

WRITINGS OF

G. W. CHAPMAN.

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B R I E F

HISTORY OF GILEAD,

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—AND—

PROSE AND POETIC WRITINGS.

BY GEORGE W. CHAPMAN.

PORTLAND:
PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.
B. THURSTON AND CO., PRINTERS.

1867.

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THIRD EDITION.

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

After becoming blind, I occupied much of my time and thoughts in forming the various suggestions of my mind into verse.

My friends hearing me repeat some of these, would request me to write an acrostic upon their names. To these I have generally complied, until the number is quite large. In all of these productions, I have endeavored to express the character of the persons, or some desire concerning them, upon whose names I have written.

A wish having been expressed by many to see these all together in print, I have put them into the form of a book.

Hoping the sentiments expressed in these various compositions will be the means of good to those who read, I subscribe myself,

Your faithful friend,

GEO. W. CHAPMAN.

PORTLAND, Jan. 31, 1867.

A B R I E F

HISTORY OF GILEAD.

THE town of Gilead is situated on both sides of the Androscoggin river, about as much of the territory upon one side as the other, and is bounded on the east by Bethel, on the west by Shelburne, N. H., on the north by Riley, and on the south by Mason and Batcheldor. It is six miles long by three wide. The land is divided into rich and fertile intervalles, uplands, excellent for tillage, and high, even mountainous ranges, which are first rate for grazing. Proper dressing, good cultivation, and the smiles of Prov-

idence, insure bountiful crops. I have raised on the same spot, corn, rye, wheat, oats, and potatoes with equal success. Fruit trees grow remarkably well, with proper attention. In fine, all kinds of fruits, grains, and plants may be grown in Gilead that can be grown in Oxford county, for there is a variety of soil between the river and the mountains admirably adapted to the growth of each.

Gilead has some very prominent features. Its landscape is beautifully diversified by mountains, valleys, and rivers. Tumbledown Dick is a grand rocky mountain, whose top claims affinity with the clouds. Its base skirts the river brink, while its rear is firmly connected with the grand chain of mountains which border our northern line from east to west. The silvery waters of the Androscoggin flow with resistless force through the entire town, from west to east. But I leave it to the artist to portray its beauties and deliver it to the world.

Gilead is beautifully described in scriptural language as "a land of hills and valleys, of brooks and fountains of waters," even "the upper and nether springs." The mountains of ancient Gilead were noted for their spices, balm, and myrrh; this is more than we can claim for our Gilead, yet we have excel-

lent substitutes in our sugar-maples, mountain-cranberries, and large blueberries.

Our blueberry sauce, and cranberry tart,
And blessed maple honey, too,
Refresh the taste, rejoice the heart,
And loss of appetite renew.

Our high cranberry jelly and maple honey, we have found by experience, were very refreshing in sickness.

The south side of the river has always had more privileges, from the fact that the main business is transacted there, especially since the Grand Trunk Railway has stretched its line through the town on that side.

Hark! hark! the iron-horse with power and speed
Comes neighing o'er this spacious line;
Freighted with articles we need,
To leave, by way, exact on time.

This mighty steed, with flaming breath,
Employed to force the cars along;
A great variety it hath—
To leave by way, when passing on.

So we have our market brought to us, instead of being obliged to go after it. A mighty contrast between the present and the past, when we had to wallow through the snow banks, and ascend those massy hills which lay between our homes and dis-

tant markets. Then our products, such as apples, potatoes, wood, &c., were of but little value, except for domestic use; now they are staple articles, ready cash on delivery at our railway stations, at a great advance above former prices. I will close with a dash of the muse.

Hold on, dear reader, hear me through,
I'll soon relieve you of your pain,
The sugar-maple first we'll view,
Surpassing China's sugar-cane.

Great Androscoggin flowing down
With liquid silver at our feet,
Its banks with choicest fruits abound,
In great abundance all complete.

The cranberry meadow too, we claim,
Also the beauteous cranberry tree,
The mountain cranberry, not the same,
A rarer specimen, you see.

Our massy hills and mountain rocks,
And waving forests, ever green,
On the heights of which are blueberry spots,
Surpassing any e'er I've seen.

Our cattle to the mountain base,
We drive to take their summer fare;
The prancing colt, for work or race,
Is trotted off to pasture there.

And when to mountain "Dick" we steer,
To gather blueberries, as you know,
We look on Bethel village near,
With all its beauty just below.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

GEORGE WHITEFIELD CHAPMAN.

I WAS born in Methuen, Massachusetts, December 25, 1780. My father, Rev. Eliphaz Chapman, was born in Newmarket, N. H. My mother, Hannah Jackman, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts. They removed from Methuen to Sudburycanada, the Indian name of the territory now known as Bethel, Maine, when I was ten years of age.

In February, 1791, my father journeyed to Bethel, with two two-horse teams, with all his family and effects, passing through the towns of York, Gorham, Bridgton, Waterford, and Albany. From the latter place there was no traveled road, and but one horse-team had ever passed over the ground before ; and

that one, the same winter, but a short time previous. This route could not have been traversed in the summer, as we followed the low lands, ponds, and streams, they being frozen and covered with snow.

We found a few families settled along the south banks of the Androscoggin river, in Bethel, all of whom came here on foot, and brought their effects on horseback, on handsleds, or on their own backs. There were three families only on the north side of the river, at this time, from Bethel to the New Hampshire line. My father settled on the farm now owned and occupied by Timothy Chapman. His family consisted of himself, wife, and nine children, viz: Hannah, Eliphaz, Elizabeth, Abigail, George Whitefield, (the subject of this sketch), Timothy, Samuel, Edmund, and Jonathan Clark.

My father went to Bethel the year before, and cleared up a few acres of land, put in some crops, and built a log house twenty feet square, all in one room, which constituted the domicil for his whole family for some time, when a partition was put up to make a sleeping room. This building we occupied for four or five years, when he built a small frame

house, with two rooms. This house served us for some eight years more, when he built the large, square, two story house, now occupied by Timothy Chapman.

When I was twenty-one years of age, I purchased a farm about four miles further up the river, in the town of Gilead, which I cleared and cultivated for three years, making my home at father's.

My brother Eliphaz, had built a house where Jackman Chapman now lives, just above my place. He married in July, 1804, and in September of the same year I was married to Polly Greenwood, of Bethel. We lived with them that winter, making one family. I built a temporary house on my land, and moved into it in May, 1805. We lived in this house, which was not intended for a permanent residence, eleven years; when the County road having been located, I built the house now occupied by my eldest son, George Granville Chapman, and moved into it in 1816.

We had a family of twelve children, viz: Abigail, George Granville, Mary, Harriet, Joseph Greenwood, Albion Perry, Leander Thurston, Jarvis, Timothy

Appleton, Hannibal Greenwood, Amanda, and For-
dice; four of whom are now living; George Gran-
ville, who married Eliza Chapman, of Bethel, lives
on the homestead; Albion P., who married Sophronia
Eames, of Bethel, lives in Bethel; Timothy A.,
who married Laura Bowker, of Boston, Mass., lives
in Milwaukee, Wis., and Amanda, who married B.
Thurston, of Portland, lives in Portland. My wife
died March 17, 1849,* after our living together for

*The following brief notice was written by Rev. Wm.
R. Chapman.

Mrs. POLLY GREENWOOD CHAPMAN, wife of Dea. George
W. Chapman, died after an illness of two weeks, in her sixty-
second year. She was the center of a large family of children,
who were all present to witness her last moments, and are left
to mourn their loss; but they do not mourn as those that have
no hope. For more than forty years Mrs. C. had adorned her
life with a consistent Christian piety, and was prepared to meet
death with composure. She could say with holy confidence, "I
know that my Redeemer liveth—I know in whom I have be-
lieved." Her work was done; her end was peace. Death has set
a seal upon her goodness, and enshrined it for the benefit of the
living. It is a precious legacy for her smitten companion and
bereaved children. It is all that is left them. May they be pre-
pared to follow her; "for she shall not return to them, but
blessed be God, they may go to her"—go to form an unbroken
family circle in heaven.

"Bury the dead—and weep
In stillness o'er the loss;
Bury the dead—in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross,
And from the grave this dust shall rise,
In his own image to the skies."

forty-five years, upon this place, with the exception of one year (1837), which was spent in Farmington, Maine.

In August, 1851, I married Mrs. Hannah Prince Buxton, of Bridgton. We purchased the Frost place in Bethel, where we lived four years, when I became blind, and unable from this cause, to carry on the farm. We, therefore, sold this place, and bought a house in the village, near the Congregational Meeting-house. Here we lived till my wife died, April 18, 1862. Since that time I have made my home with my son George Granville, on the old homestead, with the exception of several winters, which I have spent with my daughter, Mrs. Brown Thurston, in Portland.

I united with the first Congregational church in Bethel, by profession, in 1810, and removed my relation to the church in Gilead, when that was formed in 1818, just after the great revival, in which one or both the heads of almost every family in town were hopefully converted, and was chosen Deacon at the same time, which office I held till 1852, when I removed to the church where I made my first profes-

sion. In 1866, I took a letter to the second church in Bethel. For ten years after the church was formed in Gilead, we were without a pastor. The church unanimously voted that regular Sabbath services should be held, and that Dea. Burbank and myself should sustain the exercises in the usual Congregational manner by reading sermons, and so forth, which we did through all that time.

I served as Selectman in Gilead fifteen years, and was Representative in the Legislature of 1827, held in Portland.

We were pioneers in that country, and suffered many hardships, which the people of to-day, in any part of the State of Maine, know nothing about by experience. There were no roads, making travelling very tedious and often dangerous, in crossing streams and rivers. We often had to go fifteen and twenty miles to mill, with ox teams. Portland, seventy miles distant, was the nearest market, to sell our produce, and buy our supplies, such as salt, tea, molasses, cotton goods, furniture, lime, &c., requiring four days travel, and expenses on the road, which made the avails of a loaded team, very small, before we arrived home.

The country was infested with bears, and many an exciting story might be told concerning them.* Previous to our going there, serious conflicts had taken place with the Indians, and some were straggling about the region for many years. Sometimes the people were greatly alarmed by the report of a gun, or other cause, but no injury was actually done by them after we went there.

I add to this sketch of my life, the beautiful lines composed by Milton, after his blindness, as expressing my own feelings better than anything I could write myself.

“ I am old and blind !

Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind ;
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;

I murmur not that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong.
Father. supreme ! to thee.

* For one incident of this kind, see page 41.

O merciful one !

When men are farthest, then Thou art most near;
When friends pass by me, and my weakness shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face

Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place,
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee

I recognize thy purpose clearly shown;
My vision thou has dimmed, that I may see
Thyself — thyself alone.

I have naught to fear;

This darkness is the shadow of thy wing;
Beneath it I am almost sacred; here
Can come no evil thing.

O, I seem to stand

Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance of thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go;

Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,

When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes;

When airs from paradise refresh my brow,

The earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime

My being fills with rapture,—waves of thought

Roll in upon my spirit,—strains sublime

Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre!

I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;

Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,

Lit by no skill of mine.”

MILTON, 1608-1674.



POEMS.

TO MY DEPARTED WIFE.*

O! where is now my loved one gone?
I miss her every where;
I seek her in the walks of life,
But no, she is not there.
I seek her in the grove that 's near,
Where we were wont to roam;
And then I wipe the flowing tear,
And sit and grieve alone.

My home to me is lone and drear,
A place of mournful gloom;
A whisper strikes my anxious ear,
"She 's yonder in the tomb;"
But where's her soul, her better part?
What answer can be given?
A more than whisper tells my heart,
"She 's safe above in heaven."

* POLLY GREENWOOD CHAPMAN died in Gilead, Maine,
March 17, 1849, aged 61 years, 11 months, and 13 days.

Clad in a robe of spotless white,
Forever there to shine ;
Crowned with a wreath of life and light,
And happiness divine.
A golden vial now is hers,
All full of odors sweet ;
A harp to chant her Maker's praise,
Before her Saviour's feet.

This harp is tuned to chant the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
She bows herself, and casts her crown
Before the great I Am.
Contrast her blessedness above,
And pilgrimage below ;
Now raised to high, extatic joy,
Then sunk in pain and woe.

And say, my soul, canst thou complain ?
I answer not a word,
But join her spirit in a strain,
Of glory to the Lord.
And now my faith and hope combine,
God's gracious aid implore,
That I, ere long, may greet her mine,
On Canaan's happy shore.

ON MY BIRTH-DAY.*

Hail! blessed Christmas, precious word,
The brightest feature of my date;
The birth-day of my blessed Lord,
The glory of his advent great.

I claim it too as *my* birth-day;
Alas! it's found me in the dark!
I turn its beauty to survey,
And lo! it says, I must depart.

My seventy-fifth has come, and fled;
On Jordan's brink I lingering stand,
Ready to mingle with the dead,
When e'er my Master gives command.

Bless'd Jesus, bid me come to thee:
I ready come, or willing stay,
Till thou a convoy send for me,
To guide me through the lonely way.

Then Jordan's stream I'll fear no more,
No more I'll dread the chilling wave;
My spirit upward then will soar;
To Jesus whom my soul hath saved.

* December 25, 1855, I was 75 years of age.

LUTHER AT THE DIET OF WORMS.

I love in nature's field to roam,
To view the beauties there portrayed ;
In peaceful silence all alone,
Where God his wisdom has displayed.

The Bible, still a fairer field,
I love to search with humble prayer ;
To see God's wisdom there revealed,
And Jesus' beauty portrayed there.

With equal care and solemn thought,
I'd search the history of our race ;
To see the wonders Christ has wrought,
Both by his miracles and grace.

See Luther, famed for love and zeal,
And called to manage Christ's affairs ;
Receive his mighty sword to wield,
In answer to his faith and prayers.

Thus armed with truth the prophet sped,
To sound the mysteries of his God :
The man of sin before him fled ;
The Pontiff shrunk beneath his rod.

His herald flew the world around,
A glorious epoch of God's grace ;
The foe received his deadly wound,
And shrank with horror to his place.

The papal Church in sad dismay,
Forewarned the Diet to beware ;
The intrepid monk, that ran away—
Is preaching Jesus everywhere !

Great Charles the fifth, that man of power,
Exasperated by his loss ;
Sent forth his edicts in a shower
All sanctioned with his seal and cross.

But Luther, fearless of his threats,
Proceeds to preach the Gospel truth ;
And all his boasting threatnings met,
By preaching Jesus to the youth.

The Diet to its center shook,
When thus the man of God appeared
With his flaming sword, God's Holy Book,
To Worms in triumph persevered !

That arrant mystery, whore of Rome,
He sacked and rifled of her robe,
And made quite bare, and left forlorn,
To writhe and welter in her blood.

The Pope, imperial, strove to hide !
The dragon, wounded, fled apace,
The mass of error, like a tide,
Was vanquished by the power of grace.

Thus Luther shook the papal power,
The dread and terror of the world!
And in that most auspicious hour,
The flag of Jesus there unfurled.

Thus Jesus magnifies his grace ;
We inhale his love with every breath ;
This earth, his former dwelling place,
Must shout the triumph of his death.

Let Christ in triumph still prevail,
Round the wide earth and wider sea ;
Till the whole world his love inhale,
And shout his glorious victory.

ON THE KEROSENE OIL.

The Kerosene is clear and bright,
It even helps the blind to sight ;—
As man and wife are one :
For I, through wife, do clearly see,
Therefore the Kerosene to me—
Is brilliant as the sun.

So please accept this little note—
For help at home, or more remote,
That others blind may see ;
That when you're dealing out the same,
Just cast your eye upon my name,
And deal a lot to me.

JORDAN, A TYPE OF CHRIST.

The types and shadows all have passed,
Were needful in their place and time :
The Antetype appeared at last—
With natures human and divine !

Great Lebanon, with all its grace,
And Jordan flowing from its side ;
As types can only have a place,
With all their beauty, strength and pride.

A glorious Antetype appears !
'Tis Jesus, full of grace and truth !
A Saviour, though a babe in tears,
A lad, a humble, peaceful youth.

Anon, a man of age I see—
Baptized, by John, in Jordan's stream,
The Saviour, Jesus, lo ! 'twas he,
“ On whom the Spirit did remain.”

Great Jordan blesses e'en the shore,
And all the neighboring lands around ;
So Jesus blesses more, yea, more,
Where e'er his Gospel grace is found !

The leprous man may find a cure
By washing in great Jordan's stream :
The leprous soul in Jesus' blood
May wash, and be forever clean !

Jordan still onward, onward flows
Through lakes and seas to reach its rest ;
So Jesus, for the good of souls,
O'er seas and lakes the world to bless !

Still Jordan's waters I'll pursue
To the Dead Sea, its destined bed :
So Jesus, on the cross I view ;
And in the tomb, as one that's dead.

Still Jordan's waters doth arise
To bless the earth with dew and rain ;
So Jesus rose above the skies
To shower salvation down to men !

And here the analogy must stop ;
Great Jordan is a mighty stream,
And Lebanon, a blessed spot,
Adorned with cedars ever green.

But they are cyphers to my Lord ;
He made them by his power alone :
As types, they serve to prove his word,
But they for sin cannot atone.

Hence Jesus is the sovereign Lord,
 The Alpha and Omega to !
 The Prince of peace, the blessed word,
 The holy record, just and true !

ACROSTIC.

REV. CHARLES FROST.

Repent, believe, the preacher cried,
 E'er you're bereft of life and breath ;
 Vast numbers floating with the tide,
 Careless, have found an early death.

Christ reigns forever more above,
 High to dispense his blessings down ;
 Arrayed in majesty and love,
 Radiant with glory for his crown ;
 Life based on immortality,
 Eternal as the throne of God,
 Salvation too, forever free,
 By faith in Christ's atoning blood,

Free from the din of noise and strife,
 Rejoicing in the love of God,
 On wings of faith flew for his life ;
 Swiftly to attain his last abode,
 True so his covenant and God.

ACROSTIC.

EDWIN A. AND ELMIRA BUCK, BETHEL.

Eternal truth is thine to preach,
Declare it as the word of God ;
Why will ye die ? inquire ! beseech !
Impress it with, " thus saith the Lord,"
Nor think that merit you have aught ;
As Christ the Lord salvation wrought.

Eternal be thy mercy, Lord ;
Life is a blank without thy love ;
My soul is nourished by thy word,
I sigh to be with thee above,
Redeemer, Saviour, let me be
A humble suppliant near to thee.

Blest brother, sister, you I greet,
Unknown, perhaps, by this address,
Cheered with the thought that when we met,
Kindly the kindred you'll confess.

Blessed be your little daughters fair ;
Each nourished with a mother's love
Together with a father's care,
Heaven kindly aiding from above,
Each growing sweeter as they grow,
Like fragrant lilies when they blow.

Those little daughters, as you see,
Are now in Bethel bound to be.

Sir, you may take them to the west—
 And hug those darlings to your breast,
 And keep them in against their will,
 And yet in Bethel they are still :—
 Or you may take them eastward far,—
 Or northward to the polar star—
 Or southward, to the fertile ground,
 Yet still in Bethel they are found.
 Now, candid reader, tell me, do,
 How this enigma can be true ;
 How they can roam from sea to sea,
 And yet in Bethel bound to be ?

ACROSTIC.

TILDEN UPTON.

True faith will lead to God in prayer,
 In all your trials bear a part ;
 Love too will in your trials share,
 Decked with a gem of peace at heart ;
 E'en all these graces thus apply,
 New strength will give if sanctified.

Up to the Saviour look and live,
 Put all your trust in him alone,
 True peace and pardon he will give,
 Obtain it, pleading at his throne,
 New fruits of love, before unknown.

ACROSTIC.

DAVID AND MARY ELIZABETH T. GARLAND.

Delight thyself in Gospel truth,
 And preach it with a prophet's care ;
 View with a melting heart the youth
 In readiness the truth to hear.

Declare it as to dying men,
 As written with a prophet's pen.

Mere names are cyphers, when alone,
 And little better misapplied ;
 Round yours a heavenly luster shone,
 Yours was in heaven ratified.

Each letter set in gems of love,
 Lasting as marble pillars are ;
 Inscribed with honors from above,
 Zion's sure hope is promised there.
 And is the Saviour formed in you,
 Beloved sister, ever blest ?
 E'en though you die, your all is due
 To *Him* for heaven's eternal rest.
 Heaven, O my soul ! I join with you
 To celebrate Christ's love anew.

Great is thy labor to perform,
 And greater may the blessing be :
 Rouse up you powers, and sinners warn,

Labor for Him, who died for thee.
 A glorious crown awaits your brow,
 New garments of salvation wait :
 Declare the truth, redeem your vow,
 And lead the van to Zion's gate.

ACROSTIC.

REV. JOHN H. MERRILL.

Rejoice, my soul, in Jesus' name
 Eternal life is his to give.
 View all the promises the same—
 By faith, with pleasure on them live.

Just as I'd reached the height of life,
 O what a pang assailed my heart !
 Heaven sent a message for my wife,
 No power could stay her, we must part :

Hope smitten by the monarch's dart.

Mere earthly comforts all must part ;
 Eternal is the love of God :
 Rejoice that we may all at last,
 Redemption find in Jesus' blood.
 I live by faith on Jesus' name :
 Lord, what a pleasure thus to live :
 Life would be branded deep with shame,
 But for the grace my Saviour gives.

ON THE PARAFFINE CANDLE.

—
We 've just approached Mechanic's Fair
Its beauties to descry,
And lo ! a specimen was there—
To help the darken'd eye !

'Twas paraffine, in candle form,
A beauty to behold ;
Transparent as a jasper stone,
And clear as polished gold.

Nor could its worth be fully known,
Until the match applied ;
Then round the room its luster shone,
Eclipsing all beside.

Yet there's one light surpasses all,
It's the Sun of Righteousness ;
The Star of Bethlehem, so-called,
A light that ne'er will cease.

No, never, never cease to shine—
Eternal, clear and bright :
It may be yours, as well as mine,
An endless, heavenly light !

And who will share with me this light ?
Dear fellow sinner, say ?
And have your darkness turned to light,—
Your night to endless day !

CELEBRATION OF JULY 4, 1859,

AT THE MINERAL SPRING, IN BETHEL.

Here we are gathered round the Spring,
To celebrate the day ;
We drink the healing waters in,
To drive disease away.

This house, we dedicate to be
A place for food and rest :
And may its patrons ever find—
Supplies the very best.

These waters may assuage your thirst,
And cleanse the ruptured skin ;
Can help to fill the landlord's purse,
But can't atone for sin.

Then drink, beloved, slake your thirst,
And make your bodies clean :
But come to Jesus, as you must
To cleanse your souls from sin.

See here's a fountain, deep and wide,
Which ne'er will cease to run ;
It issues from the Saviour's side,
God's well beloved Son !

Here you may spend your money fast,
And wisely, for a cure ;
But you must come to Christ at last
For health that will endure.

Then come with us, we'll do you good ;
 The Saviour bids you come :
 He all the powers of hell withstood,
 To bring us wanderers home !

ACROSTIC.

AUSTIN FRISBIE.

A precious thought that God is love ;
 Unto his throne of Grace I'll go,
 Share in the joys of those above ;
 Those joys that none but love can know.
 I love the Lord, I love his name,
 Nor can my faith or hope be vain.

Faith takes its sister hand in hand ;
 Rejoices with her, side by side ;
 Inspired with love the angel band—
 Send forth their joy with holy pride.
 Bless'd, most blessed, those must be
 Inspired with graces so divine :
 Eternal truth with these agree,
 With these eternally will shine.

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

One evening in October, 1809, my wife and I, and a lady who was stopping with us at that time, and our two babies, were returning home from an evening visit to one of our neighbors.

Both ladies with one of the babies were mounted on one horse, and I with the other child walking by their side.

As we neared a corn-field which laid by the roadside, my dog bounded over the fence as though helped by a propelling power.

A minute after, an old bear with two cubs, came rushing over the fence, and crossed our path a few yards in front of us, aiming for the forest, which was bounded by our pathway. The cubs to escape the dog, scrambled up a tree.

The bear, enraged at the insult, turned upon the dog with great fury, and he to escape her grasp, ran immediately to me for shelter.

At this sight the horse took fright and faced square about, leaving the ladies and baby prostrate on the ground.

The bear, at a nearer approach to me, stood erect with a threatening growl, as much as to say, I am ready for a fight.

I stood with my eyes fixed upon her, and she soon left without doing injury to any of us. I have portrayed this event in a few lines of poetry.

This frightful beast with flaming eyes,
And gnashing teeth and monstrous size,
All tiptoe, ready for a fight,
Must be ones' dread at dead of night.

Must be one's dread when wife and babes
Lie prostrate near the beast enraged.
I furled my flag and sued for peace,
Stood silent by the frightful beast.

She left her post with a farewell,
Please keep your babies boy and girl,
Give me my whelps, I'll go my way,
And term the fracas naught but play.

The dog in silence did confess
He was a nuisance, more nor less,
He dropped his tail and stole for home,
Lest he should there be left alone.

The horse remembering what had been,
Was soon found trotting back again,
The women knowing well their place
Re-mounted ready for a race.

And so you see the game was played,
All in the dark and evening shade ;
Each had an interest much the same,
And each rejoiced to win the game.

ACROSTIC.

REV. WILLIAM R. CHAPMAN.

Rejoice in Christ and bless his name ;
Earth cannot give the conscience rest ;
Value the soul, and loud proclaim,
“ Believe, and be forever bless'd.”

Who shall ascend the heavenly hill ?
Inspired with love, the Prophet cried.
Lord, who ? may be the inquiry still ;
Love, true benevolence replied,
In the regions of the bless'd,
Arrayed in immortality ;
Methinks I see him stand confes'd.

Redeemed by Christ, forever free ;

Chosen of God and sanctified ;
He's fled to the bright world above :
Admitted to the Saviour's side ;
Peace is his mantle decked with love.
Music is chanted all around ;
Almighty love inspires the lay !
Now sparkling with a starry crown ;
Bright as the dawn of endless day.

ACROSTIC.

REV. SWAN LYMAN POMROY, PORTLAND.

Rise up my soul, march fearless on,
 Enter the pearly gate of love :
 Vast numbers have before thee gone —
 Gone through this gate to joys above.

Safety is in the Lord alone,
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be ;
 Angels cannot for sins atone,
 Nor set the suff'ring captive free.

Let Jesus then be all my theme,
 Yea, may I love him more and more ;
 May I be ever found in Him,
 And him forever I'll adore,
 Now saved by grace forevermore.

Prepare me for thy service, Lord,
 O grant me the sweet grace of love :
 My soul is nourished by thy word,
 Radiant with glory from above.
 O precious gift ! that word of thine —
 Yielding the fruit of love divine !

Peace be to you, my worthy friend,
 O may it like a river be !
 Rejoice in Christ, on him depend
 To cheer your heart, and make you free.
 Live, live forever, brother, *you*,
 And may you never suffer pain,
 Nor of your Saviour lose your view :
 Death, thus disarmed, will be your gain.

ACROSTIC.

MRS. ANN Q. POMROY.

May I be watchful ever more,
Remembering what my Lord has done :
Salvation by his grace and power,
 By grace, and not by works alone.

Angel, dear sister, would you be,
No more with sin and earth defiled ;
New heavens with perfect vision see,

Quiet and peaceful as a child.

Pure as an angel dressed in love ;
Old nature sinking down with all :
Music, akin to that above,
Rejoice to hear thy Saviour's call.
O glorious state ! can this be mine ?
Yes, this and more forever thine.

Peace like a river deep and wide,
O may you in it live and swim ;
Rejoice to see the rising tide,
To see it daily flowing in.
Love is the sweetest fruit of heaven,
And grows at large spontaneous there ;
New fruits to pilgrims will be given ;
Dear sister, we shall have our share.

ON THE RECEPTION OF THE BELL,

FOR THE CHURCH AT GORHAM, N. H.

Hail, sounding Beauty ! lo, you've come
To call us to our Church on time ;
With joy we greet you one by one,
In answer to your faithful chime.

We greet you with a lofty song,
And raise you to our highest post ;
And pray your influence may be long
To gather here a mighty host—

To hear the Gospel's joyful sound,
To meet the Saviour in his love ;
That grace to sinners may abound,
And joy to angels high above.

But Christ must have our noblest song,
Who gave us both, the church and bell,
Redeemed us from our guilty wrong
And saved our sinking souls from hell.

Then lofty Herald sound your call,
We'll listen to your faithful chime,
And into Church, both great and small,
To worship at the Saviour's shrine.

ACROSTIC.

GILES SHURTLEFF.

Give me the faith of joys to come,
In answer to my humble prayer ;
Life through the merits of thy Son,
Eternal as thy mercies are.
Saved thus by grace, I fear no loss,
While clinging to the Saviour's cross.

Salvation thus by grace divine ;
Heaven is the longed for rest above :
Up Jacob's ladder you must climb,
Raised by the Saviour's dying love.
Transported by my Saviour's call,
Love kindles to a glowing flame,
E'er I'm aware my raptured soul,
Fain would arise
Fly and begone !

ACROSTIC.

DR. JOHN BARKER, BETHEL.

Dear to our memory is his name,
Rejoice in hope to meet again.

Joy is a precious christian grace,
On earth its worth cannot be known :
Heaven is its rightful dwelling place ;
Nor is it perfect there alone.

Bless'd be those mother's features fair,
And tintured with a father's look :
Rejoice that in them both you share,
Kept like a picture in a book.
Each of those features, faith and love,
Retain, to guide thee safe above.

Blest features these, to contemplate,
E'en these that's flushed with holy fear ;
'Tis this that constitutes the great :
Heaven is its center, place so dear ;
E'er earth was formed, it had its shape,
Like faith of love it doth partake.

ACROSTIC.

GEORGE W. AND MARY A. SANBOURN.

Gracious Redeemer, help me come,
Eternal Spirit, at thy call ;
O save a sinking soul undone !
Redeemer, Saviour, Lord of all !
Grant me, dear Saviour, love divine ;
Eternal Spirit, seal me thine.

When all my other hopes are gone,
 May I at death repeat this song.

Most blessed those, who sigh for grace
And faith in Jesus Christ their Lord ;
Rejoice his perfect life to trace,
Yielding obedience to his word.

And may I, Mary, do the same,
 Rejoice at death and sing his name.

Self is an enemy to grace,
And often interferes with love :
Nature with self would fain keep pace,
But faith points up to joys above.
On Christ I cast myself, my all ;
Unworthy sinner, all my plea :
Redeemer, save me ere I fall !
No other power can rescue me.

ACROSTIC.

HANNAH P. B. AND GEORGE W. CHAPMAN, BETHEL.

Hail, thou delightful Sabbath morn !
 An emblem of the heavenly rest ;
 New beauties through thy radiance dawn,
 New pleasures to my anxious breast.
 A glory gilds the sacred time,
 Hope, smiling, greets it from above ;

Peace like a diamond in it shines,

Beaming with mercy, joy, and love.

Gracious Redeemer, may I say,
 E'en when I lift my hands to pray,
 Or when by faith in humble prayer
 Rejoice to find thee every where,—
 Good Master, thou my chief delight,
 E'en though my day is turned to night,

Where else shall happiness be found ?

Christ is the only living way ;
 Heaven with his love and grace abounds,
 Angels his mandate all obey,
 Peace, like a river, gently flows,—
 My soul would e'en undress and swim,
 And in its bosom find repose,
 Nor to the earth return again.

Blest be the tie that binds these hearts,
Each heart replete with heavenly love ;
'Tis Christ those treasures doth impart,
Heaven is the treasury high above ;
Eternal source of love divine,
Let me transcribe and make it mine.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

On milk and honey here we feast,
A sweet repast withall,
But be assured we too must taste
The wormwood and the gall.

We flap the wings of joy and love,
And upward fain would rise,
But death commissioned from above,
Arrests us by surprise.

Then flee to Jesus, hold him fast,
'Tis he forgives our sins,
And he will bring us home at last,
To be fore'er with him.

There sin and sorrow all will cease,
We beautified with love,
On sweet celestial food to feast,
Forever more above.

ACROSTIC.

ALMIRA HASTY.

Alas for me, I am undone,
 Lord, cast thy banner o'er me, do!
 May I by faith to Jesus come;
 Inspired with love, for mercy sue.
 Reveal thy mercy, Lord, to me,
 And set thy humble suppliant free.

Hail, darling, what a blessed choice,
 Angels will lead thee by the way;
 Safe now with them you may rejoice,
 Thrice happy
 You will be for aye.

ACROSTIC.

BRACKETT WINSLOW TRUE.*

Brief was my subject's earthly stay,
 Rich were the treasures of his mind,
 Angels announced, "Behold, he prays!"
 Charmed with a spirit so resigned;
 Kept by the grace and love of God,
 Eternal peace survived his breath;
 Taught true submission by his word,
 This peace was his support in death.

* Died October, 1862.

Wisdom to him came robed in light,
 Inspired with mercy from above,
 Nature, subdued, arrayed in white,
 Safe in the arms of Faith and Love.
 Lo! how he loved his Saviour's name!
 Only in him could he rejoice,
 With angel's love and angel's strains,
 With angel's peace, and angel's joys.

Thrice happy he, forever blest!
 Rich were his graces, all divine;
 Upward he soared to find his rest,
 Ever in heaven's pure light to shine.

ACROSTIC.

LAURA C. HALL.

Lord, what a fleeting dust am I!
 As the swift meteor tends to earth,
 Unconscious, onward too, I fly;
 Rich only by my Saviour's birth;
 A weary soul, I'd leave my load,
 Cheered with the hope to be with God.
 High as my thoughts may soar above,
 As high, may this, my heart aspire;
 Lord, give me the sweet grace of love,
 Love, that will grow and never tire.

ACROSTIC.

PHEBE M. BUXTON.

Prepare for heaven, Phebe, do ;
 Heaven is the place of perfect love,
 Eternal pleasures, ever new,
 Bright as the radiant light above :
 Endless as vast eternity,

Mingled with blest infinity.

But tell me Phebe, are you safe,
 Upheld by God's abounding love ;
 'Xalted by the grace of faith,
 To vie with angels high above ?
 O glorious state, by love divine,
 No fear, if so, for all is thine !

ACROSTIC.

HANNAH C. HODSDON.

Here is a specimen of love,
 A precious gem of grace divine :
 New joys akin to those above ;
 No more to sin and death inclined.
 A tender conscience, heart of love ;
 Hope kindled to an heavenly flame !

Christ is her center star above,
 Her hope is in his blessed name.

Hope is the anchor of her soul,
 O precious gem! O hope divine!
 Death may assail, but can't control
 Souls that to Jesus all resign.
 Death did assail her placid form,
 Only to help her flight above!
 New robes her spirit doth adorn,
 Robes, radiant with her Saviour's love!

ACROSTIC.

MARY B. ROBERTSON.

May I enjoy my Saviour's love,
 And love him too with all my heart?
 Rejoice in hope of heaven above,
 Yea, heaven with Jesus ne'er to part.

Bless'd hope, how cheering to my heart;
 Rough, though my passage here has been,
 O who would grudge with earth to part;
 Be then with Jesus, freed from sin:
 Earth then would vanish, disappear;
 Radiant my soul, with heavenly love,
 Tenfold to when a sufferer here,
 Safe in those mansions, far above:
 O blessed state! can this be mine?
 No fiction this, for all is thine.

ACROSTIC.

LOUISA DAVENPORT TINKHAM.

Life, what a fleeting vapor 'tis,
 O may I keep its end in view ;
 Upward my thoughts and heart arise,
 Inspired with love, as angels do ;
 Shake off this dust, in league with pain,
 And rise, with Jesus to remain :

Dressed in a robe my Saviour wrought,
 And this my blessed, heavenly dress ;
 Vast, and entire, without a spot,
 E'en he, the Lord, my righteousness.
 Nature, old nature, sure must fall :
 Peace, like a river, flows with bliss,
 O Saviour, thou art all in all !
 Redeemer,
 Truth and righteousness.

Test well, my soul, the way of life,
 Inspired with matchless grace and love,
 No more deter'd by cares and strife ;
 Keep the highway to heaven above.
 Heaven is the blessed throne of God ;
 And streets of gold, with pearly gates ;
 Mark well the way ; 'tis stained with blood !
 There starry crowns for conquerors wait.

ACROSTIC.

MISS MARY CAROLINE BRADBURY.

Music is blessed, set to verse ;
 In different meters it will chime.
 Sing, darling lady, and rehearse :
 Sing, lovely angel, to the time.

More blessed they, who sigh for grace
 And faith in Jesus Christ their Lord :
 Rejoice his perfect life to trace ;
 Yielding obedience to his word.

Charm'd with my Saviour's dying love,
 And hope of interest therein ;
 Redemption coming from above,
 On terms to vanquish death and sin.
 Lord, give me grace to love thee more,
 In all my straits to lean on thee ;
 No other God but thee adore ;
 Eternal as thy day may be.

Bright beams of mercy all around,
 Redeeming grace and dying love ;
 And may thy love to me abound,
 Dearest of all the names above ?
 Beauty is mingled with delight,
 Unbounded goodness overflows !
 Rejoice, ye angels at the sight !
 Yea, join in heavenly strains to close.

ACROSTIC.

SARAH LANGWORTHY, BELFAST.

Safe in the arms of boundless love,
And always rising higher there ;
Redemption coming from above,
And thus by faith and humble prayer.
Hope is my anchor full of faith —
Prepared by this to conquer death.

Lord, give me grace to love thee more,
And to appreciate thy love :
No other God but thee adore,
Great sovereign of the world above.
Why should I dread or fear to die,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness ?
Rather the sting of death defy,
Through faith in thy abounding grace.
Hope, blessed hope, forever be ;
Yea, Lord, my hope is all in thee.

Bright beams of mercy all around ;
Eternal goodness overflows ;
Lord, may my love to thee abound,
Fresh as the blooming, fragrant rose.
And may I find some happy place,
Salvation sounding from my tongue :
Transported by the power of grace —
To chant thy glory in my song.

ACROSTIC.

TIMOTHY A. AND LAURA B. CHAPMAN.

Truth, that is perfect, every part
Is near allied to faith and love ;
Mingled with beauty, so at heart,
On terms with all the powers above.
Thrice happy in this bless'd attire ;
Heaven would be broken by its loss ;
Yea, all its glory would expire,

And all its beauty be as dross.

Lord, what a fleeting dust am I,
As the swift meteor tends to earth ;
Unconscious onward too I fly ;
Rich only by my Saviour's birth.
A weary soul, I'd leave my load ;

By faith aspire to be with God.

Christ's gifts are always sure and free :
Heaven is the Saviour's free bequest,
And dying sinners, such as we,
Prepares for heaven's eternal rest ;
More blessed sure than angels are.
And who would not attain this rest ?
Nor fear to mount the Saviour's car,—
Its terminus is with the blest.

ACROSTIC.

CHARLES BARKER.

Cherish your hope in Jesus, do ;
 Heaven will reward the service well,
 As all you have, to him is due,
 Rejoice in hope with him to dwell ;
 Life is the gift he proffers you,
 Eternal life, with love divine !
 Salvation, O salvation too !

When you, your all to him resign !

Behold your bleeding, dying Lord,
 And he a mighty Saviour too :
 Redemption through his name and word,
 Kindly he offers all to you.
 E'er long may you this bliss enjoy,
 Rejoice in hope, my darling boy.

ACROSTIC.

GLORIANN FANNING.

Grace is the gift of God divine,
 Love full of immortality,
 On Jesus these unite and shine ;
 Rejoice that they may shine in thee.
 In truth, if Christ be formed in you,
 And all these graces center there :
 Nature restored, or formed anew ;
 New creature thus, with Christ an heir !

Faith, in these graces, claim its share,
 And always mingles much with love :
 New strength imparts to feeble prayer,
 New hope and comfort from above ;
 Is always peaceful, gentle, mild ;
 Nature recedes to give it place :
 Glori, are you the happy child ?
 Thus fraught with every christian grace !

ACROSTIC.

ABBY L. CHAPMAN.

Attend, my darling, Jesus speaks ;
 Behold, he's knocking at your door :
 Believe, for such he kindly greets,
 You ought to have answered him before.

Leave all and meekly Him adore.

Cast all your unbelief away,
 Heaven is the gift he offers you ;
 And will you have it, darling, say ?
 Peace is the path you must pursue.
 Mount on the wings of faith and love,
 And soar to reach the heavenly prize ;
 No fear, since Christ your course approves,—
 And angels joy to see you rise.

THOUGHTS ON MAN'S DEPRAVITY.

As from my slumbers I awoke,
Roused by the muse, I thought to sing ;
My chant in solemn accents spoke,
Death, thy destroying power is sin.

Then through this wilderness of sin,
We're hard beset on every side ;
The viper rankles sore within,
To envy, hatred, lust, and pride.

The ancient Hebrews marching round,
Were often by the serpents bit ;
No balsam there to heal their wound,
No cure by surgeon, nor by wit.

The wound was desperate, certain death ;
But for the serpent on the pole,
To look at which prolonged the breath,
But had no power to save the soul.

A glorious remedy is found,
'Tis Jesus' righteousness, and blood ;
A cure for every sinner's wound,
The pure specific grace of God.

Think not to work for self alone,
But rather labor for the Lord ;
Christ will for all your sins atone,
If you obey his holy word.

ACROSTIC.

CYPRIAN S. AND ESTHER E. GREENWOOD.

Christ died for sinners, such as we ;
Yea, Jesus died for fallen man :
Prepare, my friend, to share with me—
Redemption through his blessed name.
In all the maladies of life,
As sickness, fraught with deadly pain,
No power can fully quell the strife,
Save faith in Jesus blessed name.
Eternal love inspires my song,
Salvation echoes from the sound :
Truth joins to bear the music on,
Heaven with these graces doth abound.
Elated with the heavenly strain ;
Rejoice in hope of future rest.
Eager to lose my heavy chain,
 And be with Jesus ever blest.
Grace, like an angel, leads the van ;
Repentance, perfect in its place,
Eternal love approves the plan ;
Example joins with smiling face.
Nature indignant at the sight,
With all its powers resists their course ;
On every side prepares to fight ;
Old Legion comes with all his force.
Dear brother, sister, take your stand—
 Obey the Saviour's sweet command.

WRITTEN FOR THE "JOURNAL."*

Dear Charlie, be assured I greet
 With joy, your little spicy sheet ;
 And with much pleasure grant my aid,
 As you have just commenced the trade.

But see, my History claims my pen,
 Can only help you now and then ;
 Few lines of prose, as few of song,
 To help your little *Journal* on.

Still may it grow in strength and size,
 In numbers may you see it rise ;
 In strength and numbers, size and fame,
 And so immortalize your name.

Like Timothy, my darling boy,
 Give Christ your heart, invoke his love ;
 And from the light of earthly joys,
 Aspire to nobler joys above.

 ACROSTIC.

JOHN AND LUCIA T. KIMBALL.

Jordan's a river deep and wide,
 O'er which the Israelites must go ;
 High Heaven rebuked its flowing tide,
 Nor could it Israel overflow.

* A paper printed in Bethel by Charlie Chapman, twelve years old.

Love is a gem of priceless worth,
 Unlike the joy that's fraught with glee ;
 Christ by its power was brought to earth,
 I by its power Redemption see.
 Awake, my soul, aspire above,

Take hold of heaven by faith and love.

Kingdoms and nations war and fight,
 I see them wallow in their blood ;
 My soul inquires, Can this be right ?
 Be right to mar the work of God !
 A dismal spectacle of wo,—
 Let wars and fightings ever cease,
 Let Christ and grace subdue the foe,
 And calm the angry world to peace.

ACROSTIC.

ISRAEL AND BETSY ADAMS.

I sigh to reach my destined rest,
 Secured by grace and love divine ;
 Redeemer, Saviour ever blest,
 Admit me to thyself, with mine :
 Eternal love inspires my plea,
 Love, Jesus love, who died for me.

Bright angels robed in innocence,
 Each fired with zeal and winged with love,
 Take pleasure in the saint's defence ;
 Saved by the grace of Christ above.
 Yea, they rejoice in Christ the Lamb,
 Eternal safety through his name.

A bleeding Saviour I adore,
 Directed by his cross to live ;
 All that I need, yea, all, and more,
 More my Redeemer has to give :
 Saved by his all-abounding grace,
 I sigh to reach my destined rest.

ACROSTIC.

EMMA BARSTOW.

Earth is to me a tiresome place,
 My dear Redeemer, when alone :
 May I enjoy thy sweet embrace,
 And pardoning mercy to atone.

Bright as the blessed morning sun,
 And peaceful as the harmless dove ;
 Radiant with beauty may I come,
 Set as a gem in heavenly love.
 'Tis mine to bask in Jesus' love,
 On him I trust myself, my all ;
 What blest assurance from above !
 One thus arrayed can never fall.

ACROSTIC.

ELIZABETH C. JOHNSON, PORTLAND.*

Eternal be thy mercy, Lord ;
 Life is a blank without thy love :
 I read my duty in thy word :
 Zion's best treasure is above.
 Adieu, sweet light, thou'st fled from me,
 Bound to a better world, I fly !
 E'en where its inmates all can see,
 To where no inmates e'er will die !
 Heaven is that long'd for happy rest ;
 Christ's righteousness the rich bequest.

Joy is a precious, christian grace,
 On earth its worth can ne'er be known,
 Heaven is its rightful dwelling place ;
 Nor is it perfect there alone.
 Salvation laid it deep with grace ;
 Old nature trembles at the sight,
 No power but Christ's can give it place,
 Christ and his cross are my delight.

Peace be to you, my worthy friend,
 O may it like a river be !
 Rejoice in Christ, on him depend,
 To cheer your heart, and make you free.
 Live, live forever, Madam, you,
 And may you never suffer pain,
 Nor of your Saviour lose your view :
 Death, thus disarm'd, will be your gain.

* This lady was blind.

ACROSTIC.

LAWSON AND LUCY TWITCHELL.

Live, live forever, noble heart,
 And live for Jesus Christ your King ;
 What words of peace, those lines impart,
 Salvation through his name they bring !
 O live for Jesus, love and live !
 No other power such peace can give.

Love is a gem of priceless worth,
 Unknown to hearts of hate and sin ;
 Christ brought the treasure down to earth ;
 Yes, Christ is grace and love divine !
 Blest lady, make this treasure thine.

True greatness don't consist in wealth,
 What'er the aspiring rich may own :
 It's not in beauty, size nor wealth :
 'Tis found in righteousness alone.
 Christ taught the inquiring nobleman,
 How he might find it sure, and live ;
 Enrich thine heart with faith and love.
 Learn how to pity,
 Learn to give.

New Christmas comes with great applause,
 And numerous gifts by Santa Claus.

ACROSTIC.

MRS. DELINDA CHAPMAN.

Music 's thy hobby, dear,
 Rejoice that you can sing;
 Sing, lovely sister, sweet and clear
 The blessed farewell hymn.

Dear sister, must we part,
 E'en here no more to meet?
 Love tests the friendship of the heart;
 In *this*, is ours complete.
 Now we'll abide by this,
 Dear sister, though we part;
 And this our love, sealed with a kiss —
 Test our united heart.

Charmed with our Saviour's love:
 Hope is our anchor sure,
 And doth a firm foundation prove,
 Prepared for to endure.
 More blessed those who meet,
 And *meet no more to part*;
 Near to the blessed mercy seat,
 With Jesus' love at heart.

Think not your burdens all to bear,
 For Christ will bear them all for you.
 Pursue your course by faith and prayer,
 And he will bear you safely through.

ACROSTIC.

THOMAS SPENCER WALKER.

Thomas, my darling boy, is gone ;
 He was my love, my joy, my hope ;
 O who can hear my mournful song,
 Mingling my tears with every note ;
 Amid my sorrows, Lord forgive,
 Say peace, be still, thy darling lives.

Sing now of joys in heaven above,
 Peace was his mantle all complete,
 Eternal beauty wrought with love,
 Now safe in heaven a blest retreat.
 Christ ne'er rejects the humble poor,
 E'en loyal soldiers he forgives ;
 Rejoice in hope his cause is sure ;
 Say live forever, Jesus lives.

Wipe all your grief and tears away,
 Angels rejoice, and so may you ;
 Light as a bright and shining day.
 Keep near to Christ, and he to you,
 Earth has no more a charm for him,
 Raised to those joys, and freed from sin.

E'en now receive the truth,
 While in your blooming youth ;
 Lest Christ should call you home,
 Before your work is done.

A MELANCHOLY EVENT.

Mr. ISAAC ADAMS, of Gilead, in 1803, went from home on a visit, and left his family in the care of Mr. Joseph Blodget. In crossing the Androscoggin river, Mrs. Adams, her infant son, Miss Lydia Twitchell, (her sister,) Sarah Bradley, twelve years of age, and Mr. Blodget, were capsized, and all drowned, but Miss Twitchell.

THESE LINES WERE COMPOSED UPON THAT OCCASION :

His wife, his bone and flesh ;
 And darling son, the same,
 Received arrest by death,
 Was by the monster slain.

His subjects, man and maid ;
 They too, with them went down ;
 The king of terrors there displayed
 His scepter and his crown.

But Lydia dodged the dart,
 Kind providence between ;
 Thus like a kinsman, true at heart,
 Reclaimed her from the stream.

Oh ! mother laugh your merry note ;
 Be gay and glad, but don't forget
 From baby's eyes looks out a soul
 That claims a home in Eden yet.

ETHEL LYNN.

ACROSTIC.

ALICE G. TWITCHELL.

As water makes the body clean,
 Love doth refine and cleanse the soul;
 I feel conviction work within;
 Christ's blood applied, will make me whole,
 Eternal Spirit all divine,

Grant me thy grace and seal me thine.

'Tis not by works of righteousness,
 Which we can do, or e'er have done;
 It's by the Spirit of God's grace,
 Through Jesus Christ, his only Son.
 Christ is the living way;
 Heaven is the longed-for rest above:
 Eternity, bless'd, endless day;
 Life fraught with glory,
 Light and love.

ACROSTIC.

EMILY B. CHAPMAN.

Earth with its pleasures I resign,
 May I possess the better part;
 In Jesus full salvation find,
 Love to correct and cheer my heart;
 Yea, may my faith and hope in thee,
 Be like its author, pure and free.

Cherish these virtues, faith and love ;
 Hope, smiling, joins with heart and hand,
 And grace commissioned from above—
 Presumes to lead in sweet command.
 Mansion of blessedness around !
 Adoring seraphs join in love :
 No more can one with these go down—
 Than if secure in heaven above.

ACROSTIC.

FREDERIC CHAPMAN.

Frederic fear not to own your Lord,
 Rejoice and praise his blessed name ;
 Eternal truth defends his word,
 Defend his cause, nor fear the shame.
 Earth's flattering charms will soon depart,
 Rich the bequest the Saviour gives ;
 Inspired with faith and peace at heart,
 Christ with such members ever lives.

Cherish the precious grace of love,
 Heaven smiles to see a soul renewed ;
 Angels rejoice with those above,
 Pleased to admit and welcome you.
 Most blessed grace, how rich and free,
 Admire the Saviour evermore ;
 Now sing his praise who died for thee,
 And at his feet his name adore.

THE GREAT EASTERN.*

Doctor, I've just review'd your trip,—
From Alder wharf, to Rumford Ripps,
And back, with Sampson for your guide,
To Berlin Falls, the height of tide.

But what of this, will e'er be said,—
Compared with mine from Holy Head?
Board the Great Eastern, on her race,
With forty rods of deck to pace!

With strength and grace she plumes along,
With passengers five thousand strong;
Grand Dukes and Lords, the very best,
And "Deacon George" among the rest!

She cuts her way with strength and pride,
All lesser crafts with ease outrides;
She gains the city, Portland fair,
Long side its wharf, and anchors there.

Grand engine, boiler, masts, and sails;
Grand flag inscribed, "direct from Wales"!
To rouse the city, taps her steam,
And mine, as yours, was all a dream!

* Written after I was blind, and hearing read an article in the Bethel Courier, by Dr. E. N. TRUE, describing an imaginary trip in a visionary steamer, from Alder Wharf Bethel to Rumford Ripps, and back again, up the river to Berlin Falls, on the bosom of the Androscoggin river; and his assertion, in the same paper, that "Deacon George" had "gone to Portland to see the Great Eastern."

ACROSTIC.

MARY ELIZABETH R. PEABODY.

Mere names are ciphers when alone,
And little better mis-applied ;
Round yours a heavenly luster shone,
Yours was in heaven ratified.

Each letter set in gems of love,
Lasting as marble pillars are ;
Inscribed with honors from above,
Zion's sure hope enveloped there.
All radiant as the rising sun,
Bright beams of hope with luster shone ;
E'en peace and joy anew begun,
Transported by a
Hope divine.

Rejoice, my dear, and bless the Lord,

Peace be your mantle day by day ;
E'en peace and joy the babe's reward,
Angels to guard it by the way.
Beauty in every feature shines,
Oh, precious gem! its worth unknown ;
Dear mother's heart around it twines,
Yea, father's too, nor theirs alone.

ACROSTIC.

ELLEN FRANCES TRUE.

Eternal love inspired her heart,
 Love full of immortality,
 Love that will ne'er from her depart,
 E'en here,
 Nor in Eternity.

Free grace is now her constant theme,
 Redemption by her Saviour's blood ;
 Angels with joy announce her name,
 New born with Christ, an heir of God ;
 Christ was her hope and confidence —
 Each passion governed by his grace ;
 Salvation too, her sure defence,
 Through her brief, joyous, heavenly race.

Transported thus did sweetly sing,
 Rejoicing in her Saviour's love,
 Upward she flew on angel's wings,
 E'en to those purer joys above.

ACROSTIC.

IDA ANNA IRISH.

Ida, that happy, darling pet,
 Death proudly for his victim took ;
 Angels with joy her spirit met
 While mother's heart with anguish shook.

Alas, for me ! my darling's gone,
 No more to soothe my aching heart ;
 New pleasures mingle with her song,
 As oft as heaven new joys impart.

I joy her history to relate,
 Rich were her thoughts, bedewed with love.
 Inspired with peace, so free, so great,
 She soared to
 Heaven's pure realms above.

ACROSTIC.

MARGARET PUTNAM.

Margaret's a picture, fair and bright,
 And perfect in her form and size,
 Right as a book, is ever right,
 Gain her, and you will gain a prize.
 And more, a feeling heart has she,
 Rich with benevolence and love ;
 E'en to the poor she's kind and free,
 Trusting the promises above.

Peace to you, my worthy friend,
 Unrivalled peace, with joy and love ;
 True peace and joy without an end ;
 New, and as pure as their's above,
 A perfect peace, a gem divine,
 Mixed thus, and you will ever shine.

ACROSTIC.

CHARLIE ADAMS.

Charlie was called away to rest ;
 Has gone to be in heaven above ;
 And what in charity is best,
 Resting secure in Jesus' love.
 Let all your passions now be hushed,
 In sweet submission live and sing ;
 E'en all you have to Jesus trust,
 And so prepare to follow him.

And so you've laid him down in love,
 Deep in the dust to slumber there ;
 And yet his spirit shines above,
 More beautiful than angels are ;
 Shines as the early morning star.



ACROSTIC.

BROWN THURSTON.

Beauty and goodness, both combined,
 Religion takes its proper place ;
 Obedient to his lot resigned ;
 Wisdom appears, with smiling face,
 Nature unites to join with grace.

True faith inspires the heart with love ;
 Hope lives upon their fruits alone ;
 Upward they soar to joys above,
 Rising in triumph near the throne.
 Salvation, O, the joyful sound !
 Treasures of grace to such are given ;
 O precious joys to such abound ;
 Nature subdued, at peace with Heaven.

ACROSTIC.

EMMA BAKER.

Emma, would you a seraph be ;
 Mount up to purer joys above ?
 Measure the space by wing, and fly,
 All flushed with joy and fraught with love ?

Be like a seraph, Emma, be,
 And with a heart of love within,
 Keep near to Christ, he died for thee,
 E'en died to save your soul from sin ;
 Remember, Jesus died for thee,
 And ever like him strive to be.

And when your mortal parts shall die,
 Your soul will like a seraph fly,
 Away to Jesus, high above,
 The source of happiness and love.

L I N E S

Written by E. N. True, after listening to the sermon of Rev J. B. Wheelwright at the funeral of Mrs. HANNAH P. B. CHAPMAN, who died in Bethel, April 18, 1863, aged 75 years.

Servant of God, well done!

Thy sainted form lies low ;
Thine earthly race now run ;
O'ercome thine only foe.

Where is thy home? Sit'st thou
With sainted forms above ?
In shining robes dost bow,
Or bathe in fount of love ?

How near the *Throne* thy seat,
Where thy bless'd Saviour reigns ?
Canst thou draw near his feet,
Or roam celestial plains ?

Hast thou a starry crown ?
Has youth bedecked thy brow ?
Does heavenly music drown
Ethereal senses now ?

See'st thou the saints of old,
Who pilgrims earth have trod,
Now in the shepherd's fold,
The bosom of their God ?

Methinks I hear thee say
In whisperings unto me,
"Here is perpetual day,—
Here Heavenly harmony !

Thy blunted senses now
Cannot well comprehend :
In sweet submission bow ;
God will his angel send,—

To bring thee to thy home,
To thine eternal rest ;
We'll there together roam
O'er regions of the blest.

No blindness there, nor dark
The prison-house of the soul ;
Christ prints on his, his mark ;
He makes the blind one whole.

Christ waits for thee to come,
Yet he would have thee stay,
To aid some pilgrim home,
Who loiters by the way."

These silent answers come
From the far-off spirit land,
To draw me to my home,
And join the glorious band.

Oh glorious thought to know,
If earthly joys are riven,
God can his grace bestow,
And take us home to Heaven.

ACROSTIC.

LAURA A. CHAPMAN.

Love, Laura, darling, live and love,
And like the blessed Jesus be ;
Under the shining guards above,
Rest, and like him, be safe and free ;
A darling here, beloved and fair,

An angel crowned with glory there.

Christ was an infant once on earth,
His birth-place was a manger too ;
Angels with joy announced his birth,
Praising and shouting as they flew.
May angels guard thee, Laura, safe
Against the ravages of time ;
New pleasures mixed with early faith,
In the best robe forever shine.

ACROSTIC.

ELIZA CHAPMAN.

Earth is to me a tiresome place ;
Life, like a shooting meteor, flies ;
In heaven I hope to end my race,
Zion my joy,
And grace my prize.

Charmed with my Saviour's dying love,
His mighty power, his precious name,
Angels rejoice with those above,
Pleased to admit the sinners claim.
Most blessed Saviour, thou art mine,
And I am thine forever more ;
Now like an angel may I shine,
And thou my Saviour I'll adore.

ACROSTIC.

MARIA D. TILDEN.

Maria is fraught with faith and love,
And quiet as a lamb is she ;
Rather would join with those above,
In songs of immortality ;
And so you are bound to joys above,
Dressed in a robe of Jesus' love.

True faith will lead to God, in prayer,
In all your trials share a part ;
Love, too, will in your sorrows share ;
Dressed in a robe of peace, at heart,
E'en all those graces thus applied,
New strength you'll gain if sanctified.

ACROSTIC.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In memory of the President, deceased.

Abraham, our leader, now is dead,
 Breathless he lies beneath the sod ;
 Rebellion shot him down, and fled,
 Assured will meet the frown of God.
 Heaven smiled to see the hero come,
 Angels rejoiced to meet him there ;
 Mean Booth has fled to meet his doom
 Of horror, darkness, and despair.

Lincoln will wear a starry crown,
 In robes of white will ever shine.
 No more can rebels cast him down ;
 Clasped in the arms of love divine,
 O glorious leader, how sublime ;
 Loud round the world his name will ring ;
 Now he with Christ will ever shine ;
 While Booth is doomed to death for sin.

ACROSTIC.

ELLA CORNELIA ADAMS.

Ella was called away in haste,
 Love took her to a higher seat,—
 Love for the darling found a place ;
 A place where saints and angels meet.

Cornelia shines in heaven above,
O precious thought, will ever shine,
Resting secure in Jesus' love.
New joys and pleasures all divine ;
Eternal beauty decks her crown,
Love kindles to a heavenly flame ;
In robes of peace she doth abound,
A glorious victory she's attained.

A placid sweetness marked her name ;
Death smote her with his fatal dart,
Angels to meet her spirit came,
Mingling their joys to aid her heart,
Safe to their rest, no more to part.

OLD TIMES.

“ We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney back,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush ; then hovering near
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom.” WHITTIER.

ACROSTIC.

KATE INGALS BARKER.

Keep close to Jesus, lady fair,
 And be not rifled of your hope ;
 True faith is strengthened much by prayer ;
 Eternal love be thy support.

In this attire and heavenly dress,
 Ne'er walk in darkness, doubt or fear ;
 Give Christ your heart, your sins confess,
 And chant his love in accents clear ;
 Language too feeble to express
 Salvation thus vouchsafed by grace.

Blest change, from rebel to an heir,
 And darkness felt, to light and love ;
 Rejoice, with angels you may share,
 Kept by the power of Christ above.
 Eternal love doth thus abound,
 Radiant with grace, and glory crowned.

ACROSTIC.

ALICE G. CHAPMAN.

Alice, attend, the Saviour speaks,
 Listen, and come without delay,
 In meek submission at his feet ;
 Claim his sweet promise while you may.
 E'en now

Gird on your Christian panoply,
 Cast all your unbelief away ;
 Heaven is the gift he offers you,
 And will you have it, darling, say ?
 Peace is the path you must pursue ;
 Mount on the wings of faith and love,
 And soar to reach the heavenly prize ;
 No fear since Christ your course approves,
 And angels joy to see you rise.

 ACROSTIC.

LUTHER CHAPMAN.

Love, Luther, and be ever free ;
 Up to the Lord direct your prayer,
 Trust him who gave his life for thee ;
 He'll keep you with a father's care.
 Eternal power to him belongs,
 Rejoice and praise him in your song.

Christ ever lives to intercede,
 He's ever on the mercy seat ;
 Ask him thy precious cause to plead.
 Peace will the claims of justice meet,
 Mingle thy plea with faith in prayer ;
 Admit the Saviour's just command ;
 No more of Jesus' love despair, he'll
 Hold you with his mighty hand.

ACROSTIC.

MRS. MARY BRADBURY.

Mild as the summer air,
 Rich as the balmy dew,
 Safe here and everywhere,
 If Christ he formed in you.

May all your fears depart,
 And peace with you abound ;
 Religion true at heart,
 Yea, joy with glory crowned.

Bright as the rising sun,
 Rich as the balmy dew,
 And clear as shining noon,
 Dressed in its finest hue ;
 Beauty, inwrought with love,
 Unrivalled peace within ;
 Rejoice with those above,
 Yea, sweet hosanna sing.

“No, the heart that has early loved never forgets,
 But as truly loves on to the close,
 As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets
 The same look which she turned when he rose.”

MOORE.

ACROSTIC.

MARY BAKER.

Mary you've got a blessed name,
 And ever blessed may you be ;
 Read how of Mary Jesus came,
 Yea, came and died for such as we.

Blessings through him, to you abound,
 And peace akin to that above ;
 Keep close to Christ, and heir the crown,
 E'en that of
 Righteousness and love.

ACROSTIC.

EDDIE BAKER.

Eddie is a very lovely boy ;
 Do see him with his big boquet,
 Decked with a blush of real joy.
 I picked it sir, for you to-day ;
 E'en picked it sir ; do hear him say.

Beautiful are flowers when thus boque'd,
 And yet more beautiful was he.
 Kings with their crowns may droop and fade ;
 Eddie be happy,
 Rich and free.

ACROSTIC.

MILTON CHAPMAN WALKER.

Milton, my friend, at your request,
 I've placed your name in 'crostic form.
 Love, of the graces called the best,
 Truth, near allied, with peace adorned ;
 O precious graces, all divine,
 Now thus arrayed you'll ever shine.

Cherish the precious grace of love,
 Heaven smiles to see a soul renewed ;
 Angels rejoice with those above,
 Pleased to admit and welcome you.
 Most precious grace, how rich, how free,
 Admire the Saviour ever more ;
 Now sing his praise who died for thee,
 And at his feet his name adore.

Wisdom directs to love the Lord,
 And thus to give the heart to him ;
 Love there will find a sure reward ;
 Kept by the power of Christ from sin.
 E'en Milton C., will there be safe,
 Risking his all with Christ by faith.

 Jan. 17, 1867.

A driving storm as e'er was told,
 Of snow and wind, and mighty cold.

LOVE TO CHRISTIANS.

The church, I laud and love,
I love its noble sons ;
Its daughters, peaceful as a dove,
And fair as polished stones.

I love the place and spot
Where they were born and bred ;
Aye, more, I love the silent lot
Where rests their slumbering dead.

I read their names with care,
Then turn away to weep,
And mark the spot with tears in prayer,
Where I must shortly sleep.

Those spirits now at rest,
With angels join to sing ;
Clad in their Saviour's righteousness,
Will Jesus with him bring.

Then speed ye cars of time,
And waft me sooner home,
That I with angels too may join,
With Jesus too may come.

INQUIRING

INTO THE EVIDENCES OF MY HOPE IN CHRIST.

And now my soul how stands the case
With you and with your God?
Are you renewed by saving grace,
And washed in Jesus' blood?

If not, how can you e'er expect
Your wife to meet again,
And range with her the golden streets
Of New Jerusalem.

With trembling heart and solemn word,
I think my hope is good; .
I take my counsel from the Lord,
My cleansing from his blood.

My only hope is in his death,
It's my righteousness, and peace,
'Tis this inspires the prayer of faith,
And plea for saving grace.

'Tis this directs my erring feet,
In the straight narrow way,
And points me upward to the seat
Of everlasting day.

When I the King of terrors meet,
And must resign my breath,
May I be found at Jesus' feet,
The antedote of death.

Then the conflict will be o'er,
 The victory will be won,
 And I be wafted to the shore
 Of New Jerusalem.

There again to meet my wife,
 With all the host above ;
 And there forever dwell with Christ,
 The center of my love.

ACROSTIC.

LUCY WINSLOW.

Let mercy be my constant plea,
 Upward my prayer of faith arise ;
 Christ will in mercy answer me,
 Yea, will accept the sacrifice.

Wisdom comes robed in heavenly light,
 Inspired with mercy from above ;
 Nature subdued, arrayed in white,
 Safe in the arms of faith and love.
 Lord, how I love thy precious name ;
 O may I in it now rejoice !
 With angel's love, and angel's strain,
 With angel's zeal, and angel's joy.

ACROSTIC.

AMANDA CHAPMAN THURSTON.

Amanda lives by faith and love—
 Measures her strength by these alone,
 And hopes to join with those above,
 Near to her Saviour, on his throne.
 Dearest Amanda, live and love,
 And thus aspire to joys above.

Christ's love is ever sure,
 His name is Jesus, too ;
 As is his love, his power
 Pleads with his God for you.
 May you his love confess,
 And live upon his word,
 Nor e'er resist his grace,
 But own him as your Lord.

Trials beset her weary path,
 Her hope is in the Lord alone ;
 Upward she turns the eye of faith,
 Reaching for mercy from his throne.
 Salvation cheers her trembling heart,
 Truth sings for joy where grace is given ;
 O blessed Spirit, ne'er depart,
 Nor leave till I'm prepared for heaven.

“Charms may wither, but feeling shall last ;
 All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er thee,
 Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast.’

ACROSTIC.

MARY ANN M. HUNTINGTON.

My soul, rejoice that Jesus met
A mighty foe, and conquered him !
Redeemer, thou hast paid my debt,
You've ransomed sinful, dying man.

A dying sinner I am found,
No other power can reach my case !
No other heal my deadly wound,
But thy redeeming, saving grace !

Most blessed sure, forever blest,

Heaven is secure, and I rejoice ;
Upward I soar to reach my rest,
No more indulge in sin from choice.
Trifles no more disturb my peace,
I cast my care on Jesus' arm ;
New strength derived, inspired with peace,
Grace holds me with a sovereign charm ;
Transported thus with joy I sing,
On seraph's pinions, fired with love,
No more deterred by earthly things,
I soar to purer joys above.



Let mutual joys our mutual trust combine,
And love, and love-born confidence be thine.

ACROSTIC.

PAULINA E. PHILBROOK.

Pleasure and peace be yours, my friend,
 And may it like a river be ;
 Unrivalled peace without an end :
 Life long with joy and victory.
 In this apparel, pure and white,
 No more indulge in doubt and fear ;
 Accept the costume with delight ;
 E'en like a loving child appear.

Press on, my dear, with all your heart,
 Heaven smiles to see the work go on ;
 In righteousness perform your part.
 Love enters with, and lo ! I come,
 Beauty appears with smiling face,
 Right in its features, form, and size ;
 Old nature driven from the place,
 Out-cast, rejected, and despised,
 Kept down, no more at all to rise.

 EPITAPH,

FOR THE TOMB OF MRS. CLARA R. SMITH.

Shines now with those above,
 Mingling her joys with theirs ;
 Inspired with Jesus' love,
 The fruit of all
 Her prayers.

ACROSTIC.

GILMAN AND MARYANN B. CHAPMAN.

Give me the faith of joys to come,
In answer to my hope and prayer ;
Leave not thy servant here alone ;
May I in thy salvation share ;
Admit me to thy favor, Lord,
Nor hide thy face, nor seal thy word.

Mercy and truth are surely met,
And kissed each other there and then ;
Redeemer, thou hast paid my debt,
You have ransomed guilty, dying man.
A dying sinner I am found,
No other power can reach my case,
No other heal my deadly wounds,

But thy redeeming, saving grace.

Charmed with my Saviour's dying love,
Hope has become my anchor sure,
And does my firm foundation prove,
Prepared forever to endure.

Misers may boast their thousands told,
And in their treasures equal share ;
No silver shrines, nor shining gold
With my Redeemer can compare.

WRITINGS OF
KING ALCOHOL.

Beware! beloved youth, beware!
The tempter's near to spread his snare;
Despotic in his will and power,
He first ensnares, and then devours.

He's roaming round in search of prey,
And find his victims as he may;
He baits them first, then coils them in,
To feel his deadly bite and sting.

He's black with crime, and deaf to fear,
And at remonstrance, mocks and sneers;
The torpid state he'll soon bring on,
The wail of death, to end the song.

Beware! beloved youth, beware!
And shun the tempter's dreadful snare;
The glass of ale, and cider too,
Or he'll ensnare and ruin you.

ACROSTIC.

MISS ABBY THATCHER.

May I be wafted to the skies,
In love's sweet lap exulting rise;
Sing love, O sing, to speed my flight,
Safe to that happy world of light.

And what, my dear, inspires you so ;
 Beauty seems pregnant sure with love.
 Beauty may from a chrysalis grow ;
 Yea, rise to purer joys above.

Truth claims to hold its empire there ;
 Hope bounds with 'lastic step to rise,
 And these, be sure, will locate where
 To test their heavenly enterprise.
 Christ's sweet attraction holds the heart ;
 Heaven filled with rapture at the sight.
 E'en you, my dear, will share your part,
 Radiant in robes of spotless white.

ACROSTIC.

CHARLIE SHED.

Charlie is called away to rest ;
 Has gone to rest in heaven above,
 And what of all, in truth, is best,
 Resting secure in Jesus' love.
 Let all your passions now be hushed,
 In sweet submission live and sing,
 E'en we must all return to dust,
 In swift succession follow him.

Salvation he has early found,
 Heaven is his blessed home above,
 Eternal beauty decks his crown,
 Dressed in a robe of Jesus' love.

ACROSTIC.

FANNY FRISBEE.

Faith is an element of love,
 And love a jewel decked with grace ;
 New joys akin to those above,
 New strength to run the Christian race.
 Yea, darling, these may all be thine,
 If you, your all to Christ resign.

Fear not, as Christ and you are one ;
 Redemption by his precious blood ;
 In him you are safe, in him alone,
 Sealed by the Spirit of the Lord.
 Bless'd joys ! akin to those above !
 Increasing as your minutes glide,
 Eternal as your Saviour's love,—
 All yours, if you in him confide.

ACROSTIC.

ELIZABETH WHITMAN.

E., tell me what your hope can be ?
 Love answers thus, " I hope for heaven ;
 I hope my Saviour thus to see,
 Zion's reward to me be given."
 A blessed hope ! more pure than gold,
 Beauty, comprising faith and love,
 E'en half its worth can ne'er be told,
 Tested by
 Heaven's full choir above.

Wisdom comes breaking forth with light,
 Heaven beams with mercy in its eye!
 I wait the signal for my flight,
 To that bless'd world above the sky.
 Must I be checked and linger here?
 A humble pilgrim, fraught with love?
 Nay, Saviour, to my aid appear,
 And tune my harp for songs above.

ACROSTIC.

EMMA CLOUGH.

Emma, would you a seraph be?
 Mount up to purer joys above;
 Measure the space by wing, and fly,
 All flushed with joy and fraught with love.

Come then to Christ without delay,
 Live in his fear and love his name;
 Obtain forgiveness while you may;
 Under his banner live and reign.
 God grant you pardon for the past;
 Heaven be your happy home at last.

“Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men! thy name
 Shall be the copious matter of my song.”

“I count myself in nothing else so happy
 As in my soul remembering my good friends.”

ACROSTIC.

OLIVE DINSDALE SHED.

O! blessed Saviour, spare my child,
 Let not thy chastening break my heart,
 I would with all be reconciled,
 Vast as my grief with thee to part,
 E'en bide this cruel dart.

Dear Saviour! thou art all divine,
 I give my darling up to thee,
 No more presume to call it mine;
 Salvation, O! salvation's free.
 Dearest of all, we now must part,
 And part to meet no more below,
 Love binds thee to my bleeding heart,
 E'en now 'tis hard to let thee go.

She's gone, her angel spirit's gone,
 Heaven smiles to meet her angel guest,
 Eternal love inspires her song,
 Dressed in her Saviour's righteousness.

ACROSTIC.

ELLA CLOUGH.

Ella's a lady, fair, and bright,
 Lovely in features, form, and size,
 Living in fashion, wrong or right,
 A lady, more, a living prize.

Cheerful and happy as the lark,
 Light beams with beauty in her eyes,
 O see her stretch to make her mark ;
 Upward she tends, will upward rise,
 Great in her gift of sacred song ;
 Her peace be great, her life be long.

ACROSTIC.

HELLEN ADELAIDE TORREY.

Hail! dearest daughter, far away,
 Each day is numbered as it flies.
 Love whispers,—dear, cut short thy stay ;
 Love, louder for thy safety sighs,
 Each thought of thee is fraught with love,
 No less than when at home, my dove.
 Angels are beautiful, and fair,
 Dressed in sweet-innocence and love,
 E'en you may of their beauty share,
 Like them inspired with joys above ;
 And you amid the heavenly throng,
 In Jesus' righteousness will shine ;
 "Death, where's thy sting!" will be your song ;
 Each moment filled with love divine !
 Thrice happy you, my darling girl ;
 O! precious joys of heaven begun !
 Richer than diamonds set in pearl,
 Radiant as in the noon-day sun,
 Eternal beauty in thy face ;
 Yea more, in Jesus saved by grace.

ACROSTIC.

AURELIUS ASBURY ROBERTSON.

Alas, for me, my hero's gone ;
Upward he's fled above the sky.
Rich were the laurels he has won ;
E'en those for which he bled and died.
Love for his country nerved his arm ;
Inspired his heart with glory too.
Up to his post, fixed to a charm,
Shouting the battle-cry anew.

Angels are wooing him away,
Singing the chant of welcome home.
Bright as the rising sun are they,
Upward he tends, has upward flown ;
Resting secure in heaven above,
Yea, basking in his Saviour's love.

Riches do now with him abound ;
O precious fruits of grace divine.
Beauty is mingled with his crown,
E'en now, and will forever shine.
Rest, dearest, in thy Saviour's love ;
Thrice happy you, my darling son.
Salvation, peace, and joy above,
Only is found in Christ alone ;
New, and ever near the throne.

ACROSTIC.

FRANCES TWITCHELL.

Fair as the blushing rose,
Rare as the honey dew,
And sweet as lily blows,
Nor do these vie with you.
Chaste as a maiden pure,
E'en these with beauty blend,
Salvation ever sure, to such a peaceful end.

Trifles no more disturb your peace,
Wisdom arrayed in robes of white ;
Inspired with joy and decked with grace,
Truth, hand in hand, with pure delight.
Christ now with you is all in all,
Heaven, filled with joy, at your command,
Eternal power prevents your fall ;
Love holds you with her mighty hand,
Light, your conductor through the land.

“ Here on thy altar, Lord, I lay
My soul, my life, my *all* ;
To follow where thou lead'st the way,
To obey thy every call.”

A P O E M :

RECITED BY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter says, "the circumstances under which this copy was written are these: I was with the President alone one evening in his room, during the time I was painting my large picture at the White House. He presently threw aside his pen and papers, and began to talk to me of Shakspeare. He sent little "Tad," his son, to the library to bring a copy of the plays, and then read to me several of his favorite passages, showing genuine appreciation of the great poet. Relapsing into a sadder strain, he laid the book aside, and, leaning back into his chair, said:

"There is a poem, which has been a great favorite with me for years, which was first shown to me when a young man, by a friend, and which I afterwards saw and cut from a newspaper, and learned by heart. I would, he continued, give a great deal to know who wrote it, but I have never been able to ascertain."

"Then half closing his eyes he repeated to me the lines which I enclose to you. Greatly pleased and interested, I told him I would like, if ever an opportunity occurred, to write them down from his lips. He said he would sometime try to give them to me. A few days afterwards he asked me to accompany him to the temporary studio of Mr. Swayne, the sculptor, who was making a bust of him at the Treasury Department. While he was sitting for the bust, I was suddenly reminded of the poem, and said to him that then would be a good time to dictate it to me. He complied, and sitting upon some books at his feet, as nearly as I can remember, I wrote the lines down, one by one, from his lips."

“O why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud.”

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift, fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid,
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant and mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne;
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn;
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap;
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep;
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
-Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same as our fathers have been ;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and we view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think ;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
shrink ;

To the life we are clinging they also would cling ;
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will come ;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died, aye ! they died ; we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea ! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death ;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

ACRÓSTIC.

GEORGE GRANVILLE CHAPMAN.

Give me the faith of joys to come,
 Earth's fleeting pleasures come and go,
 Oh, may I earth's temptations shun;
 Rejoice my Saviour's love to know,
 Grant me the power of quick'ning grace,
 Even to help me on my race.

Guide thou my footsteps by the way,
 Rejoice my heart to learn thy power,
 And help me Lord to watch and pray,
 New strength obtain for every hour.
 Virtue and love forbids my fear,
 Inspires my heart to sing thy praise,
 Lights up my pathway bright and clear,
 Lights up my evening dusky way,
 Ever, and on to endless day.

Christ's dying love is all my theme,
 How great a blessing to possess,
 And greater than to us may seem,
 Purer than language to express.
 Most glorious grace, how rich, how free,
 Angels with joy announce his name,
 Now this that Jesus died for me,
 Is all I ask, is all I claim.

ACROSTIC.

SOPHRONIA H. CHAPMAN.

Sing now of grace and mercy too,
 On wings of faith and love arise ;
 Peace marked the path she did pursue,
 Heaven was her hope, her joy, her prize.
 Rejoice and sing to Jesus' praise,
 Obey, and live forever more,
 New strength obtain to run the race,
 Inspired with love and
 Armed with power.

H.

Christ did sustain her trembling heart,
 Her hope was based on Jesus' love,
 And angels flew to do their part,
 Pleased to escort her safe above.
 Mansions before for her prepared,
 Awaiting her arrival home,
 New heavens with radiant light appeared,
 And Jesus seated on his throne.

ACROSTIC.

ALBION P. CHAPMAN.

Alas ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
 Lord has thou bled and died for me ?
 Behold, all this and more I need ;
 In thy pavilion ever be,
 Obedient to thy blessed name,
 Nor e'er depart from thee again.

P.

Chosen of God and formed anew,
 Hosannah to the Saviour's name,
 An angel, yes, and better too,
 Preserved by grace and born again.
 Material world be all on fire,
 And thou enveloped in the flame,
 Nature dissolved, the seas retire,
 And yet secure if born again.

 ACROSTIC.

MILLISENT NEWTON.

Millisent runs the prize to gain,
 Inspired with faith of joys to come,
 Lives thus to honor Jeses' name,
 Like Paul, to win the starry crown.
 In this attire and heavenly dress,
 She sighs to reach her final home,
 Eager to gain that blessed rest
 Nearer to Jesus on his
 Throne.

Now the grand victory is attained,
 Each day is greeted with delight,
 With joy she flew to loose her chain,
 T'was God sustained her in the flight.
 O, may she sing in loftiest strain,
 New honors to the Saviour's name.

ACROSTIC.

AUGUSTUS CHAPMAN.

Awake my soul, awake, arise,
 Up to the throne of grace repair,
 God says, with pity in his eyes,
 Unhappy sinner don't despair,
 Salvation comes to you by grace ;
 'Tis thus by grace you must believe.
 Up to the Saviour turn your face,
 Say Jesus thou my soul receive.

Cherish those graces, faith and love ;
 Hope will sustain the trembling heart ;
 Angels rejoice with those above,
 Prepared with mercies to impart.
 Most blessed Saviour make me feel
 And own thy sovereign power and grace,
 No more resist thy holy will,
 But greet Thee with a smiling face.

ACROSTIC.

AUGUSTUS MORSE.

Arise, my soul ! and onward march,
 Under the Saviour's banner move,
 Gird on thy panoply and search,
 Until you gain the Saviour's love,
 Sing of his grace and justice too,
 Talk of his love with feeling heart,
 Under his flag enlist anew ;
 Say, blessed Spirit ne'er depart.

Measure your strength by Jesus' love,
 On his pure promises depend ;
 Rest not in dreams of joys above ;
 Salvation with the promise blend ;
 Enter the shining path of love,
 That leads to purer joys above,

ACROSTIC.

WILLIAM J. VALENTINE.

Wisdom comes robed in innocence,
 In this attire is ever safe ;
 Love comes with power and self-defence,
 Inspired with strength to work with faith ;
 Arrayed in beauty all divine,
 May you to glory rise and shine.

J.

Vast is the power of Jesus' love,
 A captain made forever free ;
 Love points to purer joys above,
 Eternal as thy day may be.
 Now tell thy ceaseless, precious soul
 Take courage, as thy help's divine,
 Inspired with strength renew thy hold,
 Nearing to Jesus on his throne,
 Eternally with him to shine.

ACROSTIC.

MIRANDA K. MORSE.

Mothers must languish, faint and die,
 In faith and hope, or sad despair,
 Rejoice that yours had faith to fly
 As a pure angel through the air.
 New pleasures now, and objects new,
 Dressed in a robe of Jesus' love,
 An angel fraught with mercy flew,

 Kindly to speed her flight above.

Most blessed Saviour, thou art mine,
 O may I thine forever be ;
 Redemption through thy merits shine ;
 Salvation now, and ever free,
 Ever free.

 ACROSTIC.

GEORGE MORSE.

Guide thou my footsteps, Jesus do,
 Earth tempts me with its fatal charm ;
 Oh ! that my soul were formed anew,
 Resting secure on Jesus' arm,
 Guided by wisdom so divine,
 Earth's tempting charms I now resign.

Most precious Saviour grant me grace,
On thee to cast my all and live ;
Renew my strength to run the race ;
Salvation to thy suppliant give,
E'en evermore on Thee to live.

ACROSTIC.

MARY JANE GARLAND.

Measure your faith by Jesus' love,
And live to glorify his name ;
Rejoice in hope to rise above,
Yea ! rise to Heaven with him to reign.

Joy be the portion of your cup,
And all be sanctified with love,
New strength to live by faith and hope,
Even till safe in heaven above.

Guided by Jesus' blessed arm,
And shielded by his power divine,
Richer than gold with all its charm,
Love makes her like an angel shine.
A world in vision meets her eye,
New heaven with all its glories there,
Dearer than life, she feign would fly
To meet her Saviour in the air.

ACROSTIC.

EBENEZER AND HEPHZIBAH EAMES.

Each moment helps us mortals on,
Beloved brother, to the grave,
Earth as a monarch claims its own,
Nor hath it will, or power to save.
Eternal spirit give by grace
Zion's reward, for me to hold,
Even to speed me on my race,
Rather than gems of precious gold.

Hail! blessed Jesus thou my Lord,
Eternal spirit all divine,
Prepare me Lord to love thy word,
Heaven be my rest with thee to shine.
Zion is my joy and confidence,
Inspired with love, I shout and sing,
Be thou my righteousness, O, Lord,
And I with joy my tribute bring,
Hozannah to my sovereign King.

Eternal spirit, make me feel
And own thy sovereign power and grace,
Melt thou my heart, affix thy seal,
Even to cheer me on my race,
Salvation by thy power and grace.

ACROSTIC.

REV. EDMUND BURT.

Edmund is gone to glory too,
 Death met him with resistless power ;
 Most blessed grace that foiled the foe,
 Upward he soared to heaven's fair bower,
 No more to tire with earthly care,
 Decked with a crown of glory there.

Bright as the shining orbs of light,
 Unrivalled beauty flushed his face,
 Resting with angels robed in white,
 Triumphant through redeeming grace.

ACROSTIC.

LYDIA W. BURT.

Lydia is left to weep, and mourn,
 Yea, mourn, and yet rejoice in hope,
 Dressed in her sackcloth thus alone,
 Inspired with praise from every note ;
 A precious hope doth yet survive,
 With Faith, its sister, side by side.

Breathing the precious air of love,
 Under the ray of heavenly light,
 Resting assured to join above,
 Those millions clad in robes of white.

ACROSTIC.

EDMUND AND HITTIE CHAPMAN.

Edmund as a poet shines,
Down to the ocean's depth he sounds,
Measuring the distance all by rhyme,
Up to the ethereal blue he bounds,
Near to the spacious milky way,
Directly on to endless day.

Hittie is a matron fraught with love,
Inspired with strength to labor on,
'Tis hers to dream of joys above,
To taste their sweetness passing on
In this attire, joined hand in hand,
Eager to reach the promised land.

Cheer up dear brother, sister you,
Hope will sustain you by the way,
And thus the narrow path pursue,
Peace smooths your passage day by day.
Measure your strength by Jesus' love,
And thus adore the Saviour's name,
Now join the sacred choir above,
In loftiest song and sweetest strain.

ACROSTIC.

SUSAN ISABELLE VALENTINE.

Susan aspires to know the Lord,
Under his banner rests secure,
She loves to learn, and teach his word,
Adores his name, and owns his power ;
Nature may fail, but grace is sure.

Inspired with love she's learned his name,
Salvation by his cross and blood ;
A sinner she, but born again,
Bearing her cross to work for God.
Earth's pleasures fail when grace begins,
Love rules the current of the heart ;
Let love have rule, the viper sin
Either will die, or soon depart.

Virtue deserves a rich reward,
And yet its worth is seldom known ;
Love takes its rise, and comes from God,
Eternal as his shining throne,
New mercies ever flowing down.
Thrice happy you, forever blest
In this attire, best robe and crown,
Nearer to heaven's
Eternal rest.

ACROSTIC.

TIMOTHY AND SARAH J. CHAPMAN.

Treasures of grace and mercy too,
In Jesus will forever shine,
More precious than the early dew,
Or rain upon the tender vine.
Thrice happy dearest brother you,
Happy, because by grace divine,
Your happiness is safe and true,
If you your all to Christ resign.

Salvation comes direct from God,
And through the blessed Saviour's name,
Redemption through his precious blood,
A lamb of God for sinners slain.
Hope bounds to own his precious name,
Joy echoes with a loud Amen.

Call brother, sister, tell the story,
How the Saviour brought you in,
And how the Lord of life and glory,
Pleased to vanquish all your sin.
May you not rejoice together,
As you journey on your way,
Now dear brother, now as ever,
Tune your hearts to praise and pray.

GOLDEN WEDDING

OF MR. AND MRS. AMOS JOHNSON.

BY MRS. SARAH B. CROOKS.

Just fifty years have rolled away
Since that blest hour—your bridal day ;
From youth to age, through joy and ill,
That love has shone—shines brightly still.

And now to Him who's bless'd your days,
We lift our hearts in grateful praise,
For all the joy that's filled your cup,
For even sorrow's bitter drop.

Some loved buds from your hearts were torn,
Too fair in earthly clime to bloom ;
Yours still they are—"but gone before,"
They'll greet you on the further shore.

We joy with you that two remain,
Their parent's blessing still to claim ;
And children's children come to-day,
The tribute of their love to pay.

Accept our love and wishes true,
That long this tie may bind you two ;
That gently through life's closing day,
You twain may cheer each other's way ;

And when is loos'd the "silver cord,"
That you on earth, "one in the Lord,"
May reach at last that blissful shore,
Joined by the tie which breaks no more.

ACROSTIC.

JESSIE LOUISA THURSTON.

Jesus, my Lord, has died for me,
Eternal love inspires my song ;
Salvation now is safe and free,
Safe through the tempest and the storm ;
I'll sing in honor of his name,
Even in sounds of sweetest strain.

Love his sweet name with all your heart,
On his rich promises rely,
Upward aspire to make your mark,
In this attire your foe defy ;
Say, blessed Jesus thou art mine,
And I my all to thee resign.

Take hold by faith of Jesus' hand,
He will sustain thy trembling heart, .
Under his banner take thy stand,
Ready to labor or depart ;
Say, dying sinner, come and see,
'Tis thus we're saved by grace divine ;
Oh yes, 'twas Jesus died for me.
Now I may hope with him to shine.

ACROSTIC.

ABBIE ROWE.

Abbie, the precious jewel's gone ;
 Beauty has fled to joys above ;
 Behold her shining near the throne,
 In the best robe, her mantle, love ;
 Even a seraph, fair and bright,
 Rejoicing in pure heavenly light.

Rejoice, her friends, in Jesus' love ;
 Obey the Saviour's precious call ;
 Wisdom invites to joys above,
 Even to pleasures rich withal.

ACROSTIC.

ZILPAH STILES.

Zilpah, sweet minstrel, where's she gone
 Is near with music in her song.
 Listen, those strains are pure and sweet,
 Peace claims admittance to her seat.
 Angels are listening from above,
 Hope bounds with joy to hear with love.

Sing on, sweet minstrel, loud and strong,
 Till grace and glory crown your song ;
 Inspired with these you'll shout and sing
 Loud songs of praise to Christ your king,
 Even in tune with those above,
 Sweet notes of praise to Jesus' love.

ACROSTIC.

SARAH ADELINÉ CHAPMAN.

Salvation sure in Christ alone,
Accompanied with faith and love ;
Riches cannot for sin atone,
And will not lead to joys above.
Happy, dear Sarah, you must be,
Your love doth testify for thee.

Addie's purest principle is love,
Death can't dissolve this shining flame ;
Eternal as the powers above,
Love has a name above every name.
In any circumstance or place,
No power can quench this vital flame,
Ever in harmony with grace ;
I will sing, and, like
A sovereign, reign.

Child thou of immortality,
How rich thy record made above ;
An angel more a prisoner free,
Prepared by grace and wrought in love.
Mighty Redeemer, what am I !
And can I, may I own thy name ?
Nor ever let me from thee fly,
But joy thy favor to retain.

ACROSTIC.

ABBIE FRANCES HASTINGS.

Abbie has fled to joys above,
Beauty is magnified with grace,
Basking in Jesus' perfect love ;
In the blest robe his righteousness,
Even his righteousness divine,
 In that blest robe will ever shine.

Fear not, she's safe in Jesus' name,
Redemption's by his precious blood ;
Angels can no such glory claim,
Now safe in Christ, an heir of God.
Christ is her rock, she's safe in him,
Even an angel ever free ;
Say, monster Death, where is thy sting ?
 Grave, where thy boasted victory ?

Hush, weeping parent, wipe your eyes,
Abbie has fled to joys above ;
She flew with angels to the skies,
To meet her Saviour in his love.
I see her crowned with glory there,
Nature was changed to love divine ;
God grant that you may with her share,
Secure in heaven with her to shine.

ACROSTIC.

HARVEY AND SUSAN PHILBROOK.

Hearken, dear brother, hear my story,
 And remember what I tell ;
 Read how the Lord of life and glory
 Vanquish'd sin and conquered hell.
 Ever anon your life be love,
 Your end be peace, and joy above.

Susan aspires to know the Lord,
 Under his banner rests secure ;
 She loves to read and learn his word,
 Adore his name and own his power,
 New strength derives for every hour.

Perfection's found in Christ alone,
 He is the Lord our righteousness ;
 In him is wisdom to atone.
 Lord, save me by thy sovereign grace,—
 Blessed Redeemer, set me free ;
 Redemption's by thy precious name,
 Oh may I thy true subject be,
 Or rise above with thee to reign ;
 Kind Saviour, seal me with thy name.

ACROSTIC.

ELLA A. KENDALL.

Ella's a pretty lady-love,
 Love helps to cheer and warm the heart ;
 Light shines to guide her safe above,
 And home in heaven no more to part.

And yet must linger here awhile.

Kind-hearted, brilliant, full of life,
 Ever a cheerful, happy child,
 Now soon to be a darling wife.
 Dear Ella, what a pleasant life,
 A husband's yours, if you're a wife ;
 Love helped you on to win the race,
 Live now by faith, be saved by grace.

ACROSTIC.

HELENA BOWKER.

Helena dear, so that's your name,
 Ever and on so may it be ;
 Love found me absent when she came,
 Even with that sweet kiss from thee.
 No fiction, this comes self-approved,
 A precious gem of perfect love.

Beauty is near allied to love,
 Only by love can beauty shine ;
 Wisdom, true wisdom's from above,
 Kind-hearted, peaceful, superfine,
 Exalted, beautiful, and fair,
 Richer than costly diamonds are.

ACROSTIC.

MARTHA BEACH ADAMS.

Martha is doomed to suffer pain,
And still her faith is strong in God ;
Reviews with pleasure Jesus' name,
Trusts in his righteousness and blood.
Her hope of heaven is fair and bright,
Aye, more, it shines with heavenly light.

But still she suffers in the flesh,
Even a pilgrim here below,
An angel's heart within her breast,
Christ's dying love to bear
Her through.

A blessed sweetness flushed her face,
Death threatens with his fatal dart ;
An angel flew, its message grace,
Met death, and claimed her better part.
Sweet as a seraph there she'll sing,
Thou monster, Death, where is thy sting ?
And as an angel ever free,
Grave, where's thy boasted victory ?

ACROSTIC.

MARY O. CHAPMAN.

Mary has fainted, languished, died,
 And as an angel shines above ;
 Rejoicing by her Saviour's side,
 Yea, basking in his pardoning love.

O.

Cherished by grace and love divine,
 Her beauty is her heavenly dress,
 And in it she will ever shine.
 Peace is her mantle decked with grace,
 Music is chanted all around,
 And joy is magnified with love ;
 New heavens, with golden streets abound,
 Angels with her in concert move.

ACROSTIC.

MARY CHAPMAN.

Mary, would you a princess be,
 And sit as queen upon your throne,
 Rejoice your subjects all to see,
 Yea, see them thy proud sceptre own ?

Choose Jesus rather for your friend,
 He will his promises make good,
 And from the snares of hell defend.
 Peace be your mantle, bought with blood.
 Minutes and hours and days may fly,
 And you be hurried swiftly on ;
 No fear, dear Mary, though you die,
 You'll join with angels in your song.

ACROSTIC.

CAPT. JOHN S. AND ARABELLA CHAPMAN.

Clap, clap your hands; oh, shout and sing,
 A glorious victory is won!
 Peace comes adorned with golden wings,
 'Tis more than gold to sable sons.

John is a hero, man of fame,
 Outdone by few, a friend to all;
 He's proud to give and own his name,
 Nor will he flinch to save a fall.

Stout hearted, bold, and kind to all.

Arabella, happy, cheerful, wise,
 Reaching to make her mark above;
 And hopes that she shall thither rise
 Bright as a seraph fraught with love.
 Earth is to her a tiresome place,
 Love holds her waiting for a pass,
 Light shines to help her on with grace,
 And light her up to heavenly paths.

Chivalry met him by the way,
 Hate full of malice struck him down;
 A whisper, angels seemed to say,
 Press on to victory, take thy crown,
 Mingle your plea with faith in prayer,
 And shout, deliverance is come.
 Now in those temporary honors share,
 Till Jesus deck thee with a crown.

ACROSTIC.

GEORGIAN CHAPMAN.

Georgie, their daughter, is silver bright,
Eager to find a happy spot ;
Obedient, cheerful, aiming right,
Really she's cunning, right or not.
Great are her talents, every one
Inspired with strength to will and do,
And always stops when she is done,
Nor ever till she's fairly through.

Choose, Georgie dear, the better part,
Hope on, and pray for grace divine ;
Accept the call, give Christ your heart,
Please all you have to him resign.
My soul shall magnify his grace,
Adore his name and love his word,
New strength obtain to run the race
And win the favor of my Lord.

ACROSTIC.

LUCY ELLEN PRATT.

Love is a gem more pure than gold,
Uprooting errors of the heart ;
Christ came this mystery to unfold,
Yea, more this treasure to impart.

Ellen, this treasure you've obtained,
Love to inspire and warm your heart ;
Love on, and sing to Jesus' name,
Even with him
No more to part.

Peace be your mantle while you stay,
Resting secure in Jesus' love ;
And be you faithful, watch and pray,
Till your best
Treasure's safe above.

JUBILANT SONG.

On a bright shining morn,
 At its sweet rosy dawn,
 As the songsters prepared to retreat,
 My ear caught a sound,
 As the echo went round,
 It was music delightful and sweet.

'Rosy Bower' was sung,
 And the harmony rung,
 And the hum-bird on the wing all alive ;
 The industrious bee
 From the flower on the tree
 Hummed away with their sweets to the hive.

I was fraught with delight,
 And was up for a flight,
 But alas! I was blind, could not see ;
 I thought of sweet home
 With my Saviour enthroned
 'Midst the fruits of his life-giving tree.

So this is my stand
 'Till my life He demands,
 And then by His grace I shall fly,
 With the sweets of His love
 To the mansions above
 He prepared for His children on high.

And so here we are found
 On Immanuel's ground,
 In the beauty of holiness free ;
 'Mid a bright shining throng
 With perfection of song,
 With Jesus forever to be.

In a world without end,
 Where our glory depends,
 And the deaf and the blind hear and see ;
 Where pure love doth exist
 With perfection of bliss,
 And the captives rejoice to be free.

ACROSTIC.

SARAH S. D. HOW.

Sarah, our sister, loves her Lord,
 And lives by faith in Him alone ;
 Reviews with joy His precious word,
 And trusts His promise to atone.
 Here Sarah comes,

Sustained by grace,

Dressed in

Her Saviour's righteousness ;
 O child of promise, fruit of love,
 Wisdom will guide thee safe above.

ACROSTIC.

MARY ELIZABETH TOLFORD.

May, my darling, blessed name,
Among a thousand best of all,
Rejoice that Christ your Saviour came,
Yea, came to save you from the fall.

Eternal beauty decks His crown,
Light is His mantle mixed with love;
In Him, may your sweet name be found
Zealous to reach those joys above.
Angels will meet my darling there,
Beauty doth in perfection shine,
Eternal music fills the air
To chant their song at Jesus' shrine;
Her happiness is all divine.

Tree, tree of life:
O precious fruit!
Love full of immortality.
Faith is the tree, and Christ the root.
Oh praise Him, that he died for thee!
Rest not in this, be faithful, dear,
Do well 'till Jesus doth appear.

ACROSTIC.

RALPH H. REYNOLDS.

Rest, little Ralph, with peace and love,
As they have power to cheer the heart;
Love rules with grace the power above,
Peace flies with
Hope to act its part.

H. claims its place to fill the chart.

Rejoice and sing to Jesus' love;
Earth is alone a tiresome place;
Your treasure should be safe above;
Now safe with Christ, by grace through faith.
O precious fruit! From tree of life
Love fruit of faith and end of strife;
Dressed in best robe, Christ's righteousness,
Stamped with His love, sealed with His kiss.

ACROSTIC.

SUSAN B. BROOKS.

Susan comes clad in the best robe,
Upward she tends by faith and prayer;
Salvation is her safe abode
And Jesus' love sustains her there.
Nature is changed to love divine,

Beauty doth in perfection shine.

Beauty with love is near allied;
Rejoice they both are found in thee,
O may they both with thee abide,
Or crown thy life with victory.
Keep close to Jesus, hold him fast;
Saved thus by grace through faith at last.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. 1871.*

Hail, blessed Christmas, precious word!

The brightest feature in my date,
The birthday of my blessed Lord,
The glory of His advent great.

I claim it, too, as my birthday,
Alas! it's found me in the dark;
I sought in vain to find my way,
'Till Jesus' love inspired my heart.

I'd speak with reverence Jesus' name,
Whose grace accompanied His birth;
May all His ransomed shout amen,
And chant His glory round the earth.

Yea, let all unite and sing,
Salvation to our new-born King,
Who ransomed fallen, dying man,
He's King, the babe of Bethlehem.

Now seated on His Father's throne,
For dying sinners to atone,
Thus may we all our tribute bring
To Christ, our sovereign King of Kings.

* December 25, 1871, I was 91 years old.

ACROSTIC.

CARRIE L. BROOKS.

Carrie, oh Carrie,
And what shall I say?
Rejoice in your Saviour;
Read, sing, watch, and pray.
In Him you are safe;
Even more,—you are free.
 Take His word as a mirror,
 His beauty to see.

L.

Bless Him now in your song,
Rejoice in His love,
Oh praise Him, now gone
On His mission above;
Keep true to your pledge,
Say, Jesus I love.





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