let earthly passions fear and quake
 'Till God can see one pure desire.

He must contend in earnest strife
With cruel enemies within
A struggle for eternal life
Will with a victory over sin
Will wreath the brow in ^{bright} laurels
Will make his home more beautiful ^{seem}
Will clothe the arm with holy might
And every power to God redeem.
Comfort.

After a long and protracted illness,
our dearly beloved Mother in the
gospel, Address Betsey died March
quarter past nine in the morning,
all the rest of the Ministry being
at Waterbury; she has been attended
in her sickness by Sis Maria Stewart

& Amy Reed, she evinced great patience
 in her sufferings, and was thankful
 for every little attention, about four
^{previous to} weeks her departure she was able to
 ride out. as she passed our house, all
 the Sisters went out to the sleigh,
 and took our Mother by the hand,
 it was a comfort to us to see her once
 more, I had an impression at that
 time, we should never see her
 again in the body, now she has
 gone home; her work faithfully per-
 formed, blessings eternal blessings
 crown her spirit. O may I so live
 by bearing a full cross, by practicing
 self denial, and increasing in purity
 & gospel uprightness. That when the
 time comes for me to leave this

world, I shall be worthy to meet ~~the~~ ^{another}
Betsey in peace. O let me live the
life of the righteous, that my last
end may be like theirs. —

On Friday the 5th the whole
Society assembled at the Meeting
House, to attend the funeral.

Elder Thomas Elder Fiddell's Elder
Isaac Elder Sisters from the Cth
and others from Hancock, also Elder
Martin Eldress Elizabetha & Eldress
Lovina from Waterliet met with
us. The assembly were seated in
the form of a hollow square. The
meeting was then opened by Elder
Daniel Boler, he spoke with
great weight and sorrow, said he

felt deeply the loss of so near & dear a
 friend, a true Mother in Israel;
 he had known her many years,
 and never saw any thing in her, but
 what was in accordance to gospel
 principle. Elder Giles said when he
 awoke at three o'clock that morning,
 his mind ^{reverted} to the Psalm where it
 says - The Kings Daughter is all
 glorious within, Her clothing is
 of wrought gold, and her raiment
 of needle work. spoke also of the
 Ark of God made by Moses. said
 it was made of the choicest wood
 and overlaid with fine gold,
 within & without

This was Eldress Betsey a fit temple
for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit
Much was spoken by the ministry
& Elders to excite Believers to follow
her godly life. To make the gospel
our own voluntarily as she had
done, she never flinched in
trial and never turned her
mind to the world, or to feel after
any natural relation, but gave
herself to God, to do His service,
even in early life, as I have ^{heard} it
remarked she pledged herself
to make the salvation of her
soul her only object. Elder Thomas
and those from a distance, said
^{they were} thankful for a privilege to meet

with us on this solemn occasion,
to sympathize with us and share
our sorrow. Elder Thomas said
many times when he came into
Eldress Betsey's presence, he felt
a spiritual power that language
would fail to express - Towards the
close of the meeting Eldress Betsey
manifested herself, she gave her
love & blessing to the whole assem-
bly, and especially to the
Ministry, those who had labored
& toiled many years with her,
she said she would be with them
still, to comfort & help them.
She then told the Brethren
and Sister to be true to God, &
true to their own souls. then laid

us farewell for the present,
Elder Daniel then said the
gift & mantle of Elders Betty
rested on Elders Ann. and
wanted all to give her love
blessing & support. Elders Ann
turned and said she should
still be a good obedient child
as those who knew her best
knew she had always been. Elders
Ann had borne up thro' the
meeting evincing fortitude
in her sorrow. The funeral
continued a little over two
hours. An opportunity was
given to see the corpse, it
looked very peaceful & lovely.
The Brethren followed it to the grave
and we returned to our homes,

The following poem was composed
by Elder Harvey Eades in the year 1827

1.

When gentle spring had clad the bowers
The hills and dales in green,
The fields bedecked with various flowers,
Inviting to be seen.

A pleasant breeze was passing by,

My all devoted head,

The things of time aloof from my
Imagination fled.

2.

Reflecting I began to rove,

And wandered far abroad,

Still musing on the things of above
The things which were of God

At length I spied a human form
Beneath a bending oak,

Which did my senses some alarm
And my reflection broke

3.

One foot was placed upon a stone,
His head upon his knee,

I heard him groan a lengthy groan
He turned & gazed at me.

I halted as he turned around
Was filled with anxious fear,
He sat himself upon the ground,
And bade me then draw ^{near}

4.

As I approached I saw the tears,
Flow down his sunken cheek
Which overwhelmed my soul with fears
So much I did not speak,
He seemed to be our great concern

Apparel and sweet bread
 He set on table and then began

The following conversation took
 place

5

I once said he was half as strong,
 You seem like us you,

But now my time is almost gone

My country, thence are few

I see the spring, when the fairs
 Full 40 times and two

But surely, folly showed her charms
 I did her youth pursue.

6

And now in sorrow I confess

I heard the word of God

Obedient the sense and did progress

Among the heavenly ones

You I enjoyed his heavenly love

Reflections now can tell

But now I wander off from you
To the eternal world.

7

My time is spent; I've gain'd & find
I've gain'd, I've gain'd, I've gain'd,

And now I pour my ^{mind} out
To the sorrowful ^{land} soul;

For I, dearest, with those who are
And grieve from day to day,

For I do grieve, with those who grieve
A painful life away,

8

Whose eyes I lay in vain to rest,

Down on my ^{sun}bering bed

And then, corrected, my ^{dear} heart

My sore afflicted hand

And tears do fill my grief worn eyes

And ^{silent} down my cheek

'Tis thus I think, how blest the wise
The innocent good abide.

9

Who live in calm and sweet repose
Protected by their Lord

With innocence such bosom glow

How great is their reward

For God protects their care and fears,
And they in glory shine

Their names in heaven shall

Forever sing thy praise.

10.

You once I saw the gospel light

The beacons directing ray

Which is within thy youthful sight,

From me has fled away.

Ah! yea, the cloud that shone
Hangs gloomy round my path,
And chills my body, shuts my sight,
And blinds the immortal heart.

11.

But could youth return again,
Upon my aged head,
I surely would not live in vain,
Nor be by folly led.
Nor things of time which did control
And made me look behind,
Which now do eat my cankered soul,
And heat my burning mind.

12.

These thoughts to late appeared to me,
My time of work is over,
The time does haste when you will see
My aged face no more.

All hastening time, it swiftly glides,
 Darts like a meteors ray,
 Death hastens with unmeasured stride
 To take my soul away.

13.

And lo! I haunt the desert now,
 Forsaken and alone,
 With furrowed face & wrinkled brow,
 My peace *Alas!* is gone.
 I homeless rove the forest round,
 And sigh, again to sigh,
 And hopeless wander up & down
 Beneath a burning sky.

14.

And cry *Alas! Alas! Too late!*,
 And I alone am blamed,
 I mourn my well deserved fate,
 The fate of all the damned.

Be not alarmed nor weep for me,
I chose my way to go,
And now I'm doomed (but this ^{see} ye
To misery and to woe.

15.

Such is the tragic end of all,
Who disobey the Lord,
Such is their portion such their fate,
And such is their reward.
And that you never may pursue,
The path that I have gone,
I wish to add a word or two,
And then I shall be done.

16.

You now are young, I think to live,
No doubt for many years,
Receive the counsel which I give,

In sin tormenting tears,
 And let it not as I have done,
 Unheedingly depart;
 But let it now be stamped upon,
 The table of thy heart.

17.

You have a conscience eagle eyed,
 It's centered in the soul,
 And let it ever be your guide,
 Your actions all contröll.
 The wavering thoughts should often rise
 And trials be severe,
 Keep Wisdom still before your eyes,
 You've nothing then to fear.

18

For if you ^{once} to vices yield,
 By follis led away,

you only yield again to yield,
Your passions to obey.

Just let the Devil have your hand
You once his path pursue,
He'll shortly have the full command
Of soul and body too.

19

O stranger! (here he heave a sigh)
Be mindful of thy youth,
Tho' I have spoken many a lie,
I've told you now the truth.
The time has come I now must go,
(In mournful tone he speaks,)
To fright the region down below,
With bosom rending shrieks.

21

So fare ye well, may peace & love,

And strength & power be given,
 That you may with the saints be blest
 Your home may be in heaven.
 And now the day is wearing late,
 And all was calm and still,
 And he to mourn his doleful state,
 Moved slowly down the hill.

Elder Rufus was 75 years
 old when he died 1852

Eldress Asseneth
 was

Eldress Betsey was 7

Eldress Polly Reed was

Elder Daniel Boler was
born 1804 Elder Giles
was born

Eldress Ann

Eldress Harriet

Elder Frederic was born
June 9th 1808 England

Eldress Antoinette was
born September 8th 1810.

was
les.

orn
land
as
10.